

when i first moved to tokyo, my favorite place to eat was the standing sushi counter at 'shinagawa' station.
pre-covid, it was always full. salaryman, students, tourists, couples, and newcomers like me—shared the counter in silence —as nigiri after nigiri were served with the zig zagging of people and announcements of the station in the background.

in brazil, sushi was [and is] different. most of the very traditional places are expensive and formal. but not here. in the same block, you can have lunch for less than ten dollars, cross the street, take the elevator to the highest floor and pay one hundred for a similar sized serving. there is the famed 'tsukiji' market, the places that have no name but all the fame, and the supermarket and its sushi with rice pressed by machines in plastic containers. in the following pages, that's what you will see.

a series of nigiri from the neighborhood supermarket. the fish is fresh. the rice, sweet and rectangular.

all of it cost 1180 yen. or nine dollars. it might not have a michelin star. but there are very few things in japan [and life] i like more than to be able to cross the street, mix with the locals and fish from the shelves, the perfect tray of sushi.







































