What's on track for you weekly at WXYC

WXYC's Top 20 Albums in the playbox this week:

1. Jane's Addiction Nothing's Shocking

2. Michelle Shocked Short, Sharp, Shocked

3. Colorblind James Experience Colorblind James Experience

4. Let's Active Every Dog Has Its Day

5. Fishbone . . . Truth and Soul 6. Big Audio Dynamite Tighten Up Vol. 88

7. My Dad is Dead Let's Skip the Details

8. John Hiatt . . . Slow Turning 9. Various Artists Folkways: A Tribute to Woody Guthrie and Leadbelly

10. Joy Division Substance 11. Dwight Yoakum Buenos Noches from a lonely room

12. James Stripmining 13. Rose of Avalanche in Rock 14. Red Lorry, Yellow

16. Jad Fair and Kramer Roll Out the Barrel

17. Hunters and Collectors Fate 18. The Feelies Only Life

18. The Feelles Only Life
19. The Primitives Lovely

20. Siouxsie and the Banshees Peep Show

Top Three Local Demos

1. Dillon Fence — "Something For You"

Mary on the Dash — "Screw it Tight"

3. The Popes — "Marilyn"

Special Shows: The Friday Feature 11 p.m. to 2 a.m. Saturday morning.

30/30 5 p.m. to 6 p.m. Sundays. This week's guest on the live, call-in sports talk show is UNC baseball coach Mike Roberts and his 12-year-old son.

Northern Hemisphere Live Sundays 6 p.m. to 7 p.m. A talk show with various guests. This week's guest is Wynonia Brewington Burke, the independent vice-presidential candidate.

Good acting, sharp cameos fail to save 'Parador'

By RICHARD SMITH Staff Writer

"Moon Over Parador" is a silly film that likes to think of itself as something approaching satire. Paul Mazursky, the director who remade the French comedy "Boudu Saved From Drowning" in 1986 as the successful "Down And Out in Beverly Hills" would like to think that "Parador" has the parabolic qualities of the earlier film. It doesn't, and consequently the film runs like a car on the

wrong sort of gas.

Parador is a fictitious Caribbean island where Jack Noah (Richard Dreyfuss), a well-known N.Y. actor, is making a movie when the dictator of the island, a certain Alphonse Simms, dies. He has drunk one too many poonas (the national drink) and so Noah, a lookalike with a gift for impersonation, is brought in to replace him.

Mazursky obviously thinks this is hysterical, and up to a point he is right. Playing a real-life dictator could be the greatest role of Noah's life, and it could be a really funny joke were it not quite so overdone. Noah goes on and on about "Bobby" De Niro and Hoffman, and it jars a little. The audience becomes very aware of Dreyfuss the actor playing Noah the actor playing Simms the dictator.

Noah alternately warms to the role, hates it, gets scared of it, uses it to create an absurd political change and eventually gets bored

of it. He gets our sympathy for the latter. Dreyfuss' is an annoyingly inconsistent part and consequently comes across as shallow and uninteresting. It is to his credit then that Dreyfuss' integrity survives the film intact. Mazursky, ("Moscow On the Hudson," "The Tempest") has built a reputation for being an actor's director. This shows in Dreyfuss' performance, but the room that Mazursky has given him to breathe in is ultimately empty and lifeless.

Raul Julia as Roberta, the power behind the throne, is electrifying in his limited role. He comes on like a psychotic Bill Cosby at times and is something of a highlight. Sonia Braga as Madonna is Noah's love interest. (She was the real dictator's lover, now she loves Noah and together they will save the country — I ask you). Braga, stunning though she is, has a raw deal. Anything for a PG-13.

That aside, there is the odd shimmer of sharpness. Dreyfuss

the dictator walks toward a helicopter pretending he can't hear what the press is asking (a clear spoof on the old Reagan favorite); Dick Cavett, Ed Asner and, most notably, Sammy Davis Jr. all give great cameos that almost make the mess worth seeing. But it is too little, too late. Most of the humor is cheap: Dreyfuss salutes with the wrong hand; his voice gets too high; his false moustache slips; that kind of thing.

A script in which Noah the actor suddenly sees the light about the real situation in Parador (where the poor get poorer and the rich get richer), and decides, succeeds even, to do something about it (in 10 minutes of screen time) is obvious and condescending. To give it a sentimental ending of the "hasn't-it-all-been-such-fun" variety is just patronizing.

At the close of the film, a fellow actor to whom Noah has told the story says, "I don't buy it." He's absolutely right.

'Stealing Home' strikes out

By JAMES MILLS Staff Writer

"Stealing Home" is a movie with many strikes against it.

Despite its title, this is not another "Bull Durham." In fact, "Stealing Home" is not a movie about baseball at all. So, a misleading title is one strike against the flick

Jody Foster and Mark Harmon are billed as the stars of "Stealing Home." From the advertising a viewer might think the two have scenes together, but think again. The two stars never even appear in a scene together. Foster appears in flashbacks with a teenage version of Harmon's character, but in the present, when Harmon appears, her character is dead. So, with its misleading advertising, the film gets another strike against it.

The plot is rather incidental to the film as well. Flashback scenes compose more than half the screen time, yet there is no order or logic to the flashbacks as they relate to events in the present. Thus the viewer is left rather confused, and the film scores a third strike against it.

When the film opens, Billy Wyatt (Harmon) learns that Katie Chandeler (Foster) has just committed suicide and has placed him in charge of disposing of her ashes. The two were childhood friends and Billy is the only one who knows how to dispose of her remains properly.

So Billy takes the bus back to his N.J. home to dispose of her ashes. Problem is, he can't figure out what to do with them. This leads to memories of the past where Katie taught Billy (played as a child by Thacher Goodwin and as a teen by William McNamara) how to smoke, how to be attractive to girls and how to have a good time.

Billy doesn't get a clue from all these flashbacks what to do with the ashes. So he begins to think of events with Katie again and remembers an obscure event at a pier on the N.J. shore. Suddenly, he realizes what the audience figured out long before. He should throw the ashes into the sea!

Harmon plays Billy with an emotional range that runs the gamut from A to B. He just sits

around with sad puppy dog eyes and shows his grief by forgetting to shave and smoking cigarettes, which doesn't exactly provide the audience much insight into his character. That's yet another

Foster plays Katie with a bit more finesse. Katie tries to come across as a worldly, sophisticated young woman when just beneath the surface is an insecure girl. Foster captures this well with what she is given in the script, but never provides any clues as to why she would kill herself. Add another strike against the film.

The other actors do a good job with the material, especially William McNamara and Jonathan Silverman (teenage Billy and Alan, respectively). But the material they are given is pretty shallow, thanks to Steven Kampmann and Will Aldis. That pair served as screenwriters and as directors of this muddled mess.

"Stealing Home" has too many strikes against it to bother seeing it. Perhaps it would have been better if it had the more appropriate title, "Striking Out."

