

# The Last Whole Earth Catalog

*access to tools*

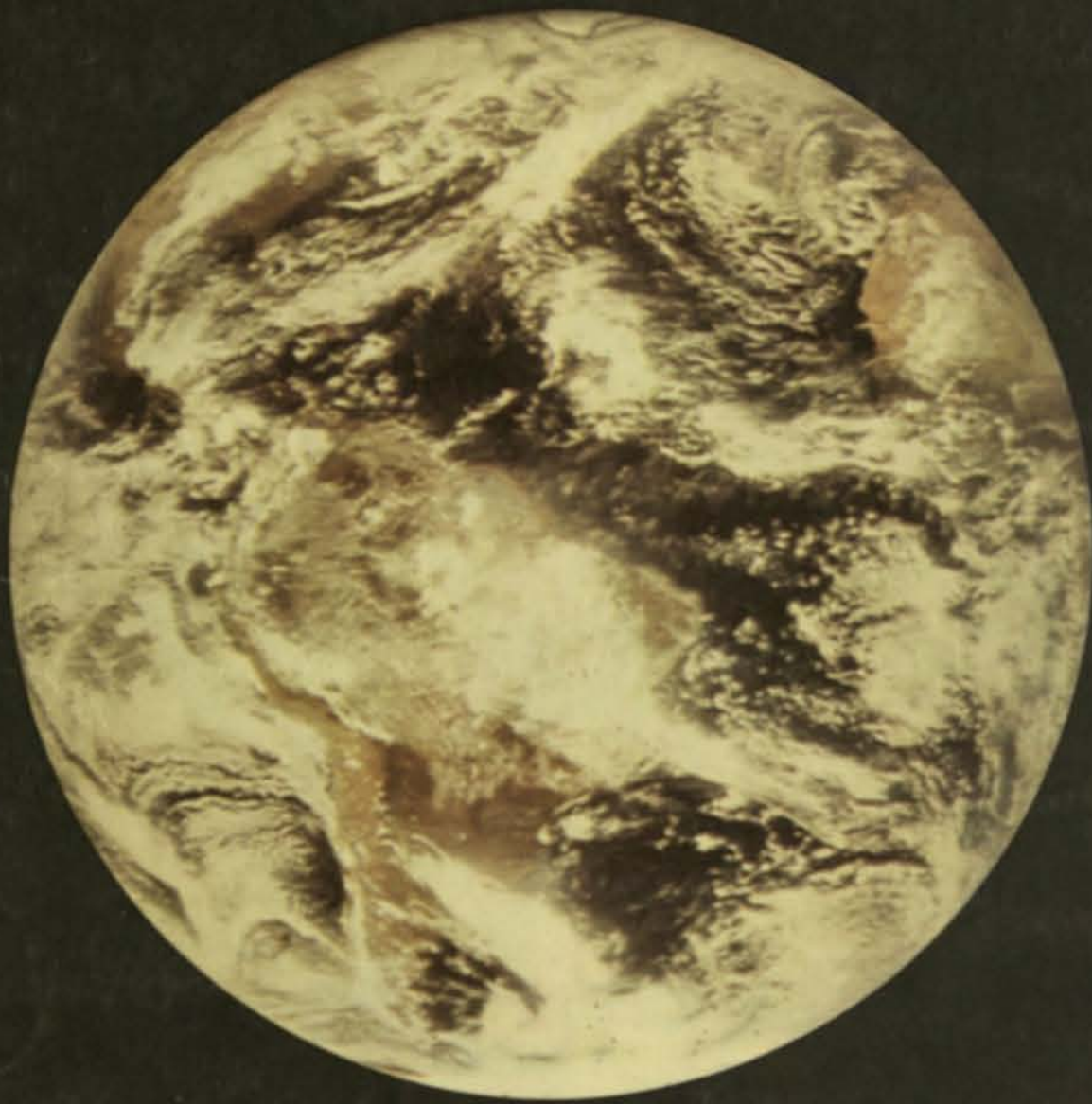


**\$5**

*Evening.  
Thanks again.*

**We can't put it together.**

**It is together.**





*"The flow of energy  
through a system  
acts to organize  
that system."*

## FUNCTION

The *WHOLE EARTH CATALOG* functions as an evaluation and access device. With it, the user should know better what is worth getting and where and how to do the getting.

An item is listed in the *CATALOG* if it is deemed:

- 1) Useful as a tool,
- 2) Relevant to independent education,
- 3) High quality or low cost,
- 4) Easily available by mail.

*CATALOG* listings are continually revised according to the experience and suggestions of *CATALOG* users and staff.

## PURPOSE

We are as gods and might as well get good at it. So far remotely done power and glory—as via government, big business, formal education, church—has succeeded to point where gross defects obscure actual gains. In response to this dilemma and to these gains a realm of intimate, personal power is developing—power of the individual to conduct his own education, find his own inspiration, shape his own environment, and share his adventure with whoever is interested. Tools that aid this process are sought and promoted by the *WHOLE EARTH CATALOG*.

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### FRONT COVER

Taken November 9, 1967, from NASA's Apollo 4 at a distance of 9850 nautical miles. This is probably the first American photograph of the "whole Earth." You're looking west over the Atlantic Ocean, with the Antarctic Continent just visible at the bottom of the crescent. The picture was released in 1967, but no one seemed to care about noticing it or publishing it. I think it was the shadow, which frightened people. There are no shadows on our maps.

### INSIDE FRONT COVER

The famous Apollo 8 picture of Earthrise over the Moon that established our planetary facthood and beauty and rareness (dry moon, barren space) and began to bend human consciousness. The quote is from *Energy Flow in Biology*, by Harold Morowitz, \$9.50 from Academic Press, 111 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10003.

### INSIDE BACK COVER

The photograph, courtesy Lick Observatory, shows the M-31 Andromeda Galaxy, which is considered similar to our own in structure and size. Where the thought-balloon originates is approximately the location of Earth in this galaxy. The quote is from p.464 of the extraordinary *Collected Poems of Kenneth Patchen*, 1967, 504 pp., \$3.95 from New Directions, J.B. Lippincott Co., East Washington Square, Philadelphia, PA. 19105.

### BACK COVER

This is the back cover that was on our first *CATALOG*, the Fall 1968 issue, which was 64 pages and cost \$5. As most of our color covers, it was designed with Peter Bailey. The photo, the first full-Earth picture, is from the noon part of a day-long high resolution color TV film shot from an ATS satellite in November 1967. To NASA our thanks.

# CATALOG Procedure



Index on p. 442

The evaluations in this CATALOG were made in April-May 1971, after three years of sifting. They are not updated with subsequent printings.

Also, where there are excerpted items from catalogs we're reviewing, those items and prices are not updated from the 1971 originals.

Note. This really is the LAST CATALOG. Please don't send us your suggestions for new items and comments on old ones (except for revisions of access information). Let us R.I.P. Write to one of our kindred publications (see pp. 239-244). Or start your own catalog.

## Format

We used to be two publications, the CATALOG, and the Supplement. The CATALOG was formal and responsible; the Supplement wasn't. In this LAST CATALOG they are mixed. Usually material from the Supplements has a Light heading, whereas formal CATALOG items have a Bold heading. Both are indexed in the back. About 1/3 of the material in this LAST CATALOG is new.

Each page number has a heading indicating the section it's in, such as Whole Systems, and a heading indicating the general contents of that page, such as Funky Future.

## Blackwell's Books

Many books carried in the CATALOG are substantially cheaper in the British edition. You can order them from Blackwell's.

Blackwell's Bookstore in Oxford, England, is a service which the Catalog should list. Their collection is probably the world's most comprehensive and they run a global service, providing lengthy, free, separate catalogs on about 25 subject areas, including children's books, books in other languages, science, literature, philosophy, religion, mathematics, etc. Their prices are significantly lower and they will not send a book which can be obtained more cheaply in America unless you so request. They will open an account for you, accept your personal check, and bill you semi-annually. They also buy up old libraries (occasionally famous ones, recently John Masefield's) and issue catalogs on second-hand books and first editions. They have a cable code BOOKS OXFORD and a code system for some catalogs which enables you to place an order with a minimum of cost in a hurry. The books arrive slowly but the catalogs keep coming in all year long and are a great delight themselves.

[Suggested and Reviewed by Larry Schwartz]

Catalog free from:

## BLACKWELL'S Broad Street, Oxford, England

### METHODS OF PAYMENT

Orders and correspondence should, in every case, be sent direct to Oxford. The following addresses are for remittances only.

**U.S.A. and American Account Area:** by personal check in dollars (£1=\$2.40) sent to Blackwell's in Oxford; or to B.H. Blackwell, Ltd., P.O. Box 1452, Church Street Station, New York, New York 10008 (for their account with the Bankers Trust Co.).

**Canada:** by personal cheque in Canadian dollars (£=\$2.61) sent to Blackwell's, or to The Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, P.O. Box 6003, Montreal 3, P.Q., or by Bank Draft in sterling, or by Canadian Postal Money Order.

Prices given for Blackwell's in the Whole Earth Catalog do not include shipping.

The review is a bit out of date. Blackwell's now bills monthly, and they get upset if you don't pay them reasonably promptly; gone are the days where you could have their books for six months or so before even thinking about paying for them. One of the most useful Blackwell's catalogues isn't mentioned. This is New and Forthcoming Books in all subjects, and it comes twice a year. It's a good way to keep up with what's happening.

Another central point about Blackwell's is that they will order for you books published anywhere in the world. This includes printed music, and a substantial savings can be the result, since most of the European music dealers (as well, for that matter, as a good many book publishers) have sole American distributors; the European houses will not accept direct orders from Americans — but they will accept orders from Blackwell's. Recorder music which would cost \$10 at any music store in New York City costs about \$3 when ordered from England, if the stuff is foreign-published.

T B Belanger  
New York

## Ordering from the CATALOG

- \* Address orders to the supplier given with the item. (Or shop locally.)
- \* If the price listed is not postpaid consult post office or express agency for cost of shipping from supplier's location to yours. Or have the item sent postage C.O.D.
- \* Add state sales tax if transaction is within your state. (California sales tax is 5%.) You don't have to do this for periodicals.
- \* Send check or money order.

If the item says or WHOLE EARTH CATALOG, you can get it by mail from us:

WHOLE EARTH CATALOG  
558 Santa Cruz Ave.  
Menlo Park, CA 94025

There is usually no price difference; the CATALOG gets the markup (10-40%) instead of the other guy, is all. Our service is fairly fast, especially for west coast. Generally, the closer a supplier is to you, the quicker and cheaper the shipping will be. If you're ordering from overseas, surface mail takes about two months, airmail just a couple days.

## Sense and Patience

Be gentle. Sometimes we carry very small companies. They often have a hard time coping with the volume of inquiries they receive as a result of their unrequested listing in the CATALOG. Especially when most of the requests for literature seem to be just curiosity. That kind of thing can break a small company. So don't write just to keep your mail box full.

—Fred Richardson

## Current Information

Bear in mind there's an inflation on. Prices are subject to rise without notice. Prices, addresses, suppliers — what we call access information — are as current as the most recent printing date (see bottom of this page).



## Divine Right's Trip

Our Story thus far

by Gurney Norman

This original folk-tale will be found proceeding episodically along the right-hand pages (lower-right corner) in this type face, making the CATALOG what it has longed to be, a work of drama. The Perils of D.R. Tune in next page.

Starts on p. 9.

## Suggesting and Reviewing

We are a bunch of amateurs. Our reviewers — seldom experts, never critics — got \$10 and credit for their review. Suggestors got only credit until Fall 1970, then \$10.

Our policy with suppliers has been:

Suppliers (manufacturers, creators, etc.) may not buy their way into the CATALOG. Free samples, etc., are cheerfully accepted by CATALOG researchers; response not predictable. No payment for listing is asked or accepted. We owe accurate information exchange to suppliers, but not favors.

Our obligation is to CATALOG users and to ourselves to be good tools for one another.

The judgments in the reviews are wholly sincere. They are also only partially informed, often biased, very often wishful, occasionally a temporary enthusiasm. Many are simply hasty. I wouldn't rely on them too far. Try to see through them.

## On Getting Stuff

As Dan Schiller suggested in *Popular Photography*, the CATALOG will bankrupt you if you can't distinguish between what you need and what you wish you needed.

Start extravagant, and you'll never finish. Get the cheap tool first, see if it feeds your life. If it does, then get a better one. Once you use it all the time, get the best. You can only grow into quality. You can't buy it.

Most of the stuff in the CATALOG can be borrowed free from a library.

## This issue

of the CATALOG is the last. We encourage others to initiate similar services to fill the vacuum in the economy we stumbled into and are stepping out of. We don't see how using our name or copy can aid originality, so they're not available, for love or money. Ideas we've had and evaluations we've made are free for recycling.

Preparation of the CATALOG was done on an IBM Selectric Composer and Polaroid MP-3 Camera.

Printing and binding by:  
Nowels Publications, Menlo Park, California  
Deven Lithographers, Inc., Long Island City, New York  
Craftsmen Press, Inc., Bladensburg, Maryland

For credits, and How to Make a WHOLE EARTH CATALOG AND TRUCK STORE, see p. 434.

1st Printing June 1971—200,000—Nowels  
2nd Printing July 1971—100,000—Deven  
3rd Printing August 1971—100,000—Deven  
4th Printing September 1971—100,000—Craftsmen  
5th Printing October 1971—120,000—Craftsmen  
6th Printing October 1971—180,000—Deven

# Understanding Whole Systems



## Operating Manual for Spaceship Earth

Buckminster Fuller  
1969; 133pp.

\$1.25 postpaid

from:  
Pocket Books, Inc.  
1 W. 39th St.  
New York, N.Y. 10018

or WHOLE EARTH CATALOG



## Untitled Epic Poem on the History of Industrialization

Buckminster Fuller  
1962; 227pp.

\$1.95 postpaid

from:  
Simon & Schuster, Inc.  
630 Fifth Avenue  
New York, New York 10020

or WHOLE EARTH CATALOG



## Buckminster Fuller

The insights of Buckminster Fuller initiated this catalog.

Among his books listed here, *Utopia or Oblivion* is now probably the most direct introduction. It's a collection of his talks and papers from 1964 to 1967, at a bargain price. An *Operating Manual for Spaceship Earth* is his most recent, and succinct, statement. *Nine Chains to the Moon* is early, and openly metaphysical. The *Untitled Epic of Industrialization* is lyrical and strong. *Ideas and Integrities* is his most autobiographical, and perhaps the most self-contained of his books. *No More Secondhand God* is the most generalized, leading into the geometry of thought.

People who beef about Fuller mainly complain about his repetition—the same ideas again and again, it's embarrassing, also illuminating, because the same notions take on different contexts. Fuller's lectures have a raga quality of rich nonlinear endless improvisation full of convergent surprises.

Some are put off by his language, which makes demands on your head like suddenly discovering an extra engine in your car—if you don't let it drive you faster, it'll drag you. Fuller won't wait. He spent two years silent after illusory language got him in trouble, and he returned to human communication with a redesigned instrument.

—SB

## Utopia or Oblivion

R. Buckminster Fuller  
1969; 366pp.

\$1.25 postpaid

from:  
Bantam Books  
666 Fifth Avenue  
New York, New York 10019

or WHOLE EARTH CATALOG



My recommendation for a curriculum of design science:

- |                                  |                            |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Synergetics                   | 7. Communications          |
| 2. General systems theory        | 8. Meteorology             |
| 3. Theory of games (Von Neumann) | 9. Geology                 |
| 4. Chemistry and physics         | 10. Biology                |
| 5. Topology, projective geometry | 11. Sciences of energy     |
| 6. Cybernetics                   | 12. Political geography    |
|                                  | 13. Ergonomics             |
|                                  | 14. Production engineering |

Here on Southern Illinois' campus we are going to set up a great computer program. We are going to introduce the many variables now known to be operative in economics. We will store all the basic data in the machines memory bank; where and how much of each class of the physical resources; where are the people, what are the trendings—all kinds of trendings of world man?

Next we are going to set up a computer feeding game, called "How Do We Make the World Work?" We will start playing relatively soon. We will bring people from all over the world to play it. There will be competitive teams from all around earth to test their theories on how to make the world work. If a team resorts to political pressures to accelerate their advantages and is not able to wait for the going gestation rates to validate their theory they are apt to be in trouble. When you get into politics you are very liable to get into war. War is the ultimate tool of politics. If war develops the side inducing it loses the game.

I was born cross-eyed. Not until I was four years old was it discovered that this was caused by my being abnormally farsighted. My vision was thereafter fully corrected with lenses. Until four I could see only large patterns, houses, trees, outlines of people with blurred coloring. While I saw two dark areas on human faces, I did not see a human eye or a teardrop or a human hair until I was four. Despite my new ability to apprehend details, my childhood's spontaneous dependence only upon big pattern clues has persisted. . . .

I am convinced that neither I nor any other human, past or present, was or is a genius. I am convinced that what I have every physically normal child also has at birth. We could, of course, hypothesize that all babies are born geniuses and get swiftly de-geniused. Unfavorable circumstances, shortsightedness, frayed nervous systems, and ignorantly articulated love and fear of elders tend to shut off many of the child's brain capability valves. I was lucky in avoiding too many disconnects.

There is luck in everything. My luck is that I was born cross-eyed, was ejected so frequently from the establishment that I was finally forced either to perish or to employ some of those faculties with which we are all endowed—the use of which circumstances had previously so frustrated as to have to put them in the deep freezer, whence only hellishly hot situations could provide enough heat to melt them back into usability.

Utopia or Oblivion

To comprehend this total scheme we note that long ago a man went through the woods, as you may have done, and I certainly have, trying to find the shortest way through the woods in a given direction. He found trees fallen across his path. He climbed over those crisscrossed trees and suddenly found himself poised on a tree that was slowly teetering. It happened to be lying across another great tree, and the other end of the tree on which he found himself teetering lay under a third great fallen tree. As he teetered he saw the third big tree lifting. It seemed impossible to him. He went over and tried using his own muscles to lift that great tree. He couldn't budge it. Then he climbed back atop the first smaller tree, purposefully teetering it, and surely enough it again elevated the larger tree. I'm certain that the first man who found such a tree thought that it was a magic tree, and may have dragged it home and erected it as man's first totem. It was probably a long time before he learned that any stout tree would do, and thus extracted the concept of the generalized principle of leverage out of all his earlier successive special-case experiences with such accidental discoveries.

To begin our position-fixing aboard our Spaceship Earth we must first acknowledge that the abundance of immediately consumable, obviously desirable or utterly essential resources have been sufficient until now to allow us to carry on despite our ignorance. Being eventually exhaustible and spoilable, they have been adequate only up to this critical moment. This cushion-for-error of humanity's survival and growth up to now was apparently provided just as a bird inside of the egg is provided with liquid nutriment to develop it to a certain point. But then by design the nutriment is exhausted at just the time when the chick is large enough to be able to locomote on its own legs. And so as the chick pecks at the shell seeking more nutriment it inadvertently breaks open the shell.

A new, physically uncomprised, metaphysical initiative of unbiased integrity could unify the world. It could and probably will be provided by the utterly impersonal problem solutions of the computers.

Heisenberg's principle of 'indeterminism' which recognized the experimental discovery that the act of measuring always alters that which was being measured turns experience into a continuous and never-repeatable evolutionary scenario.

The gold supply is so negligible as to make it pure voodoo to attempt to valve the world's economic evolution traffic through the gold-sized needle's 'eye'.

Brain deals exclusively with the physical, and mind exclusively with the metaphysical. Wealth is the progressive mastery of matter by mind. . . .

Stepping forth from its initial sanctuary, the young bird must now forage on its own legs and wings to discover the next phase of its regenerative sustenance.

## Nine Chains to the Moon

Buckminster Fuller  
1938, 1963; 375 pp.

Unavailable until 1972



Since Yogi is a personalized art, the art dies with the person. The abstract power involved remains as real and true, always, but it cannot be made utilizable in increasing continuity for the world in general. Christ and his counterparts realized this and were unique in their refusal to apply this power to self ends. It was this personal limitation of the Yogi art which led the prosaic philosophers to search further. They sought a means of limitless articulation.

This phantom captain has neither weight nor sensorial tangibility, as has often been scientifically proven by careful weighing operations at the moment of abandonment of the ship by the phantom captain, i.e., at the instant of "death". He may be likened to the variant of polarity dominance in our bipolar electric world which, when balanced and unit, vanishes as abstract unity 1 or 0. With the phantom captain's departure, the mechanism becomes inoperative and very quickly disintegrates into basic chemical elements.

An illuminating rationalization indicated that *captains*—being phantom, abstract, infinite, and bound to other captains by a bond of understanding as proven by their recognition of each other's signals and the meaning thereof by reference to a common direction (toward "perfect")—are not only all related, but are one and the same: captain. Mathematically, since characteristics of unity exist, they cannot be non-identical.

"Still further—over the microphone STEPPED-UP electrically this music enters a super-or-sub-sensorial wave-length frequency that makes it broadcastable, apparently BACK INTO THE UNIVERSE AGAIN, the full LATENT broadcast of which men on ships at sea, an aviator in the air, or Julia Murphy in a city hovel, or the farmer's wife, can tune in upon, without any personal-equation dissonance by unwanted diverting human beings in their presence, and so hear the music of the universe that Bach heard years ago.

'Here is IMMORTALITY!'

'Darling,—that radiant flash of infinite understanding had flashed between Jonesie and the X-ian—'I can understand those houses all right.'

However, man unconcernedly sorting mail on an express train, with unuttered faith that the engineer is competent, that the switchmen are not asleep, that the track walkers are doing their job, that the technologists who designed the train and the rails knew their stuff, that the thousands of others whom he may never know by face or name are collecting tariffs, paying for repairs, and so handling assets that he will be paid a week from today and again the week after that, and that all the time his family is safe and in well being without his personal protection constitutes a whole new era of evolution—the first really "new" since the beginning of the spoken word. In fact, out of the *understanding* innate in the spoken word was Industrialization wrought after milleniums of seemingly witherless spade work.

## Ideas and Integrities

Buckminster Fuller  
1963; 318pp.

\$1.95 postpaid

from:  
Collier Books  
The MacMillan Company  
Order Dept.  
Front and Brown Streets  
Riverside, N.J. 08075

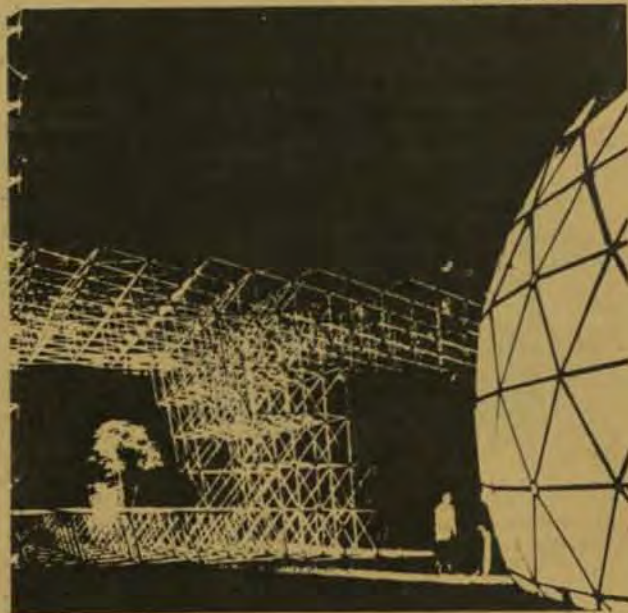
or WHOLE EARTH CATALOG



Standing by the lake on a jump-or-think basis, the very first spontaneous question coming to mind was, "If you put aside everything you've ever been asked to believe and have recourse only to your own experiences do you have any conviction arising from those experiences which either discards or must assume an *a priori* greater intellect than the intellect of man?" The answer was swift and positive. Experience had clearly demonstrated an *a priori* anticipatory and only intellectually apprehendable orderliness of interactive principles operating in the universe into which we are born. These principles are discovered but are never invented by man. I said to myself, "I have faith in the integrity of the anticipatory intellectual wisdom which we may call 'God.'" My next question was, "Do I know best or does God know best whether I may be of any value to the integrity of universe?" The answer was, "You don't know and no man knows, but the faith you have just established out of experience imposes recognition of the *a priori* wisdom of the fact of your being." Apparently addressing myself, I said, "You do not have the right to eliminate yourself, you do not belong to you. You belong to the universe. The significance of you will forever remain obscure to you, but you may assume that you are fulfilling your significance if you apply yourself to converting all your experience to highest advantage of others. You and all men are here for the sake of other men."

I define "synergy" as follows: Synergy is the unique behavior of whole systems, unpredicted by behavior of their respective sub-systems' events.

(Fuller cont'd.)



# Credits

## Cumulative Roster of Whole Earth Catalog Editors

FALL 68	Stewart Brand
Jan 69	SB
March 69	SB
SPRING 69	SB (with Lloyd Kahn— Shelter & Land Use)
July 69	SB
Sept 69	SB
FALL 69	SB (with Lloyd Kahn— Shelter & Land Use)
Jan 70	SB
March 70	Gurney Norman (with Diana Shugart)
SPRING 70	SB (with Lloyd Kahn— Shelter & Land Use)
July 70	Gordon Ashby (with Doyle Phillips)
Sept 70	Gurney Norman (with Diana Shugart)
FALL 70	JD Smith (with Hal Hershey— Community) [The six month's prior research was also JD's, done while he was managing the Truck Store.]
Jan 71	SB
March 71	Ken Kesey and Paul Krassner
LAST CATALOG	SB

## Divine Right

Gurney Norman

Those with **Portola Institute** who we owe the most to are

Richard Raymond  
Les Rosen  
Larry Kline  
Vern John  
Eleanor Watkins  
Nancy Wirth  
Mitzi O'Dell

And our agent  
Don Gerrard

## Production Credits

*LAST CATALOG Spring 71*  
Steamboat (70-71) Layout and drawings  
Fred Richardson (69-71) Camera and index  
Evelyn Goslow Composer  
George de Alth Layout  
Mike Goslow Layout  
Phyllis Grossman (70-71) Composer  
Laura Besserman Proofreading  
Trudy Smith Composer

*Mar 71 Supplement, add*  
Ron Bevirt Schedule

*Jan 71 Supplement, add*  
Hal Hershey (69-71) Layout  
Barbara DeZonia Composer  
Bud DeZonia Field operations  
Ant Farm Diversions  
Lois Brand Corrections and food

*Fall 70 CATALOG, add*  
Robin Wakeland Composer

*Spring 70 CATALOG, add*  
Cappy McClure (69-70) Composer  
Ellen Hershey Sundry  
Peter Bailey (68-70) Cover

*Mar 70 Supplement, add*  
Mary McCabe (69-70) Layout

*Fall 69 CATALOG, add*  
Joe Bonner (68-69) Layout  
Jay Bonner Layout

*Sep 69 Supplement, add*  
Jan Ford Composer

*July 69 Supplement, add*  
Annie Helmuth Composer

*Fall 68 CATALOG, add*  
Sandra Tcherepnin Composer

And at **Nowels Publications**

Bob Parks

## Truck Store Credits

Laura Besserman (70-71) Research and books  
Lois Brand (68-71) Bookkeeper  
JD Smith (70-71) Manager  
Herald Hoyt (70-71) Books  
John Clark (69-71) Mailorder  
B. Anne Hines Bookkeeper  
Francine Slate (70-71) Bookkeeper  
Dudley DeZonia (70-71) Mailorder  
Jerry Fihn (70-71) Subscriptions  
Barbara DeZonia Mailorder  
Bernie Sproch (69-71) Filing and store  
Amy Fihn (70-71) subscriptions  
Mary Jo Morra (70-71) Subscriptions  
Diane Erickson (70-71) Store and mailorder  
Soni Stoye (70-71) Lunch, flyers  
Terri Gunesch (70-71) Lunch  
Troll (70-71) Subscriptions, BD-4  
Peter Ratner (69-71) Books  
Doug Gunesch BD-4  
Bob Rich BD-4  
Molly Books  
Paul Narewski Subscriptions  
Pam Smith (70-71) Mailorder  
George de Alth (70-71) Subscriptions  
Austin Jenkins (70-71) Mailorder  
Carolyn Green (70-71) Lunch  
Hal Hershey (69-71) Manager  
Diana Shugart (69-71) Research  
Les Rosen (69-70) Bookkeeper  
Mary McCabe (69-70) Store  
Megan Raymond (69-70) Sundry  
Shel Kaphan (70) Sundry  
Russell Bass (69-70) Subscriptions  
Leslie Acoca (70) Subscriptions  
Tracy McCallum (69-70) Manager  
Alan Burton (69-70) Mailorder  
Barbara McCallum (69) Mailorder  
Rob Gilmer (69) Mailorder  
Arnold Scher (69) Mailorder  
Michael Handler (69) Store



# How To Do a Whole Earth Catalog

The masked man left behind a silver bullet. The people said, "We'd rather have a scribbled diagram," and they shot him with his silver bullet. Here's our scribbled diagram.

## Researching

For us this consisted of three big jobs: 1) Encouraging an incoming flow of information—spontaneous research by the readership. 2) Scanning "the literature" for promising stuff. 3) Sorting the good from the bad.

1) The incentives we laid out for spontaneous suggestions were: reward of money (\$10 for published review, later \$10 for any used suggestion); reward of recognition (we published the name of the reviewer and suggestor, spelled as correctly as possible); reward of honor-by-association (to the extent that we kept valid high standards, and honored the famous suggestor no more than the teenage one); reward of doing a good deed (to be a noble conduit we had to stay clean); reward of return (to the extent that we gave good, people returned it).

2) "The literature" for us consisted of *Publisher's Weekly*, *Forthcoming Books in Print* (both from R. R. Bowker, source of all the basic cataloging information on books in the U.S.—I consider R. R. Bowker a major pillar of Western Civilization; they labor endlessly, invaluable, without bias and of course unheralded), *Science* (who lists all the books sent to them for review), *Scientific American* (the first national publication to notice us, by the way), *Popular Science* (for tools), and later our cooperative competition such as *Another Earth News*, *Big Rock Candy Mountain*, *Canadian Whole Earth Almanac*, *Natural Life Styles*.

Other major sources: catalogs from the publishers, bibliographies in good books (especially when annotated), big book stores, especially Kepler's, friends' bookshelves, the Stanford and Menlo Park libraries, and our own bookshelves revisited.

At the beginning of the CATALOG I ordered copies of promising titles from the publishers at 40% discount on ABA's Single Copy Order Plan. After about a year of this MIT said we didn't really have to pay for review copies from them. After that we requested free review copies from all the publishers and usually got them, at least on new books. It took some self-policing to keep from requesting "review copies" that we just wanted to have. There are some built-in conflicts-of-interest in the reviewing business.

3) Sorting. Fuller calls it "tuning out everything that's irrelevant", and considers it the core activity of thinking. It is utterly unglamorous; it is shoveling shit by the mountainload. I never spent my time reading the good stuff—whose quality was usually evident in 2-3 minutes. I spent the yellow-brown hours reading the lousy books, digging past their promising facades to the hollow within. Some of these wound up in the stove, where their publishers belonged.

Sorting requires criteria for yes and no, and sets to sort within. By angelic good fortune I thought to spell out our criteria at the beginning on page one of the first CATALOG. The sets (the section headings, devised originally as a secondary definition of our contents) also held up surprisingly well. Both the criteria and the sets became well-worn handles on the otherwise wholly unmanageable mass of information that flooded in. They also helped preserve continuity during three years of gradually migrating values.

At the beginning of the CATALOG I imagined us becoming primarily a research organization, with nifty projects everywhere, earnest folk climbing around on new dome designs, solar generators, manure converters, comparing various sound systems, horse breeds, teaching methods... the only product-project we ever did was build a BD-4 airplane, and I felt guilty about that because of the big expense for low yield of information.

In fact we didn't do enough research. Not the studious kind. Of our staff of about 26, only 2 or 3 were ever engaged in active search for CATALOG material. It could have been much more and better, but it never got organized, probably because of prima donna failings on my part.

## Reviewing

Usually I review a book before I read it. These are almost always shorter, pithier, more positive and useful reviews. You're approaching the book from the same perspective as the reader—unfamiliarity—and you're not apt to fall into imitation of the author's style or petty argument with his views, as critics do.

So, I review the book, enthusiastically, on what I know from its title, its subject, the author, my own experience, and a hasty glance at the pages. Then I look a little more deeply to see if the review is fulfilled. If not, I either rewrite the review or discard the book.

The quickest clues to the authority of a book are its illustrations and its back pages. Cheap shit editor's-idea books puff up their illustrations. If a book has a whole page devoted to a photograph of nothing, with a nothing caption and credit to some manufacturer for the photo, throw the book. Look for photographs that contain real information related to the text, and captions that multiply the use of the picture; or diagrams that deliver complex understanding simply. In the back of the book look at the bibliography. If it's absent, or inflated endlessly, or unannotated, or oddly limited, be suspicious. The bibliography is an easy way to compare the author's judgment with your own.

The CATALOG format for reviews includes excerpts from the book (or magazine or catalog). The excerpts should expose the book—convey quickly what's in it, and deliver a few complete ideas independently useful to the reader. I always attempt to gut the book with the excerpts, extract its central value. Really good books like *On Growth and Form*, or *Stick and Rudder*, or *Natural Way to Draw* will not be gutted; practically any line or picture in them can be used.

An ideal review gives the reader: a quick idea of what the item is, what it's useful for, how it compares to others like it, and how competent the reviewer is to judge. (This last is why I stopped having unsigned reviews—the reader gradually grows familiar with the weaknesses and strengths of the various reviewers.)

The horrible temptation in reviews is to show off rather than simply introduce the item and the reader to each other and get out of the way.

## Editing

The operational word on the cover of the CATALOG is *access*. Ultimately that means giving the reader access from where he is to where he wants to be. Which takes work, work takes tools, tools need finding, and that's where we come in.

A good catalog is a quick-scan array of tools, where you can find what you want easily, with detailed information where you're interested.

Our attempt to fulfill these requirements led to use-based section headings (Shelter, Land Use, Communications, etc.), an alphabetic index, and page-theme layout.

On each page we try to have one graphic which "keys the page", tells with a glance what's there. The hardest thing we had to learn was providing simple clear demarcation between items—an unadorned line.

We publish considerable detailed information—fine print. Sorting among that is aided by a consistent code of type-faces (reviews are always "univers italic," access is always "teeny", Divine Right is always "bold teeny", and so forth). The IBM Selectric Composer makes this an easy matter. Still we're not as consistent as we should be.

In descending order of importance, our layout guidelines are:

- accuracy
- clarity
- quantity of information
- appearance

Glamorous white space has no value in a catalog except as occasional eye rest. I figure the reader can close his eyes when he's tired.

I keep coming back to the reader/user because that's who the editor represents. I've had to feel that my obligations to Portola Institute, to staff, friends, relatives, and to myself are all secondary. So are obligations to authors, suppliers, publishers, other editors. Usually there's no conflict, but when there is the editor has to see that the reader wins.

The editor's main mechanical task is determining efficient use of production time and page space. It's like spreading hard butter on soft bread, best if you cut the task into workable hunks and distribute them evenly.

I use McBee cards, one for each item, for rough editing. I know from looking at previous CATALOGS and the new material approximately how many pages should be in the, say, *Nomadics Section*—61 pp. So I take the stack of McBee cards punch-coded for that section and break them down into categories—mountain stuff, car-stuff, outdoor supplies, survival books, etc. Then those sub-piles are put in some sensible sequence. Then on a big table the cards are separated further into 61 little page-stacks, by pairs (the reader sees 2 pages at a time, not one). The contents of those piles are written on my desk dummy. The cards are stacked in page sequence, and I've got a section rough-edited.

There are two main work governors tacked to the wall—a calendar showing days of production and a page-chart. If we have 8 weeks to do 448 pages, then we have to finish a signature of 64 pages every 6 working days, or about 11 pages a day. The signature-finished points are marked on the calendar so I know exactly how far behind we are and when we'll have to start working nights to get copy to the printer on time.

The page chart is big, a couple square inches for each page. On each page I write the basic information for the three layout people. As they finish a pair of pages they mark them off on the chart and look for the next ready pair. From the chart they get the number and name of the pages, the titles of the items (and whether they're new or to be cut out of old flats), plus the appropriate piece of *Divine Right*, and any headings.

In our production the editor, typist, cameraman, and three layout men work together. The editor tries to stay a couple days ahead of layout in fine-editing the pages, and the typist and cameraman a day ahead.

When a layout guy has the copy all gathered he calls me over to see what the space situation is and determine what to leave out and what to retype or reshoot so it will fit. After he's finished I'm called over again for any revisions and to try to catch the mistakes while they're easy to correct. Two other proofreaders also try (while they're indexing) before the page is flatted and sent to the printers.

Just before the signature goes to press I get page-proofs for a last chance at corrections before the karmic soup gels irretrievably.

Some publications make all their editorial decisions by continual discussion and consensus. I admire the ones who can make it work. I've gone the faster and possibly more limited route of strong central direction.

When we have a guest editor, every bit of the authority and most of the responsibility is his. Now that we're quitting, it's all yours.

## Layout

We use a tabloid sized page, like the magazines in the Sunday papers. Steve Baer's *Dome Cookbook* was what convinced me it's a good format. You have enough space on each page and spread (facing pair of pages) to lay out a graphic array of information with multiple visual relationships and plenty of freedom for the reader to pick his own path. Also it's an economical size for printing on a web press. The two main disadvantages are that booksellers don't like the display space a tabloid book takes up, and some readers get tired holding the big page up.

(continued)

Take what you can use, and let the rest go by.

Ken Kesey 1969



Composition. IBM Selectric Composer, Evelyn Goslow. Some type fonts are visible at lower left.

## IBM Selectric Composer

As far as I'm concerned this is the tool that made our operation possible. Instead of having to send material to a type-setter—a costly, standardized, and full-of-problems procedure—we can sit down with the layout people and editors and fit copy precisely to the page, with all the options of last-minute corrections. IBM offers about 140 different type fonts from 6-point to 12-point in size (you have to buy the fonts, \$30 apiece) which permits variety that would cost a fortune at a typesetter. We used 15 fonts for this CATALOG.

The Composer leases for \$150/month, a bargain if you're using it regularly or can rent it to careful people when you aren't. There is some special knowledge without which you will wreck the machine, but IBM can teach it to you in about an hour. The machine can, in two typings, make the right hand side of your copy straight, like in newspapers, but since this saves no space and is no easier to read, I think you're wasting your time to do it.

The Composer is a fine machine, flexible and durable (we dropped ours on the ground and ran wrong voltages through it in the desert; it kept typing). To see one, look up IBM in the yellow pages under Typewriters.

—SB



Larry Whiteside from IBM fixing the composer. Free and fast repair service is part of the lease contract. We needed to call a repairman usually 3-4 times during a production. IBM can furnish service damn near anywhere, which made travelling production a lot easier.

The I Ching: After supper, sitting on the porch in the final hour of light that day, D.R. threw the I Ching. He had always been ceremonious when he cast the Ching; but that evening the sense of ceremony and ritual came more naturally to D.R. than it ever had before. There were no trappings. No candles, or bells or incense, none of that. There was only D.R. on the front porch of the house, sitting on the floor with his feet two steps down, the book beside him on the floor, and the coins lying loosely in his hand. D.R. was sitting quietly, waiting for the spirit to move him, and the spirit was taking its time. It wanted D.R. to really settle now, to fit into his natural place within the flow and motion all around. The day was ending, the night was on its way. The air was fresh and thick with the settling evening dew. Over by the silver-leaf maple tree some lightning bugs were blinking. And above them in the sky the first stars of the evening were popping out. Day and night were trading times and places, easing into one another's spheres around the world. And D.R. sat very still and allowed a similar change to happen inside him.

(continued)



**Money**

One of the main things that drove me into business was ignorance. A liberally educated young man, I hadn't the faintest idea how the world worked. Bargaining, distribution, mark-up, profit, bankruptcy, lease, invoice, fiscal year, inventory— it was all mystery to me, and usually depicted as sordid.

I noticed that great lengths were gone to in order to prevent "consumers" from knowing that part of purchase price went to the retailer. It seemed exquisitely insane to me. You sell deception and buy mistrust, to no advantage. The retailer in fact earns his 25-40% by tiresome work, but the prevailing attitude makes him out a clever crook. Ignorance institutionalized. Would you mind leaving the room, we're talking about money.

So along with shit, fuck, cunt, and the rest, I wanted to say among my friends, money, not to swear but to honor function.

You may or may not think capitalism is nice, and I don't know if it's nice. But we should both know that the **WHOLE EARTH CATALOG** is made of it. Capital was invested by my parents and parents'-parents'-parents in such activities as iron-mining in Minnesota and Eastman Kodak. They paid nicely enough, and by family attentiveness-to-business and flat-out parental generosity, I wound up with a bundle of money without having done a lick of work for it. Stock had been bought in my name; my parents handled it but it was mine to work with; it's a good system, like giving your kid a tough horse to ride when he's young.

By the time I was 29 the stock came to over \$100,000. I had ignored it all through my twenties, living in \$20 apartments and not travelling much, occasionally wage-earning in photography, design, Army. I suspect I felt guilty about the money. I know I felt stupid about it. So it sat, and I sat, and alienation was a cozy room. Garrett Hardin has written that alienation and irresponsibility are parents of invention. James Watson says that boredom is a prime incentive to creativity. They're right.

The idea for the **CATALOG** hit me plenty hard, but I think I could never have raised the money for it. Certainly not by grant— I did know about foundations by then. I doubt if I had the brass to steal the money, or deal dope for it. Honest labor would have taken too long for my short attention span.

So I invested, comrade. I took the profits from old investments and put em into a new one, a brand new naive hopeful unlikely business with ditto in charge. Investing in yourself has hard truthful edges; I hope you get a crack at it, and can stay as sweet as you were as a dependent.

Why am I saying all this? Because many who applaud the **CATALOG** and wholeheartedly use it, have no applause for the uses of money, of ego, of structure (read uptightness), of competition, of business as usual. All the things, plus others, which make the **CATALOG**, and make the selective applauders into partial liars, and me one too if I aid the lie.

The **CATALOG** is advantage-seeking, all right. It gains advantage half as far as it gives it. 50% efficiency is about the best nature can do, says Odum (p. 8).

I am also saying all this by way of thanks to my parents. It's as Dick Alpert used to say: It's love money that underwrites this sort of venture every time. Which suggests that if foundations and governments want to do the job they say they do, they should retain the services of better lovers.

The figures. I thought it would cost \$10,000 for April-December of the first year, (I didn't even think about it until Dick Raymond mildly asked me). I would loan money to the **CATALOG** at 8% interest, to be paid back when and if we were money ahead. (This "self-dealing" is now illegal, reasonably. Assholes with tax-evasive non-profit corporations pour money back and forth within the corporation and collect personal tax-free interest. Borrowing now, I'd have to use a bank, and they'd get the interest.)

Well, that first nine months cost \$12,780, with no noticeable income. On that hopeful note we started the store (\$450/month rent) and started buying stock, too late for the Christmas rush— most book stores do 1/3 of their year's business in November-December. By February 1969 the **CATALOG** and Truck Store had gone through \$28,260, of which \$21,425 was loaned by me and Lois. We had 340 subscribers, had sold 800 copies of the Fall 68 **CATALOG** and were printing a second thousand of them. By May '69 we'd spent \$42,550, of which \$27,425 was loaned. We stopped loaning. Income kept growing, and by early Fall 1969 we went from red to black. We'd paid for the past.

At the time, in fact, finances were not particularly on my mind. How To Make Money was not the design problem. (I'd heard and bought Ken Kesey's advice that you don't make money by making money: you have that in mind early on, but then you forget it and concentrate entirely on good product; the money comes to pass.) The problem was How to Generate a Low-Maintenance High-Yield Self-Sustaining Critical Information Service.

Easy. You name what you know is good stuff and indicate exactly where to get it. You do this on newsprint, which costs 1/2 of the next higher page stock. Low overhead every step. Employ stone amateurs with energy and enthusiasm. Build furniture out of scrap doors, light tables out of scrap plywood, work in whatever space you have. Pay your pros \$5/hr (no raises) and the beginners \$2/hr with 25¢/hr raises every couple months. Employees fill out their own time sheets. If they get dishonest about that— or anything that hurts service, fire them. Spread responsibility as far as it will go, credit too.

If you're doing a clear public service you may get non-profit tax-exempt status. (We pay State taxes on store property, and State and Federal taxes on the store and mail order operation. The **CATALOG** is non-profit— this was helped by our lowering the price of the **CATALOG** twice, and by our plan to stop, which indicated we weren't kidding about being primarily an educational prototype. Even so the IRS is grumbling and may change our classification, which could endanger Portola Institute.)

To ensure in-house quality control, acquire low-cost maximum-flexibility tools. For us that was the IBM Electric Composer for type-setting, the Polaroid MP-3 camera for line and half-tone graphics, and Pitney-Bowes mailing machine and scale for the mail order operation. Lease where you can. What must be bought can be owned by individuals who get depreciation tax advantage that the non-profit corporation can't get.

As Fuller advises: Always promise less than you deliver, and let customers, business associates, staff come to their own conclusions about you. Small business is based on earned trust. Send cash-with-order in your first dealings with another firm. Pay bills scrupulously on time. Keep exact, open books on all your accounting. Small businessmen respond faster to honesty than any other kind of person: most of them couldn't care less what you wear, smoke, or think if you're straight with them and don't care what they wear, smoke, or think.

What you're trying to do is nourish and design an organism which can learn and stay alive while it's learning. Once that process has its stride, don't tinker with it; work for it, let it work for you. Make interesting demands on each other.

Our stopping is primarily an economic experiment. Rather than do the usual succession things we prefer to just cease supply, let demand create its own new sources. Our hope is that those sources will be more diverse and better than we have been or could have been if we continued.

There's money in this business. We made some in spite of ourselves. To really clean up we could have:

Had a private sale of stock at the beginning like Rolling Stone and Zomeworks.

Sold expensive advertising space in the **CATALOG**.

Kept the cover price at \$4.

Gone for mass distribution.

Franchised Whole Earth Truck Stores around the world.

Developed a line of Whole Earth tools.

Sold the name and momentum of the **CATALOG** for a princely sum.

The expenses on this **LAST CATALOG** will take us back down to zero and probably past it. We're footing most of the \$200,000 printing bills and we won't get any income from **Random House** until November. It looks like we'll have to go into a second printing before then. Eventually we'll be money ahead again, and I'll be responsible for doing something interesting with it.

Here's a rough estimate of what happens to the \$5 you paid for this **CATALOG**. (It's true only at the instant that all 200,000 copies of the first printing have been sold and no further have been paid for.)

\$5	bookseller	
.50	jobber	
.45	Random House	
1.00	printing and binding	
.15	production salaries, supplies, research	
.10	shipping and miscellaneous	
.064	Gurney Norman (8% of net)	
.0736	Don Gerrard (10% of what's left)	
.0662	Portola Institute (tithe) (10% of what's left)	
.5962	The Future (all slacks and surpluses taken up here)	

Here's the current state of our books:

Exhibit 1

Whole Earth Division of  
Portola Institute  
Balance Sheet  
April 30, 1971  
(Unaudited)

Assets			
Current assets:			
Cash	-	Bank of California, commercial account	\$ 24,714.40
	-	Bank of California, restricted account	35,052.30
	-	Wells Fargo Bank, savings accounts	1.00
	-	Bay View Federal Savings & Loan	120,624.85
			180,392.55
Accounts receivable, catalogue & mail order	\$ 158,407.18		
Accounts receivable, other	10,484.68		
Advances, Whole Earth, Inc.	5,000.00	173,891.86	
Inventories		39,827.16	
Prepaid expenses		1,078.94	
Deposit on catalogue printing		40,000.00	
Total current assets		435,190.51	
Property and equipment:			
Furniture and equipment	8,932.39		
Less: Accumulated depreciation	734.50	8,197.89	
<b>Total Assets</b>			<b>\$ 443,388.40</b>
Liabilities and Capital			
Current liabilities:			
Accounts payable, trade		\$ 30,215.63	
Payroll and sales taxes payable		2,897.70	
Total liabilities		33,113.33	
Capital:			
Surplus, June 1, 1970	\$ 187,571.47		
Net income and surplus, Exhibit 2	222,703.60	410,275.07	
<b>Total Liabilities and Capital</b>			<b>\$ 443,388.40</b>

This Balance Sheet as at April 30, 1971 and the accompanying Statement of Income were not audited by me and, accordingly, I cannot express an opinion of them.

Vernon M. John

Exhibit 3

Whole Earth Division of  
Portola Institute  
Departmental Statement of Operating Income or Surplus  
June 1, 1970 to April 30, 1971

	Mail Order / Store		Catalogues	
	April, 1971	Year To Date	April, 1971	Year To Date
Income:				
Sales	\$ 20,985.08	\$ 263,881.36	\$ 27,719.95	\$ 498,052.43
Cost of sales:				
Salaries	4,155.12	33,872.54	5,554.83	38,352.23
Merchandise	14,269.80	179,929.65		
Printing			14,905.85	132,098.75
Distribution	1,000.00	2,324.07	1,848.39	29,052.78
Outside services		529.87	650.00	11,195.87
Supplies and Miscellaneous	257.51	1,272.93	450.47	7,818.73
Depreciation	49.50	393.50	16.50	33.00
Travel and auto. expenses	15.68	15.68		1,224.39
Utilities	62.76	110.68	62.76	167.77
Rent	225.00	450.00	275.00	1,643.66
	20,035.37	218,898.92	23,763.80	221,587.18
Gross profit	949.71	44,982.43	3,956.15	276,465.25
General and administrative expenses:				
Telephone	101.43	121.34	195.56	236.67
Office supplies and misc.	367.41	315.11	859.59	865.19
Insurance		559.50		186.50
Legal and accounting		70.00	190.00	343.75
Donations				200.00
Division charges	2,000.00	2,000.00		3,000.00
In-house projects costs			495.00	527.03
Receipts (over) and under	238.58	723.55	(189.90)	192.90
Adminis. expenses previously applied		33,510.90		66,602.13
	2,707.42	37,300.40	1,551.14	72,154.17
Net operating income or surplus	\$ (1,757.71)	\$ 7,682.03	2,405.01	\$ 204,311.08

This Statement has not been audited by me and, accordingly, I cannot express an opinion of it.

Vernon M. John Certified Public Accountant

And here's to you, customers, contributors, colleagues, successors. Don't take any wooden nickels.

-SB



**Whole Earth Catalog Cash Flow 69-70**



## History

Some of what happened around here for the last three years.

The **WHOLE EARTH CATALOG** got started in a plane over Nebraska in March 1968. I was returning to California from my father's long dying and funeral that morning in Illinois. The sun had set ahead of the plane while I was reading *Spaceship Earth* by Barbara Ward. Between chapters I gazed out the window into dark nothing and slid into a reverie about my friends who were starting their own civilization hither and yon in the sticks and how could I help. The L. L. Bean Catalog of outdoor stuff came to mind and I pondered upon Mr. Bean's service to humanity over the years. So many of the problems I could identify came down to a matter of access. Where to buy a windmill. Where to get good information on bee-keeping. Where to lay hands on a computer without forfeiting freedom. . .

Shortly I was fantasizing access service. A Truck Store, maybe, traveling around with information and samples of what was worth getting and information where to get it. A Catalog too, continuously updated, in part by the users. A Catalog of goods that owed nothing to the suppliers and everything to the users. It would be something I could put some years into.

Amid the fever I was in by this time, I remembered Fuller's admonition that you have about 10 minutes to act on an idea before it recedes back into dreamland. I started writing on the end papers of Barbara Ward's book (never did finish reading it).

The next morning I approached Dick Raymond at Portola Institute with the idea. I'd been desultorily working for him for about a half a year, had helped instigate one costly failure (an 'Education Fair' which aborted), and was partly into another doomed project I called E-I-E-I-O (Electronic Interconnect Educated Intellect Operation).

I told him this Access Catalog was what I wanted to do now. Dick listened gravely and asked a few questions I had no answers for (Who do you consider as the audience for this 'catalog'? What kind of expenses do you think you'll have in the first year? What will be in the catalog? How often would you publish it? How many copies?). All I could tell him was that I felt serious enough about the project to put my own money into it, but not for a while yet. I wanted to move into the scheme gradually, using Portola's office, phone, stationery, and finances (which were Dick's personal savings, dwindling fast). He said okay.

For over a year Portola Institute had been nothing but Dick, a secretary he shared, his office, and a few expensive projects with big ideas and little to show. So he rented a nearby set of cubicles that some architects were moving out of, to give us more room to make mistakes in. I was working in my cubicle several weeks later when Dick leaned in the door and asked, "By the way, what do you think you'll call it?" My head filled with the last success I'd had, a 1966 photograph-of-the-whole-Earth campaign, which I felt was still incomplete. I told him, "I dunno, Whole Earth Catalog, or something."

My activities at this time were mostly visiting book stores and looking at books. One of Dick's friends at the Checkered Frog bookstore in Pacifica told me I could get single copies of books from publishers if I joined the American Booksellers Association, a commitment of \$25. Shortly after that I made the big step and (holding my breath) spent \$60 on note-o-gram stationery from Modern Business Forms. Dick helped me open a commercial account at a bank.

I was operating without pay but keeping track of my time, to pay myself back-wages of \$5/hr if we ever started to make money. In July 68 I printed up a mimeographed 6-page "partial preliminary booklist" of what I'd gathered so far (Tantra Art, Cybernetics The Indian Tipi, Recreational Equipment, about 120 items). With samples of each in the back of our truck Lois and I set out to visit the market - familiar communes in New Mexico and Colorado. In about a month the Whole Earth Truck Store did a stunning \$200 of business. No profit, but it didn't cost too much and was good education.

On return in August I hired an employee, Sandra Tcherepnin, who came around part-time to type and buoy my conviction that something was going on. In September Lois and I moved into Ortega Park (formerly Rancho Diablo), 70 acres and house newly leased by Portola Institute as a teachers' laboratory. She was housekeeper and I was caretaker in an empty mansion. It was a plush time.

Dick Raymond had introduced me to Joe Bonner, a talented teenage artist looking for work. He preferred to do layout than janitor for Portola so I took him to Gordon Ashby's design studio in San Francisco for a 10-minute course in layout. In October 68 we started production on the first **WHOLE EARTH CATALOG** in the garage at Ortega. Sandy fell in love with the IBM composer while Joe nailed together light tables out of scrap plywood. We got some electric heaters and started work. Joe did layout, Sandy typed, and I researched, reviewed, edited, and photographed. Whenever the typewriter, heaters, camera lights, and fry-pan of wax were on simultaneously the electricity went out. We'd spend an hour on projects like making an exotic border with the composer. A leisurely production. A month or so for 64 white-spacey pages.

We had the contents printed at Nowels Publications, a newspaper press just down the street from Portola Institute, and the cover printed at East Wind in San Francisco (using the picture from a Whole Earth poster we'd already had them print), and the binding done at another place, with us doing the transporting between. It was a terrible arrangement. The 1000 copies we printed were a huge chore to cart around.

Our real luck was in finding Nowels Publications and Bob Parks. I've never met a man I'd rather do business with, and to find a printer who is fast, thorough, cooperative, creative, honest, and inexpensive is just unheard of. We had one **CATALOG** printed elsewhere and regretted it.

I only dimly recall what we did with that first **CATALOG**. We sent them to the 50 or so subscribers we'd got with mailers and personal contact. We carted some around to stores, who didn't want them, not even on consignment ("Too big. Too expensive. What is it?") We traded some with other publications like *This Magazine is About Schools*, *Explorers Trademart Log*, and *Green Revolution*.

Meanwhile we were starting a store. Dick Raymond had had his eye on the building at 558 Santa Cruz, just across the alley from the cubicles he'd rented. Formerly a USO, then a Salvation Army store, then a printer's, the place had apartments upstairs and 4000 sq. ft. of big rooms downstairs and a nice store front. The printer had failed and the building was going to be sold. Dick got with the likeliest buyer and worked out a 5-year lease for the downstairs part at \$450/month. We felt like we were really into the soup now. Five years! That's 1973.

At Thanksgiving we'd met a girl from New York named Annie Helmut who had some familiarity with the publishing world, mostly on the publicity end. She was hired to take on publicity and help with research and typing since Sandy had left for woolier pastures. We soon found out that handling our own distribution was going to be impossible (bookstores wouldn't pay what they owed and hassled us with endless bizarre problems). Annie started looking around for other alternatives.



Arthur and Julia Brand

What I'm visualizing is an Access Mobile (accessory?) with ~~the~~ all manner of access materials & advice for sale cheap. Including performance in stuff, books, dandy survival and camping equipment, catalogs, design plans, periodical subscriptions, ~~exp. equipment~~ (& other articles, equipment - some element of books here). Prime item of course would be the catalog - Prime item the road show: Educational materials, esp. self-education. Books on amateur education. Everything for small scale access. ~~Exp. of course~~ a large service is the product

research. I would prefer to offer at most 2 of any item: 1) The best; 2) The best/cheapest. Techniques and loads of access accelerations for the self-motivated.

On items carried in the catalog, have a first recommendation by credit. Encouraging others to ditto.

Would there be any economy on ~~supply~~ supply, sending orders direct to suppliers, so I don't not to goods, but shipping & information?

Suppose the traveling store were a cooperated with charging admission?

### The Whole Earth appendix to *Spaceship Earth*

In December 68 we moved into 558 Santa Cruz. There wasn't much to move - a chair and some books. Joe set to work with free scrap wood making the store a funky pleasant wooden place. We sublet an office in the front to Dave Shapira and a space in the back to lawyer Jim Wolpman. That cut our rent to \$250/month. Joe made desks and tables out of doors and 2 x 4's. We never got around to changing the walls from institutional green.

From the beginning the pretty little Indian girl Lois, who still has to show her ID to bartenders, was the hard core of the business. She applied her math background to our bookkeeping, and her sharp tongue to our laziness and forgotten promises. She had the administrative qualities you look for in a good First Sergeant. In my experience every working organization has one overworked

underpaid woman in the middle of things carrying most of the load. None of the rest of us ever cleaned the bathrooms. Lois cleaned the bathrooms.

Annie was at the City Lights Bookstore in San Francisco one day talking to Shig the manager about where to look for a distributor. Shig suggested a new long-haired outfit in Berkeley called Book People. Annie went to them and was immediately taken with Don Gerrard and Don Burns. Pretty soon Book People was our distributor, and that was a big relief. We made no contracts or vows, but the **CATALOG** stayed with Book People as sole distributor until the March 71 Supplement (when the *Realist* took half the distribution).

In January we had a grand opening party at the store, though we'd been open for a couple weeks ("There's a customer in the store!" we'd whisper in the back room.) Annie and I invited all the newspapers and were surprised and hurt when none of them showed up. It was a nice party anyway. The readership was a small sort of cult then, most of whom seemed to know each other, or wanted to.

Also in January we produced our first "Difficult But Possible Supplement to the Whole Earth Catalog". It was a 32-page newsprint collection of friends' letters, old pamphlets like Abbie Hoffman's "Fuck the System," a solar heater, new **CATALOG** suggestions. We made it at the Store.

About this time Tom Duckworth joined the scene. He lived in a truck with Connie and their kids and soon had a place to park at Ortega. His dream was to really do a travelling truck store. In March we gave him a shake-down cruise to New Mexico when the Whole Store caravanned to ALLOY (p. 111). If I had to point at one thing that contains what the **CATALOG** is about, I'd have to say it was ALLOY. We put it in the March Supplement, along with how much the Supplement cost to make, which Steve Baer had suggested at ALLOY. A good practice. We've never regretted it.

When we started the **CATALOG** I imagined that it would be a month of work, then an easy month to travel around and get the news, then a month of work, then . . . but it wasn't working out like that. None of us knew how to run a store and we were learning the hard way. We couldn't seem to find a mailing house that would do an even half-decent job of serving the subscribers. We had to try three places, each at big expense.

Our hassle with the Post Office, which continues to this very day, was in its surreal beginnings. (We're a periodical, in every spiritual and legal sense. Periodicals are mailed Second Class, a faster, surer, and cheaper service than Third Class, which is Junk Mail. The classifications man in San Francisco said, "It says Catalog right here on the cover. Catalogs go Third Class." Dick Raymond cleared his throat, "The Rolling Stone," he said, "is not a stone." Through endless appeals the thing has ambled, letters to our Congressman Pete McCloskey, rulings, and re-rulings, to current result: We have to send this **LAST CATALOG** to you Third Class. When a mail truck gets stuck in the mud, Third Class is what they throw under the wheels.) (continued)



### THURSDAY: PHONE CALL

By morning, though, D.R. was thoroughly animated again, restless and filled with an energy that just knew there'd be a letter for him in the mail that day. He felt it so strongly he couldn't get his mind on any work he tried around the place. At ten thirty he gave up trying and took off half-running down the hill to the store.

And sure enough, waiting at the post office was a letter from the Anaheim Flash.

### Divine Right.

1. Man, you have blown me out.
2. The telephone is more civilized than letters.
3. Letter-writing closes up my centers.
4. Estelle has been at Angel's place the last couple of weeks.
5. She may not be there now.
6. But I sent your letter on to Angel's place anyhow.
7. That's all I know.
8. Here's 200 bucks.
9. Don't spend it all in one place.
10. And for Christ's sake, use the phone next time.

(signed) A. Flash, Esquire

Right on, said D.R. to himself.

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RIP-SNORTER

Okay folks, hold onto your hats. This is Gurney Norman the author speaking, bringing you the end of this folk tale, and it's a rip-snorter. The guy in California that the Anaheim Flash sent to fetch Estelle to the telephone was me. I live here in Menlo Park where the Whole Earth Truck Store is, where Stewart and the production crew are wild in the final stages of the Last Catalog, and I'm wild in the final stages of this here tale.

As a matter of fact, I'm so pushed for time I wasn't at all sure I was going to be able to get away from the desk long enough to go up to Troll's and Marilyn's dome on Skyline and find Estelle. But I did, and it all worked out okay.

As the Flash indicated, Estelle was a little down. She'd been pretty blue since she and D.R. split up in Cincinnati; her trip since then had been pretty much of a bummer. She was nervous and jumpy, and half-hostile when she asked me who the hell I was. I said I was a friend of the Anaheim Flash's, and that he'd called and asked me to get her to a telephone so she could call D.R., who was most desperate to hear from her.

Estelle seemed a little suspicious of the whole thing, but she went with me to Skyfonda, where there was a phone booth. I loaned her a dime and she went in, and stayed a long time, talking to D.R. I didn't hear what they said, but apparently it was a pretty groovy conversation because she came out all smiles, and announced that she was going to Kentucky.

I asked her how.

She said the fastest way possible.

That means through the air, I said, and off we went to the San Francisco airport, where I bought her a one-way ticket to Cincinnati, and gave her twenty dollars for bus fare from there south into the hills, to Blaine, Kentucky. (All on the assumption, of course, that I'm to be reimbursed in full by our mutual friend and benefactor, the Anaheim Flash.)

By the time the passengers were ready to board the plane, Estelle had mellowed toward me some. Just before she started down the loading ramp she gave me this incredible kiss right on the mouth, and I mean to tell you, it was fine. That D.R. is one lucky fellow, as I think he himself must realize by now.

(continued)

THE WEDDING

There are no guarantees, of course. There are no guarantees. But if it could work. If it looks like it's worth the risk. The leap. If there's even a chance for the two of them there, then what D.R. and Estelle will do is have a most marvelous wedding. One day late in the summer. Or early in the fall. All day long. From morning to night, a celebration. And people they love will come. The Flash will come. He will have to come because he's the presiding minister. All the way from California, driving his silver Lotus. The Flash in his silver jumpsuit. The Flash with his silver hair. The Flash with his silver eyebrows, and little silver ring in the side of his nose. Silver boots, with pointy silver toes, and silver buttons down the sides. And buttons on his jumpsuit, silver. And silver scarf and silver gloves and sunglasses, on both sides. Silver. The Flash had his silver helmet with him too, but as he parked the Lotus in front of Godsey's Store he thought: I probably shouldn't overdo this silver bit. So he left the helmet on the seat and clambered out, uncoiling his five foot, four inch frame as Barry Berry came rolling by in his wheelchair. "My name's Barry Berry," Barry said. "I'm the Anaheim Flash," said the Flash, and he got behind Barry's chair and pushed him up the Trace Fork road behind a band of freaks and weirdos, strewing colored ribbons in the weeds. "I'm Barry Berry," said Barry as they rolled by. "And this is the Anaheim Flash." "Morning," said J.D. "I'm J.D." And Pam said she was Pam. Barry shook hands with them every one, Diane and Jerry and Amy and Barbara and Dudley and John and B. Anne and Peter and Laura and Soni and Doug and Terry and Francine and Bernie. And Shera was filming it all. She'd moved down the road a ways from the party to catch the new arrivals, coming up. She filmed the Flash and Barry Berry. And Dick Raymond escorting Mrs. Godsey up the road. She filmed them all passing, and then from low in the yard she filmed Angel's band of Oregonians, Ken and Fay and Babbs and Gretch and Hassler and Paula and Zodiac and Sky and some others, decorating the front porch steps as an altar where the bride and groom would stand.

She filmed Reverend Bagby and some men from the church, building a table across the yard. Fifteen sawhorses, covered with boards, then women spreading sheets as tablecloths, and tacking on red and blue crepe. She filmed Fred and George and Mike and Evelyn and Steamboat and Stewart, asleep in a people pile, with Lols and Steve and Holly and Lloyd and Sarah trying to wake them up to rap a while as The Captain, an utter freak in purple velvet and long mustache and conductor's hat too small for his shaggy head sneaked up with his tape recorder to catch what the people said. "Deliverance. Release from tension," said George. "No shit!" said Fred. "And Neptune and Jupiter are in conjunction in Sagittarius," said Mike. "Be well," said Stewart. "Hey Mike, I just felt the baby kick," said Evelyn. "Huh? Oh, the wedding!" said Steamboat. And The Captain recorded it all. He recorded the Scott boys, Henry and Tommy from Second Creek, making bird sounds with their mouths. The Captain tuned in on a conversation among some women carrying dishes to the table. One was Marilyn, of Troll and Marilyn, big and beautiful and pregnant, saying "It'll be a natural childbirth. I'm going to have it at home." "I had all my younguns at home," said Mrs. Thornton. "Tended by a granny woman. Old Aunt Dicey Pace from Turkey Creek. She's dead now, bless her soul." And over by the Kool-Aid table Elmer the mailman was rapping with a leather and denim freak from San Diego, who hadn't said what his name was yet.

"I think ginseng is the answer to about half of mankind's problems," the freak said, and Elmer replied, "My daddy picked 'sang for a living, when I was a boy. It's as native to these hills as it is to over yonder in China." The Captain recorded that. And he recorded Maybeline Moriday from the Organic Sunflower Communs in California, telling Mrs. Jennings of Jennings Branch that she was doing her own weaving now. And making quilts, and canning her own vegetables. "We live in a commune, on the land, you see. We're opposed to the nuclear family." "Lord, child," said Mrs. Jennings. "I've been weaving since I was nine years old. And ever quilt in our old house is hand-made. I had thirteen brothers and sisters, and then nine younguns of my own. We all live over yonder on Jennings Branch, you ought to come see us before you leave." He recorded the musicians warming up. Doug and Soni and Diane were setting out bowls of beans and corn and pickled beets and kraut and casseroles and pies and cakes and puddings and plates of biscuits and cornbread with jam and jellies, fruit-jello and salads. The dancers writhed and turned as they moved through the crowd toward some square dancers Wheeler had formed. The rising tempo of the music whirled the dancers around and around and around and around, all in one big circle now. And people watching began to clap and then to join in. Shera had to move almost up to the barn to get the whole thing in her lens. Dudley and Barbara had their cameras going too, shooting stills of faces as they came by. Then Barbara turned to shoot Leonard's face too, and Doyle's, sweating over the charcoal fire. She shot the Captain as he came over to record Leonard yelling to the Anaheim Flash. "Ten more minutes, Flash! And the chickens'll all be done." Ten more minutes. The Flash nodded to Leonard, then nodded to the band, and the music and the dances slowed down. Down, down. It all slowed down. The people heard the Flash call out, "It's time for the wedding, folks. It's time to gather around." Gather around. Gather around the front porch steps where the altar has been arranged. The best man, Leonard, walked through the crowd to stand at the side of Angel the maid of honor. When the Flash came down the steps to join them, the scene became quiet and still.

Dorothy Thornton with her dulcimer, Cecil and Claudine Turner with guitar and mandolin, and Terry sitting in with his new sitar, leading now as they break into an old Mac Wiseman song called Rainbow In The Valley. The Captain was getting it all. Armed with a fresh cassette, he moved to the shady side of the house where Swami High-Time from Santa Cruz, carrying the Book of Tao, was into a heavy theological rap with Mrs. Godsey, who as usual held her Bible in her hand. "A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways," she said. "That's scripture, brother. James one, eight." The Swami smiled and nodded and turned to chapter twenty one in the Book of Tao. At last, when all had settled, D.R. and Estelle came through the screen door, across the porch and down the steps to where they were supposed to stand. D.R. had his leathers on, leather pants and leather shirt, and coonskin cap with tail. Estelle had her ankle-length gingham on. There were no flowers. Estelle's bouquet was simply D.R.'s hand in her own. They stood there together, grinning at the people who grinned at them, waiting for the Flash to begin. The Flash moves now to the third step up, so he can see over Leonard's head. He has a book with him, and a large brown bag filled with something, which he rests on the step by his foot. The book is the LChing. He opens it to After Completion and clearing his throat, he reads: "The transition from the old to the new time is already accomplished. In principle, everything stands systematized, and it is only in regard to details that success is still to be achieved. In respect to this, however, we must be careful to maintain the right attitude. Everything proceeds as if of its own accord, and this can all too easily tempt us to relax and let things take their course without troubling over details. Such indifference is the root of all evil. Symptoms of decay are bound to be the result. Here we have the rule indicating the usual course of history. But this rule is not an inescapable law. He who understands it is in position to avoid its effects by dint of unremitting perseverance and caution." The Flash closes the book and places it on a step behind him. Then he calls upon the Reverend Bagby to read the little passage from the Book of Tao. "The surest test if a man be sane is if he accepts life whole, as it is," says Reverend Bagby. And then the Flash calls upon Swami High-Time to read from the Book of James. "A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways," says Swami High-Time. As he and Reverend Bagby step back into the crowd, the Flash reaches into his pocket and takes out two rings. He hands one each to Leonard and Angel, who in turn hand them to D.R. and Estelle. They face each other. They hold out their left hands, and smultaneously slip the rings on one another's fingers. Then they come together in a long and fullsome kiss. And the Flash says, "As a minister in good standing of the Universal Life Church, I pronounce you guys husband and wife. And I pronounce everybody here at this wedding hereby married to one another." The Flash reaches into the bag at his feet then, and from it he begins to fling rice out over the gathered people.

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Dragon: Strauchfoat



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*Who is nothing Hear that!*  
*Meaning:*  
*The stars sing*  
*Because it's always all right!*  
*So far you've*  
*Not been near except when*  
*You didn't know. Night's day*  
*Was everywhere. No one is*  
*Ever separated from every other*  
*For then the world would die.*

*And the world does not die!*  
*O Glory, Glory of the Light!*

*We live one life. Message ends*

*Kenneth Patchen*