

A CASUAL LOOK AT UTAH

When you think driving to Utah to see your relatives: think eating at Foxy's in Las Vegas, a logical stopping place. Think sleeping in the Travelodge in St. George, the logical sleeping place. Don't bother sneaking out of your hotel room to find action, because there isn't any, except for the small amount over at the A&W. You can go to the coffee shop and read Don Valentine's "American Essays", but they're not very interesting.

Cedar City is the next town you hit after St. George. It's like St. George only more so. Everybody in Cedar City has rifle racks in the window of their pick-up trucks.

As you become acquainted with the area you begin to realise that Utah is a unique state. For one thing there are no foreign cars in the whole province. When your VW or Volvo breaks down you have the choice of either spending \$5,000 to buy a new Ford pick-up or waiting for three months until your foreign car returns from Europe, fixed.

Another interesting item concerning Utah is that, until lately, bars have been non-existent. If you wish to have anything short of a Shirley Temple, you must again prolong your stay. The only place you can buy liquor is at a state liquor store, with a liquor license that takes three days to get.

One unattractive pastime in Utah is gossiping. People must resort to gossip when there is a lack of entertainment or

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one

"Hand-Folded"

MATT SQUEEKS

Should we be able to buy morphine over the counter at our local drug store? Yes!! but not only morphine, any drug. Why do we need the FDA to tell us what we may or may not have with a doctor's approval. After all, we control our own bodies respectively and why let others tell us what we need or for that matter want. Once the government controls what we do to ourselves by ourselves then we are no longer living in a free country.

Certainly many of us more conservative and possibly practical individuals will want to consult a doctor before we pollute our systems with these alien chemicals. However we should still be able to buy them at our will because no matter how harm-ful they are, they are going into our personal bloodstreams.

I believe strongly however that the entire cast of ingredients should be listed and any possible or probable side effects should be documented. If this was the case the people would know what they were getting and they could buy what they want and do what they want with it (in the privacy of their own dwelling).

Some might argue that if prescriptions were abolished we would be thwarting the advances of modern medicine. I feel that most people care about their bodies to a certain extent and will not want to pollute them to the point of bodily damage. The role of doctors will not change that much in that there will

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EST-IT "EXPANDS" YOUR WORLD"

-Betsy Mills

EST is slick PR guest seminars and it's also training sessions. The trick to the PR guest seminars is to get me so curious that I'll pay the 250 bucks for the two week-ends of training.

Claims: I will spend two week-ends with 200 people and a leader.

I will be led through intense
a) data b) sharing c) processes

I will come out a happier fuller person.

More aware.

35 people out of 45,000 have been dissatisfied.

That's all they say.
My observations (at guest seminar):

There were plastic smiles (or real?), impersonal kisses (or personal?), first names only, and a testimonial feeling about the glory of EST.

Its effect on me sounds like many other trip's claims: scientology, TM, TA, psycho-cybernetics, epistemics, Christianity.

Talking with graduates I learned that it's painful, but they came out more able to cope than ever before. "Yeah it hurt-but what its done to change my life was worth it."

The question is: Is EST the modern day answer?

Drive thru, no-fault, no muss no fuss, sanitary, instant awareness?

Matt continued from front page

still exist the need for medical consultation, surgery etc. But no longer will we be at the mercy of the Food & Drug Administration, nor doctors for that matter, and we will have restored another freedom to this increasingly restrictive society.

GETTING IT

A series of intimate conversations with Erhardt Seminar Trainings

"Excuse me, can you please tell me where EST is?"

"EST is where it's at, man"

"Hi, Tom."

"Hello, Tom, how are you?"

"How are you doing, Tom?"

"Hi Tom, How are you, Tom, What do you think, Tom, of EST, Tom? Isn't, Tom, it great, Tom?"
(smile) (smile) (smile) (smile) (smile)

"I really would do EST; it intrigues me. But as I stand now, I have a short supply of money and my values put Music and France above EST."

"But you have to experience EST, Tom."

"I'd love to, but I don't have a spare \$250"

"If you do EST, Tom, you can have all the money you ever want."

"But I can't fork out \$250."

"I got that, Tom, but think what EST can do for you."

"I like the EST philosophy-- that I am in full control of my life--but I already live up to that and don't feel the need for EST."

"I get that you're really in a good space right now, Tom. That's really fantastic. But look at me. After EST, I was able to have my breast removed. All of a sudden my sex life is beautiful and I experience love. I'm ready to quit my job, get married, make babies, and be a volunteer worker for EST. It's so beautiful!

"I want you to get it, Tom.

Just give me your name and address, send me a \$30 deposit, and you'll have a place reserved in the next seminar training. Then all you have to do is get the rest of the money to us in January. I want you to get it, Tom"

"I think I'm beginning to get it, Candy. Good-bye."

two

-Thomas Feierabend

BILLY BOHEMIAN

A couple of months ago we were at Cow Poly in San Luis Obispo, of all places, sitting in a lobby that had a pingpong table and a piano. We were nearing the end of our fortnight search for the romanticized starving artists. We had glimpsed them in SF, Berkeley, and in a Denny's in the Salinas Valley but never had we had one under our scrutinization so closely before.

He was pounding out jazzy chord combinations on the piano when we entered the lobby. The hombre was dressed in Mexican huarache sandals, green army pants, an air brushed V-neck "T" shirt, a heavy corduroy sports coat, and an off-white British sports car driver type of cap. We were immediately enthralled by the old man's glamorous appearance and were plummeted into fantastic fantasies of the man's numerous lonely coffee cups and broken cigarettes in cafes of New York where the neon signs lit only a couple of letters in the words.

We approached Billy, the old musician, as if in a dream and some how led him into a discussion about his life. Billy was one of thirteen children and from atop his father's shoulders, as a three year old, spied his first trombone at the front of a parade. Billy told us of the incredible odds against him ever owning a trombone but how he saved all his pennies up...He told us how he played and practiced his horn while the other children played baseball. We became totally absorbed in his every gesture and the freaking highlight of his narrative was when he told us about playing first trombone with big

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three

THE WORLD
TO BE FILED

There are three(3) categories under which things can be put:

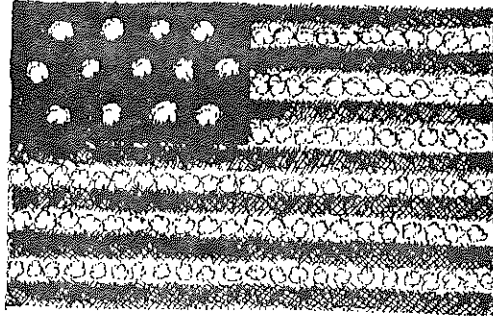
1. Politics
2. Science
3. Religion

And then there are those things which don't fit into any of those groupings, such as zucchinis and Leonardo DaVinci. These miscellaneous occurrences may be arbitrarily titled MAGIC.

STAFF

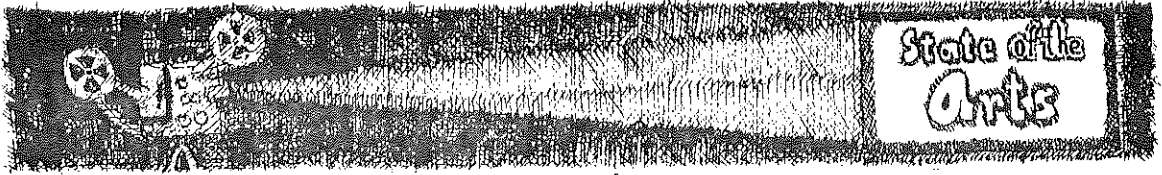
MATTHEW SHIRTS
PHILLIP SHIRTS
MARY SILBER
BETSY ZOBELL
KAREN ZOBELL
BATMAN'S DOG, SPOT

SPECIAL ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS TO:
TIM COHEN
KATHY SHALLENBERG, AGAIN
THE GRASS ROOTS FAIR
CHEMYSTERY
MY SISTER
BIM STRASBERG (ALWAYS)
MIKE FOR THE STEW
SIMILE II
THE LAUNDRY ROOM FOR MY MOM



Billy continued from previous column

names in New York and he told himself, "Bill if you ever blew this horn, you're gonna blow it now!!" Oh, Beautiful!! The guy should be on a talk show... But one thing; the guy was probably 65 years old and still talking about the height of his career at 17?



MUSIC

(A report on a concert which happened last March during the opening of Mandeville Center at UCSD)

Tom and I quietly walked through the double doors of the recital hall(??--or classroom 132?) into a large dark room with deep eerie music playing. It was messy and people were sitting in folding chairs or lying on gymnastic mats. On the slanting black walls were Dad's photographs in an exhibit around three walls. Some of the pictures in the exhibit were part of another composer's piece. Tape recorders and mysterious machines were piled in disarray on an extremely long table which was a barrier between Tom and me and the audience. It seemed that to cross the barrier would be disturbing the peace as well as the piece and also, for some reason, sacrilegious. So we stood inside the doors, wondering where to go.

At first, in the dark, no one seemed to move, the sound moved. It played between two enormous speakers, and the concentration in the room was on that play, as though we were in an arena. Across the room from me, Dad turned in his chair and stared towards me, but probably he was interested in the speaker beyond me. I felt as though I should move somewhere to sit down, yet in the intense concentration, it was nearly impossible.

The piece ended and people clapped rather enthusiastically. I watched Dad; I wanted to make sure that this really was his music. In the middle of the applause Dad lifted his head and raised his hand in an almost triumphant gesture.

At first I thought Dad's music was disgusting and ugly. Tom pointed out that in contrast to the second piece by someone else, it was music, and not just ex-

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MOVIES

NASHVILLE
WHAT THE PEOPLE THOUGHT
BY T.A. Cohen

"Hello there, right now I'm standing outside Menlo Park's very own Menlo Theatre in the heart of downtown Menlo Park. Shortly the first of the movie goers should exit and give their impression of Robert Altman's new movie "Nashville". Yes, yes, here they come!!"

A woman in her mid-forties, overweight, and curlers in her hair is accosted by the interviewer.

"Madam, eh Madam!!"

"What?"

"Madam, I wonder if you could say a few words about the movie that you just saw."

"All I can say is that the guy who made it must have been a PREEEVERT!!!"

"Well, a very interesting point of view, let's see what this person can tell us."

"Sir, what did you think of the movie?"

"Oh heavy, really very heavy."

"Does that mean you would recommend it to other people?"

"Oh yes, very symbolic, answers a lot of questions."

He saunters off wearing sandals a pair of blue corduroy flood pants, a scruffy pink shirt with an HP 65 calculator stuffed carelessly into the pocket. Red tousled hair, and a scraggly beard. Climbing into a dirty BMW 2002, he roars off, the Stanford parking permit flashes in the street lights.

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A young man of about 19 in dirty jeans, bare feet, a stained Peter Frampton "T" shirt, and a tangle of unbrushed hair, trips and falls headlong into the interviewer. The young man stares at the interviewer with bloodshot eyes and draws out a cannabis flavored:

"I'm really sorry, man."

The interviewer grunts as he picks himself up and brushes off his clothes. The young man, still on the ground, begins to laugh, then slowly climbs up the interviewer's legs to his torso, and is finally steadying himself against the interviewer's shoulders.

"Sir, what was your impression of the movie?"

"Oh wow man, that's the best f---in' concert I ever been to!!!"

"Eh, that wasn't a concert, it was a movie."

There's a long pause while the young man stares at his feet, grinning stupidly.

"Huh?"

"Movie, it was a movie, not a concert."

"Oh, well, it was still the best f---in' concert I ever seen."

A man of around fifty exits. He's in a baby blue double knit suit, a yellow shirt, and a red tie. From beneath the sharply creased, delicately belled pants, one can see white patent leather shoes, sporting brass buckles and black soles.

"Good evening, sir, did you enjoy the movie?"

"No Comment"

A chauffeur climbs out of a black Cadillac limousine and opens the door for the man. He climbs in and slams the door.

"Sir, surely you have something to say about the movie."

"I have nothing to say at this particular time."

Continued next column

The man pushes a button and the open window silently ascends.

"Sir, eh, my arm, it's caught, could you possibly let the window down again?"

The man frowns while trying to make the decision of either taking the time and trouble to give the interviewer back his arm, or just to drive on and take it with him.

"Sir, did you enjoy the movie?"

A man of about thirty answers, "Yeah, it was real good." beer belly, tatoos, unshaven face, work boots, and still wearing the remainder of his previous day's work on the new freeway.

"Young man, could you tell me what you thought of the movie?"

He's twenty-three, muscles bulge from the silky shirt he wore, and he stands a good 6'3" in his silver platforms.

"It was pure sh--!! Only a true moron could have liked that movie!!"

"Scoop" McCall made his way down a dark alley; where he found and mounted his bicycle.

"Well there you have it folks. What you the people think of Robert Altman's new movie, "Nashville". So this is 'Scoop' McCall signing off for Channel 89. Have a pleasant evening."

He rides off muttering- "lousy job--this is the last time--tomorrow I'll go in that lousy office and tell them where to take their lousy job! I swear this lousy..."

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perimenting around with what the machine can do. Still I found it to be something I could not like, though perhaps just as my perceptions had to broaden to encompass electronic music as art, I shall have to broaden my thoughts to accept it as possible beautiful art.

-Kathy Shallenberg



Dear Garbonzo Bean and Readers;
 A while ago our family had an idea for what we believe would be a beautiful display of national strength, unity, and pride in our two hundreth birthday.

Imagine a long chain of Americans holding hands from the East coast to the West coast. Our very informal calculations place the minimum number of people at 4.5 million. It sounds like a lot, but actually it's just a fraction of the nation's 220 million.

Coincidentally (and hopefully) some people in Illinois came up with the same idea and have tested it, with about 1,000 people. Even though it looks kind of asinine-maybe it would be beautiful.

In summing it up- I ask the question: Are the readers of the G.B. willing to try this?

Please respond!!

Sincerely,
 Joane McGee

T.V. AGAIN

IS TELEVISION BAD?!?

It occured to me this morning that possibly T.V.'s worst vice is the passivity it teaches. American Youth spends an ever-expanding amount of time-sitting still-watching image after image, place after place, love scene after love scene, character after character, dance by on the screen. I think this generation is being led (get the passivity?) into believing life itself is a parade of images. All it takes is leaning back, staying comfortable, staying awake...

-Elizabeth Mills

PHILOSOPHY

And when he died, they said, "he went far."

And when she died, they said, "she went in circles."

But her dear friend said, "she went straight to my heart."

The heart said with a scowl, "It's going to rain."

However, the local forecaster disagreed, and that was the end of that.

each death is accompanied by a myriad of epitaphs, but in the final analysis, the heart is not in it (oh, gloomy prospects) and goes on forecasting the weather with a scowl or whatever

The two kittens tearing to ribbons the houseplants. When they grow to be cats, the feistier of the two will shred the carpets while the less aggressive one lies all day in a comfortable chair getting up only at 6:00 for the evening meal and leaving a web of orange cat hairs behind.

I melt into the floourescent fibers of our green and yellow rug, the day's troubles expertly entwined by the manufacturer. "Who is that," I say, peering out the window through my reflection into darkness.

Jesus, walking by in his homespun shirt calmly replied, "My horses ain't hungry, they won't eat your hay..."

But we saw him leading the grey mare to the petunia patch, and heard the laser beam sharp nibbles as the horse ate the melting star petunia, her favorite.

-Geoffrey Stover
 Kathryn A. Shallenberg

Homemaking with Matt

SPROUTED GARBANZO PANCAKES

ingredients:

- 1 qt. jar frozen half-sprouted garbanzo beans, finely ground
- 1 tomato
- misc herbs & spices: cinnamon, grass clippings, etc
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup kefir
- 2 cups freshly ground wheat & millet flour
- a few drops of fresh ocean water
- sinus drippings
- some oil
- baking powder 1-1/2 tbsp
- milk

This recipe actually tested to satisfaction, with honey and yogurt topping at the recent Ecology picnic.

Questions?

Recently there was a Senior Assembly at school to discuss graduation preparations. I went to it expecting to be engulfed in mellow nostalgia toward my high school years. Instead I was physically racked around on the gym floor, tossed into convulsions, and barfed a lot.

"As Seniors we are met with an onslaught of questions about the future," (that I could agree with), "Like 'what gown size do I wear?' 'what type of cap will I get?'" Barf Barf Barf.

May I suggest some further questions concerning the college controversy? First and foremost of these being, "WHY COLLEGE?"

Some more specific questions: Is college different from high school? How different?

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"Utah" continued from page one

work. At any rate, everyone knows everything about everybody.

The people of Utah, being down-home folks, contrast greatly with those of Las Vegas. It is refreshing to see hearty people that like to work hard, eat boiled potatoes, and wash their clothes with bleach. It's good to be in a neighborhood where people sit on their porches in the evening slapping mosquitos and drinking lemonade.

All things considered, we are pro-Utah!

"Questions"

continued from previous column

What is the range of quality in schools?

Is it important to contribute brain-power to science to save the world? Can I do that best through the institution?

What is work like? Is it even worse than school?

How about money and social power?

"Working within the system"? (Truth vs. Survival?)

What are the alternatives? Are they equally or more stagnant than school?

How important is the degree?

Am I missing out on an important experience if I decide not to go?

Is the institution the best and/or most efficient place for learning?

Is the university a plot?

Do my reasons for schooling warrant 4 years and money?

Mike suggests School is Dead by Everett Reimer.

I'm looking carefully at this college question and would appreciate some light producing questions and/or answers.

WHY DOES SCHOOL MAKE ME BARF SO MUCH?

Bob On Sports

Two months ago we quit playing wiffle ball and I had a bad average of 192. We picked teams every time we played, it was fun. My pitching record was one for six. The captains were usually Peter and Tom who both had good averages. Peter came in second, Tom came in first, Mitch came in third, Richard came in fourth, Ellen came in fifth, Amy came in sixth, Bobby seventh and Paul eighth.

Paul Silber signing off for sports GARBONZO.

T.V. Again Again...

An Interesting observation about T. V. is that after three and four years I can still remember most of the theme songs to the television shows I watched three and four years ago (when the Garbonzo Bean went camping we sang them around the campfire). what this suggests as to the potentials of this gadget is really a thought worth thinking.

THE GARBONZO BEAN WELCOMES SUCH CONTRIBUTIONS AS; MONEY, ARTICLES, WILD BOARS, NON-WORKING CORK SCREWS, DOG CHEWED FRISBEES, A FEASIBLE UTOPIA, USED PAN-AM SOAP BARS, BEDOUIN WARRIORS, A RUSTY CAN OF GRAPEFRUIT JUICE, FIVE SWISS FRANCS, AND ANY OTHER CONCEIVABLE OR INCONCEIVABLE DONATIONS. TO GET YOUR VERY OWN FIRST-ON-THE-BLOCK GARBONZO BEAN T-SHIRT, SEND US A SHIRT AND \$1.26 TO THE GARBONZO BEAN 483 AVENIDA PRIMAVERA DEL MAR, CALIFORNIA 92014

WANT TO BE SECURE IN THE FEELING THAT EVERY TIME AN ISSUE OF THE BEAN COMES OUT YOU WILL BE SURE TO GET ONE???

THEN SEND 5 DOLLARS IF YOU'RE RICH AND 2 DOLLARS IF YOU'RE NOT. (FOR ABOUT 6 ISSUES)

TO THE GARBONZO BEAN
483 AVENIDA PRIMAVERA
DEL MAR CA. 92014

P.S. IF YOU'RE REALLY POOR WE WILL SEND YOU MONEY.

Phil 's ON

Neurology

Deaths in the family t shirts to be made and the price of orange juice still rising is what confronts the economic brainchild of the seventies. We're told not to waste our minds, but told again not to maybe join the SLA. We're told not to act goddy as if we really were. the youth in asia it seems have all died and my son doesn't dig garbonzo beans, or the big zz zipper in the sky.

Peoples fingers are growning longer as an evolutionary mutation to help us push buttons and play saxophones. Those two alternatives are an either, or situation and will determine whether the future society of man will be autistic or artistic. The society for the preservation of war is advocating art because art is only present in (their view) painful societies and we all wouldn't want to see art disappear from the surface of the earth. and can you type stream of conciusness with periods or is the only qualification delerium and slappidappines. Can you see J. J. noble looking like on the front of books and slappy at the same time. I wonder what his wife was like./?

eight