## Todd Rungren, Utopia do rock and roll magic

Concerts strike me as particularly magical only rarely, Very, very, good often; magical rarely. Tod Rungren and Utopla, in their recent Pine Knob Music theatre appearance, dalivered the finest rock and roll performance Ive experienced in years. Steve Pack and his remarkable band, Ambrosia, opened for Rugren and Utopla in front of a large but surpris-ingly not sold-out audience at Pine Knob in Clarkston. Theoretically an opening act should

Theoretically an opening act should complement the headliner, not clash or detract. Ambrosia did admirably well in this respect.

detract Ambrosia did admirably well in this respect. Though only a six-man band, the group has the equipment of a verilable electronic orchestra, with electronic keyboards scennigly everywhere. Ambrosia breezed through a good 40-minute set that included "Nice, Nice, Nice, Very Nice" (with lyrics penned by Kurt Songey, "Biggest Part of Me" and "Youre the only Woman," both of which highlighted Pack's obvious vocal

review debt to Smokey Robinson.

FOR AN ENCORE (these things seem to happen at Pine Knob), the band did a song entitled "No Big Deal." Its performance was. The near genius of Rungren and company cannot be overstated. The show was an amazing array of visual and a ural delights, from the witty stage set-up (especially the drum set, which was housed in the frame of a motorcycle) to the lighting and special perfect and electronically calculated music.

rock and toil. TODD SPINS, bounces and jogs across the stage in a dervish, making sure everyone gets the chance to see the set of the set of the set of the bound of the set of the set of the audience and seems very concerned that we felt we had our money's worth. I couldn't imagine anyone complaining. The music was much better than I'd expected. "Showtime" was an obvious crowd favorite. "Dye I Greene' was my favorite and showed the versatility of the players Roger Powell (formeriv with David Bowie) worked with a port-

perfect and electronically calculated music. This was rock and roll perfection. Too much happened to relate. I felt that I was spending too much time squinting at my notes to take it all in as "Road to Utopia" opened with pre-recorded music, and the audience obvi-

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able keyboard strapped around his neck, while bassist Kasim Sulton moved to a fiery lead guitar, Willie Willcox (formerly with Llone Hamp-ton) took up the bass and Rungren moved to the drum set. Wilcox took the vocal chores here and was bathed in green throughout this very new-wavish rocker. Then game the making Vac maning ously knew that the band would be on-stage in a minute to replace it with live music, in a mesh so smooth as to be music, in a mesh so smooth as to be suspect. Todd Rungren, famous producer ongwriteringer uitarist took Pine Knob by storm. This is rock and roll for the connoisseur. Everything is meticu-lous, though not to the point of over-looking the basic raw energy that is rock and roll.

green throughout this very new-wavish recker. Then came the movies. Yes, movies. Each player had his own visual state-ment to make as well. Powell's was the first and, technically, the most impres-sive, with the assistance of a computer it an earlier point. He began playing at a small console synthesizer, flipped it on delay and moved to his portable, creating a wall of sound. Smoke enveloped the stage as the band moved in to supplement him and then Rungern jumged from his sta-tion on the drum stand with a loud, bright flashpod explosion. The audience gasped in unison. This was not flashy protechnics to make up

was not flashy pyrotechnics to make up for a lack of musicianship but rather

tastefully done and always appropri-ate. ered to fail over from horase applause

SULTON'S MOVIE had a Winnie-

SULTON'S MOVIE had a Winnie-the-Pool type of book, with pages being flipped to reveal a bouncing ball-and-words situation to get everyone in the act. The movie columinated with the three other musiclans singing some of the second second second second second Wiecock conservations and was a sort of rons oetween "Refer Madness" and Prank Zappa's "200 Motels." Next – will the surprises end? – Waybe Tonight," (rom "Weet Side Stor "Maybe Tonight," from "Weet Side Stor "Maybe Tonight," from "Weet Side Stor "Maybe Tonight," from "Weet Side Stor ys" Just great. Wilcox took a solo on is motorcycle drums, spinning slowly both twe could see how neat they vere. No visible wirss on lines of any sort. The whole set was that clean. The biggie: "Do You Remember the Last Time" – and the audience threat

drinks

ened to fail over from horase applause. Todd Rungren is an unquestionable master at his craft, but the ballads alone are worth the price of admission. He's given a rose, lois of notes and presents. A carnation is tossed from a few rows back: This is prime stuff. Just Todd on vocal and Roger on plano.

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BEAUTIFUL. Absolutely fantastic. I've never experienced anything so moving at a concert in my life. The au-dience gave that song alone a strong, nonstop, unstoppable standing ovation. This was just for one song, mind you, not the end of the show. They wouldn't stop. It was as if they couldn't. It just got louder and louder. How to follow an act like that? With Todd's own movie, of course. In four years of reviewing music for

of course. In four years of reviewing music for various publications I've never raved so shamelessly and I admit I feel more than a bit peculiar now. But, this was such a wonderlukemotional experience that I withhold all apologies. Wow!



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