

# The Shrine : Notes toward a Study of Neighborhood Festivals in Modern Tokyo

By

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When I arrived in Japan in the autumn of 1965, I settled my family into our home-away-from-home in a remote corner of Bunkyo-ku, in Tokyo, and went to call upon an old timer, a man who had spent most of his adult life in Tokyo. I told him of my intention to carry out an exhaustive study of the annual festivals (*taisai*) of a typical neighborhood shrine (*jinja*) in my area of residence, and I told him I had a full year at my disposal for the task. "Start on the grounds of the shrine," was his solid advice; "go over every *tsubo* (every square foot, we might say), take note of every stone, investigate every marker." And that is how I began.

I worked with the shrines closest to home so that shrine and people would be part of my everyday life. When my wife and I went for an evening stroll, we invariably happened upon the grounds of one of our shrines; when we went to the market for fish or pencils or radishes we found ourselves visiting with the *ujiko* (parishioners; literally, children of the god of the shrine, who is guardian spirit of the neighborhood) of the shrine.

I started with five shrines. I had great difficulty arranging for interviews with the priests of two of the five (the reasons for their reluctance to visit with me will be discussed below); one was a little too large and famous for my purposes, and another was a little too far from home for really careful scrutiny. In the meanwhile, the priest of the fifth shrine proved himself to be a most generous and hospitable neighbor and a true friend, and as the year unfolded, I found myself working more and more deeply on the structure of his shrine and its supporting community. By a happy coincidence, my place of residence fell within

his "parish" district; and so I may truly refer to this shrine as "my neighborhood shrine," and to its priest (*kannushi*) as "my neighborhood priest." I shall not name the shrine, for I have an obligation to guard the privacy and respect the confidence of the priest and the laymen who opened their homes and their lives to me so freely. Nor can I justifiably identify precisely the other four shrines I worked with, for the same reasons. So I must ask the reader to be contented with such vagaries as "the neighborhood shrine," and "the shrine in the adjacent parish," and "the big, prosperous shrine nearby." Further compounding these difficulties for the reader, I have drawn upon experiences with shrines outside my district: one in Asakusa, one in Shinagawa, two at Harajuku, one in Minato-ku, one at Nippori, and so on. But since most of my observations at shrines outside Bunkyo-ku were of the more public dimensions of their celebrations, I am free to name them. For the rest—when circumstance prescribes a certain vagueness—I can only proffer the apology that I am not writing a guide to Tokyo shrines and their festivals, so much as I am attempting a guide to the human sentiments that give meaning to those celebrations, and to those centers of the indigenous religious life of the Japanese people.

I call the shrine a "center" of the religious life because it is much more than a sanctuary, an offeratory hall, an oratory hall, and an entry gate. What one finds on the grounds of a typical Tokyo neighborhood shrine is really a complex of shrines, a field of shrines, with one major complex drawing attention to one major sanctuary, but around it a scattering of minor sanctuaries and tablets that offer homage to a variety of popular deities of the fields and the roads, the sea and the hills. This aggregation of holy sites is collected together on high ground, usually at the edge of a plateau overlooking the "*shitamachi*" below, or at the very least on a low hill or artificial mound. These hilltop sites in Tokyo were originally wooded groves, as they are still today throughout the less "developed" parts of Japan. But the incendiary bombings of 1945 pretty well destroyed the trees at most of the shrines. And the toxic fumes of the automobile, in combination with layers of industrial smog, are discouraging their renewal, and damaging what foliage is left. But a glance at the engravings in a late Tokugawa period encyclopedia of picturesque sites of old Edo<sup>1</sup> (the modern Tokyo) will show how heavily wooded

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1. See, for example, *Edo Meisho Zue*, 20 volumes, by SAITO Nagaki, published in Edo between the fifth and seventh years of the Tempō era (1834–1836), with a preface dated the 12th of Bunsei (1829). For the shrines of Bunkyo-ku, see esp. vol. 13.

these shrine grounds once were. A shrine, Ono remarks, is not a place for propaganda or evangelism. It is primarily a sacred dwelling place for the *kami*. Therefore it must be at least a little "removed from any community" and must have a special "atmosphere of dignity." That is why shrines are often found in groves and forests, and on lofty mountains.<sup>2</sup> The "close relationship between trees and shrines," he says, "can be seen in the ancient use of the word meaning 'forest' (*mori*) to designate a shrine, and the word meaning 'shelter of a kami' (*kannabi*) for the surrounding woods."<sup>3</sup> KATO Genchi, writing in 1926, observes that in ancient times, holy sites "with sacred trees and stones around" served as shrines; "these holy sites surrounded with trees," he says, "were no less than groves," and are thus comparable to the sacred groves of "the ancient Teutons."<sup>4</sup>

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2. ONO Sokyō, *Shinto: The Kami Way* (Rutland and Tokyo, 1962), p. 99.

3. *Ibid.*, p. 98.

4. KATO Genchi, *A Study of Shinto, the Religion of the Japanese Nation* (Tokyo, 1926), pp. 107–108. Kato argued (indefensibly, I believe) that the shrine has two ancient sources: the grove, and the grave. ("Even nowadays we can readily trace, in certain localities, shrines that have been transformed from what were originally graves. For example, the Inu Shrine of Izumo . . . is nothing but a . . . sacred tree planted on a round mound, which is . . . an ancient tumulus" —p. 43). W.G. Aston traces the mischief back to Lafcadio Hearn, that remarkable emissary for Herbert Spencer's doctrine of the primordial importance of ancestor worship for all religions. Lafcadio Hearn, Aston says (*Shinto: The Ancient Religion of Japan*, London 1921, p. 67), "thought that the *miya* or shrine was a development of the *moya* or mourning house, where the dead bodies of sovereigns and nobles were deposited until their costly megalithic tombs could be got ready. This view harmonizes with Herbert Spencer's well-known theories, but an ancient Shintoist would have considered it not only erroneous, but blasphemous. As in ancient Greece, the gods had nothing to do with such a polluting thing as death." And elsewhere he remarks: "A shrine is a species of offering. Whatever may be the case in other countries, in Japan the shrine is not a development of the tomb. They have no resemblance to each other. The tomb is a partly subterranean megalithic vault enclosed in a huge mound of earth, while the shrine is a wooden structure raised on posts some feet above the ground" (*Shinto: The Way of the Gods*, London 1905, p. 223). Temples and cemeteries go together; shrines and cemeteries, never. One is quickly impressed by that iron-bound pattern in Japan's cities; and in talking to priests and laymen, one quickly senses the abhorrence even at the thought of the presence of the contamination of death on the shrine grounds. Still, one does find shrines built atop *kofun* (the funerary mounds Aston and Kato refer to), where the burial mound serves as the hill on which the shrine buildings are elevated—an example is the Fuji Jinja in Bunkyo-ku. Aston was not unaware of the phenomenon: "Old sepulchral mounds have frequently a small shrine on their summit" (*ibid.*, p. 223). The point, I suppose, is that it is one thing to say that a sanctuary may be located atop a hill atop an old, old grave, but quite another to say that "originally" the sanctuary *was* the

The shrine I have called my neighborhood shrine occupies a site of nearly one full acre, about half of it on very high ground (the upper end of a slightly tilted plateau, really). The main shrine building, assorted minor sanctuaries, and the home of the priest and his family (called the *shamusho*, it also serves as the shrine office) are located on this high ground. But looking out of the windows of the *shamusho*, one sees that the land drops off sharply in a steep hillside that is nearly a cliff. It is uncultivated land, a wild tangle of woods and weeds. At the bottom are two long rows of metal storage sheds with painted doors (one pink, one green, but mostly battleship grey) that look rather like low budget garages: this is where the *mikoshi*, the sacred arks used in the annual festival processions, are kept throughout the rest of the year. Connecting the lower level to the upper level is a very steep stone stairway, with a stone wall on either side, and a concrete *torii* (gateway) at top and bottom. Leading from the bottom of these steps to the street beyond is a stone walkway that conducts you through a comfortably narrow avenue, lined with young cherry trees that make April sing, out past two immense stone lanterns, a big stone marker inscribed with the name of the shrine, between high walls, to the *shitamachi* (literally, the town below), a section busy with shops and traffic and warehouses and streetcars and scurrying people. Above, the shrine is perched in its serenity, its majestic crossed roof-beams an echo of a lost Japan. The approach from below is the main entrance to the shrine grounds, but there is another stone pathway that runs alongside the shrine building and out to a little side-street, to the residential area of the people living on the plateau (the *yamanote*, the folks who live on the hill), who are more prosperous and more aristocratic than the people below. This is an area of roomy homes and spacious gardens, hidden behind high walls, with the occasional intrusion of a brand new ferro-concrete apartment building, some with roofs almost as high as the crossed beams of the shrine. Another *torii* marks the side entrance to the shrine, and more cherry trees line the path, planted there since the post-war reconstruction of the shrine. Perhaps these shrine grounds will again become a wooded grove, one day. But for the present, reminders of the horrors of 1945 are everywhere. As you enter the shrine grounds from the *yamanote* side, you see

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grave. But why is contamination not a problem, even so, atop the tomb-mound? Perhaps because the extreme antiquity of the mound suggests a wearing-away of the old poison, so that the hill becomes a place for veneration rather than contamination—always remembering that what is venerated is also what is dangerous.

a concrete post with a wooden lantern atop it, to your right, and just beyond that is a pile of stone rubble. Further along the path, on the left, you see a small Inari shrine with two stone foxes guarding it and a small rounded stone *torii* marking its approach. Beyond that is the *kagura-den*, the large outdoor wooden theatre, whose stage is completely boarded up throughout the year, until the September festival. But between the Inari shrine and the outdoor stage is another, larger pile of stone rubble: the remains, I was told, of the *chūkōnsha*, the massive stone monument for the remembrance of the “loyal dead”—a memorial to the souls of those who had died for their country on the battlefields of Asia and the Pacific. It fell in the bombing attack of May 25, 1945, and was never reconstructed, and somehow its remains were never carted off. Nor is it likely to be restored, after the dramatic efforts of the MacArthur occupation to separate militarism from the shrine faith.<sup>5</sup> Automobiles now park on the shrine grounds, to one side of the Inari shrine, and on the site of the old *mizuya* (a low shed, usually, that provides running water for purification of mouth and hands, before approaching the *kami*). Whose cars are those? I asked the priest. “They belong to residents of this area,” he said. “They have no garages, so they asked my permission to park on the shrine grounds. I charge them ¥100 a day (a little over \$8 a month).” It was the first of a series of small reminders of how difficult a struggle for survival the priests and the shrines are having. (The treasurer of the shrine board told us that this modest bit of income is being put toward the reconstruction of the *shamusho*, which is in bad shape, having been hastily put together after the 1945 incendiary bombing.) Eventually, a new *mizuya* will be built; a shrine is hardly a shrine without one. But for the present, there is just a rectangle of concrete under a parked car to indicate where the foundation was.

Near the top of the stairway is a rather large subsidiary shrine, guarded by two Chinese-style lions (the Japanese call them *koma-inu*, suggesting that they are some sort of mythical combination of lion and dog).<sup>6</sup> Nearby stand the two enormous *koma-inu*, seated on massive

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5. Not many of these *chūkōnsha*, or *chūkōn-hi*, are left standing in Tokyo shrinegrounds, in my experience; but a beautiful example of the genre may be seen at the Suwa Jinja at Nippori (in a section of the city that is almost all temples and graveyards). These monuments, I would gather, brought a little bit of Yasukuni Shrine to the doorstep of every neighborhood shrine.

6. Some of these *koma-inu* do look a little like an enlarged Pekingese, a dog of some antiquity, once a favorite of the imperial household of China.

stone pedestals, that guard the approach to the main shrine complex. Descending the stairs, between the stone marker and the stone lantern at the bottom left we find another pile of rubble, this from the original *torii* which was left shakey by the war (and perhaps the almost daily earth tremors one feels in Tokyo—though the Tokyoites do not), and had to be taken down. It was replaced in May of 1966 by a concrete replica, but the ruins of the old gateway were not removed, but stacked alongside the path. Why? Perhaps because this is sacred ground. It is a place to which you bring battered holy relics, not a place from which they are carted off. Are they left as a bitter reminder of the wartime bombings? That might happen in Hiroshima, but I rather think it does not happen in Tokyo. Surely, the psychic scars of the cruelty of that last phase of the war can be seen in the faces of many who managed to survive the man-made inferno. But the true Tokyoite has a gift for shaking off the dust of the past, and looking forward. It is a tribute to the humanity of the people of this shrine community that at the *jichinsai* (ground-breaking ceremony) for the new *torii*, I came as a spectator, but was given the *tamagushi* (sacred branch which is offered to the *kami*, the root-end toward the *kami*, source to source), and invited to participate in the offering as an honored guest.

The front end of the shrine building is set apart from the rest of the grounds by a low picket fence of unfinished wood, creating roughly a twenty-foot corridor, within which stands the coin-box for offerings to the *kami* (at the front door to the shrine, which the worshippers ordinarily never enter). This low fence extends over to the *shamusho*, at the edge of the hill, enclosing the priest's front door, and a most amazing clutter of little wooden structures. Squeezed between the shrine and the *shamusho* is a good-sized Inari shrine, with two wooden weather-worn *torii* that show signs of once having been painted red. Halfway between the *shamusho* door and the shrine, just inside the picket fence, stands an abandoned well, capped by another small shrine (the middle shrine in plate I). The well had been in use until that awful morning in May; it was smashed in the bombing, and abandoned. The small shrine was a gift of the neighborhood primary school, not far from the shrine; every school had a shrine like this, so that the children could begin their day by paying their respects to the gods of Japan, and be properly instructed in their devotions. But with the disestablishment of Shinto after the war, every school had to dispose of its shrine paraphernalia (or what was left of it); and the shrine grounds were the natural repository for such objects. Just on the other side of the picket



Plate I. On the grounds of a neighborhood shrine. In the background, the shrine itself. In the foreground, a small fox shrine and a cluster of stone roadside deities. In middleground, a small shrine that once belonged to the neighborhood school.



Plate II. Standing before the grouping of discarded roadside gods, a Jizō casts a benign look at the site of a wartime factory below, where many parishioners lost their loved ones in 1945.





Plate III. A priest of a bygone era, posing with his samurai sword, in a photograph taken in the early years of the Meiji restoration.



Plate IV. A priest of today, departing for a round of visits with his parishioners, amid members of a neighborhood track team.

fence is a very small shrine (foreground, plate I) also dedicated to Inari, the *kami* of the rice fields—suggesting the immense popularity of that rural cult, even in urban Tokyo—and next to that a tiny box that resembles a wooden letter box, or perhaps a misplaced wren house, fastened to the fence. I was told (I don't know how reliably) that this too is an Inari shrine. Nearby is a curious cluster of stone tablets (lower right corner of plate I, and behind the Jizô in plate II). They stand on a stone pedestal, and are cemented around the four faces of a bricks-and-mortar core, forming a somewhat haphazard and battered monument. All are bas relief sculptures of unknown vintage, most with a decidedly Indian flavor to them. All but one depict a man with four arms, and the mien of a Hindu war god. One can be seen to hold in one hand a bow, in the other an arrow; he is wearing a high helmet or crown. The exception to the four-armed deities on high, jagged rectangles of rock is a very delicate Jizô carved onto an oval-faced rock; his robes flow out in a graceful bell-shaped effect, and his head is very round, and very bald. But on all the tablets the features are almost completely obliterated by time and the elements. For these were roadside deities and gods of the crossroads, posted there for the protection of travelers and the fertility of the fields. The Japanese call them *kôshin-sama*.<sup>7</sup> Most of them were brought to the shrine in the years following 1898, when the area below the shrine suddenly began to change from rice fields to urban real estate. As land was bought up, and houses crowded in close to the roads, the roadside gods lost their dominion, and were toted up the hill and placed in the hands of the *kannushi* (shrine priest), a former *samurai* who had a tender love of history, and of the past. Behind these old gods of road and rice-field stands a relative newcomer, a small sculptured Jizô with a benign smile, who looks over the edge of the bluff beside the *shamusho*, with pious clasped hands. Before the war, there was a factory at the foot of the hill. It was plagued with accidents, and so the owner of the factory bought this Jizô—"for offerings," the shrine priest told me. The factory was bombed out in 1945, but the Jizô, was salvaged, and brought here by the owner. Every day or so since then, someone has visited the Jizô, and placed saucers of water before it, and *orizuru* (folded paper cranes), "to pray for the souls of those who died at the factory." No one I met knew who was making the offerings; nor had the priest ever seen them being made.

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7. For a discussion of roadside deities, see W.G. Aston, *Shinto: The Way of the Gods*, pp. 186–198.

The Inari shrine squeezed between the priest's house and the main shrine was brought here from a street corner on Hokusandôri, I was told. The largest of the Inari shrines, located along the *yamanote* entryway, was brought here from a nearby town (Maruyama-chô, in Bunkyo-ku) where the mint for producing coins of copper and iron (called the Zeniza) was located. Zeniza became a place name, just as Ginza (the mint for coins of *gin*, silver) became a place name, and this shrine was (and still is) popularly known as the Zeniza Inari. By the war years, it had been incorporated into the private garden of a banker who lived in Maruyama-chô. The banker was active as an *ujiko* (parishioner) of my neighborhood shrine, and when he sold his house in 1955 and moved out of the area, he gave the shrine to this shrine, for safekeeping and continued veneration. On Hatsu-uma, a day in February (the "first day of the horse"), the priest does the rounds of the Inari shrines on his grounds, and recites a special *norito*. That is the festival day of all fox shrines, and is an echo of the rural roots of Tokyo's downtown people; Hatsu-uma comes just after Setsubun, following the lunar calendar, and is the traditional first day of planting in the spring.<sup>8</sup>

The first reliable date I could find for the shrine was 1652. At that time, it was evidently located atop a *kofun* (ancient tumulus) within the precincts, or in the general vicinity, of what is now Tokyo University's botanical garden (the Koishikawa Shokubutsuen). It was ordered moved at that date by the Tokugawa shogunate, to make way for a new castle, which was to house Tsunayoshi, who became the fifth shogun. At that time, the plateau that I have described as the parish's *yamanote* became largely a *samurai* district; and indeed it still has many very narrow streets which were built just wide enough for one horseman, for defensive purposes. The shrine always remained within that general district, serving the samurai families above, and the rice farmers in the fields below. It moved to its present site in the twelfth year of Genroku, that pivotal era in the history of Tokyo when the merchant class rose to dominate the culture of old Edo. That was in 1699. The shrine was rebuilt during the period 1789-1801, and again during the period 1801-1804, and once more during 1848-1854. I also found record of a reconstruction in 1423; but before that date, the history becomes blurred and (to say the least) doubtful. When I asked the present priest about the founding of the shrine, he disappeared into the inner rooms

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8. William Hugh Erskine, *Japanese Festival and Calendar Lore* (Tokyo, 1933), p. 44.

of the *shamusho* to ask his aged father in law; he emerged with this bit of intelligence: "The shrine was founded during the reign of the fifth emperor, Kosho..." He could not go on. "Nowadays I'm not sure about such history," he commented. The Emperor Kosho is supposed to have reigned from 475 to 393 B.C., eleven hundred years before the Nara Period! History of this kind presented my friend the priest with an obvious problem of faith. "But that is what my father-in-law tells me," he added. Even the self-appointed neighborhood and shrine historian, a man in his late seventies and a true patriot of the old Japan, seemed to have difficulties now with this sort of history. "The shrine was founded about eleven hundred years ago," he told me; and then he chuckled as he said: "—but I'm not sure of the date!" Then he continued: "It was the main shrine of Koishikawa, which was half of Bunkyo-ku. So it was a very important shrine." What were his boyhood memories of the district? (What follows are the rather rambling reminiscences of a man of 78, who has lived all his life in the shrine's neighborhood. I have edited out much, but have tried not to disturb the flow of thoughts too much. Large sections of this material are taken from his diary which he has kept since the Taisho era. From his own jottings, he has privately published two volumes of reminiscences, in 1924 a book on his childhood memories and the history of his home region, and in 1941 an account of his visits to 185 shrines. Almost all copies of these books were destroyed in the fire-bombing of Tokyo in 1945.)

"I remember as a small boy I used to go with my father to the fields to help dig potatoes and plant young rice plants."

"The rice fields were full of fireflies. We children used to catch them, and take them as presents to the emperor."

"When I was eleven or twelve, I went to the fields and helped my father. He was a farmer. During harvest time I chased sparrows. All my memories are of fun and beauty."

"The grove where the shrine was had grown thick with old cedar. In spring the fields below were covered with ears of wheat. It looked like a green carpet. In autumn, the heads of the rice plants turned a rich gold, and in winter the marshy fields were frosted."

"There was a farmhouse below the shrine. At night, foxes and badgers came out, and plundered the chickens."

"There was a tea house there. Travelers stopped, and sipped tea, and enjoyed the peaceful rural scenery."

"Everyone spoke with great pride of the day (it was November 30,

1872) when the Emperor Taisho, then still crown prince, visited our shrine, and said how enchanted he was with the delightful view. But after the end of the Russo-Japanese War, in 1905, there was a housing boom here, and the beauty of heaven's gift was ruined."

"In remembrance of this area as I knew it as a boy, I composed three poems, in 1914:

Peaceful village!  
How I long for it,  
How I pine.  
But I shall never again see it  
In this world of change.

Buried deep  
In the silence of the earth  
Croaking frogs.  
If they were ghosts,  
How angry and bitter they would be!

Year by year,  
The waters of this boyhood river  
Became sludge.  
But now as I dream of it,  
It is sparkling clear again!

"In 1914, I wrote: 'Many industrial plants have moved to this area. There is now a drug company, a hat factory, an assembly plant, a machine shop and an ink factory, an engineering works and a paper mill. The area has become a factory district, and now it is crowded with people. . . . In only ten years, everything has changed.'"

"In 1912, the local paper company dug a well, and came up with fistfuls of seashells, showing that the downtown part of this parish was once a small bay, open to the sea. Then it became marshland; and during the Tokugawa Period, it changed to farmland. . . . A river flowed along what is now the street that runs by the lower (main) entrance to the shrine. It overflowed its banks every year during rainy season, thereby flooding the rice fields. But when factories and tenement houses began to be built here, the flooding became quite a nuisance. People were standing in four feet of water, in their homes. One year we boarded eighteen flood victims in our home, waiting for the waters to subside. In 1933, the river was finally piped underground, the road widened, and several beautiful bridges torn down. I saved some of the bridge posts, and put them in my garden as treasures of the past."

"My father was the fifth generation of our family to farm in this

area. When he was young, he thought he would be a farmer here all his life, just as his father and his father's father had been. But in 1898 it was announced that the Tokyo University of Education would move into this vicinity from Ochanomizu. My father immediately realized that this move would lead to a boom in real estate values, and make farming difficult and eventually impossible; so in February of 1899, he quit farming, and opened a business as a dealer in firewood and charcoal. My father was then 38, and I was 11. He was the laughing-stock of the neighborhood; but soon our neighbors realized that he was a man of great foresight. He was an honest tradesman, and in the end was very successful." (Evidently so. His son, who inherited his wealth and social prestige, became a very prosperous banker, and elder statesman of the community.)

"Around 1905, a bank bought up the lands of a former neighbor of ours, and started dredging a pond. At the bottom of the pond, once it was drained, they found a great mass of wriggling small snakes. The workmen were terrified. They packed them in barrels and transported them to the river nearby, where they were dumped. But several of the workmen subsequently became very ill, with no apparent cause. Soon after, people reported seeing a ghost, who was thought to be the *nushi* or *kami* of the pond. Some say he appeared in the form of an enormous snake. People came from all around to see where the pond had been, in hopes of seeing the ghost. Their curiosity overcame their fears!"

How was the annual festival celebrated in those days? "We had no gilt *mikoshi*, such as we have today. The farmers made *mikoshi* (sacred arks) out of *sake* casks, decorated them, and carried them. Around 1925, *mikoshi* of the style we use today were purchased. The *mikoshi* boys fought, one town against another. They fought by causing their *mikoshi* to collide. Before the festival began, these boys went from door to door collecting money for the festival. If you didn't contribute enough to suit them, when they passed your house with the sacred ark, they would 'accidentally' ram your gate, and break it down. That went on until the war years. There used to be a procession to and from the shrine of fifty *mikoshi*. Also, as part of the *taisai*, since the emperor was one of the *kami* of the shrine, there was a special *mikoshi* (not like the others, but a Heian-period palanquin, suspended from poles and carried by fifty men in white *kimono*) for him, so that he could go out among the people. But that was not done every year; just every four or six years. I myself saw it only three times."

In 1923, the great earthquake rattled the shrine buildings and did

quite a lot of damage in the parish. That was the tail-end of the not very glorious Taisho era. In 1926, a new emperor (Hirohito) was enthroned, and the old priest of this shrine, in a mood of renewed enthusiasm and nationalistic fervor, decided to undertake a major reconstruction of the shrine. The renovation was begun in 1928, and completed in 1929. Among other changes, the priest completely changed the style of the building, from Gongenzukuri to Shinmei-zukuri, the "purer" style with the familiar crossed beams. It is as though the model before had been Nikko, but now it was Ise. "It was the beginning of a new era," a friend commented. "The change meant 'coming back to the origins of the Japanese nation.'"

In 1941, the war with America began. In 1943 or 1944, he could not quite remember which, the shrine's unofficial historian and treasurer, in the company of several other *ujiko*, asked the priest to enter the holy of holies and remove the holy mirror which represents the spiritual presence of the *kami*. Together, they carefully wrapped the sacred mirror and buried it deep in the ground beside the *honden* (sanctuary building), lest it be damaged by American bombs. "We buried the *mita-mashiro*," he told me, in the concrete of an old well in the right rear of the shrine grounds, and covered it with sand. At that time, American bombing raids with Boeing-built B-29's had been high-altitude daylight pin-point precision bombings of industrial-military targets. But with the assumption of command by General Curtis LeMay in January of 1945, the strategy changed, and American bombers began flying in to Japanese cities under cover of darkness and at low altitude (to escape radar detection), dropping first just enough napalm to light up the target, and then dumping tons of incendiary bombs on whole sections of the city (in the case of Tokyo, first the *shitamachi* sections, then the *yamanote*). The rationale for this strategy was two-fold: first, losses of American planes and fliers had been excessive in pin-point attacks;<sup>9</sup> and second, it was claimed that Japanese industry was simply too diffuse for this sort of heavy attack on a single concentrated target.<sup>10</sup> Supposedly, every little machine shop in "downtown" Tokyo was making machine gun parts; so, the whole city (or most of it) had to be wiped off the map. And so the great incendiary attacks began: February 25, March 9-10, and May 24-25. In the May attack, Yasukuni Shrine, the Kabuki

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9. Martin Caidin, *A Torch to the Enemy: The Fire Raid on Tokyo* (New York, 1960), p. 70.

10. *Ibid.*, p. 74.



Theatre, Keio University, and the Imperial Palace were destroyed. And, unnoticed by the history books, my neighborhood shrine was also burned to the ground: the shrine, the *shamusho*, all the subsidiary shrines, everything. "There was *nothing* left on these grounds," the priest told me. "On the morning of May 25th, a bomb struck a warehouse at the foot of the hill. It was a storehouse for big drums of oil, oil of the sort that is used for household stoves. The warehouse exploded, and the flames swept up the hill. It was very windy that day." (Winds of gale force were blowing when the raid began, according to American military records.)<sup>11</sup> One account reports that the May raid destroyed twenty-two square miles of Tokyo, and 90,000 homes. It caused "the most violent fires ever experienced in Japan."<sup>12</sup> A survivor tells what it was like on the ground: "'It was like a fireworks display as the incendiaries exploded. Blazing petroleum jelly, firebrands and sparks flew everywhere. People were aflame, rolling and writhing in agony, screaming piteously for help . . . I saw roofs flying in air and a huge flaming telephone pole being spun by a tornado.'<sup>13</sup> And what was it like aloft, in the B-29 bombers? "Inside the airplanes, the fumes swept in from the city. A mist began to fill the cabins; a strange mist, blood-red in color. The men could not bear what that mist brought with it. . . . They could take everything else. But not the overpowering, sweet-sick stench of the burning flesh that permeated the skies two miles over the tortured city."<sup>14</sup> After May 25, Tokyo was "no longer worth bombing."<sup>15</sup> William Craig calls the 1945 fire bombing of Tokyo "the most ferocious holocaust ever visited on a civilized community,"<sup>16</sup> and General S.L.A. Marshall remarks: "While war may have many faces, none is more frightful than that final year of World War II in the Pacific." One reads about it, but "at the cost of being revolted much of the time, and anguished always."<sup>17</sup>

When the war was over soon after, the neighborhood primary school

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11. U.S. Strategic Bombing Survey, Final Report. Covering Air-Raid Protection and Allied Subjects in Japan. Civilian Defense Division. Washington, February 1947, p. 236.

12. Alvin Coox, *Japan: The Final Agony* (New York, 1970), p. 35. See also pp. 30-35.

13. *Ibid.*, p. 35.

14. Caidin, *op. cit.*, pp. 120-121.

15. *Ibid.*, p. 157.

16. William Craig, *The Fall of Japan* (New York, 1967), p. 25.

17. S.L.A. Marshall, "At the Center Lay the Bomb," in *New York Times Book Review* for September 3, 1967.

brought their little shrine, and it was placed where the *honden* had been. The sacred mirror was exhumed, and enshrined within it. The Tokyo Education University brought their much larger shrine, and it served as the temporary *haiden*, or oratory hall. In 1958, the shrine was rebuilt. Only this time the priest and the parishioners had learned a lesson. It was constructed in ferro-concrete, which is fire-proof, and earthquake-resistant. The temporary *honden* was placed over the caved-in well by the *shamusho*; and the larger *haiden* was placed beyond the guardian lions, near the *kagura-den*, where it houses the spirits of Kōmpira, a god of the sea and of men who live by the sea; Hachiman, the god of war (the enshrined spirit of the Emperor Ōjin, actually); and the three daughters of Susano-o-no-Mikoto who are enshrined at Itsukushima Jinja, on Miyajima.

And so the shrine stands today where it stood during the optimistic years of the Emperor Meiji; where it has stood, in fact, since 1699, for almost three centuries. The fireflies have gone, the foxes and badgers have gone, and the tea house and the scenic view have gone. In form, the shrine suggests the graceful construction of wooden buildings of ancient Yamato and Izumo, and perhaps of the wetlands of Southeast Asia. In substance, however, it is cold grey concrete—externally, at least. Inside, there is still the warmth of wood, the smell of fresh *tatami*. It is a pity that so few laymen have opportunity to enter the outer hall, and just sit and absorb the atmosphere. It is a soft interior. It is all wood, very light in coloring (perhaps it will darken with age, but now it is still very new), and very natural in finish. It has a tangy sweet fragrance; the fresh smells of the outdoors, brought indoors. And complementing the softness of the woods and the springiness of the fresh *tatami*, the interior is hung with orange brocade banners, paper cranes in long chains, and here and there, willow branches decorated with rainbow-colored rice balls. Entering the building, one enters the *haiden* or oratory hall. The shrine's board of governors is seated here on special occasions, to witness the priestly recitations of prayers (*norito*) and the making of offerings, and themselves each to offer a *tamagushi* (sacred branch); but otherwise even this hall is not open to the public. A few steps up from the *haiden* is the offeratory hall, or *heiden*, where the offerings are placed, and the prayers addressed to the *kami*. The *kami* (most easily, but not very felicitously translated as "god" or "deity") is thought either to reside, physically or symbolically, or to manifest himself when he is "called down," in the *honden*, the holy of holies, which is a few steps up from the middle or offeratory hall. From the outside,

you can see that this focal point of the complex is raised, boxed, and roofed. It is the back end of the whole structure, but it stands out because of its elevation. Sometimes it sits on a high, rounded rock of great mass and solidity. Sometimes one finds behind it a jagged outcropping of rock that creates a grotto-like atmosphere: tree roots, protruding rocks above one's head, dense foliage all around. A quiet, dark, dank place for spiders and crickets. That is of course especially true for Inari shrines, where there is no special *honden*, and a cave is the holy of holies, where the sacred fox lives, emerging only by dark of night, to frolic across the tops of the red *torii*; but I have often noticed it in other shrines as well. In Tokyo of course it is often lost to a road, or to the expansion of the school playground next door, or a stone or (nowadays) concrete wall. But even in this age of cement, a suggestion of mystery is there in that raised closet that no one ever sees from the inside. Why is it elevated? I asked my neighborhood priest. "Because it's the place where the kami is," he said simply. "He must sit higher than the commonplace. He must dwell above the people."

Inside the *honden* is the sacred object that represents the presence of the holy. Aston insisted that it be called the *shintai*,<sup>18</sup> but all the priests I talked to called it the *mitamashiro*. For this shrine, and for most of the shrines I visited in Bunkyo-ku, the *mitamashiro* is an old-style mirror made of polished metal. These mirrors are wrapped in the most elegant brocaded fabrics. When the fabric shows signs of wear, it is not removed; a new covering is placed over it, so that the sacred object is never unnecessarily exposed. Many a priest has thus spent his lifetime serving the *kami*, whose presence is in some sense contained in this mirror without ever having seen it himself. My neighborhood priest told me he had seen the holy mirror only once, when in 1958 it was removed from its temporary lodging and placed in its new home, the freshly completed ferro-concrete *honden*. But for the wartime sequestering of the mirror and destruction of the old shrine, he might never have seen it. Many priests, I am told, do not even know what their shrine's *mitamashiro* is.

What is the significance of the mirror? and the brocade banners, and the branch with brightly colored rice balls? and the offering to the *kami* of sprigs of the sacred *sakaki* tree? I do not pretend to know whether custom precedes mythology in these matters, but in the *Kojiki*

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18. Aston, op. cit., pp. 27, 34. See also Aston's *Shinto: The Ancient Religion of Japan*, pp. 15-16.

it is reported that when the sun goddess Amaterasu-Ômikami became frightened of Susanoo-no-Mikoto and hid in the rock cave, the other gods outside uprooted *sakaki* trees and decorated their branches with long strings of beads (gems), hangings of white and blue cloth, and a huge mirror made of polished iron.<sup>19</sup> Specifically, when the sun goddess peeped out from the cave to see what was going on (one of her colleagues was delighting the heavenly assembly with the world's first *kagura* dance), the mirror was brought closer, and she ("thinking this more and more strange") was drawn to the mirror, until she could no longer return to the cave.<sup>20</sup> Later in the mythic narrative, when Ninigi descends to earth to establish the rule of heaven, the sun goddess gives him the mirror, and the string of jewels, and a sacred sword; she tells him: "This mirror—have it with you as my spirit (*mitama*), and worship it just as you would worship in my very presence."<sup>21</sup>

From this we might conjecture that the purpose of the decorations inside the shrine, including the invisible decoration (the *mitamashiro*), is to draw near to the shrine and the worshippers the *kami*-power and the *kami*-presence. That is also the purpose of the prayers recited by the priest, who is called *kannushi*, that is to say, *kami-nushi*: he whose role it is to exert mastery over the *kami*-power, and bring it down to the people.<sup>22</sup>

And what is this *kami*-power that the polished mirror attempts to

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19. Donald L. Philippi, tr., *Kojiki* (Tokyo, 1969), p. 83.

20. *Ibid.*, p. 85.

21. *Ibid.*, p. 140. YAMADA Taka ("Shinto Symbols," in *Contemporary Religions in Japan*, vol. 7 no. 2, June 1966, p. 104) writes: "The mirror was evidently a very early Chinese importation. In mythology it is a mysterious object. Monsters play with the reflected figures but are killed by looking at their own reflections. Devils are supposed to be afraid of mirrors. The pictures and inscriptions on the back of ancient mirrors also indicate the mysterious character of the mirror. In primitive society it was an object of ceremonial and religious significance rather than of daily use." For some very similar remarks, see Ono, *op. cit.*, p. 23. D.C. Holtom (*The National Faith of Japan: A Study in Modern Shinto*, New York 1965, p. 11) has a splendid account of the wrapping of the *mitamashiro*: "The mirror, which is always made of metal, is first tied with red silk cord and tassels and placed in a bag of gold brocade, fastened with a red cord. The whole is then enclosed in a box of willow wood which is, in turn, wrapped in plain white silk. Final placement is made in a white box made of unstained cypress wood, ornamented with gilt metal work and tied again with red cord and tassels. Over all is drawn a cover of Yamato brocade."

22. Aston, *Shinto: The Way of the Gods*, p. 204. Lewis Bush (in the *Japan Times* for March 29, 1966) defined *matsuri* as "a magico-religious rite performed by a person possessed of special powers to call a god from out the plain of heaven"—a nice definition, in the best British English.

capture, and that the priest attempts to call down? A visitor from America does not expect to see such matters discussed in the newspapers, but here are some oddments I jotted down in the course of a year of reading one of Tokyo's morning papers:

1) One day there was an item on a town on the Izu peninsula. It is buffeted annually by strong winds. Centuries ago, the debris of a shipwreck washed ashore. The villagers took a bit of the shattered hull of the boat, and built a shrine around it. They still worship it today. (In this case, note well, the *mitamashiro* is that fragment of battered wood.)

2) A well known scholar, discussing the emperor system, offered the opinion that much mischief and a good deal of misunderstanding had come out of the Western habit of translating *kami* as "god," which it is not.

3) During the Japanese invasion of China, a Chinese soldier, wounded in South China and dying, with his last ounce of strength scribbled on a fragment of bamboo: "The Chinese National flag will one day fly from atop Mt. Fuji"—and expired. A Japanese soldier, picking up the bamboo, secretly kept it, and when the war was over, returned to his home in Shizuoka with it. There he enshrined it, and there it was an object of worship for some twenty years.

4) A columnist remarked that *kami* are often "souls of the departed possessed of supernatural powers." Where the deceased was the victim of a violent accident or other unnatural causes, or where he died young and unfulfilled, or where he died in anger or with bitterness in his heart, his soul wanders. But if it is remembered by the living, it is gradually purged, and ascends, and becomes a benevolent guardian spirit. (The shipwrecked sailors died a violent and premature death, as did the Chinese soldier who must have harbored dreams of sweet revenge. That is why that bit of driftwood, and that Chinese inscription on bamboo, came to be venerated. For this kind of veneration is a community effort to ease the bitterness of an unkind fate.)

Of course, not all *kami* are or were angry ghosts. Motoori Norinaga suggested that "anything whatsoever which is outside the ordinary" or possesses "superior power" or is "awe-inspiring" can be called a *kami*.<sup>23</sup> Mt. Fuji is a *kami*: and that is a very different thing from saying that a *kami* dwells in Mt. Fuji. In a sense, that bit of driftwood in our newspaper story was *kami*; it is *kami* because it is associated with the thoughts

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23. Holtom, *op. cit.*, p. 23.

of the men who drowned on that lost ship. Some might say that the men, or their restless spirits, are the *kami*; but it is the bit of wood that is venerated, it is the bit of wood that betokens those hapless spirits. Beyond that, few *ujiko* will feel the need to theologize. The same may be said of the scribbled writing on bamboo. And of all the curiously shaped rocks and suggestive tree trunks that grow on the side of Inariyama in Fushimi, and are draped with the sacred straw rope and paper banners. And perhaps even all those battered rocks one finds on the grounds of shrines: the *kôshin-sama*, the fragments of shattered war monuments and little stone foxes that have lost their noses, or their plump tails (on the grounds of one shrine, I found a square stone pillar with the number four on it, and was told it had been a milestone, indicating the distance to Nihonbashi; when the road was widened, it was brought to the shrine and installed there).

G. Gaiger suggests that instead of using the term "gods" we call these *kami* simply "unseen influences."<sup>24</sup> Not a bad suggestion. Perhaps "unseen forces" would be better. Motoori mentions the thunder, the echo, and dragons and foxes as "among things which are not human" which have been thought of as *kami* because "they are conspicuous, wonderful and awe-inspiring."<sup>25</sup> Emperors were called "distant *kami*" because "from the standpoint of common people, they are far-separated, majestic and worthy of reverence."<sup>26</sup> As for the gods of mythology, they "were for the most part human beings of that time"<sup>27</sup>—and "that time" means the Age of the Gods, which is the time at the beginning of time, the time which is outside all time, and yet eternally present within all time. Kagura is simply a staging of the events of "that time" which is Uchronia (no time), just as Utopia is an archetypal "place" which is "no place," and yet is potentially all around us.

Before 1929, my neighborhood shrine had two *kami*: Susano-o-no-Mikoto, the obstreperous brother of the sun goddess and killer of the monster serpent; and the bride he won for having vanquished the serpent, Kushinadahime-no-Mikoto. It is their story which is told (or, rather, danced) in the most popular of all *kagura* plays, "Orochi Taiji." In this aspect, he is a gentle archetypal spirit associated with marriage, and

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24. G. Gaiger, "Japanese Festivals," in the *Journal of the Oriental Society of Australia*, vol. 4, no. 1 (June, 1966), p. 56.

25. Holtom, *op. cit.*, p. 23.

26. *Ibid.*, p. 23.

27. *Ibid.*, p. 23.

the love between a man and a woman.<sup>28</sup>

In 1929, the priest made a pilgrimage to Izumo, and brought back the *Ofuda* of Izumo Taisha, as part of the celebration for the restoration of his shrine, and installed the spirit of Onamuchi-no-Mikoto (better known, I think, as Ô-Kuni-Nushi or Daikoku) alongside Susano-o and Kushinadahime: all very appropriate, since Ô-Kuni-Nushi is the *kami* of Izumo Taisha, the Grand Shrine of Izumo, is associated with the fertility of the rice fields, and was the son of Susano-o. Furthermore, it was in Izumo that Susano-o slew the serpent and won his bride.

It should be noted, however, that the shrine has one, not three, *mitamashiro*. That one elaborately wrapped mirror is sufficient to connote the presence of all the *kami*-power that manifests itself from the holy of holies. It is also worth noting that few parishioners are able to name the *kami* present in the sanctuary; they will rather use the general term, *kami-sama*, and be quite content to let it go at that. Nor is this a sign of the times, or the shallowness of urban life. Everywhere I went, and everywhere I saw a shrine, I asked the people standing about who was the *kami* of their shrine. There was much sucking of breath and thoughtful grunts, and then: "Just a moment, I'll ask grandfather" or "Please wait a moment, I think uncle may know." As often as not, uncle did not know, nor could grandfather remember—whether the shrine was located on a busy Tokyo street corner, or in an obscure fishing village. What does this prove? Simply that these are not gods, in the ordinary sense. Each instance of "*kami*" is simply a manifestation of an unseen force. If the "god's" identity has any significance whatever for the people, it is known to them indirectly through the reputed special powers of the shrine. They may know that this is a good shrine for prayers for luck in one's examinations, or for luck in love; but few will associate that directly with the presence of Tenjin-sama or Susano-o. These are by no means personal gods. They are, if anything, community

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28. Aston, *op. cit.*, p. 140. I find Ouwehand's suggestion that Susano-o and the serpent are both actually Susano-o, and together represent the "double aspect of the god" (*nigi-mitama*, peaceful spirit; *ara-mitama*, rough spirit) rich with possibilities. The serpent and the mountain god are one, he says; "killing the serpent, the god kills himself"—or at least his coarser nature? "The serpent . . . revealing the mountain god's *ara-mitama* and as such being the cause of human misfortunes, has to be subdued." In this drama, the mountain god (Susanoo) turns into "his counterpart, the 'water god' trickster . . ." (Cornelius Ouwehand, "Some Notes on the God Susa-no-o," in *Monumenta Nipponica*, vol. 14, nos. 3-4, 1958-1959, pp. 147/393, 155-156/401-402, and 158/404. Ouwehand is basing himself on HIGO Kazuo's *Nihon Shinwa Kenkyū*, and other writings.)

gods. So when a parishioner is asked, "What 'god' is venerated here?" it is proper enough for him to answer simply *kami-sama*, or (better still) *ujigami-sama*: the respected spirit of the community.

That word *uji*, strictly speaking, meant "clan." Hence the *uji-gami* (or *uji-kami*, where the soft *ka* becomes the hard *ga*) was the spirit of the clan. But Japanese scholars have argued that the key to the *uji*-relationship was not consanguinity, but community. "A clan is . . . a community established with the regional relationship as the necessary condition. In ancient days, the clan society must have been a regional one and taken the form of a village."<sup>29</sup> Of course, where people live in close community, and in some measure of isolation from other villages, blood relationships within the community become progressively closer. But here consanguinity is a consequence of communal ties, rather than a requisite of community status. And if the *uji* is basically a regional entity rather than a consanguineous one, then the *uji-gami* cannot be the deified ancestor of a consanguineous clan, as Hearn and others have thought.

The venerable scholar Dr. Nishitsunoi points out that related to the concept of *uji-gami* is the concept of *ubusuna*, "originally 'region of one's birth.' The word contained connotations meaning a spirit protecting birth, and later came to be raised to the meaning of a patron god; thus the sense meaning a local tutelary deity was strengthened."<sup>30</sup> Harada further suggests that many local guardian spirits were only later identified with the gods of mythology, and that many shrines still today are "not sacred to any such definite deities."<sup>31</sup> Often, in fact, it is felt to be "quite natural that the deity should not have a proper name," for his sole and sufficient identity is as the *uji-gami*, the guardian spirit of the community and the region, and thus "a deity worshipped there alone."<sup>32</sup>

Even today in a modern city, the *kami* of a shrine is identified as the *uji-gami*. He is thought to preside over a clearly defined territory within the city (which is thought of as a cluster of "towns" within the wider "parish" of the shrine), and he does the rounds of that territory once a year, at the annual shrine festival (each "town" having a sacred

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29. HARADA Toshiaki, "The Origin of Community Worship," in Japanese Association for Religious Studies, eds., *Religious Studies in Japan* (Tokyo, 1959), p. 213.

30. NISHITSUNOI Masayoshi, "Social and Religious Groups in Shinto," in *ibid.*, p. 225.

31. Harada, *op. cit.*, p. 216.

32. *Ibid.*, p. 216.



ark of its own, to transport him through its own streets and alleyways). The persons who live within this parish district are called the *ujiko* of the shrine, the "children of the *uji*." The parish territory is apt to be divided, about equally, between *yamanote* ("uptown") and *shitamachi* ("downtown"): the people who live on the high ground where the shrine is, and the people who live on the low ground beneath it. Historically, topography and social class distinctions have gone hand in hand. In the Tokyo of the Edo Period (1603–1867), the hill districts were for "the town mansions of the feudal nobility and the houses and barracks of the lesser ranks of the samurai class"; low-lying districts were "inhabited by the non-samurai merchant and artisan families."<sup>33</sup> The artisans and merchants of old Edo were considered the inferiors of the hill people, who took for themselves the "rather more airy and salubrious higher ground which begins some way inland from the coast of Tokyo Bay," leaving their subordinates the easily flooded, muggier lowlands alongside Tokyo Bay and the banks of the Sumida, and scattered among the highlands to the West.<sup>34</sup> The lowlanders are still today, in Tokyo as everywhere in the world, the first to suffer from catastrophe: flood, fire, epidemic, the scourge of war and the slow devastation of industrial pollution of the air and waters. The modern highlander, now that the samurai are gone, "gets his living from the . . . tertiary industries; he is the professional man, the official, the business executive, the sales assistant in a departmental store, the clerical worker in one of Tokyo's large offices."<sup>35</sup> But in the lowlands, there is more continuity with the past, and a sense of deeper roots. The downtowner is "a merchant or an independent craftsman, perhaps a tailor or a restaurant-owner, a carpenter or the owner of a small workshop employing one or two workers."<sup>36</sup>

As R.P. Dore has pointed out, there is a special quality to the

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33. R.P. Dore, *City Life in Japan: A Study of a Tokyo Ward* (Berkeley, 1958), p. 11.

34. *Ibid.*, p. 11.

35. *Ibid.*, p. 11.

36. *Ibid.*, p. 11. Regarding the greater hazard of earthquake damage in the *shitamachi* districts of Tokyo, Dr. KANAI Kiyoshi of Tokyo University's Earthquake Research Institute reports that the *yamanote* section of Tokyo has a soft soil surface that is only 16.4 feet deep, on the average, below which lies solid rock; but the ground under downtown Tokyo is soft to a depth of 65.2 feet, and therefore highly susceptible to earthquake damage (New York Times, December 12, 1966, in an article by Jane E. Brody titled "Skyline of Tokyo Growing Higher". The article reports that Japan has an average of three tremors a day of sufficient intensity to be felt, and a devastating quake every thirty years or so).

language of the downtown districts, and a vividness of life that is missing in the *yamanote*. The women are more likely to wear the kimono, and they are more likely to wear it low in the back, showing more of the nape of the neck. Asahi beer is known as *asashi* beer, and the sound of the *shamisen* is preferred to the sound of the *koto* or the violin. The hill-man values his privacy, and builds a high wall around his property; but the downtowner feels most at home on busy streets and in crowded neighborhoods, where he can live a "wide-open, no secrets, communal life."<sup>37</sup> He is "hot-tempered, but warm-hearted, uninhibited in his enjoyment of sensual pleasures, extravagant and with no thought for the morrow"; the *yamanote* man is by contrast "more prudent, more rational, inhibited in his enjoyments and in his friendships by the demands of a bourgeois respectability."<sup>38</sup> It should come as no surprise, then, that the festival falls within the special dominion of the downtown people: "The close relations between neighbors and tremendous enthusiasm in the local celebration of festivities in Shitamachi districts contrasts with neighborly diffidence and half-hearted participation in shrine festivals in Yamanote."<sup>39</sup> One of my (*yamanote*) neighbors told me: "The downtown merchants are very religious. For the merchant, the *kami* is necessary for good business. The merchants' sons carry the *o-mikoshi*. Most of the hill people remain aloof from all this. I myself never visit the shrine." And another neighbor told me: "In downtown Tokyo, seven or eight of every ten households maintain a *kami-dana* (*kami*-shelf, a kind of shrine-in-the-home); but here in the *yamanote*, no one has one!" He seemed a little sheepish, telling me this; and perhaps a little nostalgic. So I asked him: Are you an uptowner or a downtowner? (From his trace of nostalgia, and from his complete openness in discussing such matters, his answer was easily anticipated; complete honesty and complete freedom of conscience, salted with just a hint of sadness, are the essence of the downtown temperament.) He smiled, and said: "I was born in Asakusa. My wife comes from Senzoku-

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37. Dore, op. cit., p. 12.

38. *Ibid.*, p. 12. The great film director Kurosawa has explored the relationship between uptown and down in a somewhat Dostoevskian mood in his adaptation of a Graham Greene story, in "The High and the Low." The "High" of the title is the home of a wealthy man who lives on the bluff in Yokohama; the "Low," the home of a destitute man who turns kidnapper in his compulsion to attack the bastion on *yamanote*. No doubt thoughts of revenge and despair flourish in the slums along the Sumida; but I found no evidence of them in the more relaxed and comfortable downtown sections of Bunkyo-ku.

39. *Ibid.*, p. 12.

chô, near the O-Tori shrine. So I'm *shitamachi* by birth, though now I live in *yamanote*. But my heart is still in Asakusa! My *ujigami* shrine is Torigoe. *O-matsuri* is on June 15." And he added: "Would you like to go? I'll take you! This year, you and I will go together!"

The governance of the local shrine is intimately tied to local government. The territory of my neighborhood shrine embraces seventeen "towns" (*chô*). Ordinarily each town has its own "town association" (*chô-kai*), to which every resident belongs simply by virtue of being a resident. In this case, several of the towns are rather large, and are therefore split into two or three town associations each, making a grand total of twenty-five *chô-kai* within the limits of the parish. Each town association sends two delegates to the shrine, to form the *chô-sôdai*, which is responsible for managing shrine affairs. With twenty-five town associations, this *chô-sôdai* begins as a committee of fifty members. The fifty then elect six of their number to serve as *miya-sôdai*, which is the shrine's working board of governors. In addition, a treasurer is appointed, making seven. Then the town associations refill the seven positions that have been left vacant on the *chô-sôdai*, which is thereby raised to its full complement of fifty-seven. On May 10, in my shrine, all fifty-seven are supposed to meet in the *haiden* of the shrine, to plan the annual festival in September. But the meeting is held around two or three in the afternoon of a working day, and if half can manage to come, that is considered a very good turnout indeed.

At their first meeting, the six members of the *miya-sôdai* elect a chairman. He is called the *miya-sôdai-daihyô*, and serves as both chairman of the six and chairman of the fifty-seven. The *miya-sôdai* then elects a treasurer, in what cannot be a too-hotly contested election: the treasurer told me had served in that capacity for the last fifty years. "In some shrines," he told me, "there is conflict between the *miya-sôdai* and the *chô-sôdai*, but here we have harmony. The *miya-sôdai*'s job is to take the initial steps in planning, and then confer with the wider assembly."

The priest is a kind of *ex officio* member of the *miya-sôdai*, and indeed the priest, the *daihyô* and the treasurer together form a supreme triumvirate. For legal purposes, their three signatures are required in business transactions, and are therefore registered in municipal and ward offices. Before construction can be undertaken on the shrine grounds, for example, the three must apply to the local government office for a building permit.

How does the town association decide which two members will

serve on the committee of 57? I asked the chairman of the board. "They are selected on recommendation of the town association." I took this to mean that it happens by consensus; that two men indicate their willingness, the head of the town association and the long-term members of the *miya-sôdai* make their wishes known, and it just happens, like most things in Japan, with a quiet unanimity. I asked him which town he lives in, and he gave me the name of the town. I asked him for the name of the *chô-kai-chô*, or boss, of his town association; "*Watakushi*," he politely answered (I am). Then your town has just one town association, I said. "No, it is quite large, and has three." And he named the town association he headed. How long have you been its head? I asked. He looked to his assistant, who replied: "Twelve years." Is your assistant an officer of the town association? "Yes, he is chief of administration." Is the boss of the town association usually also a member of the shrine's committee of 57? "Yes, usually." How does one become head of a town association? "He is elected, or—by recommendation." Which I take to mean something between consensus and self-appointment.

As I probed more deeply, I found that the *miya-sôdai* of my shrine actually had eight, not seven members. The eighth man seemed to be the chairman's assistant, mentioned above. The chairman (his correct title, he said, would be *sôdai-no-daihyô*) is a doctor, a graduate of Keio University, and the nominal head of a very small private hospital (like so many in Tokyo, it occupies a building the size of a large house). Until recently he taught a course in hygiene at a nearby women's college, and oral surgery at a nearby dental college. But now he has turned the management of his little hospital over to his son, who is 36 and also a doctor, and devotes his full time to politics—although his office is still in the hospital, and his son can drop in to ask his advice. He is serving his third four-year term in the metropolitan assembly. He showed us his desk calendar so that we could see what a full schedule he has; "If I am too busy, my assistant goes in my stead." He flipped through the calendar, which proved to be a nudie calendar; the assistant quickly put it away. "How long have you been head of the shrine governors?" I asked in haste. He checked with his assistant, a small man with a penetrating look, and not so open as his friendly, gregarious chief. "I have been a member of the *sôdai* for thirty years. I have served as *daihyô* for the last eight." Why do you devote your time to the shrine, I asked. "When I go to the shrine for festivals," he said, "or for meetings, I meet many people. People get to know me. In ancient times, you know, *matsuri-goto* meant both government, and managing the

festival. To help plan the festival was to be engaged in governing. Now that I am active in municipal government, I manage shrine festivals. My aim in both is the same: to govern well." He felt a speech coming on; his assistant, a man who does not waste time, interrupted: "Now that he's in politics, it's good for him to know many people."

How much do families contribute, on a monthly basis, to their town association, I asked the chairman and his assistant. The assistant answered. "A minimum of ¥50 (15¢ a month, \$1.70 a year) a maximum of ¥500 (\$1.40 a month, over \$20 a year)." Who decides how much it will be? "It is like a tax. The head of the town association makes an appraisal." How much goes to the shrine? "The shrine gets about ¥3,000 to ¥4,000 a month (\$8-\$11) from each town association." That would make for a total of between \$210 and \$275 a month. "And is there an extra contribution made for the festival?" "No," was the reply; the shrine has to budget its monthly receipts." How are the collections made? from door to door? and who does the collecting? "The members of the ladies' auxiliary (*fujinkai*) of each town association go around." What percentage of families contribute, what percentage decline? "90% do, 10% don't." Is any reason given for not contributing? "Yes. Poverty." The boss chimed in: "In that case they are on welfare, and my assistant takes care of them" (he is welfare commissioner of the district; he is also vice president of the district fire department, and political manager of the boss). Do some decline to contribute because they are Christians, or members of some of the militant new religions? "Yes! They contribute to the town association, but not to the shrine." But it's all one payment! I blurted. "*Sô desu nê!*" They held a long whispered conference, and when they emerged the subject had somehow been changed.<sup>40</sup>

40. R.P. Dore reported in his study, which first appeared in 1958, that due to the regulations imposed by the American military occupation immediately after the war the town associations were forbidden to collect money to be used as gifts to the shrine, and that the old structure of the *ujiko-sōdai* had been replaced by a more clearly voluntary "Worshippers Association" (*sūkeikai*). (*op. cit.*, pp. 296-299). When I began my interviews, I started out using the word *sūkeikai*, but found that it caused a good deal of confusion, and in most cases was not recognized at all. It was soon clear that the old terminology was in use again (or still), and of course the old practices. (When I was visiting with an elderly gentleman who had served with the occupation and was still a Tokyo resident, I used the term *ujiko-sōdai* in passing. He gave a start, and said: "What! Are they calling it that again!") On the subject of local government, in addition to Dore's classic work, I can recommend Kurt Steiner's *Local Government in Japan* (Stanford, 1965), and Joseph J. Spae's *Neighborhood Associations: A*

At the shrine in the adjacent district, I put basically the same questions: What is the monthly payment from each household to the town association? About ¥100 per family. Does that include the shrine contribution? Yes, about ¥15 or ¥20 of that goes to the shrine. How do the town associations make their payments to the shrine? They send a contribution every three to six months, depending on what the shrine's needs are. Do they send extra for the festival? Some town associations do; most don't. But if it's a *honsai* (major celebration, which at this shrine happens only every seven years or so), all the town associations will contribute extra.

A layman in that parish told me most families in his town pay ¥50 a month, but he and some of his friends give ¥100–¥200, and extra for the festival. But many neighbors they call upon say, "I paid the shrine through the town association, so why should I pay again for the festival?" His town association contributes an annual ¥20,000 to ¥30,000 just for the festival. Otherwise, they make no contributions to the shrine, except to cover the costs of building and repairs. Do any refuse to contribute to the shrine at all? "About one or two percent." What are their reasons? "They are *kawarimono* (screwballs, eccentrics)." Do you have any ambitions of one day serving on the *miya-sôdai* of your shrine? "In the old days, being a member of the *sôdai* really meant something. It meant social position. You were a real *samurai*! But nowadays, not. . . . I do spend a lot of time at my town's *o-miki-sho* at festival time, though."

The parish adjacent to mine is much smaller. It comprises twenty towns, and twenty town associations. It is governed by a *miya-sôdai* of five men who are selected by the priest, and a *chô-sôdai* of twenty appointed by the town associations (one from each association), making a full committee of twenty-five, who together are known as the *ujiko-sôdai*. Are the five picked from the twenty? "No, they are chosen from the *ujiko* at large." Of the five, one was identified for me as the manager of an inn, another as the owner of a bakery, the third as a scrap-iron buyer and dealer, the fourth as the president of a small construction company (working in both wood and ferro-concrete), and the fifth as a former member of the Tokyo Metropolitan Assembly. (One of my informants told me this man had been defeated in the last election, but

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*Catholic Way for Japan* (Himeji, 1956), pp. 25–32. Father Spae sees in the neighborhood associations an expression of that "wonderful spirit of oneness" and that "profound feeling of almost familistic relationship" that characterizes communal life in Japan.

was still a power in local politics, and was trying to get back in. He was defeated by a Socialist who, I was told, "has no interest in the shrine," and anyway he won his seat easily, "and therefore has no need to join the *sôdai*." This same informant tells me he thinks the "innkeeper" is actually the "master" of a house of entertainment just down the street from his home. "But," he adds, "that district is both *geisha* and 'play-girls'—he used the English word—or *yoru-no-onna*, ladies of the night.") The council of five has no elected chief, I was told; but the baker, the scrap-iron dealer and the "inn-keeper" serve as its legal representatives. No doubt the priest would ordinarily be one of the three, but the shrine is going through a transitional period following the death of the former priest, and the training of a new one.

The priest of my neighborhood shrine identified the eight members of his *miya-sôdai* as "three from *yamanote*, three from *shitamachi*, and one man who has been a supporter of the shrine for a long time." The three from uptown were a lawyer, the president of a construction company and elected member of the Bunkyo-ku assembly, and the president of a company that makes cardboard boxes (who also serves as the president of a local ice company). The three downtown members were the president of a magazine and book publishing company, the president of a book-binding company, and the doctor turned politician who serves as head of the council. The long-time supporter of the shrine is the elderly treasurer of fifty years' standing and unofficial historian of the shrine whom we interviewed at length about his boyhood memories. I gather that he is in effect a lifetime member of the inner council. In his private life he was president of a savings and loan bank in Asakusa, though he had begun his career as a charcoal dealer. The mysterious eighth member is the campaign manager of the council's politician chief, whose assorted jobs as welfare commissioner and assistant fire chief carry no salary. He, it turned out, was also the president of a small printing company. "He is not a true *sôdai* member," I was told. Is the lawyer active in politics? I asked. "Not now," I was told, "but he was in the Bunkyo-ku government." Many of these shrine governors have a hand in politics; and there are a good many company presidents, representing both the downtown and the uptown parishioners. Was the construction company president given the contract for rebuilding the shrine? I asked, playing another hunch. "No. This kind of construction has to be done by a company that specializes in shrine architecture." What does the Council of Eight do in preparation for the festival, I asked the chairman. "We prepare the facilities for the *kagura*; we arrange for

companies and individuals to contribute the lanterns that will light the shrine grounds in the evenings; we invite the eight or nine priest-musicians who will supply the *gagaku* music at the sanctuary; and we decide precisely what foods will be offered to the *kami*, how much fruit, and so on."

Odd as it may seem, my neighborhood shrine has not always had a priest. According to a tradition, it was discovered, at its original location atop a tumulus in the botanical gardens, an abandoned ruin, by a Buddhist holy man named Kaisan Ryôkyo Shônin, who was the priest at the famous temple of Denzûin. Denzûin still stands today, in Koishikawa, not far from Kôrakuen. The shrine must have been a little like those two small Inari shrines that flourish today in the botanical gardens, without benefit of clergy, but lovingly tended by old downtowners who bring fresh sake and bean curd almost daily, for the invisible sacred fox. Kaisan Ryôkyo, a contemplative, was attracted to the beauty and solitude of the spot, and must have had a romantic feeling toward the tumble-down old shrine, because he often went there, and in 1413 he built his hermitage there, becoming its first custodian of record. In the late Edo Period, the shrine, now in its new location, was under the protection of the priest of the Buddhist temple nearest the botanical gardens, Sôkeiji. But with the Meiji Restoration of 1868, all the shrines were disjoined from the temples, and given a free existence of their own. The man whom the community historian calls "our first priest (*kannushi*)" was born in 1843, in Yotsuya. He was the sixth son of a retainer of the Tokugawa *shôgun*. At the age of the thirteen, he was separated from his parents (reasons unclear), and in 1869 (when he was twenty-six) he was adopted by a family living near the shrine. Politically, he sympathized with the forces supporting the Emperor Meiji, and was arrested in 1861 (at age 18) for disloyalty to the shogunate. With the Meiji Restoration, he of course became an unemployed *samurai*, loyal to the king; and so he was appointed the first *kannushi* of his neighborhood shrine, in 1873. All traces of the Buddhist cult were removed from the shrine, which was now free to enter the new era cleansed and reformed. After nearly a half century of service, this man of the Keio Period (the transitional era between feudalism and modernism) was succeeded in 1920 by his son, who is today a man of seventy-two, and still participating in the shrine rituals, though in retirement.

Providing the shrine with a third-generation priest proved difficult. The second priest had two children, a son and a daughter. His son received his priestly training at Kokugakuin University, and served as



priest for three years. He then approached the *miya-sôdai*, and told them that he could not support his wife and child on the income he was receiving from the shrine, and they had better find someone else. I was never told of the pressures within the priest's family, and between the family and the shrine elders, but they must have been immense. At any rate, the board of governors finally became resigned to the young man's decision, and set about finding a new priest. In a country where there is a tradition for hereditary priesthood, the choice was really quite simple. If the son would not succeed to the priesthood, the daughter's husband would have to. I once asked him: "When you married, did you know that you would become priest?" "No," he said; and I could only guess his emotions. I asked the treasurer of the board of governors how all this came about; "The son became priest for a while," he said, "but didn't like it. So we asked the son-in-law, who was an architect. He went to Kokugakuin then for his training." How long had he been married at that time? "Six or seven years." How did you persuade him? "I went to see him at his company. I went three times. He refused three times. But finally he gave in." Why? "There was no one else to be priest!" Why did the son quit? "The income was too small. He has two children now. It was not enough to support his family." If it was not enough for the son, how can it be enough for the son-in-law? "Oh, it's enough for him. He has no children."

The new priest was born in Izumo, in 1924. When the war was over, he studied architecture, and at the age of 26 went to work for a construction company, where he remained until he was 36, a period of some ten years. In 1952, two years after landing his first job, he married the daughter of the shrine priest, little knowing what lay ahead for him. In 1960 he was persuaded to leave his job (and his career), and serve as assistant to his father-in-law, who was then 66 and approaching retirement. At the same time, he enrolled for classes at the Shinto seminary, which he attended on a part-time basis for a year and a half. His tuition expenses were covered by shrine funds. In the meantime, reconstruction of the shrine had begun in 1954 (he had no role in the reconstruction because he had no specialized knowledge of shrine architecture, he told me). The rebuilding took eight years to completion (1962), but the building began to function as shrine in 1958. ("The shrine had been destroyed in May of 1945," he told me. "Before that, they say the shrine ground were so heavily wooded and the foliage was so dense that it was dark here even in daytime.") How much did it cost to rebuild? ¥13,000,000, or about \$36,000. "We nearly failed to raise

sufficient funds to complete the construction," the treasure told me "And we are still paying for it. It will be paid in full in five years. The construction company president has been very patient."

The *shamusho* household is the classic extended family. It includes the old priest, aged seventy-two, the young priest (aged forty-two) and his wife, his wife's younger brother (the young man who renounced his hereditary priesthood) and *his* wife and two children. The young ex-priest now works as an automobile salesman; presumably he and his family will one day find their own lodgings. Whether he works in a showroom or a used car lot, I was never able to ascertain. When I asked about what he was doing, I was always given the brief reply: "*Jidôsha* (cars)."

The shrine also has a gardener, who is known simply as Uekiya-san (Mr. Gardener). He lives nearby, and has worked for the shrine for twenty years or so. What are his duties, I asked the priest. "When I need him, I call him, and he comes. Also, he takes care of the trees."

Every afternoon at about 1:30 the elderly retired priest goes out to the contribution box, empties it of coins, and brings them in to the house to count them. One afternoon I was chatting with the young priest in the outer parlors while the coins chinked in the inner parlor; then I heard the clicking of a *soroban* (abacus), and the daughter proclaimed: "Seven hundred and eighty yen."

The priest's liturgical duties consist of the solitary recitation of a prayer before the sanctuary, one in the morning (at around eight) and one in the evening (at six). At the morning service, he offers *nikkû*, the daily offering for the *kami*. It includes rice, water and salt: the essentials for life (like bread and wine in the Christian liturgy). "In other shrines," he told me, "they also give fish and fruits every day, but that is too expensive for us, so we only offer that on the first and fifteenth of the month." And he added: "I am the only priest here, so the daily prayers aren't always at eight and six; sometimes I'm late."

The furthest of my five shrines was served by a temporary priest, a kind-hearted, intelligent man who reminded me a bit of Daisetz Suzuki, if only for his majestically protruding eyebrows. This was an elderly but energetic priest of wide experience, who was a kind of elder statesman of Tokyo priests. He lived at the *shamusho* of his own shrine, which he has served for fifty years. He had trained the young priest at another of my five shrines, a man who was so bashful (and I suspect insecure about his vocation) that he never consented to an interview. At this shrine, the old priest had died in 1956. He had two children, a son and

a daughter, but the son had died shortly after graduating from the Shinto seminary. The widow and the daughter, a very beautiful and shy young girl, both still live in the *shamusho*, and try to keep things in order; the visiting priest commutes in for liturgical purposes, and for periodic meetings with the 22-man *ujiko-sôdai* that manages shrine affairs and plans the festival. He said he would help with the training of a new priest, "when they find someone." "They"? "Yes, the family is looking for a son-in-law who is willing to become a priest; but it is hard to find someone."

At the shrine adjacent to mine, I tried in vain to arrange for a meeting with a young man who was, I understood, in training for the priesthood. The situation there was quite similar. The old priest had died just six months before of a heart attack, right on the shrine grounds. Because of the special feelings about death and pollution, the grounds were silent most of the following year. I went there in the early morning hours of the new year, while on my rounds of all the shrines in the area, and was surprised to find the grounds deserted. There was no sound but the clacking of the wood blocks of two Hokusai characters who had been hired by the town association to watch for fire (January is very dry in Tokyo), and sound the curfew. The deceased priest had left no son, but one daughter. She was married to a young man of not extraordinary gifts, who was working as a policeman on the imperial palace grounds. Here again, the widow and the daughter and her husband lived in the *shamusho*, which is connected to the shrine by a little bridge. This shrine fortunately escaped the incendiaries of 1945, and is a venerable old building of aged, dark woods and heavy clay roof tiles.

I had called the *shamusho* often, and asked if I could have a talk with the young man, but I was always put off. He was always busy studying for his seminary exams, and would I please talk to the priest from down the avenue who was filling in until he had completed his training. This temporary priest was most cordial, and I do not like to fault him; but for whatever reasons, our conversation was always painfully slow and circuitous. Whatever question I asked him, he said that to understand his answer, we would have to understand how the world came to be; and he would recount the Kojiki account of the creation of the world. Somehow we never seemed to get to the present day. Perhaps my questions (about revenues and governance and festival planning) did not seem worthy to him. At any rate, I always went back to trying to arrange for an interview at the *shamusho*. When after eight months I succeeded, I entered the parlor and was shown to a place at a long

table, with my back to the *tokonoma*, the customary place for an honored guest. Seated opposite me was the long-winded priest! It was a great old room in a huge house, with a worn brown carpet. In the *tokonoma*, a stuffed and mounted badger sat on a hollow log, a masterpiece of taxidermy (the log, I was told, came from the old cherry tree on the shrine grounds, a tree that Ieyasu once stopped under and offered up a prayer for victory; a monument was placed beside it, and it was protected by the government, until it fell). It was a musty room, and the *tokonoma* smelled of damp dog's fur. We were served cloudy tea, followed by murky coffee, especially for the foreign guest. I felt a little sad, they tried so hard to make me feel at home. On the wall there hung a mask of Daikoku, all dusty. An archery bow was propped in the corner of the room, also covered with ancient soot. There was a doll, and a scroll; and a carving of a stalking lion, crouched on a rock, done in the Chinese style. The word Victorian is not quite right; perhaps the atmosphere was Meijian.

The widow sat to the right of the priest, and back a little. The policeman was to her right, way off in the corner. It was he I had come to see, but he never said a word. The acting priest was there to do all the talking. To the right of the policeman, and a little further back, was his pretty young wife, whom I felt terribly sorry for. To my left sat a neighbor, who lives just back of the shrine, a fine man who knew some English and came to help out if he could. Behind him sat a friend of the policeman who had come to see the foreign visitor, and listen in to the conversation. (As the conversation progressed, the man who lives back of the shrine was further identified as a cousin of the acting priest!)

The young man, I was told, will enter Kokugakuin in July. I was a little surprised, because all fall and winter I had been told that he was preparing for the entrance exams, and would enter in April. There were hints that he had failed—perhaps more than once—and that he might never enter. The acting priest's constant patter was now clearly a gracious way of avoiding public shame for the boy, and for the *shamusho* family. I half wished that I had not pressed for an interview. "In the meantime," the acting priest volunteered, "I am teaching him the ins and outs of the priesthood. A college degree doesn't make a man a priest. You can't learn the important things in a university," he said looking at me sharply.

The future looks a little brighter today for the shrines and their priests than it did in the bleak years following the war. But financing the shrines is by no means easy, and their ultimate survival is still in

doubt. At my neighborhood shrine, the shrine treasurer told me: "Each year, managing the shrine has become more difficult, and the festival becomes progressively less popular. I think in the end we will have to merge shrines. Perhaps we shall have to content ourselves eventually with just one shrine for each ward (*ku*) of the city. Before the war, people thought: We worship these *kami*, therefore we will win. We lost. So now people think there is no use praying at the shrines." The priest of the Fuji Jinja in Bunkyo-ku has built two rows of garages at the lower edge of his shrine's grounds, to profit from the shortage of parking space in Tokyo. And when I was discussing the practice of allowing cars to park on the shrine grounds with my neighborhood priest, he remarked that he was thinking of tearing down the *mikoshi* sheds adjoining the main (lower level) entrance to the shrine, and putting in garages, so that he could use the rent for income. What would become of the *mikoshi*, I asked; "Oh, they don't belong to the shrine, they belong to the town associations!" Some towns already have garage space they could use, he said; for the others, he said he would have to ask them to build storage space, or ask someone to contribute space. Is there any danger that he might one day have to sell off some of the shrine's lands, to survive? "I haven't had to so far. In the future, I'm not sure I have to. With ten more years of change, who knows what will happen to the shrines?" A priest I know in the business section of central Tokyo found himself gradually losing his *ujiko* as high-rise office buildings began to replace two-storey shops and homes. Finally he had to drop the concept of residents as parishioners, and shift to the concept of believers as supporters of the shrine, in the manner of the great national shrine (Meiji, Yasukuni, Togo, Nogi) whose territory is not regional and limited, but popular and nation-wide. To aid in supporting the shrine, which sponsors periodic bazaars for daytime office-workers, he tore down the old one-storey *shamusho* and replaced it with a shiny seven-storey steel and glass office building. He has kept the lower floor for his offices (which are spacious), and rents the rest, making a handsome profit. When visitors come, he can serve coffee and Coca-Cola, instead of the customary green tea, in his carpeted rooms.

An even more radical solution was found by the Hatsunemori Shrine in Nihonbashi. It announced in July of 1966 that it was planning to tear down the very shrine itself, and replace it with a ¥75 million office building, five storeys high. The shrine itself will occupy the second floor. The first floor will be a parking garage, the third floor a trade exhibition center, and the top two floors will serve as a "business hotel."

The morning papers quoted an official of the shrine as saying that he believes that "shrines from now on must be self-supporting and serve parishioners through profits obtained from business ventures."<sup>41</sup>

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41. The Japan Times for July 12, 1966.