

FILM CLIPS

A look inside Hollywood and the movies.



From left, Alice in Chains' Layne Staley, Slayer's Tom Araya and Megadeth's Dave Mustaine cast their votes for . . .



. . . Wayne (Mike Myers) and Garth (Dana Carvey): Oh, those most excellent metalheads!

WHO DO YOU LOVE?

Wayne and Garth vs. Bill and Ted: The Consensus From the Metal Section

"We're not worthy! We're not worthy!" say Wayne and Garth.

Yes you are, insists a panel of experts in the area of righteous excellence: hard-rock and heavy-metal musicians.

Forget Bush vs. Buchanan or Clinton vs. Taosgas. Wayne and Garth (the honorable dudes from Aurora, Ill.) have swept out the incumbents, Bill and Ted of San Dimas, as the most excellent representatives of metal fandom, taking the helm of the Party-On Party with a resounding *schwing*.

The vote wasn't even close. In fact, Wayne and Garth took the nod virtually by acclamation, with not a single vote going to the Bill and Ted ticket.

Did Wayne's facility with Cantonese earn him points on foreign-relations matters? Did

Garth's ability in the hockey goal persuade voters that the pair was strong on defense? Or did they just think Bill and Ted were a bit lost in space and time?

Sample comments from our exit polls tell the story:

Steve West, drummer of the band Danger Danger, voted for Wayne and Garth "'cause they get way cooler babes."

Pat Badger, bassist for Extreme: "Because Wayne and Garth like Queen."

Guy Lacey, guitarist for the Seattle-based War Babies, said Wayne and Garth "because they smell better."

OK, so much for the key platform planks. Overall, the consensus is that Wayne and Garth are just more, well, real than Bill and Ted.

"Wayne's World" is closer to a day in the life of a heavy-metalter than Bill and Ted's adventures," said Megadeth singer-guitarist Dave Mustaine, adding, "P.S. Anyone want to buy a used telephone booth?"

Said John Bush of L.A.'s Armored Saint: "Wayne and Garth—they represent my upbringing."

And Tom Araya, bassist and singer of L.A.'s speed-metal Slayer, noted that the Wayne and Garth iconography and phraseology "has really captured what the fans are all about."

Curiously, Araya, whose band is notorious for its explorations of evil, likes the sweetness of the winning pair. "They are naive, they are innocent, they're gullible," he said. "They're independent, but they still to some degree follow the rules of society."

Mistress Barb, who performs with the graphic sex-and-death theatrical bands Haunted Garage and Duchess DeSade, doesn't see

the pair as so innocent. "They're nastier," she said. "And they play better music. Bill and Ted are a little too squeaky clean."

Music figured in several opinions, including that of Seattle band Alice in Chains' Layne Staley ("Wayne and Garth are much better musicians") and New York band Pantera's drummer, Vinnie Paul ("They're complete buffoons, play instruments and almost 'did' Madonna"), one of several references to a "Saturday Night Live" skit with Madonna.

The tally wasn't totally unanimous. Odorous Urungus of the guts 'n' slime band GWAR registered a vote of "neither," with an explanation that is unprintable in a family paper. And pundits may want to note the choice of Alice in Chains' Jerry Cantrell, which may signal a Jerry Brown-like insurgent challenge.

"I prefer Bert and Ernie," he said. "They have cooler hairdos."

—Steve Hochman

WHO TO CALL?

Today's Cast: Stone, Streisand, Levinson

"If you cast wrong, it's not an easy day," admitted director Barry Levinson, who with Oliver Stone and Barbra Streisand addressed a recent Directors Guild of America seminar. During the course of the 2½-hour discussion, they shared, among other tidbits, some of the agonizing that went into casting Oscar nominees "Bugsy," "JFK" and "Prince of Tides."

Levinson said he was "amazed" at the number of people who turned down various roles in "Bugsy." The part of gangster Meyer Lansky, in fact—for which Ben Kingsley received a best supporting actor Oscar nomination—wasn't filled until a week

before the shoot.

"I knew that Kingsley was a brilliant actor," Levinson recalls. "But could this guy . . . Gandhi . . . play a New York Jew? It took a leap of faith to believe he could deliver the accent and the character. I wanted him to read for the part, but he was the one who suggested it. Other actors of his stature wouldn't have put themselves on the line, but he understood my dilemma."

Oliver Stone recounted, quant-tongue-in-cheek, the difficulty of finding a 6-foot-7 actor to play Jim Garrison, the former New Orleans district attorney on whose investigations "JFK" was based. Since he couldn't cast according to physical type, the director said, he went with his gut. Kevin Costner was his choice.

"I like his small ears—don't you love those small ears?" Stone

queried, flashing a gap-toothed grin. "I needed someone to anchor the movie, and you can watch Kevin for three hours. People think he has integrity and honesty—because he does."

Barbra Streisand didn't hesitate when asked if she always thought of herself playing Susan Lowenstein, the female lead in "Prince of Tides."

"Yes," she shot back. "Who else could I get to play a New York Jewish psychologist?" (Stone pointed to Levinson, who as it happens, played a therapist in his own movie "Rain Man.")

"Anyhow," Streisand continued when the laughs subsided, "I couldn't have gotten the picture made if I wasn't in it. I certainly wouldn't have gotten to direct."

Nick Nolte's name popped into her head after Robert Redford, who had initially intended to play the role, backed out in favor of

"Havana." "I ran every one of Nick's films and realized he hadn't done any love scenes since 'Rich Man, Poor Man.' He sees himself as a character actor rather than a romantic lead and obviously wasn't comfortable with sexuality. Still, I saw a certain pain behind his eyes and almost a mistrust of women . . . which was essential."

"I thought he'd be terrific," Streisand said of the best actor nominee. "But one studio actually turned us down on account of Nick."

—Elaine Dutesco

REQUELEPT. Reincarnation of 'Body Snatchers'

If it's kind of a remake and kind of a sequel, maybe that makes it a sequel. . . .

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GUEST FILM COMMENTATOR

The AIDS Metaphor in 'Beauty and the Beast'

By DAN RATHER

I am not generally known for being a movie critic. Quite the contrary, although just the other day Roger Ebert took me to task for my reviews of Oliver Stone's "JFK." (This was a little puzzling, since I hadn't written any reviews of Oliver Stone's "JFK," but perhaps Mr. Ebert had me mistaken for Gene Siskel, who works the morning shift at CBS News. Gene and I have both been known to wear sweaters; the confusion was bound to arise eventually.)

But I do enjoy movies ("JFK" included), and like anybody else who plunks down his money for a ticket and a tub of popcorn, I've got my opinions and my interpretations.

Opinions: I like Kathleen Turner and I think Sissy Spacek is one of Texas' most valuable exports.

Interpretations: The news colors every picture ever made in Hollywood. You know that already. If Ginger Rogers is up to her permanent wave in sequins and feathers, it's only because America doesn't want to look at more bread lines. If Michael J. Pollard nearly becomes a matinee idol, it's because America is rebelling against the Official Line, even the Official Definition of Matinee Idols. If Kevin Costner says that John Kennedy was shot to keep us in Vietnam, it's because America wants a way to make sense out of two painful episodes of the '60s.

I was thinking about this the other evening when I saw Disney's "Beauty and the Beast." It's a great show: funny, sentimental, great songs and a multitalented cast of voices and drawings. The heroine, Belle, is

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