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Naomi Iizuka's elliptical *Anon(ymous)* places a refugee from a war-torn land on a journey through America that mirrors *The Odyssey*. Michael Escamilla inhabits the title role with vulnerability and eventually a sense of wiry strength, following the story's unfettered internal logic through a landscape of consumerism and exploitation. Sonja Parks is a standout as a goddess who guides him, as is Steve Hendrickson in a macabre sequence involving an opera-loving serial killer.

This restless sojourn includes fights, strobes, and explosions, before reaching a big finale of swordplay and intricate choreography. But what rattles around after you step out into the night are the immigrant voices from the beginning and end of the work, the words of anonymous people who died seeking a share of the transcendence we all desire and pursue, to the degree our material fortunes permit.