

inserted at the Occupation's insistence.

MacArthur, of course, is another major figure in Japanese history, and Gibney neither lauds nor condemns, sticking instead to his straight narrative style. While Gibney notes that MacArthur was criticized for his dictatorial style, aloofness, ignorance about Japan and nepotism, he also notes that this was the kind of man Japan needed at that time. "As a young Japanese of that day recalled: 'MacArthur was like a force of nature. He was like the river that flows or the wind that blows. ... Very few people thought of him as the enemy. It was as if a new emperor had arrived.'"

Gibney is also very good on the Dodge Plan adopted to deal with postwar inflation, the background to the income-doubling plan adopted by Ikeda Hayato and his administration, and other recent developments crucial to Japan's economic success. At the same time, he discounts the idea that Confucianism is antithetical to capitalism and instead suggests that "Confucian capitalism" may have much to do with Asia's dynamic economic development.

Time after time, he comes back to the idea that it is impossible to understand America's relations with Asia—present or future—without also understanding their past. When he finally steps out of his historian's role, it is to argue that Asians are attracted to America for its cultural and technological innovativeness, for its high educational standards and institutional openness to Asian students, for the freedom and openness of its informal society, and for the many Asians who have made America their home—and that America should take advantage of this appeal in forging an Asian identity.

Along with arguing that America needs an industrial policy for the 21st century by highly evaluating the government's policies in Theodore Roosevelt's and Franklin Roosevelt's administrations, Gibney says that America can learn a lot from Asia. This book tells us that, for better or worse, America has had and is bound to continue having a major impact on Asia.

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## Tokyo's Lesson in Nature

People on both short visits and long stays in a foreign land turn to a variety of attractions for pleasure: magnificent natural scenery, famous historical sights, grandiose monuments, the dynamic cityscape, museums full of cultural assets, the folk in the streets, the exotic cuisine.

But the enjoyability of a sojourn does not depend on these highlights alone. Nature lovers not only get excited at seeing birds, trees and flowers that are completely different from those at home but also gain an indescribable feeling of joy at spotting the very same birds, trees and flowers in a faraway place.

For foreigners in Tokyo, a city that seems to be approaching the limits of urbanization, there is a place that provides just this kind of respite: the garden of the Institute for Nature Study of the National Science Museum in Shirokanedai. This garden lies well off the beaten track, yet it is a real oasis of greenery situated near the heart of boisterous, high-rise central Tokyo.

Just eight minutes on foot from Meguro Station on the JR Yamanote loop line, the garden retains the primeval, natural beauty of Musashino, the plain covered with patches of forest that used to exist on the western side of present-day Tokyo. It is a carefully preserved spot, designated by the government as a cultural asset, or in official parlance as a "living monument and historical relic."

Covering only 20 hectares, the garden is much smaller than similar facilities in foreign countries. Yet it is a delight to find nature so well preserved in a place like this in Tokyo, where the natural environment is rapidly disappearing. One cannot ask for too much, after all.

On paying the admission fee, visitors receive a small badge to wear in the garden and hand back when they leave. These badges are used to control the number of visitors in the garden at any one time.

Though the entrance is small, the garden balloons out in a shape rather like Santa Claus's sack to take in such sections as an arboretum, a roadside plants



garden, a waterbirds marsh, an aquatic plants garden, a Musashino plants garden, and a gourd pond. The wild flowers that used to make Musashino so colorful—though they lack the showiness of horticultural plants—are a delight to see from spring to fall; the trees, from putting out their leaves in the spring to displaying spectacular hues in the fall, change constantly with the seasons; and the birds, both resident and migratory, provide rustic background music with their cheerful chirping at all seasons.

The growth of this forest has been left to the transition of nature, so gradual changes take place every few decades in the types of tree and the appearance of the woods. The giants of the forest at the moment are about 200 huge chinquapin trees, said to have been planted about five or six centuries ago by a powerful family that built a mansion on the site and surrounded it with earthwork, on which they put up the trees. In recent years a lot of them have withered and perished—a phenomenon probably not unrelated to acid rain and air pollution.

In 1664 the site became the residence of a *daimyo* lord named Matsudaira Yorishige, and landscape and herb gardens were built here; from 1872 to 1913 it was used as a gunpowder warehouse by the army and navy ministries; from 1917 to 1947 it was an imperial estate, called Shirokane Goryochi, which meant that the natural state was well preserved; and in 1949 it was placed under the jurisdiction of the Ministry of Education, which opened it to the public in its present form as the Institute for Nature Study.

The good thing about this garden is that, to preserve its natural state, the number of visitors allowed in at any one time is limited to between 300 and 350 people.

At busy times, such as the string of holidays at the beginning of May, visitors may be forced to wait their turn at the entrance. The people who have to line up in a queue can get irritated by the officious manner of the garden staff at these times, but the prohibition on playing ball, jogging, drinks, radios and musical instruments in the garden means that it is free

of the annoying clatter that sometimes destroys the peace in other parks.

In this garden visitors stroll casually through the natural scenery, examine the trees and the flowers, take photographs, sketch, paint, and gaze in the pond. It is probably the only public spot in and around Tokyo where visitors can relax in this way—a real oasis. (The garden is

open from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. and closed on Mondays and the day following a national holiday, with some irregular variations; admission is ¥200 for adults, ¥60 for children; tel.: 03-3441-7176.)

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## Table Talk

### A Gourmet Guide to Washington D.C.

The Japan Economic Foundation and the Aspen Institute jointly organize an annual seminar at the Wye Plantation on the outskirts of Washington D.C. in the United States. After the curtain had come down on a very successful gathering, 10 of the participants, the load taken off our shoulders, paid a visit to the fishing port of St. Michel on Chesapeake Bay.

At the Crab Claw restaurant we enjoyed a sumptuous meal, happily devouring about 10 crabs each freshly taken from the bay. The cooking method was very simple indeed: The crabs were sprinkled with curry powder and spices, put in a kind of drum can for steam-boiling, then pounded with a wooden mallet to extract the meat for eating. Before we knew it, the table was piled high with crab shells.

It was a splendid and rather pastoral experience, and the taste—well, you have to relish it first to properly understand it. The price was delightfully reasonable, too, at less than \$10 for about 10 crabs.

In the city of Washington D.C. itself we had a meal at a Chinese restaurant called Peking (15th Street & Connecticut Ave.; tel: 202-737-4540), only a stone's throw from the White House. This restaurant has

an anecdote to tell about the outbreak of the Pacific War.

Criticism is still heaped on the Japanese for the unfairness of the sudden attack on Pearl Harbor, which started the war. The story goes that Japanese envoys Kichisaburo Nomura and Saburo Kurusu had received instructions to hand over Japan's declaration of war on the United States to Secretary of State Cordell Hull at 1 p.m. on December 7, 1941, Washington D.C. time, just before the attack on Hawaii. However, the two envoys only reached the U.S. Department of State at 2:05 p.m. and handed over the document to Hull at 2:20 p.m. Since the first report of the attack on Hawaii had reached the State Department at 1:40 p.m., Hull had already heard the news. Hence the coldness with which he reportedly received Nomura.

The reason for this blunder by Japan was that on the evening of December 6 the Japanese Embassy in Washington D.C. had held a farewell party for some of its staff who were being transferred. Because many people attended the party, including the telegrapher, it took such a long time to decode the wordy declaration of war that the two envoys failed to hand over the document to Hull on time. And where was the farewell party held? At the Peking restaurant, of course.

When we visited the Peking, 51 years on, it was very quiet indeed, with only three groups, including the three of us, in a restaurant with a capacity for 100 people. Still, the Peking duck lived up to its reputation and was certainly plentiful (we could not get through it all). The price was also most reasonable, at \$18. According to Takashi Suetsune, the managing editor

of the *Journal of Japanese Trade & Industry*, who accompanied us, the price was only \$15 when he visited 15 years earlier, so thankfully it has only risen \$3 in all that time.

There has been a lot of talk about Japan's need to apologize to China and South Korea for its deeds in the war; the issue arose again at the time of Emperor Akihito's visit to China in October 1992. But I really do think that Japan should make an official apology to the United States for the error of the Japanese Embassy in taking too long to decode the war declaration and therefore failing to give advance warning of the raid on Hawaii. After all, when Americans think of the Japanese, they still hark back to that surprise attack on Hawaii. It was with mixed feelings therefore, that I finished my meal in the Peking.

Another eating place in Washington D.C. that I found to be very impressive was the Vietnamese restaurant Pho 75 (1711 Wilson Blvd., Arlington, VA 22209; tel: 703-525-7355). At a time when ethnic cooking is on everybody's lips, the Vietnamese noodles here, with their flavor of the original Vietnamese sauce *nuoc mam* and herbs, are superb. Having lived in Vietnam, I can vouch for the taste; indeed, I ordered a second helping. (One bowl costs just \$4.)

The French restaurant Bouley in New York (165 Duane St., New York; tel: 212-608-3852), which I also visited, has become very popular recently, and both the taste and the atmosphere are certainly outstanding. But there are times when plebeian tastes, like the noodles at Pho 75, also beckon.

(Yoshimichi Hori, editor-in-chief)