

The New Yorker

February 11th, 2013

The Obie winning playwright Martin Moran wondered for most of his adult life why he didn't feel angry with the man who sexually molested him when he was twelve. Surely he should be angry he and everybody thinks—and he uses this brilliant, funny and touching eighty-minute monologue to explain how he finally answered that question. Moran is an ace digresser and he jumps from memory to feeling to theory like a free associating psychotherapy patient—including an account of an electric encounter he had with a hated stepmother, a moment he was lost in Africa with a guide who couldn't read maps, and the time he served as a translator for a victim of torture telling his tale of horror. With each digression the audience understands more viscerally the depth of compassion and connectedness that Martin's abuse allowed him to feel.