

PARENTAL ADVISORY EXPLICIT ARTWORK

GALLERY PREVIEW

The JAM Portfolio
by S. Clay Wilson
& Jon Gierlich

Where: Sheldon Memorial Art Gallery, 12th & R

When: Until Nov. 12

Cost: Free

"We thought if two artists could drop their egos and not have a pissing contest, they could create a body of art."

S. Clay Wilson
"JAM Portfolio" co-creator

'Gross' comics critique 1970s society, politics

BY MELANIE MENSCH

No one flinches these days when a parental advisory label is slapped on a CD, movie or television show. But a comic strip? Cartoon lovers, beware: These aren't your Sunday comics. The "JAM Portfolio" by S. Clay Wilson and Jon Gierlich resemble hellish versions of "Where's Waldo," oozing so much societal stench, it's gross.

But that's the point. Raunchy sex, violent rape, futuristic warfare and terror, excessive boozing, protruding nipples and bulging crotches replace the usual feel-good quality of cartoons with a grotesque profanity only seen in underground comics.

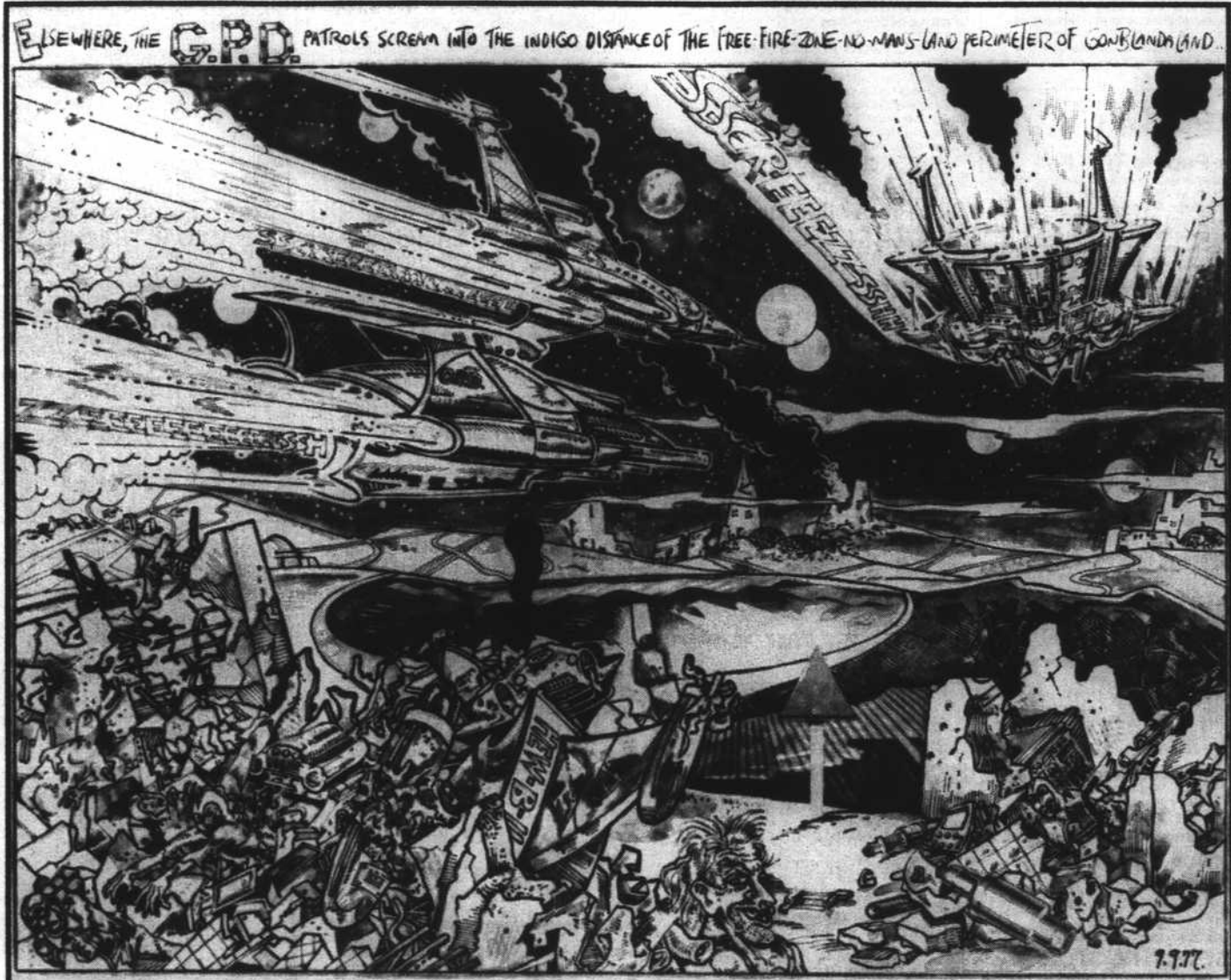
Using their drawings as arsenal, Wilson and Gierlich took direct aim at American social and political excesses in the late 1960s.

Wilson, a Lincoln native, met Gierlich in the mid-1960s while studying art and anthropology at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln. Their friendship led to a more creative relationship after their college days.

During the 1970s, the two artists collaborated on cartoon strips via mail and sent the drawings back and forth.

"We thought if two artists could drop their egos and not have a pissing contest, they could create a body of art together," Wilson said.

Wilson called it a "graphic chess game."



Gierlich, who then lived in Washington state, sent his preliminary sketches to San Francisco, where Wilson added to the cartoons.

Originally titled "JAM ...," the portfolio exhibited 21 frames of drawings at the And/Or Gallery in Seattle.

"It's an art-style jam session," Wilson said. "If musicians can play together, why not let a bunch of artists get together and draw?"

Judi Gierlich, Gierlich's ex-wife who sold the artwork nearly 25 years ago to the Sheldon Memorial Art Gallery, called the collection "timely today, even after 30 years."

Using visual and textual narrative, the "JAM Portfolio" serves as a powerful critique of political, economic, religious and social institutions, Wilson said.

Daniel Siedell, the Sheldon's curator, said the drawings were unusual pieces of the gallery's permanent collection.

"A forgotten aspect of art is the audience is not necessarily us," he said. "These illustrations were relevant to society in the 1970s. It's important to see these as a part of a moment in a culture."

The "JAM Portfolio" still makes an impact on its viewers 30 years after its conception, Wilson said.

"A friend called to tell me that a few high school kids were going ape shit in the gallery where the comics are," Wilson said. "The kids were sitting on the floor holding their own JAM session."

"It's good to get feedback and reaction like that. It's like a fresh breeze."

These untitled pieces of the "JAM Portfolio" were created in ink and watercolor. The project was created as a comment on 1970s society.

Bizkit love softens angst

BY ANDREW SHAW

It's Limp Bizkit's comeback album.

All you TRLers out there may say, "But they've been here the whole time!" Yes, they've done their time with Carson and even might refer to him as a "friend."

But the Limp Bizkit on "Chocolate Starfish and the Hot Dog Flavored Water" is the rock band I fell in love with four years ago, not the TV-friendly, pass-your-buck-my-way hip-hop band of the last two years.

I've been in college 2 1/2 years; I'm into the relaxed schedule of classes and video games without worrying about much, but upon the first listen of "Chocolate Starfish," I was reminded of why I was rebelling for all those years in high school.

I can still find novelty in a band who finds 54 places to use the word "fuck" in one song.

But this Limp Bizkit doesn't just play the novelty card anymore. Yeah, we all did it for the nookie, but Fred Durst, the front-Bizkit, shows signs of intelligence on "Chocolate Starfish."

He knows he's preaching to the offspring of fans of the Who and other art-rock bands, and it's no mistake that the anthem of angst on this album is "My

MUSIC REVIEW

Limp Bizkit

Title: "Chocolate Starfish and the Hot Dog Flavored Water"

Label: Flip/Interscope Records

★★★★ of 4 stars



Generation." Durst even stutters his "g-g-generation" like Roger Daltrey on the 1967 original.

But "My Generation" isn't a cover, it's this millennium's explanation of the abuse that teens perceive from adults. "Go ahead and talk shit about me / go ahead and talk shit about my g-g-generation."

The aggression is the musical outpouring of what we all felt when we were ignored and placated in our high school social studies classes, and it speaks to the hearts of our younger siblings' experiencing it now.

This album is not just filled with incessantly powerful and violent songs.

Limp Bizkit shows its "soft" side on uncharacteristic songs such as "The One," a love song

with lyrics directed toward an unknown woman.

In the song, Durst says this woman may be "the one" but that he's still feeling unsure.

Whoa, Freddy! This display of affection seems out of place on a Limp Bizkit album but is very welcome. If "The One" exhibits anything, it is that happiness can find its way, even in a world seemingly filled with hate and anguish.

This comment shows a maturation of the band, allowing its facade of tough-guy rock stars to fall temporarily into real emotions.

Don't be dismayed by "Significant Other," Limp Bizkit's sophomore album, because the real band is back, ready to kick ass and show that it has more to offer than the hate-mongers of the industry.

Clumsy boyfriend drops movie into familiar humor

BY GEORGE GREEN

In a clean and simple fashion, "Meet the Parents" tickles bursts of laughter from audience members' bellies throughout the entire movie.

Ben Stiller plays Greg Focker, a young man plagued by a humorous last name. (It's pronounced exactly the way it is spelled.)

He wants to ask approval from his girlfriend's father to marry her.

Focker, as all characters affectionately call him, gets whisked away with his girlfriend, Pam Byrne (Teri Polo), to meet her parents and attend her sister's wedding.

As soon as the young couple pulls up to Jack Byrne's (Robert De Niro) house, it becomes apparent that poor Focker is in for a long weekend.

Following the style of other great actors who stumble into trouble, such as Chevy Chase in "Christmas Vacation," Stiller manages to cause some seriously hilarious damage during his 72-hour visit.

His clumsy, good-guy role is similar to the simple-and-loving admirer part he played in "There's Something About Mary."

In both cases, Stiller is a big-hearted bumbler whose cards will not fall the way he wants them to.

And when his cards happen to land on the table, something embarrassingly funny shortly follows.

Perhaps Stiller has a taste of chronic screw-up

syndrome in real life; he plays poor Focker remarkably well.

But Focker's inadequacies don't account for all of the audience members' giggles.

De Niro does a good job playing an overly protective and paranoid father.

He sneeps into Focker's miserable life using techniques he learned while working as an interrogator for the CIA. Byrne warns Focker that he is always watching.

Byrne drives his old-man's luxury sedan, complains about Focker's behavior and meticulously plans his daughter's wedding in a way that only a bitter old man could understand.

But he does it in a way that makes the rest of us explode in full-body laughter.

De Niro and Stiller accentuate each other's roles well and have launched "Meet the Parents" into the No. 1 movie spot in America.

From its perch atop the movie billboards, "Meet the Parents" promises to keep audiences rolling with laughter for weeks to come.

MOVIE REVIEW

Meet the Parents

Director: Jay Roach

Stars: Robert De Niro, Ben Stiller, Teri Polo

Rating: PG-13 (adult language)

★★★★ of 4 stars