

Report on the
CHIEF INSTRUCTORS & INTERNATIONAL GASSHUKU
JAIPUR INDIA
5th OCTOBER TO 11th OCTOBER 2014

Where do you start on an event like this?

Three adventurous souls from NZ, Shaluka Mendis, Andrew Clarke (1st Kyu from Shukokai in Auckland) and yours truly, decided that attending a gasshuku in India was not exciting enough without adding some life threatening moments to it. What better way to threaten ones life than to saddle up on a 75 year old design motorcycle and ride around the congested streets of the Rajasthan district. Riding in India is a life changing experience, unfortunately it can be one that changes you from alive to dead pretty quickly. Riding in India is like roller coasting without a track but with more cows, monkeys, dogs and other wildlife.



After a three hour delay trying to get into India using the Visitor visa on arrival system (don't do it) we got to our pissed off taxi driver who promptly attempted to make up the 3 hours by driving at the speed of light down the highly congested streets of Delhi. We amazingly got to the bike shop in one piece and started the process of setting up our bikes. The proprietor there immediately says 'have you got everything you need i.e. sat nav etc... We all looked at each other and decided yes, some form of navigational system would have been useful even if it was just some road map Oops.

Well we made it out of Delhi thanks to the navigational and memory skills of Mrs Mendis. Both Andy and myself muttering away that we would still be stuck in Delhi if it was just the two of us (we were still muttering that a week later). We drove down to Agra to see the Taj Mahal, quite a nice place really, but I won't dwell on this as this is a karate write up. We then drove from Agra to Alwar, a journey according to Google maps of 166 km taking

approximately 2 hours 42 minutes to complete, which we managed in the reasonably respectable time of slightly over 8 hours.

We then rode down to Sariska National Park to see the Tigers, which of course there were none, oh well I guess they had 8 hours instead of three to hide from us. Then we set off for Jaipur and the karate camp, yep I'm getting there.

I have to say the camp was one of the most enjoyable ones I have attended. The quality of the instruction was excellent, as always. The program was not overly arduous but enough to work you and still take it in. We stopped at 2pm everyday and had a stunning buffet lunch and then around 3 took off for some arranged sightseeing, oh so civilised.

Each day started with a group training to warm us up with a guest instructor taking us through our paces each time. Then 'as we had enough bodies' we divided up into our grade groupings. This is always great as you can focus on your own level work. Although I must add Sensei Higaonna was not impressed with our Gekisai Dai Ichi and made us do rather a lot of Mou ichido. The Yon Dan that could not tie her belt properly did nothing to improve sensei's mood mind you.

We were lucky enough to have had Sensei Higaonna drill us on Gekisai Dai Ichi, Sensei Nakamura to run us through Sepai and Kururunfa, Sensei Molyneaux to take us through Shisochin and some kumite drills, Sensei Larsen to take us through Seiyunchin and karkie drills. These drills involved rolling from one move to a block for that move to third movement, great flow drills. Sensei Nunes who took us through Saifa and a two man Saifa Rensoku bunkai. Sensei Mistry who took us through Sanchin kata with lots of detail on what the breathing meant and how it affects our body.

The focus of the camp for us Yon Dans was clearly aimed at ensuring the finer points of each kata were drilled into us. Breathing, hand movements, stances and focus were clearly laid out and explained to us.

I don't think I have ever had a camp that has gone so quickly. Although I was tired at the end of it I was also very charged up. I can honestly say that the majority of what we were shown during the camp was what we are teaching here in New Zealand. Very little was presented that I felt I was hearing for the first time which I believe reinforces that we are moving in the right direction here in Gods own.



The Sayonara party was just magical. It was held in an old Maharaja palace that had been taken over by some hotel group and restored to its former glory. Boys all received turbans and girls all received a host of bracelets on entry. The food was fantastic the night magical and all in the most lovely temperature and tranquil ambiance.



We were sad to leave Jaipur and our 'Best Little Marigold Hotel' with its lack of hot water, constant construction and copious amounts of cheap Kingfisher beer but the bike trip had to continue but that my friends is another report 'maybe'.

