

The Anthology Of Sifu.
Colin Dunn.

PLEASE NOTE!

WHAT YOU'RE ABOUT TO READ IS THE TRUTH MENTIONED.

IN DETAIL BY ME THAT CHANGED MY LIFE.

IT MAY AFFECT YOU !

I HAVE WARNED YOU !

D.F.T.S.
Dunn Fu Tao System.

To the parents and students who have met me and to the one's who have not, I have been asked by Head Instructor: N.M.A.A. Geoff friend and student over 30 years to write this article on the system I have devised.

I Don't see Myself As A Martial Artist...

Or Think In This Way.

Or To Be..

RULED THAT WAY!

A Martial Artist Or a Military Person.

To Me ! Learn's By.

REPETITION OR BY MILITARY APPROACH.

BY THE BOOK OR CODE!

QUESTION YOURSELF TO UNDERSTAND THIS?

This is an opportunity for me to speak to you as well as for all students, junior to senior, to express themselves with their skills and for me to see their ability as a good student. This step in their lives will lead them to a better way of thinking, without ego, to learn and change their ways and see how they see themselves in the future. Some will have their own schools as instructors, others although given a chance will not. You must follow a path to care for others, but not by deception as this evil dwells in all of us. We must learn to control our anger as you have learnt to protect others and be a good person in all aspects. To show no anger and be in control of your emotions will come later in life, first you have to find peace of mind. It has taken me a long time to do this. You will travel this path first and when you are content with life, that will be your destiny.

It's time now for me to take you back to the 1950's. Some information in this article is personal but it needs to be mentioned for you to have a better understanding and to feel what it was like in those years. I am an Australian and was born in 1950. My mother is from Irish background and my father Asian. We lived in a suburb called Collingwood. It was a rough place. We did not have a proper toilet, an old tin can and a piece of wood was all we had for a seat and we had to walk way down the backyard to access the toilet. Life was tough in those days. School was a challenge, not looking like a westerner was the hardest part. Being an Eurasian or half caste was not easy in my growing up years.

The war had been over for many years but the struggle continued for many years later. My mother had to work night shift in a boot factory to support us. My father was uncaring, he took advantage of my mother's financial support and continuously brought his friends home or gambled throughout the night. Most often they would end up fighting amongst themselves. My sister who was six years old at that time would be sitting outside in the gutter crying. While other children my age would be in bed sleeping, I would spend hours comforting my sister and would eventually go to bed 1 .30am.

I would have to go to school the next morning, but not having had much sleep and age of 7, it was very tiring for me and sometimes

the school would send me home.. The teacher would blame my mother for not sending me to bed early.

At times during the day the police would visit my mother at home as neighbours had complained about noise the previous night, obviously caused by my father and friends fighting. Why should my mother be blamed for this? Once I mentioned to my mother what my father did while she worked night shift which resulted in my parents not speaking for weeks and my father would beat me often. The walls of the house were thin and the sounds were carried across and the neighbours would call the police. The police were tired of having to go back and forth so often and eventually stopped coming. The gambling continued while my mother worked.

My father worked sometimes in his restaurant. If he did not lose the money he earned on gambling my mother would have been able to stay at home and look after us. He was too greedy and did not care about us. I hated him for doing this. My mother once told me "we do not need his money or his friends". The only person who did care for us was my uncle. He was different and he would make sure I attended school which made my mother happy.

Going to school did nothing good for me. I was picked on and bullied and the teachers would do nothing to help. I was on my own and if someone did help me it was always an outsider. My mother did not like what was happening in school and questioned them as to why I was picked on and bullied. The school would say it was all done in fun. My mother pleaded with my father to do something but he didn't.

I was not a fighter and could not hurt anyone and so the bullying continued. My father would take me out of class and I got smacked at home. My mother would take me back to school and I would get picked on. If I was not smacked then it was the bullying and I would end up with badly bruised cut bleeding it never seem to end..

For years this went on and my parents continued yelling at each other, my father constantly walking out and my mother always crying. I was glad my sister did not have to go through all this. The pain and suffering would have been too much for her..

My mother sent her to some close friends to be looked after. These friends would do anything for my mother and my sister was in good care.

Now I will take you back to a day when I was punished by my father my uncle gave me a small bottle of coke which cost about 6 pence at that time. I recall my father not being in his restaurant. I was thirsty and asked my uncle for a drink, he gave me the bottle of coke. My father walked in and went into a rage. He snatched the bottle from my hand which nearly broke my fingers. Uncle Quay tried to tell my father not to blame your son as it was not his fault but my father would not listen. My uncle worked with my father

In the restaurant and they had been good friends for a long time. My father was so angry he told my uncle who argue with him to leave the restaurant and my uncle left.

It was my turn now for the punishment. My father made me sweep the floor in the kitchen with a broom that I could hardly push along. My father placed a bucket of hot water in front of me (hot water was to soften the skin of the chooks) and I was sent to the backyard to pluck the feathers off some chooks, The floating feathers in the water and the horrible smell would make anyone feel sick. I was crying while doing this and was bitten by insects in the process. When I finished what I was told to do it was about 3.45 am. All this time my father was gambling in the restaurant, I could hear their voices from the window, the door was locked and I could not get in, I tried knocking over and over again but they were making too much noise and could not hear me knocking. I fell asleep outside.

I did not go to school the next day and my father took me into the city where he gambled in what they called "Opium Dens". Due to lack of sleep I would start to feel drowsy and that's when he would hit me. If

he lost his money he would hit me again. When we got back to the restaurant he started throwing things around in a temper – pots, pans, food would be all over the floor. When he was in a rage it scared me. He made me clean up the mess in the kitchen while he would listen to the radio and check how his horse race fared. If he lost I knew where to hide. My mother once told me "your father likes to gamble but he is a bad loser".

On and off my mother told me things about my father. Much later when I was growing up my mother told me that my father tried to sell me when we were all on board the ship travelling to China. I was about 11 months of age at that time. Fortunately (for me and for some of you) my mother prevented this happening.

I question this in my head many times over.

To bring a son into this world.

And show no love towards him!

When I was born he was very pleased.

To have had a boy he even gave me a Chinese name.

Given by closes friends in the restaurant.

They worked for my father for many year's they could see.

How happy he was.

WHAT MADE HIM CHANGE?

I FOUND OUT MORE ABOUT MY FATHER.

FROM MY UNCLE.

MANY YEARS LATER.

THIS MUST HAVE BEEN PAINFUL FOR HIM.

TO TELL ME ABOUT MY FATHER.

I WAS AGE 14.YEARS OLD.

MY MOTHER TOLD ME MONTH'S LATER...

UNCLE HAD HAD TAKEN HIS OWN LIFE...

TO THIS DAYWHY?

WHAT MY UNCLE TOLD ME!

MY FATHER COULD NOT ACCEPT ME AS HIS SON.

BECAUSE I WAS NOT SEEN IN HIS EYES AS BEEN.

FULL CHINESE.

DID HE BLAME MY MOTHER FOR THIS?

THIS HATERED OF MINE WILL NEVER GO AWAY.

SOMETIME'S I BRING THIS TO SURFACE !

I WILL CONTINUE.....

My mother decided it was time for us to move from Collingwood to a suburb called Prahran. It was a house with an outside toilet that had a chain to pull for flushing but no tin can and no piece of wood to sit on. My father was not happy about the move to Prahran therefore he did not spend much time with us.

I was now 10 years old. It was freedom in a way, not having my father around. I met new people and made some friends. One day I came across a youth club called The Try Boys Youth Club and I wanted to see for myself what it was like inside. To my amazement it was a boxing ring. I pondered a while to learn about boxing, it cost about 1/6d or 2/6d to learn nothing that made no sense to me. I would come out sore, bruised, swollen faced, headache and sounds ringing in my ears. One day my uncle arrived at our house and saw me with my swollen face and bruises. He said to me "who did this to you". I told him I was learning to box. He laughed "is this how you protect yourself". My uncle said that size was not important but it is how I see myself in what I do. In my mind I did not understand and thought "who cares". He asked me to show him boxing. I threw a few punches in the air, he just walked away and left me. I kept up with the so called lessons.

I came home one day to see a stranger living in the bungalow at the back of our house. My mother said he was my older brother and his name was Dicky. He would have been in his 20's. Things at home began to change. My sister returned home which made my mother and I very happy. One day my older brother was in the backyard and I was around the other side of the bungalow throwing punches in the air, he came up to me and said "What are you

doing"? I replied "boxing". "Try and hit me" he said to which I answered "No".. So he hit me instead right in the face with a closed fist. I stopped going near him for some time. After that I caught him throwing punches in the air.

Watching my brother throwing punches was like seeing Movietone New Reels, some of the greatest fights of all time. I lost my fear of him and walked up to him and said "teach me". He replied "yes, I will teach you but only in the correct way of boxing. You must learn what it is like to hit an object like hitting a body, no more hitting at nothing."

THE TERM FOR THIS IN BOXING IS CALLED.

SHADOW BOXING.

My brother made up a bag like the type used for carrying coal. He filled this bag with split wood which was wrapped in old rags and then tied the end with rope in order to hang it from the roof of the shed.

He would throw punches at the bag. I remember my first punch at the bag, it just did not move, but I did, jumping around holding a painful swollen hand! How my brother laughed. So did I, but in pain. He made me work at the bag day and night, harder and harder and faster and faster. The pain was terrible in my wrist but I continued. I noticed the bag started to move for the first time in weeks by this time it had toughened my hands.

My brother taught me about balance, footwork, timing, distance fighting, combination in fighting endurance and a lot more. I would come home from school and go straight into working on the bag. He pointed out some dangers to me "when you hit that bag, untie it and check if the rags have slipped off the wood. If you don't do this you could damage your hands for life".. I would remember everything he taught me and I began reading books on boxing and other forms of fighting around the world. I became a member of a library. I returned home one day from school to find my brother not at home. I inquired from my mother as to where my brother was. "Sad news" my mother told me my brother has gone but will be back one day to see us".. She told me that I was the man of the house from now on. I have a deep respect for my brother for what he taught me and I will never forget him.

Many months passed. To my surprise my uncle mentioned that my father was overseas and will be back in Australia soon. Did I care? No! I said to myself and kept repeating this in my head. I mentioned this to my uncle who was very surprised to hear me say that and went back into the house. I returned to doing what I like doing best, hitting the bag! I even dreamt about it in my sleep. One time I woke up around 3am, got out of bed, went to the shed and started hitting the bag. There was enough moonlight to see what I was doing, but the shed shook, and the noise made the dogs bark and lights would be turned on. My mother could not hear anything as her room was at the front of the house. However, I was not going to take a chance and returned to bed quickly.

In school one day, someone pushed me. As his hand touched me, I leaned to my left and let go with a right body punch into his stomach. He went down dragging his head on my chest. I had never seen a body go limp like that. Both his legs gave way on him and he hit the ground damaging both knee caps. I did not think I could cause an injury like that and was very shaken after what happened.

Do all of you remember the word EGO? It gives you this power of strength and the biggest head to go with it, like as if the devil himself has given you a pat on the back. This evil we must learn to control. If YOU don't take control, it will destroy you as a human being which is like selling yourself to the devil. I learnt the hard way. I became an evil person. and did not learn anything from hurting that person. My EGO or big head got the better of me.

In school they kept out of my way. I knew I was feared and I felt like a king or a ruler. There was a boy I wanted to fight with but it was over nothing. He was bigger than me but my Ego told me I had the power to overcome my enemy. All my classmates were around me like a moths to a candle light. Even before the fight started my opponent was scared, as we stood there he could not look me in the eyes. For one split second I glanced at my classmates with the biggest grin on my face as if to say " how good am I"? "Do you know the price for having such an ego"? I did not see a thing

All I know is that I woke up looking at the sky. I was left alone in the lane way. My ego was destroyed. I was glad this happened to me

as it taught me a very valuable lesson. Because of my ego or big head, I did not think he would have a go at me, least of all win. What was the reason he won? He was fighting for his life, whilst I was not being serious enough with him and driven by ego. I want you all to remember this lesson. If you learn while you are young it will be a good start for you in life because the price of having an ego is not worth the pain. I paid the price and learnt from it when I was young. If any of you say to me you do not have an ego then you are fooling yourself. We all have to challenge this ego sometimes in our lives. From that particular day, I started thinking about it and I despised myself for what I had become. I vowed I would never let it happen again and if I met this same boy tomorrow there would be no hostility towards him.

**REMEMBER: KNOW YOUR JUSTIFICATION.
 TO YOUR REACTION.
 IN A COURT OF LAW.
 THE LAW IS NOT ALWAYS ON YOUR SIDE !!**

My uncle called in to see the family , I was asked to go outside and he was talking to my mother for a while. Later my uncle came out to see what I was doing, I had just finished working on the bag. My uncle asked me to sit down and have a talk with him. He asked "are you keeping up with your boxing lessons?" to which I replied "yes". He said "you are young and it is the best time to learn about yourself. Seek to find this out while you are young and with ambition".

My uncle gave me this start in life. I will write down more about my uncle and his teachings and go deeper into the method of training that I undertook. Now, you know a little bit more about me,

TO BE CONTINUED....

Thank You.

Sifu Colin Dunn.