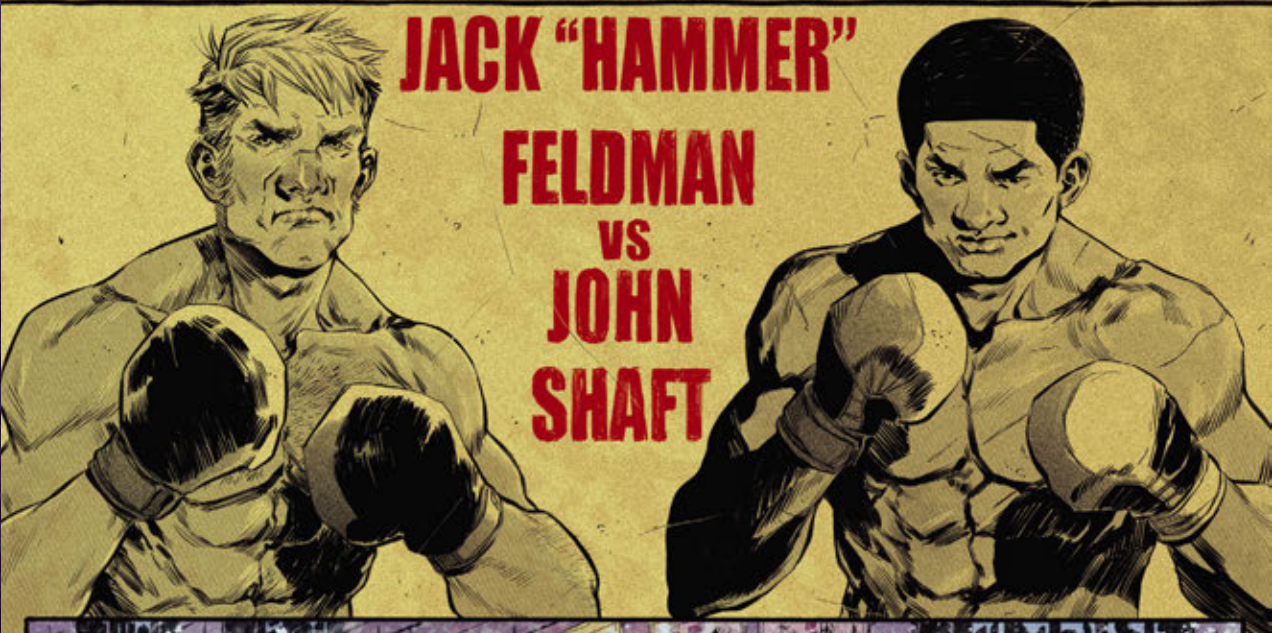


SUNNYSIDE GARDEN ARENA DEC. 2 1968



JACK "HAMMER"

FELDMAN

VS

JOHN

SHAFT

"MR. SAL, YOU BEEN
KNOWIN' ME A *LONG* TIME.
WORKED WITH YOUR DADDY
FOR A LOTTA YEARS..."

"I'M NOT MY FATHER,
SO SPARE ME THE USUAL
SHUCK-N-JIVE BULLSHIT."

I JUST WANT
TO KNOW *ONE*
THING...





...HAS IT BEEN TAKEN CARE OF?



YES, SIR, MR. SAL.

YOU AIN'T GOT A THING TO WORRY 'BOUT. GOT MY WORD ON THAT.



I'VE GOT A LOT RIDING ON THIS.

YOU FUCK THIS UP, BOY, AND I'M GONNA BE REALLY DISAPPOINTED.



MR. SAL, YOU KNOW YOU CAN ALWAYS DEPEND ON ME.

DEPENDABLE IS MY MIDDLE NAME.



FUCKIN' JUNGLE BUNNY.



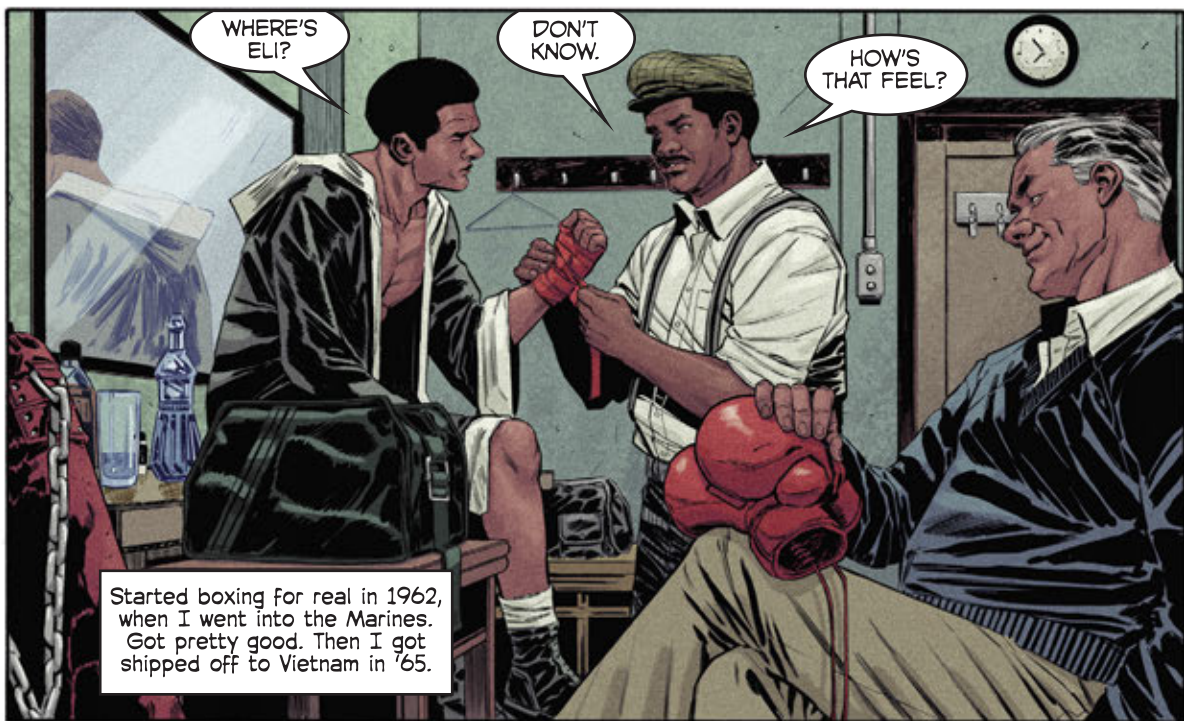
FUCKIN' WOP.



YOU TELL HIM YET?

JUST GETTING READY TO. THOUGHT HAVING YOU HERE WOULD PROVIDE SOME ADDED INCENTIVE.

INCENTIVE IS MY MIDDLE NAME.



WHERE'S ELI?

DON'T KNOW.

HOW'S THAT FEEL?

Started boxing for real in 1962, when I went into the Marines. Got pretty good. Then I got shipped off to Vietnam in '65.



FEELS GOOD.

Started boxing again after I got home from the war.

Needed the money.



More than that, I needed to *hit* something.



Thing about me is that I was a *fighter* long before I became a boxer.

WHAT THE FUCK'RE *THEY* DOIN' HERE?

Eli Jackson's my manager.
The *others* don't need
introductions.

Junius Tate. *Gangster*.
Works for Knocks Persons,
who runs Harlem.

Quiet one in the back
is Bamma Brooks.

HEY, JOHNNY.
READY FOR TONIGHT?
GOT SOME *FRIENDS*
I WANT YOU TO
MEET.

WHA'SUP,
YOUNGBLOOD?
BEEN HEARIN' LOTTA
GOOD THINGS
'BOUT YOU.

CATS 'ROUND
HARLEM SAY YOU
THE NEXT CASSIUS
CLAY.

When I was a kid,
Bamma Brooks was
the man -- the next
Joe Louis.

That never happened.
Took a dive in the fifth.
Became hired muscle
for Tate. Made me *sick*
to my stomach.

MAN GOES BY
MUHAMMAD ALI
THESE DAYS.

SHEEEEEEE-IT,
I DON'T CARE
WHAT THE FUCK
THE MOTHERFUCKER
CALLS HIMSELF.

I HEAR YOU
TALKIN', BUT YOU AIN'T
SAYIN' ANYTHING.

NAMES DON'T
MEAN *SHIT* TO ME,
YOUNGBLOOD.