

# OFFICIAL KARATE

CHARLTON  
PUBLICATION

CDC 00683

**WHATEVER  
HAPPENED  
TO  
MIKE  
STONE?**

75¢ AUGUST 1975

**SUNDAY,  
BLOODY  
SUNDAY**

**THE  
TAUNTON  
'DEATH  
MATCHES''**

**OFFICIAL  
KARATE'S  
FIRST  
WESTERN  
REGIONAL**

**RICK  
JOSLIN  
AND THE  
BATTLING  
CANADIANS**



00683

# SUNDAY, BLOODY SUNDAY

BY HERMAN PETRAS

## The Taunton "Death Matches"

man.  
Caroselli announced that all who attend the meeting will be admitted to the league.

game in did not all.

### Fighting Arts Expo March 16

It's doubtful that there'll be anything quite like it again, when experts in martial arts from Canada, Korea, and the U.S. meet Sunday.

viewing public, Arular said. "We expect 25 three-man teams in the professional division," Count Dante stated, adding, "and though it may surprise you, the best won't be coming from the U.S. East (Japan, Korea, Okinawa, China, Thailand) and Hawaii, but from our own United States and Canada. Americans and Canadians are No. 1 in the world today in karate." He said a team from "Kung-Fu" is his expert. "It is his expert. It's a team from Muslims will be the best."

The fighting arts include Chinese boxing, wrestling, judo, boxing, sumo, and wrestling. The professionals will be complete for cash and trophies. They will be invited in bare knuckle full contact today. barred protective m... allowed at no time. reference. No p...

There are dangers inherent in the arts but I don't think there'll be any serious injuries resulting from the competition. Dante said he and Arular have conferred with the district attorney on the matter and have been given the go-ahead. "We've protected ourselves with a \$1 million policy however," he said.

Tickets at \$5 each and the day of the Expo underway at 3 p.m. Tickets, at \$5 each, will be obtained during the day of the Expo.

### KUNG-FU DEATH MATCHES



Special Appearance By **COUNT DANTE!**

**CHALLENGES EXTENDED TO**

ALL FIGHTING ARTS & SELF-DEFENSE SCHOOLS, CLUBS, TEAMS and INSTRUCTORS IN NEW ENGLAND

★ **SHOW UP OR SHUT UP!**

Demonstrations In:  
BRICK-BREAKING • CEMENT-BREAKING • BOARD-BREAKING  
JUDO • KARATE • KUNG-FU • JUI-JITSU  
AIKIDO • KEMPO • HAPKIDO ETC.  
See It All At The

**"WORLD FIGHTING ARTS EXPO"**

SUNDAY, MAR. 16, 1975 3:00 P.M.  
ROSELAND BALLROOM TAUNTON, MASS.

### KUNG-FU DEATH MATCHES



Special Appearance By **COUNT DANTE!**

**INVITATIONS EXTENDED TO**

ALL FIGHTING ARTS & SELF-DEFENSE SCHOOLS, CLUBS, TEAMS and INSTRUCTORS IN NEW ENGLAND.

**ROSELAND BALLROOM**  
SUN., MARCH 16 - AT 3 P.M.

Demonstrations In:  
BRICK-BREAKING • CEMENT-BREAKING • BOARD-BREAKING  
JUDO • KARATE • KUNG-FU • JUI-JITSU  
AIKIDO • KEMPO • HAPKIDO ETC.  
See It All At The

**"WORLD FIGHTING ARTS EXPO"**

1975 3:00 P.M.

### KUN DEATH M



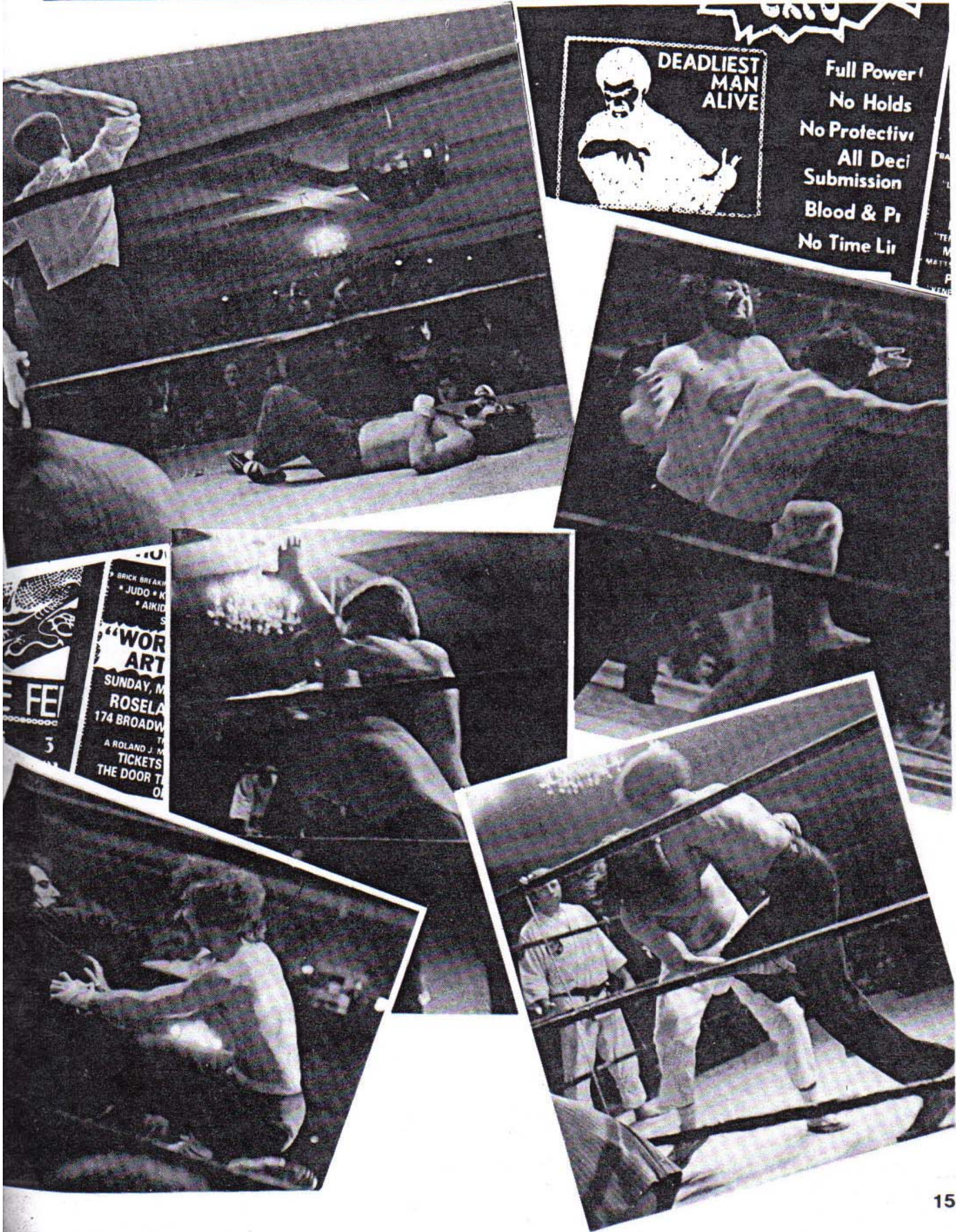
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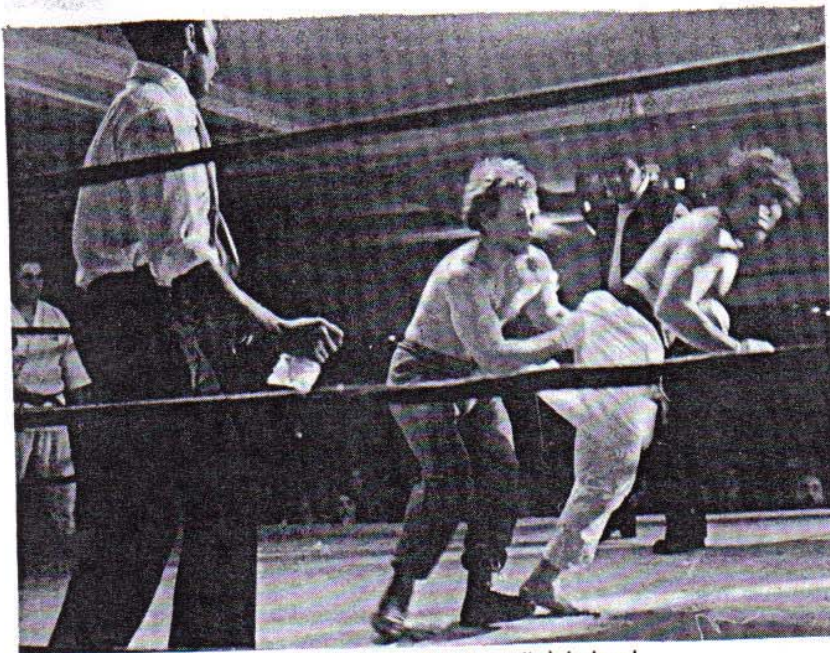
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**"WORLD FIGHTING ARTS EXPO"**

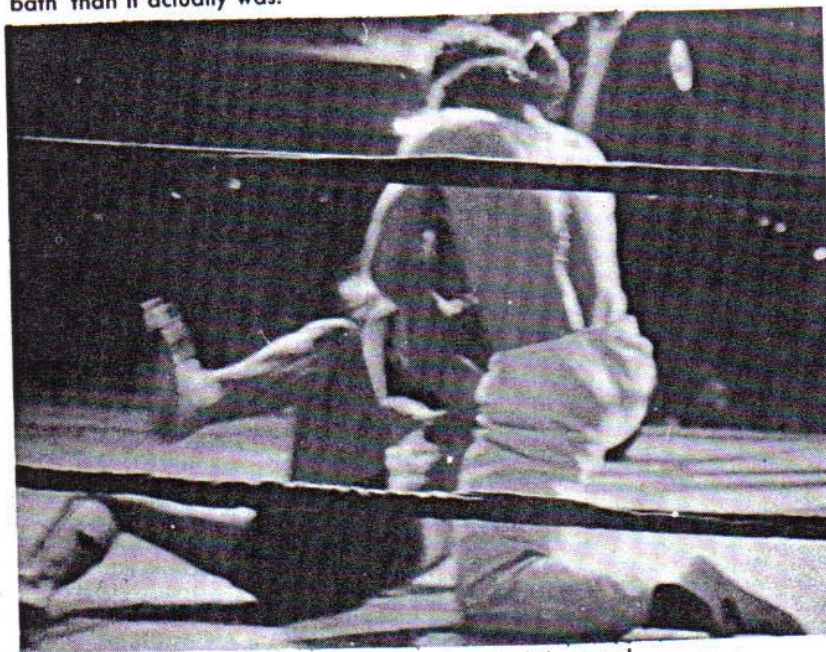
1975 3:00 P.M.

Count Dante's 'First Annual Fighting Arts Expo' was billed as a great spectacle for the viewing public ... and 'spectacle', it was





The cool-headedness of chief referee Karriem Allah helped keep the spectacle from degenerating into more of a 'blood bath' than it actually was.



The bloody, bare-fisted action in the ring had the vocal crowd screaming for more.

It should come as no surprise to most people that there is a certain mental level on which man and animal share a common denominator. No one is quite certain, however, if it is the man who is stooping to the lower plane or the animal is rising to the occasion; it's *that* difficult to differentiate at times. What *is* certain, though, is that at those times, instinct replaces reason, gut reaction overrules common sense, and savagery holds sway over civility.

Man becomes the very animal he has allegedly evolved from and risen above.

On Sunday March 16, 1975, I drove 200 miles from New York City to attend what was described as the "First Annual Fighting Arts Expo" wherein "experts" in the various martial arts would be engaged in full-contact bouts. I thought I was attending a tournament. I must have taken a wrong turn somewhere, for I ended up at the zoo!

On second thought, perhaps I'm being a bit unfair ... to the animals. Here I am saying they act like humans and such, and yet I honestly know of no animals that would degrade themselves or their species in such a manner as has been done in some full-contact "karate" bouts recently. Animals don't try to maim and mutilate one another for money; they don't brutalize their opponents under the guise of "pride" or so-called "loyalty" to a specific style or system. They're above all that garbage!

Okay then, humans who pander to and wallow in base instincts are not animals. What, then, are they? I don't know. I honestly don't know what makes a roller derby or professional wrestling fan. I don't know what kind of mentality promotes and attends bullfights, cockfights and dogfights ... and salivates as the blood spurts and splatters over avid ringsiders. I haven't the foggiest idea why people want to watch fat, middle-aged women wrestle each other in mud pits; why soccer fans kill each other; why winning and losing to some people are matters of life and death.

I honestly don't know who these people are, or what makes them tick. I do know that I met most of them at Roseland Ballroom in Taunton, Mass. That Sunday and I was visibly shaken by the introduction. Sunday, the day the Lord allegedly rested. Count Dante, a.k.a. John Meehan, did not rest on this "bloody" Sabbath. Instead he gave his name and sanction to a full-contact, no-holds-barred "World Fighting Arts Expo" that was meant to entice all those who are excited by the sight of blood. He was most successful!

The Roseland Ballroom was jam-packed tighter than the "down" elevator in the *Towering Inferno*. There were people of all ages, all manner and attitude piled literally one on top of the other in their attempt to get a better view of the potential blood that promotional advertising had promised would be spilled. And when it was announced that due to some "legal" obstacles the blood and challenge matches would unfortunately not be held after all, the demanding audience screamed and shrieked in hysterical response. A neat trick, that announcement, whether it was meant to be one or not. But it wasn't necessary to bring the audience to a fever pitch. They were there already — had, in fact,

been there for weeks after having read the newspaper publicity that solicited gut reaction the way tainted meat attracts flies.

An even neater trick is the one that drew the majority of the audience in the first place: that of issuing "Show Up or Shut Up" challenges to virtually all the schools in the immediate area. There's nothing quite like that kind of gut challenge to appeal to a gut crowd.

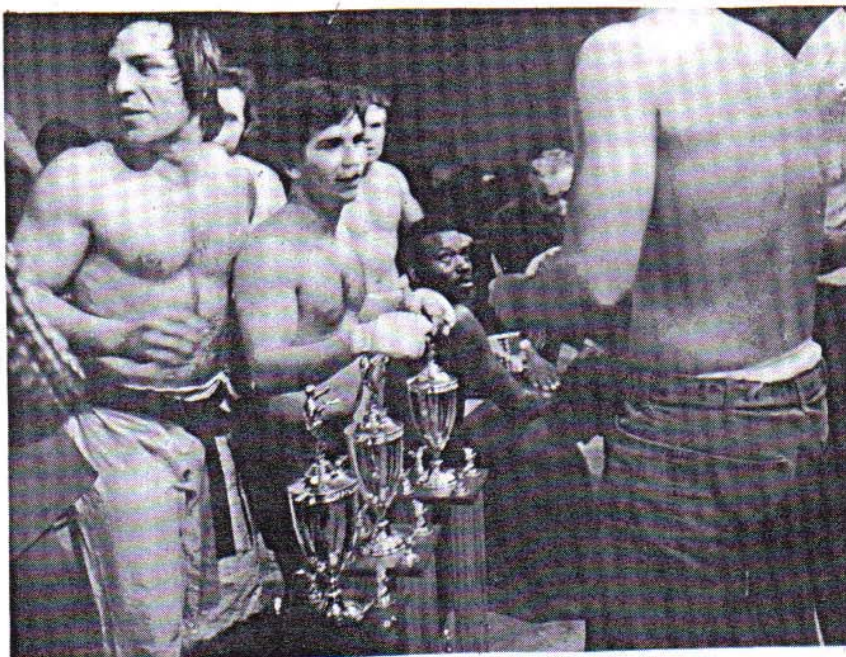
Also promised was a "Special Appearance by Count Dante" and Dante did, in fact, appear. He demonstrated, however, only a predilection for non-stop gum chewing and disinterested detachment worthy of a fiddling Nero! His "Dance of the Devil", a kind of childlike foolishness, a tantrum that involves eye-gouging, nose-ripping, groin-grabbing mutilation, replete with accompanying grunts and groans, was performed, not by the "Deadliest Man Alive" as he so bills himself, but by Russell Brown, who blew in from Chicago for the event and, the "Dance" aside, did a commendable demonstration of his own.

Everything but the kitchen sink was promised by Count Dante and promoter, Bill Aguiar. "It's for youngsters," they were quoted as saying in a local newspaper, "including four-year-olds; men and women new to the arts and to professional division combatants (whatever that means)." It was also to be "a great spectacle for the viewing public," Bill Aguiar added.

A spectacle indeed. But, having seen some of the precocious four-year-olds in attendance, and some of the men and women new to the arts who screamed and insisted on "Kill! Kill!" he may well be right.

"We expect 25 three-man teams in the professional division," Count Dante told the local press, "and though it may surprise you, the best won't be coming from the Far East and Hawaii, but from our own United States and Canada. Americans and Canadians are No. 1 in the world today in karate and kung-fu."

The other side of that opinion is probably that the "best" of the Far East elected not to demean themselves in this spectacle of spectacles for "four-year-olds" and the like! Perhaps they felt the fighting



It was difficult to distinguish winners from losers at the end of the First Annual Fighting Arts Expo.



Clashes abounded as the brawlers repeatedly charged each other with everything they possessed.

arts were meant for something better than barroom brawling.

That might well have been the reasoning behind a great many senseis' actions, because most of the schools didn't even bother to respond to the "challenges." And at least one is looking into the legal aspects of Count Dante and Company having used his name for publicity purposes.

But that's backstage stuff and should be left for lawyers and

speculators. Whatever the reasons for this "expo," the resulting manifestation was trash. That it didn't get to stink overwhelmingly was due largely to the determined efforts and cool-headedness of the Chief Referee, Karriem Allah, and some of the side judges who jumped in on occasion to separate overzealous fighters. Sensei Allah's performance during the long and trying — and precarious — afternoon (there were many times the

(continued on page 46

## Sunday, Bloody Sunday

crowd and the hostility could have gone either way) was above and beyond a questionable call to duty. Why he was there in the first place is his own business; that he did not let matters get too far out of hand is really a tribute to his courage and doubtless abilities. He knew what he was about, and only once did he relent and give in to the audience's hysterical demands (as well as the fighters') that a bout continue after it had been officially declared over. But that's getting ahead of the chronological action.

The action, such as it was, began with the Yellow Sash Division. It pitted, at one time, brother against brother, who fought for all the world as though they were finally getting the chance to have it all out with each other without the possible intervention of mom or dad!

There was little to be said for the yellow belts as the events flailed and flurried their technique-less way into the Blue Sash Division, where one unidentified fighter stood out because of his display of patience, letting his opponent overextend himself and then countering well with an actual karate technique.

The Green Sash Division was next, and while overall judging was poor (points were awarded for both contact and near-contact blows, whether or not they had focus), in this division it practically fell apart. During clashes, and there were many, both combatants were awarded points if the "follow-the-leader" side judges disagreed as to who hit whom first and with what! The ultimate winner of the Green Division did show some good technique for the most part — good snap front kicks to the face and stomach areas — but he often seemed to lose confidence in his karate abilities. He looks like he'll be a good one if he learns to believe in himself a little more and resist the urge to mix it up, barroom style, whenever his opponent bullrushes him toward the ropes.

The Brown Belt Division was a waste of time. If this is truly the next level to the black belt, there's something sorely missing in instruction somewhere. At least in the lower divisions you can assume that only a little time has been spent in the arts, and that much more (hopefully) will follow. But when you get to the brown belt level, the next step is the

coveted black belt! Hell, that means: Sensei! Teacher! Instructor! Advanced martial artist! It's a hair's breadth away from commanding respect for both physical and mental abilities — if you're legitimate, that is. But, as said, this brown belt stuff was a waste of time. Aside from a very few halfway decent-looking kicks, it was the hook and lunging right-cross punches that evoked point-scoring responses from the judges.

If the Brown Belt Division was poor, the Black Belt Division was only slightly better — and that due to the kung-fu stylists who showed some semblance of martial arts form and tried to stick with it throughout. The karateka, generally, were short on technique, strategy or stamina. There were one or two good side kicks, a spinning back kick here and there, and a solid backfist now and then — but nothing to truly justify the rank of black belt — unless, of course, black belts are doled out in New England on the basis of an occasional good side kick!

The demonstrations, on the whole, were good. The audience seemed especially thrilled to see the kids from Fred Hamilton's and Karriem Allah's New York and New Jersey dojos. Well-executed, high-flying side kicks to the face are apparently not that common in the Taunton area. They also enjoyed the novel ending Sensei Allah had his Little K A and Mr. Graceful undergo — that of two supposed samurai circling each other with drawn swords while emitting sounds meant to emulate the Oriental tongue. They eventually struck simultaneously at each other, then both fell dead of the blow. You had to be there to see it to more fully appreciate it. Little K A also excited the audience with a leaping side-thrust kick through a "tunnel," or four men with outstretched arms, to break a board cleanly.

William Louie performed his very popular demo with fake nunchaku, and Russell Brown held the audience's attention with his breaking techniques. He first broke a single board with his fingertips, then three boards with the back of his wrist; that was followed by the breaking of two boards with his elbow, then a two-inch cinder block with a palm-heel strike. He finished off with the breaking of a similar sized scrap of cinder block with his forehead. After that he proceeded to entertain by breaking



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off a piece of glass with his teeth and chewing it to the *oohs* and *aahs* of an audience that would also have enjoyed seeing the carnival geek bite off live chicken heads!

I have never fully understood why people choose to eat glass in public. But then, I also cannot fathom how people can eat liver or beets, either in public or private! Russell ended his demo performing a Tai Chi Chuan exercise with a snake draped around his neck! Please don't ask me why.

There was a nice judo demonstration early in the program, showing lots of hip and over-the-shoulder tossing. Unfortunately the names of most performers were not made available to the audience. A later aikido demonstration by Sensei Jack Leonardo saw the performers bring their own gym mats! I, personally, have never seen that before, but after the unusual amount of tossing and throwing everyone did to everyone else, it's easy to understand why. Unnecessary injuries are kept to a minimum, no doubt.

The last feature on the card concerned the Team Matches. Somewhere along the line a semblance of sanity prevailed in that. Instead of a no-holds-barred melee, bare-knuckles, eye-stabs and kicks to the knee were prohibited. It wasn't until later, when one guy nearly had his own testicles handed to him, that groin-grabbing also was outlawed. Fighters were required by law to wear padded covering on their knuckles, but those few reservations aside, practically everything went ... and did!

The advance publicity stated that contestants had to be "professional experts in the various Japanese, Korean, Okinawan and Chinese Fighting Arts (karate, kung-fu, kempo, hapkido, etc)...". Perhaps I'm mistaken, or perhaps that "etc." means more than I'm capable of comprehending, but some of those guys up there were no more professional or proficient in any art other than streetcorner *rasslin'*!

Four three-man teams had been assembled, at least one a last-minute affair that teamed three fighters who apparently had never met or fought together before. It proved to be the winning combination, thanks to the efforts of Tom Sylvester and Tom Bouchard (the names were given to me by fans who had by then crowded around ringside for a closer look).

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FREE BROCHURE

The first bout saw Tom Sylvester defeat his boxer-type opponent handily in less than a minute. I say "boxer-type" only because the guy shuffled in with that boxer gait, shoulders hunched, arms at the ready as though to shoot out a jab or right cross. Never really could tell, though, as Sylvester never really let him get untracked. Sylvester's was by far the most impressive display of karate that day. From the outset he attacked his man with lashing side and roundhouse kicks to the stomach and head, executing well and, particularly interesting, following up even better. That's often the most difficult part of winning a battle. But he was quick, and although anxious, was dead accurate. I'm sure his opponent, to this day, doesn't really remember what hit him or how often. And what was also impressive about Sylvester's performance was that he at no time forsook his karate training. He finished his man cleanly in about 40 seconds, and the noise of the crowd was near deafening.

The second match pitted a 150-pounder (if that) against a mountain of a man around 240 or so. The lightweight had been the first in the ring to present a challenge earlier, eventually attracting Sylvester and Bouchard to his side. He was slight of build, couldn't fight worth a nickel, and wore a wedding band! Why the hell he was up there is beyond me ... maybe even beyond him! But he was game, plucky or whatever other word you want to substitute for just plain crazy. He wanted to fight, no question about it, but he looked like a guy trying to fight his way out of a paper bag. The mountain he was facing was in no mood for midget climbers. He merely grabbed him around the neck and punched away at his head and face, shaking him every way but loose and polka-dotting the ring with his blood. And yet the little guy pounded away at the big guy's stomach. Unfortunately, it was like a monkey attacking an elephant ... with the same result.

Karriem Allah mercifully stepped in when the little guy staggered around the ring, eyes glassed over and punching at air. But the crowd wanted more. So did the little guy. "Get someone his own size!" someone shouted, and so another, smaller opponent jumped into the ring. Karriem insisted the bout had been declared officially over, but he was overruled by the mob. The end

result was similar to the first one. The newcomer attacked the same way as his predecessor, holding and hitting in the face, while the little guy flailed away at his paper bag. The doctor at ringside administered to his bloody nose for a good 15 minutes or so.

Tom Bouchard (I'm not certain that's his name) then met his opponent, a hair-pulling, groin-grabbing smotherer who absorbed Tom's initial karate techniques and then hair-pulled him to the floor, against the ropes, and occasionally out of the ring. Bouchard admittedly tried karate techniques, but they were ineffective against the wrestler. After about five minutes of brawling, both men dog tired, Bouchard had his groin pulled to the point of near submission. However, he weathered the storm, stomped his testes back into position, and caught his man with a right cross that opened a cut under his eye and sent him to the canvas for the count.

The doctor had his hands full with this one, too.

The only other match of any significance was one between a smaller black karateka and another 240-pound hair-puller. In all honesty there was more hair in that ring than I've seen on many a middle-aged man's head! The smaller man tried to use his karate techniques but, again, they were virtually useless against the blob that simply absorbed them and kept coming on. It was as though there was a magnet in the kid's afro, because that's where the big guy headed every time, grabbing and pulling, rubbing his face onto the ropes, bulldogging him down to the canvas. After several minutes of the same stuff, although the little guy dished out some fairly heavy artillery of his own, both looked as though they needed oxygen tents. It's really little short of a miracle that the small cat stayed in there and, not only held his own but began to get a bit of an edge as the bigger guy began to tire more quickly (whenever he went down, he would rest for a full eight count). Well, you can only imagine the frenzy the crowd had gotten itself into by then, rooting for the underdog. But you can't really imagine the hysteria it emitted when the smaller fighter eventually took the bigger guy down, rolled over onto his chest and pummeled away at his face for all he was worth. Wild is not the word for how the audience reacted. The vocal decibel was nearly beyond human en-

durance.

Ultimately the team of Sylvester, Bouchard and the paperbag puncher split the prize (\$600) with the smaller black cat and his team in a display of what appeared to be genuine brotherhood. The crowd liked that, too. I liked it especially, because that meant the evening had come to an end.

For the guys who went up there to fight simply because they like to fight, there can be no challenge to their reasoning. That's what they want, and who's to say it's not right? They had an opportunity to work out some aggression and they jumped at it. To each his own. But to those karateka who went in there and flailed away as though they were back in grade school, showing off in front of the girls. Well ... to each his own, too. If that's the level of instruction they've received, then the sensei appears equally at fault with the student. They probably hang out in the same barroom!

Someone at ringside said facetiously that the fallen fighters were *hors de combat*. More likely they were *whores in combat*, because they certainly sullied and prostituted an art! Another ringsider, a tow-headed twelve-year-old, said to his late-arriving buddy, "Jeez, where you been? You missed the greatest fights in history!"

A spectacle for four-year-olds indeed!

### Sound Off!

tory of the Orient ... who attempts to make his student understand the significance of what he is teaching ... of the thousands of years of writings which preceded his teachings. I would agree with the teacher who stresses physical conditioning, but not to the point of creating future arthritic or crippling internal injuries which sprout up in the years after fifty.

I would agree with the teacher who shows sound techniques, whether they are learned from others or changed to suit his personal experiences or the times. However, let this teacher speak of the possibilities that they may not work; after all, the class is programmed to remain erect, not wind up in a hospital ward. There is so much that goes into the budo arts that a lifetime of learning is not enough! In just Tai Chi alone, one can find *all* of the true beauty of the