

January 17, 2001

The district I work in; Yuppie. Today I decided not to eat at my usual place. No cheap pasta for me. Pasta Praise is a lovely place except I wanted to go to a café. I was armed with my laptop and ill humor. I wanted to feel my disgust for this place and write down in real time my hatred for the Marina, its vacuous bubble of young drones that want to be better than the next drone never going anywhere, never figuring out that a drone is a drone is a drone. My restaurant job thrives in the cold heart of it. I needed to vent through my ultimate Catharsis. It had been a while.

I went to a café; a place chiefly ran by Mexicans called La Moda. This was a café perked on Monday afternoon's cappuccino servicing the yuppie fuck and/or affluent community. In all the years I had been working at my job, I've only walked by and glanced at this place. Every time I passed, it confirmed my theory of La Moda being a "white members only" joint. Occasionally, on my way to work I would walk by La Moda, and my ears would be filled with young women conversing loudly so everyone could hear their life story. The men would do the same. Women would talk of who had the best wedding shower or what friend of theirs was a bitch but still is a good person. Women loved to blab in this explanatory tone of voice, however, certain words were accentuated to illustrate the necessity of urgent comprehension in their petty world of troubles.

We need to understand this sick world I was to enter. This is the hell that adds to my grey depression, soon to drive me over the edge of the cliff of Lands End into the Pacific Ocean, or go base-jumping with a make-believe-parachute into the bay from the Golden Gate

Bridge. These are the people that pay my rent and keep me shackled.

There are different manners of talking in places like this that the average low class person is not used to. It's okay to be new to this. In fact, if you're new to this I'm glad you haven't succumbed to their beast-like behavior. Woman #1 and her friend, woman #2 are sitting dead center in the café. A simple sentence would be constructed like this: "Kyle bought her a *new* car and she still didn't want to marry him." The importance of this yuppie statement wasn't really to stress to her friend that this was a bizarre situation. She cared less about that. Yuppies, affluent young people from around the age of middle twenties to late thirties have a need to hawk statements out so others around can hear the affluence of their friends and family. Let's go back to the latter quoted sentence. The italicized word "*new*" would be spoken loudly to let the other cat like women and cute guys around her overhear of her successful position in life. Again, telling her friend about Kyle and the fact that his appeal for marriage was turned down despite the purchase of a new car, is not nearly as important as saying the sentence in the right tone of voice and amplification for other yuppie fucks to hear.

The men's conversations are constructed the same way. What sickens me about men is that their speech pattern mimics that of a woman. Of course yuppie men's sentences aren't feminine, but the extravagant way of illustrating a point so the yuppies around him can overhear his successful position in life match the speech pattern of a yuppie woman's. A man's sentence would be as follows: "So I bought Kelly the *two* 187 dollar *dresses* she *tried* on and walked out of there feeling like a good guy." My, how we men can be so

sleazy. This one should be easy to deconstruct. This guy has to tell everyone that he makes good money, and that also he's a nice guy. Simple, but lets go further. The italicized phrase "*two 187*" tells everyone around him including his friend that he's perfectly okay with treating his woman lavishly and yet comfortably. The italicized word "*tried*," tells us that he was there being a good guy waiting and shopping, shopping and waiting with his woman; a hell most men barely escape. And because he feels that the yuppies around him still haven't gotten the message, he drives the point home with the blatant phrase of "feeling like a good guy." Yes ladies and gentlemen, the ever so haughty statement of "feeling like a good guy." Makes you want to sacrifice your comfortable seat of reading this, find this "good guy," walk up to him, stick your finger on the back of your tongue and induce vomiting your coffee and bagel in his lap, brown chunks and all. Oh come on, that's not as sickening as his life.

The human interaction of yuppies constantly reminds me of dogs, monkeys, ravenous creatures discharging pheromones to signal to other beasts that succulent females are ready to be impregnated. Yuppies have this identical form of announcement. Prime women and men hawk their lives to their friends only under this façade so that others around can take notice of who are fit in the pool of sexual reproducers. It's all the same. Humans are advanced, but that nature of breeding and survival of the fittest screams through us individually, socially, culturally, religiously, and politically. Even in this fine world of braggarts it's obvious that we are beasts. We are simply higher animals.

This ravenous world was now going to be my warm café. As I walked closer to the La Moda, I looked

up at the sign, re-emphasizing that this was the place to be on foggy Monday in the Marina. La Moda, The Style, The Way.

As I entered I quickly looked around. Bright as day. The only color was the brown tables and chairs. I focused my attention to the chalkboard menu. I needed a sandwich. The cash register needed my entire wallet. One homemade tuna sandwich and a rootbeer \$10.80! I wasn't about to walk out now. I already scorned the energy I was soon going to write about. Eleven fucking dollars for a sandwich and a drink. The fucking culture. The idea of it. Eleven dollars can get me six movies at my local video store. Eleven dollars can get me a luxurious homemade dinner. Eleven dollars can get me four separate sandwiches at Donut's on Geary.

Eleven dollars I gave the cute woman. "Don't worry about the change, you already raped my innocent wallet," I said under the loudness of the café.

"Say again!" the Spanish lady said with a smile.

"Thank you," I repeated.

I put my wallet in my back pocket, hearing the whimpers of losing its virginity to La Moda. This had better be one damn good tuna sandwich. My rootbeer...ooooh my rootbeer better be cold and tastier than the name of this café. I took my plate and drink and fake smile to the back of the café where I could spy without anyone hampering me with the "what's *he* doing here?" eyes.

My food stared at me as if to whisper that even *it* believed that I was cheated. Staring back at my plate, I prepared my mouth by salivating unconsciously. I commenced. My wet salivated mouth opened, unsticking the hinges that closed the orifice. Tuna entered my mouth. My taste buds waited in apprehension. I wasn't

sure whether my brain told my tongue that the sandwich was delicious, or whether my tongue told my brain that the food was indeed good. My eyes closed to increase the senses of my taste buds. I was defeated. The meal excited my mouth and my mind. My wallet whimpered from my back pocket reminding me that it remained raped despite the magnificence of the café food. I shifted my seat position squishing my wallet to silence.

During the course of my meal I periodically took notes of this disgusting environment of yuppie animals. “All of this is going into my journal”, I thought. “Every minute detail of the environment that surrounded me I would have to—”, I was interrupted by a forty-year-old fat Spanish buser who was aimed on taking my plate away. “No, no, no. I’m still working on it,” pointing at the half sandwich that remained in my plate. “You’re fucking kidding me,” I winced in thought. He was about to throw away the other half of this eleven-dollar meal!

He added to my frustration. This man, who I’m sure has had a tough time as a minority was now Americanized, Marinaized to the point that this well paying job and scrapes he ate from yuppies and rich white folk gave him a ten pound belly of fat that hung over his pleather belt. You SAD, SAD man. He was so use to the sight of half sandwiches being left for garbage by upper white folk, that habit took over forcing him to almost discard my very expensive meal. I wanted to grab him to the side and ask him with all seriousness “What happened to you amigo? Remember your roots. Never become like this. Never. This is a culture of waste and greed... now put my fucking plate down.”

ENTER baby stage LEFT. A 24-inch bratty child and her nonchalant mother became the focus of my rage for the next few minutes. This was typical. Too typical.

Gerber will be her name, because of her picture on the Gerber baby food bottles. We've come to understand, as the American folk, that the blonde blue-eyed chubby infant is the desired picture perfect baby. America adores that young healthy skin, unscathed with the blemish of pigmentation. Eyes of blue, like the sky, the gateway to the heavens, where a tall white man, a long white beard, and a white robe, are there to greet us with "God" on his icebreaker nametag. Gerber reminded me of her grandfather's influence on black people over the past seventy years. Both young and old African American folk permed, and killed their scalp to turn curly tight naps to faded straight hair; the desired look of the white man, free from curly imperfections. To this day African Americans do this, destroying the roots of their hair and of their heritage.

Gerber's slamming on the pastry window with flat hands, had knocked me off of my tangent. BANG....BANG....BANG....BANG....BANG....! I stared at her and then quickly to her mother.

BANG....BANG....BANG....BANG....! A few people in the café turned to see where the annoying incessant noise was coming from, as if they could stop it with a dial up on their cellphones.

BANG....BANG....BANG....! I stared hard at her mother. Mother was busy staring at the pastries, while the Spanish woman behind the counter patiently waited for her to make up her mind.

"Okay, sweetie, stop that," she said mechanically, simply because the Spanish lady gave her a look of irritancy.

Her misbehaved child performed like all the other children of the yuppie districts. Gerber looked up at her biological mother, ignored the verbal scolding and

continued to crash the pastry window, this time with her feet. Gerber was ill prepared to deal with the world outside of her nanny-guarded crib. The absence of proper parenting disgusted me as I glared from Mother to Gerber. My eyes closed in a wince, my nose scrunched to wolf's snarl. Mother's insecurity of physical scolding allowed her child to get away with bratty behavior. As I watched Gerber pound on the pastry window I saw her legs grow in inches and then to several feet, and her bust expand enabling her to ill nurture her future spawn in the exact fashion that her Mother did. Pattern. Generation. Generated. Pattern.

An invisible force shook my head. My eyes twitched in their sockets. I became sickened to my stomach over the animal behavior I witnessed once again. I had to break my gaze from Mother and Gerber to settle my stomach. I couldn't believe that they had such a physical effect on me. My stomach turning, my head jiggling from side to side, I looked around the café for another focus.

What was I doing here? Those "what's *he* doing here?" eyes were in the right for staying glued to me. They probably recognized me from my restaurant. What was I doing here dining with them? My thin annual income alone was good enough to have me ousted from La Moda. I was doing a forbidden thing; mixing in with those I serve. I can tell they felt awkward. I was the house Negro having lunch with my masters; a never in a world of never's.

I hate the idea that a person who doesn't have the financial stature of the next person feels the social implication of being in a lower class consciously or subconsciously. The distinction is felt in one way or another. I tried to process my feelings of inadequacy

even further, knowing I wasn't going to like what I would find. I understood the insanity of it all. My feelings of not belonging, mixed with rage and full objectivity were due to my societal conditionings. Just because I was not able to compete on the same level with this sea of yuppie fucks, and white aristocrats (once a redundant phrase) I felt poor, isolated, impotent. Those feelings of insecurity brought out my instincts of survival and procreation turning impotence into ravenous testosterone, sharpness of mind, and keenness of sense, thus making sure I was still able to compete in the gene pool.

He lived up to my expectations. He made me boil like a teakettle. A yuppie male, age 30, walked by the café, turned his chiselled face to the window, and put on his sunglasses in a swift lock-and-load Hollywood style. "You're so fake you stupid fuck. You disgust me to the core of my soul. How were you created you stupid waste of semen? You're dumb, dumb, dumb. Live the role you cock. Why can't you be your own individual? You fuck, dummy, wannabe nothing, yuppie fuck robot. I hate you, your mother, and your mothering. I want to sink my teeth into your skull, pierce your beating brain and spit it on your grandmother's grave you dummy small dick yuppie fuck face mother fucker."

My abdomen quickly squished my stomach, and I felt the acid splash from wall to wall. My eyes became watery and a weird taste insisted on staying on the back of my tongue. I knew immediately what was happening. I ran to the back, and violently twisted the handle of the bathroom door which interrupted two women inside I heard spouting off about some guy who owns a vineyard and is having heavy competition in Napa, my knees buckling I stooped over and—PLEWH—projected tuna

smelling vomit all over the wooden floor. PLAGH—
shot out more hot acidic puke that burnt my tongue.
PLAAAAGH—rootbeer all over the floor. This world.
This goddamn world. PLEW—I spat out more sour
smelling juice. This goddamn world.

The fat Spanish buser immediately hobbled his way over to the back and started mopping up. “Don’t forget your roots migo. Don’t ever forget who you are,” I tiredly said as I spat out the rest of chunks in a trashcan. I constructed my body to full stance, breathing out like I had just run a mile. As I figured all eyes were on me again. I grabbed my stuff and casually walked out of La Moda, knowing that I could never go back, and knowing that I never will.

As I exited my microcosmic hell, a greasy homeless man waited for me in front of the restaurant. He lifted his hands in the form of a rifle, aimed it at me and just when he was about to fire he turned to the chiselled face yuppie with Hollywood lock-and-load sunglasses who was down the block. He took his time to aim carefully, steadied the balance of the rifle, and then fired three distinct shots. I looked at the homeless man and smiled.