

# arts



## Bowie resurrects soul at concert

By PAULETTE PEIROL

A potent blend of curiosity and patriotism lured more than 100,000 hungry fans into Exhibition Stadium last Saturday and Sunday. They came to see David Bowie, but many came with unfounded expectations—they expected Bowie to resurrect his past characters, to resurrect the dead. The *Serious Moonlight* Tour is anything but a séance. If anything, Bowie resurrected his soul last week.

Rough Trade set the mood with Carole Pope's black leather gloves, the audience into Bowie furor.

Forty minutes later, a trim 34-year-old man in a yellow suit appeared. That the color of his hair resembled the Man from Glad did not matter: Bowie glowed a moonlit yellow.

David Bowie is a mime artist with a multitude of perfected poses at his disposal. Even in a suit and tie, he can instantly transform into any character. The scowl of Ziggy Stardust, the contempt of Alladin Sane, the indifference of the thin white duke. All flashed upon Bowie's face during the concert.

However, he has added a new gesture to his repertoire, one which supercedes the previous guises. It is the smirk, the grin, the beaming smile of a child riding upon the crest of a wave.

At times he seemed to play hide and seek with the audience: "Now you see me, now you . . . ah, but do you?" The magician chuckles at the audience's gullibility.

Bowie was having a fiesta. Guitarist Mick Ronson, (an "old friend" who played on many of Bowie's older albums) joined in the Sunday night's concert.

The moonlight tour however, is not a mime, freak, or fashion show. It is serious. So serious, that Bowie can finally mock the family album of characters which he himself has so meticulously created. So serious that he can finally laugh and dance with his audience. So serious is the moonlight tour that Bowie can bounce an inflated planet Earth on his fingertips and laugh at death.

Granted, the serious moonlight tour serves grandiose promotional interests, but this time David Bowie is promoting none other than himself.

## Salesman dies again

By RICHARD DUBINSKY

The death of this summer begins with the *Death of A Salesman*—what better demise of those long, hazy days than the beginning of a play, for the beginning of the school year.

Arthur Miller's classic American tragedy opened last week at the Stratford Shakespearean Festival.

Willy Loman is in all his classical glory as the representation of the decadence of Western wishes. It's a sad yet inspiring play.

No one wants to be like Willy but we all realize we are; or at least a part of each of us identifies with him. Willy is a failure and so are his two sons. The theme is developed from the very beginning of the play when the screech and roar of an old car flashes its blinding headlights into the audience; we all stumble onto the stage with Willy.

Willy Loman was played by Nehemiah Persoff. Boring and inaudible during the first act, Persoff returned to give a dynamic and exciting conclusion. Linda, an uncolorful pillar of support in the script, was portrayed by Kim Hunter in a similar fashion. Michael Hogan, a seasoned Canadian actor was O.K.

Despite individual mediocrities, together, the actors worked well, nearly bringing the house to their feet on opening night. Often the characters did little to detract from the performances.

A sensational spark to this play lay in the clever stage design and lighting. Sets were quietly and quickly jettisoned on/off stage by a sliding wire arrangement. An antique car severed in half personified the tired trade of the salesman.

The back lighting was exponentially superb and represented an activated complex of illusion. A combination of dimmers and projectors kept the play's movement fluidly kinetic, a tender treat to visual sensation. Ming Cho Lee is the set designer, a true artist with the ability to communicate "au dela" normal expectations.

*Death of a Salesman* is currently running in the People's Republic of China, Arthur Miller directing. At a recent seminar at Stratford, Miller said that the Chinese actors told him that their communist country had many Willy's and "an ordinary Chinese father could be like the character, a man who wants his sons to be dragons—successful in this world."



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