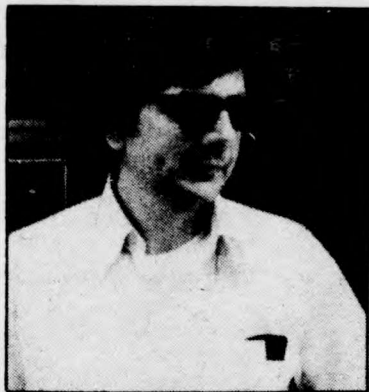


Kilodny won't kill—he just maims



Kilodny incognito.

Elliott Lefko

Gainfully Employed in Limbo, by Crad Kilodny, Charnel House, 1980, 40 pp., \$2.00.

It's difficult being a full time fiction writer in Canada, and so Crad Kilodny, one of Canada's brightest, perhaps zaniest writers, moonlights by writing an advice column for the Canadian skin mag *Rustler*. As well, he writes his books—collections of short, sometimes tiny, stories, which he publishes on his own publishing imprint, Charnel House.

To date there have been three books: *Mental Cases* (now out of print), *World Under Anesthesia*, and now *Gainfully Employed in Limbo*. In addition, Virgo Press has published a sort of Kilodny sampler, entitled for better or worse, *Lightning Struck My Dick*.

Kilodny worked for a time as an editor at a vanity press, where you send in your manuscript along with the proper amount of cash, and they'll publish your book. Reading many 'books' from people from all over the U.S. and Canada he discovered that the average bloke wasn't normal—he was crazy.

So we come to Kilodny's stories involving all sorts of wacky characters involved in all sorts of bizarre situations. His is a twilight zone, a Kilodny zone; people moving to an irregular beat, controlled only by the author's pen.

The stories are accessible, and if you give them a chance, easy to comprehend. These are the fantasies of a frustrated man stuck in the middle of a metropolis, trying to cope by laughing first, and then writing it down. The man

will never kill anyone, but his stories will leave many in painful stitches of laughter.

Out of context the tales sound crazier than they actually read. There's the office clerk who inadvertently gets revenge on his fellow workers by urinating on them from the loose floorboards upstairs. And an absentminded chap who goes to buy some stories from a writer, to fill the

vacuum of his mind, but who leaves without the daughter he brought along. And the best story, "One For All" in which another office-worker has to make a painful sacrifice for the good of the company—I don't want to give away what he does, but it's quite an earful.

Kilodny can be found on the streets selling his books in the Yonge/Bloor/Avenue Road

vicinity. They are also available at perverse bookstores such as York, This Ain't The Rosedale Library and Pages, or from Charnel House, 134 Haddington Ave., Toronto M5M 2P6.

Kilodny may not be able to make a living writing fiction full-time, but he certainly is having a good time trying, and gives us a good time, too.

Placer barely places

Lloyd Wasser

Last weekend, the Samuel Beckett Theatre hosted the world premiere of playwright Anne Marie de Moret's *The Placer*. This production, starring Glen Nichols and Alison McNab, is a contemporary drama of two people, trapped in a desert cave during a sand storm, and their emotional exploration of their roots and lives.

De Moret has been writing plays for years, first in her native French, and now in English. Her theatre company, Theatre-In-Translation, has been producing Canadian plays in St. Louis for the last ten

years and several of her works have also been performed in Canada.

"No thrill can be as great as the thrill of watching actors become characters who invite an audience into their lives," de Moret has said. "I observe dramatic tensions in others and in myself, and then the teamwork shaping the magic of illusion into a stage form of reality takes place."

After seeing *The Placer* I really can't say I enjoyed it. I found the play stilted and overly melodramatic. It appears that Annie-Marie de Moret is trying to get a message across, but I'm not really sure what

it was. There was too little good acting, too much yelling, and far too much intellectualizing for any true feelings or expression to come through.

Much of the problem lies with the playwright, whose dialogue was stilted and characterizations underdeveloped, and the actors, who needed far more production time and a good, capable artistic director to get this show on the road.


Hopefully a future production of this play can rectify the numerous problems and result in a more stimulating drama.

Chevy Chase Goldie Hawn Charles Grodin



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