

Should one be free to do what he wants (within reason) when he wants to, or should one subject himself to prescribed modes of behavior characteristic of the circumstances? This question has baffled mankind ever since the advent of homework.

On the one hand, we realize our responsibility to fulfill expectations and do assignments on a

The other day at the Bean Office we had a disagreement of sorts. The lines were obviously drawn with Phill and Mary on one side and Karen and I on the other. The situation presented the question of how to resolve deadlocked conflicts. We could either a) rationally converse on the situation, b) fight it out. The decision was made when I jumped on Mary and got her in a headlock.

THE

GARBONZO BEAN

Quatrième Issue, Holiday, 1975

"The Ultimate" 99

timed schedule with everyone else. This makes it much easier on teachers. But, on the other hand, we have the worthwhile argument, "What if I don't feel like doing it now?"

According to our present educational structure, it is believed that 3,000 American teenagers will feel like writing an essay on "Domestic Animals in American Society" at 10:00 Nov. 10th. I tend to disagree with this theory. Granted there must be some limitations on students working habits, but must they be so stringent? I tend to believe that a student can produce greater quality work when working with a low pressure, "I'll do it when I feel like it" attitude. Tolstoy didn't write War and Peace thinking "I've got to hand this in Monday", Einstein didn't discover the theory of relativity because he had to have a physics project by next Tuesday. Cont. on p.7

Karen and Phill jumped into the pile and we started makin' decisions. Whew! Mary almost had me down but then I flipped her on her back. Meanwhile Phill was beating Karen with a half nelson but then Mary bit me on the leg and we abruptly switched partners. "uuugh oww, ou goddammit, oww I got this one I got him down, we won, no way oww! quit biting, bl-ahh I'm in a sandwich, that's not fair, wait you're hitting the wrong person, uuunnngh!

The fight ended when we all decided that KARNIVEROUS Karen and Macho Matt (myself) beat Meek Mary and Phraidy Cat Phill. We rolled over and laughed and panted and sighed for about ten minutes. Then we decided that there was something to fighting and we would have alot more fights, but sometimes we would let Mary and Phill win. Only sometimes!



Dear People Behind and/or On Top
of Garbonzo Bean,

Thank you to someone who sent me the
troisieme issue. I enjoyed reading
about Utah (I once recall a decent
meal in Kanab); about est (there is
even a convert here in Macon County--
she used to be in bad movies and hesi-
tates to take up the Holiness Faith,
which features live rattlesnakes
instead of this guy Jack Rosenberg,
aka WE); about Gnashville: and wiffle
ball (a game I had never heard of.)

I am leaving for England just now and
have nothing to send you but a new
flyer from Jargon, which is how we
keep busy here on Ritchie Mountain,
near beautiful Scaly, NC, near High-
lands, "Highest Incorporated Town
East of South Dakota."

I have always enjoyed the garbanzo, after
first reading about it at age 12
in the chronicles of Cabeza de Vaca, as
he crossed the Gulf Coast and went into
Mexico. The garbanzo and the prick-
ly pear kept this important shaman
on the move.

This note is signed with a ballpoint
pen in the shape of a bat purchased
by a Boston poet at the 7th game of
the World Series.

Jonathon Williams
(Jargon Society)

Editor:

I am not a person who generally
writes letters. However, in this
case, I felt that I had to.

Sincerely,
Thomas K Feierabend

Dear Garbonzos,

You have obviously gone
beyond mere FAVA, FALAFEL AND
BABA GHANOUJ to true - GONZO-
BIO-DEGRADABILITY.

The world of journalism,
which doesn't know any better,
will never be the same BEAN
again unless you hold a
PRESS CONFERENCE, why not?

Yours

Tom Wolfe

New York
November 6
1975

Ed. note; the typewriter just
doesn't do his handwriting
justice.

Dear Editors,

I was recently reading a magazine art-
icle about Japan. After reading about the
traditional Japanese custom of conformity,
I picked up your paper, and came to a re-
alization.

Although some people (especially those
who are "on the bus" of the establishment)
might consider you a bit of a radical, de-
generate bunch, to me you're as American
as apple pie. Strongly following an ideal
of this country, individualism.

All the best,
Laurie Hewitson



TWO

COMPARISON:
TREES versus CONDOMINIUMS
by Bim Strasberg

The characteristics of a tree and a condominium, as you may well know, differ greatly. Why I have come to compare these two such diverse entities is the recent invasion of the land by construction. I have witnessed, to my dismay, the dwindling population of trees and other greenery on the face of the earth. Beautiful forests have been ravaged by developers. They have cluttered these spaces with buildings. This action I find to be an utterly insane one.

Specific characteristics of the two: Condominiums are man-created monstrosities, hideous to the normal eye. They are built with greed and a neglect for the environment. These large complexes almost always obstruct views. Aside from physical size, their impact on a community is immense. Large numbers of people compacted into small areas create bothersome pollution and traffic congestion.

Trees, on the other hand, are natural living creatures nurtured by nature. They are graceful spectacles of artistic content. Each tree has its own individual personality cultivated over long periods of time. Trees, unlike their rivals, enhance the topography rather than destroy it. And when trees are found in large quantities, they become all the more beautiful.

As you can clearly see, there should be little question as to which of the two is more desirable--trees or condominiums. Furthermore, a biologist would claim that trees, since they produce oxygen, play an important role in the survival of man and animal. Without them we could not live.

Condominiums do just the reverse. Although they do house large numbers of people, this dense population congests our streets with automobiles. As a result, vast quantities of pollutants poison our air. Condominiums and other such buildings, therefore, are threatening our lives.

The root of this matter, of course, is the developer. He is the despoiler of both trees and in the long run, people. So I leave you with this question: Are developers human?

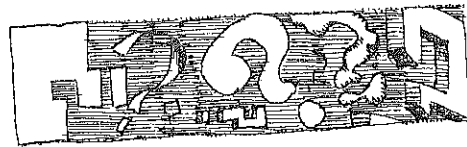
How are museums and zoos and wilderness areas related? Are they things you would place your bets on?

How about an archive of notebooks full of questions and the thoughts of different people at Torrey Pines?

Is there life after death? Does the establishment of "life" before death have anything to do with this?

Do other cultures have better spiritual beliefs than Americans? And tools? Words?

What difference is there between a pond reflecting sunlight, a cloth fading in sunlight, and a plant growing toward sunlight?



What are your questions nowadays? Where has your energy been going, and what are your questions about it?

How do you communicate them?

Is war as complex as civilization?

Was the act of smashing the nose of the Pieta as complex as Michelangelo's creation?

What if the best means for surviving a nuclear war are the same as the best means for preventing one? Are they the same? For what different types of systems are prevention and survival of crises convergent or divergent?

"Oh Just fine, how's the wife?"

Howdy folks, and welcome to the correspondent's corner, home of the devalued humor of America (where have all the muggers gone?). I thought this time around we'd take a walk down the main street of Edwardsville) heart of the business (Woolworth's), judicial (Edwardsville jail) and intellectual (Vanzo's tavern) centers of commerce. Now allow me to give you a few meaningless dimensions to fix that slab of concrete, known as, "street" in your mind. The main street, so fittingly named Main St., sprawls front and back, about 1/2 mile, straight. Main street appears out of nowhere at the southern end, and melts at the northwest end into Illinois 143, a highway of great strength, skill, and general knowledge. Along Main St. we find such memorables as Ballweg's Drug Store, J. B. Hirsch Dept. Store, one of those with the plastic soldiers, and 1965 Worlds Fair Plates, and Edwardsville Nat'l. Bank, which, by George, just began computerized banking. Quite a jerk for mankind I would say. There are quite a few local taverns where the average, anonymous, and others go to quaff local beverage favorites, beer, beer, whiskey, and beer. There's of course a Western Auto, and an office of the Illinois Power Co. A large grand opening takes place this week. Hudson Jewlers opened a store right on Main St. They're going to sell class rings and everything. No siree, you wont find any plastic pearls there! A couple miscellaneous notes. The temperature has been declining, and so have the leaves, but the days are bright and crisp, and may break if stepped upon. The football team is just fine.. Well, life

keeps kickin' us in the shin guards, but we're ready for the woodsman's blows. So take your time, learn at least three languages, and you in the south, don't drink the water.

Till next transmission

Josh Lazerson

"Homemaking"cont. from p. 7
makes Danish spherical pancakes, who laboringly and lovingly cuts the web and the extra fat off chicken wings, and whose table is set so pretty with tablecloth and pretty china and the right utensil for each dish. And I start to think "I'd love to add such gorgeous touches, but when?"

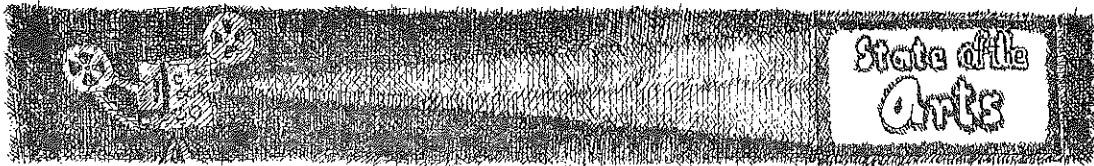
"Right now I'm a student. Whenever that's over I'll be a worker. Most of my day is spent doing stuff. There could be government subsidy just so I can stay home sometimes and be domestic and take the time to cook elegantly. Better yet, why don't I just get people to subsidize me, and I'll feed them!" Right here, my thinking comes to a screeching halt. "Hey-they call that being a wife." Oh wierd.

"STAFF"

PHILLIP SHIRTS
MATTHEW SHIRTS
MARY SILBER
BETSY ZOBELL
KAREN ZOBELL

SPECIAL ACKNOWLEDGEMENT TO:
MIKE FELLOWS
SIMILE II
RYE BREAD
BIM STRASBERG (THE ART)
EARTH SONG BOOK STORE
ARLYNE LAZERSON
MYLA SELVERSTON
KNITTING
DEE FRANK
KATHY SHALLENBERG (SHE JUST
MOVED AWAY TO A FARM)

FOUR



MOVIES

The Fortune-

What can you say about a comedy where the funniest part is when a half-grown chicken kills a rattlesnake?

Joan McGee

BOOKS

"oh well may you ask: what is worse than a bad woman? And oh well may we answer: why, man-what else but a good one cut in two..."

Review: Kenneth Patchen

A smattering of dubiously placed adverbs and adjectives, dictionary vocabulary, elaborate puns, names, and situations in a fantastically rare outlook of life. A confusion of words and then a GRIP and an understanding. A dazzling review of the world that change peoples lives and make their heads glow.

Review: Kenneth Patchen

Sometimes there are just words that sound nice and crisp. That is good. And sometimes there are whole phrases of these words that are funny. That's even better. And occasionally there's "Oh, Wow, I GET IT!" And that's best of all.

ALLONOMOUS

IN SCHMONTANA

Review: Without Guilt And Justice
by Walter Kaufman

This book is about as satisfying as a long talk with a rattlesnake named Hegel, who is quite capable of doing in your typical choowawa or cocker spaniel behind a gas station in the Big Sky Country if you stop to take a poop and stretch your legs.

Let's pretend that W.K. is a gas station attendant even though he's really a full professor at Princeton. He washes your windows. On the pocket of his pin-striped shirt is a word he invented: Humbition.

At the end of your visit he tells you about being pregnant for 30 years or maybe it was his wife or maybe that's how old the snake is. "She's a whopper!"

After a while you go bury the dog. Then you say "OK, kids, let's go!" and they all pile in the car.

There's a few thoughts worth glomming on to the refrigerator when you get back to Alhambra. Among them, "guilt, justice and equality are humbug."

In one of the old newspapers the neighbors collected you discover a recipe for plankton-burgers and an article about vacationing in the Future, "without noise or pollution".

FIVE

-Mike Fellows-

BESIDES MONEY, WE WOULD ALSO LIKE ARTICLES, LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, LINE SALESMAN, GLOVES, A FIRE DOG, OLD ADDRESS BOOKS, OLD WRITTEN IN DICTIONARY, A BETTY BOOP COSTUME, A SWISS CHEESE PLANT, AN 1854 TELEPHONE BOOK, INDIAN STATUES THAT SMOKE CIGARS, CERAMIC JOCKEYS, BARBER POLES, METAL CAT CARRIER, A 1924 ROAD ATLAS, AND ANYTHING ELSE YOU THINK WE MIGHT FIND INTERESTING.

Here's The Thing

E. M. Mills

The thing about round tablecloths is that they're hard to fold.

The thing about books is I could read forever and there'd still be good ones left.

The thing about felt pens is their juiciness.

The thing about cars is they create dependencies.

The thing about saying "O.K." is it alerts people that you're anxious to get off the telephone.

The thing about manganese is its weight.

The thing about fine cooking is it takes a long time but it's worth it.

The thing about the Bible is it's just another history book.

The thing about reading Dear Abby is people like that really do exist.

The thing about Mick Jagger is his lips.

The thing about marriage is I'm going to live with someone for longer than I've been alive.

KAREN SPEAKS

A Hypothetical School?

There are no academic classes. Students eat lunch, chat, and write notes. They have courses to plan dances and assemblies. There are all different periods and teachers of Athletics. There are a million clubs, committees, meetings, and conferences

IF YOU WANT TO HELP US OUT AND GET THE NEXT SIX (OR SO) ISSUES OF THE BEAN MAILED TO YOUR HOME SEND:

FIVE DOLLARS IF YOU'RE RICH
TWO DOLLARS IF YOU'RE NOT
TO; THE GARBONZO BEAN
483 AVE PRIMAVERA
DEL MAR CA. 92014

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

Sunlight on my closet door.
Running down my paper with the streaming droplets from the sprinkler. Ingaborg the cat, with her head on my ankle, restless. Harp music. The leaves outside my door, tan colors lying in the wetness. It has been a long time since I have sat with my head against this pane of glass and contemplated my yard and the aliveness around me. I received a letter from Mary and the Garbonzo bean, what a game: Satirical typed letter. My friend Eliot is attending Humboldt State as a chemistry major, and yesterday his letter talked of disharmony and 20 out of 20 on the tests. Mike A. cannot meet all his commitments and always ends up on Angel Island instead. I paint, have one good friend, and a lot of people like to watch. My world is stretching, breaking in some spots, and becoming richer in others... I wonder how many people realize the trauma of being in the senior class. Ingaborg rolls over and covers my paper and grabs this pen. It's nice to lie in the sunlight and not go to work, go to school, take notes, eat my lunch, dress, ride the bus, say hello, and all of the other things I do without thinking.

Bye, Jeff

that the students must attend. It is a huge beehive of social activity. Everyone swarms around organizing themselves and each other.

A nightmare, a dream come true or a reality?

AN ARTICLE ON BETSY

Betsy went to U.C. Berkely. That's why she never finished the Cat Article. However, she has written us numerous letters about how good it is to be involved in the intellectual challenge that college presents. She says she has never been exposed to such valuable libraries, professors, and atmosphere in general. Betsy is coming home for Christmas and I'm glad.

"So am I"

NOTES FROM THE REEL WORLD
N.F.T.R.W.

With the rain came wetness and mushy brakes. With the wind came an end to leaf raking and freeway closeness. With murder came great evil, fear, and little else. With starvation came death, desperation, and a greater toll to count. With love came joy, felt nowhere else so strongly. With a toy came a smile. With sleep came oblivion, and the recurrence of events of awakensess. With waking came the unreality of the day. It's like trying to find the center of a teardrop. I think the whole world is on film at 6:00.

by Josh Lazerson

A TIME TO REMEMBER

I work outside in a lawn chair knitting cocoons. There's a time when a jet airplane takes off, bells ring, and a whistle toots. I think it should be called "Noon".

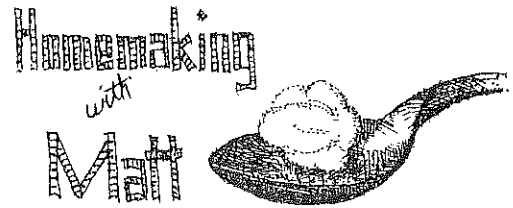
by Mike Fellows

War and Peace: cont. from page 1

Many students would benefit from an educational system where the assignments are simply think, discover, learn, relate, live.

I realize this all sounds a bit idealistic, but to some degree it could be incorporated in the schools.

-Sandi Rowland



Homemaking With Betsy

Well, ya see, its like this. I got all these friends with admirable talent. The ones so serious about music. The artist who paints four hours a night. The aspiring playwright. The ones who live for ballet. The actors, the singers, the sculptors, the newspaper publishers, the dancers. And I start to feel uncultured, inferior, and UNTALENTED.

But the new revelation for all of us to consider is that I can cook. A second-rate talent? Not anymore, 'cause I'm starting to take it seriously. The art of fine cuisine (as opposed to putting a Pop-Tart in the toaster) is not to be passed off lightly. So now that my ego is salved, I can look for other talents. How about driving? A little absurd, I'll admit, but there are varying degrees of talent exhibited in my friends, and I think I'll start to be more appreciative of the skill of concentration involved. Then theres the seamstress, the pet-raiser, the gardener, the letter-writer, the straight line drawer, the card-player, the golfer. I've never commonly considered these "admirable talents", because they don't fall so easily into the fine arts field as music and art and the others. But yes, they are admirable-there's talent all around!!

So I know how to cook. I'm comfortable in the kitchen. I can easily follow a recipe. I'm developing the sense of what's good with what. But the glaring truth has become that to be an elegant cook, I need more time than I have. I've got this terrific grand-mother who whips up mashed potatoes AND scoops them back into the shell, who

Cont. on p.4

ROBUST POET

Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl;
And if the bowl was
stronger
My song would have been
longer.

The man in the wildern-
ess asked me,
How many strawberries
grow in the sea?
I answered him, as I
thought good,
As many as red herrings
grow in the wood.

Here comes a candle to
light you to bed,
Here comes a chopper to
chop off your head.

On The Importance Of Folk Dancing

by Elizabeth M. Mills

- 1) It is a tangible touch to cultural roots(don't laugh- I believe that's seriously important- the realization of where we're coming from)
- 2) It's good for you
 - a) hard exercise (except for those slow dirge-like one's-but don't let me make mean jokes)
 - b) The raised energy of the music and movement, the excitement of following steps in masse, tend to raise the spirits
- 3) makes friends fast-There are mixer dances aimed at that (mostly American I think) and sharing something that energetic with people creates marvelous bonds.
- 4) It teaches something about music in general (again the cultural overtones) and dance in general.
- 5) it's sincere

EIGHT

GINGER

I suppose everyone is wondering where Ginger is. Well, I'll tell you-She's in Iowa going to a Quaker school. This is what she had to say last I heard from her:

Here's what happened lately in Rolling flat lands of Iowa. First of all, or anyway a couple of weeks ago it was intercession week and we all had a holiday from booklearning. About half the school went to Colorado-Oh. I didn't, I stayed here for the week and worked with the local Vet, Jim McNutt. Actually I mostly watched him but sometimes I got to give shots and stuff. So I got to travel around on the dirt roads of back country Iowa in an automatic pickup. Going from one animal to the next. One farm I had to catch 100 piglets that weighed about 40 pounds each, and in the dark barn decide if they were gilts or boars. Here I was standing knee deep in stinky pig shit suddenly a little cute (HAHA)/ I'd say really rude and obnoxious porkers would scramble away from my grasp. The Vet castrated the poor meat machines as the young farmer boy held them with their feet. Another pig-time we chased those loony meats all over catching a few of a lot to give shots. Oh! the poor pigs wheezing and coughing tired fatsos can't run so fast for so long. They sure can run 90 degrees faster than I can. I worked with other animals too, oh, like horses and cattle and sheep and dogs and cats and goat. In fact the goat we looked at was none other than my little Nanao just arrived from Calif. The neat thing was going to all the farms and standing and talking in the cold wind with the shabby corn belt farmers. Talk about hog prices and whether or not their corn was dry enough to harvest. Also I really enjoyed that crazy vet work; poking around in animals and fixing them up (Maybe) Then the whole school came back and School progressed again.