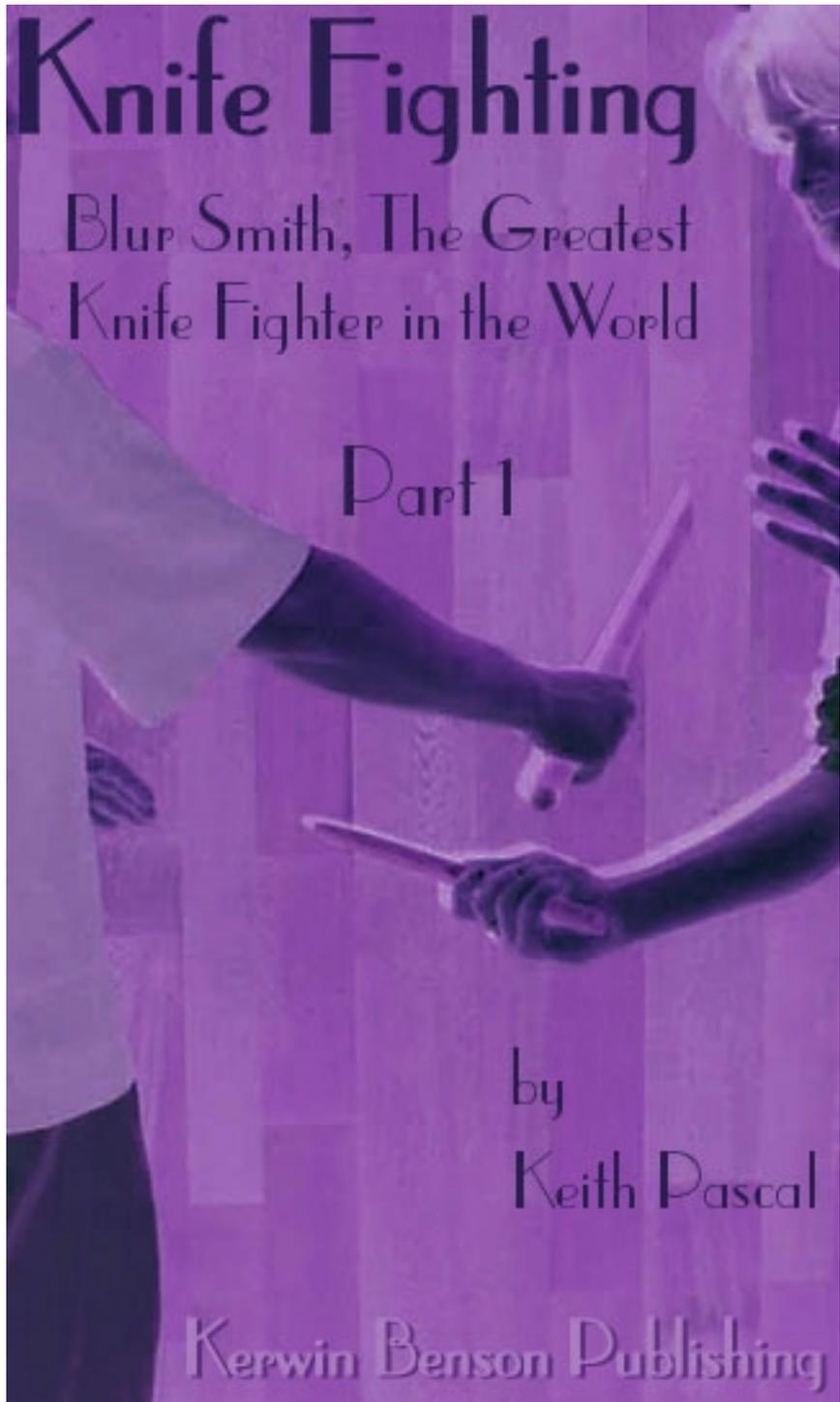


Knife Fighting



Blur Smith, The Greatest
Knife Fighter in the World

Part 1

by

Keith Pascal

Kerwin Benson Publishing

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Knife Fighter in the World**

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This book is designed to provide authoritative information with regard to knife self defense. It is sold with the understanding that neither the author, the publisher, nor anyone involved with the book is engaged in rendering legal advice, or advice and expertise for your specific situation or set of circumstances. If expert counseling of any kind, including legal, is required, the services of competent professional people should be sought for each specific area in question. And you should do a lot of your own research too.

Readers are urged not to engage in any sort of illegal fighting activity.

Fighting is dangerous — people get hurt and sometimes killed. Even after years of expert martial arts practice and many seasons of professional knife fighting practice, there are still too many variables to predict the outcome of a knife fight.

All characters found in *Blur Smith*, with the exception of Keith Pascal (the interviewer) are fictitious, and the story line is the result of a little creativity from the author. Any resemblance to actual people or events is ... well, a figment of someone's over-active imagination.

Introduction

Have you ever wondered how great martial artists became great? How did they develop mastery of their particular martial art?

Blur Smith (not his real name) is said to be the greatest knife fighter in the world?

Is this true? How did he develop his skills?

The story that follows is just a story. It details Blur's first introduction to knife fighting. Pay attention to the indirect teaching found in the Three Parts of Blur Smith.

Those who have read [Secrets of Teaching Martial Arts More Effectively](#), know the benefits of indirect teaching.

Also, if you have ever read **The Tale of One-Armed Albert**, then you know just how much you can learn from reading a story.

If you are new to learning from a parable, then take my word for it -- the lessons seem to 'stick' better. You will ponder some of the concepts long after you have finished reading the story.

Exactly what did Blur Smith learn during his first encounters with knife fighting?

Part 1, of *Blur Smith, The Greatest Knife Fighter in the World*, you meet Blur, and learn of his beginnings on the set of a movie production company.

In Part 1, you'll find more plot than practical lesson. But don't be misled -- the lessons in the first 30 pages are important. They offer a beginning.

Absorb the advice. You'll learn about practicing with or without a teacher, how flashy moves don't equal practical moves, and what's unrealistic about some of the knife fighting that you see in the movies.

Parts 2 and 3 offer more advice that is very practical for knife encounters.

Enjoy the read,

Keith Pascal

1

Keith Pascal: Blur Smith, I want to thank you for agreeing to share your story with us. You have the reputation as being the greatest knife fighter alive today. Is this the first time you are sharing how you earned that reputation?

Blur Smith: There's no reason to brag to others. I only agreed to tell my story, because I got tired of people asking. The folks at **Kerwin Benson Publishing** told me to come to you with anything martial-arts related. So, here I am.

Keith: I am happy to have you dictate your story to me. I hope I do it justice.

Let's start with your name. Is "*Blur*" your given name?

Blur: No, it's a nickname. I guess they call me *Blur*, be-

cause some folks have problems focusing on my knife. My attacks and responses appear so fast, that some witnesses haven't been able to keep their eye on the blade. They only see a blur. My attacks don't seem that fast to me — but reputations build.

Keith: So, how did you develop blinding speed? I can't wait to hear your whole story.

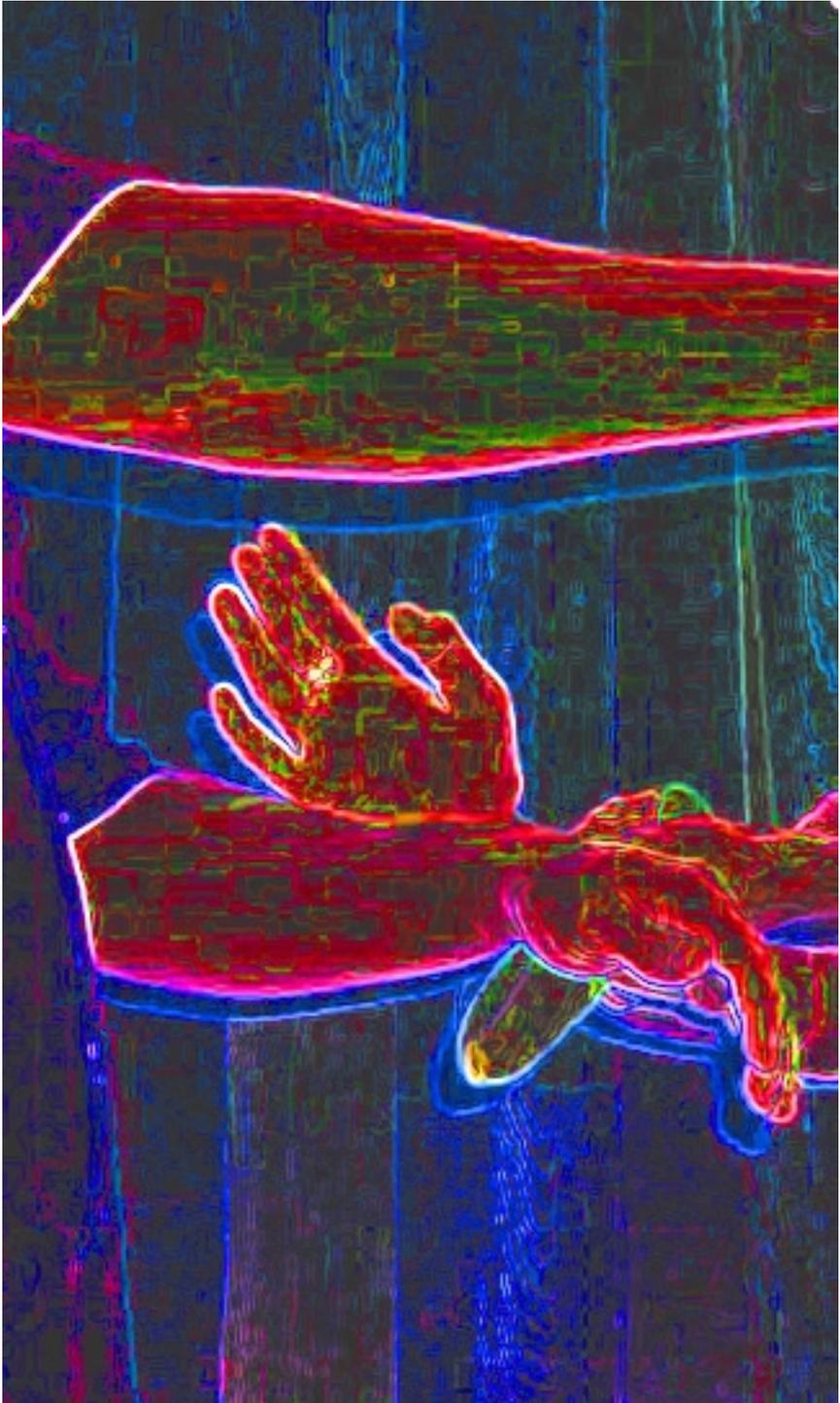
Blur: Well, I think my whole story would be too long for one sitting. Let's see how far we get before I bore you to death.

It started when I was in my teens. I was working in California, on a motion picture lot. I was assigned as part of the clean-up crew and as an occasional gopher ("go-for") for a particular studio.

Keith: Did you work on any movies we'd recognize?

Blur: Lots of them. In fact, my interest in knife fighting happened during the filming of one particular Action-Adventure movie. I won't tell which movie or the name of the actor involved. I am not sure he'd want the public to know that his martial training didn't always include weapons' expertise.

For this one particular movie, this star needed to look like an awesome knife fighter...



2

“Hey, I think we got just the trainer for you. He’s a great martial artist, and I am told a whiz with a knife.”

I saw the director hand a business card to the star.

Yeah, I have heard of him,” said the star. “Yes, get him. He needs to be here as soon as possible. These two scenes need to be filmed just as soon as I can learn enough with the knife to look like an expert. I am counting on you to make me look good with some clever camera angles ... and some talented editing too.”

I looked toward the director. He made a motion toward the side of the studio. Someone stood behind one of the light stands.

You’d never believe who appeared from the shadows. It was that same guy who takes out the full-page ads in all

of the magazines selling his knife-fighting videos. It looked like he was ready to teach.

I couldn't hear what they were saying, from where I was sweeping. So, I quickly finished my job, and then found a hiding place on the sidelines -- close enough for me to hear. It wasn't really a hiding place — just a box tucked off to the side, that I used as a seat.

By the time I finished my tasks, they were already into the first lesson.

The expert told the star to hold the knife in a fairly relaxed grip. Relaxed, but tight enough that it couldn't be easily knocked out of the hand. He also showed the star the difference between holding the knife point up and holding it ice-pick style, sticking down from the bottom of the fist.

I grabbed a pencil out of my pocket and started practicing along with them. I kept my movements in the shadows, so nobody would notice me. I didn't want to get kicked out, or worse, told to go back to work.

Soon, these guys progressed into working on the actual choreography of the scene. They grabbed the actor who was to play the villain. He started working with the knife, practicing for his part of the fight.

I had great fun watching all of this. I could see everything from my perch.

Don't ask me why I felt drawn to knife fighting. I only knew that this was better than an actual movie. I watched them develop the scene.

Knife clashed against knife. I heard the clink of the blades, over and over. Slowly at first...

They practiced this way for days

They practiced this way for days. After the fifth or sixth day of practice, everyone decided to use real (sharp) knives. The actor was a stickler for lending authenticity to his movies — so was the director.

I watched them train this way for two days. They developed speed.

Slash from above.

Block.

Response thrust of the blade to the midsection.

Block blade against blade, from the side.

And so it went, until — Whoops. Someone got cut. It was hard to achieve precision all the time, I guess.

Blood dripped on the set.

Filming stopped for a few days. There were a few more accidental cuts — but the actors sure were getting fast at the sequence.

I was impressed.

Then the filming of the knife fighting was done. Life returned to normal. I cleaned. Occasionally, I was lucky enough to run an errand for the director or one of the stars.

One day, I overheard the action star talking to the director.

“So, what’s your solution to the knife fighting problem?” asked the actor.

“Get yourself another trainer. I know someone else. I did a little research. I can have him here tomorrow, if you’ll agree.” said the director.

“Do you really think the knife fighting scenes are that bad?” asked the actor.

“Terrible. They are stiff. You can tell they are choreographed. And not only that, this new expert has assured me that they are completely unrealistic. We’re going for more realism, right? At least, we want a realistic feeling.”

I am not sure what else they talked about, because I had to get back to work.

Hmmm. The knife scenes seemed great to me. I loved the clash of the blade in a good knife fight. I couldn’t imagine what this new expert found unrealistic about the scenes.

I am sure I would see....



3

Keith: Blur, let me stop you for a moment. Is this second expert we are about to meet the person who taught you? Is he the true master of the blade?

Blur: Yes, to both questions. This is the guy who eventually became my teacher and mentor.

Keith: Care to share his name?

(Blur Smiles)

Blur: Now, I haven't given you the name of the actor who was studying the knife technique. Neither have I given you the director's name nor the name of the film. I

avoided telling you the name of the first knife expert. So, I am certainly not going to reveal the identity of my mentor — a modest man who prefers to remain anonymous.

Guess what! *Blur Smith* isn't even my real name. I am just using it for this interview. I go by a different name on the Net. It's not important for readers to learn everyone's name, in order to learn some important knife fighting principles. Wouldn't you agree?

Keith: I guess the true identities of these *super heroes* will remain mysteries to us all. Do go on with your story, please.

The Next Day

The next day, I finished all of my work by 11 am. I clocked out, and was ready to listen. I was feeling guilty about hanging around, so I checked with my supervisor. She said that as long as I clocked out and didn't get in anyone's way, she didn't see any reason why I couldn't hang out and watch.

So, I took my position on the box, in the shadows.

The teacher had a close-shaved gray/white beard. He was on the thin side. He wore jeans and a black turtle-neck. In fact, the only way I could tell he was the teacher was that he held some practice knives and some safety glasses.

“I took a look at the raw footage of your knife fighting scene. You both seem very coordinated, which is good. It will make teaching you all that much easier.”

The teacher continued, “On the other hand, the scenes look devoid of any life. They appear mechanical — contrived. I don’t think the fight scenes will convince the audience. The scenes lack a certain spontaneous feeling. They are almost like a Chinese martial arts film — move, counter, move, counter.

“I wonder who choreographed that footage.”

The actor muttered the name of the previous instructor.

“Ahh. I see,” said the new teacher. “Now, it makes perfect sense. I wonder if he is still selling his knife fighting videos.”

I immediately liked the relaxed manner of this new teacher. He didn’t have the precise, stiff movements that I associated with martial artists. He moved with ease. Everything about him suggested a relaxed, easy-going man.

He tossed the star and the villain each a practice knife. Then he tossed each of them a pair of safety glasses. It looked as though the star might protest wearing goggles, but then he saw the teacher don his own pair.

The teacher taught them what he called a basic Slash and Thrust exercise. After modeling proper technique, he let the two practice on their own.

The teacher watched as they stabbed and countered. All with more freedom of movement in the first five minutes than they had exhibited in the whole week before, with the video expert.

As the teacher watched, he backed up to the sidelines.

I heard him in a loud whisper ask to nobody in particular, "Why were you so impressed with the other knife fighting sequences?"

I continued to watch the star and the other actor (the villain) practice. The constant flow of the fight held me mesmerized.

"Why were you so impressed with the other knife fighting sequences?" He asked again.

All of a sudden, I realized ... he was talking to me!

How had he seen me. I stayed well-hidden in the shadows. This guy wasn't even looking in my direction.

I guess I had to say something. "I thought the clash of the blades was super impressive. They were so good, that it took about 20-30 clashes of the blade, before someone got in. That's awesome."

Blur: I am not sure if I actually said awesome. But the conversation went something like that.

"You like all that flash and sound, eh? 20-30 blocks to a hit is great, you think?" The expert turned his head and looked at me.

"Yes, I do," I responded.

The teacher swiveled his head to face the pair practicing. He paused in silence for a minute. Then he asked, "What if I were to tell you that I was appalled that they were so sloppy? How could it take 20-30 tries to cut your target? It should only take one."

He continued on. He answered his own question, "I suppose a one-move knife fight wouldn't look very good on film, would it? We need to keep the fight going. But not at the complete loss of realism. No clankity-clank of blades, OK?"

I am not sure he needed my approval for anything.

The teacher continued to teach them a more realistic and flowing type of knife fighting. To accommodate the movie, he had them slash each others' sleeves and coats, not quite slicing skin.

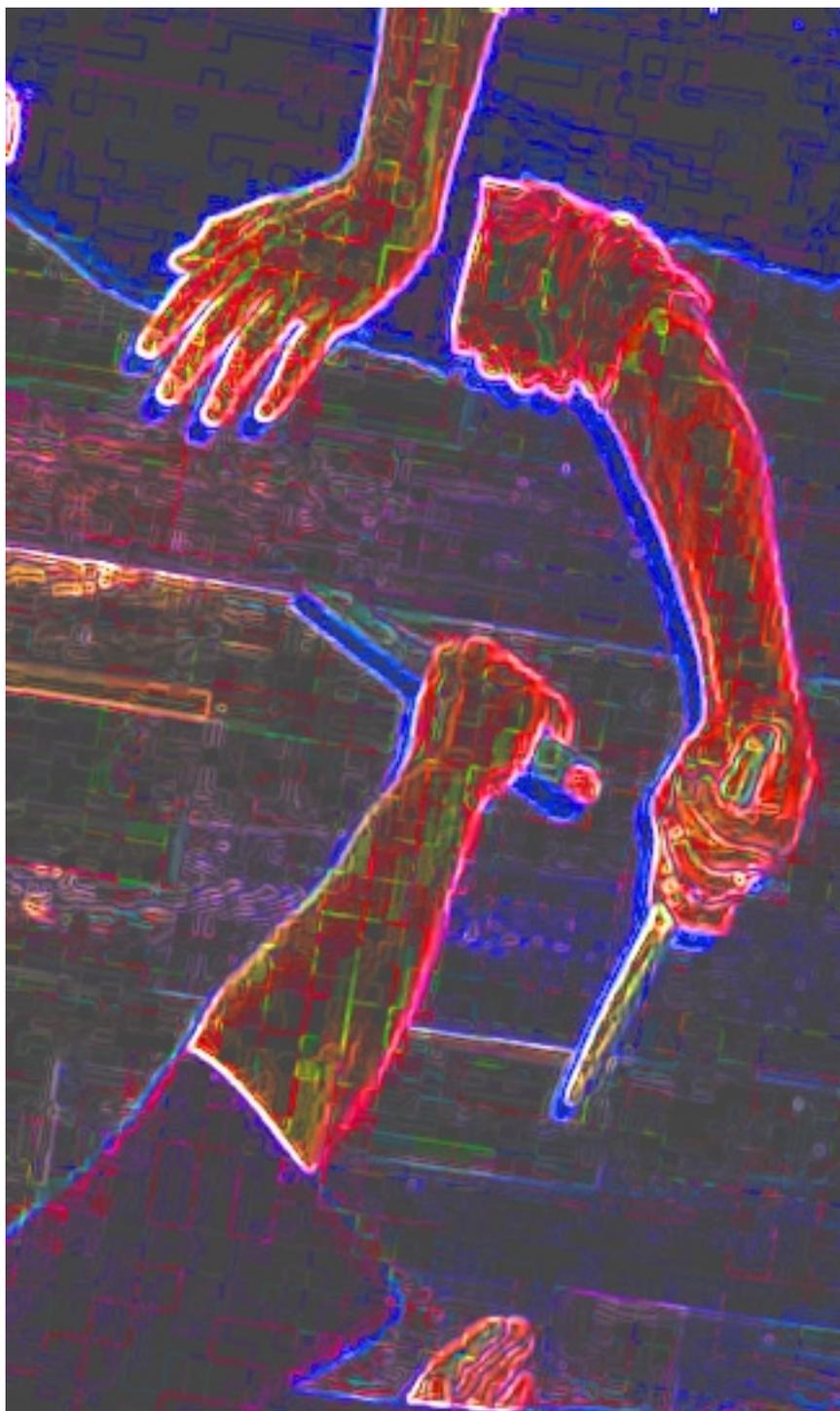
He bent the truth in one other area for the sake of the movie, but I'll get to that in a bit.

After the actors decided to break, the teacher made his way over to me again. He asked me, "What are you doing for lunch?"

Never in my wildest dreams would I guess that he wanted to eat with me. I couldn't figure out why. Why would he want to talk to a teen, when he could be rubbing elbows with some very famous actors?

Anyway, I accepted his invitation. He bought me a sandwich, and we sat on some bleachers of an unused set.

After he finished a bite of his sandwich, he asked, "How would you like a private knife fighting lesson?"



4

That may have been the best turkey sandwich of my life.

We sat on the bleachers, and we talked.

That lesson was the beginning of my mentor teaching me to think for myself....

“He said to me between mouthfuls, “You don’t have to have a formal teacher to learn to knife fight. Sure, it’s easier with a teacher, but not 100% necessary.”

I thought he was about to tell me not to ask him for tips on how to knife fight.

The knife fighting teacher continued, “For example, you can make observations about knife fighting that you see but don’t participate in. How much of the other scenes and practice did you watch?”

“Almost all of it,” I answered.

“And you seemed to like the clash of metal. I told you how inefficient that type of fighting seemed to me. Tell me why I am right.”

I didn’t think he was right. So, I told him, “It takes a lot of precision to be able to strike with the accuracy to hit the blade.”

He started to laugh, “I think you have your goals mixed up. You are confusing the actors’ goal with the protagonist’s and the villain’s, in the movie.

“The actors try to hit the blades. It makes a resounding noise. It looks flashy. It prolongs the knife fight. The problem is that it looks like they are aiming for the blades.

“The goal of the characters in the movie is to do each other harm — not to hurt each other’s knife.

“But they are trying to cut each other. The clank of the knife is the block,” I said.

The teacher finished his last bite of sandwich before he continued, “Unfortunately, these actors aren’t convincing anyone of their sincerity to cut. I promise you — in the raw footage, it looked like they were just going through the motions. You could see them aim for the blade.

“I am giving them exercises without set movements. They are actually reacting to each stab.

“This will lend a lot of realism to their fight scenes. Sure, we’ll bend the truth a bit, when I tell them to work there way over to a specific spot on the set or if I tell one of them to get more aggressive and force the other back. That’s how will stray from reality.

“But they will still free flow as they fight. That will add more realism than you can believe.”

“I have always wanted to defend myself. I carry a box knife with me on the job. Can you teach me to fight like that?” I asked.

He answered with a request. “You observed the knife fights from a couple of weeks ago. Make two observations about what was wrong with the way they were fighting and defending themselves.”

I thought in silence. He seemed content to wait. I thought some more. I finished my sandwich. Finally, I had an idea. “They cut themselves — I mean each other. It was by accident, but they did.”

“Go on,” said the teacher.

“Well, it seemed that they cut themselves when they missed blocking with the blade. And once the star cut himself when he accidentally blocked the knife thrust with a karate-type block with his arm.”

“Good,” said the teacher. “Both are very useful observations.”

“Then do they count as two?” I asked.

“Sure.” He chuckled. “I guess you have given yourself your first two points to ponder during this first lesson. “You discovered that it is too difficult to try to block a knife thrust on the blade with your own blade. Most likely, someone will get cut.”

“They seemed to have problems with the timing, or maybe it was the distance. Something. They had problems coordinating the actions.”

“Great point. They probably had problems with both timing and distance. As for your second observation, could we say that blocking a knife with your arm may not be the smartest move in the world?”

We both laughed.

Then the teacher got serious on me. “You know, you won’t have time for any type of blocking in a real knife fight. The encounter may last one second from the point of *first contact*.

It’s scary, but true. You have to be more direct than the other expert was advising.”

“So, what do I do?” I asked. “Is there any way for me to learn to protect myself with a knife?”

The teacher looked thoughtful. “I have a few suggestions for you....”



5

Keith: So, this really is how you were introduced to knife fighting. Fascinating. Did the teacher immediately share all of the secrets of the Orient with you? Did you learn a form of Krav Maga?

Blur: Yes, this was my first taste of knife fighting lessons. No, to all of the other questions.

Keith: You said that the teacher didn't teach you? If the teacher didn't agree to give you lessons, then how did you learn the skills necessary to become the world's best knife fighter?

Blur: I said he didn't *immediately* take me in as his pupil. Eventually, we did link up. But that's not how I began practicing....

As we walked back towards the building where the movie was being filmed, I continued to pester him about teaching me lessons.

Finally, he turned to me and said, "When's your next break?"

"I am done for the day," I said. "We could start Lesson Number Two , right now."

"He countered, "Well, I have to train the 'boys.' I think I am done at 3:30 pm. Meet me back at the bleachers."

The Next Lesson

At 3:25 pm , I arrived at the bleachers on the outdoor set. The teacher was already there. He held two pieces of fresh apple pie on paper plates. He offered me one.

As we sat there eating, he continued the discussion. We talked more about the dangers of applying standard, empty-hand martial-arts principles to knife fighting.

We discussed why some of the classical ways to defend with a knife were now antiquated. These archaic techniques wouldn't work in the modern-day world. They were all but useless on the street.

I sensed that he had to go soon, so I asked him, "I think we have just had a great discussion, but I need to learn specific techniques. I want to learn drills like what the

actors were practicing. Will you teach me what you are teaching them?"

"To be honest with you," He answered. "I don't have the time. I'll be on this set for only two more days, and most of my time is spoken for during filming and in the editing room.

"As soon as I finish here, I am due to fly off this Continent. It's not that I don't want to teach you. I have other obligations. I am sorry."

You can't believe how depressed I felt. My dream was created in a few hours and destroyed in a minute. I was crushed. What was I to do?

I sat there. I couldn't even finish my pie.

Finally, the teacher broke the silence. "I do know how you could go a long way toward training yourself to be a skilled knife fighter."

I lifted my head.

"There is a book that I don't tell very many people about. All of the drills and exercises you saw me teach today were taken from that book."

I almost pleaded, "Please don't tell me it's a very old book and it's out of print."

He laughed. "No, don't worry. It's new book, actually. I have been a knife fighter for many years, but this book

gave me some fresh exercises and new ways of looking at some of the techniques I already incorporate into my system.”

“That sounds great. What’s the name of the book, and where can I find it locally?”

The teacher held up his hand. “Not so fast. First of all, I am not sure if it is even available in bookstores yet. I bought it as an ebook.

“Before I reveal the name of this ebook, you have to promise me you’ll use this information for self-defense purposes only. The book is written for defense and not attack, but I still want that promise out of you. Do I have it?”

“You do. I promise,” I answered.

He continued. “This knowledge is a powerful tool. Almost a weapon. It will teach you to move your knife as if it were an extension of your body. You’ll become one with the blade.

“It may sound corny, but it’s true. The drills and exercises in the electronic book will teach you to respond automatically, without thought. Each response demonstrates efficiency and precision.

“And when I say precision, I am not talking about blade clashing against blade. I am referring to cutting, slicing, or stabbing with each and every response you make.”

“OK, what’s the name of the ebook, and where can I buy it?”

The teacher lowered his voice. I knew I was about to get something good. really good.

He said, "The ebook you are looking for is called [10 Days to Better Knife Fighting](#). You can find it at

<http://www.knifefightngbooks.com> ."

Stay Tuned...

In Part 2 of **Knife Fighting: The Lessons of Blur Smith** , Blur learns more exercises to improve his knife fighting skill, and you learn how Blur was able to practice every day *without* carrying a knife.