

## What's eating Crowe?

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HE may have the animal magnetism of Marlon Brando in his prime but guests at last weekend's Opera House wedding of actor Gary Sweet and sports reporter Johanna Griggs are still reeling over the performance of guest Russell Crowe.

According to one of the organisers of the nuptials, which were planned like a military operation, Crowe rang Sweet's publicist the day before the wedding to invite himself along in the nicest possible way.

Crowe had just arrived back in town, he announced, and he was certain the bride and groom would want him to be there.

When it was put like that the amiable Police Rescue hunk could hardly refuse - after all, Crowe wasn't such a bad bloke, was he?

So the jubilant actor, in his signature greatcoat, duly arrived at the Opera House - without a wedding present (at such late notice, there had clearly been no time to go shopping) and threw himself into the celebrations with his usual joie de vivre.

With the wedding photos already sold to a national magazine in a deal worth \$50,000, everyone was banned from leaving the Opera House until the deadline had passed for last Sunday's newspapers.

However, as day turned to night, Crowe insisted on being shown the door because he wanted to see his favourite football team, Souths, in action.

At the same time he also tried to persuade a nubile, young actress to accompany him but unfortunately she declined this once-in-a-lifetime offer.

Everyone had almost forgotten about Crowe when he suddenly returned from the footie, where Souths received a 42-10 thrashing by Penrith Panthers, ready to party on until the early hours of the morning.

It had already been a big couple of days for the 30-year-old actor, who recently starred in *The Quick And The Dead* with Hollywood's reigning sex bomb Sharon Stone.

He was highly visible during the May 19 launch of Galaxy TV - but perhaps not as visible as he might have wished. Apparently, when he was asked to join the line-up of stars entering the Pyrmont party in a cavalcade of vintage American cars, Crowe insisted on being in the leading car and, what's more, he wanted one of his non-celebrity mates to sit beside him.

When the organisers told him that imported stars James Belushi and Carrie Fisher were already leading the procession, Crowe reluctantly agreed to sit in the second car but leapt out just before the entrance (although his presence had already been announced).

Of course he still enjoyed the party to the hilt but was not very lucky when it came to romantic liaisons.

After he approached one attractive young thing with the news that they were leaving together she actually laughed him off. The question being asked in certain circles around town is whether Crowe's ego will implode with his inevitable rise to even greater international fame?