

純基先生江戸場噺夏



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**The
Curious
Records
of
Professor
Junki
in
the
Floating
World
of
Fish**



築地
場外市場

築地大橋
黎明大橋
豊洲大橋

隅田川

豊海埠頭
えいわまのん
おろだくつ

豊洲
市場

Isukiji Jogai no Ikkaku - A Corner of the Isukiji Outer Market



いざいざ御前。此度は市場の
景色を五段に仕立て、粹と
笑ひを添へ候。塩と米と拍子
木よりはじまり、声の大と小
冷え込みと鮮度、魚に額縁
粹な測らい、浮涼夢、嘸まで
さあ純基先生の場嘸、お耳を
拝借いたしませう。

おとぎの箱名
大吉醬油
梅干
紅鯉
焼たのこ
はのぼろ

鯉 細魚
鮎 金目鯛
小肌 鱒
鱒 揚蟹
鮎 純鯉
瓜 山葵

Step right up, folks!

Here come five brisk tales from the Edo market. It starts with salt, rice, and a clap of rhythm – then shouts and whispers, summer heat and cool tricks, a master's word by the box, and a dream of fish in Edo's breeze. Now lend an ear – Professor Junki's got a story for ya!

ありがたむすび

WHAT
A
BITE!







Sujiko - Salmon Roe from Hokkaido, Northern Brilliance

朝の決まり事かいー築地の
筋子おむすびよこれが一日
を始める合図さー塩っぱさ
が目を覚まさせるってかー
それ以上だねえこれで調子
が決まるのさーつまり一口
が始まりってわけだ

純基先生といへばえいわの五番頭
築地で買い求める筋子のおむすびひとつ
ただの鮭子ではない。飯を真紅に染め
潮風のように舌を刺す。ひと口かじれば
眠気も吹き飛び塩気が背筋を打つ。

Professor Junki

No.5 of Eiwa - never skips his sujiko musubi (rice ball with salmon roe). Rice painted red, salt biting like sea wind. One chomp and sleep's gone. It ain't just breakfast - it's fuel for the icy-hot grind. Before the city wakes, the market hums, and even a grain of salt is treasure.

Through the steam and clatter

strides Professor Junki, clasping his musubi like a morning vow. Professor Junki (solemnly): "Salt, Sir, is the herald of labor. One bite, and the limbs obey." Onlooker: "A single mouthful to summon the day? That's no snack - it's a bell of awakening!"



Sayori - Halfbeak, the Silver Line of Spring

Kisu - Japanese Whiting, the Clear Taste of Edo Bay



そのや粋なもんだねえ

THAT'S
STYLE,
MAN.



Maguro - Tuna, the Voice of the Edomae Master





Kohada - Gizzard Shad, the Pride of Edomae

いやあ魚河岸は今日も賑やかだねえー
おれは静かに動くのが性に合ってたんだ
「リーダーシップってのは声張るもん
じゃねえのか」「リズムと信頼を以て読
みが肝心よ」「魚を読むのすりゃ粹なもん
だねえ」「声を張るのは魚じゃねえ」「
見るんじやない聴けってことかい」「
そうともどいつもこいつも喋ってるぜ

先生は声を荒げぬ。だが荷は稲妻
のように動く。魚は眺めるだけじゃ
ねえ耳を澄ますんだ。大声で鳴
く魚もあればささやく魚もある。

Professor Junki doesn't holler

yet the crates still fly like lightning. "Don't just look - listen," he says, eyes sharp as hooks. Some fish shout, others whisper, each tone a test of truth. He moves the boxes in rhythm, a silent drummer of Edo's dawn. In this hush, wit hides between breaths and trust fills the air.

Leadership lies not in noise

but in rhythm, trust, and timing. Professor Junki (polishing a fillet): "Each cut must listen before it speaks." Onlooker: "You command with no shout?" Professor Junki (tapping scales): "Some fish yell, some whisper - but only truth-tellers earn a seat in my box."



梅干加

Umeboshi - Pickled Plum, Sharp with Salt and Sun

Iwashi - Sardine, the Humble Silver of the People



Tarabagani - Red King Crab from the North, the Majesty of the Sea



寒すぎやねえか

CHILLED
TO
THE
BONE!



Beni Shake - Grilled Sockeye salmon, the Onigiri Staple



ここの冷え込みたまんねえな 手袋して
たつて指先が痺れてくるぜーでもここが
肝なんだろー鮮度を守るってのは命を
扱うってことさ 骨まで冷えるが気合いは
燃えてるぜーこん中寒すぎやしねえかー
手袋してても冷えは骨に来やすーそれ
でも箱持つのは毎度のことかー冷気に
慣れりゃ目も冴えてくるってもんよ

氷室に立てば息は白く立ちのぼる。先生は急がず
重きを軽やかに運ぶ。氷は時を教える。目的なく
動くより動かぬがまし。国ごと店ごとに仕立て
を変え寸分違えぬよう包みを整える。

Breath turns to smoke

that dances in the freezer's fog. It swirls around Professor Junki, whose hands move slow but sure, frost clinging like loyalty. "The cold teaches time," he says, stacking faith on ice. Every crate hums with distance - nation, name, and promise inside. Even cold sweat carries flavor when work becomes ritual.

Move with purpose or

freeze in vain - such is the creed of Professor Junki, walking light in the realm where breath turns visible. Onlooker: "Each box marked to a name..." Professor Junki: "Each is a promise - fish kept on ice, trust intact."

石垣鯛 鯛 伊佐ホ 鰯 太刀魚



Tachiuo / Cutlassfish
Shiokko / Japanese Amberjack
Isaki / Threeline Grunt
Inada / Yellowtail
Ishigakidai / Spotted Knifejaw

きっちりしてんな

TIGHT
AIN'T
IT!

玉手 秋葵 昆布 とろろ 梅老 鰻

**Seasonal bukkake assort
– tempura toppings of
horse mackerel, shrimp,
shaved kombu (kelp),
okra, and egg. Edo on a
tray – with a boost of salt
and style.**

鰻
食
の
力



おめえの箱いつもきつちりしてんなー
魚にはな額縁が必要なんだよーまるで
絵画じゃねえかーそいつが狙いさ箱も
また語り部つてもんだー見た目だけ
じゃねえつてことかーこの箱詰めなん
だか芸術みたいだなー締切前は見た目
よりスピード重視よでも粋は忘れねえ
ー一手に魂こもってるわけかーそーい
うこつた包みには心が出るんでえ

魚にゃ額縁があると先生は笑う。白き発泡箱は
画布。締切が迫れば速さが先だが粋は忘れない。
一箱に魂を込めることで魚はひとときわ映える。

A box is canvas

– in Professor Junki's hands, brush and twine become tools of grace. Foam white makes fish colors leap, each hue alive in its chill. Deadlines press hard, yet style never cracks under speed. One knot tied, and the market glows like a painted scroll – for in Edo's frame, even haste bows to beauty.

Shipment or gallery

the question hangs in the air as Professor Junki binds the string. "When five fish gather," he says, "the box becomes a frame. Each scale, a brushstroke." Thus the fish speak through flesh and form alike – even haste can be elegant.

魚の盛り合わせも同じ味
わう道が増えりやまた来
る訳も増えるってもんよ
これぞ江戸の粹よりどり
が楽しみて味わいが驚き
となる魚は主役でも脇役
でも一幕を担う役者だ
しかも決め手「う」の力
うどん 鰻 梅干し 瓜
夏をしのぐ食いもん揃い
「う」は井の「う」であり食う
「お前」でもある
ぶっかけ 旬の盛り合せ
鱈に海老とろろ昆布に秋葵
玉子 塩気と粹で一椀の芝居
江戸の舞台よ



鰻 うなぎ

夏の暑気払いにやぶっかけ
うどんが一番 豊海の荷場
から目を光らす先生新橋
から銀座築地まで魚が主
役を張る場もあれば脇に
回る舞台も見逃さねえ
今日の舞台は麵 魚じゃね
えが海老に鱻に昆布が乗
りやあ 井の中に海が広がる
先生曰く好みの具を選びや
井はおめえのもんさ



assorted fish set – more ways to taste, more reasons to return.”

That’s Edo flair: variety as joy, flavor as surprise. Whether star or sidekick, fish keeps the story rolling.

And here’s the kicker – the power of “U.” Udon, Unagi (eel), Umeboshi (pickled plum), Uri (gourd): all beat summer’s blaze. U is YOU – the diner – making the bowl your own.



Summer's heat? Cool it with bukkake udon (chilled noodles splashed with sauce). From Toyomi's floor, Junki's eye roams – Shinbashi, Ginza, Tsukiji – where fish strut center stage or slip aside like sly actors. Today, the stage is noodles. Not fish by nature, yet toppings – shrimp, horse mackerel, kelp – summon the sea into the bowl.

Junki (laughing): "Pick your toppings and the bowl is yours. Same with an



Yaki Tarako - Grilled Cod Roe, a Delicacy for Those in the Know



Uri - Gourd, the Green Scent of Summer

উরি



にびても
粹ごやねえか

NOW
THAT'S
A
VIBE!



SPINNING THE SPOON HSHBETHLOAB



5.555キロ嘘だろ、マジさあの山葵、まったく動かなかったぜ、狙ってやったんじゃねえのか、できりやそう言いたいけど、なににしても粹な重さじゃねえか、秤を信じるのさ、揃うしかねえのよ、こういうのは、それが粹な重さってもんよ

ごつごつ曲がった山葵の根、秤に載せれば見事に5.555キロ。辛味は涙を誘えど、残るは笑い。と誇り。偶然を粹に変える先生。

"Guess I've got it!"

Junki grins, as the scale freezes at 5.555. Knobby wasabi sits proud, its sting sharp as pride itself. "Don't rage - trust the scale," he says. Chance turned chic - that's the market's breath, the payoff of every day's grind.

Honor precision, not chance

- that is Professor Junki's creed as the scale settles at 5.555 kilograms. Onlooker: "Divine!" Professor Junki: "Nay - the scale speaks, not I." Thus a root was weighed not in grams but in grace - the spice of faith, the sting of style.



鮭を食うて凌ぐ巻
令和七年夏



Sumidagawa to Tsukiji Suimon - The Watergate and the Former Market Site



**Five acts done,
folks. The market
still hums, and
the Professor's
already cooking
the next tale.
Till then – catch ya
at the next stall!**

五段の場噺ここにて仕舞い
今日も市場は大入りにて
先生また次なる噺を企て候
次の場にて再び相まみえん



純粋美びつ場噺夏

おねあひる縮

This book is designed in a Japanese "Wahon" style.

Please flip it over and read it from right to left.

魚食
番及

美梯
筆之國

本を返してお読みください

Toyosu to Rainbow Bridge - A View toward the New Market



純基美生女子場嘯夏

