



AND IT TOOK
ONLY 7 BILLION YEARS!
by Morten Jensen

This March the world will celebrate its 7,000,000,000's birthday. As a dedicated observer of this ring-around-the-collar planet, I find the way in which this world evolved most extraordinary. Let's face it, the transition from lifeless molten rocks to where we are today, is pretty amazing. Let's take a closer look at one of evolution's most profound accomplishments. Us.

Just look at yourself. Fingers, legs, toes, arms. Amazing! What a stupendous mishmash of appendages in the grandeur only this world could have produced. Take a look at all the absurd religions and peculiar customs which have evolved through the ages. Of all the millions of possible methods of exchanging greetings (holding ears always being a possibility), extraordinarily enough, shaking hands has prevailed. Among the wierdest of all evolutions is government. Like why not tend our own caves? (we surely won't blow ourselves up). Governments (this one in particular) are always talking about freedoms. After all, what's a government without limiting freedoms? Look at this society's landscaping. Parking lots! Freeways! Ice plant!!! And why go through all the trouble of planting plants which don't want to grow here anyway? People invest millions of hours on this senseless landscaping concern, and "naturally" spend millions more complaining that they preferred it better the way it was before. Super fan-

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"Nothing could be finer..."

CALIFORNIA BOY MAKES GOOD
IN CORN COUNTRY
by Josh Iazerson

This is your Illinois foreign correspondent waving at your face from the little known or cared about town of Edwardsville, from where I'll be talking directly to your id for the next kind of year.

A little background on the town: Edwardsville is named after Edward something, probably a nineteenth century Frenchman who once inhabited the region, but is now dead, and so it goes. Edwardsville is located 30 miles northeast of St. Louis, Missouri, across the great Mississippi river, home of the barge. Edwardsville somehow manages to support a population of close to 12,000, with a wide mixture of races, creeds, supermarkets and baseball teams represented. This may be due in part to the fact that the Edwardsville campus of Southern Illinois resides just a few miles from the center of town. Most people with whom this reporter has chanced to have a Vulcan mind meeting (made popular on the Star Trek TV series) enjoy the town because of its rural atmosphere, close proximity to the big city (no more than a half hour in a well equipped, powered vehicle), and paved streets. The average temperature at this time of year is about 90 degrees (farenheit), usually with a good deal of rain. The area has had comparatively little this summer, putting a good deal of psychological stress on the corn, not to mention the farmers! Yet the flat landscape still is bursting

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MARY SPEAKS

where will the future come from if schools are fabricating minds that operate on basically the same limited plane?

ALL SENIORS
TO BE SHOT THIS YEAR

Aggressive letters arrive in the mail dictating to you when, where, how to dress, avoid the sun, don't cut your hair, wear "afternoon party make-up", how much money to bring, and that freckles can be touched up. Then the first dilemma arises: "do I go?"

YES	NO
1. It's traditional	1. It's traditional
2. It might be fun to	2. It might be fun not to
3. Your mom wants you to	3. Your mom wants you to

You're kind of paranoid anyway and preventive medicine wins out so you find yourself taking a waiting number at the Busco-Nestor Studio.

After giving them your money and your address (a somewhat dangerous combination) you are led to the waiting room where another girl is primping, preening, poking and smiling at herself in the mirror. The girl is led out of the room and you are left alone with a mirror and a can of hairspray.

You are led to a room filled with camera equipment and light and instructed to sit in a swerve pin head stool. Without permission or even explanation, the young "photographer" smears your face with a foreign substance.

While distracting you with a bombardment of trite and trivial questions he pushes and pulls you until you are in the most unnatural position possible then tells you to hold it. You squint into the glaring lights trying to see him as he tries to rack a smile from you by asking you to say "sex", "money", "whiskey", and the name of your boy friend. (his idea of youthful values?).

TRACTOR POEM

by Josh Lazerson

The godzilla tractor
was tornado Joe
playing King
on an old rocky road,
Running over the stones,
who sank in submission through
the black, oozing tar,
As the frayed and wooly cigarette
butts
fled into gutter parts,
Searching for cover,
And Joe screamed,
"Heaping Shit!"
and mowed on down the road...

PHYSICS

I drive the big family station wagon and I'm trying to figure out the physics of it. So far all I've deduced is that; in turning, if the front end is going one way then the back end of the car is going the other way.

STAFF

Matt Shirts
Phil Shirts
Mary Silber
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Aren Cobell

Art:

Jim Strasberg

Special Thanks to:

Kathy Shallenberg &
the people who carried the sign
simile II for the use of the IBM
Sels.

The Garbonzo Bean anxiously,
energetically, and enthusiastically
awaits; monetary and literary
contributions, musical instruments,
old Wendell Wilkie buttons,
r-evolutionary ideas, a statue
of toto and Dorothy, paradoxical
questions, a mystical experience.

The address of the G. B. is
483 Avenida Primavera Del Mar 92014

MUSIC

EMBOS jazz band is composed of young promising musicians; a bass player, a drummer, a guitarist, a loud horn section of two trumpets and two sax-aphones, and an occasional piano player or floutist. They play all the routine jazz tunes ranging from Take Five to Red Clay to So What and they even throw in their jazzed up version of the Beatles' tune Michelle. Live jazz music is generally fun no matter what but Embos gives a personal flair to their casual musical endeavors. It just makes a person happy to hear Ronny howl after Steve's tenor solo or to see Todd throw down his drum sticks and laugh when the band messes up the changes. It makes a person optimistic about life to see young boys practising music without too much intensity while their mothers watch.

T.V.

Recently I spent some time in front of the television set. This is an activity I hope not to repeat again for a while. With rare exception, I found the plots trite, themes nonexistent, characters unrealistic, and the dialogue ridiculous. Television seems to over-dramatize characters, conversation and situations to be understood by even the most simple-minded person. This, however, has been carried to the extent that what assumedly is realistic does not even touch on the essence of life. In one poignant scene of a television show I viewed, one character commented profoundly, "People die everyday. It's a tough life." If anyone said that to me in real life I'd punch them in the nose.

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"Nothing could make you lazier,
than a book by Kurt Jr."

BOOKS

Review: The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test by Tom Wolfe

Well, I read the book and I wanted to be in on the whole La Honda scene. I wanted to know Kesey and be on the bus and be one of the wild Merry Pranksters. In short-I wanted to live the book. So I walked around Pretending for a while and the Current Fantasy was to re-create the entire day-glo existence, but you know-It's just a book...

JAZZ IN SAN DIEGO

Went to see Stan Turrentine last night, have to be 21 to get in. Walked around the back to sit on the patio and watch through the window. A guard who didn't even look 21 himself stopped us. My initial reaction was that this guy came from a Marine Corp. recruiting poster, "We're looking for a few good men". The guard quietly, almost insecurely, told us we could not sit on or near the patio unless we were guests at the Catamaran Hotel. Being the persistent jazz musicians we are and having driven to Mission Beach we jumped a fence, snuck through what was either a small tree or a large bush, waited until the coast was clear and watched through a side window for an uncomfortable half hour.

This is a sad example of what two young jazz enthusiasts had to go through in order to observe a famous

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To the Editors:

I am writing in response to the Garbonzo Bean's article under "Phil Speaks" (and I hope that Phil will not take offense) which for argument's sake I shall assume is at least partially serious.

Although the results of the experiment (wherein the vice principal reads off instructions, which rather obviously have no point, to see if students are "substantially" effected by the "dictatorial" nature of the school, that is certainly all that the results point to. The Students complied with a voice of authority.)

In the last paragraph, however, it is written that this compliance was unthinking, and that "we can look hopefully to the two who didn't comply." Any assumption that the people who complied did so without thought should be looked upon as such and a further experiment should be made to determine this assumption's validity. Frankly, though, I cannot suggest to you an experiment which would test the assumption.

One might assume that any thinking person would never obey such silly orders particularly when given by an authority figure without asking why. I suggest that to many students, such a break from the normal classroom routine (which seems to be built upon the premise that human beings are built for sitting at right angles, for nearly two hours straight) might be looked upon as a good opportunity to stretch one's legs. I suggest that the students who didn't comply did so for one of three reasons. Either they are nuts (There goes my scientific jargon) or they are examples of further advanced evolution than most, or perhaps for the same reason that grandma said, "Honey, don't cross your eyes." (In other words-they're permanently molded.) Another good reason

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*"Nothing could be keener,
than writing to the 'G' Beamer."*

Dear Garbonzo,

I just got a job at a parking lot where I can read about ninety percent of the time. My mother plays tennis with Marie. I'm sending the premier issue to a penpal in Norway.

Printing costs money, and it ought to be worth something.

I've been mulling over the loyalty oath because of maybe a job correcting English papers in September. In the San Diego oath one promises to defend the Constitution against all enemies, foreign and domestic.

The reference case in the matter is a real study in the Emperor's New Clothes. The Massachusetts loyalty oath was upheld by the Supreme Court (4 to 3) in 1971. Cole vs. Richardson. For these reasons:

1. The same people who wrote the Constitution (which prescribes an oath for the President) wrote and approved the Bill of Rights. We must assume that they acted consistently, and that therefore oaths and rights are compatible. (But don't ask how this would have applied to slavery).

2. Mere vagueness of an oath does not argue its unconstitutionality.

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to comply with the instructions (for some students) would be that a walk to the wall can be considerably more interesting than the subject matter in class.

Well...anyways..I do agree with Phillip and Mary's feelings, however that school life is too dictatorial in nature...I suppose that's why we all end up going to college.

Sincerely,

Kathy Shallenberg

"Dear Garbonzo" cont. from page 4

3. At this time, the government has no plans to actively prosecute about the loyalty oath.

The Dissenters said:

1. The right to believe is absolute; the right to act is not.

2. The law must be intelligible.

This is guaranteed by due process.

3. "And besides," added Brennan, "The confounded oath has a preposition loose."

The oath: "I will oppose the overthrow of the government of the U.S.A. by force, violence, or any illegal or unconstitutional method." Was it Burger, or was it Sirica who recently said, "We have a government of laws, not of people,"?

But here in San Diego, What would you defend against all enemies?

"Only one thing," says Socrates, "My Soul."

The meaning of the oath, says the City Attorney and the U.S. Attorney's office in San Diego, is up to your own individual interpretation. My interpretation is that the oath means either:

A) Nothing. Law has no enemies. (Conflict generates law. ---Encyc. Britt.) And no friends.
or

B) A promise to enforce and obey all the laws that have the sanction of Constitutionality (the court's).

(The logical form of this interpretation is not unusual. The mathematician Kurt Godel said, "Either mathematics is too big for man, or man is more than a machine.")

I can see some middle ground. "The oath means you-get-the-job." "The oath means 'If I defend the Constitution against all enemies, then I must refuse to take the oath.'"

Now, towards the one pole I'm willing to take the oath, and towards the other I'm not. (Maybe apposition is more like a figure eight.)

Suppose the oath were this: "In God we trust." The atheist wouldn't take it. "I don't believe in God; I don't trust Him either." The believer wouldn't take it. "I believe in God, and I

7 billion years...cont. from page 1

tastic, I say. Only in this world could it be possible!

So the next time you stand in line at Safeway, or just sit and ponder over our deficient educational institutions: Celebrate the Sepbil-lional by thinking of the magnificent evolution that has had to take place from molten rocks to broken finger nails, to bring upon this fabulously absurd existence!

Corn country ... cont. from page 1

with green everywhere. Some might interpret this as a sign of a rise on the economic scene, but this reporter finds no correlation. Edwardsville is simple to find; just get into St. Louis and ask at any gas station, nine times out of ten someone or his brother will know Edwardsville's location.

This is your correspondent in the midwest, the heart of middle America, saying, "Don't let the bed bugs get your goat!"

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Dollars, Bucks, Cash, Checks, Money Orders. The eternal American quest for happiness through money.

The Bean costs the staff about \$25 an issue. While this would never keep us from pursuing this labor of love, financial help would be greatly appreciated. Contributions of money, advertisements, government grants, printing service, etc. would all be welcomed and help make "The Bean" a profit organization.

trust in Him, but I don't know about you." The agnostic wouldn't take it. "Maybe trust is God---then I'll take the oath---but then, maybe God is the creation of our mistrust in each other ---and I won't take the oath. I'm

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"Dear Garbonzo" cont. from page 5
balanced." There is only one kind of person who would take the oath---a liar.

Also, children, lunatics, Martians, Buddhas, living question marks, murderers who haven't died laughing, and those whose self awareness is an unending "Huh?".

That's unfair to children!

Those funny words, conscience and constitution: 'to know together' and 'to place together'. The religion that is outlawed by the loyalty oath is apocalyptic.

What if I believe that one day our souls will awaken in our bodies, and all the governments of the world will vanish, and that there are angelic battles to be fought for this Godly good? Marxism is apocalyptic. The Pilgrims felt they were founding the Millenium. There's something funny going on.

"Besides," says Socrates, "the Constitution is a good thing, but how can I say that something won't come between them and start an altercation?"

Jazz... cont. from page 4

recording artist. I've listened to the jazz program on KFSD 94.1 F.M. extol the efforts of the people who bring this high calibre of jazz to San Diego. However if one has to be 21 to view this fine music then their efforts are partially wasted and many prospective jazz enthusiasts will be alienated while their initial musical tastes are being developed.

Many simple solutions to this problem exist. For instance; why not have a section in the night club where drinks are not served and minors are allowed. Or better yet bring the acts somewhere minors are allowed in and people are there to hear jazz and not to get drunk.

Lets promote jazz to people regardless of their chronological age.

This is what I'm going to say (If I get the job); "I will oppose the overthrow of the Constitution of the U.S.A. by force, violence, or any illegal or unconstitutional method, and also by lawful, peaceful, and democratic means." Touche!

GOOD BOOKS

The dictionary. Whenever anybody starts hopping up and down on a particular word or leaning on it, it's interesting to see what it's made of or coming from. Example: "Yes, but what are your goals in life!?" Goal-OE gal (assumed form) "impediment". See also gaol.

For people who are going to college: Ivan Illich, Tools for Conviviality. Good Soldier Schweik. The first humorous antiwar novel. 1928, beware expurgated editions. Schweik may be the chocolate Jesus of our day.

IDEA (Phil speaks, GB, Aug., 197
I think you ought to have an interview with the people who resisted (told the Vice Principal to f--- off) who are they? How did they spend those 5 min.? What are their views on the world etc.?

Your friend,
Benard Cecil

IN REPLY

Dear Benard,

As for the two who didn't follow the Vice Principal's orders-mightn't they have suffered from an equally evil conditioning? As the others did as told because "it was the VP" the other two may have disobeyed for the same reason-"it was the VP". (Beware of causality).

But let's not be too cynical. After the experiment Phillip and I held discussions in each of the participating classrooms. We questioned the students as to the "Why?" of the situation. At one point a student, almost hostilely, demanded, "Why do we even listen to you?" Phil and I jumped up and down, "You got it. Yahoo!" and left.

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Homemaking with Matt

"Nothing could be finer
than a date with Aunt Jemima."

Yuk, gross, obscene, puffy, filling, chewy, and barely edible are adjectives which have all been used to describe the many varieties of cuisine which are nearly synonymous with the mountains themselves, in fact if one ate some at home he/she would probably imagine they were in the mountains. That is, to eat it at home would lend itself to mountainous hallucinations. Alright, enough beating around the brush, I'm speaking of everyone's favorite-Dehydrated food.

The inexperienced backpacker when stocking the staples for a backpacking trip will be faced with many choices as far as food goes. There will be such delicacies as pineapple upside down cake and Turkey Tetra-zany for 4 vacuumed into a 3 inch square of tin foil. Peas and carrots in a plastic bag, even spinach and all the chef has to do is add a casual amount of boiling water and in minutes one is faced with enormous quantities of a seeming mess which is teeming with carbohydrates and not too much else, although some persistently claim that cardboard is the chief ingredient.

The problem is, however, what to buy to avoid the most gastronomical and monetary damage, while at the same time keeping a light and convenient load of food. The first rule of thumb is to avoid dehydrated food whenever possible and purchase most of the food at a grocery store. Not only do dehydrated foods taste poorly, they are expensive also. Buy packaged macaroni and cheese, spaghetti or similar dishes. If after this dehydrated foods are unavoidable stay away from meat patties and confine oneself to stews, chicken a la King etc. For myself I prefer Mountain House beans and beef franks above all others. Dehydrated desserts are usually good and very filling. Avoid too much dessert.

As far as breakfast is concerned there are so many sensible alternatives

GRASS ROOTS FAIR

Stand back my friends, and marvel at all the cultures and streams of life that make up America. To honor this fact, and for just some down home fun, a club at the inimitable Torrey Pines High School is sponsoring a GRASS ROOTS FAIR, (Circle Oct. 17 and 18 on your calander (in red ink), 'cause that's when it's all going to happen. We're still in the planning stages (as of press time), but here's our general plan: There will be local artists selling wares, there will be a continuous stage show, there will be games and contests, there will be spontaneous fun, there will be music.

The GRF will be held on campus (Black Stn. Rd.) Friday at noon is the beginning, closing at dusk. That evening the TPHS drama department will put on "Star-Spangled Girl", a Neil Simon comedy at 8 pm for all of our enjoyment. On Saturday we'll open at 11 am, going through 'till dusk again. That night, "Star-Spangled Girl" will be flanked by a barn dance:

6:30-7:45 square-dance instruction
8:00-9:30 "Star-Spangled Girl"
9:40-11:30 More dancing.

See you there!!! The Carbonzo Bean will be the pretty good newspaper present at it.

that dehydrated food is almost unheard of. Instant oatmeal, Cream of Wheat, and other hot cereals provide good energy and don't taste too bad. Although time and gas consuming, pancakes taste excellent, be sure to buy the type that don't require eggs, Aunt Jemima are good, but the unanimous favorite of our recent trip was Krusteez pancakes in a box that looks like cement mix. Rich-oor is developing a revolutionary brand of dehydrated saxophone.

Most backpacking food tastes terrible but has a redeeming value in that it supplies subject for hours of conversation.

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Bob On Sports

*Nothing could be colder,
than to dress upon a boulder.*

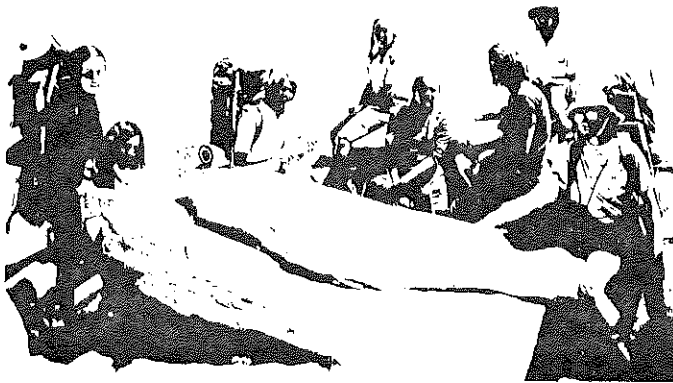
THE GARBONZO BEAN IS CONQUERED BY THE SIERRA

We met in the Sportman's Cafe, a place Ivo described as making up for bad food with high prices. We were nine people, GB staff and associates about to spend seven high altitude days in the mountains.

We hiked out of Horseshoe meadows (just south of Lone Pine) over Cottonwood Pass (12,200') to Chicken ~~SWX~~ Spring Lake down to Big Whitney Meadow and over Siberian Pass (arrggg!) to Upper Rock Creek Lake and over New Army Pass (12,000') and down to the Cottonwood Lakes and out again by Golden Trout Camp

Sure, as would be expected, there were lots of jokes about how tough the passes were and how bad the food was and how cold the lakes were and how Phil looked like he'd been lost in a coal mine for a decade or so. But did everyone have fun? OOOOH, YASS!

But the last day!!! Bim, Steve, Phil and I nearly killed ourselves
cont. next column



The gang on top of New Army Pass.
photo by Ivo Feierabend

WANT A DERANGED LOOKING
BUT WITTY GARBONZO BEAN
SLOGAN ON YOUR BACK !?

THEN SEND \$1.25 &
A T-SHIRT TO:

THE GARBONZO BEAN
483 AVENIDA PRIMAVERA
DEL MAR CA. 92014

for the glory of the peaks while Matt Kari and Ivo boot-skied around on the glacial snow patches and Bryant (just turned 17) and Betsy metaphorically tended camp in mountain grandeur. Swim the lakes! Beat sticks on your Sierra cups! Try to catch the fish with your hands! And sing the theme song to Green Acres!

Ecology and a Nick-Pick

On Sunday September 28 the Ecological Life Systems Institute is giving a picnic on Urey field in UCSD. The -nick is from 11:00 a.m. until 6:00 p.m.

The purpose of the picnic is: to acquaint the general public with the current local and world wide ecological crisis and what practical things they can do to help avert it, To bring together various groups involved in ecological and humanitarian activities, to exchange information and ideas with each other and the GENERAL PUBLIC., to eat some food, listen to the music, and enjoy the sun.

Some attractions will be: local musicians, eco food booths, petting zoo for children, crafts, childcare, the garbonzo booth, goat milking demonstration, street theatre, various groups and demonstrations.

If you desire more info. call Jim, Fish, or Gretchen at 755-1254

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