

The Coup, The Crypto, and The \$15 Chocolate Bar: How the Venezuela Raid Just Hit Your SF Sunday

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The fog was doing that toxic thing it does on Sunday mornings—gaslighting the Mission into thinking the sun doesn't exist. Usually, the only thing hanging over this city is a collective hangover from bad decisions in the Marina.

But today? The vibes are apocalyptic.

While you were sleeping off your third espresso martini, the geopolitical map just glitch-reset. At 2:00 AM, the U.S. military initiated "Operation Absolute Resolve". By the time you ordered your first oat milk latte at Ritual, Venezuelan President Nicolás Maduro was snatched, bagged, and sitting in a brig on the *USS Iwo Jima*.

It sounds like a Tom Clancy novel written on Adderall. But for San Francisco—a city that thinks it's the main character of the universe—this isn't just news. It's a supply chain disruption, a crypto crisis, and an identity check, all rolled into one foggy morning.

Here is how the toppling of a dictator 3,600 miles away is about to ruin your week.

1. The East Bay Empire Strikes Back

You know that beige office park in San Ramon you ignore on your way to Tahoe? That's Chevron. And they just won the lottery.

While other oil giants sued Venezuela and ran years ago, Chevron stayed and played the long game. Yesterday, that bet paid off. Trump didn't just announce a capture; he announced a hostile takeover, declaring, "We're going to run the country".

Chevron is now the "Pottery Barn" contractor for a \$110 billion nation-building experiment. The "San Ramon War Room" is active, and they are shipping engineers from the 925 area code down to the tropics to fix the pumps.

The Vibe Check: You lose. Speculation runs on fear, not logic. Expect gas prices to spike \$0.40 a gallon this week because traders are panicking. The U.S. just seized the world's largest oil reserves, and your commute just got more expensive.

2. The Mission District: Cognitive Dissonance

If San Ramon is the brain, the Mission is the bleeding heart—and it's currently having a panic attack.

The "Old Guard" activists—the ones who have been marching since the 80s—are furious, screaming "Yankee Coup" and mourning the violation of sovereignty. But walk into the kitchens where the *actual* Venezuelan refugees work, and the script flips.

We saw it on Market Street: a 20-year-old Venezuelan woman screaming at a protest organizer, "It's not the U.S. causing all the issues... at least they are taking out the head of the source of pain".

Inside **Pica Pica Arepa Kitchen** on Valencia, nobody is talking about AI. They are listening to WhatsApp voice notes from Caracas, checking for proof of life. The cognitive dissonance between the white progressive explaining imperialism and the refugee celebrating the fall of their oppressor is sharp enough to cut glass.

3. The Grift: "Rebuilding Venezuela on the Blockchain"

Over in SoMa, the tech bros are already trying to figure out how to monetize the regime change.

Venezuela was the first country to run on crypto to dodge sanctions. But now that the U.S. is "running it," the "Audit Era" has begun. If you're a local crypto exchange that touched Venezuelan wallets, the Feds are coming for your ledgers.

But the hustle never dies. VCs are already floating the idea of Venezuela as a "Network State" sandbox. Expect pitch decks for "Rebuilding Caracas on the Blockchain" to hit Sand Hill Road by Tuesday. It's the ultimate Tech Savior Complex: using libertarian tools to aid a military occupation.

4. The Menu: First World Problems

And because this is SF, we have to talk about your snacks.

- **The Chocolate:** Dandelion Chocolate in the Mission sources beans from the Venezuelan coast. With ports blockaded, that supply chain is frozen. Your single-origin bar is about to hit \$15 thanks to a "war premium".
- **The Rum: Smuggler's Cove** might have to ration the Diplomático. The Treasury has to figure out who owns the export licenses now that the government collapsed.

The Bottom Line

The fog is lifting over the Golden Gate, but the confusion isn't going anywhere.

For the capitalist in San Ramon, this is a gold rush. For the activist in the Mission, it's an identity crisis. For the Venezuelan refugee in the Tenderloin, it's the terrifying hope that the nightmare is finally over.

The tankers are moving. The protesters are chanting. The coders are coding. The world changed while you slept, and San Francisco—in its beautiful, narcissistic way—is already making it all about itself.