

# Arts & Entertainment

## Island of Misfit Toys: 'loud and nasty'

By Stephanie Zink  
Staff Reporter

Obviously, a popular band is in the making.

From the spirited response that the Island of Misfit Toys received after their performance at the Brickyard last weekend, the casual observer would have thought the band was a Lincoln institution. Instead, it was the group's second performance ever.

### Band Preview

Although the lack of new music in Lincoln might be part of the reason for the Toys' success, their unusual sound, complete with violin, is fun.

With their pulverizing beat, power-bass, out-of-control guitar and wailing vocals, the Toys, whose sound echoes of the distortion-rock England is sending us, could be the next big thing in Lincoln's music scene. To hear for yourself, they play Saturday in the Nebraska Union Crib.

Band members are Randy Krause (drums), Stuart Larson (guitar), Liz Panarelli (bass), Brian Zikmund (keyboard and violin) and David Zikmund (vocals). Steve Panarelli is the sound man.

David Zikmund and Krause, who used to be with the Snappi Bats, formed the new band at the urging of Panarelli. They had problems finding a guitar player, so they posted leaflets. Larson responded.

"We chose him because he played



Paul Vonderlage/Daily Nebraskan  
Zikmund of the Toys plays keyboards and violin.

ugly," Panarelli said.

Krause, with the agreement of the rest of the band, described their music as "loud and nasty with some shameless pop thrown in."

Their shameless pop song is also their token nuclear war song, "Feel My Wound."

Their music is created when one of the band members starts playing and the rest of the band catches on, Krause said.

Larson said, "One person thinks of something . . ." " . . . and everyone else changes it," Panarelli finished.

Krause said that band is a democracy, but if one person doesn't like a song it's not used.

Panarelli said she is the one who vetoes the most.

David Zikmund said people should get what they want to from their song lyrics, written mostly by him and his brother.

"It's great being in a band that uses its creativity in a good way for musical progress," Krause said. "I never want to play covers or jump on a bandwagon."

Panarelli describes the lyrics as "honest without preaching."

One of the most unusual things about Island of Misfit Toys: A violin is used in many songs. Brian Zikmund said he doesn't know of any other groups that use a violin.

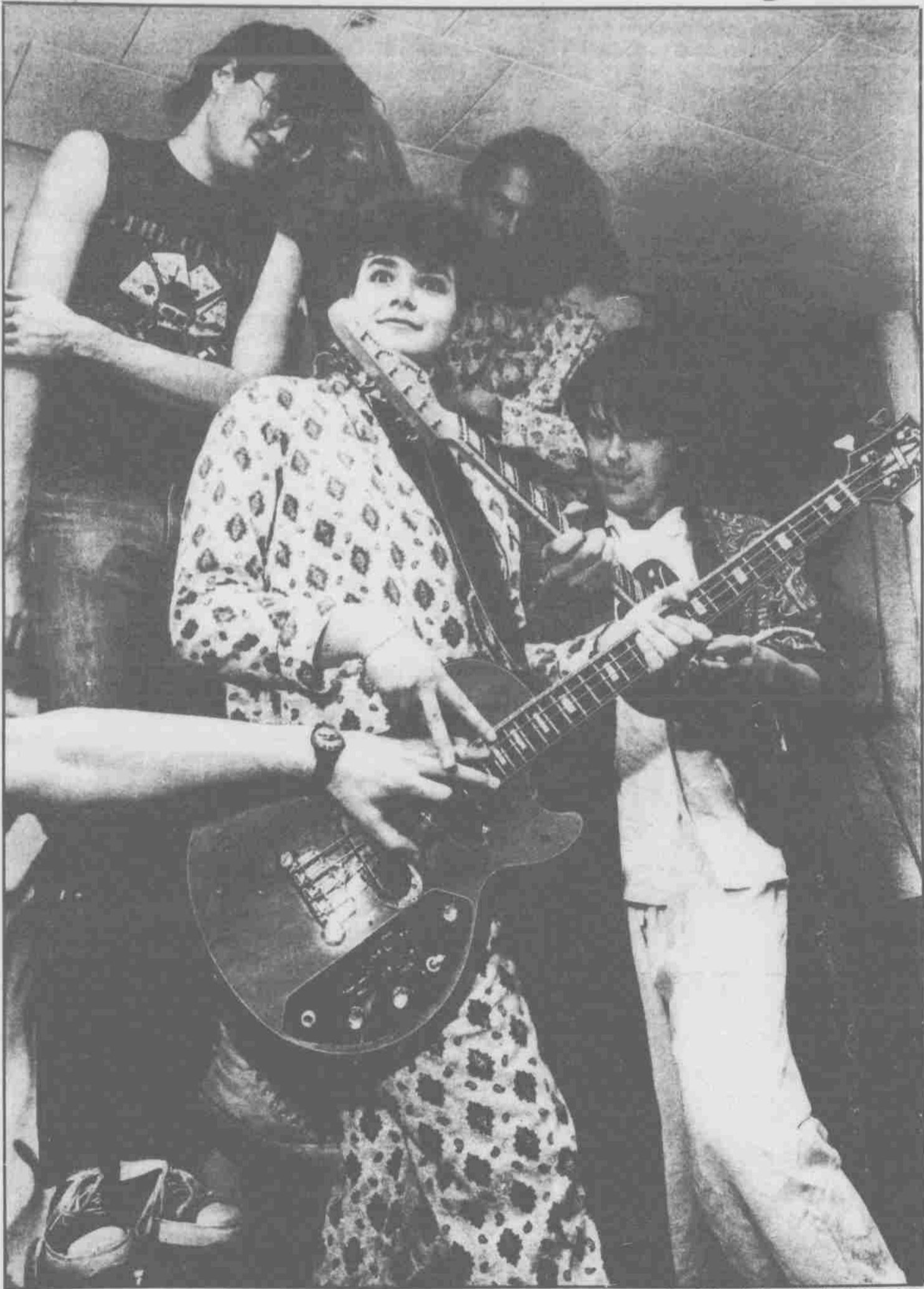
Panarelli said the main problem with playing in Lincoln is that there is low band unity. There is also trouble finding places to play that allow minors to attend that still enable the band to cover its costs.

But a benefit, she said, is that the people who are interested in listening to this kind of music support the bands wholeheartedly.

The group has been together less than six months.

Their next performance will be a benefit for Pro-Peace, a non-political group that supports multilateral nuclear disarmament. Pro-Peace is involved with a nine-month protest walk from Los Angeles to Washington, D.C. Brian Zikmund will be going on the trek, so the band will need a temporary keyboard player.

The Pro-Peace benefit will be Saturday at 7:30 p.m. in the Crib of the Nebraska Union. Other bands performing will be 13 Nightmares, the Go-Batz and Tel Quel. There is a small admission charge, but Brian Zikmund said a larger donation is encouraged.



Paul Vonderlage/Daily Nebraskan  
The Island Of Misfit Toys

## The sordid life and ugly times of Punk Rock

Ten years ago a snarling, brillo-headed *enfant terrible* named Punk Rock was born. Although not musically inclined at first, he did show an early interest in setting live kittens on fire with a Bic lighter.

In Eugene, Ore., there's a "punk mall" where vendors sell only "punk"-related items. The food in restaurants there comes in two colors — black or white. All the clothing stores sell lots of leather and spikes. The beauty salon



Charles Lieurance

specializes in mohawks and death masks. They don't pipe in cello versions of Rolling Stones songs. Live bands play one-minute-long Ramones covers. Strobe lights flash; there are lots of dark corners.

Everything is very disposable.

Life is short in the heart of darkness.

At the age of 4, Punk saw his first guitar. His big brother had it leaning against his bed. His big brother played in a band that played 10-minute-long versions of Yes' "Roundabout" and knew all of Led Zeppelin's songs by heart. What Punk liked most about the guitar was its broken string. He used it to strangle his brother in his sleep. He spent the next four years in reform

school. The story was published in the Weekly World News under the banner headline: "Psycho-tot Gags Brother Over Rock'n'Roll."

I used to be a disc jockey at dances in high school; just sit behind a cheap stereo in the gym under a lone black-light and spin the hits. Once I played a record by The Grateful Dead. Country music was real big in my high school, and one of its most stalwart fans came up to me and told me to stop playing "that disco stuff." Last semester a woman I was talking to in a bar told me she liked Punk Rock. I became interested and asked her what groups she listened to.

"Tears for Fears," she said. Punk liked reform school. He met interesting people and no one was allowed to listen to rock'n'roll. This is how Punk missed most of the music coming out in the early 1970s. He never heard "Seasons in the Sun," "Billy Don't Be a Hero," "The Streak" or the magnum opus "All By Myself." Once he heard "Smoke on the Water" coming out of the warden's office. Punk ran those chords over and over in his mind for four years.

He stared at the ceiling at night and imagined playing those chords on a guitar with a broken string.

Joanie has a neat haircut. I like it a lot. It's really long in back and spiky and short on top and in front. I went through her records. She's got a Barry Manilow album she refers to as a "jazz" record. She tells me the Ramones are

untalented.

"Jazz," she says, "I really like jazz." She sings a few verses of "October" by Manilow.

Joanie has a neat haircut.

"1-2-3-4!"

Punk heard it in his head. He woke up sweating and pulled at his plain white T-shirt. It was soaked. It was so hot he ripped holes in the knees of his pants.

"1-2-3-4!"

Quick and fast, over and over again. Leather jackets and torn blue jeans. White high-top tennis shoes. Punk couldn't figure out where it came from, charging chords from nowhere. Sometimes when he awoke from his endless stream of nightmarish visions, he found blisters on his palms and fingers.

Here come the critics. Wagner's "Flight of the Valkyries" is playing. The critics are marching, singing, "Art, art, art, art . . ." Under their arms they carry The Book of Rules and the Ten Commandments of Love.

There was a Fender Mustang in the window of Dick's Pawn Shop. Punk looked at it for a long time. There were no strings on it. When Dick wasn't looking, Punk grabbed the neck of the beast and ran like hell.

He stole a chord from The Star City Players during their break at the Royal Grove. He paid for a Peavey amplifier with a bad check, wrote another one to an acquaintance for a Volkswagen, and drove to Los Angeles.

It was like the big reform school in

the sky. It was 1976. He bought strings for his guitar in 1977.

In New York City, at the Chelsea Hotel, the love affair of this century began. Forget King Edward VIII and Miss Wallace Simpson. Forget Charles and Di. Sid Vicious and his true love Nancy Spungeon knew what romance was about. Never has the link between passion, sex, love and the great abyss been illustrated more picturesquely. Love in the place of black-and-white food. Love in leather. Love in a death mask.

Once you've got martyrs, the music is old hat. Punk is sitting on the bench, reading SPIN magazine. He's drinking a wine cooler, but he hates it.

Punk gets up, brushes the sand off of

his pants and puts his hands deep into his pockets. His fingers play in the coil of his new guitar strings.

The other day I saw the Finnsters playing behind a hedge outside Love Library. I guess they're playing in all the rooms for Walpurgisnacht at the same time. They were playing in the Harper Residence Hall bathroom the other night, too. Once I was watching them at Chesterfield's and a friend of mine said he saw them standing outside the union at the same time. I couldn't have been true, of course.

Punk looks at the blisters on his hands.

"1-2-3-4!"

He guesses he wasted that money he paid out for an exorcist.

## Jagg rocks midnight

The midnight hour will be rocked in tonight by Jagg, a four-member Lincoln band.

Jagg will play in the Centennial Room of the Nebraska Union from midnight to 2 a.m. as part of the University Program Council's Walpurgisnacht festivities.

According to Jagg's lead vocalist, Tommy Roth, the band plays a wide variety of cover songs and a few originals as well.

"The hardest thing we play is probably Led Zeppelin, and then at the other end of the spectrum, we

play some REM," Roth said.

Jagg has been together since late spring of last year, but really got serious last summer.

The lineup includes Jim Beavers on lead guitar, Matt Gauthier on drums, Bob Kennedy on bass and Roth on vocals.

"The most unique thing about the band is that there are only three instruments, no keyboards or a second guitarist," said Roth. "We fill things out uniquely and are very innovative with our cover arrangements."