

# Chopped egg, chili and chelsea buns.

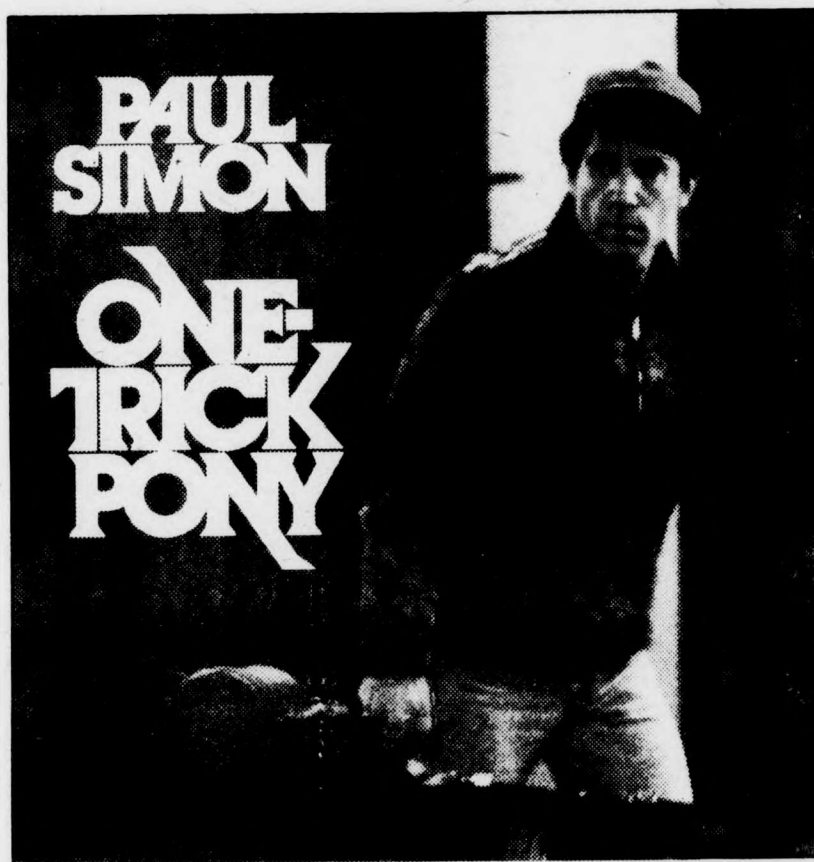
Just 3 of the goodies we have for you at Grandma Lee's new bakery and old-fashioned eating place... take-out too!  
(661-4984)

You'll also enjoy our sweet things - brownies, cookies, muffins... our soups - turkey noodle, cream of mushroom, garden vegetable... our salads - potato, chef, macaroni... our sandwiches - tuna, ham, reuben, Grandwich... meat pies, chicken stew and lots more!

## GRANDMA LEE'S

7.30-6.30

(8.00p.m. Thurs., 5.00p.m. Sat., closed Sun.)  
On Steeles, one blk. west of Dufferin, at Alness.



One-Trick Pony

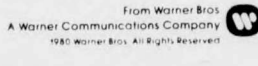
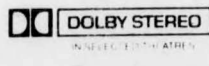
starring PAUL SIMON and BLAIR BROWN

and starring RIP TORN, JOAN HACKETT, ALLEN GOORWITZ,  
MARE WINNINGHAM, LOU REED

Produced by MICHAEL TANNEN

Co-Produced by MICHAEL HAUSMAN Written by PAUL SIMON

Directed by ROBERT M. YOUNG Musical Score by PAUL SIMON



Now Playing — Check Your Local Listings

## Nuclear Video

**Michael Monastyrskyj**

*The Last Man on Earth* is an intriguing show, but at times it is difficult to understand. Some of the confusion is necessary because it reflects the state of mind of the central character, Adair. However, when it is all over too much of the play's action remains unclear.

The show, conceived by Alan Bridle, asks the question, "What would life be like for the sole survivor of a nuclear holocaust?" Adair's physical health is assured by a supply of homegrown vegetables. Keeping his sanity, however, is a more difficult problem. To battle loneliness, he creates a number of characters and then acts out these parts before video equipment. When the tapes are replayed he treats his creations as if they were real people.

*The Last Man on Earth* is a one-man show in that Adair and all the telescreen characters are played by Bridle. Yet, because the actor plays so many roles, the audience

is given the impression that it is seeing more than one capable performer. It is this aspect of the plot that makes the story interesting.

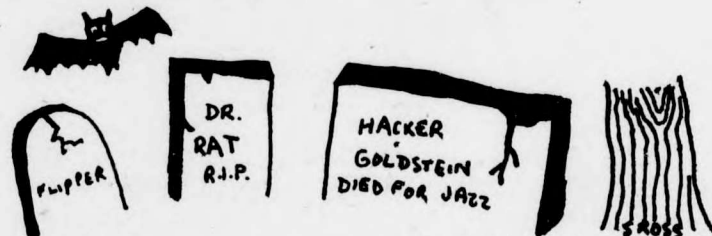
It also creates the confusion. Is Adair really the only survivor? To be fair the script hints at the answer, but the clues are difficult to discern.

Part of the problem lies with the television sets used in the play. If the screens had been larger and the pictures clearer, one might have seen that all the characters were in fact the same man. Similarly, clearer sound from the sets and from the stage would have helped the play.

On the whole *The Last Man on Earth* is a good concept that falls short of its potential in performance. It is playing nightly at the Horseshoe Tavern (368 Queen St. West). Tickets are \$4 and \$5 and can be reserved by calling 363-0555. The price includes a presentation of 1984, which was first performed last year. Radio stars, beware...

## Books...

### Death threat



**Lloyd Wasser**

"At night, when I go to sleep, I'm still at pains to make sure my legs are under the blankets," says Stephen King, modern master of horror fiction. "Because if a cool hand ever reached out from under the bed and grabbed my ankle, I might scream. Yes, I might scream to wake the dead."

Stephen King is the definitive master of the macabre. His books (*The Shining*, *Carrie*, *The Stand*, *Night Shift*, etc.) have the ability to make our flesh crawl and our minds scream. Stephen King deals in terror; he sells fear. And his books will scare you to death.

But why this fear? Why this pervasive obsession with horror that makes King's books so successful? Perhaps it's because the horror writer presents an unpleasant truth: We're going to die. Not today, maybe not tomorrow, but...soon. The horror story serves as a dress rehearsal for death.

King's books allow us to experience the act of dying emotionally without all the mess and fuss. He permits us a peek at our cold, damp graves without having to muddy our feet. King pulls the sheet back from the corpse on the slab. And that corpse is us.

Stephen King's books are bizarre. His characters grow on you, take on a life of their own and possess you. His creatures do even more damage. They're so terrifyingly realistic that nothing can shake them from your mind.

Who can forget the hideous occupant of the Overlook Hotel that greets Danny Torrence in *The Shining*.

"The woman in the tub had been dead a long time. She was bloated and purple, her gas-filled belly rising out of the cold, ice-rimmed water like some fleshy island. Her eyes were fixed on Danny's, glassy and huge, like marbles. She was grinning, her purple lips pulled back in a grimace. Danny shrieked, but the sound never escaped his lips...she was sitting up..."

It is scenes like this that make *The Shining* a true masterpiece of modern horror fiction, and its young writer a literary sensation at 30.

Stephen King's newest book, *Firestarter* (Viking, \$14.95), was published in August. It's the story of Andy and Vicky McGee, who, in 1969, participated in psychic experiments run by the Shop, a secret government agency. One year after they marry, their little girl, Charlie, sets fire to her teddy bear...by looking at it.

Now eight years old, Charlie has learned to control her "pyrokinesis", but the Shop wants the young weapon and proceeds to hunt down the little girl and her father.

*Firestarter* is a stunning tale of deep love and terrifying power; of innocence and bizarre vengeance. King meticulously builds suspenseful scene upon scene; taking us from the harried streets of New York to the secret headquarters of the Shop and onwards towards the book's explosive conclusion.

*Firestarter* is King's best yet, but other books are soon to follow. Next month, *Dark Forces*, a collection of short stories, will be published, along with *Danse Macabre*, King's examination of the horror film genre.

As well, King is presently at work on three other projects, one of which, *Pet Cemetery*, he refused to publish, calling it "a dreadful, terrible book." From this proliferation it appears that Stephen King has succumbed to the lure of the big bucks, and a new \$2 million dollar contract with American Library insures that he will be writing for a long, long time to come.

King is as busy as ever, churning out his fear fiction just as quickly as we can digest it. He's feeding our appetite for death; the same appetite that causes us to slow down at traffic accidents or crane our necks when a hearse rolls by.