

Jackson & Yoshi in Tsukiji

TOKYO's 2007 autumn was balmy than usual, but the day before we flew home to California was nippy enough for jackets. The penultimate day of every Japan vacation always takes us to the Tsukiji Fish Market, the largest in the world, only a few blocks from Tokyo's glittering Ginza shopping district. In Tsukiji, we eat and shop for edibles, and what we don't eat on the spot, we bring home with us the next day. I'm mostly an eat-it-now kind of guy. Inside a shop or outside, it doesn't matter. Below, I gobble a succulent raw oyster on half-shell at a sidewalk shop. I've never met an oyster I didn't like, cooked or uncooked. Yoshi looks ahead more than I do. Weeks and months ahead. Above, at a shop we



always go to, she buys *tarako* that will make the flight to America and go into our freezer. *Tarako*, literally translated, is "children of codfish." In other words, cod roe, or codfish eggs, eaten with rice or just alone. There are two kinds, regular and spicy. The latter is called *mentaiko*, spiced to Korean tastes but much appreciated in Japan. Yoshi prefers regular but eats both. I don't care much for fish eggs. Years ago we

purchased Tsukiji *urume*, or dried sardines, for Tiger, our neighbors' cat, as seen below. For that, I took a certain amount of joshing from Japanese friends on both sides of the Pacific. *Urume*, a bit expensive, is considered a deluxe treat for humans. Tiger loved the sardines but turned out to be allergic to them. He's a meat eater. I wish he would eat the field mice he catches and not bring them proudly to my doorstep.



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