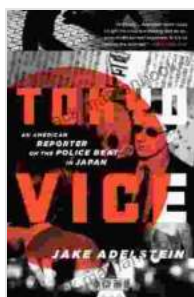


An American Reporter on the Police Beat in Japan: Vintage Crime Black Lizard

In the early 1990s, Jake Adelstein spent 12 years as a police reporter in Tokyo, chronicling the inner workings of the Japanese police force in his book *Tokyo Vice*. In this excerpt, he describes a night spent with a group of yakuza (Japanese gangsters).



Tokyo Vice: An American Reporter on the Police Beat in Japan (Vintage Crime/Black Lizard) by Jake Adelstein

★★★★☆ 4.5 out of 5

Language : English
File size : 2223 KB
Text-to-Speech : Enabled
Enhanced typesetting : Enabled
Word Wise : Enabled
Print length : 354 pages
Screen Reader : Supported



It was a rainy night in Tokyo, and I was sitting in a small, smoky bar with a group of yakuza. I had been invited to join them by a man named Tetsuya Shiroo, a low-level yakuza who I had met while reporting on a story about organized crime. Shiroo was a small man, with a shaved head and a goatee. He was wearing a black suit and a white shirt, and he had a gold chain around his neck.

The other yakuza in the bar were all similarly dressed. They were all men in their 20s and 30s, and they all had shaved heads and goatees. They were

all wearing black suits and white shirts, and they all had gold chains around their necks.

I was the only non-yakuza in the bar, and I felt out of place. I was wearing a pair of jeans and a T-shirt, and I had a backpack slung over my shoulder. I was also the only person in the bar who was not smoking.

Shiroo introduced me to the other yakuza, and we all ordered drinks. I ordered a beer, and the yakuza ordered sake. We drank and talked for a while, and I got to know them a little bit.

The yakuza were all very friendly and polite. They were also very curious about me. They asked me about my life in America, and I told them about my job as a reporter.

I asked them about their lives as yakuza, and they told me about their daily routines and their ambitions. They told me about the different types of crimes they committed, and they told me about the different ways they made money.

I was fascinated by the yakuza. They were a completely different world from anything I had ever known. I had never met anyone like them before, and I was eager to learn more about them.

We talked for hours, and I drank more beer than I should have. By the end of the night, I was feeling very drunk. I thanked the yakuza for their hospitality, and I said goodbye.

I stumbled out of the bar and into the rain. I hailed a taxi and gave the driver my address. I got in the taxi and closed my eyes. I was exhausted,

but I was also exhilarated. I had just spent a night with a group of yakuza, and I had learned more about them than I ever thought I would.

I knew that I would never forget that night. It was a night that would stay with me for the rest of my life.

The Black Lizard

The following day, I went back to the bar where I had met the yakuza. I wanted to thank Shiroo again for his hospitality, and I wanted to learn more about the yakuza.

When I got to the bar, it was closed. There was a sign on the door that said, "Closed for renovations." I was disappointed, but I understood. The bar was old and run-down, and it was in need of repairs.

I turned to leave, but then I noticed something. There was a small, black lizard crawling on the door. I stopped to watch it. The lizard was very small, and it was very black. It was the most beautiful lizard I had ever seen.

I reached out to touch the lizard, but it scurried away. I followed it, and it led me to a small hole in the wall. I looked through the hole, and I saw the yakuza. They were all sitting around a table, drinking and talking.

I watched them for a while, and then I knocked on the door. Shiroo opened the door, and he smiled when he saw me.

"I'm glad you came back," he said. "We were just talking about you."

I went inside, and I sat down at the table. The yakuza all welcomed me back, and they poured me a drink.

We talked for a while, and then Shiroo said, "We have a surprise for you."

He reached into his pocket and pulled out a small, black lizard. It was the same lizard that I had seen on the door.

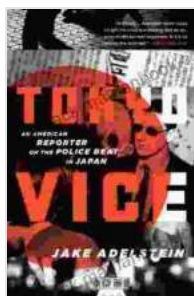
"This is for you," Shiroo said. "It's a black lizard. It's a symbol of good luck."

I took the lizard from Shiroo, and I held it in my hand. It was very small and very black. It was the most beautiful lizard I had ever seen.

"Thank you," I said. "I'll treasure it."

I put the lizard in my pocket, and I said goodbye to the yakuza. I walked out of the bar and into the rain. I held the lizard in my hand, and I felt very lucky.

I knew that I would never forget that night. It was a night that would stay with me for the rest of my life. It was the night that I met the Black Lizard.



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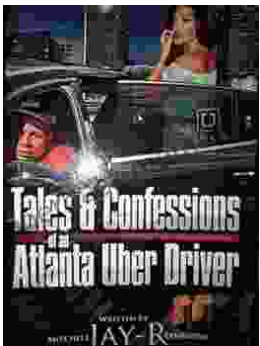
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