

Squeeze Box

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David F. Richardson-WOR Theater critic

Well, another one-woman show, and a good one at that. Has come to town. This time it's a gal named Ann Randolph and she has ensconced herself in the Acorn Theater on 42nd street through October 17th. Her performance is certainly original (It did play in L.A. awhile) and both **funny and poignant**. As is the norm for these solo show she plays all the parts in her story about her job in a homeless shelter for mentally ill women. She plays a crack addict who supposedly lost her money, a bunch of the inmates, Julie the born again new staffer who thinks the women in the shelter can smile away their worries and who was once homeless herself and Irene the local pastor's wife who she imitates while singing and playing the guitar. She also plays a proper executive director who meets and falls for an accordionist Harold who she finds on the Internet.

Accordions must be popular these days that's where the title Squeeze Box comes from and of course that's the only instrument you can hear if you go see Forever Tango. At this point our little shelter worker decides to leave but even that decision leads to more problems.

Ann Randolph, who is exceedingly attractive in a laid-back sort of way, squeezes a lot out if the intermission less hour and a half she's entertaining us in Squeeze Box and she certainly is **a new talent to be reckoned with**. Incidentally Anne Bancroft (Mel's wife) is sort of responsible for her. She believes in her, as I do, since, after all, she is the producer.