

## SPORTS

# An Anthropologist in the Bleachers: Cheering a Japanese Baseball Team

By William W. Kelly

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About 15 minutes by train west of the city center of Osaka in Nishinomiya, Hyôgo Prefecture, is the most famous baseball stadium in Japan, Kôshien. Yankee Stadium may be known as “the House that Ruth Built,” but Japanese fans know Kôshien as the House that Ruth Played In. It was the only real baseball stadium in Japan at the time of Babe Ruth’s barnstorming tour of the country in 1934. Kôshien’s origins go back 10 years before that. It was built and opened in 1924 as Asia’s largest stadium, an iron-and-concrete colossus that seated almost 50,000.

Amidst the burgeoning metropolitan mass culture of the 1920s, Kôshien drew immediate national attention for its flush toilets, its vendor food, and the national middle school baseball tournaments held each spring and summer. Flush toilets were still rare at the time, and they impressed and scared spectators and players coming from all parts of the country. Visitors were also immediately taken by what the concession stands sold as Kôshien “coffee and curry rice.” Curry rice was made at home, but its preparations were lengthy, and there was a boom in this menu at the stadium and in restaurants. During the school tournaments, upward of 15,000 coffee and curry rice meals were sold daily.

Baseball was already the most popular spectator sport in Japan at the time of Kôshien’s opening. It had first developed as a club sport in the late 19th century at the elite higher schools and early universities—of particular note were the clubs of First Higher School and of Waseda and Keio universities. By the early 20th century it spread to middle schools across the country. National middle school tournaments were begun by the two major rival newspapers, *Asahi Shimbun* in 1915 and *Mainichi Shimbun* in 1924, and it was their fast-growing popularity that encouraged the Hanshin Electric Railway Co. to join them in sponsoring the construction of Kôshien, midway along its single trunk line between Osaka and Kobe.

Today the stadium is still owned by Hanshin Electric Railway, and it remains the sacred site of amateur baseball as the home to the national high school tournaments held in spring and summer. Kôshien is also home to the company’s professional baseball team, the Hanshin Tigers, which was organized for the inaugural professional season in 1936, two years after Babe Ruth’s visit. Named after the Detroit Tigers, and no doubt familiar to any student of Japan, the Hanshin Tigers and their arch-rivals, the Yomiuri Giants in Tokyo, are the twin poles defining the force field of the Central League. Until a decade ago, there were four professional teams in the Kansai region, all owned by private railroad companies—the Tigers, the Hankyu Braves, the Nankai Hawks and the Kintetsu Buffaloes. Nankai’s team was sold to retailing group The Daiiei Inc. in 1988 and

moved to Fukuoka, and Hankyu sold its Braves to Orix Corp., a leasing company, a year later; the latter team remains in Kobe as the Orix BlueWave. Kintetsu has a far larger rail network than Hanshin, and the BlueWave, with superstar Ichirō, won the Japan Series in 1996. Despite their mediocre record (only one Japan Series in the postwar half-century), the Tigers remain the overwhelming sentimental favorite in the region.

Orix plays in the aptly named Green Stadium, a spacious suburban ballpark west of Kobe, and Kintetsu moved this year into the just-completed Osaka Dome, a city-center extravaganza ringed with shopping and entertainment arcades. Kōshien remains little changed over seven decades of use. Additional seating was built along the first and third base lines in 1929—so steep they were tagged the “Alps” sections. But otherwise, its ivy-covered brick walls, the still natural grass outfield, the open wooden press box behind home plate and the dingy locker rooms all sustain an aura of timelessness and keep vivid the memories of past contests, amateur and professional.

When you get off the train at Kōshien Station and walk across the plaza, the stadium looms, impressive despite the construction of an elevated expressway that cuts off some of your sight line. You immediately face the ticket windows, where you can pay from ¥2,200 to ¥3,500 to enter one of the several infield seating sections. If, instead, you walk around the outside of the stadium to a smaller shed in the back, you can buy a ¥1,400 ticket to the unreserved outfield bleachers and make your way by a separate rear entrance to a very different part of the stadium.

This is the realm of the Hanshin Tiger *ōendan* (fan clubs), which fill the right field stands and spill over into the left field stands and into the right field Alps seats. Tiger paraphernalia and motifs are everywhere. It is a throbbing sea of yellow and black face paint, of Tiger *happi* coats, Tiger uniform shirts and jerseys and headbands. It seems as if everyone is wearing a Hanshin baseball cap and beating together a pair of miniature plastic baseball bats to accompany their lusty chants.

I have spent a lot of time out there in the last two summers as part of a study of baseball in the Kansai region. Over the years, Japanese baseball has lent itself easily to a litany of stereotypic images, familiar to many readers: grueling overpractice, abject obedience to coaches and managers, timid strategies, abiding prejudice against foreign players. There is enough truth to each of these to explain their durability and popularity, but like most exaggerated images, they capture poorly the variety in the game and its considerable changes over a long history in Japan. This variety and this history are well illustrated by the distinctive features of the Kansai area teams.

Stereotypes extend to the fans as well, who tend to be dismissed as hysterical groupies, slavishly following their team through maniacal and monotonous collective cheering. Even one of the most astute commentators of the game, Robert Whiting, has portrayed the Japanese fan coming out to the ballpark and quickly shedding “his traditional restraint”: “Spurred on by energetic cheerleaders, and the pounding rhythm of *taiko* drums, horns, whistles, and other noisemakers, he becomes a veritable wildman, yelling and screaming nonstop for nine solid innings” (*You Gotta Have Wa*, New York: Macmillan Publishing Co., 1989, 114).

This may be an understandable initial impression. The raucous noise and swaying bodies may well remind an American visitor less of New York Yankees baseball than of the frenzied college crowds at a Big Ten college football game. But

on closer observation and after extended conversations with fan club members, stadium personnel and others in the baseball world, it is clear that there is more to Kôshien cheering than first assaults the ears. I'd like to offer here four propositions about these clubs, which help us understand some of the qualities of baseball in Kansai and of the nature of modern fans more generally. They may also help to orient any reader who might turn up in the bleachers.

### **It's Not All 'Kattobase!'**

The first impression for a visitor to the Kôshien outfield would likely be that all this constant cheering is not only excruciatingly loud but also exceedingly monotonous. All they seem to be chanting, over and over, to a thumping percussive beat, is "*Kattobase! Ya-ma-da*," "Let it rip! Yamada" or "*Kattobase! Hi-ya-ma*," or Shi-n-jô, or whichever player is at bat. However, listening a bit more closely, you begin to discern small differences, in the lyrics and the beat. Each starting player or regular substitute has his own "hitting march," (there is a generic hitting march for others), and cheering, fundamentally, is singing a version of the hitting march of whoever is up to bat with a "kattobase" refrain. Here, for example, are the hitting marches for right-fielder Hiyama Shinjirô, and catcher Yamada Katsuhiko:

The game rides on the swing of your bat;  
Hit it with all your might;  
Nobody can stop you;  
Run, Hiyama, Run!

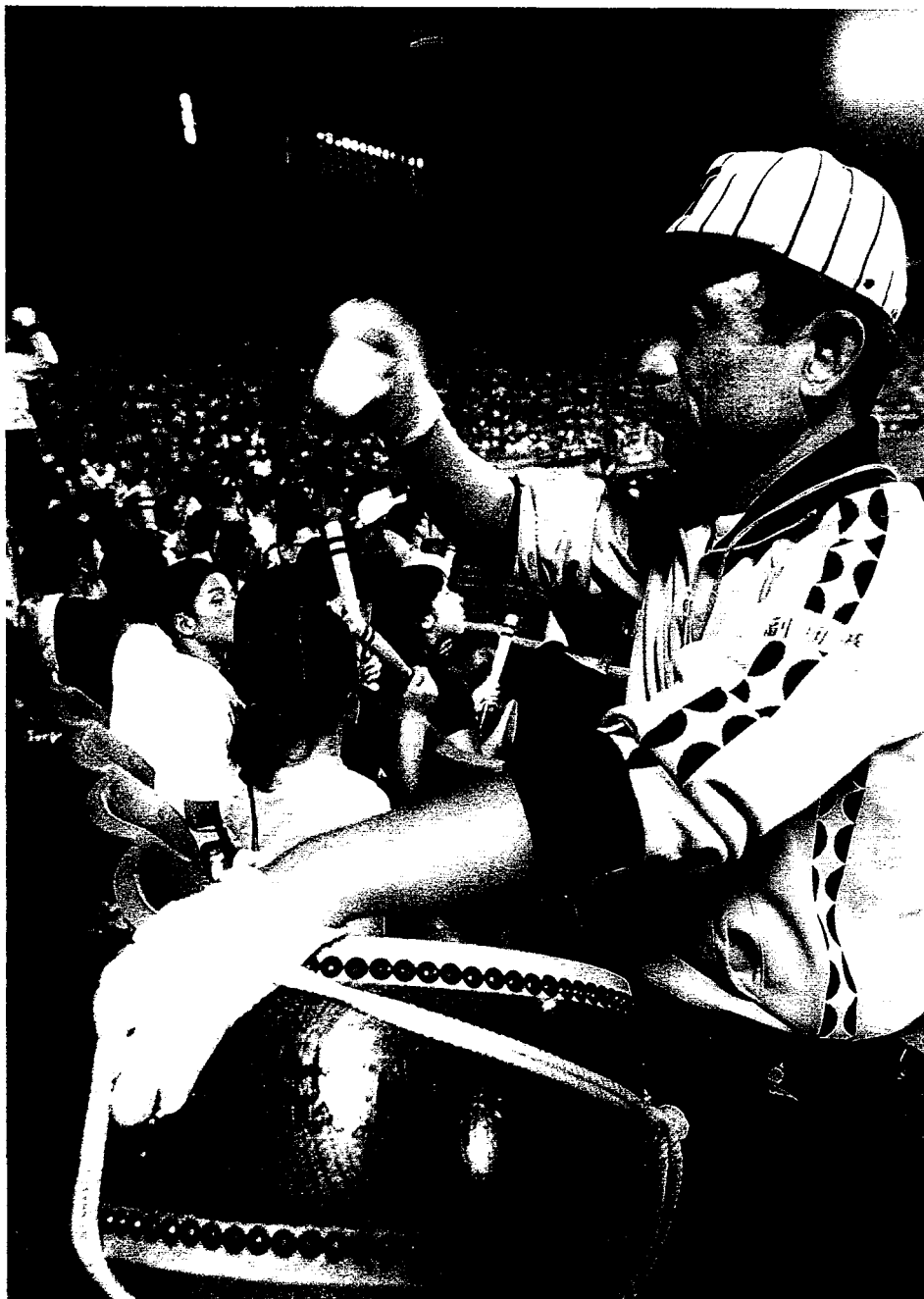
Home plate is all yours to defend;  
Show us again your strong arm.  
It's you, Yamada;  
We count on you.

The hitting march cheer begins when the batter steps into the box and continues until his at-bat is finished—no matter how many pitches or foul balls. Then, if he reaches base safely, either by hitting or being walked, he is rewarded with another quick chant; if Hiyama, for example, has singled in a run, he will be greeted with "*Taimurii, taimurii Hi-ya-ma*" (*taimurii*, from timely, being a fabricated term for a clutch hit).

The chants are accompanied by a noisy choreography of trumpets, bugles, whistles, Japanese taiko drums, Western bass drums, flags, and banners. Each has a distinct location and orchestrated role—the taiko are below in the first row of seats, the trumpets and bass drums are played in the upper seats, and player banners are tied along the walkway between the lower and upper seating tiers. Rights to the banners, one per player, are held by individual fan clubs.

The larger routines also create a game pace. There are pregame chants and opening player name calls; in the middle of the "Lucky seventh" inning, when the Tigers come to bat, a spirited rendition of the Tigers fight song concludes with thousands of balloons (tagged "condom balloons" for their distinctive shape) are released; and at the end of victories, everyone stands to sing a cycle of the hitting marches and then the Tiger anthem, "*Rokkô Oroshi*," with a banzai

# Spurring on the Tigers At Kôshien Stadium



One of the vice-chiefs of a Tigers fan club strikes the beat for a cheer on a *taiko* drum in right-field stands at Kôshien Stadium

Asahi Shimbun



Asahi Shimbun

Tiger-crazy fans fill the stadium with noise and waving banners.



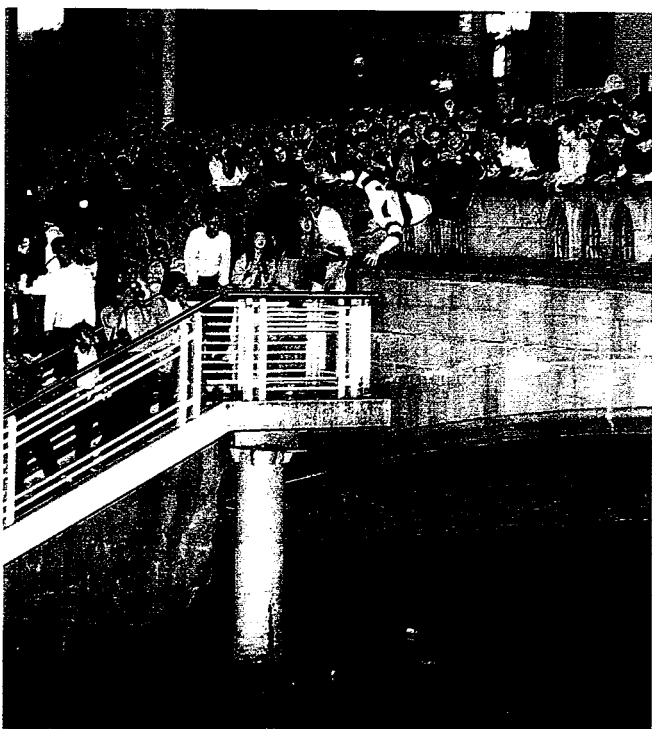
Asahi Shimbun

The bottom of the seventh inning is heralded by a flurry of thousands of whistling balloons that soar into the air over the Tigers stands.



Asahi Shimbun

Some Tigers fans wear Tigers *happi* coats and headgear and bang together plastic megaphones in the team colors.



Asahi Shimbun

The dead-heat 1992 season climaxed in an October demonstration of Tigers faith as some dejected fans hurled themselves into the Dôtombori River in Osaka after their pennant to the Yakult Swallows of Tokyo.

cheer. (*Rokkō* refers to the Rokkō mountains, which can be seen from the stadium. *Orosbi* is from *fuki orosu*, meaning winds that blow down from the mountains).

There is, then, a variegated choreography, a structured flow to fan club cheering—from batter to batter, through the innings, over the stretch of the game. I do not want to exaggerate the inventiveness or sophistication of this structured flow; it's not like following Bach's "Goldberg Variations" or the Paul Taylor Dance Company. But it does miss the intent and the effect of the outfield cheering to dismiss it as mindless, repetitive droning.

It is not difficult to see how this constant, collective chanting is a way of claiming an active role in the game. Sitting in bleachers 250 feet from the main action at home plate, it is near-impossible to follow the subtleties of pitching, to judge the close umpire calls, to hear the dugout chatter, or otherwise share the intensity of the game as those in the infield seats can. Cheering is a way of participating as "mood maker," a way of asserting a significance in the flow of events, even if from afar.

Indeed, there may be an even deeper structure to cheering. Takahashi Hidesato, an associate professor of physical education sociology at the Nara University of Education, has studied both Hiroshima Carp and Hanshin Tiger fan club cheering and suggests that the fundamental rhythmic pattern of these cheers is a three- or seven-beat reminiscent of agricultural song cycles that date to the medieval centuries and that represented appeals to the gods for fertility and harvests—in contrast to two-beat patterns found in chants and songs that were messages from the gods to the human world, such as the fire warnings ("*Hi-no-yôjin!*") called out with clappers by the night watchmen who made the rounds of urban neighborhoods. Symbolically then, the cheering is both for the players and to divine agents, in particular the goddess of victory.

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### **They Haven't Been Sitting There Forever**

The first-time visitor might note that apart from a few yellow-jacketed, white-gloved leaders down in front, there is an anonymous uniformity to the bleacher crowds. There is, however, a rather elaborate structuring of the fans, which has both deep historical resonance and some fairly recent organizational initiatives.

Well-known in the urban commoner society of the Edo period, especially from the Genroku Era (1688–1704) on, were the *teuchi renchû*, "hand-clapping clubs" from commoner neighborhoods, or fire squads or guild workers who organized around particular kabuki actors and sumo wrestlers and who exhibited their loyalties with color-coded scarves and seat cushions. These claques were celebrated for their precisely timed shouts and elaborate and distinctive hand-clapping routines whenever their actor or wrestler appeared—and castigated for their often violent encounters with rival clubs in the theaters, in the temple grounds on sumo days, or in the streets.

Baseball cheerleading origins, however, are as foreign as the sport. When the Waseda and Keio baseball clubs toured the United States in the early 20th century, they were so impressed with U.S. collegiate cheering (especially football) that they made extensive notes of the patterns and instruments, which they then introduced back home. Cheerleading became its own club activity, a flamboyant and disciplined display of school spirit that remains prominent today at the high school and university levels.

Professional teams, from the start of the first league in 1936, were sponsored and owned by major corporations. They faced a skeptical public, wary that playing for pay would sully the amateur ideal that it associated with school baseball. Thus the teams adopted a number of elements of school baseball in an effort to allay these suspicions. For promotion and support, most of the early clubs organized *kôenkai* (fan associations) which were often just employee groups given free tickets and encouraged to lend their voices to the company team. Flags, megaphones and cheer songs were used for color and cohesion, although records of the early decades indicate that most spectators were not part of organized groups.

Thus the lineage of fan support is long, but the current structure of Kôshien fan clubs emerged under some particular circumstances in the mid-1970s. The Yomiuri Giants' nine-year run as Japan champions from 1965-1973 (earning the title of the "V-9 Giants"), reinforced by other developments like double-digit economic growth, the spread of television, the proliferation of sports dailies, and the popularity of several baseball *manga*, had greatly broadened professional baseball's appeal to a national audience of viewers and readers. The Giants' star third-baseman, Nagashima Shigeo, was then the most popular figure in Japan. Nagashima is now the Giants' manager.

The stadiums themselves, however, especially the outfield bleachers frequented by the working class, remained rowdy places, not quite fit for prime-time television. Small clubs of ordinary fans shared the bleachers with bookies and gangsters. Betting was still common, and at least some fan support—and anger—focused on whether the team was making or not making the betting spread. Inebriation and fights were common, often between rival gambler groups. Incidents of spectators jumping out on to the field to accost umpires and players were not uncommon. I interviewed a number of people, now in their 70s and 80s, who were involved in initial efforts from 1974 on to create some regular cooperation among the ordinary fan groups at Kôshien, in what amounted to an effort to take back the stands from rowdies and gamblers, to widen the base of spectators, and to alter the participatory spirit.

The visitor looking at the front row near the foul line pole in the lower extreme right corner of the stands, in the middle of the row of yellow-jacketed club officials, will notice an elderly gentleman whose standing shout of "*Ikee!*" (Let's go!) starts each game's proceedings. This is Moritani Kazuo, who will turn 76 this year, and who has been in overall charge of outfield cheering for 12 years. He and several others worked for a number of years to build what is now called the Hanshin Taigâsu Shisetsu Ôendan, an alliance of the Private Hanshin Tiger Fan Clubs. And it has become a rather elaborate association. Its Tiger fan clubs stretch from Hokkaido to Okinawa, with more than 10,000 members in four branches and 40 clubs. There are more than 100 officers in parallel administrative and stadium hierarchies.

The former handle alliance organizational matters, and the latter orchestrate the Kôshien cheering. Moritani is general head of stadium affairs, assisted by two vice heads. Under them are a *danchô* (club head) and five *fuku-danchô* (vice-club heads), below which is a chief of cheerleaders, who in turn has 11 vice-chiefs, who finally supervise and evaluate the 66 leaders who do the actual cheerleading. (There are also officers and instrumentalists for the trumpet and drum brigades.)

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Even this does not exhaust the organizational map of the right field stands. There are many small fan clubs that remain outside this Private Fan Club alliance, 24 of whom joined together in 1989 as a second association, Chûko Rengo-kai (the Middle Tiger Club Association). And there are an estimated 200 other fan clubs throughout the country that belong to neither, although they usually cooperate with their efforts.

All of this has created a well-defined, if historically shallow, social ecology and procedural order. Cheerleading initiative is retained by the Shisetsu alliance, distinguishable by the yellow and black jackets of its members, who occupy the seats across the bottom rows. Shisetsu leaders and instrumentalists are licensed by the alliance officers, and meet and practice before each game in the grounds of the temple adjacent to Kôshien. Composition of the "hitting songs" is also a Shisetsu prerogative; they are usually drafted by several of its "music consultants," who are music professors at local universities. Clubs in the Chûko alliance occupy many of the seats along the walkway between the lower and upper tiers and certain left field bleachers and Alps sections; they and some Shisetsu clubs control the support banners for all regular players and the large flags that are waved from the upper tier. The flag-waving and all other elements of cheering comportment are worked out in meetings between the two associations and stadium officials.

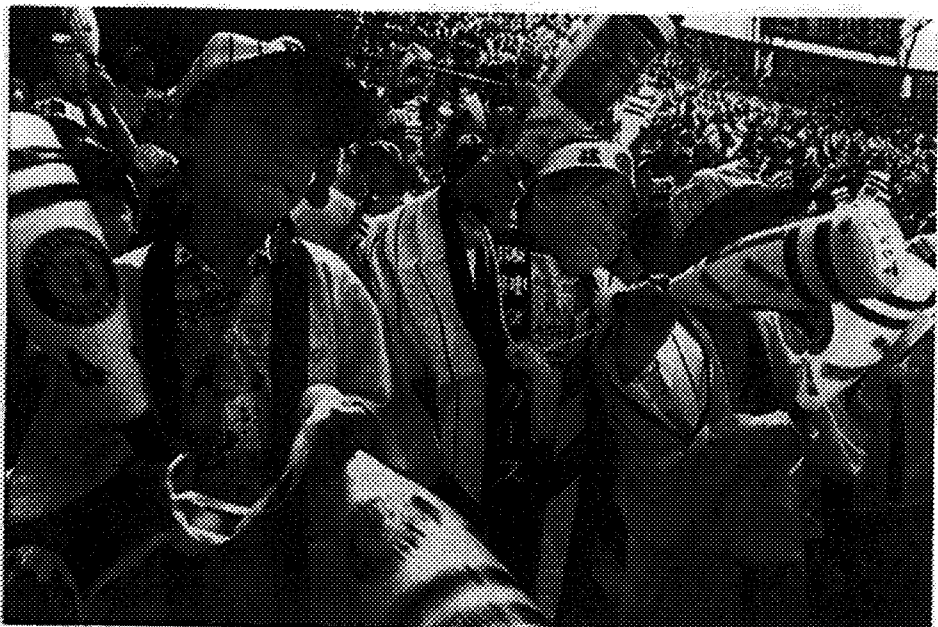
Thus, visitors looking around the area of the right field bleachers should be aware that there is rather complicated two-decade history of organizing that has created a complex social structure. It is ironic that while they are often criticized for a perceived rowdiness, the clubs were organized for precisely the opposite purpose—to bring some order and decorum to the outfield stands.

### **It's Not All Cheering**

In fact, what goes on in the right field stands is not nonstop chanting, but a pulsating rhythm of frenzy and calm. That is, a cardinal tenet of cheering is to cheer when your team is at bat, but not while it is in the field. There are "hitting marches," but no "fielding marches." Of course a good play is applauded, and groans and jeers can be elicited by an opposing team's home run. But when the visiting team is at bat, the cheering initiative shifts to the visiting team fans in the left field stands.

So what goes on while the team is in the field? Drinking and eating, of course: almost all games now are nighters, beginning at Kôshien at 6 P.M., and most people come right from work. There is also some prepping for the next at-bats. But mostly what goes on is schmoozing. Half the game—the top half of each inning—is spent talking, sharing news, chatting up fellow club members, visiting with other fan clubs, flirting, gossiping, making deals and so on. For many of the denizens of the bleachers, especially those from the small-business sector, fan clubs and baseball games are substitute activities for the hostess clubs and quasi-obligatory drinking that fill the watery evening zone between workplace and home.

Consider the Namitora-kai, a representative shisetsu club. Namitora currently has about 200 members, mostly in the main Kobe club but also in five branches in Kyoto, Okayama, Nagoya, Tokyo and Toyama. These are all places the Tigers play a couple of times in the season; this allows reciprocal hospitality and guaranteed seats. At Kôshien, the club purchases a 10-seat block of season tickets in addition to the seats purchased by individual members. Club officers occupy the seats and railings along a section of the middle walkway, where they have



Asahi Shimbun

Tigers fans start young in mastering the fine art of whacking megaphones together in time with a cheer.

responsibility for two players, Hiyama and Yamada, and have two trumpet players and a drummer. Also from a walkway perch, one of the experienced members waves a large club flag precariously low over the heads of spectators in the seats below.

The club's current executive officer, 50-year-old Fujita Kenji, is president of a small Kobe ship-repair parts company. Several of his 10 employees come to the game at his expense. Indeed, the company shuts down early about 50 times a year for evening games at Kôshien, and everyone piles into his mini-van for the one-hour drive to the stadium. Before entering, they stock up on food and drinks at their favorite local shops to carry in for their evening dinner and refreshment. Fujita pays the ¥7,000 nightly refreshment bill out of his own pocket.

Among the club members are a number of Fujita's business associates—from the air freight and trucking companies he uses and from other ship parts companies. Like many other fan clubs, Namitora-kai is a venue for maintaining business ties. This is especially so for the medium and small businesses that are the bulk of the Kansai economy, but large workplaces are also well represented. Just below Namitora is a block of seats for the fan club from the labor union of the Central Osaka Post Office, and to their side is group seating for a club from giant Mitsubishi Heavy Industries.

Not all Namitora-kai members are business-related. There is a young woman who teaches electric organ, a fellow who works for a janitorial service, a JR train conductor and some Osaka college kids. But all show up—and are expected to show up—regularly. If anyone misses 30 games or so in a season, they will be dropped from the rolls—and from the access to reserved seating, trips to away games and the several social events and club assemblies held throughout the year away from Kôshien.

While workplace groups predominate, neighborhood and other kinds of social networks are also bases for Tiger fan clubs. But whatever the principle of formation,

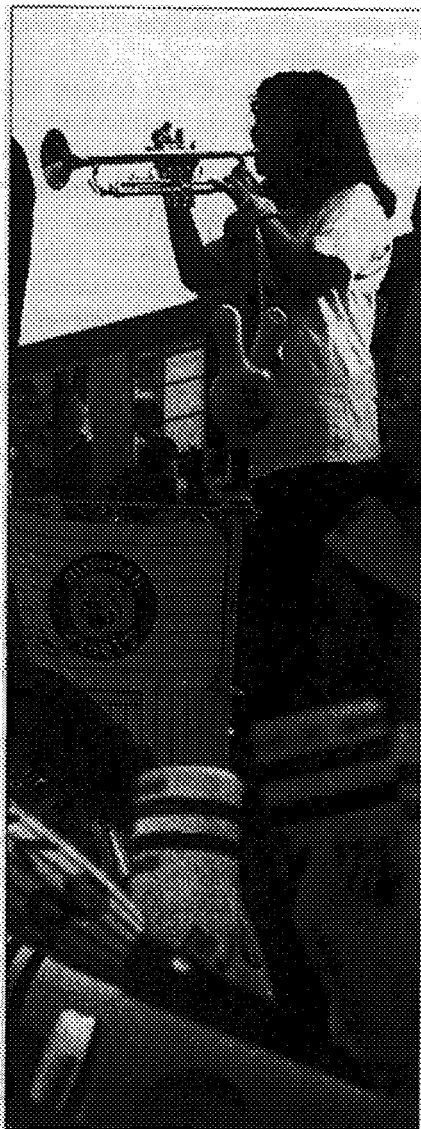
for these outfield fans, the coordinated high-energy emotion is equally as important as the quieter, routinized sociability in one of those times and places somewhere between work and home.

### Neither Insiders Nor Outsiders

Fans are by definition “fanatics”—maniacs (*mania* in Japanized English), and their mania is a schizoid condition. It expresses itself, on the one hand, in abiding devotion to their object of loyalty, even the most hapless of teams (a Tigers’ fan is *tora-kichi*, or Tiger-crazy). At the same time, and in apparent contradiction, fans are ever vigilant for any slip or mistake by the objects of their adulation, quick to criticize for any expectations not met. Tiger players, managers, and club officers have all been vulnerable to sudden swings of fan support. Fandom then is a peculiar combination of attachment and fickleness, of long-suffering patience and a demand for instant gratification. It makes one wonder just whose side the fans are on.

One must realize that what one sees in the right field stands is not only solidly organized but also proudly privately organized—hence the *shisetsu* title. The years have witnessed no little mutual antagonism between the fan clubs and Kôshien Stadium and the Tigers ball club. To be sure, there are some obvious converging interests. The fan clubs have sought and won certain concessions by the stadium, especially in shifting about 6,000 seats to a season-ticket basis and giving fan club members special access. For their part, the fan clubs provide intangible but essential color and background for stadium ambience and television and radio broadcasts.

But the potential for fan violence is never far below the surface, and fan club practices do not always reinforce the stadium company’s and the Hanshin club’s own marketing efforts to attract and appeal to audiences. The official promotion days, team mascots and scoreboard-led cheers get only a lukewarm reception from fan club members. In a real sense, the outfield sections are a separate territory, largely self-disciplined by the fan club alliance with only circumspect oversight by stadium guards. There are periodic meetings between fan club alliance leaders and stadium officials to discuss rules for banners, seating, flag-waving,



Asahi Shimbun

Chants from the outfield bleachers are enhanced by music from officially designated musicians such as this alpine trumpeter.

drinking and concessions. The baseball club refuses to get involved in any way with the fan clubs.

The small issue of beer coolers illustrates this tension. They are not allowed in the stadium. And yet, packed with cans of beer—and cans are not allowed either, their usefulness as projectiles having been demonstrated on more than one occasion—cooler after cooler is carried through the turnstiles right past the stadium guards and left in open display on the walkways to quench the thirst of the fan club officers and their guests. But so long as the association officials can control the drinking behavior, the stadium company silently concedes. It even sends an employee around as the game ends to bow and offer words of thanks to the head of each fan club “for their cooperation” that evening.

Such incidents represent a wary and at least four-way mutualism among the fan clubs, the rest of the stadium audience, the Kôshien stadium company and the Tigers baseball club. The fan clubs are neither insiders nor outsiders. Like anthropologists, perhaps, they are participants and observers in an ambivalent zone, more passionate and partisan than ordinary fans, but quick to assert their independence from the team itself.

### **Fanning the Flames of Mass Culture**

The noisy and colorful presence of fan clubs is certainly one of the key features that distinguish professional baseball in Japan from its older sibling in the United States. Yet one must be careful in appreciating the significance of this difference. First, it was not national character but local circumstances that prompted the shisetsu alliance at Kôshien. The efforts of Moritani and other founders are not attributed to an inevitable Japanese collectivist urge but to factors like the small-business character of the Osaka-area economy and the gambling that plagued Japanese professional baseball long after it had been largely rooted out of U.S. baseball. And in highlighting the outfield fan clubs, I have neglected the more numerous infield audience, who may add their voices at suspenseful moments and important games but who by and large behave rather like crowds at American ballparks. To them, as well, the fan clubs are a curious spectacle and something of a mystery. Finally, while absent from professional baseball in the United States, organized fan cheering is certainly a crucial and occasionally disruptive element of other Western sports, including American football and European and South American soccer.

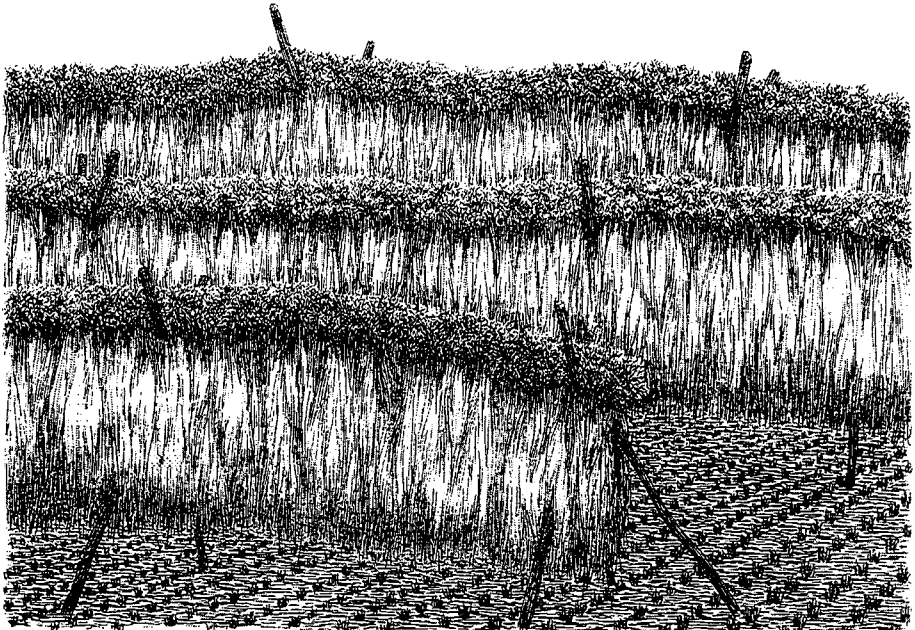
Organized fan clubs for professional baseball in Japan owe something to the sport's early development in schools and, more recently, to the efforts of the professional leagues to attain respectability and television audience share. Nonetheless, there are vast differences between the Central League and the Pacific League teams in terms of their fan clubs' scale, showmanship, volubility, internal organization and relations to the ball clubs. The particular structure and style of the Kôshien clubs is probably a function of the medium- and small-business character of the local economy and of the enormous emotional charge given the Tigers for symbolically bearing pride and determination of the Kansai region in its intense rivalry with the formidable concentrations of the Kantô region.

Rather than treating baseball fans in Japan as some obnoxious aberration of proper sports spectatorship, they might instead be seen as a distinctive variation on the central role of fandom in mass culture everywhere today. Modern societies

offer highly commercialized and “massified” forms of entertainment and leisure, and profit motives rather than performance standards more typically motivate the “Culture Industries” that produce what we watch and listen to. Japan, with its manga and pachinko and karaoke, is an exemplar and not an exception.

But it would be wrong to argue that mass culture only induces passivity and stultification. A cynical “bread and circuses” view of mass culture ignores the many ways that some viewers and readers and spectators creatively consume and actively reproduce. Out of audiences, whether at Kôshien or Takarazuka or video arcades, emerge some “fanatics” seeking intensified meaning and pleasure. Indeed, it is these fans who are the unstable center of mass culture, poised between the forces of production and the sites of reception. Fans, here in the form of the Kôshien outfield fan clubs, are paragons of exemplary consumption, embodying with their money and time and energy a commitment to the professional spectacle of sport. And yet they are also agents of disruption, interrupting the spectacle and diverting its messages with their own appropriations of meaning and interventions of energies within the space and time of the sport. To a significant degree, the outcomes of games, the careers of individuals and the profits of corporations are dependent on the barely manageable sensibilities of the likes of Fujita and his Namitora-kai members and Moritani and the Shisetsu alliance.

This article is dedicated to Professor Robert J. Smith, who retires this year as the Goldwin Smith Professor of Anthropology at Cornell University. His retirement from the university he has served for nearly a half-century and his leadership in the anthropology of Japan over those decades are being celebrated this fall.



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*Nature's  
beneath  
autumn*  
Tanaka R