Outpost

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3
Taoism, A Plunge Into Nature
One man's solution to
the problems of living.
by Janine Tartaglia
photos and poem by Mark Katayama

5
Truckin' Through Peace
The big picture on a
pint-sized town.
photos by Mary Russell

8
Seascapes
Mellow moments
with the sea.
by Michael Ruschkovich
photos by Rondi Wald

12
Secret Places.....Shared
The fine art of
being alone.
by Vicki Medgyesi Byllesby
photos by John Calderon

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From
the Editor

We at Outpost decided to con-
centrate on the theme of Peace, a
Chinese philosophy and religious
system emphasizing nature, in our
special color issue.

There cannot be a better way to
portray nature's beautiful creations
and colorful existences than through
the use of color photography.
Senior Graphics Communications
majors Sel Duffauts and Tom
Hay donated their time to ensure
to help make color a reality. This
outpost serves as part of Tony's
Senior Project. He says that via
the press documentation that he
was doing, the student who printed
papers (the Web Division) will
hopefully be able to bring about
the higher quality of color press
printing for future publications. In
process begins with a transparency
slide and terminates as output
rolls off the press.

Mark Katayama and his
photography staff literally work
night and day last week producing
and preparing their color trans-
aparences for Tom and Sel.

And not to be outdone, cartoon
writers have attributed the idea
of interviewing people and
researching their subjects into
the final formulation of their
ideas appear here.

This issue is certainly a com-
pletely student written and
outpost staff and the Senior
Communications

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Taoism, a plunge into nature

and when the world gets you down,
and when the boredom is eternal,
and people don’t seem to care anymore,

close your eyes and open your mind to you.
let the wind surround you,
allow the sun’s radiance to influence your soul,
and the earth to touch the essence of your existence.
Oh, if I only had the time….to see the central coastline from atop San Luisa Mountain, hear the leaves skipping across sidewalks, smell the salty freshness of a secluded beach, or touch the sticky threads of a dewy spider’s web.

Ever catch your senses tearing you away from term papers, work and worries, then sending your mind off on a peaceful, nature-filled journey? Mark Katayama has.

That’s why this 22-year-old Photojournalism major suggested that outlook lie in the beauty of nature surrounding Cal Poly for its color issue. And with a keen eye behind a trusty Nikon, and a discomposing vocabulary steering a flair pan, he sat out to compose its introductory pictures and prose.

Mark’s appreciation for nature might have stemmed from his childhood in a smog-smothered southland city.

More likely than not, Mark will tell you the concern for his surroundings really began when he adopted the Tao (pronounced Dow) philosophy.

“Tao suggests that a person work with nature, rather than against it,” Mark explains, groping for the words to describe the ancient Chinese belief. “Though not a religion, Tao reverently proposes the idea that nature provides for everything without discrimination and, like nature, man should treat all men and things as equals.”

Aside from offering principles to live by, Taoism teaches Mark to be more aware of nature around him. The hills and nearby shores of San Luisa County provide him with an excellent opportunity to try out the awareness.

The minute he set foot on this campus, Mark admits he was overcome by its royal blue skies, Kelly green hills and toned-down tempo.

“Perhaps,” Mark sighs, “that’s one of the assets that draws people to this university.”

It would be nice to think so, but all too often a student spends four years at Poly without becoming familiar with anything outside the perimeter of the route to school from his apartment.

This outlook issue is not just for agriculture majors who, with their tractors and plows, frequently come into contact literally with nature, or the archaeologists who must blend their designs with the environment. It’s for everyone who has ever taken time out of their daily routine to find peace in the earth’s natural offerings.

Nature is not just “Breutna” spelled backwards, or a jar of tranquilizers that can be capped and put away when not needed. To Mark Katayama, the wonders of nature are alive and well everyday in the life of a Cal Poly student, if he chooses to appreciate it.

harmonize with their music to become one with nature.

as your thoughts drift into a deeper reality, choose the path that permits you the most freedom, thus giving you the way to flow with the stream, and to become part of it, to become all of it, experience nature’s peace, know of her love, and begin to live your life, forever.
Someday when you have a little time, take a drive past Santa Margarita, through Rinconada Ghost Town, beyond civilization, and back into the past...to a place called Pozo.

Today it's really not much. Just a couple of buildings left from a tiny village built almost one hundred years ago. Pozo is located about eighteen miles southeast of Santa Margarita as it was in 1880.

At that time it consisted of a schoolhouse, a store, a blacksmith shop, a sort of hotel, a saloon, and a hall. The small rustic saloon is still standing.

It is an anachronism in a modern age...a time capsule. As you step into the Pozo Saloon you step back into the past. An entire pictorial and
artificial history of San Luis Obispo county adorns the walls of this Old West bar.

Pozo Balcon serves as a meeting place for many of the town's folk who tell some interesting tales. Visitors also frequent the bar and come to Pozo for a picturesque window view of the San Jose Valley.

This valley was visited in the last part of June, 1870, by W.W. Murray, then editor of the San Luis Obispo Tribune. Murray enjoyed his trip to Pozo and the valley surrounding it so much that he published a feature article on the area in his paper, in a paper describing the natural environment he wrote:

"This place once bore the more dignified title of 'Ranchita Valley'. The situation is fine and the climate is very fine, especially for those inclined to travel. The valley is watered by several springs, and the land is sandy, open, and full of experiments in farming and dairying. It is a rich place.

Ten years after Murray, this feature story about the San Jose Valley another writer on the conditions of the area in 1880:

"This valley has itself out in a robe of green, dotted here and there thousands of particulars and the varied landscape, by dark and rugged mountains, in beauty and color in an area of lovely San Luis."

This magnificent view still surrounds the tiny town of Pozo. Together Pozo and her natural surroundings remain as a step back into the past.
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remnants of a dying Indian summer. She sat there watching the New Jersey lifeguards toss the crowded into clusters of half-submerged bodies, as if they were just a bunch of dim-witted salt water sheep or something.

The Steel Pier protrudes into the Wright Ink of the Atlantic Ocean, and the lights of Atlantic City form a dome of neon in the northern sky. In a day or two, Ocean City will be a sleepy village and Somers Point a small town. The vibrating discoteques will settle into the sand and sleep with the softer music of the sea. The playboys and party-people will be back in Philly, losing their tan in the pallid light of daily routine. Soon the resort will be a rest home.

She too, would be gone from Jersey shore. Her California home waited across the continent and she knew she needed, though the companionship of vacant, sandy footprints and dark windows with salt-water taffy fascinated onlookers with a pink-and-white belly dance, she was something

by Michael Rusakovitch
photos by Rondi Wald

The damn ferris wheel isn't even moving. The streets are silent except for the soft breeze that wisp down them; sweeping them with the fish-smelly pages of yesterday's newspaper the market boys used for wrapping cod guts.

Santa Cruz is silent. The carnival is a cinderer. The boardwalk is empty and the waves of the ocean sing a lullaby to the city as it slips into its autumn school-days hibernation.

They've all gone home. The happy summer faces that contorted merrily with the speed of the roller coaster have all gone back to bed in some home-town in the central valley or some other place isolated from the soothing wearing motion of the sea. It's damn lonely here when the summer leaves and the lights die. The roller coaster is a long, mechanical snake resting. Relieved of human weight, it has shed its summer skin.

The sand that oozes between his toes, the way it squished through the toes of so many feet that summer, is as cold and impersonal as the empty surroundings.

But there is something serene about the midnight beach and the dimmed lights and the littering of once empty wine bottles filled with dark ocean water where the tide came in to consume them. The sea has a melting quality, a mellowing, cleansing quality that prepares him for the less-mellow-room-dirty-book-dirty-mind life of a college student. He knows how hectic the coming week will be and, despite the loneliness of the beach, he languishes in it's peace.

Santa Cruz by starlight. Perhaps he'd write a novel here. Or a short story. Well, maybe just a poem. Ah, to hell with it. Those things are better left for tomorrow. It's back to Cal Poly and goodbye Santa Cruz. Anyway, the beach is lonely and lovely and that damn ferris wheel isn't even moving.

All day long the beach was filled with people, clinging to the final
than a warm hand and a
hearty voice. She sees ants crawl
in the depths of thrown-away
melted snow-cone cups just so they
can mine a minor bit of sweet ar-
tificial raspberry syrup that remains
in the sticky bottom. And in this
she sees life.

Somewhere, far from the dance
door of the Steel Pier and the
convention halls of Atlantic City,
she'd turn her eyes and thoughts
from still and silent seas and drop
them into textbooks. A vast sea of
words and figures and facts waltz
back home in San Luis Obispo. And
before she attempts to swim that
sea again, she needs to drink from
the ocean of tranquility and
patience that lay before her tonight.

She needs to quaff a lot of this
after-midnight-empty-beach-quiet-
shop-Ocean City patience before
she could even think about
swimming in the Cal Poly sea.

It's a month later. The days are
still sunny, as they often are on the
central California Coast, well into
the fall. The warmth is more
disturbing than relaxing, however,
as students scurry like squirrels
and out of holes that some call
doors. It's hectic and the pages
are turning too fast to be read. Cal
Poly is no different than any other
university. Life flies by... it doesn't
drift. One thing, though, it's close
even to the ocean.

Cal Poly has that in it's favor.
When things get too hectic and the
books get too heavy, the seashore
is a good place to go to mellow out.

Students from Cal Poly have such
places as Montana De Oro, Hazard
Canyon, Avila Beach, Pismo Beach,
Shell Beach, Pirate's Cove, Morro
Bay, Cayucos, and Cambria within
easy distance of the university. And
it is no coincidence that on sunny
days or weekends before and after
periods of study, these places are
populated, largely, by students.

It was such a day for her. Since
she'd returned to school from her
She sat on the beach with her knees curled up under her chin, watching as the sun dipped lower in the afternoon sky. She thought of all the poems and all the poets arising from situations like this.

"The tide rises, the tide falls, darkness comes, the curlews call." Who wrote it? Was it Longfellow? Yes, it must have been. He must have felt this way.

She wondered about the young man in the distance. Why did he stay out there so long? Did he feel about seashores the way she felt about them? He looked almost like a statue; he stood so still and sensitive.

They both remained until the sun was almost down. She walked up and down the beach, feeling as if time had stopped for her, even if just for a few hours. He was sitting now on the same point of rocks peering into the ocean. He watched a seagull wheel in the sky, and made him think of how that tern wheel stood motionless on that lonely, lovely night in Santa Cruz. He thought of college as a tern wheel... or better yet, a merry-go-round. While he was at Cal Poly the damn terns wheel seemed to be going full speed. But now, at last, it was stopped again.

Finally he walked back along the beach. He would be able to face the world for another week or so. She, too, was ready to go back to the city life.

She passed the beach again, and passed the young man walking toward her. At one time they had been three thousand miles apart, on opposite shores. Now, they seemed to be telling them to meet, pulling them together. They were very close and the gentle ocean and the setting sun made everything just right.

He raised his eyes from his seashell search, and they met hers. She blinked and he smiled. Then they passed, saying simply, "hello."
Secret Places...Shared

by Vicki Medgrew Bylesby
photos by John Calderon

Poets have written about it. Philosophers have tried to define it. Musicians have listened to capture it a tune.
A universal desire: to find your own place in the world. A secret place where your thoughts are your own and your fantasies become a reality.
Three secret places...shared...

It sat squating in the sun. The white adobe walls absorbed the light, gave off a cool touch.
It was a castle: isolated, imperious, collected.
I wondered about its "queen".
Skirting the circular drive twice, making sure the time was right...I don't think I've been this nervous since the sixth grade.
Maybe the dragon doesn't bite.
But still, it seemed a secret place. The kind of place where you wonder if your jeans are OK and your shirt is clean.
I rang the bell.
The queen answered. Where were the shady Harlequin glasses and flowing Dior gown? My jeans felt more comfortable.
"Hi. I'm Mary Kennedy," she said, opening the oak door wide. Stepping in, I wondered how I missed the boat.
After that, it was easy sliding.
Mary Kennedy: the woman, the wife of the president. Perched in a Leslie in the middle of a university. A handsome woman, a handsome room. Both cool,
composed, yet beckoning. Tasteful but, surprisingly, the whole flavor was more like apple pie than caviar and toast.
Was this her haven? Her secret place? Where do you go, mysterious lady, who looks more Mother than Queen?
"Secret places", she said, smiling. "I can remember back to high school when a librarian let me use a little tower room for studying. It was my own personal castle."
My mouth dropped. Was she putting me on or reading my mind? She shifted in her chair..."to be secret means to set aside," she mused quietly. "You know, a secret place doesn't have to be a place at all...it can just be a space inside your mind. The ability to zero in on something."
I could hear the birds outside; a clock started ticking louder. It was as if two strangers had suddenly stepped over the line into slightly embarrassing territory.
"But we do have this trailer," she suddenly blurted out. "A trailer at the beach...It's just like a little playhouse. I leave my home and go to the playhouse for a few hours. Of course this house is home, but it belongs to the state...and you always have that feeling..."

"Life is simpler there. For a few hours, life becomes simple and intimate."
Words come easier now. No longer strangers sitting in straight-back chairs...but two people reaching out, leaning toward, sharing experiences.
"I think we need change," she said. "A place to be alone with our thoughts. There is something refreshing in the movement...if there wasn't, why would people always
But when I left, the house had shrunk in size. I realized that Mary Kennedy-the-woman couldn't be divided from those things... after all, you can't divide what isn't divisible.

"I was kicking down the railroad tracks, bitter as hell. I'll get them, I told myself. I'll get them because they struck down my program... I'll get those bastards!"

Dr. Stanislaus J. Dunford, Philosophy. From the name springs visions of starchy white fronts, mortarboards, and black bow ties. In reality, the image runs more towards tee-shirts, striped flares, and a snotty pair of hi-tops in the best P-F Flyer tradition.

Young. A philosophical man minus the must. A teacher's teacher who sees his most important goal as bringing peace and happiness to the mind of a student.

"Sometimes I almost go haywire. But in teaching, just like anything, you can't always get what you think is best. When that happens, I strike out to be alone."

Dunford has his special places for meditation. Stop-gaps in time where he hangs his frustrations out to dry. Places where he hopes to rejuvenate what he calls the "strong interior life."

Those rusty rail tracks, stretching out with precise measured distance, snake a path back into the hills. One... two... three... four... the eyes blur as the feet hit the ties in a trance-like monotony.

He follows the tracks, winding up somewhere behind Poly Canyon. Battling down in the damp grass, the mind cleared; ready to paint clean thoughts on a fresh palette.

"I think the worse thing is to be angry, or to strike back at someone. When that starts happening, I head out. I don't really believe you need a place to go, but beauty helps to clear the mind."

The trick seems to be
Gentle waves as it a last hurrah.
It was a college of gold and had been
opened only by screaming winds
who frantically dived for the last
catch of the day.
The wind whipped across the sand—the grains refusing to be
an inch.
It was the kind of sunset
countless photographers have
captured, that thousands have
captured their breath for. Yet, some
time it happens, you'd swear
never been another quite as good.

An isolated strip of beach in
San Simeon: a little colder, a little
windier. The elements were
to keep away all but the
hardy.

For Ken Gordon, it's a place
without time.

He describes himself as a
sawed-off guy with a mustache
who likes people but can't handle
the hassles. But as he works with
his art, his photographs, he seems
a mixture of strength and
gentleness. That certain kind of
"bioness".

He slips away to the area to keep
about pressures and to just let
nature wipe clean the slate.

"It's different than an escape.
Being here adds dimension, a
quality—depth. I go for the "
and the feeling of aloneness."

He talks with a certain respect,
if on cue, the seemingly unc
ouchable serenity would reveal

"Life manipulates people and
start losing touch with
There is something about
the feeling of total aloneness
makes you see things for what
are," said Gordon.

Photographs of his "place"
on the walls of his house: a
himself imprinted in each
There is a recognizable sunset, the
same grey-white guilt yet it is the
footprint in the sand, a friend
silhouetted against the surf that
show the irrefutable pleasures
of a solitary playground,

"I live in Morro Bay becouse it's
fresh from the hassles in San
Luis," he said, "I guess you could
say that the beach is just a step
further than that. To remove myself
from all the pressures...com-
pletely."
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