

Posted on Thu, Jun. 17, 2004

## Lime Spider toasts music past

**Nightspot retrospective features Rubber City Rebels, back on top with second album**

On Saturday, the Lime Spider celebrates three years of surviving the mean bar-eat-bar world of downtown Akron with a show that looks back to Akron's music past.

The Rubber City Rebels, former keepers of the seminal Akron hot spot, The Crypt, and purveyors of snotty punk rock, are returning to their old Akron stomping grounds to help the Lime Spider celebrate.

Like several of the Akron bands from the '70s halcyon days, the Rebels jetted out of the AK as soon as the opportunity presented itself in the form of a record contract with Columbia. Also, like several other Akron bands, they made a record and fell apart. But with their sophomore full-length *Pierce My Brain*, released only a couple of decades after its debut, the group has risen from the ashes and is arguably more successful now than ever.

The appearance of the song *Pierce My Brain* on the soundtrack to the wildly popular 2 million-selling video game *Tony Hawk's Underground* and the television commercial for the game means that Rod Firestone and the boys ought to be able to have some filet mignon with those babies they eat in *Childeaters*. Besides, you have to appreciate the irony of a group of over-40 punk rockers providing the music for a game named for a skateboarder nearing 40 that's being marketed to gamers under 20.

### Tough to be famous

It's been a tough couple of weeks for famous folk, particularly musicians. Jazz drum legend Elvin Jones died of heart disease last month. Ex-President Ronald Reagan (feel free to bow your head in reverence or snort derisively according to your personal politics) finally succumbed to Alzheimer's. Underrecognized guitarist and West Akron son Robert Quine unfortunately committed suicide by heroin and of course the great Ray Charles died last week.

I won't rehash the obits of any of the above, but I will say that without Quine's strangled, freak-out guitar work (along with Richard Lloyd) adding some much needed muscle, Matthew Sweet's *Girlfriend* wouldn't have been nearly as interesting and the kinetic caffeinated guitar work on *Divine Intervention* is some of my favorite.

Of course Quine's playing on Lou Reed's *The Blue Mask* and with Richard Hell & the Voidoids (how come almost no one ever covers *Love Comes In Spurts?*) and *Material* is inspired, but for some reason that *Divine Intervention* riff and the solos really stick with me.

As for Jones, there's nothing I could say that would better illustrate his ability to go from rock solid hard bop time keeping to arrhythmic avant weirdness than listening to his work with John Coltrane or his own solo records.

Rest in peace.

### An excess of reality

This next item is less directly concerned with death, or great musicians. But there is a ghost casting a pall over the entire proceedings and after you stop laughing and/or shaking your head, you might realize the whole thing is kind of sad.

Are you ready?

So, you're an Australian band that climbed to the top of the pop world in the '80s with a stylish groove heavy dance rock and sexy front man churning out a string of hit singles, albums and award-winning videos making you big, big rock stars.

But after a decade of steady climbing, your commercial fortunes wane, your lead singer is found dead, hanged under

mysterious sexual or suicidal circumstances, and you find yourself playing rib cook-offs in some place in the States called Akron.

You try a few replacements including some guy named Jon Stevens (who played the Akron gig last year) and a talented weirdo who used to be Terence Trent D'Arby but now calls himself Sananda Maitreya, but you are unable to generate much interest outside the faithful and dang it! you need yet another new singer.

What do you do?

You call ``reality impresario" Mark Burnett (*Survivor*, *The Apprentice*) and pitch an idea calling for you, INXS, to become the subject of his newest series, *Rock Star*.

That's right, INXS, the band that had millions of folks singing pop songs with nonrhyming lyrics, will audition potential lead singers on five continents through an *American Idol*-style televised competition.

``The idea of looking for the next great rock star, I think is so compelling. I mean, the people you look back on like Bono of U2. Mick Jagger... Michael Stipe of R.E.M," Burnett told Access Hollywood.

Hold it. Am I missing something? It seems to me that the aforementioned people were all founding members and creative forces in their respective bands. Maybe it's my lack of imagination but how are those bona fide rock stars' careers in any way analogous to this upcoming televised sham?

But wait! There's more!

``I feel that there's room on TV for more than one great big talent show, and I feel that rock music has been totally left out of that mix, *Rock Star* is the perfect... show and is a great fit with the MBP brand, " Burnett added giving his own Mark Burnett Productions a subtle plug.

Well, thank goodness there's a television executive around to ensure that rock music and rock musicians aren't left out of the glorified karaoke TV show market. The thought of thousands of wannabe Michael Hutchences in black leather pants and fishnet shirts, some of whom may not even remember INXS in its prime, warbling their way through *What You Need or New Sensation* is definitely a concept whose time has come. No air date has been set, but I for one can't wait for the first opportunity to change the channel.

By the way, for anyone actually intrigued by this concept (dude, seriously?), the winner will not be decided by viewer votes alone. The band gets one vote, America gets one vote, and an as-yet unnamed ``expert" will get one vote. After a winner is chosen, the band will perform a live concert with the new front person and immediately embark upon a world tour hoping that some new audience will suddenly give a damn.

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