

I can only go there a couple times per week because it would require me to turn my back and cheat on the cafe on the corner, which has more consistent hours, is not communist, and does not make breakfast sandwiches. It's a place that touches perfection and refuses to become perfect, a business sense and practicality take a passenger seat to "cultivating vibes". This place is calibrated for the owner's idealized version of a "cosmopolitan cafe" that facilitates the exchange of something or other vaguely intellectual. Everytime I walk in, I grow increasingly infuriated with their methods, but the results are always wonderful. Much like the Godfather films, it insists upon itself.



Trinosophes is one of the greatest cafes known to man. A vacuous space tastefully filled with the type of postmodern art I love (giant jigsaw pieces and a hi-fi soundsystem). My first time walking in was to see a Tyree Guyton exhibition with my mom and her friend Holly. This was probably 2010 because that year I made my mom's Saab a mix CD with *Low End Theory* on it and she would always say "Zu-lu Nationnn" the exact same way Q-Tip did on *Jazz (We've Got It)*.

Tyree's exhibition was in the side room that also hosts indie publisher pop-ups and dream pop shows. All I remember were vacuum cleaners he'd painted and outfitted with polka dots and gloves stuffed and stuck onto vacuum handles. Last week I bought a Majesty Crush compilation on vinyl there because Numero Group had a pop up, and a few months before that I saw the editor of this magazine at an indie press event that I would also consider a pop up. I love to slop up a pop up and Trinosophes insistence on giving a home to true DIY independent creatives keeps giving me a reason to drown it all down.

Something this cool couldn't exist in New York, too many outside pressures and dorks. The Brooklyn communists would wear a bunch of ugly outfits and fuck each other on floors of Crown Heights Co-Ops. The capitalists would complain online about the wishy-washy hours and lack of straightforwardness, pushing their hand, totally bastardizing the experience til the place was forced to shut down and replaced with some sort of Polyamorous Pilates Studio or Bladee/Draingang looking teenagers... or worse... be open on Mondays.

One day I will threaten my boss with communism (vibey) and only have to work 4 days a week. But today, I will sit my white ass down and listen. Not to the co-op communists who are in it for access to sex and free vegetables. Rather, I will learn from the industrious communists who produce greatness like Сталкер or the Trinosophes breakfast sandwich.





Typically I walk in on a Thursday or Friday – weekends tend to be busy, plus the memories are dimly lit because I be partaking in substance abuse at night. I’m usually first or second or third in line. Then I just get a cortado and am told it will be ready *eventually*. I’ll peruse People’s Records next door, a place existing on the same Axiom as Trinosophes, where the goal of the business is to be as cool and dutiful as possible rather than actually making the most amount of money at said business. I think it’s called integrity? I dunno, but for \$1200 I can buy a 45 RPM record of a Funk song only 40 people have ever heard that also happens to be the best Funk song ever recorded.

“Do you guys have more records like this in the back?”

“We keep them in the office”

“You should call the office The Vault”

“I think we’ll just call it the office”

“I think you should call the Vault the office – oops I meant the office the vault”.

I occupy a miniature space in their lives, so loudly.

Someone brings the cortado over for me. “Thank you”, I half bow, respectful, Japanese af.

The food is different. The coffee is great, Anthology roasted it locally and the rotating drips and espressos are a highlight for those who are into that sort of thing, which I am, because of course I am. Joel, who does not know my name, pulls sick shots of espresso. But the food is different.

A buttermilk biscuit made by vegetarian communists (generally a good thing) is the best buttermilk biscuit money can buy. I’m a tearer, I tear it, limb by limb, chunk by chunk, cracking the crust revealing memory foam pillows of warm butter and flakey dough in my mouth. This is the bread they use for the breakfast sandwich. I would blow up an oil pipeline for this sandwich.

“herbed scrambled farm eggs and chevre on a buttermilk biscuit with pickles and aioli, served with a small salad”.

Damn right it is.



The eggs are scrambled in a way that pays respects to the French without even trying, stirred constantly to thread the needle on texture, ensuring something creamy without ever getting watery, which would be swagless. Fresh herbs, usually chives, do that thing that fresh herbs do (pops of flavor, ugh), chevre and aioli open the whole thing up, then the pickles in this context are something totally new to me.

Who puts pickles on a breakfast sandwich? Who puts pickles on a biscuit? Nobody else has done that in my opinion. Sometimes they hide in there, like you don't get them with every bite, but when you do, it's acid and crunch, and maybe even the word "unctuous" makes sense here (lmao). In its totality this is an elite and creative sandwich that has yet to be topped in the breakfast category.