

Kazuo Kokubo

Contributed by Robert Lile
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I entered the Kansai University in 1948. The scars were still left from the war and our entire a to survive the turmoils of the post-war period. We revived the karate club of my university and invited master Kenwa Mabuni to instruct us. I was also allowed to enter the headquarters in Osaka. The training focused on learning traditional arts. Kenwa Mabuni taught us in his own unique way. I remember how the karate suits were worn to It was difficult to obtain food and our physical strength was low. But we continued training in karate was zeal, even when we felt ready to collapse. The school was in the house of Kenwa Mabuni. The place was full of dust since trained on upside-down tatami and the floor was shaky. Master Mabuni wore an anti-air raid hood and a mask w teaching us karate.

We ate to live. This was uppermost in those days. We practiced karate and literally ate rice gruel. We also went Shiragi in Nara for a 5-day training camp with master Mabuni. We all brought some food: rice, meat, vegetables, etc. dearly remember the interesting stories master Mabuni told us about his training days in Okinawa, exchanges between masters of other Budo, the arts of ancient Budo and the episodes of his seniors and colleagues.