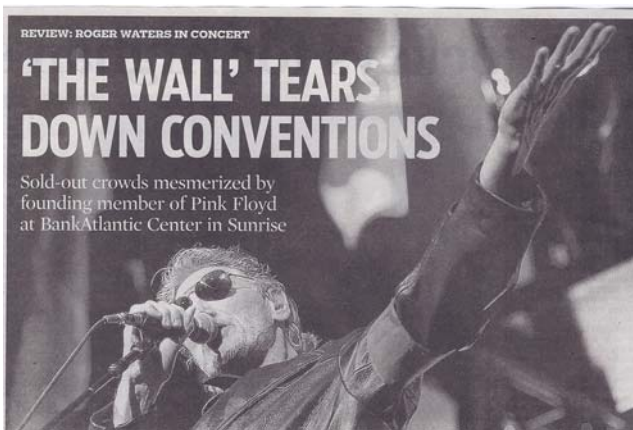


REVIEW: ROGER WATERS IN CONCERT

# 'THE WALL' TEARS DOWN CONVENTIONS

Sold-out crowds mesmerized by founding member of Pink Floyd at BankAtlantic Center in Sunrise



ROBERT DUYO/SUN SENTINEL  
Roger Waters, at 61, was as dynamic at the Sunrise show as the ever-morphing wall behind him.

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There was a moment in Roger Waters' sold-out Saturday night performance at BankAtlantic Center, when the physical representation of "The Wall" constructed onstage seemed to move behind Waters. Through a mesmerizing combination of lighting and cinematic projections, The Wall — an alien-colored, dominating three-story symbol of order and strength that stretched the entire 200 feet of the stage — began to lose its solid, block-upon-block grid, twisting and curving into an unsettling helix of the unknown. In the foreground, a litigious Waters sang Pink Floyd's anthem "Comfortably Numb" with a gusto informed by every one of his 67 years. The sensation of disorientation at losing the conflicting structures of The Wall — a menacing, oppressive figure, *make no mistake* — captured perfectly Waters' fear of the seductiveness of the power we afford those who feed our addiction to the opiate of consumerism, self-righteousness and sex. It was a telling bit of non-pretentious in a brilliant night of theater, pyrotechnics and politics, set to Waters' rare solo, song-by-song performance one of the most revered rock albums of all time. Clearly, Waters had a co-star behind him onstage Saturday night: The Wall. From the opening moment of "In the Flesh," when a military dive bomber came screaming down from the ceiling of the Bank Atlantic Center and hurled into the partially built Wall in a fiery ball, to the wreckage behind Waters and band during the final good-bye in "Outside the Wall," the big brick set was a dynamic presence. The Wall is about half completed when the audience enters the arena, and gradually rises to its full 35 feet when the last of the 424 bricks is wedged into place by unseen workers during "Goodbye Cruel World," just before intermission.

Throughout the show it is the setting for a trippy parade of projections both arriving (the three-story tall strapper in "Young Lust" and the shivering stars of "Waiting for the Worms") and emotional: Bob Slack, a 59-year-old Marine from Kendall was reduced to tears during scenes of kids reuniting with their Iraq-deployed fathers during "Bring the Boys Back Home," which drew loud applause. During intermission, somber chorale music played as The Wall became home for hundreds of faces of people killed by bombs, tortures and other forms of inhumanity, accompanied by short descriptions of how they died or notes from friends and family about how they lived. Musically, "The Wall" is what it is, an ambitious rock opera and political treatise that grew out of Pink Floyd's rock-star angst and the energetic Waters' autobiographical explorations of his tough childhood after his father was killed during World War II. The band and backup vocalists are spot-on, with all the great guitar solos precisely rendered. More accompaniment came from a group of 10 students from Fort Lauderdale's Dillard School of the Arts, such as a black T-shirt emblazoned with three large words: *Fear Builds Walls*. The group lined up onstage next to Waters, strapped into a guitar, and gave an enthusiastic boost to the "We don't need no education" chorus of "Another Brick in the Wall." The song got a contemporary spin when Prince Morrison hit the floor for a little break dancing, and the students left the stage to big applause and a "Thank you to those talented young men and women," from Waters later.