



The Drink Tank Issue 74: Check and Mate!



The 27 Jennifers

by

Judith Morel, SaBean MoreL and Christopher J. Garcia

Darling Judith

There's a song about a guy who went to school with 27 Jennifers (16 Jens, ten Jennies and a Jennifer) It's a good little song, but it reminded me of why I hate Jennifers. I know that sounds odd, that I'd hate someone because of a name, but trust, in my life, it's not at all hard to buy into.

The first Jen who ever crossed me was named Jennifer Schuel. She was a tall girl, face like and angle. I had been dating a guy for a few weeks. We would spend lunch holding hands or I'd drape my legs over him and we'd eat the terrible, but addictive, sandwiches they served. After lunch, he'd give me a quick peck and then head into

Fifth period Honors English. Schuel was in seventh, a full year younger than me, and I caught her flirting with my man. I didn't hit her, since the only person I'd ever go after like that in those days was SaBean, but I called her every name I could think of.

I broke up with him the next day.

Fast forward: it's the third day after Christmas Break my Freshman year. I've got the hottest Senoir guy as a boyfriend. His name was Matt Verger. I also had a few guys on the side that no one knows about.

No one but Jenn Lasker.

Jenn and I were Best Friends Forever. In all circles of girls, there's the Smart one (me), the Slutty one (Cheryl J.), the Hot one (Carla P.), the Sporty one (Julie G.) and the Dumpy one. The Dumpy one was Jenn L. She wasn't ugly, but when I saw Arrested Development for the first time, I realised that Anne Veal, George Michaels' girlfriend, was exactly like Jenn. One night, while I was out partying with the girls other than Jenn, she got it in her head to rat me out to Matt. The two of them hooked up and when I found out, I railed on her and we both had to be held back to keep from tearing each other to schreds.

Jen Bermar fucked Jerry Jaied when I was dating him. Jennifer Lewis did the same to Mark Halper. Jenny Lynn was almost there with Fes, but I

dragged her off him by her hair.

Jenny Lynn also backed into my car a year earlier. Jennifer Glasser and I would cheat off each other. When she got caught, I got busted. Jenn Fanesti and I fought over Gary Ashley.

I once had a threesome with Jennifer Juliana and her boyfriend, but she started spreading it around that I was a slut (and OK, I kinda was) and I once slept with Jennifer Grea. She never called me back. Such was college.

Jenny Brachman gets the most of my hate. She and SaBean were friends and SaBean told her all of the darker secrets about me that she knew. Jenny spread them around school. I beat up SaBean over that one, and she recently appologized for it specifically, along with a hundred other things.

So, I have a reason to hate Jennifers.

SaBean MoreL

The first girl I ever kissed was named Jennifer. She was a great girl. So was Jenny Brachman, especially since I told her to spread around all of Judith's business to the entire school (Sorry Sis). I've always found Jennifers to be great minions.

Here's the thing about Jennifers: they're not dumb, but they're easily led. Jenny Brachman was especially easy to get to do my dirty work. She'd

have gone up to a tank and stand in front of it if I'd asked her to. She was a nice girl, but not too bright.

Jennifer Lowaed was beautiful and if you wanted to start a rumor, she was the one you went to and let a tiny bit of info loose. She did a lot of damage to a lot of bitches on my account. She was also one of those girls that you could count on if you needed a chick to make a dude jealous. She was tough though, and the one time we fought, she ripped a patch of my hair out that I was very sore about.

Chris' favourite Jenn was Fanmerstor, who is now Jenn Elps. She



was a big girl, but cute, and she would always make cookies for Chris when he'd come around. She was a damn fine cook. I used her more than once for more than one thing. Chris used to get mad at me for doing it too.

The last Jen I can talk about is the one who killed herself in a hotel bathroom on a Friday night. It was Chicago and she was shooting up, along with the rest of us, and she was depressed. A lot of junkies will stand up and say that if you're hardcore in the shits, you shouldn't use and they'll try and get you something to pick you up. We did that with Jen, but she went into the bathroom and shoot herself up anyways. She knew her limits and the dose must have been intentional. No one noticed until almost an hour after she went in there.

If I ever have a kid, and that's not too likely, I'll not name her Jennifer. Maybe Julifer, but never Jennifer. I just don't want her being one of those Jens.

Christopher J. Garcia

I've dated a lot of Jens. It not that I try, but I've always done it and I'm betting I always will.

Jennifer Bushard was the girl of my dreams. She was beautiful, far smarter than I ever gave her credit for at the time, and just about perfect for me. I, on the other hand, was a jerk and a liar and still years away from

being the type of guy who could handle an interpersonal relationship that might just happen to have some depth. She left me at the start of senior year and I was broken, though I deserved it.

The next Jen was in college and she was a nice girl, hilarious as they come, but I wasn't in the way where I could possibly be with a chick the right way. Still, we had a little fun and then sorta drifted away.

Jen Myers was a cute girl that I knew and never had the guts to ask out. She would have been awesome, as she was just plain fun.

I briefly dated a Jennifer after I left college. We only went out a few times, and she had a little girl named Marsha who was adorable, and I liked her, but I was also hung up on another girl who I would eventually end up dating for the better part of three years before she cheated on me and messed me up but good.

The next Jennifer didn't work out. She was nice, and she used to talk and flirt with me, but nothing ever came of it. I did kiss another Jen a few weeks later, but that was a one-time thing.

The last Jen was a Gen. Genevieve. and we had our ups and downs. We're through but we still hang-out (she came with me to Sonoma) and her little girl is my favourite.

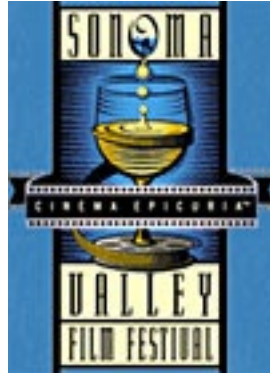
So you see, there are a long line of Jens that have clouded my mind.

My Visit to Cinema Epicuria: The Sonoma Valley Film Festival

Cinema Epicuria is not your average film festival. How many fests can you think of the have an Executive Chef and Sommlier on staff? That's more about Sonoma Valley in general than about the fest. Still, Food and wine are a big part of the fest...especially the WINE. Vino flowed and the volunteers and filmmakers all partook throughout the entire fest, making it even more fun and interesting.

We got up there on Thursday and ate at Mary's Pizza Shack. The food is solid and we chatted over appetizers. Gen and I were staying at The Sonoma Hotel. Gen's a great girl, and the fact that we can hang out while being broke up is something I don't share with a lot of my exes. I paid for the hotel, she paid for food. I got a little extra on my side.

The first film we saw was called Starbuckking. It was all about a dude who traveled all around the world visiting Starbucks. In order for him to count that he's visited one, he has to drink at least a sample of coffee there. I'll do a full story on Winter (the guy) later. It's an interesting thing he's doing.



After that, we went back to the room and watched some TV. There wasn't anything interesting on, so we just got to sleep.

Waking up the next morning, we went to my favourite breakfast joint. La Salette. It's a great restaurant for dinner (Portuguess food) but I wouldn't have much time for dinner this trip, so we went there every day for breakfast. The rolls are excellent, but the highlight had to be the Creme Anglais Crepes. Just devine. I ate and headed over to the Barrel Room

The Barrel room is just that: a room with barrels. It's a nice venue, but it means that things tend to be a bit echo-y. We set up and the first film was a local number called Hog Island. I didn't watch it. After that, it was shorts. Other than SmartCard, which I've already written about, it wasn't much, but there was a short by Kim-



berly Williams-Paisley, the girl from the Steve Martin Father of the Bride, that was OK since it had Patrick Dempsey. That ended and then came and special moment of the year.

The film was called The Pursuit of Equality and it was all abotu the row over the Gay Marriages that were performed at the order of Mr. Gavin Newsom, Mayor of San Francisco. It was one of the few times in my life that I actually believed that a politician was more interested in the people he was serving than potential election results. Gavin came out with the movie, since he was the big star of it, and he said a few words beforehand. Then he came out into the lobby.

I wasn't in there because there just weren't enough seats. I took a seat by the fire in the lobby and Gavin brought over a glass of wine. We started chatting and about 15 or twenty

minutes later, he got up and did the Q&A for the film. We talked a little about politics (his quote that I'll be using for all my Me for Mayor stuff: If I had to vote for one Bad Candidate, it would be Chris Garcia) and at one poitn he said, when discussing the leak being authorized by the President 'They impeached Clinton for getting oral

sex, and now this. Can you fucking believe this shit?” I always like to hear politicians say it like it is.

The talk was nice and he was drinking to get over the nerves about the film. It went over really well, so there was no need for the nerves at all. Really nice guy.

The next was another shorts programme with a film called Patch featuring Debby Harry of Blondie. It was an interesting little short, though a little too ambiguous for me. The others in the programme were interesting as well. It was nowhere near as good as the Cinequest shorts programmes, but it was fairly good. That was the end of my Friday.

Saturday was fun. It started with



a film that I hadn't expected to enjoy called Half-Empty. It was a musical written by Dan Mirven. He was a good guy, one of the founders of Slamdance, and he had an awesome hat that went along with my awesome hat. His movie was about a guy who wrote a book about happiness who goes to Germany where his publishers think he's really big. He meets a girl and they have trials and tribulations. It was funny and the dialog was improved, which was a theme this year.

The next movie I saw was one of the films that I was most interested in. It was a documentary about crossword puzzles called Wordplay. It was a little uneven, at first being a doc about Crosswords in general with interviews with The Indigo Girls, Jon Stewart, Bill Clinton, Bob Dole, Ken Burns and others, while the second half was all about the International Crossword Contest in Stamford, CN. That's sorta the WorldCon of Crossword Puzzling, including filkers. The one song they played for us was 'If you don't come across, I'll be down' which was a wretched pun but certainly sounded like a fannish filk tune. It'll be released in theatres in the coming months and might even show up on IFC.

The best doc will also be in theatres, though you wouldn't believe it from the title. Fuck (or F*ck as they called it in the programme) was the best doc I've seen in ages. It was basi-

cally the story of the word fuck in all its uses. Through interviews with linguists (who say that the whole Fornication Under Consent of the King thing is bullshit and For Unlawful Carnal Knowledge is nothign but a Van Halen album) and porn star Tera Patrick, Pat Boone, Miss Manners, Ice-T, Hunter S. Thompson and others they manage to pull a lot of entertaining talk about what fuck really is. It also revealed that fuck is no longer my favourite swear word. It's overused, even by me. Now, cocksucker, that's a tougher one. I almost never use it and it has a better cache.

After that, back to the hotel with Natasha, who had joined us, and Gen. We watched Saturday Night Live and went to sleep.

The next morning was Sunday and it was an easy day. Bay Area shorts were good, and then it was the final film I'd be announcing, NOVEM. NOVEM was a fictional documentary about a nine person college rock group who did one recording session before they all died in a car crash. It was beautifully done and the music was incredible. Check it out at Novemmusic.com.

Then we headed home, exhausted. It was one of those drives, though it started at 5 pm, where I could feel that I was about to fall asleep. I didn't and we got home and I started working on another screenplay.



My Own Personal Starbucking: All the stores I've been to in California by

Christopher J. Garcia

featuring photos by Winter available at starbuckseverywhere.net

While the documentary Starbucking was a touch long and somewhat uneven, I was a big fan of the concept and the guy, Winter. It got me thinking about my own attachments to Starbucks. I thought I'd go through and find all the Starbucks I'd ever been to.

The Starbucks at Market and San Pedro in San Pedro Square (Shown Above) San Jose

This is the Cinequest Starbucks. When Bill Maxey, Art Krikorian and I meet during the Shorts Selection process, we usually send someone out to get coffee from this Starbucks. Usually Bill pays too, which is rare for a weather dude to do. It's a nothing special street corner Starbucks, but they get the job done by making a better than average White Chocolate Mocha, espe-

cially the iced version that is so important during the summer months.

The Starbucks at The Pavilion in



Downtown San Jose

Speaking of Cinequest. The photo above was taken from the corner where the Camera 12 theatres that host the majority of Cinequest's films are. I spend a lot of time there during the fest, find liquid sleep-deterant when I've had a long night followed by an early morning.

The Starbucks at The Mercado shop-



ping center in Santa Clara

Continuing on the movie theme, this is a Starbucks that I've only been

to once or twice. It's right next door to the AMC Mercado 20 theatres where I'll see a movie every now and again. It's a theatre that gets a lot of business (San Jose has more per-capita theatre admissions than any other city in the US and Canada) and it's always packed. There's seldom any parking, especially for the big movies, but I've seen a lot of different films there, like Shark Boy and Lavagirl in 3D with Evelyn, Wedding Crashers with Gen (which was the only time I can say for sure we went to the pictured Starbucks) and The Lord of the Rings movies.



The Starbucks on North First in San Jose

This is actually a part of a large apartment complex. I've only been there once, during the filming of The Chick Magnet. We took about 8 of the crew and cast there and chilled with some coffee. It was a good time and I'd love to live in a place with an attached Starbucks, even though I don't go nearly as much as other folks.



The Starbucks at The Alameda and Julian in San Jose

This was the closest Starbucks to the place I lived in late 2004/early 2005. It's also the joint where I met with my pal Jason Schachat and his dog Foxbear (real name Puck) and we talked about doing a movie that we never ended up making. We're actually looking at the script again to see about doing it.



The Starbucks at Westgate Shopping Centre in San Jose

I've been to this one a few times. It's the one attached to the Barnes & Noble in the shopping mall. This might

have been the first place I ever had a White Chocolate Mocha, which is my current favourite on the menu.

A Note from SaBean MoreL

I've been with Chris to this one, I think. He took me to B+N's for some shopping and we went here to get some coffee. I hate Starbucks, but I do have to admit their Pumpkin Spice Latte is a thing of beauty.



The Starbucks on Castro Street in Downtown Mountain View

I like the way this one stands out. It's the one that my Canadian Workmates would go to when we would have lunch at the pizza joint at the far end of Castro.



The Starbucks on Rensdorf and Middlefield in Mountain View

I have mixed feelings about this one. It used to be an Independent Video store, but they closed and opened a Starbucks in its place. My pal Dag, one of those Canadians that work in the Collections Department of the Museum, has taken me there whenever I have to pick him up for some event or another.



The Starbucks in Mountain View

Not sure what street, but I know I've been there a few times, including once with my buddy Carlos who now lives with his wife in the beautiful city of Tulsa and another time when the gang from college came out and we went there to chill.

A Note from SaBean MoreL

Judith loves Starbucks, so when we went I was in a very bad mood. We did have a good time though, since everyone was on in our comedic ways. Chris especially was working hard to pull off comedy on a grand scale.



The Starbucks in Campbell on Campbell Ave.

I can only think of once when I went here. It was before a BASFA meeting (which takes place down the street) and I had my mini-DVD player and my brand-new Mr. Show DVDs. I watched an episode outside the place on a table while sipping Hot Apple Cider. It was probably about January 2nd or so. I should go there again.



The Starbucks in Perris

This is the one in the city where my Uncle Wayne lives. I've only been there twice and there's a wonderful video store around the corner. I went

and I think I had a hot White Chocolate Mocha on the day after Thanksgiving. I'll probably end up going again this year when we go down to visit and before I head over to LosCon.

Those are all the ones I know I've been to, though there may be a couple I'm forgetting. It seems to me that Starbucks is a place where you might end up without thinking about it, and maybe that's happened to me, but I know all of the Coffee Beans that I've been to (future article)

On The Road to WorldCon

So, this whole Hollister in 2008 thing is going really really well. I'm pleased to say that the second, and much funnier, Regress report is now out and things are looking good that we'll be able to afford full page ads in both the final Progress Report of the 2006 WorldCon and a full page in the programme guide. That's big. I'm happy to be doing the Regress Reports because I get to be snarky and have lots of fun.

In all honesty, I don't know who I want to win the actual vote. Maybe Denver, maybe Geneva. Yes, I know that the Geneva Convention is just as much a gag as Hollister in 08, but it would also be a great place to have a WorldCon.

So, I'll just be equally offending everyone with my non-sensical ramblings about Hollister until August.

That's it for this extra short issue! I'll be working on getting ready for Vegas and all the fun I'll have in 16 hours of the greatest city on Earth. I'll be driving down (about 8 hours) on Saturday morning, hopefully getting there around 1 or 2. After that, it's hangin' out with Merrick and company, probably hitting the Strip and having a good ole time. Then, it's over to Arnie and Joyce's for the Third Saturday Vegants meeting. It was a great time when last I joined them (October 1st) and it should be wonderful this time too.

Next week will probably be another shorter issue and then we'll see how the whole SF/SF lay-out thing effects you, my gentle Drink Tank readers.

Other than that, I'm betting that things will get pretty normal. Things might be shorter, and the weekly thing might give way to every other week, but they'll still happen and they'll still be everything you expect from the Drink Tank...both good and bad.

So there you have it. The Drink Tank issue 74 was written and when I get back from Vegas, I'll have tonnes of photos of the Rolls-Royce with all the jewels all over it from the Liberace Museum in Las Vegas. Trust me, they'll be great photos.