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Which Fish?

The search for direction in a sea of sustainability

I. Shrimp Tales

It's Friday night in Oakland, California, and at a sea foam green-Victorian on West Street a potluck dinner has turned out a horde of 20-somethings, ranging from kindergarten teachers to dot-commers. The house swells with the heat of bodies as guests converse in nooks and crannies. Quinoa abounds.

And then into the fray it comes: the shrimp cocktail platter.

Recently defrosted and packed tightly around a cup of horseradish-spiked ketchup, the shrimp huddle together like a team of headless synchronized swimmers, waiting to take the plunge. I pray they go fast.

"Shrimp?"

Too late. My friends reach out eagerly. I politely refuse. The questions start.

Are you a vegetarian? No, I'm not a vegetarian. *So you just don't like seafood?* No, it's not that. I like seafood. I just don't eat it. *But why?* It's complicated. *But why?*

Suddenly there's a soapbox under my feet, and I'm blurting out things that no socially self-aware person should ever utter in polite company.

"Because there's no conscionable way to eat shrimp! Have you ever seen a shrimp trawler? For every pound of shrimp caught, ten pounds of fish are thrown back into the ocean as bycatch! "

Eyes widen. Mouths stop mid-chew. Silence gnaws.

Crap. I should write a book entitled *How to Alienate Friends and Disconcert People*.

Unfortunately, this is not the first time this has happened. I've made an inadvertent habit of cultivating culinary awkwardness ever since I threw in the towel on seafood five years ago. The decision to forfeit had come down to two

things: First, that everywhere I turned, there were lists of fish—fish to always eat and fish to always avoid and fish that were farmed and fish that were caught without harming dolphins and fish that were caught without harming sea turtles, and on and on and on in a morass of marketing and 200-word news bites. It was like drowning in a sea of information where the only life raft was more information. It was exhausting.

And second, at the time I was living in the Midwest and beginning to feel strange about buying my produce from a farmer I knew and my beef from a rancher I knew, but all the seafood I purchased was lumped unceremoniously together. It came from the ocean. Period. And so even when it was labeled as something called “sustainable,” where was the fisherman to tell me how and where and why he fished? Well, he was a thousand miles away on a coast or out at sea. Wild-caught food is just that. Wild. And, at least from my vantage point in snowy Minnesota, being able to trace that wild food was next to impossible. So I gave it up. And I didn’t really think much about it after that. Because my conscience was relieved, and there was something comforting about taking myself out of an equation to which I didn’t have all the variables.

In many ways, the fishing industry has gone the way of industrialized agriculture: big and consolidated. Fishing is no longer the mythologized tale of man versus ocean, from a time when men surrendered life and limb in the pursuit of delicacies from the watery deep. In the era of modern fishing fleets—with longlines that can stretch for a hundred miles and nets that can haul in a million pounds of fish in one swoop—it’s no longer a fair fight.

And in this day and age, the ocean is losing. Last year’s UN report on world fisheries warned that about three-quarters of wild global fish stocks are considered either fully exploited or overfished. If we continue to take from the sea at the present rate, by the turn of the next century, all that will be left is a dismal race for the last wild fish.

So what, then, does “sustainable” mean in an era of unprecedented global fish decline? It’s certainly not like organic food, which has a set of government-issued and regulated standards. Definitions vary widely among purveyors and certifiers, with no single agreed-upon set of criteria. I came to suspect that seafood sustainability is more or less in the eye of the beholder. Or perhaps more accurately, in the eye of the wholesaler who tells the distributor who tells the retailer who tells the fishmonger who tells you, the loyal customer, that the

fish you want to eat, that you've grown accustomed to being able to get any time of year, is sustainable.

How much can we trust a sustainability label? And if the answer is "not very much," are there other ways for transparency-obsessed consumers like myself to find fish we feel okay about eating? I spent the better part of a year trying to answer those questions, and along the way I discovered that nothing is as easy or straightforward as a pocket consumer guide would lead me to believe. It turned out that defining my own personal seafood canon would be the easy part. Trying to make it work in the real world would be much harder.

II. Behind the Glass

And the label, for that matter

Early in my quest, I headed to the first place I imagined responsible seafood buyers in Berkeley go— Whole Foods. While hanging around one drizzly November evening, I found myself eavesdropping on a customer lecturing the counter worker about how toxins like mercury get eaten by little fish and work their way up the food chain. By the time they wind up in a really big ocean predator, like tuna, the toxins have accumulated and intensified in the fish's flesh. It's the reason doctors recommend eating things toward the bottom of the food chain. That's what this guy was looking for—a small, short-lived fish that eats mostly plankton. There wasn't much of that to choose from at a fish counter dominated by top-of-the-food-chain-predators like salmon, trout and branzini. He eventually settled on the American mackerel filets at the far end of the ice-filled case. Fish, being a lean source of protein and omega-3 fats, delivers multiple health benefits, provided you steer clear of species high in toxins.

Whole Foods pegs itself as a leader in foods that are easy on the environment. Since 1999, the grocery chain has sold seafood bearing the Marine Stewardship Council (MSC) eco-label, the world's best known standard for sustainable seafood. It's a blue and white stamp of approval given to fisheries that meet MSC's standards for sustainability. The store also uses a color-coded rating system developed by the Monterey Bay Aquarium's Seafood Watch program. There are lots of seafood rating and scoring programs with eerily similar names: FishWise, OceanWise, SeaChoice, FishWatch, and others. But the aquarium's Seafood Watch, because of its wide distribution of pocket-sized consumer

guides, is arguably the nation's most recognized resource for conscious seafood lovers.

These are the five criteria that Seafood Watch takes into account when making a recommendation: inherent vulnerability, status of stocks, nature of bycatch, habitat and ecosystem effects, and management effectiveness. Using the aquarium standards, all the seafood in the Whole Foods case is ranked into one of three categories. A green label means "Best Choice" and is the equivalent of a green light. Yellow means "Good Alternative." And red holds true to its almost universal connotation, meaning stop, desist, danger, or technically speaking, "Avoid," as in, don't buy. Ever.

The mackerel that just went into that guy's shopping basket was labeled wild-caught in the USA and bore a yellow "Good Alternative" stamp of semi-approval.

What the tag didn't say is that mackerel is a fast-growing and highly reproductive fish, making it inherently resilient to commercial fishing pressures. Stock assessments of the U.S. Atlantic mackerel fishery happen rather infrequently, however, the last one by the Northeast Fisheries Science Center in 2005, raising questions about the current health of the fishery. There are other concerns as well. The primary gear type used by American mackerel fishermen is the mid-water trawl—a huge net that's dragged above the ocean floor—that often catches things other than mackerel. And because mackerel are a forage fish, they're an important food source for many marine animals. Multiple studies conducted at the University of British Columbia's Fisheries Centre found evidence that removing forage fish like mackerel from the ocean in the numbers they're currently being taken is likely to undercut food availability for other animals and produce substantial ripple effects across the entire marine ecosystem.

This is why we have sustainability ratings and eco-labels: because not everyone wants (or has the time) to mine annual fishery reports before going to the grocery store. Consumers just want to know that something is "certified sustainable," and trust that buying that will help protect the world's oceans.

"The idea of MSC is that all of this is very complicated and difficult, but when a customer sees the MSC label, it's a label they can trust," MSC's Regional Director Kerry Coughlin told me. "It's all they need to know or see."

Fisheries that choose to enter the MSC certification program are evaluated by an independent third party accreditation company, based on MSC's sustainability standards. MSC sets the standards by which to assess a fishery's health. MSC is itself a nonprofit organization and does not do the actual certifying. But the third parties who do the certifying are for-profit consultants, and their services do not come cheaply. Getting certified is a lengthy process and costs anywhere from \$50,000 to \$150,000, depending on the size and complexity of the fishery.

As the world's most established fisheries certifier—184 fisheries, representing about 8% of globally wild-caught fish, are currently certified—MSC has been called by some the gold standard of sustainable seafood. But objections to MSC certifications are growing, most loudly from environmental groups and scientists who say that the program is inherently susceptible to conflicts of interest. Financial incentives to certify large, lucrative fisheries have to go head-to-head with concerns about questionable fishery health, particularly in fisheries with outsized demand. In the last five years, mega-corporations like Wal-Mart, Costco and McDonald's signed pledges to only sell MSC-certified seafood. These companies rely on the MSC eco-label to meet internal sustainability goals and increasing customer demand for "green" seafood. That's a lot of fish. Some worry that not enough sustainable fisheries are left in the world to meet demand, and that MSC could be labeling some fisheries that aren't quite there yet, simply in order to keep up. Leading fisheries experts in Canada, Italy and the U.S. spoke out in a 2010 *Nature* opinion piece, saying, "The MSC is supposed to be a solution, but a lot of what they do has turned against biology in favour of bureaucracy."

Even less passionate scientists have found worrying evidence that MSC may not really be delivering all that it touts. A 2011 Clemson University study ran genetic analyses on MSC-labeled Chilean sea bass, and found that not all the fish were from an MSC-certified stock and, more troublesome, that some of the fish weren't sea bass at all. Other scientists found that MSC isn't very effective at curtailing overfishing and the resulting environmental harm. A paper in *Marine Policy* in 2009 argued that fisheries certification alone is unlikely to stop the global decline of fish stocks.

So, as I stand at the Whole Foods counter eyeing all the green circles and blue checkmarks, my should-be guideposts to conscionable seafood, I hear in my

head an exchange I had with the store's regional seafood buyer Mark Hernandez. I had asked him if he felt confident that everything in his counter is coming from where he says it's coming, and he had said, "Yes. I feel comfortable." He had said it sincerely, with conviction, and with the zeal of someone who believed in what he was selling. Either that, or a very talented salesman. In any case, I didn't feel comfortable. MSC may be better than bad, and a green label may be better than a red, but when you're standing in front of that seafood counter, how do you really know what you're getting? The fact of the matter is, you don't.

I realized I needed to go deeper, to go beyond the glass case of Whole Foods and further up the supply chain. I had to get closer to the source to see if there were people in this industry who could work free of compromise. So I went to meet someone I'd heard had nothing to hide.

III. The Belov Standard

And why you won't find it in a grocery store near you

Kenny Belov makes me feel bad about my needing six hours of sleep each night to function. Not through any fault of his own. While he may be considered the most polarizing figure in the Bay Area fishing industry, from the moment I spot him hunched over the bar at Fish, I find him almost insanely likeable. He's wrapping up an over-the-phone power lunch when I arrive at the harbor-side restaurant he co-owns in Sausalito, California. The airy, sun-filled space that serves as Fish's dining room, kitchen and fish counter all in one is packed with afternoon customers sitting at picnic tables.

It's easy to forget we're in Marin, one of the wealthiest counties in California. But nothing serves as a reminder quite like a story Belov tells me about one morning a few years ago. "A woman walked in with a handbag worth more than I own," he says. She was looking for scallops and was happy to see them in the case. Needing them for a dinner party that night, she asked for eight. But when Belov told her they were \$25 a pound her eyes widened. She slammed her keys down on the counter and shouted, "What? Are they made of gold?" before whirlwinding out of the store and into a brand new Porsche. "It was like, 50 bucks for two pounds of scallops was completely unheard of, but a grand for a handbag doesn't get so much as the bat of an eye," he says, shaking his head and sipping a mouthful of honey-colored beer.

Belov's fish is expensive. In his case today, the Alaskan Halibut is \$22.99 a pound, about twice what you would pay at a grocery store chain in my Oakland neighborhood. On the other hand, you'll never find his fish at a grocery store. That's because the way Belov does business is far from the industry standard. He insists on meeting every fisherman he buys from, spending time aboard their vessels, and visiting them regularly to make sure they're doing what they say they're doing. For example, the halibut in the case comes from a fisherman named Aldwin, who operates his fishing vessel, the *MyOar*, out of Hoonah, Alaska. Belov has worked with him for years and takes regular trips onboard to observe firsthand how Aldwin fishes. And so what you're paying for, when you throw down fifty bucks on four filets, is the peace of mind you get knowing that someone you trust has vetted the source of your seafood.

Belov's way isn't the industry standard for a reason—it's impractical. It's hard to scale up while still keeping an eye on each fisherman, it's inefficient and it drains resources. This is something he admits freely. He also mentions that in order to stay on top of everything he usually sleeps only two to three hours each night. All the same, Belov isn't interested in cutting corners.

"Look," he says, speaking forcefully despite his mellow baritone. "If you're not out there meeting new fishermen, you're expecting someone else to do that for you, and you have to trust them." Fish opened in 2004, and almost immediately started being viewed—Belov says, for right or wrong—as the restaurant that was setting the standard for sustainable seafood. "I thought I could do no wrong," he says, "Monterey Bay Aquarium vouched for us." But then Belov started going on boats, where he discovered he was being lied to at every step of the supply chain. Fishermen who claimed to limit bycatch and obey catch limits were doing no such thing. He watched them shovel hundreds of pounds of dead fish and other sea creatures back into the ocean. So he made up his mind to do the work himself. It wasn't efficient, but he wanted to be able to look a pregnant mother in the eye and tell her without a doubt where her fish came from. That's the Belov standard.

It's this fiery righteousness that has helped Belov build a following and led to the success of Fish and his wholesale business TwoXSea in the last nine years. It has also made him a despised figure down at the pier that he shares with more conventional seafood companies, and branded him a radical among others in

his trade. Other wholesalers and fishmongers I spoke with say his name like they've got a bad taste in their mouths.

"Nobody's perfect, except Kenny Belov," Paul Johnson, the owner of Monterey Fish Market, told me in a way that made me think he was shaking his head on the other end of the line. "That's the definition of hubris right there." Johnson is a well-respected fishmonger who sells to people like Alice Waters, the pioneering owner of Chez Panisse and founder of the Edible Schoolyard. He buys directly from fishermen but he also buys from aquaculture dealers and other wholesalers. He and Belov have been feuding for years over a sensible way to define sustainable seafood. "Of course you're going to be lied to, it's an economic necessity on some people's parts," Johnson said. "Ideally you work only with fishermen, but in all honesty you have to be a realist. That's no way to stay in business."

Johnson tells me that if Belov was really as hard line as he claims to be, the only thing he would be selling right now is Dungeness crab. That's because the crab fishery is subject to a lot of restrictions, keeping it healthy. The season opens in November and lasts until May or June, which gives the crustaceans time to mate and hatch their eggs. All females have to be released, and starting next year a pot limit will be imposed on all boats. Crabs don't move around much, so all fishermen have to do is lower pots—metal frames the size and shape of a truck tire enmeshed in twine and loaded with bait—to catch them, and the gear does little damage to ocean habitat. Crabs are also low on the food chain, being scavengers, which is good news for reasons besides nutrition.

Imagine for a second what a carnivorous land-based food chain looks like: sun grows grass, cow eats grass, we eat cow. All the energy it took the sun to grow acres and acres of grass is converted into the energy we get from eating a steak or a hamburger. It takes a lot of grass to make a hamburger.

But marine food chains are comprised of many more levels. In the ocean, sun grows phytoplankton (tiny free-floating plants), which in turn get eaten by zooplankton (tiny free-floating animals), then tiny fish, then small fish, then medium-sized fish, and finally up to a large predator fish like salmon, trout and tuna. To put it in terrestrial terms, it's as if we were eating the thing that eats lions and tigers and bears, if such a thing existed. It'd be like eating Tyrannosaurus Rex.

So, by eating lower on the food chain, one can quickly cut down the number of responsible choices. Crab is not as far down as something like a clam or a mussel, but it's pretty far down. And, as both Johnson and Belov attest, as far as wild-caught fisheries go, Dungeness crab is a very easy one to trace.

Since I know Belov has more than crabs in his fish counter, however, I need to see what that's all about. I need to know why he feels okay about the halibut and the trout he's selling and if I can feel okay about buying it too. So I ask him if I can visit his warehouse. We decide on Thursday, November 15th—opening day of crab season.

IV. Dockside

Good things come in weird packages

Six am is a dangerous time to be finding your way around Fisherman's Wharf. White trucks careen between rows of warehouses and loud-mouthed dockworkers dart back and forth in forklifts like sex-crazed stag beetles looking for mates. Luckily I spot Belov through the early morning darkness, flagging me down and into a parking spot before hurrying off into the fluorescence of TwoXSea's well-lit building.

Inside, a single table serves as the staging ground for prepping about 400 pounds of Belov's McFarland Ranch rainbow trout. Three young men work the assembly line. One uses a horse comb to scour off each fish's silvery scales. The next in line deals the trout a deft slice from tail to gills, then rips out the guts, using a teaspoon to remove the leftover bits. The third rinses the fish inside and out with a hose before sliding them over to Belov. Wielding a chef's knife, he turns each trout into two foot-long filets the color of tangerines. It takes him five cuts to do this. And less than 15 seconds, when I'm not distracting him.

"Our crab boat is still out," he explains, crossing the room to check a board of hanging order sheets for Bay Area restaurants and markets like Nopa, BIX and Bi-Rite. "Things have been slow so far. It's not expected to be a good crab year." Crab populations rise and fall in cycles, so any one year can be vastly different from the one before.

Then Belov gets a call. Wiping fish slime off on the back of his jeans, he picks up the phone. "Where are you?" he asks, squinting his eyes and heading out

toward the water. A few minutes later he's back with another man who's hauling a small rolling cooler behind him. "You're going to want to see this," he tells me. The other man, Kirk Lombard, opens the cooler and pulls out an opaque white trash bag, trussed up like a purse, and rips it open. Nestled against one another in the bag are the strangest fish I have ever seen. At once bulbous and sleek, their dark bodies dissolve into fins tipped with a flash of crimson. Monkeyface eels. I am more than a little shocked to learn people eat these little gremlins.

Lombard used to be a fisheries observer for California Fish & Game. Now he runs a coastal urban foraging business, offering walking tours in San Francisco and Half Moon Bay. He's shy behind brown Ray Bans and a battered baseball cap with "Gus's Discount Tackle" emblazoned in fading letters. He catches the eels (which are not eels at all, but fish from the rock prickleback family) with a method called poke poling. This entails rigging a long bamboo pole with a short wire or filament ending in a baited hook. Lombard pokes the pole into rock crevices. It's a laborious process that only yields one fish at a time, which is why almost no one does it, and why the fishery is healthy and sustainable. But it's the only way to catch a monkeyface.

It took Lombard four hours to land the 20 pounds sitting on Kenny's scale. Luckily for him, a number of Bay Area chefs have developed a taste for the underutilized fish. He leaves TwoXSea with a check for \$200.

It's not much when you compare it to the millions of dollars worth of seafood being unloaded in warehouses on either side of this one, all up and down the pier, but to me, this rather humble exchange is like an X marking the spot on my treasure map. Finally! A sustainable, low-impact, small-scale fishery with a name and a face and GPS coordinates to accompany it. It is possible. And I know it's real because I've seen it with my own eyes.

There's only one problem.

Does this mean I have to come down to the docks at daybreak every time I want a fish on my dinner plate? And do I have to eat only monkeyface for the rest of my life?

The short answers to these questions are no and no.

The big reason for that is the commute. While I set out to find a fish I can eat in good conscience, having to drive 40 minutes in Bay Area traffic to get it is a zero-sum game. My normal shopping routine consists of bike rides to the store, Sunday strolls to the farmer's market, and foraging in my backyard garden. For me, sustainable seafood means more than just how the fish is caught—it also involves how the fish winds up on my plate. Going out of my way to drive for seafood, emitting more carbon into the atmosphere along the way just isn't going to cut it.

But perhaps the crabs could offer a more reasonable solution. At the wharf, I'd seen a number of boats with Berkeley or Oakland scrawled across their transoms, laden with pots as they headed out to the crabbing grounds. Maybe there was a chance of finding some closer to home? I realized that spending time with Belov had produced the opposite effect of what I thought would happen. When I hadn't been able to easily find a label I could trust, I'd hoped I could put my faith in a person—in Belov. But instead, his suspicious righteousness had rubbed off on me. No matter how much I liked him and respected his devout idealism, at the end of the day, buying a fish from him still meant taking someone's word. It meant still not really knowing.

The time had come to get on a boat.

IV. Into the pot

Fingers crossed

Fishermen are not the easiest people to track down. Will Ward was easier than most, being the only fisherman I know who uses social media to sell his catch. His company, Carapace Fishing, has its own Facebook page and Twitter handle, and Ward uses these platforms to let people know when he's going to be at markets or selling off the dock. He's a small-scale guy, dealing directly with customers, often only a few hours after making a catch. I first heard about him from his wife, whom I met at the farmer's market a few blocks from my house in Oakland. She was selling crabs he had caught that morning aboard his boat, the *Nola May*. I hadn't bought any at the time, wanting to wait to meet Ward himself.

But then the crabbers went on strike. Protesting the lowball prices set by processors, fishermen stayed home, their pots sitting empty in warehouses and on decks. Ward isn't a part of any area fishermen's associations, but in solidarity,

he didn't go fishing either. It took a few weeks for both parties to agree on a fair price. And by then it was mid-December and I had rolled out of town to do the midwestern family holiday tour. I kept an eye on things by checking Ward's tweets, but a few bad spells of weather detained him on shore for much of December and into January. The crabbing reports had not been glowing either. This season appeared to be on the lower end of the cyclical multi-year crab population swing. So by the time I finally met Ward, it was—to my horror—only to watch him strip the last of his crab gear from the *Nola May*. "Crabs will crawl into any trap that has any kind of stinky bait in it," Ward told me, his thick freckled forearms flexing as he moved a tote across the deck. "It's just a question of how fast you can drop those pots, pull 'em up and do it again. When it's done, it's done."

Ward pulled the last of his pots out a few weeks earlier, when it stopped being worth it to make a trip. Larger boats that can handle rougher seas and drop pots to deeper depths can stay out longer and extend their catch. But for Ward, whose 25-footer hardly looks like a typical commercial fishing vessel, the end of the crabbing season arrives well before the summer. After having come this far to figure out a code for sustainability I felt good about, I couldn't bear to fail now. I asked Ward if he knew anyone else, any small fishermen still out in the area. He glanced around him, almost smirking at the long rows of single-masted sailboats that dominated the harbor. Not in Berkeley, but he thought maybe in Oakland, or up in Bolinas near where he set his pots, there might be a few people. I thanked him and went home, empty-handed again.

"Fresh Crab." The sign is unmistakable, scrawled in chalk at the end of a pot-holed road that leads to Bolinas Lagoon. All the hope I had lost at the Berkeley Marina came rushing back. Today was supposed to be an ordinary Saturday, a little breakfast, braving the weekend traffic, short day hike along the coast, but not this. I pull the car over to a ramshackle farm stand and begin to pummel the shaggy young man at the counter with questions. His name is Mickey Murch. He works at Gospel Flat Organic Farm, just behind where we're standing, with his parents Don and Sarah. His dad also goes crabbing sometimes, and Mickey works as his deckhand. These crabs—and oh what crabs they are, furiously purple, as big as your face, and feisty!—were caught this morning, right outside the lagoon.

It's not perfect. But it's close. And I've realized that living under my now well-defined seafood regime means two things. One, I will be subjected to the ebb

and flow of local, seasonal products. Fish have seasons too, and when they're gone, they're gone. So striking when the iron is hot, or the crabs are biting, is a necessity. And two, I've learned that my idea of sustainable seafood is pretty damn unreasonable. Because unless you have the time, sea legs for, and blessings of a fisherman to go out on his or her boat, how that fish was caught will always be uncertain. Perhaps one day I'll be the kind of person who only eats what she catches herself, like Ward. But until then, I have to come to terms with the fact that making concessions is part of being a piscivore.

So I buy three crabs, also some turnips and artichokes. The whole way home the crabs rustle in their paper bag prison, sliding over each other, clicking their claws. After I hurriedly Google "how to humanely kill crabs," and sever the two nerve centers on each of my treasured crustaceans, I slide them into a pot of boiling water. My roommates and I spread newspaper on the table and melt butter. We braise the vegetables. And finally—finally—my crab is in front of me. With a pair of pliers—oddly enough, there are no crab crackers at my house—I dig in. The sweet white meat erupts in chunks with every satisfying crack. I dunk each bit in a golden pool of butter and close my eyes, savoring the blissful reunion.

Seafood. It has been too long.

SOURCE LIST—

Interviews:

Allison Barratt, senior communications manager, Monterey Bay Aquarium, (Monterey, Calif.)

Kenny Belov, owner of TwoXSea seafood wholesale (San Francisco, Calif.) and co-owner of Fish (Sausalito, Calif.)

Kerry Coughlin, regional director, Marine Stewardship Council (Seattle, Wash.)

Paul Greenberg, author of *Four Fish*

Mark Hernandez, regional seafood coordinator, Whole Foods (San Francisco, Calif.)

Paul Johnson, president and founder, Monterey Fish Market (San Francisco, Calif.)

Kirk Lombard, founder, Sea Forager of San Francisco (San Francisco, Calif.)

Mickey Murch, farmer, Gospel Flat Farm (Bollinas, Calif.)

Tim O'Shea, president and founder, Clean Fish (San Francisco, Calif.)

Martin Reed, founder, I Love Blue Sea (San Francisco, Calif.)

Will Ward, founder, Carapace Fishing (Oakland, Calif.)

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