



Stripes



My Big Bear Lake friends call it a “Zorse,” half zebra and half horse. “Zule” might be better, since such a creature, like a mule, cannot procreate and becomes the living end of its gene pool. Anyway, the “Zorse” lives in pampered comfort in a Big Bear pasture high in the San Bernardino Mountains, and Yoshi stopped by on July the Fourth to give it a carrot. Like the “Zorse,” Yoshi attracts a lot of attention at Big Bear Lake. She is constantly mistaken for Yoko Ono, *Beatle* John Lennon’s widow. Finger-pointing started immediately after we pulled ourselves away from the rare “Zorse” and descended to the lake shore where human animals were drinking beer and

cocktails and playing volleyball as they awaited fireworks after dark. Some people won’t take no for an answer. They think “Yoko Ono” is just being coy and trying to protect her privacy. They ask for autographs. “Okay,” they say. “Just write ‘Yoko Ono.’” Yoshi won’t do it. She is Yoshiko Iizuka Sellers, and that’s that. There’s a certain flair in the two women that might explain why so many people look at Yoshi and see Yoko. But I and my Japanese friends think that Yoshi is much more attractive. Both come from aristocratic Japanese families. Both were born in February, but Yoko is three years older and has had three husbands to Yoshi’s one. With no hesitation, I choose Yoshi, my wife of 41 years.



Yoko & Yoshi

That’s Yoko Ono at left and Yoshi Sellers at right. The misidentifications, even coming sometimes in Tokyo, have always amused me. I’m reminded of decades ago, when I lived and worked in Tokyo. We American expatriots joked that Japanese looked alike. It wasn’t true for us, but it was funny when we said it.

Jackson Sellers, July 2006

