Storme, Dori and Pals **Relight the Shubert**

By HARRY MacARTHUR Star Staff Writer

If watching a platoon of female impersonators cavort around behind their false fronts, swirling their sequins, is your idea of a gay evening, the Shubert Theater's "Jewel Box

Revue" is for you. And you are welcome to it.

This affair is lavishly costumed and performed with some spirit, all right, and the chief impersonator, Lynne Carter.

displays some talent. Unfortunately, the most that the others of the company have to ability to don a wig, rouge the offer is enthusiasm for their face and slip into a strategiroles and their work.





DRIVE-IN THEATERS Rt. 1, E. M. LOWE'S. SO. 8-8722 MT. VERNON OPEN AIH Richmond Hwy.—So. of Alex. Children Free—Free Playsround Opens 7:00. Show Starts at Dusk Four Big Hits For Entertainment! Your Cartoon Carnival At 7:30 TAN PUCTA

The blunt truth is that the cally padded gown is not talent. Your kindly, old family psychiatrist may be able to tell you what it is, but it is not talent. * * * *

The people here involved are trapped by their own opening number, "You Can't Do a Show Without Girls." The idea seems to be to prove that you can, too, so there, do a show without girls if your premises are cluttered with a sufficient number of female impersonators.

Trouble is, these impersonators prove long before intermission that you can't really do a show without girls if it is a show that needs girls. Female impersonators are somewhat akin to that Scotch-type whisky that was foisted on the harassed home folk during World War II and you know what an inadequate substitute for the real thing that was.

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Still, if you've been yearning for the sight of a stage full of fellows dressed up like girls, mincing about on high heels. singing, dancing and lisping all over the place, this is it. The acting is amateurish for the most part in "Jewel Box Revue" and such comedy as is attempted in the skits is tired.

The impersonators are not tired, though, and whoop things list of the participants. These, up with spirited abandon in a number of big production numbers, as they're called in the night clubs from whence this frolic came.

These splashy song and dance sessions are loosely hung together by Lynne Carter's impersonation of a wardrobe mistress dreaming of her better days in the theater. This gives the assembled frolickers opportunity to do everything from a representation of a supermarket full fo women shopping for husbands to a staggering rendition in dance and pantomine of "Rain." * * * *

Along the way during this "Jewel Box" evening, Lynne Carter offers some first-rate impressions of theater folk. And Gig Allen's impersonation of Sadie Thompson in that "Rain" bit is something you won't soon forget-not for a day and a half, maybe. A ballet pas de deux by Jan Britton and Gene ge Gauer is another contribution that is virtually unforgettable, but this stunned onlooker is trying hard.

Perhaps the flavor of the attraction that has relighted the Shubert is best captured in the selected at random from the program, include: Toni Midnight, Robbi Ross, Bili Daye, Chunga, Storme de Larverie. Dori D'Or and Tytanic.

Hurry up, Tallulah! To our rescue!



