Episode Book

EPISODE #6703

Tokyo's Standing Sushi Bars and Market Counters

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SYNOPSIS

Cheap sushi in Tokyo does not mean compromised fish—the gap between budget and luxury is increasingly just seating and ceremony. This guide maps out a full day of eating well without spending a fortune, starting at Toyosu Market before ten and moving to Tokyo's roughly fifty standing sushi bars, or tachigui, including Uogashi Nihon-Ichi, Tachigui Sushi Akira, and Hinatomaru inside Tokyo Station. It also covers how to spot a great counter by its rice, turnover, and lack of fish smell.

TRANSCRIPT



Corn

Hannah sent us something this week, and it's a good one, because it's the prompt where her Japan list and Daniel's stomach finally converge. She wants the full sushi treatment. One perfect day in Tokyo eating as much excellent, simply prepared fish as possible without spending a fortune — no Western rolls, no presentation theatre — and then she wants the whole thing blown out into a pilgrimage through Japan. Coastal towns, ports, markets, the works. Hokkaido down through the Sea of Japan coast to Kyushu, with the seasonality clock running underneath all of it. Quality and variety, not luxury.



Herman

And she flagged the domestic politics herself, which I respect — she knows this is her dream itinerary and Daniel's is probably something with more hard drives in it. Though the man does love a good lunch, so I'd give it one dinner in Tokyo and he's on board.



Corn

She knows her audience. And the lot hangs on one idea, which is worth saying up front: the best-value sushi in Japan is usually close to where the fish was landed. Everything else follows from that.



Herman

The SushiMap guide gives it a name — chi-no-ri, "the advantage of the land." Their line is that the fish is different because the water is different, and the water is different because the geography is different. Three thousand kilometres of archipelago, subarctic at one end, subtropical at the other, with the cold Oyashio current coming down one side and the warm Kuroshio going up the other. A counter in Toyama is serving Toyama Bay white shrimp and Himi yellowtail. A counter in Kagoshima is pulling from the Kuroshio. Different species, different temperatures, different flavour.



Corn

Which sets up the paradox at the center of the Tokyo day. Tokyo is the densest sushi market in the world, and it's not on the best water.



Herman

Right — and that's why Edomae exists. All the famous Tokyo technique, the aging, the curing, the marinating in soy and vinegar, that's preservation science. Tokyo was far from the best ports, so the fish arrived needing help, and the city built a tradition of extraordinary technical sophistication on the problem of distance. Curing as a technology of distance. Which means when Hannah gets to Toyama or Saiki, where the fish is hours from the ocean, the counter never needed those techniques. That's different food, not just fresher food.



Corn

So the shape of the episode: first the Tokyo day, the actual schedule, and how to tell a good cheap counter from a cheap one. Then the map, the clock, and the route.



Herman

Start at Toyosu Market, and start early. The tuna auction runs roughly five thirty to six thirty in the morning, visitor corridors open at five. There are thirteen sushi counters across the three market blocks, nine of them serving by half past six. Eight take no reservations at all, six are cash only, and seats are much easier to come by before ten — the street doesn't really crowd until around eleven.



Corn

A sloth praising a five a.m. start. I want it noted.



Herman

You can nap in the queue like everyone else. The counters have distinct jobs. Sushi Dai is the famous one — eighteen seats, cash only, an omakase of ten nigiri plus one choice and a roll. It moved from Tsukiji with the market in 2018 and claims the waits are shorter than they were there, which isn't the same as short. Daiwa Sushi has twenty-four seats, the most of any of them, in Block Five, shortest walk from the station. Iwasa is the shellfish specialist — a twelve-piece omakase or a seven-piece shellfish set. Isonoya is a tuna house that buys southern bluefin whole, so it's a tuna-only set or a tuna bowl, cash only. Ryu Sushi, founded 1959, does thick conger eel simmered for three hours on red-vinegar rice — a quieter counter, few overseas visitors. Sho has seventeen seats, the chef seasons each piece himself, and they may close early when the day's fish runs out, which I find honest to the point of poetry. Kagura is the late option, eight to four, with rice vinegar aged five years.



Corn

One wrinkle worth flagging for anyone planning this — Sushibun at Toyosu went reservation-only by telephone as of a notice dated the twenty-ninth of August this year. Nothing same-day. That's the kind of quiet change that breaks a carefully built morning.



Herman

That's the market's morning. The rest of the day belongs to the standing sushi bar, the tachigui, and I'll say it plainly: this is the answer to Hannah's question about where locals actually go. There are roughly fifty of them in Tokyo. You walk in, stand at a counter, order piece by piece, pay per piece, and you're out in twenty to thirty minutes. No reservation, no omakase set, no ceremony. This is how Tokyo office workers have eaten quality sushi on a lunch break for decades. And here's the part that matters for the whole episode: some of them now use the same fish and the same chefs as their pricier seated sister restaurants.



Corn

That's the misconception I'd want Hannah to walk away without. Cheap sushi does not mean compromised fish. The gap between budget and luxury is increasingly seating and ceremony.



Herman

Concrete version: Uogashi Nihon-Ichi, a chain with branches in Shibuya Dogenzaka, Shinjuku West, Akihabara, Shinagawa, Gotanda. Pieces run about one hundred to four hundred thirty-two yen. Tuna, squid, shrimp, conger eel, tamago around a hundred sixty. Salmon and horse mackerel around two sixteen. Scallop, eel, salmon roe at the top, four thirty-two. English menu, you point at the case, about fifteen seats, two chefs working. A full happy meal lands between twelve hundred and two thousand yen. That's eight to thirteen dollars, eating until you're done.



Corn

For that money I'd stand in a puddle.



Herman

Upgrade path: Tachigui Sushi Akira in Shimbashi, one stop from Ginza or Tokyo Station, opened 2021. Three eighty to eight eighty a piece, running what the guides call the same Edomae-quality ingredients as its pricier seated sister restaurant. The same fish.



Herman (continued)

Standing. Closed Wednesdays. Or Hinatomaru, inside Tokyo Station itself, in the Gransta shopping area by the Yaesu north gates — pieces from seventy yen, mid-tier fish around two fifty, uni at six fifty, open eleven to ten at night. That one is built for a thirty-minute window before a Shinkansen, which is exactly the use case a pilgrimage needs, because your luggage is already sorted.



Corn

The station one is the quiet genius of the list. Every long train day in this itinerary begins or ends in Tokyo Station, and there's a standing bar with seventy-yen nigiri inside the ticket gates.



Herman

The deep local option is Isami zushi, Oimachi east exit, sixty-seven years in business, thirty to two hundred yen a piece — described as conveyor-belt prices with a traditional sushi-bar atmosphere. No English menu, no reservations. And that absence is the signal: no English menu means locals, no reservations means turnover. Sakura Sushi in Ikebukuro is the floor of the whole country — standing only, nigiri from seventy-seven yen, the most expensive items barely cracking a hundred. Time Out says the quality is far better than your run-of-the-mill conveyor-belt place, so even gourmands won't give it the thumbs down. Tachi Sushi Yokocho at Shinjuku West starts at a hundred thirty, forty seats, half counter half standing, open till ten thirty. Okame at Tsukiji Outer Market is a hole in the wall that fits four adults, run solely by the chef-owner, fifteen-minute turnover, nigiri a hundred to five hundred with sets as the best deal.



Corn

Four adults. That's not a restaurant, that's a closet with ambition.



Herman

If you want to sit down, Sushi no Midori in Shibuya, walk-in only, multilingual, generous affordable nigiri — famous, so put your name down and go shopping. And if Hannah wants the lowest-stress entry point, Uobei in Shibuya Dogenzaka, conveyor belt, flat hundred-ten-yen plates delivered by high-speed chute, multilingual touch panel. Nobody has to speak or point at anything.



Corn

The chute is the perfect middle. All the spectacle of technology, none of the obligation to talk.



Herman

Mechanics for the day. Go off-peak — arrive eleven thirty or after two, or around five thirty, and you walk straight in. Carry three to five thousand yen in cash for a generous solo meal with drinks. Ordering two pieces is traditional but one is fine at casual spots. Eat nigiri with your fingers, within seconds of it being placed. Dip fish-side, never rice-side, or the rice falls apart in the soy. No tipping anywhere in Japan, and gochisousama on the way out is the correct exit line. Solo standing at a counter is completely normal — most of the customers are solo.



Corn

Good. Because on this itinerary I'd be alone in a crowd of strangers by choice, which is my preferred dining configuration.

L

Larry

Are you tired of the advantage of the land never being on your side? Then you need the Chi No Ri Pocket Tide Clock, the only wrist device that tells you which fish swam past your neighbourhood this morning. Just strap it on, stand very still, and let the little needle point you toward the nearest excellent counter. No reservations, no queues, no problem.

L

Larry

Results not typical, tide clock is not waterproof and does not in fact locate fish, counter availability varies, standing still for long periods may attract gulls, offer void where prohibited, see full terms for details.



Herman

So you've eaten well and cheaply — but how do you know it was actually good, and not just cheap? There's a checklist from a Japanese food writer that I take seriously, because it refuses the obvious question. He doesn't ask whether the fish is good. He asks how it was handled and cut. Whether the neta was at the right temperature when it was shaped. What rice was chosen, and on what rationale. Which vinegar, white or red or blended, and why. Whether that vinegar and that rice actually suit that fish — his line is that buying only good neta is meaningless. Then the temperature of the shari itself, and whether shari and



Herman (continued)

neta become one dish rather than sashimi sitting on rice.



Corn

The one test in there that anybody can actually run.



Herman

His final criterion: whether the shari and the neta dissolve in the mouth at the same speed. Neither should outlast the other. If the fish melts and you're still chewing rice, or the rice vanishes and the fish hangs on, the balance is off. His summary is that a shop's real strength shows in its shari. The rice. Not the fish.



Corn

And there's one check you can do before you've ordered anything.



Herman

The smell test. Walk in and breathe. If the prep-fish odour still hangs in the air, the shop isn't ready for customers — a clean, working counter smells of almost nothing. For a budget traveller who can't taste-test their way through a city, the practical proxies are these: visible turnover and a queue of locals — Okame's fifteen-minute turnover is the extreme case, and Sakaiminato's Sushiwaka has long weekend queues for a reason. A chef working in front of you, to order. A short menu of what actually came in that day. Cash-first and no English menu as a signal of local rather than tourist trade — Isami zushi again. And Tabelog as a rough filter, though with its own honesty worth knowing: their Tokyo sushi feature, built in October 2025, draws on nearly ten thousand reviews and explicitly excludes whether a restaurant advertises. The score is not for sale.



Corn

So the Tokyo day, assembled: Toyosu at five thirty for auction and a counter breakfast before ten, market blocks on foot, then out before the eleven o'clock crowd, a standing bar for lunch — Uogashi or Akira depending on whether the day is a thirty-yen day or a three-hundred-yen day — a nap-sized gap in the afternoon, and Hinatomaru or a Shinjuku yokocho before bed. Two meals market-priced, two standing, total spend under five thousand yen if you're disciplined.



Herman

Under six if you're not, which you won't be.



Corn

Now the map. And the map starts with a correction to the whole framing of a sushi trip, because most people plan it as a Tokyo question with day trips. It isn't. It's an archipelago question.



Herman

Walk it north to south. Hokkaido first, because it sits at the convergence of three bodies of water — the Sea of Japan, the Pacific, the Sea of Okhotsk — and the nutrient mixing from three currents creates extraordinary biodiversity. Sapporo, Otaru, Hakodate. Uni, scallop, botan shrimp, ikura. The bafun uni from Rebun and Rishiri in summer is considered among the finest in the world.



Corn

Then Tohoku, the quiet north, which most guides skip entirely.



Herman

Which is a mistake, because Miyagi's Shiogama is one of the country's major tuna landing sites — Japan's largest catch of fresh bigeye, branded Sanriku Shiogama Higashimono, best from early autumn into winter. Aomori is the home of Oma maguro, the famous wild bluefin taken by pole from the Tsugaru Strait. Akita's Sea of Japan coast gives hatahata and seasonal delicacies that rarely travel south. Iwate has the Sanriku coast. This is a region with the fish and, crucially, without the Tokyo prices.



Corn

The corridor I'd build the trip around is further down. The Sea of Japan coast, Niigata through Toyama to Ishikawa.



Herman

Where chi-no-ri reaches its peak. The SushiMap guide's claim is that this stretch is arguably the strongest sushi corridor in Japan outside Tokyo — the fish is hours from the ocean, the tradition runs deep, and the prices are significantly lower than Tokyo for comparable, sometimes superior, quality. Kanazawa has Omicho Market with three centuries of food culture behind it. Toyama has one of Japan's deepest bays — white shrimp, firefly squid, Himi yellowtail, available nowhere else, nowhere else. And Niigata is rice country, which means the shari starts from some of the best rice in the world before the vinegar even touches it.



Corn

That's the detail nobody plans around. The rice improves.



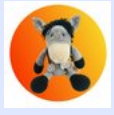
Herman

Keep going: Shizuoka's Suruga Bay yields sakura shrimp and deep-sea species from its deep waters. The Akashi Strait between Kobe and Awaji produces sea bream and octopus caught in some of Japan's strongest tidal currents — firm-fleshed fish from hard-working water. The Seto Inland Sea, Japan's Mediterranean, calm and shallow and mineral-rich, tidal channels between the islands giving some of the country's most flavourful tai and tako. Yamaguchi is fugu country, Tottori is matsuba crab capital, Hiroshima adds the oysters.



Corn

Then Shikoku, which I notice most guides forget exists.



Herman

Overlooked, and it has dual-coast access — the Inland Sea on one side, the Pacific on the other. Kagawa's Seto tai and halfbeak are exceptional, and Kochi is katsuo heartland, Pacific-facing, where they still sear the bonito over straw the way it's been done for centuries.



Corn

Kyushu deserves more than a stop — tell it properly.



Herman

Kyushu has five distinct marine environments and is a global leader in premium aquaculture on top of that. Three sushi cultures in particular. First, Hakata-mae in Fukuoka. Named for Hakata Bay and the Genkai Sea, but as Kyushu's transport hub Fukuoka draws seafood from Nagasaki, Saga, Kumamoto, Oita, Miyazaki, Kagoshima — so a Hakata meal often showcases the seasonal diversity of the whole island rather than the catch of one fishing ground. And it works differently from Edomae in ways a traveller will actually notice. Many Hakata shops let you season the sushi yourself — no chef brushing nikiri sauce on each piece. The style emphasizes freshness, texture, natural sweetness over the deep umami of aging, which is chi-no-ri in dinner form: the fish never travelled, so it never needed the intervention.



Corn

The pantry's different too.



Herman

That's the underrated part. Kyushu soy sauce is generally sweeter and richer in umami than eastern Japan's. And the shari in western Japan generally uses white vinegar with a slightly sweeter profile, versus Edomae's akazu — red vinegar made from sake lees. Red vinegar can overwhelm delicate white fish and shellfish, which is why many modern Edomae shops blend, or make separate rice for separate toppings. Plus many Hakata places follow sushi kappo style — seasonal appetizers and cooked dishes first, nigiri as the finish, not the whole meal.



Corn

Which sounds to me like the counter arguing with itself about what it is.



Herman

Second culture: Saiki, in Oita. The Saiki Sushi Kaido — the Sushi Highway. A 270-kilometre coastline facing the Bungo Channel where warm Pacific currents meet cooler Inland Sea water, and more than 350 species of fish and shellfish landed through the year. The initiative was launched by local sushi chefs to showcase over fifty varieties of locally caught seafood and to tie fishermen to restaurants to community. Even the horse mackerel and sardines there develop exceptional flavour — the strong currents create firm texture. It's a whole town's worth of counters, not one destination restaurant. Third, Kitakyushu has embraced sushi as regional identity outright — they call themselves a sushi capital — and Nagasaki has become one of the nation's most important suppliers of seafood to sushi restaurants across Japan. So you can eat the national supply chain at its source.



Corn

There's a whole half of the pilgrimage we haven't touched, and it's the part a nigiri-only plan would walk straight past. The regional forms that aren't nigiri at all.



Herman

This is where it gets old. Hokkaido's shishamo sushi — genuine shishamo is a rare smelt found only in Hokkaido, with a fishing season of about a month and a half, October to November, and the shishamo sold in ordinary markets is said to be an entirely different species. People line up for the real thing during the season. Akita's hatahata sushi is narezushi — fermenting sailfin sandfish with rice, koji and vegetables, a form older than nigiri itself, and a drinking snack. Aomori's sushiko is lactic-fermented glutinous rice with red shiso, vivid reddish-purple, sweet-sour. Toyama's masuzushi is the leading pressed sushi — cherry salmon over vinegared rice in a round container lined with sasa leaves, famous as an ekiben since the Meiji era, and the masu migrates into Toyama Bay just as the cherry trees bloom, so the dish carries the essence of the blossom season. Ishikawa's kabura sushi, fatty yellowtail and turnip pickled with koji, a Kaga winter preserve. Nara's kakinoha sushi, salted mackerel on rice wrapped in persimmon leaves, pressed, over two hundred years old, essential at festivals.



Corn

That one's quietly clever. Nara is landlocked, so the packaging has to do preservation work — the leaf and the salt.



Herman

Kyoto's saba sushi is the same story at scale — mackerel carried inland from Hokuriku along the Saba Kaido, the Mackerel Road, and still a feature of summer in Kyoto. Shiga's funazushi is said to be the very root of Japanese sushi, the last surviving narezushi form, where the rice is not eaten at all — only the fish, with a distinctive fermented aroma and an acquired-taste reputation it has earned. Mie's tekone sushi is a fisherman's dish, fresh fish marinated in soy tare over vinegared rice, mixed by hand. Wakayama's mehari sushi is a rice ball wrapped in pickled mustard greens, neither vinegared nor fermented, Japan's original fast food, named for the wide-open mouth you need to eat it. Iwate does raw Maesawa wagyu nigiri, the toro of the land. Okayama's barazushi exists because of a feudal frugality edict limiting meals to one soup and one side — so they mixed everything into the rice and served it as one dish. The dish is literally a loophole.



Corn

My favourite kind of cuisine. One born of spite.



Herman

Now the clock, because the map has a clock attached, and this is where a well-planned trip quietly goes wrong. The Japan Sushi Association's seasonal calendar — the authoritative one, from the official textbook — is calibrated to the Kanto market, and it says so. The same fish can shift one to two months between north and south. Read "uni is a summer thing," book Hokkaido in July, and you can miss the actual peak entirely.



Corn

And the calendar has a vocabulary most travellers don't have. Three stages of shun.



Herman

Hashiri, the first of the season — small, lean, but fragrant and firm, and prized exactly for being early. Sakari, the peak — most fat, most umami, most expensive. Nagori, the tail end — fat remains but the flesh starts to slacken. The stages matter because hashiri and nagori can look identical on a menu and cost the same while tasting nothing alike. The peaks themselves: bluefin tuna is a winter fish — January, February, November, December; summer bluefin loses fat to spawning and the akami turns sharply acidic, what the trade calls summer tuna. Katsuo runs twice, hatsu-gatsuo in April and May, lean, then modori-gatsuo in September and October, fatty — the return. Sea bream in February to April as sakura-dai, October to December as momiji-dai. Winter flounder, kan-hirame, January-February and November-December — the summer post-spawning fish is dismissed as neko-matagi, so bad a cat would step over it.



Corn

Harsh. The cat has standards.



Herman

Suzuki is one of the few white fish that peaks in summer, June to August. Buri is winter. Kohada is September to December for grown fish, with shinko, the babies, in June to August. Aji May to August. Sanma September and October. Firefly squid March to May, served boiled as a gunkan because raw service requires parasite control. Wild kuruma shrimp June to August. Akagai and hotate, winter into spring. Awabi June to August. Anago June to August, with the rainy-season tsuyu-anago the best for fat and softness. Ikura September to November, with the skins hardening late in the season. Bafun uni March to May, murasaki uni June to August — paler yellow, more refined. And from late November into December, hatsumi nori, the year's first-picked seaweed — soft, good melt, good aroma — which is the one thing on the calendar almost nobody plans around.



Corn

Now the disagreement I'd want on the record. Hokkaido uni.



Herman

The sources split. One guide gives Hokkaido uni as June to September; the regional calendar says October to February, with ezo-bafun uni's peak moving up the east coast of Hokkaido from November to January. And both are defensible, because they're talking about different species — murasaki versus ezo-bafun — on different coasts. The planning rule that falls out of it: pick the fish first, then the month, then the prefecture. Not the other way round.



Corn

So let's build Hannah's route. Tokyo day as established, then where does she actually go?



Herman

I'll give you the spine and be honest about where it stops being sourced. Sendai, then Shiogama. Shiogama is a working tuna port between Sendai and Matsushima with an unusual density of sushi counters — the claim is the highest number of sushi restaurants per capita in Japan, though I'd note that one comes from the local tourism association aiming to be Japan's number-one sushi town, so treat it as promotional. A flagship course at a top counter there runs around four thousand five hundred eighty yen. And it's a one-afternoon stop on foot: the tuna port, a thousand-year shrine up a stone staircase, and one of Tohoku's most respected sake breweries. Worship, eat, drink, in that order. Then west to the Sea of Japan corridor — Kanazawa, Toyama, Niigata — where the prices are significantly lower than Tokyo for comparable, sometimes superior, quality, and the shari starts from the best rice in the country.



Corn

Then the deep cut.



Herman

Sakaiminato, Tottori. One of Japan's leading fishing ports and a hotbed of sushi restaurants, and here is the single best value in the whole research set: at Sushiwaka, wild yellowtail at a hundred thirty-five yen, grilled sardines at a hundred sixty-eight, crab soup at three hundred. A full meal for the price of a Tokyo train ticket. Long weekend queues,



Herman (continued)

locals, exactly the proxies we discussed.



Corn

Those prices read like a misprint from another decade.



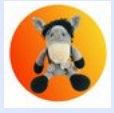
Herman

Then south to Kyushu. Saiki for the Sushi Kaido — three hundred fifty species, fifty-plus showcased, a town of counters. And if Hannah wants one classical splurge, Karatsu in Saga: a direct local train from the Fukuoka airport line, about eighty minutes, no transfers. Karatsu Sushi Esaki runs about seven thousand five hundred yen, Yasuke nine thousand, and the top of the market, Sushidokoro Tsukuda, twenty-two thousand five hundred for seven seats. Those book two to three months out, through Japanese-only channels — a phone line that rings unanswered during service, a booking-site request, or the house's LINE account. The luxury tier outside Tokyo runs fifteen to thirty thousand yen generally, and this trip deliberately spends that money on train tickets and extra towns instead.



Corn

And the honest gap in all of it?



Herman

No source gives a specific, costed multi-city itinerary. The regional material is strong on where and why, the Tokyo material is strong on how much, and nobody has stitched them together. The route is our synthesis — which means it's ours to defend, not somebody else's to blame.



Hilbert

My uncle bought fish for a living, thirty-odd years, and he had one rule for counters. He'd order one piece of tamago, because tamago is the rice-and-vinegar test with almost nothing hiding it. If the tamago came out and the rice under it had been shaped too far ahead, he'd pay and leave. He called it "dead rice." He said you could taste the waiting.



Corn

That's better than the writer's checklist. One piece, one verdict.



Hilbert

The writer's checklist is fine for people with time. In eighty-six I ate at the same standing bar in Shinbashi three lunches in a row, same four pieces each day, to see whether the shari changed with the day's fish. Day one the rice was sweeter under the white fish, day two the vinegar had been turned up. I mentioned it to the chef on the third day and he moved me one seat down and said nothing else. Corn, you'd have liked him. You spent nine minutes on the rice this afternoon and Herman let you.



Herman

Did the chef adjust anything after you said it?



Hilbert

He adjusted the seat. The rest wasn't my business. What I want to know is whether that Hinatomaru in Tokyo Station would let a man do the same three days running without the staff deciding he's a inspector of some kind. A man eating the same four pieces at the same counter three days running, that's a normal thing a normal person might want to do.



Corn

Nobody in Tokyo Station has time to form an opinion about you. The whole place is built for people repeating a route.



Hilbert

That's the answer I wanted. My uncle would have said the same thing about Tsukiji, only slower.



Herman

One practical correction to your method, though — if you're testing the shari against the day's fish, the tamago doesn't help. There's no fish in play. You'd want a white fish piece alongside it, or the comparison never starts.



Hilbert

The tamago was for the door test. The white fish was the second piece. He had a system.



Herman

The deeper pattern for Hannah to take away, and it's the thing your uncle had already worked out with one piece of egg: the budget tier is where the technique actually lives now. Akira in Shimbashi runs the same fish as its fifteen-thousand-yen seated sister. The fifteen-thousand-yen omakase outside Tokyo is buying the chair, the pacing, the ceremony — and there's nothing wrong with buying that once, but it's not where the fish is best per yen. The regions are where chi-no-ri pays out: the Sea of Japan corridor at Tokyo-minus prices, Sakaiminato charging train-ticket money for wild yellowtail, Saiki with three hundred fifty species and a chef-led network connecting the boats to the counters.



Corn

And a nigiri-only pilgrimage misses half of it. The pressed, wrapped, fermented, hand-mixed forms — funazushi at the root of the whole tradition, mehari as the original fast food, barazushi as a legal loophole — most of that is cheap, all of it is regional, and none of it is on a Tokyo menu.



Herman

The one thing I'd tell her to hold loosely is the per-capita claim for Shiogama. The fish is real, the tuna port is real, the density is real enough — but "number one sushi town" is a tourism association talking. Go for the bigeye and the shrine, not the slogan.



Corn

If she builds it, my note is the one from the seasonality trap: fish, then month, then prefecture. The route is easy to fix in the wrong order.



Herman

Thanks as always to Hilbert Flumingtop at the desk, producing this and everything else we do.



Corn

If you enjoyed this one, try episode fourteen oh eight, Israel Wartime Readiness Field Guide; episode seven, Building Custom ASR Tools; and episode eight, Building Your Own Whisper. This has been My Weird Prompts. If you enjoyed this one, leave us a review — it helps people find the show — and you can find us at my weird prompts dot com.



Herman

See you tomorrow, brother.



Corn

See you tomorrow.

SOURCES

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