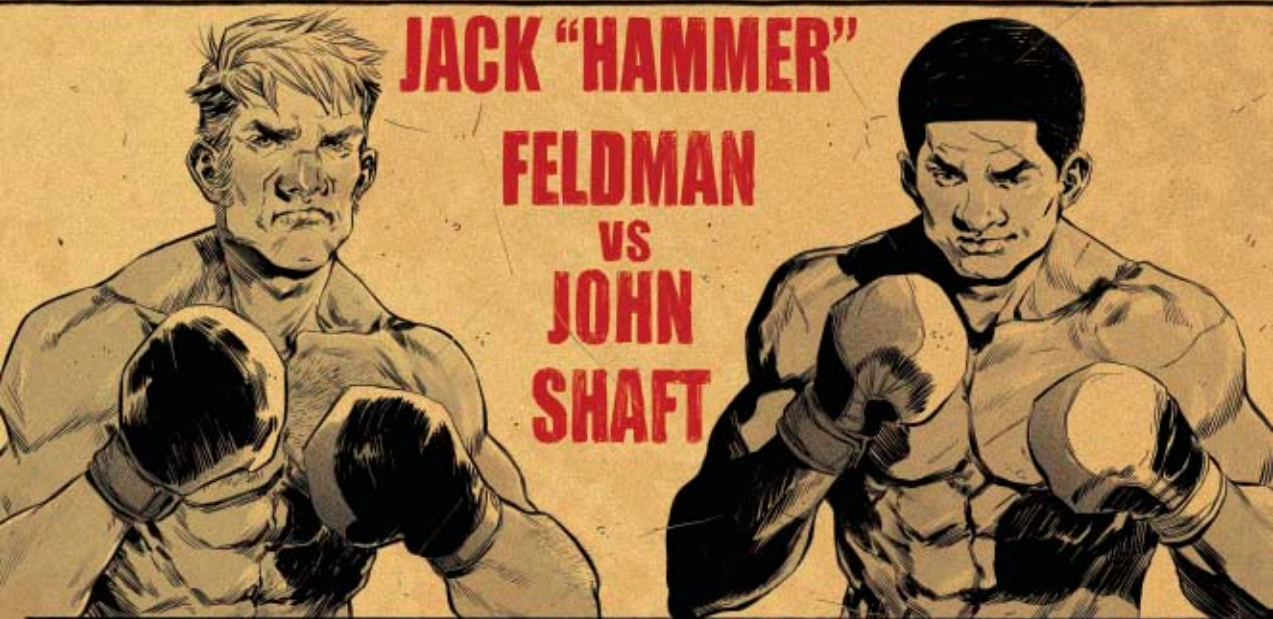


# SUNNYSIDE GARDEN ARENA DEC. 2 1968



## 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...















WHERE'S ELI?

DON'T KNOW.

HOW'S THAT FEEL?

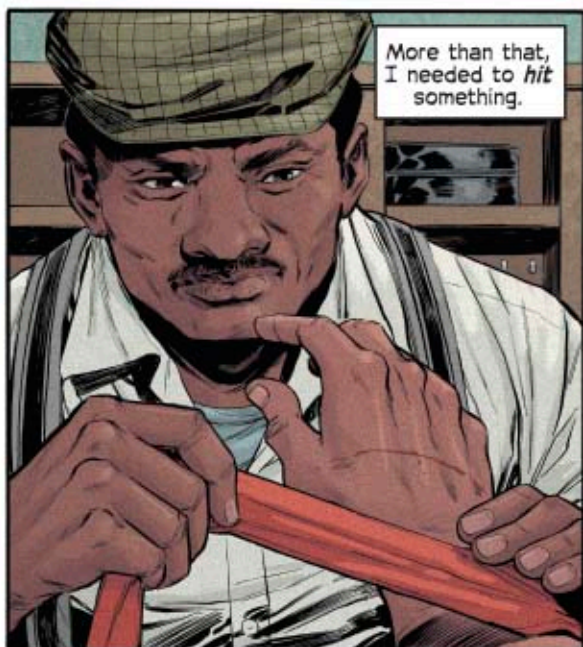
Started boxing for real in 1962, when I went into the Marines. Got pretty good. Then I got shipped off to Vietnam in '65.



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.

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



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