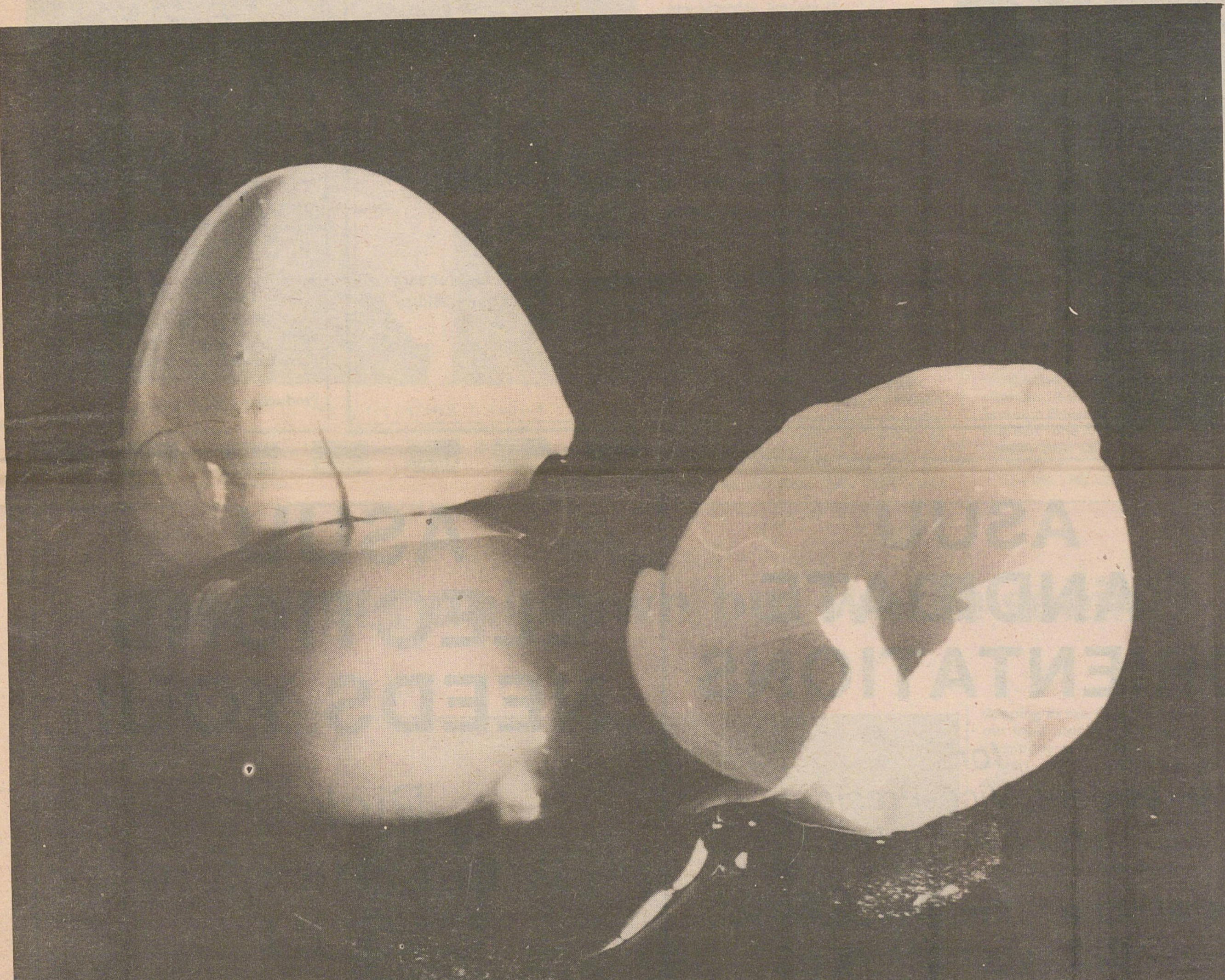

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OH SHIT!

The Urge: unknown but worth seeing

by Brad Boyle

The Urge, familiar to some, unknown to others. A catchy name, and a band that warrants some publicity.

Who exactly is the Urge? The Urge is a local band, composed of four members: Ward Spring on guitar, John Bates at vocals, "Toddles" Erickson on bass, and "Dougo" Thompson on drums. The band used to have a fifth member, Ron Davison, but he left the band in a flurry of controversy. The nature of the band is rhythm and blues and has been heavily influenced by the Rolling Stones and The Doors. Lately, they have been concentrating on original material in hopes of procuring a record contract. Whatever the Urges plays, one thing is constant: they are hot. They're a guaranteed good time. That in itself makes the Urge worth seeing.

The Urge has great talent and if every-time a band plays the entire crowd gets really into it, dancing wildly near the edge of control, then chances are the Urge will have success. Everybody likes a party. When the Urge plays, it's a party.

The band even has real groupies. The band used to share a house (known by many titles, such as The Cave and The Fun House) with another local band, The Primal Scream, and actually had to move because of harrassment by their groupies.

A band in Salt Lake with groupies, you ask? It's just another indication of how popular The Urge really is.



I caught up with Ward Spring and asked him about The Cave. I found him and fellow band member "Toddles" Erickson in the basement of an innocent-looking house, busily remixing some new songs. The atmosphere was that of rock and roll. MTV flickered on the tele-

vision, the phone was laying off the hook, many empty beer cans, and the stench of clove cigarettes filled the air. Ward spoke, "The Fun House? Good memories. We had no choice but to move, though. Why? Well, besides unknown girls wearing our clothes,

sleeping in our beds (unasked), eating our food, smoking our cigarettes, and constantly undressing John (the lead singer), and all without anyone's permission, and the resulting lack of sleep, money, clothes, drugs, and desires, we had no choice. Also, the landlord threw us out. Anyway, it's working out much better now we have our own places. At least we can get some sleep."

So what does the future hold for this band called the Urge? Provided they escape the temptations of groupies. I posed the question to Ward, "The future? New York, Rio, London, fame, money, gigantic success."

The band has always been confident, almost cocky. I get the feeling that Ward is totally serious. How about the more immediate future? "Well, besides the new original material we are remixing right now for our demo tape, the band has some upcoming live performances. On January 14th we are playing The Strut (formally The Broadway). The 14th, sees the start of the Battle of the Bands at Brother Albert's Roadhouse. We'll be vieing for the title of Best of the West against many excellent bands. We are also getting airplay in Chicago and also on KRCL here in Salt Lake," Ward said.

Check the Urge out. Grab a bottle of your favorite medicine, whether it be Robatusum or Dr. Daniel's mixture and then "get the Urge." I think you'll find that it is contagious.



by Mario Naves

David Bowie *Ziggy Stardust—
The Motion Picture* (RCA '83)

Towards the end of this live, two-record set, Bowie melo-dramatically announces "this is the last show we'll ever do;" ten years later and still touring, Bowie has created a legend so mythic (well, mythic in terms of showbiz with a capital 'S') that it would make Andy Warhol smile. Combining hype, flash, trash and sincere art, what keeps Bowie from going the way of Alice Cooper (remember?) is that no matter how outrageous things become the music always stands. Unlike *David Live* or *State*, this set justifies its existence. The mix isn't all it should be and none of the performances are definitive but all the songs are choice and with music that often threatens self-destruct, *Z.S. the M.P.* has more life than most live albums can boast. However, obsessive Bowie buffs (you know who you are) will probably find greater interest here than the *Let's Dance* crowd, so: caveat emptor.

Rating: ★★½

Bob Dylan *Infidels* (Columbia '83)

The voice is still intact and when I listen to the apocalyptic "Jokerman" I feel like I'm somewhere out on Highway 61, but this is far from the "Comeback Masterpiece" that people are hollering about. I've always found Dylan the rambling poet more cogent than Dylan the social critic and what was needed here was the humor, warmth and sensibility of the former; even at his most cynical, Dylan has never sounded as cranky or misanthropic as he does here. At times this album is so intent on making a point that it fails to make any at all: "Union Sundown" and "License to Kill" are so painfully obvious that it seems as if Dylan lost his muse. *Infidels* is a listenable album (thanks to the all-star band) and shows definite signs of life but for a man who once transcended time and space by vacationing on Desolation Row to be stating that mankind's biggest mistake was landing on the moon is a profound disappointment.

Rating: ★★½



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