

**Thursday, 14 January 2010**

**[Anthony's America 3: Pacific Coast Road Trips, Film Internships, Starbucks Choice-a-Rama & a Toyota T100](#)**



The 1930s-built Pacific Coast Highway 1, California's incredibly scenic route up the country's entire west coast, was my travel route last week. I went on a mini road-trip both north and south to take in some of the most stunning coastal cliffs, immense beaches and tree-lined park areas I've ever seen.

South of where I'm living, in Fort Bragg, is one of California's oldest and tallest lighthouses at Point Arena. The view was impressive, but the lighthouse was a grey colour. I felt they could have done something else with it. You know, darling? Some red, some white, maybe a dash of silver or even - dare I say it - pink, might have brightened it up.

Anyway, I now have an urge to drive the entire length of Highway 1 to see the whole coastline - down past San Francisco, Los Angeles and ending up in San Diego. I might just do it. I'm ker-razee like that. Just, kerrrr-razeee.



On my road trip, I stopped off at a glass-making studio. I timed it just right: they were making a commissioned piece of art for someone: a big, yellow blob of glass that came out of this hot oven thingy on a stick-type tool and went into a round, cooling thingamajig. Um, I wasn't actually paying that much attention

here, alright. The glass ornaments in the gallery - shaped like octopuses - were gorgeous though.



A few days ago I met the very lovely, articulate and passionate-about-Mendocino-county, Debra de Graw. She is the chief executive of the local chambers of commerce and I went for an interview with her about doing an internship at Film Mendocino. We chatted for ages and she is involved in a lot of non-profit projects in the area that I'm hopefully going to get involved with. Anyway, it went well because I start the internship this Friday...whohoo!

I've been looking at cars to buy because I can't borrow the Saturn I'm using forever, and you simply *cannot* exist without a car over here. After almost buying a huge Dodge Dakota pickup, I



ended up plumping for a much smaller, more economical Penis-Extension Pickup (PEP), a Japanese Toyota T100. I have nothing against American cars, of course, but I've got a Toyota car at home and, generally, they just go...and go. I needed to buy something that will get me up and down mountains and across the whole of America when I take my Big Road Trip.

And something I can easily sell afterwards. So I'm very pleased with my purrr-chase, although I don't intend to wear dungarees, a cap and tum into an American version of White Van Man, shouting "Hit the Road, Jack!" or "Pull over asshole!" at every stop sign.

Lastly, after taking my new pickup for a drive, I decided to pop into the local Starbucks for a cup of tea. Oh I wished I hadnt. It gave me brainache. I've never been asked so many questions, and been given so much unnecessary choice. I know you can *have it your way* in this country, but does the buying of a simple hot drink need to go like this (I've hidden the name of the assistant to protect the innocent and, to Starbucks, in case you want to sue me, please don't, I love your tea and your fantastic staff, this is just an observation, thanks):

**Me:** Hello.

**Starbucks:** Hi, how're you today?

**Me:** Good thanks, you?

**Starbucks:** Yes, great! What can I get you today?

**Me:** Just an ordinary cup of tea please.

**Starbucks:** Ordinary cup of tea? Okay, sure! What kind of tea did you want?

**Me:** Um, just an ordinary tea, please.

**Starbucks:** Okay, but what flavour?

**Me:** English Breakfast tea please.

**Starbucks:** Sure, is that for here or to go?

**Me:** To drink here please.

**Starbucks:** Great! Did you want that in a mug or in a plastic cup with a lid?

**Me:** Mug.

**Starbucks:** What size mug: medium or large?

**Me:** Large please.

**Starbucks:** Did you want a glass or ceramic mug?



**Me (*sighing under my breath*):** Um, a real mug please. And some lemon cake too.

**Starbucks:** Sure, great! Just one slice?

**Me:** Yes, it's just me here, thanks.

**Starbucks:** Okay, did you want a plate for your cake?

**Me (*tempted to say 'no I'll eat it off the floor, thanks' but didn't*):** Er, yes please. A plate would be good so I can carry it to the table. Thanks everso much.

**Starbucks:** Okay, sure thing! Anything else for you today?

**Me:** No thanks. That's enough questions.

I didn't actually say the last sentence, but wanted to. It was a lovely cup of tea after all that though. If you'd like to see all the photos connected with part 3 of Anthony's Americano Adventure then [click here](#).