

Total Body Submission Grappling-History

JUDO

My journey began in the non striking arts at the tender age of 6 years old .I began in the sport of Judo. The emphasis on the style of Judo in the early days was throwing and falling. It was a great start and it prepared me for a sound base in balance and throwing skills with the gi. As I progressed, more emphasis was given on ground positioning, pinning and chokes with the collar of the gi .The following instructors trained me in the art of Judo

Master Ronald Beers (awarded my green belt/NCCP 1, 2)

Shihan William Doherty

Shihan Alex Andrews

Larry Scott Sensei

Dominick McKenna Sensei (awarded my brown belt 1997)

Master Ronald Beers, Shihan William Doherty and the visits of Gene Judo Lebelle, Goker Chivychian and Oleg Taktorov would in combination give me tricks and trades of Gi grips and throw combinations. I also did much Uchikomi (repetitious drills) at that time. I invested a lot of time with Master Ronald Beers and I moved from his Judo program into the shoot wrestling program and eventually became his Representative for Shoot Wrestling Ontario and the official West convenor. Having a great Judo expert like Shihan William Doherty was an experience, as he showed that age has no limits when one has timing and experience.

The training connection with Greats like Gene Lebelle, taught me the nasty tricks one may hide within the Judo rules and then some. I remember the shock of other students as I was knocked out with a chin to the eye face clamp. This was done by Gene to remind me who was boss and that the old man still had tricks. I was knocked out by pressure on the optic nerve and suffered night blindness in one eye for about a year. My left eye also wept for 6 months. To this day I have 20/25 vision. As they say, one lives and learns. As for Goker and Oleg, it was Judo/Sambo combinations and submissions. I had the proud distinction of being Oleg's demonstration

partner. Two things made me stand out for this distinction.... I had yellow wrestling shoes that I wore (that in itself would make me stand out)...lol, everyone else trained barefoot...and two, I was able to take the pain of his lower body submission series, that allowed him to demonstrate the next move in the series, until finally putting me in a terminal submission position. Others had tried, but would tap out at his first leg lock from the intense pressure of his thigh squeeze on their sciatic. Goker's teachings were absorbed directly through Master Ronald Beers, but being able to train with him several times directly was rewarding as he had some brutal setups that delivered severe pain on landing from a throw. His students were also very adept and savage in their technique. Training with Master Beers was quite fun, as he lent his years of teaching children to my knowledge base. It eventually led me to consistent interclub wins for my children's team. I remember a particularly difficult training session with Master Ronald Beers which was done in his backyard. He had several of his senior students there. I was dipped in his dog pool and then would have to try to control, pin, or takedown my partner. I was continually dunked in the pool to make me slippery. My partners changed and so did the drills. I was a water log on two legs. I then was dried and had one arm tied to finish off my lesson at the house. Then it was off to the dojo to do all the classes and have randori with every student until I couldn't move. These were only some of the handicap drills that Master Ronald Beers would devise. I have continued to use his ideals. It is his WILD HORSES SITON BAD BOYS which still remain the meat and potatoes of my ground basics. Wrestlers switch, hipscape, shoulder rolls, breakfalls, bridging.

This period of travelling from Hamilton and Grimsby to Markham was financially and physically exhausting but well worth the results. At that time, I had incredible hours of in-house grappling competition and No Hold Barred matches and found myself at the top of most of these 100 + contests. It was a great time of grappling and the first of 3 ear operations from cauliflower ear that I would get from such intense mat time.

An unusual place for a dojo, but again in the privacy of being with only another student, was the advantage of training in Scott Sensei's dojo, located in a barn on a turkey farm in St. Kitts. Now that was an experience. Just to get into the farm, he would have to call off his Shepherd pack that kept the coyotes out. My mental training began before I climbed up into the loft dojo...never knowing if I would have to battle canines as a warm-up. I

thrived on the competitive nature of his senpai, a brown belt from whom I managed to soak up great competitive techniques. Scott Sensei would break down our randori (free fighting), and base lessons from what we did that session. In this manner we could correct and modify as we went along; a great way of learning, and a great simulation of Judo competition. It was with McKenna Sensei that I really thrived in Judo. He had open access to my gym and I taught him the striking and combat arts in exchange for 5 days a week private training in Judo. Just imagine how sore but how technically sound I became with such concentrated training. We covered shemewaza (art of strangulation), newaza (art of ground strategy), and oisekomi (art of pinning) in addition to the 40 standard throws of Judo, and 20 specialty throws.

There was an advantage to training with McKenna Sensei, in that he was 5'6 but over 300 pounds. Quite a gentle man, he was not prone to strike, or shout or have any form of violence yet was somehow extremely game to compete and have Randori (free fighting practice) after every session. I was forced to learn a deep center of gravity or it would have been impossible to even practice the throws. When we hit the ground in the beginning, he would tap me out by just laying on me. As the year progressed, I eventually would not get pinned and then rarely thrown for Ippon (full point of contact on both shoulders). His weight and height cultivated a high vigilance to escaping the pin from the throw, or nullifying the throw itself. I believe that is why I am prone to teaching non weight bearing throws over weight bearing throws.

I chose not to pursue my black belt in Judo, as I felt I could not commit to accumulating enough points through tournaments, nor commit time to learn the Kata that is needed for the final grade as I was running my school 6 days a week alone. I endeavour now in late 2009-15 years to complete my Shodan 1 degree black belt in Judo. SMALL CIRCLE WALLY JAY JIU JITSU Shihan Alex Andrews introduced me to Small Circle Wally Jay Jiu Jitsu. It complemented my Use of force training and executive protection defensive tactics training. Here Shihan Andrews gave me scenarios and setups that would realistically lead me to a throw or takedown. His training complemented my Judo because of the realistic entries he would teach me to gain position to throw my opponent. It also developed my skills of retaining control of my opponent or opponents once I had thrown them. The technical skill of this master in applying small joint locks was devastating. I remember

being on the end of one of his lock flow drills. I was walked, hopped and dragged round and round the dojo, from my pinkie finger to my spine. As he walked me like a wounded poodle, he never lost his smile. To show my skills was not in the complete disengagement of his locks, but the ability to continue to survive each lock flow to the next without completely surrendering to the extreme pain and compliance posture I was put in.

Multiple opponent psychology was also a great lesson Shihan Andrews gave me. I had until that point thought the quick kill was the key to fighting multiple opponents, until he taught me the effectiveness of maiming and shocking multiple attackers. He drew on lessons that WW1 vets taught WW2 vets, who in turn taught Vietnam vets. When fighting multiple opponents, injure and maim the strongest in the group, which forces more of the group to take their wounded out of the struggle. If you quickly dispatch the leader, there is no shock value. It also emboldens, and increases revenge fervour in the group as a whole. We did scenario training whereby a group cornered me. I would take out an opponent, disabling him by breaking his leg, and move on to the next opponent. He would simulate his pained anguish, shock some of the group. They would then desist in their concentrated attack as they tried to move him to safety, increasing my chance to escape and fight fewer opponents. The ideal of shock value was also taught in detail, as he showed me that pain compliance, in a combative situation could be just as effective to deter the attacks of others.

This time period helped me to refine small joint lock control. This was also a period of extreme learning curve in live action time. As I worked late nights and weekends in security, I was able to learn what worked, what did not work and make the corrections. I have been cut, attacked with weapons, and weapons of opportunity. I have dealt with multiple opponent scenarios and other terrible circumstances. My learning curve at this time consisted of being bottled, bagged, ganged up on, and thrown about silly. The locks, chokes and strike training received a reality check, as I fine tuned and refined my reactions and actions. The traditional methods of training were out the door. As the years went on and as I fine tuned the small circle concept and made sure to break down my opponent or opponents first, before trying to solidify a control, lock or come along, I managed to get out of situations more and more without even making contact.

HAP KI DO

Having created a base of gripping, throwing and falling properly, a growing desire for reality based method of grappling skills turned me to the fairly eclectic and modern art of Hap Ki Do, a fusion of Korean and Japanese Martial Arts. It helped develop my locking of small joints and disarming weaponry. I learned to break grips from behind, fight multiple opponents and use the baton, cane and kubaton from Master Robert Dorian. He would define my ability to stand-up, lock and grapple with and against weapons. His was the humble job of a mall security guard and master of the Dojang (training hall). Looking at him with his missing fingers and unkempt hair, one would never imagine the great skill and deceptive power that lay within him. He never spoke loudly, never moved quickly until needed. I say this, for any would be hooligans learned by the crook of their fingers, the dismay of their wrists and the dismal horror of suddenly being on their back, that this man was far more than he seemed. I remember our little school attached to the UScoop store. Those were formative years.

Master Dorian moved like liquid, the whirl of the double rattan sticks moving in hypnotic figure 8s with the smell of burning wood in the air. He taught Kuntao (Filipino stick fighting) and weapons in addition to the Hap Ki Do syllabus. He showed me my first patterns, heaven 6, 12 snake fangs. There were stick challenge matches at that time which look nothing like what you see in the movies. Some were so quick, that I would not even begin to try to replay the strike, whilst others were amazing as I witnessed men taking full strikes to head, arm and legs and fight on. I remember a man coming in, wanting to train. He obviously was not right in the head. The Master asked him to come on another day or watch class. He refused and took a step onto the carpeted floor. It was like the air changed around Master Dorian. The class was doing stick patterns but as one, we stopped. He asked the man to at least take his shoes off. I had seen him lock up, twist up people at the mall, and still almost have a smile on his face. He was not smiling. He asked me to demonstrate a pattern on the punching bag with my rattan sticks. He then told me to let the man try on the bag. The man tried a few passes at the bag and started to shout out to himself and smash the bag haphazardly. I grew scared, not for myself, nor for my brethren, but for him. The master then said, "it's time to leave". The man didn't say a word and kept hitting the bag. He was asked again to drop the sticks, as it was time to leave. I don't think the master would have done anything if I had not tried to grab

my sticks back. As I reached for my sticks he smacked my left hand. I was not finished yelping, before the man lay crumpled on the floor. The master had struck him to the temple, disarmed both sticks with a crossover arm manoeuvre and finished with both sticks gripped under one armpit. He was passing them to a senior who came to his side, before I realized what had happened. He immediately revived the man, put his shoes on him, and talked to the man outside for about 15 minutes. I never saw that man again, and the master never spoke of it again. The lesson was patience and humility.

I'm sure Master Robert Dorian could have handled him 1st at the door, but he didn't. I'm sure if I hadn't been so impatient, wondering why no one was kicking this crazy man's ass, he wouldn't have KO'd him. I have learned from that early lesson and other lessons over the years. JUST BECAUSE YOU CAN, DOESN'T MEAN YOU SHOULD.

Master Robert Dorian (awarded white through blue belt)

HAP KI DO / DAITO RYU AIKI JIU JITSU Having a great likening for the grappling locking portion, I soon excelled and met my next Instructor who would sincerely give me the tools to continue my Hap Ki Do growth as well as my introduction to Daito Ryu Aiki Jiu Jitsu. The form of jiu-jitsu or Ryu family was drawn from the Daito Ryu Aiki Jiu Jitsu lineage of the late great Grandmaster Takeda Sukaku No Minamoto Masayoshi. The same possible source for Hap Ki Do's Creator Choi Yong Sool.

Whatever the history, the lineage, the origins, the teachings of the late Combat Master Mahemet Khalid Ah'lee would lead me to many discoveries in every aspect of combat, no matter the name or style. He had such an unassuming manner, yet somehow always an all powerful presence. His knowledge of Close Quarter tactics, disarming knife, gun, use of baton and weapons of opportunity, have been ingrained in me deeply. Master Mahemet Khalid Ah'lee (awarded 1st through 4th degrees in hapkido/jiu jitsu). The description of skills this great man gave me, does not match the greater internal skills and gifts he gave me. Yet I believe that because he was such a complete martial warrior, it led him to the "way". My belief is that he saw my training as a vehicle to enlightenment, such as he had found himself.

It is at this time that I understood my destiny; my karma would be one of a modern warrior.

A particular "incident" is what brought me to his attention, one in which I would have suffered a terrible beating or death, but was willing to undergo for the sake of my honour and loyalty. Later when I told him I was so frightened about dying that night and was wishing I had not spoken up, he said he knew that. That was the whole point. I had remained steadfast and was willing to cover for a brother's life. How wonderful karma works, as I'm sure that at that point of his life, he was done mentoring and teaching. It would be upon his direction, that Master Mansoon would continue with me, when Mahemet Khalid Ah'lee eventually went back home.

No longer would I be constrained by nationality, creed, colour or religion other than the faith in what we Zen warriors call the Way. It is the way of strategy. We apply it to all that we do. It was he who led me to understand the code of honour, the code of ethics and our solemn word could guide us into a righteous and humble life, that though we suffered, and sacrificed we would find joy. He was my spiritual Master, guiding me through Zen/Sufi like exercises that included postures and breathing exercises. It was he who taught me to place my hatred and anger and pride in a room, lock it up, chain it and starve it until it died. He also taught me to embrace negative energy and also place it in a mental room. This was negative energy from the world outside such as pain, suffering, hunger, exhaustion, thirst, peoples' angry emotions, their words, the noise and cacophony of living and street noise. I would then practice internalizing it, and change it to clean useful energy to draw from when training. This was and is still a very private side to me. It is where I draw my symbolisms, ceremonies and energy cultivation. He taught me dragon's breath, laying corpse posture and Old Lady Holds Lamp movement set. "Don't ask me about the names".

In 2006 he died, an old and peaceful man. Where he died, is still a mystery, somewhere in the mountains of Lebanon I'm sure. Perhaps he was Druze, but more Sufi I think. I do recall some men calling him Father; not like daddy, but in a reverent way. I cried, and I have not cried in a long time. I remember getting the call and breaking down in front of my students but I couldn't help it. He was a guide to the light; he was a Bodhisattva (living enlightened person) as far as I'm concerned. He guided me to a place where I was able to renounce my past, renounce my religion, renounce pride,

renounce anger, renounce hatred and embark on the path of Peace and Love/Strength and Honour which I follow to this day.

When Master M.K.A moved away and then eventually passed, it would be for Master Fawaz Mansoon to carry on for him. (awarded me 5th and 6th degree in Hap Ki Do/Jiu Jitsu). His history is spread and I'm not sure when he began his own training with the Master. I believe both men were spiritual men, trying to rekindle the modern warrior, both non violent because of their skills, non violent because of the inevitable fact that violence begets violence. His was a past shrouded in conjecture and mystery as well.

It was a journey to say the least as Master Fawaz Mansoon refined my knowledge of the body, pressure points, open hand strikes and training with close quarter weapons. He really knew the body and seemed more of a doctor than a master of combat. I really don't recall any dramatic stories as it was a simple time of learning, schooling and much study.

There was a particular form of training that we did. It involved pain threshold and concentration. I'm a quick learner, and no matter how gruelling the training, I'm always first waiting the next day, but this training did test my fortitude. He was a genius as I really didn't realize the amount of heat, cold, pressure and electricity I was able to build up to. He would give me exercises, whereby I would have to say a word or perform an action during these "torture" like sessions. He used the sound of the metronome to help me gain deep meditation and concentration. He taught me the universal sound OM. I transcended the pain, by losing myself in the vibration of this sound. There were times I would pass out from lack of air, as he made me control my panic from being smothered, but other than that I would not give in. Iron skin and moving the chi in my body to control pain, to allow me to continue breathing, heated water without burning and slowing down bleeding were some of the mind skills taught. He showed me the points in the body to release stress, and points in the body to create pain and dysfunction. As I said, he was more doctor than combatant. It was he who educated me on the proper fulcrums that lever breaks against the bones rather than just stretching the ligament/tendons and how to dislocate the bone instead of compound fracture.

When I moved, we corresponded via email and sporadic visits. He monitored my progress and was always insistent that I had a gift for teaching and not fighting, by which he meant I could fight, but my true gift was in the sharing

of the knowledge. He was never really comfortable with me competing, as in his opinion, training is for life skills and seeking inner perfection, not awards and medals-this is what I call old school mentality. It's old but true at the end of the day. No great measure of a man is ever drawn by his number of titles and medals, but by the number of people he raises above himself to their own rewards. This is the true measure of success. This was his lesson to me.

It was his choice to ask me to take the mantle of head instructor and award me an Honorary 7th degree or title of Shihan and carry on his and the Master's teachings.

Combat/Military Training

One summer when Master Fawaz Mansoon was gone to Jordan, I trained with one of his peers; Masaood Shahada. That was a summer I will not forget. He promised Fawaz to keep me sharp and he would be impressed with my growth. I bunked with him for 4 months and learned more in 4 months about being attacked from a dead sleep, attacked from behind, surprised and attacked in one's own home than any workshop after that! I would be awakened to a bag, pillow and hands over my face or head, until I slept so lightly, I was already rolling out of bed, hands at the ready. I would be jumped as I came to the apartment, and began taking the back, front and elevator at different times to avoid the possibility of attack. I actually tried to find somewhere else to stay, but was out of luck and out of money. He was certifiably crazy and I think I was certifiably crazy to have suffered this "training" for 4 months. He had me carry a short dagger under my belt, or strapped to my ankle. He taught me quick draw, and quick kills. I wanted to be the greatest fighter/soldier/warrior; which I believe also let me endure this type of training.

His attitude and use of his skills were probably anathema to everything I had been taught by both Masters whereby they were spiritual, he was a physical tiger. He wore himself on his sleeve, and dared anyone to fight him. Chaos and hatred shaped him. It forged him into a juxtaposition of ideals. Love thy family, hate your enemy, suffer for your mother and father and let other parents have no mercy. Use your skills, use your power for the people and teach outsiders nothing. I know of this too. I was part of that cycle. I broke

free before the blind hatred consumed me and made of me what he had become. The skills learned from this man were stealth, caution, skulduggery, subterfuge, concealment and disguise. I don't speak much on this time as it was a twisted and paranoid period which I would rather forget, but cannot for there are skills even in that dark time learned. It did come to an end near the end of the summer, when Master Fawaz Mansoon would be expected back.

It was a stifling hot and humid night. I was already having trouble sleeping. We slept in a one bedroom apartment, on mattresses side by side on the floor (poor student finances). I remember hearing him snoring and actually thought I could relax. I drifted into a light sleep and I think I was dreaming of being rich and sleeping in a real bed, when my chest exploded with pain. It's all quite a flash, but I believe I could have died that night, if one, I had not been sleeping lightly and two had not trained to react to such attacks and three, the sheath on the dagger had been pulled off and not been the hilt....So actually I probably would not have survived the 4 to 5 inch double edged Damascus steel dagger that plunged into my chest.

I remember rolling inwards, pulling him over and then under me. We grappled for the dagger as I screamed his name. He was gripped in a nightmare. He was awake but not....I think if my bladder had been full I would have wet myself. I really can't remember to that point, having so much adrenaline and fear and anger and everything possess me, transform me, and allow me to survive. The dagger flew. He gained control of me, as I covered up my head. I kicked and moved knowing if I stopped I would die...this is what I believed. And as fast as it began...10 seconds, 10 minutes...I just really can't say, he stopped. He arose bleeding from his mouth as I think I butted him as we initially rolled and I was bleeding from my nose....I always bleed from my nose, soft hit, hard hit. Never seems to make a difference. I won't bore you with the details but needless to say, I left the next day and bunked with a sympathetic friend, until Master Mansoon arrived.

I admit, I was young, brash and arrogant, and didn't know better. I related to some friends my thoughts on the episode. I believe my words went too far. I shamed Masaood and I think embarrassed Master Mansoon by making such a fuss. Things fell apart. Not with Master Mansoon, but with the brotherhood of friends. It's complicated...Things spiralled out of control and it

was time to move on as I feared for my safety...as other events began to collide.

DAITO AKIRU JIU JITSU / DEFENSIVE TACTICS / EXECUTIVE PROTECTION

Sensei Wayne Wells, an adept at Daito Aiki jiu-jutsu and defensive tactics would guide me in adding better boxing (he was a great boxing coach) to my strikes and a more clear way of teaching a jiu jitsu syllabus. It was through Sensei Wells that I would excel in teaching defensive tactics to the law enforcement sector. Together we taught and refined baton, riot baton, and handcuffing for Law Enforcement. I would study at the university of Toronto and Windsor in executive protection skills, NLP, profiling and other subjects pertaining to security, and law enforcement. I also worked for him as I studied in travelling casinos and money transfers (Griffon Group International). It was a fun time, as I travelled to each casino and learned the trade, detecting cheating and skulduggery. We also did money drop offs and surveillance. It was through Sensei Wells that I came to understand that martial skills have very little to do with executive protection. He also gave me a better way to differentiate between civilian training and tactical law enforcement/military training. Before him, I simply taught everyone the same way with no regard to the national use of force frame work, use of force continuum, or the law as it pertains to civilians. His method gave me the building blocks to understand the law, the Canadian Criminal Code, the Trespass Act, and the Owner's Liability Act. At this time he recognized me as a jiu-jitsu peer and I gained my 2nd degree black belt in Daito Aiki jiu-jitsu. Sensei Wayne Wells (awarded Executive Protection Level 1,2,3-Casino Security Specialist level 1,2-Baton-Riot Lance-Extendable Baton Defensive Tactics Instructor-Defensive Tactics Instructor)

I also trained in defensive tactics, handcuffing and use of Force with much respected trainer and former Police Officer Steven Summerdale. He too would re-establish Canadian code knowledge, being an expert witness on the stand, use of force national model, and the finer points of handcuffing. After training with Mr. Steven Summerdale I went on to become a use of force officer/trainer for Shepprott Security and to this day am bonded and licensed as a trainer and security specialist. (Steven Summervale awarded Compliant and Non compliant Handcuffing Instructor Status)

BRAZILIAN JIU JITSU

These 10 years 1990-2000 were great building blocks for me as I was able to train 6 days a week working late at night as an executive protector, security specialist and night time cooler to support my training costs and teaching classes to cover the cost of my own training. It takes an average person who studies the martial arts about 36 months, 3 times a week to gain a black belt. Imagine my growth, already a black belt, training twice as much, with awesome and great trainers.

I began formally training In Brazilian jiu-jitsu after beginning my training with the Gracie's in 1994. I met and trained privately through Nick Starks, renowned Shootfighter, NHB fighter and Brazilian representative of Pedro Xavier. (Awarded my Instructor status in World Submission Fighting Council, and my status as a master trainer of my school in Submission Grappling) He introduced me to the interpretations of Pedro Xavier, Bart Vale, Erik Paulson, Goker Chivichian, and many more. He taught me to growl, to crush and to walk away from the opponent without a backwards glance because of the finality of my attack. He taught me the slam and the pickup back breaker. He taught me attitude.

I continued my Brazilian training through seminars and workshops and at that time Master Ronald Beers. I would train for years before even taking an official belt in Brazilian Jiu Jitsu. It was not until I met Pedro Vianna(awarded two students of mine and myself blue belts) of the Carlson Gracie Family jiu jitsu from Chicago, a member of the Brazilian Top Team that I would more formally adopt a systematic Gi syllabus. He was a kind, very gentle man. His was the love of the sport. His was the love of the mats. He showed me the more sport gi competitive side of Brazilian jiu jitsu.

The grand culmination of everything on the ground that we call grappling or wrestling came about when I would have the honour and pleasure of having Professor Mark Bocek, the young absolute master grappler, a veritable mat genius in his mid 20's teach at my school. Rolling with Professor Mark is like rolling with air. There are no hooks and handles, no grips....unless he gives them. There is only a shadow that you try to survive with. My jiu-jitsu went through the roof. He calls it Brazilian jiu jitsu...but I think his "jiu jitsu" at this point is beyond a name and a style other than his own name. It is his eclectic experience of all the wrestling/grappling arts that makes learning from Professor Mark a privilege and an experience. Professor Mark has

travelled the world and trained with the greatest Brazilian/submission champion-trainers in the world. He looks like a young boy who just graduated high school yet he is a young well spoken, well travelled young man with such skill and physical potential that I'm sure we have not yet seen the full picture of this great athlete and Brazilian master yet! I was honoured that I could keep my blue belt on, so great did I hold his opinion, I would have most readily shed it if he questioned my skill. He did not and I flourished under his guidance and hope to continue someday with the professor. I was very sad to see him leave my school, but his career called and now he has successfully made the transition to primetime MMA fighting and the UFC.

My final teacher in Brazilian jiu jitsu was Rickson Gracie disciple Slavko Illich. It was to him that I must give final thanks on my 9 year Brazilian blue belt status. He said I was much like him, as he has been a purple belt for over a decade. Sometimes it's not so much the belt you wear but it is time, money or politics that makes it so and the confidence and skill one exudes that goes beyond the belt. He brought me epiphany in such a short time span, as I came to realize the search was always in vain, because the answer was already there. This is how the story goes...

I had been searching for the ultimate answer for escaping the mount, and he saw me practicing my various moves one day. He had me go through the Blue Belt steps (40 steps) and was pleased. Yet I could see even after he said "you're a solid blue belt", that there was something coming. He asked me why, when he asked for certain attacks and defences, I did them no problem. When he asked me for some fundamental mat exercise no problem....but when I was rolling by myself it looked so different. I was confused. He remarked that I did these rolling actions from being mounted, and attacks off the legs, which I had not demonstrated in my basic counters, yet when I was free rolling I did them...I didn't have an answer. Now you have to understand Slavko scares me. He is much like my earlier military instructors. He has been to war and seen death. We men have all shared this in one capacity or another and we all teach to varying degrees the same way.

He is what we call "tough love". He answers your question with a question and a cuff to the side of the head. It's amazing how quickly one learns. He said to me how do you escape the mount, and I replied with the oopa, or the

shrimp (hip escape), or combination thereof. He said "good answer", so why was I constantly trying to turn, or roll or any other combination when that was my answer....I was in shock. I didn't have an answer. He then asked me to remember the last 5 times I had been successfully mounted, how did I eventually escape....with one of my rolling manoeuvres, my complicated setups???? I thought for a moment to my last mounted MMA debacle....Oh my God, he was right. When it was all said and done, it was shrimping, bridging, back to guard. I thought to 10 years ago, same...when it was all said and done; it was shrimping, bridging, back to guard.

How could I have missed this elusive answer? Practice what you use, use what you practice, train the way you fight, and fight the way you train... It was a bolt of lightning. So obvious. He opened my eyes over a short period of time, in a private setting with sometimes only me or two others at the most. I came to realize from this hard, but fair man that it simply is what it is...no secrets, simply hard work, massive repetition, and tons of mat time. The difference between a beginner and a black belt in Brazilian jiu jitsu is the beginner wants to win, wants to submit, and wants to learn all the fancy moves. The black belt is humble; he simply rolls and lets his body take over. He neither seeks nor waits; he simply "is"... The black belt has forsaken his ego. He has been tapped out, choked out and he simply learns from any experience he has on the mats. I believe Slavko was much like this, as he concentrated on position that incidentally brought him a submission.

I have adopted a full Brazilian Jiu-Jitsu syllabus that covers white, blue, purple, brown, that closely resembles the curriculum of the Machado and Rickson Brazilian jiu jitsu systems. As a multilevel submission grappler/jiu jitsu trainer it was not a difficult task for me to bridge the gap between systems, other than which basics are developed first and how it progresses. My training has covered what we may term as "Brazilian" Jiu jitsu. I believe my total body submission grappling system of 19 years shy of a year to be 2 decades, comparable to any top Japanese jiu jitsu or Brazilian jiu jitsu program out in the market today or any system that is considered a ground tactics system.

WRESTLING / SHOOT WRESTLING

Stan Tzogis (awarded my N.C.C.P /O.A.W.A level 1 and 2) my wrestling coach was an amazing man as he showed me the finer points of free style and Greco roman wrestling. As he was a man of small stature, but great skills, he was able to really teach the higher concept of proper setups to reach one's opponent. It was with Stan that I learned the seven skills of wrestling which are universally accepted to the Olympic level. With his guidance, I introduced the action / reaction skill sets that I teach to this day. The single leg series done in a step by step learning fashion I must thank him for. The details of head position and weight distribution are areas which he covered in detail. The greatest pointer he shared with me was that any victory in a match comes from the little victories that we gain in position. He made me systematically break down my opponent from shoot range, lockup to ground. That was done step by step, concentrating on the next better position rather than the end position.

Master Ronald Beers (awarded me West convenor status and representative for Shoot Wrestling Ontario) and Stan worked hand in hand to blend in traditional wrestling skill sets with the submission finish. Over the course of 5 years I believe my wrestling became a core part of how I taught grappling in general. The 7 skills gave clarity and direction to myself as a trainer and led me to develop champion grapplers in the late 90's. Along the way I also had the pleasure of training with champion wrestler and trainer Marty Calder from Brock University. I must say doing their wrestling practices was daunting and when I brought my team to train, I was the only one able to complete the 2 hour sets. What can I say, Marty is a champion himself and trains Champions. Learning his skill sets and being around his wrestlers gave me a deep appreciation of hard work, tenacity and dedication. He also was a details man and showed little tricks and movements that changed the whole operation of a standard move. Those were great cauliflower ear times!

Summary of Grappling/Jiu jitsu History

Is it so hard to imagine the incredible learning curve that would be achieved? Even greater, was the fact that I was able to breakdown and figure out what worked and what did not work under true combat conditions. Between 1990 and 2009, which is 19 years, I think I have managed to

concentrate 40 years worth of training and experience into those 19 years. Some people are sceptical I think, when they see my age. I have even heard people remark that it's impossible to have that many black belts in all the different kinds of martial arts; but because of the great people, the great trainers and their greater generosity, I have received and absorbed so much knowledge. Working on protection details, working the night clubs and becoming somewhat a local known "combat specialist" has also had a tremendous effect on my skills and understanding. It has determined how I teach something, how I relate to it and how I make it reality based.

Sport wise, having had 100+ in-house and outdoor challenge matches (1992-2001) with multiple sets of rules, winning the 1995 National Jiu Jitsu Qualifiers Bronze medal, followed up with two more National Wins, Silver in 1996 and finishing off with a Gold Medal In 1997 gives me great insight into the sport athletic side of Grappling. The amount of real life conflicts, multiple and one on ones, has created a confidence in what I believe is the most practical approach to Teaching and using the grappling arts in real time combat.

Overall my knowledge base, theory and practical application of Submission Grappling and all that it covers-jiu jitsu, wrestling, shoot wrestling, judo, submission wrestling, amateur free style and Greco roman wrestling, sambo, Hap Ki do make for a great and well rounded out program whether for fun, or for reality based training. I also believe that my experience and blending of these systems gives me a freedom to truly appreciate the enormity of trying to master it all. I am a constant student, and constantly learning, and sharing this process with my students.