



INSIDE

Onomatopoeia's latest release, "Womb," receives four stars

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THIS WEEK

Drowsy Maggie will perform Saturday at Java Joe's and Sunday at Sam Bond's Garage

ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE
March 15, 1996

Oregon Daily
Emerald

Legend of 'Animal House' lives on at UO

The recent closure of the Sigma Chi fraternity house for disciplinary reasons reminds me of Oregon's finest hour as a university. Rose Bowl appearances? Designation of Deady Hall as a national historic landmark? Nah. I'm talking about *National Lampoon's Animal House*.

ON THE SCENE



Hinds

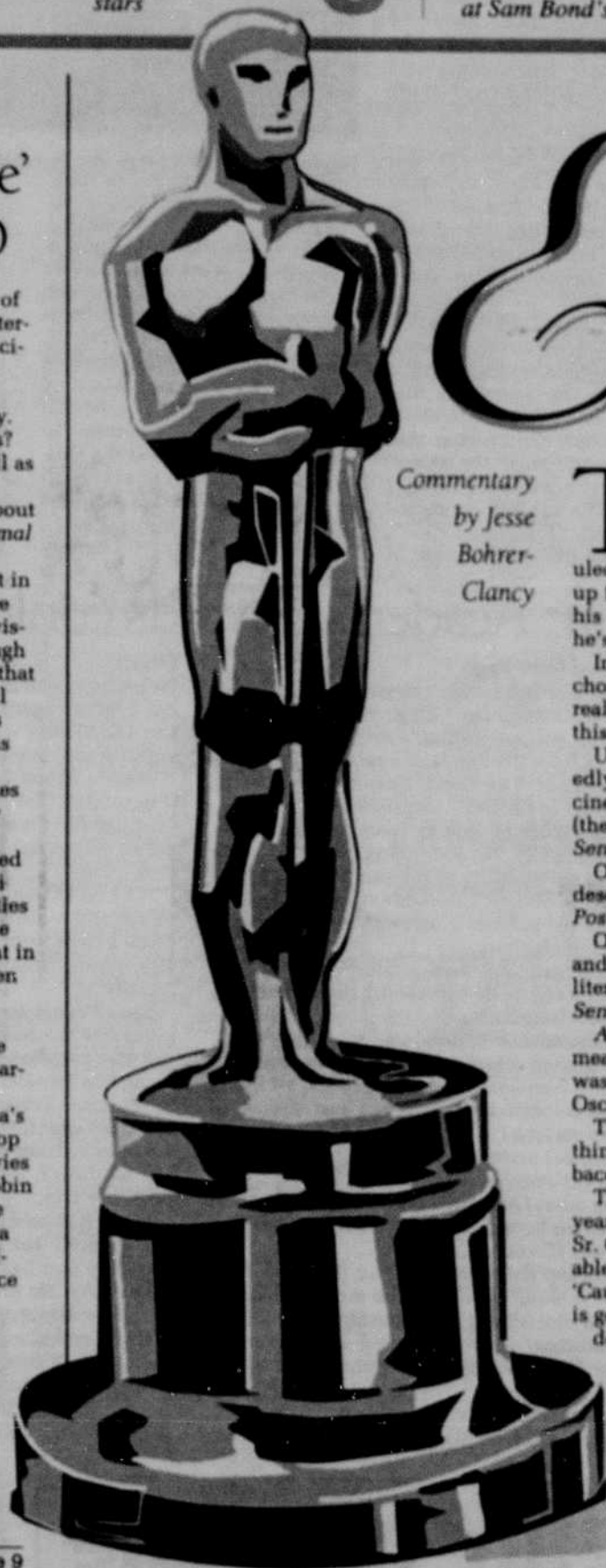
A smash hit in the 70's, more people have visited UO through the scenes of that movie than all the Dan Fouts highlight films combined.

Which makes it particularly interesting that the local news media have embraced the story of the Sigma Chi house. Other student parties that have clashed with the Eugene Police Department in recent years have also been front page news.

Obviously, the public likes to hear about college students throwing wild parties.

It's kind of like America's fascination with sleazy pop stars, cop shows and movies like *Pulp Fiction*. Like Robin Hood and Jesse James, we love our outlaws. America romanticizes a little rebellion and civil disobedience within its borders.

The University must understand this. If there was no campus life at UO — if students all gathered in McArthur Court on Saturday nights, drank Hawaiian Punch and played musical chairs — who in



Commentary
by Jesse
Bohrer-
Clancy

The Envelope please...

Two words followed by three more: "Talking pig" and "What the hell?" In this year's Oscar race, scheduled for March 25, there is a talking pig up for best picture. A PIG!?! Oscar lost his cajones long ago, and now methinks he's finally lost his mind, as well.

In the past, Oscar has made some good choices, but he has also made bad ones — real bad ones. And from the looks of it, this year's going to be another doozy.

Up for Best Picture this year — supposedly the defining film for the American cinema for the year of 1995 — is *Babe* (the talking pig). *Apollo 13*, *Braveheart*, *Sense and Sensibility* and *Il Postino*.

Out of those five, the only two that deserve to be there are *Braveheart* and *Il Postino*. The other three are rubbish.

Okay, I'll admit it. I abhor Jane Austen and everything else from England in that literary period, so I tossed *Sense and Sensibility* out the window.

Apollo 13 was good, but it was by no means great. The film just looks like it was made in the hopes of winning an Oscar.

Then, there's that damn pig. I'm thinkin' porkchops and a nice side of bacon, not the gold statue of a eunuch.

There were only four films from last year that deserve to be in the running for Sr. Oscar — films that would actually be able to compete with one another. 'Cause I'll tell you right now, *Braveheart* is going to win. (I swear, if that damn pig does, I'm going to have him on dark rye with swiss.)

The four films from last year that were not just good, but truly great were: *Braveheart*, *The Usual Suspects*, *Seven* and *Dead Man Walking*. Since there must always

BEST PICTURE NOMINEES:

Apollo 13 — Universal
Babe — Universal
Braveheart — Paramount
The Postman — Miramax
Sense and Sensibility — Columbia

THE HISTORY OF OSCAR

The statuette known as "Oscar" was born at a Hollywood banquet May 11, 1927 — one week after the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences was organized.

At that meeting, Louis B. Mayer, president of MGM, urged the Academy to create a special film award. Cedric Gibbons, art director for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, sketched a figure of a knight holding a sword, standing atop a reel of film. The founding members liked it immediately.

George Stanley, a Los Angeles sculptor, sculpted the statuette in 1928. "Oscar" was then hand-cast in bronze with 24-karat gold plating. From 1930 to the present, it has been cast in Britannia metal.

The official name for the statuette has always been "the Academy Award of Merit." The more familiar nickname "Oscar" originated in the mid-thirties, and the name very shortly became a household word.

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DENNIS BOLT/Emerald

'Mary Reilly' heightens mystery of Jekyll and Hyde

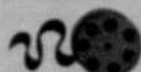
MOVIE REVIEW

Mary Reilly

Rated R

Starring: Julia Roberts
and John Malkovich

★★★



By Jim Ransler
Freelance Reporter

The premise of *Mary Reilly* is simple: retell the story of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* through the eyes of one of Dr. Jekyll's maids. One would think that such a story would be fairly easy to write for the screen.

However, as early as spring of 1995, the film's production team hit a major snag. The initial test screenings of *Mary Reilly* had audiences complaining about a sloppy plot and a not-so-happy ending.

With a high-budget Julia Roberts film on their hands, TriStar sent the film back to director Stephen Frears (*Dangerous Liaisons*) for an extensive rewrite.

Now, almost a year later, *Mary Reilly* still has a sloppy plot and a not-so-happy ending — but

the result is an admirable attempt to lay open a new chapter of the Jekyll and Hyde mystery.

In service since the age of 12, Mary (Julia Roberts) is a recent addition to the Jekyll household service staff. With pale, white skin and a frail frame, Mary looks like a person who has gone through tremendous struggle and pain.

Abused by her father as a child, Mary is a quiet creature who slowly begins to take an interest in the occupation and life of her employer, Dr. Henry Jekyll (John Malkovich). Equally fascinated by the scars of abuse on Mary's hands, Jekyll begins to pay attention to his timid employee.

When the doctor announces that he will be taking on an assistant who goes by the name

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Mr. Hyde stops Mary from screaming during a late-night encounter in Dr. Jekyll's house.