Di love salads. I always like to act ad a little source of oin my salad. It's a little difference of people when they is my table and see the pickled is with the green salad say, at's that?" Not a bad salad.

ssam El-Masri, chef, mouk, 211 East Fourth Street

nave in the Middle East one dished simkah harrah — it's fish with sauce. The fish is red snapper our favorite in Lebanon, like a roys. I put onion and garlic, cilantro damarind juice, a little bit of tosauce, salt, a bit of chili, hot and lemon juice. And I may use oil and bake the red snapper in oven. When I take it out, we take the meat, and put the sauce on and serve with basmati rice.

byd Cardoz, executive chef,

food from Goa, south of Bombay, here my family comes from. The sh I like the most is the Goan imp curry with steamed white asmati rice. It's made with fresh round coconut and red chilies, nger, garlic, a little bit of turmeric, nd the shrimp is stewed in this auce with pieces of mango and ometimes okra. It's very smooth, bu have the coconut milk, and spicy it's a little tangy from tamarind and little sweet. Just talking about it, I'm raving it. What's even better is the ext day, you reduce it and eat it with ed eggs, sunny-side up, with rench bread. So you never waste he spicy, tangy, shrimpy curry.

Hitoshi Kagawa, executive chef, Kai, 822 Madison Avenue

When it gets down to it, it's the speial fish, like hiramasa, and mountain egetables — sansai, warabi, udo, which is like a Japanese mountain am, sticky. I like it with soy sauce or wasabi. Bamboo shoots, just boiled with Japanese miso paste and grilled. Fresh ones taste different, more soft, more sweet. They smell good. Fresh bamboo shoots in Japan, you can slice and eat raw. Where I was born — in the mountainous Akita region in northern Japan there is a lot of root food. This is the season for hiramasa — wild fish from the ocean, similar to yellowtail right now in Japan. I like fish. My father was a fisherman. It's familiar.

the freshness of the fish, the variety of the selections and the beauty of the chef's creations combine to form a supremely sensual experience.

The owners, Jack and Grace Lamb, are attentive hosts who would sooner toss your bill away than allow a water glass to go unfilled or a gesture unrecognized. Ordering from the set menu in the dining room is fine, but I

Eric Asimov writes the "\$25 and Under" restaurant column.

ark shell clam.

The excellent wine list includes a superb collection of sakes. There may be no better place than Jewel Bako to explore the gamut of sake flavors and textures, from light and pure as spring rain to full-bodied, like a good Savennières.

I leave refreshed and renewed. It's not exactly cheap — an omakase meal can run \$50 to \$100 for one, but good sushi never is.



Ode to the Anchovy

This pungent fish belongs on more places than pizza. BY WILLIAM GRIMES

HREE cheers for the anchovy, my favorite fish. True, it is small. It is salty. As a child, I thought of it as the thing I did not want on my pizza. Today I know better. It is the fish that adds a concentration of flavor to sauces, salads and dips that almost no other ingredient can equal. It is the animating principle in the gutsy tomato and olive sauce known as puttanesca. Mingled with hot olive oil, butter and garlic, it becomes bagna cauda, the fish fondue that is a potent dip for raw vegetables or a sauce for asparagus. Whipped with garlic and oil into an unctuous mayonnaise, it becomes the famous anchoiade of Pro-

The anchovy is misunderstood, because most Americans buy it in a little tin. Sometimes the little tin contains Norwegian "anchovies," which are sprats. In any case, the canned

William Grimes is the restaurant critic of The New York Times.

fillets soften to a mush. The only anchovy worth talking about is the one that comes packed in salt, in a huge round can that sits on the front counter in any decent Italian food store or deli. You fillet these anchovies yourself, cutting off the tails and the tops above the collarbone, slicing the fish down one side and opening it into two halves with your thumb like a little book whose pages have stuck together. Remove the backbone, scrape away the few bits of remaining innards, and you are left with two gorgeous fillets, pinkish in the center. The flesh is substantial, the texture meaty, the flavor pungent and

Offhand, I can think of three ways to show off the anchovy. First, in late July and August, throw a few on a plate with slices of tomato and buffalo mozzarella, garnish with basil leaves and drizzle some good extravirgin olive oil over the whole thing. Second, slowly sauté sliced red, yellow and green bell peppers in olive oil and garlic until soft, then create alternating layers of peppers and anchovies in a shallow dish. Third, sauté anchovies in oil and garlic until the fish more or less melt and form a sauce. Toss with pasta and Parmesan cheese. This last dish, a plateful of cheap bliss, is the one that sold me on the anchovy forever.

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