

Marshall University

Marshall Digital Scholar

Moulinet: An Action Quarterly

The Society of American Fight Directors

9-1-2008

Moulinet: An Action Quarterly, Volume 9, Issue 4

Moulinet Staff

Follow this and additional works at: <https://mds.marshall.edu/moulinet>

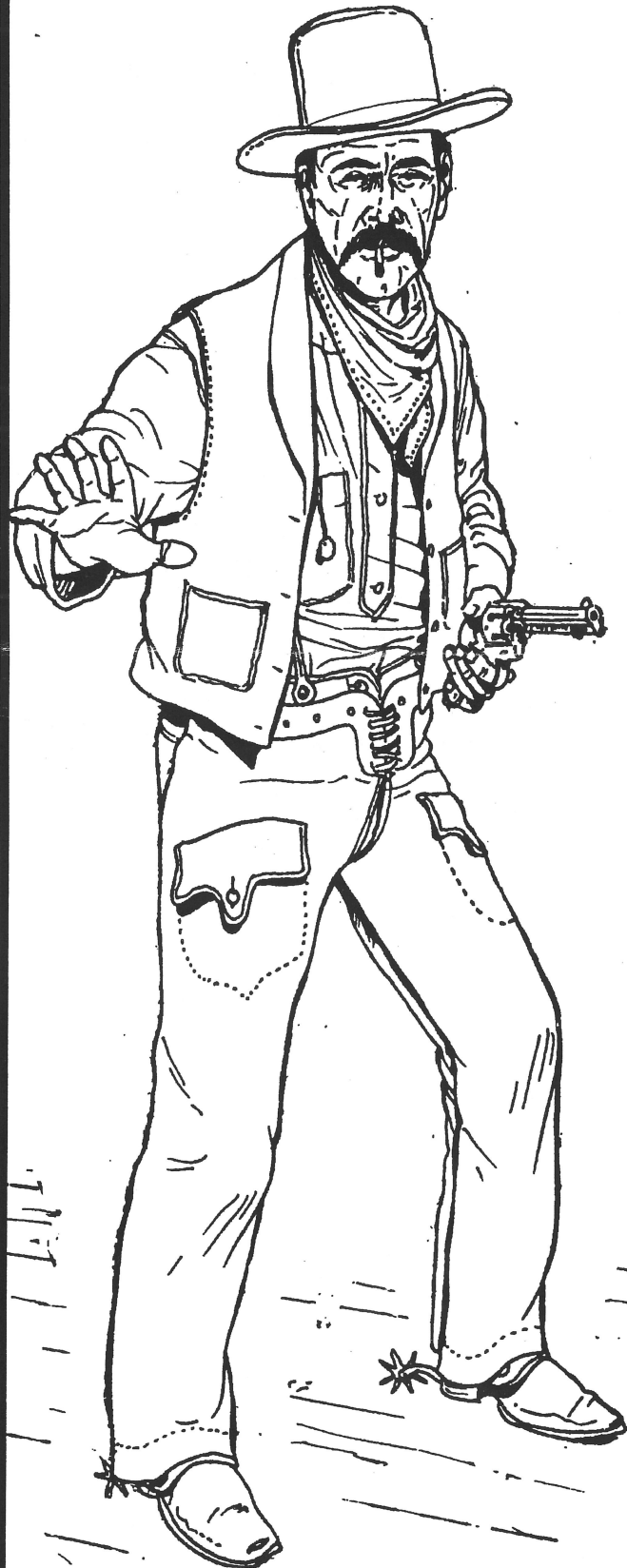
Recommended Citation

Moulinet Staff, "Moulinet: An Action Quarterly, Volume 9, Issue 4" (2008). *Moulinet: An Action Quarterly*. 34.

<https://mds.marshall.edu/moulinet/34>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the The Society of American Fight Directors at Marshall Digital Scholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in Moulinet: An Action Quarterly by an authorized administrator of Marshall Digital Scholar. For more information, please contact zhangj@marshall.edu, beachgr@marshall.edu.

MOULINET: An Action Quarterly



Feature Story

An Average Night At The Fights:
Ned Mochel Reports From Los Angeles

Reviews

Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde

RenFaire: A Fistful Of Ducats

The Lamentable Death of Edward II

On An Average Day

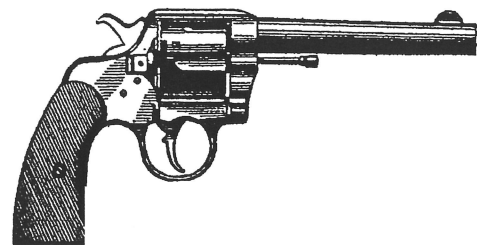
Perfect Mendacity

True West

Field Dispatches

Championship Prize Fights

Breakthrough Invention



MOULINET: An Action Quarterly

Number Four – 2008

Publisher - Charles J. Likar

Editor - Bebe Swerdlow

Staff Writer

Mary Shen Barnidge

Contributing Reporters

Ned Mochel

Nick Sandys

Matthew Hawkins

David Woolley

Joe Dempsey

Matt Engle

Jennifer Pompa

Orion Couling

Jeffrey Marks

Consultants

H. Gregory Mermel

William Fiedler

Technical Support

Gregory Zelchenko

Zoe Quan

Copyright © 2008 by Charles J. Likar

CALL FOR COPY

WE WANT YOUR STORIES! Our goal is to bring you news, information and anecdotes on the topic of stage combat. We can't do it without your contributions, so tell us what you want to know or what you think we should know. Got some fighting words? Send them to *Moulinet: An Action Quarterly*.


Articles, interviews, features – 300-1000 words. Reviews – 100-300 words.

Mail all submissions to MOULINET, P.O. Box 392, La Grange, Illinois 60525 or e-mail to fightingwords@hotmail.com (include ground-mail address and/or telephone number)

Payment in copies. All rights return to the authors.

**DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISSUE IS
31 January 2009**

ADVERTISEMENTS – \$5 for 1-25 words, \$10 for 26-50 words. (Boxes, graphics, etc., \$10 with camera-ready copy.)



**Check out the
Society of American
Fight Directors
website
at
www.safd.org**

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Mary Shen Barnidge is a freelance writer and theatre critic for Chicago's *Windy City Times*. She is a member of the American Theatre Critics Association, Poets & Writers, Inc. and a Friend in the Society Of American Fight Directors.

Ned Mochel is a founding member of Powertap Productions and a Jeff award-winning fight choreographer, with a string of international credits. He presently lives and works in Los Angeles, where his independent film, *Jack Slash*, is currently in development. Look for him in the soon-to-be-released action movie *Hit Parade*.

Matt Engle and **Jennifer Pompa** are both members of the Factory Theatre Ensemble. The latter is also the resident fight choreographer for the Children's Theatre at Navy Pier and the recipient of a Jeff award for her performance in *The Cider House Rules*.

Joe Dempsey has choreographed fights for Yale Repertory Theatre, Milwaukee Rep, and most of Chicago's Equity companies. He recently performed in Lookingglass's *Around The World In Eighty Days* and Next Theatre's *The U.N. Inspector*.

Nick Sandys is an SAFD-certified Fight Director and a professor at the Theatre School at DePaul University. He is currently in rehearsal for Remy Bumppo Theatre's production of *The Marriage Of Figaro*.

Matthew Hawkins is resident fight choreographer for The House Theatre of Chicago and a two-time Jeff award winner. He is currently creating fights for 500 Clown's *500 Clown and the Elephant Deal*.

Orion Couling is the director of Gymkhana Studios, an associate teacher for Dueling Arts, and founder of Esteem Development Through Greater Expectations (EDGE), a youth program utilizing combat mime as a tool for social growth.

Jeffrey M. Marks is the Marketing & Media chairman for the Joseph Jefferson Awards committee and likes nothing better than a good fight.

BARTER, HIRE & BROADSIDES

Renaissance Men: The True Story of the Hanlon-Lees Action Theater, DVD documentary by Kevin Leeser, starring the stunt-troupe whose debut in 1977 became the prototype for American Renaissance Faire jousts to this day. For ordering information, log onto www.3alarmcarnival.com

Sword Of Hearts, DVD starring Kathryn Ann Rosen, Amy E. Harmon and Libby Beyreis of the Babes With Blades. "A rollicking comic adventure in the style of *The Princess Bride* and *The Three Musketeers*". Order from www.customflix.com/206814

San Valentino And The Melancholy Kid, DVD of the smash hit action-musical by House Productions. "There's more passion, exuberance, wit, imagination and sheer spirit in the first twenty minutes than most theatres serve up in an entire season" declared Chris Jones, reviewing for the *Chicago Tribune*. Order from www.thehousetheatre.com

Curse Of The Crying Heart, DVD of part two in Nathan Allen's action-packed trilogy for House Productions, featuring aerial fights à la *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*, choreographed by Matthew Hawkins. Order from www.thehousetheatre.com

Welcome To Reality, DVD by Lokean Productions. What happens when a group of fantasy-gamers enlist the aid of a Medieval History scholar to embark on an adventure in 10th-century Italy—as it really was? For information, log onto www.CreateSpace.com or e-mail lokean@gmail.com.

THE GALLERY BOOKSTORE at 923 West Belmont Ave. has back issues of *Moulinet: An Action Quarterly*. They are now also available on-line through Advanced Book Exchange, Gallery Bookstore Ltd. inventory number 060 (Abe@Abebooks.com). Price, \$4 per issue. For further information, phone William Fiedler at Gallery Bookstore (773) 975-8200 or e-mail; ChgosOldst@voyager.net

AN AVERAGE NIGHT AT THE FIGHTS:

Ned Mochel reports from the West Coast

Only recently have drama critics seen fit to mention fights in their reviews of plays, but *On An Average Day's* furious battle between two brothers in a placid, if recently neglected, suburban kitchen drew press accolades – despite the weakness of John Kolvenbach's script – at both its premiere production in Los Angeles (“frightening veracity” “one of the most ferocious fights ever seen onstage...inflict[s] damage that you are sure will be fatal”), and at its subsequent remount in Chicago (“tooth-loosening stage combat” “a protracted stage fight that might have you reaching for your cell phone in case an ambulance is needed”).

The fight in both productions was the creation of Ned Mochel, who pioneered Chicago stage combat as an artistic element in its own right during the 1990s with his showcase series entitled *A Night At The Fights*. In 1995, the Joseph Jefferson committee presented him with an award – one of only four in over ten years recognizing stage combat – for his swashbuckling spectacle in *The Fair Maid Of The West*. Relocating to California in 2004 after serving as stunt coordinator for the Italian movie, *Film Warriors*, he has continued to craft fights for stage and screen, including the Los Angeles premieres of Tracy Letts' *Killer Joe* and *Bug*.

MARY SHEN BARNIDGE: Did Kolvenbach's script play any part in shaping the *Average Day* fight?

NED MOCHEL: None! Out of nowhere, the script called for a “colossal battle”. This was the climax of the play, but there was no subtextual moment that seemed to adequately provoke such a monumental fight.

BARNIDGE: The critics all noticed that, too. So what did you end up doing?

MOCHEL: Normally, I approach pre-production meetings with a clear vision of how I see the violence, after reading the text and speaking at length with the director. But in this case, I had no choice but to inform the production team that I hadn't a *clue* as to how the fight was going to unfold.

BARNIDGE: How'd they respond to *that* news?

MOCHEL: I was very lucky to be working with an incredibly talented and patient director named Ron

Klier, who allowed me the time to *find* the battle, organically. It was a journey of discovery for all of us. **BARNIDGE:** Did you choreograph the fight first, then ask for certain props—dangling baskets, overstuffed trash cans, flimsy curtains, and so forth? Or did you draw your arsenal from what was already on the stage?

MOCHEL: I wanted a breakaway environment that I could, literally, tear apart during every performance. Early in the process, I connected with the set designer – the *very* talented Danny Cistone. The two of us began to invent these destructible elements, and then incorporate them into the design.

BARNIDGE: Did the actors offer any suggestions as to how the fight should progress?

MOCHEL: Absolutely! The entire fight is grounded in a deep emotional struggle, so the actors' input played a key role in developing the battle.

BARNIDGE: How much fight training did your actors [Stef Tovar and Johnny Clark] have, previous to *this* show?

MOCHEL: Stef was a seasoned combat pro, Johnny had very little fight training – but sometimes all the planets *do* align! They were both naturals – a big boon to the production, since I could focus on the choreography and not have to worry about basic fight training.

BARNIDGE: How much rehearsal time did you have?

MOCHEL: The rehearsal for the L.A. production was very intensive. We worked on the fight, often three or four hours at a time, almost every other day for five weeks. More time was devoted to this one battle than in ninety percent of the fights I've choreographed.

BARNIDGE: How about the remount in Chicago this past summer?

MOCHEL: I flew in to Chicago to rebuild the fight at the Victory Gardens Greenhouse space, with the help of my assistant choreographer, [Stef's brother, SAFD fight instructor] John Tovar. It's an amazing experience to build a fight for a production and then, with the exact same team in place, do it again for a second production. I wish every show I worked on offered me this luxury!

BARNIDGE: You mostly work out of Los Angeles these days. We often think of theatre there as being

just Shakespeare and musicals. But *are* there theatre companies in the region doing the kinds of shows that call for these kinds of fights?

MOCHEL: I was surprised to find a lot of live theatre in Los Angeles, but the real problem with the scene here is *community*. It's difficult for theatre companies here to connect with each other. The reality of this city is that the focus, both press *and* word-of-mouth, is directed toward film and television. This makes the task of generating attention, and gathering audience for a given production, an enormous challenge.

BARNIDGE: You work for both the stage and in film. How does your choreography for one medium differ from the other – if that's not a silly question?

MOCHEL: That's actually a great question. I was very fortunate to arrive with a foot in the door of the Los Angeles stunt/action scene. I've been the stunt coordinator on four feature films so far, along with numerous short films and webisodes (on-line content). The answer is that – well, sometimes my film experience mirrors that of live theatre very closely, and other times, it couldn't be more different. Most hand-to-hand combat between actors is similar on both stage and screen, but when I get into film-stunt work, the requirements begin to change dramatically.

BARNIDGE: How so?

MOCHEL: Take a recent example: In a low-budget feature film I worked on, a young female actor was to shoot an older male actor. Gunshot, bullet hits, blood sprays, body falls—short and sweet, right? Not in the world of film: I brought in a pyro expert to handle the explosives, the squibs and the firearms. I hired a fire marshall to be on the set during the filming of the sequence. I made sure that all the proper permits were in place and all safety measures were being followed. I was on the set, myself, to storyboard it with the director, the AD and the DP, and rehearse with the actors. Then – during the actual *filming* – I coordinated *all* these elements and people to achieve my desired result.

BARNIDGE: So it's not just a fight, but a full production number—

MOCHEL: And not what a *stage* combat choreographer would deal with. For this reason, crossover between mediums is very rare.

BARNIDGE: *You* made the transition, however.

MOCHEL: That's true. But I remember my first film project, 7000 feet up in the Italian Alps, putting together a high-speed car chase between two BMWs.

Talk about learning on the fly! I only smashed *one* BMW! Lucky me! It was then that I realized that this was whole different world of action.

BARNIDGE: If you're a fight choreographer or an actor-combatant looking for work on the West Coast, should you focus more on stunt training or combat training?

MOCHEL: Focus on both, I'd say. Really, it depends on what you want to do. I think *every* actor should know the basics of stage combat—this knowledge will translate into the film world well. If your passion lies in the stunt world, however, I'd suggest that you consider a specialty—high falls, car work, explosives, martial arts, whatever—and then connect with a stunt coordinator. Like in *every* area of the L.A. film scene, it's not easy to break in.

BARNIDGE: But there *are* job opportunities in both fields?

MOCHEL: With training, persistence and dumb luck, yes. In my short time there, I've found it's hard to achieve one without the other two.

A NIGHT WITH THE FIGHTS

DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE fight choreography by Nick Sandys

Jeffrey Hatcher's adaptation of the reliable Robert Louis Stevenson thriller isn't the usual wow-look-those-fast-costume-changes stunt show, nor is it the wow-whatta-vocal-range musical version. This time we are in a purely psychological realm, with one actor playing Dr. Jekyll throughout the entire play and a cross-gender ensemble of four – that's right, *four* – actors playing his alter ego, Mr. Hyde. In terms of stage combat, what this means is that the famous Man of Two Minds must now, literally, wrestle with his better half.

Luckily, Jekyll is played by fight choreographer Nick Sandys, and the Hyde most often engaging in the rough stuff is Danny McCarthy, a Red Orchid Theatre veteran. The Victorian-era violence includes the obligatory slap to a suppliant young female, the brutalization of a child – suggested by shoves, shakes and ground-kicks – and a bludgeoning with a walking-stick, placed *far* upstage with all blows executed straight up/straight down vertical, their impact further blurred by the downstage assailant's erect stance over his prone victim.

For the final showdown, however, Sandys dispenses with all these subterfuges, locating the

fight at center stage, where the coldly rational Jekyll proposes to murder the unconscious witness to his double life, but the emotional Hyde vows to rescue the woman who loves him. They first grapple over the fallen body, eventually rolling downstage until Jekyll straddles the supine Hyde and proceeds to strangle him. This procedure takes him a *very* long time—in fight minutes—both their faces turned full-front almost on the edge of the stage apron, with every nuance of the homicidal action thrust squarely into the audience's view. Thus is the horror of the deed escalated by our witnessing the progress of the asphyxiation in *CSI: Las Vegas* detail.

RENFAIRE: A FISTFUL OF DUCATS
fight choreography by Matt Engle and Jennifer Pompa

Everyone remembers the scene in *Raiders Of The Lost Ark* where Indiana Jones is ambushed by a turbaned thug flourishing a wicked-looking scimitar, prompting our hero to save time by simply drawing a pistol and shooting this menacing obstacle. But Matt Engle and Jennifer Pompa have discovered a means by which swords may triumph over firearms—albeit only when the *good* guy is holding the steel.

First, however, they explore the other possibilities presented by the play's screwball premise of a Renaissance Faire threatened with takeover by the ruthless boss of the neighboring Wild West Show (a geographical anomaly existing only in the Shakopee Casino district outside of Minneapolis, but who cares?). The skirmishes include several saloon-style brawls, complete with piano-player providing musical accompaniment and fuzzy fake beards facilitating wrap-and-trap maneuvers. A rapier duel between manly-man Hero — that's his *name*, honest — and *belle sabreur* Andy pays homage to those venerable fencing faireground clowns, The Swordsmen (with the blessing of founding Swordsman David Woolley).

A pair of jesters engage in slapstick punches and kicks augmented by perfectly-timed knaps, despite the obvious clearance visible between fists, feet and flesh. And in the final *melée*, a meek serving-wench suddenly goes Incredible Hulk (with the aid of a psychedelic “magic potion”) in defense of her comrade—this last complication heralding a plunge into free-for-all fantasy featuring cameo appearances by penguins, ewoks and Harry Potter.

But what about the *guns*? Well, first Andy is shot

and believed dead, until she reveals that her fight-partner's reputation for accidentally stabbing his fellow performers had prompted her to armor herself in a large silver tray tucked underneath her doublet. This resurrection only halts the forces of evil for a moment, however. Soon the dastardly Big Bill Pickens is holding a colt .45 on the virtuous Hero, the latter armed only with his cavalier's rapier.

Pickens fires—only to have his bullet *parried aside* by Hero's blade. And just in case we don't get it, they do it a *second* time, the *kzzzzingggg* of the impact and ricochet clearly audible, and the awe-struck expressions of the assembled bystanders selling the credulity-stretching illusion with audacious unanimity.

ON AN AVERAGE DAY
fight choreography by Ned Mochel

Knock-down drag-out punch-ups between brothers or best buddies share an extensive canon (cf. Sam Shepard's *True West*). But whatever the faults of John Holvenbach's invocation of the estranged-brothers formula, there's no denying that its genre guarantees a domestic quarrel between white-collar Jack and mental-derelict Bobby. And when the choreographer is legendary Chicago expat Ned Mochel, and the combatants a pair of Windy City storefront-circuit vets, the resulting live-action mayhem is sufficiently virulent to inspire effusive praise from critics usually oblivious to the nuances of theatrical violence. Even with damage to the scenic structure engendered by the collaborative efforts of the Route 66 and VS. Theatre companies to ship the entire production 2000-plus miles from Los Angeles to Chicago, what remained was enough to render the spectacle memorable to awestruck audiences in both cities.

It helps that the setting is a suburban kitchen — a room chock-full of objects suitable for creating pandemonium: hanging baskets, chef's-tool racks, knick-knack shelves, stacked pots and pans, over-filled trash cans and piles of empty beer cans. (A knife makes an appearance, but with so many opportunities for making *noise* — an activity dear to boys of all ages — who needs *silent* weapons?)

The fight begins with Bobby suddenly lunging across the table at Jack, scattering the contents to the floor, and shoving him against the refrigerator. Jack retaliates, wading through a sea of beer cans only to be twisted into a headlock. He breaks free, scram-

bling to the opposite side of the heavy table and (after slapping its surface in preparation to ensure his fellow actor's readiness) using it to bulldoze Bobby back against the counter cabinets. But Bobby has unentangled an electrical appliance cord, which he swings like a flail, the plug's metal prongs slashing Jack's face. Bobby follows his attack by hurling canned goods from the cupboard, forcing Jack to retreat into the pantry, where scullery crashes to the floor and the doorway-curtain is ripped from its moorings before Bobby corners his adversary by the stove to deliver him a blow to the head with a 12-quart stockpot.

It is a long, frenzied and messy brawl that leaves the combatants bloodied, but unbowed – a denouement necessitated by this showy clash, unlike most physical confrontations, *not* being the climax of Kolvenbach's play. The characters' fury, after accelerating so quickly, must gradually coast to a halt, whereupon, surrounded by mountains of debris, they must continue the discussion they began before this petty hell broke loose.

THE TROUBLESOME REIGN AND LAMENTABLE DEATH OF EDWARD II fight choreography by Matthew Hawkins

The production concept operates on more levels than a parking garage at McCormick Place, not the least of which is the "promenade staging" that assembles actors and audience in a mosh-pit scrimmage all but ensuring that undersized playgoers will find their view obstructed for most of the proceedings—the "proceedings", in this case, encompassing a string of gruesome executions, assassinations and murders so numerous, you almost need a scoreboard to remember who's still alive.

Matthew Hawkins tidily dispatches the lesser lords by having them escorted to a curtained chamber, where we hear a gunshot fired before the bloody corpse of the moment is revealed. But no such finesse is permitted for the death of the monarch himself. In what was arguably English history's most barbaric and homophobic state-approved regicide, the real-life Edward's warders concealed the evidence of their foul play by first introducing a hollow reed into the royal anus, inside of which they inserted a blacksmith's iron heated red-hot, then withdrew the improvised sheath, leaving the fatal cauterant to do its work.

Faced with the challenge of replicating this

shocking atrocity in full sight of spectators standing barely arm's-distance away, Matthew Hawkins relies on necessary camouflage, but only that which can be justified by the logic of the scene. So the doomed Edward is first cajoled into lying supine on a thin mattress, only to rise in an effort to repel his attackers, the struggle turning him over to prone position. In order to restrain him without leaving visible bruises on his body, his captors pin him under the mattress, beneath which the deathsmen supervising the operation performs his grisly surgery.

PERFECT MENDACITY fight choreography by Joe Dempsey

Jason Wells' latest play contains no exotic James Bond-style weapons like that featured in his *Men Of Tortuga*, but the action calls for two bona fide scuffles. The first is a fairly straightforward chase-and-stab, with variety provided by the pursuer being an irate wife armed with a fruit knife, rendering the wound she inflicts on her errant spouse patently superficial. The second, however, requires the middle-aged husband to repel a homeland-security interrogator bent on demonstrating a scary new high-tech polygraph incorporating a crown-harness.

Up until recently, the only theatre students receiving fight instruction were those enrolled in classical training programs—and even then, their curriculum usually concentrated on fencing for Shakespeare roles. What this means, in 2008, is that many Equity actors over the age of fifty receive their first lessons in stage combat during the few weeks of rehearsal after a fight director is called in. This predicament has led many combat choreographers to rely on a catalogue of combinations requiring minimal physical agility – grapples, arm-twists, hair-pulls and floor-rolls.

Joe Dempsey employs several of these to make the most of his players' limited skills. As the sinister technospook rhapsodizes over his Orwellian device, his hapless victim grows more agitated, finally leaping out of his chair in a burst of confessional fervor. When his inquisitor tries to restrain him, the prisoner rips the apparatus off his own head and pulls it over his adversary's, a move enabling him to catch the alarmed warder in chancery. The helpless agent clutches at his attacker, and thus locked in a mutual embrace, they reel like waltzing bears before falling to the floor, rolling thereon until bystanders step in to separate them.

TRUE WEST

fight choreography by Orion Couling

Orion Couling makes his living teaching movement skills to children, an occupation leading us to expect a very safe – and sloppy – fight to climax Sam Shepard's brutal exercise in cave-man dynamics. But the RedTwist Theatre stage doesn't even span the full width of its storefront space, being instead located in a single 16 x 20 foot corner abutting a door, an aisle, and, of course, the audience.

Theatre-goers anticipating the crash-and-smash Steppenwolf athletics, in other words, will have to look elsewhere for their cheap thrills. Much of the accumulating debris in this production is meekly applied by stagehands between scenes. Dishes are not hurled across the kitchen, but dropped abruptly to the floor – and *only* between the counter and breakfast-bar, thus limiting the spray of broken shards. The unfortunate typewriter and potted plants are both covered by stunt-doubles, the former's dismemberment restricted to a half-hearted kick or two, and the latter mounted on a two-sided *étagère* easily reversed during intermission.

But that still leaves the final showdown, in which Austin garrotes his brother Lee with the telephone cord for several pages of dialogue. The instant Lee feels the coiled wire around his neck, however he grabs a handful of it and drops into a crouch, while Austin pulls the cord *high*, almost completely vertical, so that we focus on *his* part in the deed and not the victim's. This not only provides the necessary misdirection, but concentrates the actual point-of-pressure on Lee's chin, rather than on his throat.

Ah, but even this solution is not allowed to continue for long, lest our close proximity to the stage reveal the trick. Lee struggles from time to time to break free of his restraint, his futile efforts leaving him with the cord stretched across his mouth, like a horse's bridle—an image every bit as cruel, but considerably less hazardous.

CALL TO ARMS

November 22-23. Carnage In The Corn at Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa. Faculty for this SAFD-sponsored workshop includes DC Wright, Brian LeTraunik, Mike Chin, Ian Borden and MJ Johnson. For further information, phone Tory Olson at 515-271-1834 or Karla Kash 515-271-2897, or e-mail Michael Speck at carnageinthecorn@yahoo.com

FIELD DISPATCHES

PRIZE FIGHTS AND FIGHTERS

The Joseph Jefferson Awards committee kept their promise. In September, three fight directors were nominated, in a competitive division designated "Fight Choreography", for their outstanding work in four plays: Kevin Asselin for Writers Theatre's *As You Like It*, Robin McFarquhar for Chicago Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*, and Nick Sandys for Shattered Globe Theatre's *Requiem For A Heavyweight* and Victory Gardens' premiere production of *The Defiant Muse*.

At the awards ceremonies on October 20, *Requiem For A Heavyweight* won the championship and the Jeff was presented to Nick Sandys, who modestly proceeded to deliver shout-outs to the Jeff Committee, the critics, and director Lou Contey, who ordered the solitary three-minute boxing match so protracted and so riveting that the committee judges couldn't possibly ignore it.

Another accolade in the field of stage combat made theatre news this fall, with an After Dark award presented to Geoff Coates for his spectacular swordplay in *The Mark Of Zorro* at Lifeline Theatre, a design element generating sold-out attendance requiring its production to transfer to Lakeview's Theatre Building for a second extension.

Fight actors and designers alike are warned, however, not to let this recognition go to their heads. The JeffCom's protocol permits Fight Choreography as a category by itself *only* when there are *enough* nomination-worthy fights to generate multiple contenders. If a sufficient number are not forthcoming by next year's competition, the award could go forgotten for *another* two decades. This means escalating efforts to persuade playwrights and directors that fights will improve *their* chances of taking home the Lucite.

BREAKTHROUGH INVENTION

A news release from Chicago's Theatre School at DePaul University reports that one of their stage-properties technicians has invented a machine for creating breakaway glassware that is safe, realistic and – most important – *cheap*. With professionally-manufactured bottles and glasses priced at \$20 or more apiece (not counting breakage in transit), a process bringing the cost down to \$3-\$6 per unit represents an immeasurable boon to fight choreographers all over America. An interview with the inventor had not been secured as this issue went to press, but more information should soon be forthcoming.

**“If they had enough head-room,
they’d hold fights in the sewers!”**

—Rod Serling, *Requiem For A Heavyweight*

MOULINET: An Action Quarterly
P.O. Box 392
LaGrange, IL 60525

