

Blank

Brian Stanton's solo play concerns adoption. Not just in general but his own adoption. Sounds like social issues. Sounds bo-ring. Where's the exit? But, amazingly, it's not dull. The action commences as Brian is unable to complete an acting class exercise on Oedipus because the role cuts too close to truths he can't face about his progenitor. An extravagant acting teacher puts him on the spot to draw answers out of him. "So, Eee-da-puss, what's your meow? The arc of the story includes Greek tragedy along with questions and issues that everyone, adopted or not, faces. The Brian character feels that he exists in two places at one time, like a photon. A person is a lot of things, and this performance attempts to address the complexity in the flux of a person's life. Many idiosyncratic personas inhabit the work. Some of the studies are quick and funny, like his foolish, sophisticated adoptive mother, cigarette always in hand. Others, like his adoptive father, are more poignant. Sketches include two very distinctive acting teachers and a real-piece-of-work priest. Well chosen Van Morrison music enhances the experience. Brian Stanton's beautifully articulated language is matched by his equally articulated physical action. No doubt about it, this guy is an artist. At Manhattan Theatre Source. 65 minutes. [Osenlund]