

Begin forwarded message:

From: Robert Hettinga <hettinga@gmail.com>
Subject: Forward (was Re: The Force in Bitcoin Copypedited - batch 1 of 2)
Date: April 22, 2020 at 9:27:05 AM AST
To: Georgi

There ya go.

Cheers,
RAH

“Rommel, you magnificent bastard, I read your book...” -- George C. Scott, ‘Patton’, 1970, 20th Century Fox

I have about four fans left, after a rather nice 15 minutes back in the mid-to-late 90’s.

Occasionally, a new one pops up, someone reading various rants I put on the cypherpunks list, or a conference chat-page, and lately filtered through the bitcoin blogosphere. I haven’t had much to say since, and when I do, people yell, which is not as much fun as it used to be.

Besides, I really haven’t had anything new to say, since the whole, holy fuck, this internet thing is cool, geodesic networks create geodesic commerce creates geodesic culture millennialism of the pre- dot-bomb and its 9/11 aftermath.

An example of this is watching the Bitcoin paper go by on the cryptography list, or perryunks, as we used to call it, and, once I figured out that it was a book-entry settlement system, immediately losing interest. I was, maybe still am, all about the bearer certificates. And by certificate, I don’t mean some digitally signed attestation of physical identity to be used to send you to jail if you

lie about a book-entry. But I won't go down that rathole again. The world zigs, you zag, and life goes on. My life at that point, 2009?, it's all a blur, man, was a crashed Mac Mini running three domains, which I still pay for in spite of all reason to the contrary, on, yes, I still bleed five colors even after being bled white, OS X server when the World's First Redneck Hurricane (Earl) spiked my fixed-IP DSL line. Never got around to putting three domains back up again, or even resubscribing to perrypunks, until long after The Whole Bitcoin Thing, and somehow I survived. There's something about onions and belts in there, but I forgot where it goes...

Neology isn't pretty. I used to have to Just Make Shit up when there wasn't a word, or phrase, to describe what I was seeing. The words eventually change, and you don't know which ones, and sooner or later you object to the words other people use, but, they're the words others use, and, reality, as Thomas Sowell noted thirty years ago, is not optional.

Which is a round-about way of introducing Georgi's book. No. Really. It is.

Georgi is one of those people who found me post-bitcoin. There's a thing I used to call the Cypherpunk Stoke, and Georgi's got it, bad, or maybe he was *born* with the Bulgarian equivalent as a result of, you know, Bulgaria, and that whole Iron Fucking Curtain Thing.

Cypherpunk stoke literally made people useless for at least a year after they got it, back in the day. An example for me was being flown into Washington at quasi-government expense for a speech/debate at a quasi-government-entity-trying-to-become-a-non-profit-thinktank. (The erst-Office of Technological Assessment, gratefully axed by Newt and Company. Sell it. Sell it *all*. Now. /stoke). After previous years of being flown in at *corporate* expense as much as two times a week, mind you. And The Scales Fell Off My Eyes, Man. All I could see was Stolen Money. Stolen Money Everywhere. This was a direct result of discovering the cypherpunk list a few years before, and having Tim May, and other Crypto-and-crypto-anarcho-capitalists channel Murray Rothbard at me 24/7.

Okay. I'm already 600 words into my 100 promised, so I better cut to the chase and keep it under 1000 if I can.

I'll tie another onion on my belt and talk about Buckminster Fuller for a second, because, somehow, it all starts and ends with Bucky. Bucky for me started in the Lafayette High School library when a

geeky but freaky friend introduced me to all of Steward Brands', and apparently Kevin Kelly's, large-format mostly-newsprinted catalogical books on geodesic domes, counterculture tools, and so on, spinoffs of their, of course, Whole Earth Catalog.

Forgot About That Stuff, by way of a trip through Gerard K. O'Neill, Timothy Leary (no, really...), Morgan Stanley (no, really...), and even the back door at the University of Chicago for a bit. When they blew up the Shuttle the first time, and I realized that I wasn't going to be mining asteroids any time in my lifetime -- maybe -- I moved to Boston because it wasn't Chicago, the way I moved to Chicago because it wasn't Missouri, and, having a phone number on a paper scrap in my pocket I couldn't identify, I called the local telco and asked who it belonged to. Nope. Can't do that. It's illegal. But I could do it in Chicago. Yup. Grandfathered. Go read Peter Huber.

Who had just written a report called, in the telco biz, the Huber Report, but was actually titled 'The Geodesic Network'. And back down the rabbit hole to the Buckyverse I went, and have never left. And neither have you. The internet, you see, is The Mother of All Geodesic Networks. Which I finally figured out, hanging out on cypherpunks. That fact, and learning from Nick Szabo that David Chaum's blind signature cryptographic protocol, the Big Bang of Financial Cryptography (that neology shit, again...), was actually a digital bearer certificate. There, on cypherpunks in 1994 or so, (you can look it up, there are archives, the internet is forever), was my Chris Schwarz Roubo-Bench Moment. I never had kids, so maybe it was bigger.

Squints at work count... Okay. So. Bucky. Neologism. Financial Cryptography. Georgi. Here we go: Bucky wrote a mostly incomprehensible, and still magisterial, book called 'Synergetics'. I claim that it was probably a transcription of one of Bucky's 8 *hour* lectures, which were, frankly, as stream-of-consciousness as the text you're reading here.

Mises' 'Human Action' is in the same class.

Georgi has done that here. Read this book.

There. One thousand five words. I win.