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## Caught in the Spin Cycle: An Anthropological Observer at the Sites of Japanese Professional Baseball

William W. Kelly

"The personal is political." We've learned that lesson well, which is to say that we've managed to reduce it to triteness, even within the practices of anthropology. In the late 1960s and early 1970s, we exposed ourselves with critiques of anthropology's disciplinary history as fatally implicated in the Western imperialist project. This was powerfully illustrated by the cases in Talal Asad's *Anthropology and the Colonial Encounter* (1973). In the 1980s, we turned a critical eye towards the obfuscating rhetoric of the false representations in our ethnographic forms, emblemized by Clifford and Marcus's provocative 1986 volume, *Writing Culture*. Even that now seems passé in the aftermath of a further assault, into the 1990s, on the very possibilities of fieldwork, at least for us WEMPs (white Euroamerican male professors), who stand accused of falsely converting our efforts in "speaking to" Others into claims of "speaking for" Others in our writings. Personal identity, a contemporary critique runs, is so powerfully interpolated by the structures of power and so thoroughly conditions perspective that the differential positions of fieldworker and local subject that were once thought to facilitate intersubjective understanding are now seen as to replicate imperialist domination. Organic communication is impossible, it would seem; only mechanical solidarity obtains.

Other voices insist upon another lesson about the new realities of social facts. Sociocultural anthropology has long based its knowledge claims and disciplinary identity on intensive, extended "fieldwork" in a local setting. The massive trans-national flows of people, capital, goods, and ideas that characterize the contemporary era have generated serious debates in anthropology about the feasibility and efficacy of our root method. No longer, we are warned, can the would-be fieldworker be hidebound by the boundaries of a

village, the four walls of a classroom, the perimeters of a factory (Gupta and Ferguson 1997a,b). Ethnography must be "multi-sited" (Marcus 1995). We have go with the flow—the global flow, that is, of diasporic populations, virtual communities, transnational capital. We must traverse the techno-scapes, ethno-scapes, finacio-scapes, and other Appaduritions of a World Wide Web of significations (Appadurai 1991).

Of course, these charges pull us in opposite directions; the identicians make us nervous about doing any fieldwork at all, while the globalists enjoin us to do it all over the place. And I do suspect that the urge to shock stirs the impulse to simplify, and critical arsonists have laid the torch to a number of straw figures. It is a fine line between shaking up and shaking down a profession.

But I do not intend here any mean-spirited parody. To the contrary, despite my playfulness, I think these critiques are helpfully reshaping our methodological practices, our representational strategies, and our analytical priorities. They have brought us a heightened awareness of how and why we always speak from a particular location and why present circumstances frequently demand a multi-sited inquiry. The problem is not that these injunctions are wrong but rather that they are too crude a prescription for tackling the manifold dimensions of a commitment to fieldwork under contemporary conditions, which remains so fruitful but so fraught with intellectual challenges and ethical dilemmas. What does it really mean to pursue fieldwork in multiple sites? And what is the position and voice of a fieldworker, who like everyone is a bundle of roles and qualities and dimensions?

These matters are felt especially keenly by those of us who do research in the public and commodified arenas of leisure and entertainment. Like music and commercial theater, other areas of recent attention in Japan anthropology (e.g., Condry 1999, Robertson 1998), late modern performances and spectacles of sport are both intensely personal and sensual and also coldly commercial and exploitative. All of us ethnographers of modern leisure must grapple with how to situate these experiential pleasures within the structures of profit that produce mass culture. An even prior challenge, however, is the difficulty of trying to bound a field site as sprawling as a music genre or a sporting form so that we may begin to explore these junctures of profit and pleasure. Where is "baseball" (or "rap music" or "Takarazuka") to be located? And what is the position of a scholarly observer in such a public space as a sport, which is already filled with professional media observers? These questions are my subject here, and I draw upon my current work on the practices of professional baseball in Japan.<sup>1</sup>

Sport has been an infrequent topic of anthropological investigation, but it is clearly crucial to understanding the structures of life in much of the world today. This is certainly true for baseball in Japan. For over a hundred years, for

example, the sport has been implicated in the educational system, first as a club activity in the elite higher schools, then spreading upwards to the new universities and downwards through secondary schools across the country. Throughout this century, the changing ethos of school baseball has reflected the shifting moral tone of the school system itself.

Baseball, too, was instrumental in developing and shaping the news media and entertainment industries. From the 1910s through the 1930s, the emerging mainstream newspapers, *Mainichi* and *Asahi*, both based in Osaka, waged subscription and advertising battles by means of sports—especially by sponsoring rival national middle-school baseball tournaments. And in the 1920s and 1930s, Shōriki Matsuō, the Rupert Murdoch-like owner of upstart *Yomiuri*, muscled his newspaper into national scale through sports promotion, especially the founding of the professional league around his *Yomiuri Giants*. Radio in the 1920s and television in the 1950s and 1960s both used baseball to gain popularity and economic viability.

Baseball helped shape the transport and land development patterns of metropolitan regions, especially in Kansai, where four of the five private railroad companies owned professional teams, used them for corporate imaging, and placed stadiums along their train lines to promote ridership and residential and commercial development. Furthermore, because baseball is an American sport that the Japanese have thoroughly domesticated, it has been a powerful idiom in sentiments and expressions of nationalism and ethnicity, especially in the post-World War II decades. Resonating and amplifying larger waves of United States-Japan imagery, baseball has been used to represent sometimes the common bonds, at other times successful imitation, and, not infrequently, radical difference with the United States.

All of this implies a rich subject for archival and historical inquiry, and indeed one ambition of my ongoing project is to situate the present forms of the sport within a century-long modernity. But my primary focus remains on the contemporary moment, through a close observation of professional baseball as performed by the three teams now based in the Kansai area, and in particular by one of them, the *Hanshin Tigers*. Even so, I am wandering a four-dimensional sportscape, because my fieldwork has been spread over three seasons, 1996-1998.

Researching a topic like professional baseball through fieldwork, however, presents a number of special challenges to the methodological and analytical conventions of ourselves as that nervous hybrid, the participant-observer of lifeways. In this essay I want to consider two particular groups of issues I have been encountering in my efforts to study Kansai-area baseball. They are, respectively, problems of placing myself as an inquirer and the difficulties of finding and formulating the object of my inquiry. Neither kind of issue is special to fieldwork in mass culture arenas, although both strike those of us

researching such places with particular force. But to the degree they resonate with more general methodological concerns—and I believe they do very much—they are relevant to a wider readership.

#### PLACING MYSELF

Among the more obvious dimensions of my personal identity that have affected my fieldwork in Japan over the years have been my U.S. nationality, my male gender, and my scholarly profession. I'm a WEMP. I have found these attributes to be inescapably—and sometimes uncomfortably—conditioning but never fatally compromising.

Before beginning my current project, I had spent twenty years returning annually to a small rural corner of northeast Honshū, the rice-growing plain of Shōnai. Any conversation about rice farming was at least initially framed by the deeply-felt local contrast of hugely-scaled United States grain agriculture and minuscule plots of irrigated paddy on whose raised boundaries we were standing and talking. Daily life was intricately gendered (although not in a simple home-field distinction), and my gender always shaped the kinds of farm work and house work I was permitted to do and the kinds of interviews I was encouraged to pursue. And farmers, school teachers, and town politicians all responded differently to my university position—but inevitably calculated it in determining the style and substance of any response.

These attributes remain salient while I work in the world of professional baseball, but the present circumstances have given them somewhat different values. A WEMP at the ballpark, I quickly discovered, is not the same thing as a WEMP in the rice paddies. Let me apply the acronym in reverse order to baseball fieldwork.

First, as a scholar-observer in a professional sport I found myself to be quite differently positioned than among ruralites. The acute challenge in the baseball world has been to negotiate a place in an activity-space that is already filled with other observers. It is an area of life that is not a quiet, anonymous locality but rather an arena under constant, daily, national scrutiny. The anthropologist in a rural settlement, in a school classroom, or in a workplace—and I have been all three in Shōnai—is apt to be a single, intrusive observer. Questions of access, of identity, and of comportment arise from the singularity of his position and presence. The farm families I lived with up in Shōnai over the years have made a place for me, willingly or begrudgingly, but I have always been in a category of one.

On the other hand, the anthropologist at Hanshin's ballpark, the fabled Kōshien Stadium, is literally lost in a jostling mass of interested, designated observers. There are usually some 25 print reporters alone assigned to the Hanshin team, plus photographers, radio and television announcers, and staff.<sup>2</sup>

They hang around everyday, all year round. Most of them have great expertise, clearly defined interests, and passionate professional commitment to their role. These "mediacs" face club officials, players, and coaching staff who need and court publicity, but who are as equally adept as the reporters at spinning it. And between the two is a thoroughly skeptical, ever-hovering, and quite anxious team public relations apparatus, long-practiced at brokering access and managing the flow of information between the two sides. Into this charged, frenetic give-and-take enters the anthropologist, carrying the same spiral reporter notebook but otherwise feeling as if he had stepped on to the wrong Cecil B. DeMille movie set.

Now it is true that, with a proper entree, it proved easy to join the crowd and "observe" baseball. My friend and Japan historian Andrew Gordon kindly introduced me to a longstanding acquaintance of his, Mr. Yasuo Endō, who had fortuitously risen over the years to become Head of the Osaka Asahi Sports Department. Through Mr. Endo's written letters and implicit guarantee, I obtained press credentials to all three Kansai teams. This serendipitous entrée lent legitimacy to my inquiries and allowed me access to practices and other backstage areas. I had a seat and workspace within the assigned Asahi section of the stadiums' press boxes, and also the freedom to range throughout stadium seating sections.

And yet I am, and have always been understood to be, a scholar and not a journalist—and I and they and the Hanshin club have been continually defining and refining the meaning of that distinction for the last three years. Of course anthropologists as fieldworkers and as ethnographers occasionally rub shoulders with and have long felt uneasy with journalists and their writing—along with missionaries and their reports, local colonial officers and their record keeping, and travel writers and their accounts. We recognize uncomfortable affinities and therefore construct discriminating, disciplinary conventions.

Perhaps the type of journalist most frequently encountered by anthropological fieldworkers are the foreign correspondents dispatched to crisis regions, such as those the anthropologist Lisa Malkki (1997) encountered in her work among Hutu refugees in western Tanzania. There, though, she could rather quickly distinguish herself from these hotspot parachutists because of her longer residence, her local language competencies, and a sustained commitment to what they pass over as "background" or "social context" or "cultural flavor." Journalists, many anthropologists believe—and sometimes with good reason, are the international ambulance chasers of political crises. The "story" for them is getting the names spelled right, eliciting a few choice quotes on both sides of the issue, writing copy that descends from dramatic lead to disposable detail, and filing it on time.

In my case, however, I have found I can not so easily dismiss the media folk among whom I find myself, and in any case, I have little leverage in

constructing the operative distinctions between who I am and who they are. Indeed, the reporters, editors, and announcers I have encountered are intimately knowledgeable of baseball—the teams, the players, the game, its techniques, its history. Many are career baseball junkies. They speak the local baseball Japanese, an argot of specialized vocabulary, syntax, and rhetoric that I initially stumbled over and will never get entirely right. And while they focus on the day-to-day minutiae, it is in the nature of the game they construct that their reporting must be positioned within an elaborate fabric of unfolding stories and statistics. I am the parachutist, and ever uncertain of the color of my parachute.

Furthermore, it dangerously simplifies my predicament to imply that I am in the midst of a single-minded, undifferentiated media crowd that inhabits the back rooms and press box of Kōshien Stadium. Beyond the obvious differences of print, radio, and television mediations of sport are further internal differentiations. Take the print press, for example. The three national dailies carry a bare bones sports page or two, restricting coverage to game results, simple descriptions, and only occasional short analysis based largely on a single beat reporter and a desk editor.

The five sports dailies, in stark contrast, showcase pro baseball in vivid front page graphics, smother the teams—especially Hanshin—with pack coverage and aggressive news gathering, and combine the most detailed technical analysis with the most unsubstantiated rumor-mongering. The sports dailies' coverage is an amalgam and division of labor among beat reporters (several papers assign three or four to Hanshin), photographers, senior feature writers, and a distinctive class of commentators known as the *hyōronka*. Unlike the feature writers, who are career press people, the *hyōronka* are name-brand analysts; in baseball, they are all ex-ballplayers, often temporarily on one side of the revolving door between media commentator and coach or manager.<sup>3</sup>

I was continually moving in and out of this complex conceptual and physical space of other observer/reporters of the game, often before I fully understood the consequences of such shifts. For example, I was initially quite worried that my “free” press pass (to tens and tens of games that would have each cost me \$15-\$40) was a compromising acceptance of hospitality. I later realized that was of far less consequence than my good fortune to be taken under the wing of the Asahi sports desk. This proved to be much more reassuring to the ball club management and appropriately respectable for a university professor than sponsorship by one of the sports dailies, although it quickly became necessary and desirable to develop working relationships with them as well.

We certainly used each other in small ways. I was amusing fodder for occasional sidebar features, and I sometimes used the pages of the press for commentary of my own, which then circulated back to the teams and vouchsafed my standing, perspective, and trustworthiness. More importantly,

though, I came to appreciate our divergent analytical emphases. A journalist moves from the details of an incident to the motivations of the actors and to the consequences for future actions. In the fall of 1996, for instance, the Hanshin manager was fired; the reporters needed to know why this manager was fired at this moment, who was going to be appointed in his place, and what might be the consequences for the team. Pursuit of these questions consumed several weeks of activity and the front page of every day's sports paper. I was more inclined to move from the same details to exploring the premises: the process of decision-making, the alternative courses of action available, the forms of disengagement. That is, my questions at the time tried to redirect their attention from the firing of this manager to what it means to fire a manager. We—the news professionals and the scholar professor—were relentless in our own ways, but I found myself constantly working against the grain of the daily routine.

Beyond my scholar persona, it is also characteristic of my position that I am an American male, studying the repositioning of an American sport within Japan. “Of course, how easy!” you may think. Beyond the apparent advantages, though, are some less obvious liabilities, which have to do with the presumption of a shared expertise, always a dangerous disposition for a fieldworker.

True, baseball is coded as male in Japan as it is in America—and I had played a lot of organized baseball in my more limber days. And watching a hundred or so games of Japanese pro baseball made me realize how the pleasure of sports spectating is in part the visceral body memories that are stirred—largely in those males who have had the inclination and opportunity to play. The leg muscles quicken when watching a runner break for second base, the shoulders twitch involuntarily as a hitter swings hard at a pitch, the neck extends as the eyes follow a long fly hit deep to center. The body remembers running and hitting and catching even decades before, and those spectators with even a youthful playing past react to the spectacle on a physical as well as affective and analytical level.

And yet, it is illusory to claim any privileged connection. The gap between my mediocre teenage experience and a professional level of play is so vast and profound as to render as pleasurable fantasy these lingering inscriptions on the aging body. Parenthetically, my stance throughout has been observation, pure and simple. Younger reporters covering Major League teams in the United States very occasionally may take a few swings in the batting cage or toss the ball around with a player while killing time. At all Japanese professional sites, participation was inappropriate and unwelcome—not even an occasional ball-toss or ground-ball drill or weight-room workout. One could associate with players and coaches on strikingly familiar terms, and yet the modality of intimacy was backstage conversation and late night drinking, not shared physical activity.<sup>4</sup>

Finally, what I found even more difficult than profession and gender was how readily my American-ness elicited a near-universal packaging of first responses in an essentialized frame of "Japanese baseball is this—American baseball is that"—and you don't have to be Lévi-Strauss to imagine a long list of contrast-pair correspondences behind their explanations (*finesse* vs. *power*, *manager-centered* vs. *player-centered*, *conservative play* vs. *imaginative tactics*, *harmony* vs. *individual pride*, *ad nauseum*). Indeed, what was especially inescapable about my positioning as an American was what I quickly understood as "the Whiting problem."

Robert Whiting, an American journalist and longtime Japan resident, is as well known in Japanese baseball circles as he is to many American readers, and he is much more controversial there. He is deeply informed about Japanese baseball, writes in a colorful and engaging style, and has published prolifically in both Japanese and English.<sup>5</sup> For over 25 years, he has been consistently critical of Japanese baseball for what he judges to be its uneven talent, wasteful practices, timid strategies, cowardly playing, authoritarian managing, inept umpiring, and greedy, ignorant owners. Moreover, his opinionated writings on Japanese baseball are rooted in two polemical premises: one, that baseball is metonymic of national character, and two, that Japanese and American national characters are antithetical. Japanese baseball, the reader is encouraged to conclude, is forever flawed by Japanese character, while real American baseball retains the true spirit its imitation lacks.

One can therefore easily imagine how Robert Whiting's powerfully expressed perspective could haunt any other fellow American who subsequently investigates Japanese baseball. Indeed, his writings are the hungry ghosts who have surrounded my project from the start, palpable to all Japanese observers. At the beginning of my fieldwork, for example, when I went with an Asahi beat reporter to be introduced to the Hanshin Tiger front office, the first question from the head of Media Relations was, "Well, what do you think about Robert Whiting?" He clearly did not think much of his views, and my own measured response did not satisfy him. It was only after I gave him a rather dull, academic manuscript I had written (in Japanese) about the early history of Kansai area baseball that he began to imagine that I might be capable of a different view than my fellow American. Subsequently, I have been frequently tested for my opinions about Whiting and often given at least an initial identity based on (what the person thought to be) my similarity to or distance from (whatever that person took to be) the Whiting view of Japanese baseball.

Working in the direct shadows of predecessors is uncommon but not rare in anthropology; I suspect it will be even more common as we move to locales more frequented by other writers and scholars. Anthropologists have on occasion chosen sites previously visited by earlier anthropologists; one thinks

of Annette Weiner at Malinowski's Trobriand site, Oscar Lewis in Tepoztlan, and Sharon Hutchinson among the Nuer. These, though, present a simpler challenge than my "Whiting" problem, at least insofar as the rivalries and disputes they stirred remain within the discipline. But I dare say that most of those beyond the academy (as well as many within) who encounter my writings on baseball will be all too familiar with—maybe quite persuaded by—Whiting's portrait. How to express a nuanced view of his work that is appreciative of his much longer experience with the game, respectful of the evocative power of his prose, yet staunchly critical of his explanatory logic is a problem that doggedly follows me even now as I move from field work to ethnographic writing.

In sum, being placed among sports journalists as an American male and as a scholar with a press pass powerfully tempted me and them to presume that we shared some expert knowledge. I continually had to work to disavow that unwarranted assumption. None of us begins fieldwork from ignorance; the conceit of transparency is one that afflicts few anthropological observers. But we must constantly work to suspend knowledge-claims. We must dumb ourselves down, but not in condescension—quite the contrary, from the humility of ignorance.

This proved much more difficult in the world of professional baseball than the peripheries in which I had conducted much of my previous research. We are always intrusive, never a fly on the wall but rather a fly in the ointment. Here, though, radical questioning as a deliberate style of interaction was not just discomforting but often irritating. Professional players are wary, self-programmed to give bland responses and inarticulate grunts; the club officials must deal with constant, insistent demands by an ever-prying press pack; and the press itself is under daily, unrelenting pressure to produce news. In this feverish and tense environment, all of them need to make instant judgments about others—what they want, what they can give, when they should be avoided, when they must be courted, etc. However straightforward and consistent I endeavored to be(come), I was seen as elusive and unpredictable by others. I was in the news pack but not of the news pack and my position was always in doubt.

#### LOCATING BASEBALL

Beyond these and other daily struggles for and about position, this fieldwork has raised for me a second set of difficulties about how to locate the object of my study. What was the "baseball" that I was looking for and where was it to be found? Selecting a single team within Kansai, the Hanshin Tigers, for particular attention only concretized the problem, not solved it.

It first seemed so easy. There is a field—literally fenced in, the ball field within a stadium—on which two teams of nine players, officiated by four umpires, play the game, day after day. I watched. How convenient. But the more games I watched, the more I moved around the stadium during each game and watched from different angles and positions—only gradually did I come to appreciate how multi-sensory and multi-perspectival is even a single baseball game. What a difference in the field of vision, in what you see of players' actions, in the sounds and smells and tactile feel of the game when one sits in the press box above home plate or in the officials' room at ground level just behind the plate or in the first base box seats or the upper deck stands or the outfield bleachers.

And this only begins to suggest the complexities of following a single game in the stadium. Games are also followed on radio as I did on my pocket radio, and on television as I did via the VCR in my apartment, and after the fact in digest segments in late night television, in the sports dailies and national newspapers the next morning, in office and bar conversations, etc.

But beyond that, "baseball"—even just Tiger baseball—takes place not only during games on the Kōshien ball field, but in the locker rooms and dugouts, in the player dormitories, in the front office and the league office, in off-season camps in Hawaii and Shikoku, in newspaper pressrooms and television broadcast studios, and in trains, bars, and homes across Kansai and the nation. Baseball is what is played in the three-hour-long regular season games on 162 evenings and afternoons between April and October, but it is also the much fuller annual schedule of pregame practices, coaching meetings, post-game interviews, spring camp, fall camp, player draft, front office conferences, annual contract negotiations, farm team games and practices, scouting, and myriad other space-times.

This is a matter of temporal as well as spatial articulations. There are cycles within cycles—for example, the dynamics of an at-bat within the developments of an inning, within the momentum of a game, which is a unit of a series, which has a place within a season, which is a moment in the history of a club. And there are the multiple gearings of individual players' games and seasons and careers with one another. Baseball is not only a multi-sited but also poly-temporal activity sphere.

And finally, baseball is produced in and as an environment of dynamic feedbacks and mutual conditioning. This too was not immediately obvious. I was first tempted to apply a rather mechanical cline of action to baseball—playing was production of the sport, reporting was exchange, and watching was consumption. Alternatively, I imagined concentric circles of engagement surrounding the core performance of the game itself; the players themselves at center stage surrounded by the immediate supporting cast of substitutes, coaches and other team staff, then by a periphery of media, and then by outer

circles of fans, casual spectators and viewers, and, at the farthest reaches, by a national public with only the most occasional interest. And perhaps the more skeptical could populate the center stage with black-clothed Bunraku puppeteers, that is, the corporate powers that pull the players' strings.

However, neither of these images fully captures the circulations of meaning, value, and power that render professional sporting dynamics more ecological than manufacturing or theatrical. Spectators are full participants too. The media who report, the fan clubs which cheer, and the viewers who watch are not onlookers to the spectacle of baseball. Rather they themselves are quite integral to the production of baseball, at least in its professionalized form. Every day, tens of thousands of pick-up, sandlot games are played without notice, like so many Zen trees falling soundlessly in the forest. Professional baseball, however, must be watched and told and counted and recounted in order to be "baseball." With their cheers and their cash and their stories and their programs and their meetings and activities, spectators, reporters, fans, and others are as constitutive of professional baseball as the movements of players on the field (see Kelly 1997).

Thus a notion of "multi-sited" ethnography (Marcus 1995) only begins to characterize the multiple layers of imaginary, textual, and physical spaces by which baseball is produced and sustained. It is played in stadiums and practice fields and training rooms and played out in box scores, scouting reports, corporate balance sheets, and scholarly ethnographies. One might wonder how such an analytical formulation of "baseball" could be realized by a research tradition rooted in and privileging a single "marginal native" committed to locational stability. But that question deserves its inverse: how can it be adequately apprehended if not by the long-term "experience-near" commitment of a single fieldworker? It is only from hanging out and wandering about through the many locales in the four-dimensional sportscape of baseball that the multiple, defining tensions of the sport—between pleasure and profit, between spontaneity and predictability, and between physicality and abstraction—can be experienced directly, even if they can never be experienced fully.

## NOTES

A preliminary version of this chapter was prepared for the panel on "Finding a Place: Participant-Observers in Japanese Mass Culture" at the 50th annual meetings of the Association for Asian Studies, March 28, 1998, Washington, DC. Comments from Susan Long, Paul Noguchi, Helen Siu, and Bob Smith have been especially helpful in revising and expanding it for this volume. My inspiration for this essay has been Dave Plath, whose innovative fieldwork, lucid insights into Japanese life, and love of playful prose have taught many of us the pleasures and possibilities of the discipline.

1. Fieldwork has been conducted in Kansai for seven months over the three seasons of 1996-1998. Some time was spent with the Kintetsu Buffaloes and the Orix BlueWave, both of which play in the Pacific League. Most of my field time, however, was with the Hanshin Tigers, who play in the Central League and whose home field is Kōshien Stadium, just west of Osaka. Research has been kindly supported by the Japan Foundation, the Social Science Research Council, and the Council on East Asian Studies, Yale University. Brief preliminary accounts are Kelly 1997, 1998a, b.

2. Three national newspapers, two wire services, five daily sports newspapers, and two evening regional papers each assign between one and four reporters to year-long, daily coverage of the Hanshin team. At least three television networks and three radio stations also permanently assign news staff, announcers, and camera staff to Hanshin.

3. United States and European sports journalism and broadcasting also make use of ex-players as analysts and commentators, but nowhere near the degree to which ex-baseball players are used in Japanese media.

4. Two unusual cases of truly participant-observation in sports scenes are the studies of Chinese track-and-field by Susan Brownell (1995) and of Japanese fitness clubs by Laura Ginsberg (1998).

5. His two books in English have sold very well; *The Chrysanthemum and the Bat* appeared in 1977 and *You Gotta Have Wa* was first published in 1989. Both were translated into Japanese and were widely read in Japan. In addition he has written and co-written a number of volumes in Japanese that have not appeared in English (e.g., Whiting 1991 and Tamaki and Whiting 1991).

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