

# *asimov*

An Equitable Intrinsic Value System

or

a post-harden rockets cathartic

**SECOND FOUNDATION**

**Version 2.13**



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## Intrinsic Value

There are only two true hedges against inflation. History and archaeology have proven they've both existed for as long as humanity.

It's Not real estate. That's a good one, as Mark Twain said, "Buy land, they're not making it anymore." Elon Musk is trying to change that maxim. If Mr. Clemens were alive today, he'd have already bought his tickets to Mars. It's not true even on Earth. Tax foreclosures, floods, Texas ice storms, hurricanes, earthquakes, mud slides, and rising sea levels must be considered, plus don't forget war and revolution can put bustles in your hedgerow.

It's not gold. We tried that. Think gold is your savior as the world collapses? Good luck. Try pitching a gold bar at a zombie, see how that works out.

In the old days, if you had gold or land, it was most likely because you were born to it, or you took it. Wealth was bestowed upon you by your creator, either by giving you wealthy parents or by blessing you with the skills and fortune to win at battle.

In modern times, we feel that wealth is a result of humanity's creations. Through both the industrial and information revolutions, it has been man's ability to innovate that has led directly to wealth and prosperity.

It follows that humanity should use its own creation as the fundamental measure of value. Floating fiat currencies like the dollar and cryptocurrencies like bitcoin meet this criteria. Neither dollar nor bitcoin represent any intrinsic value, and thus can't really hold value over generations and through calamity without intervention. Fiat and cryptocurrencies function as money – a medium of exchange – which is a technical function of a currency. Neither represent real value, which is the human concept of money. This disparity, between the technical expression of value and the actual human appreciation of value leads to all kinds of crazy, like the prices of crypto.

The two true hedges against inflation are *genius* and *vanity*.

It is likely that within my lifetime, technology will have advanced to a stage where we can passively scan inanimate objects and digitize them down to the atomic level. 3-D printing will advance to a level

where we can reproduce facsimiles of scanned items that are indistinguishable from the original to human senses.

It's very possible that in a few decades, if you want a reproduction of the *Mona Lisa*, you'll be able to pull up an app on your phone, pay the Louvre for a digital file, and 5 minutes later, your 3-D printer spits one out. It's likely that technology will allow you to print out a copy that matches what the painting looked like when the paint first dried.

This might seem cool, but I'm an engineer, not an artsy type. I can already download a hi-resolution digital photo of old Mona and use it as a screensaver. Art lovers may tell you being in the presence of an original masterpiece is different. My cynical opinion is unless you want to get all mystical about it, a molecule-accurate facsimile should be able to give you that same feeling.

Facsimiles are not the true potential. The true potential of this technology is that one day, we may be able to reproduce *Mona Lisa* by brushstrokes – it is possible we'll be able to deduce not only Da Vinci's strokes, but from that, his height, the size of his fingers, the strength of his forearms, and the duration of his pauses between strokes.

We might be able to better understand Da Vinci's genius. Not everybody. Those who love his art, those who have the patience to watch a master paint for hours without checking the price of their dogecoin every five seconds. Perhaps Artificial Intelligence will be able to figure it out, and portraits will come back into fashion, a Leo robot for rent down at the Hobby Lobby.

Works of art don't just have historical value. They have potential value. And anything that is one of a kind has vanity value.

Genius and vanity are intangible, but real. This is one problem people have understanding money. Most people can understand equities; a share of stock is partial ownership of a company. Most people can understand a fixed currency - a gold-standard dollar is an actual gold coin. People used to understand that a paper dollar bill

was backed by gold locked down under Fort Knox.<sup>1</sup> But the floating dollar? That's backed by the "full faith and credit of the U.S. Government" which I would argue is neither tangible nor real. The U.S. Government consists of people we elected; I don't think I need to make a list of examples of all those faithless hypocrites – it's a long list with names in both red and blue. And bitcoin? Backed by mathematics? Mathematics is a form of genius humanity has created collectively through history, it's as much of an abstraction as faith in a government.

Genius and vanity are timeless.

Genius is timeless. I don't mean to imply that if we put old Leo in a time machine and brought him to the year 2022, in a week he'd be rocking an iPhone while dropping smack on crypto developers, puffin' on a vape pen, giving Banksy a run for his money spray-painting a masterpiece portrait of Queen Bey on the side of a railcar. No, he'd probably be spooked to death and think he was surrounded by sorcery. If I could talk to him, engineer to engineer, I think he would be able to understand Boolean logic, the basis of digital logic, and then quickly fathom how simple, but extraordinarily complex, all these wondrous machines are. He'd understand it, not sure he'd believe it. His next stop would probably be either the confessional or the liquor store.

Vanity is timeless as well. We all know people who like to name things after themselves, sometimes when they didn't have anything to do with creating it in the first place. I am talking to you, Mister Toyota Center. We all know that is the house *The Dream* built.

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<sup>1</sup> The Gold Standard died for good in 1976 when I was in kindergarten. In school, I was taught the gold standard. I guess they thought floating currency is too complex to explain to a kid. I guess it won't be long before they have to teach Elliptic-curve cryptology in the first grade, or else kids won't understand money. This disparity between the understanding of money and its actual function is what we should be trying to solve. Shared values between cultures need to be understood fundamentally, not just agreed to as a formality created by a bunch of economists or coders.

## The Foundation

In Isaac Asimov's *Foundation* epic, a scientist named Hari Seldon uses an advanced mathematics called psychohistory to predict the future. He foresees the collapse of the Galactic Empire. His calculation reveals the collapse will last 30,000 years. He convinces the emperor that if he forms a Foundation to create the *Encyclopedia Galactica*, a complete collection of all human knowledge, the collapse will only last 1,000 years.<sup>2</sup>

Asimov was prophesying a planet where they have Wikipedia and on demand streaming when he wrote his stories in the 1940s, disguised as wildly speculative fiction set thousands of years in the future. His genius turned dreams into reality – the Internet just taking off at the end of his life.

Asimov warns that history always repeats itself and humans always forget history. Ask any crypto-crazy what he remembers about the years 2000 and 2008? If he says Lakers and Celtics, he gets a gold star but maybe he should think about getting out of Doge. Unfortunately, worse things than NBA re-runs and financial corrections happen when humans forget history. Sometimes, it can be ugly and bloody.

What if we could turn history into money? Would we still forget?

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<sup>2</sup> Hari Seldon's overt plan for the Foundation was a Machiavellian level con job. I hope to pull off something similar by capitalizing on the lunacy of the crypto-gold rush and focusing our efforts into a renaissance of valuing humanity's creative genius over property.

## A Measure of Wealth

The goal of this project is to change the way we value wealth. Wealth is currently based on the exchange of property. Property is inequitably distributed across humanity and is the source of most conflict in history.

Bitcoin opened a new frontier in how we implement a currency, relieving us from dependence on government for a unit of exchange. All crypto, as well as the dollar and all fiat currencies derive their value from the exchange of property, not any intrinsic value.

The goal is to create a base currency not based on property, which is scarce and unfairly distributed, but on man's ability to create and innovate – our imaginations. I believe this ability to imagine – to dream – is equally distributed among people.

There are two ways I look at the distribution of genius. The more spiritual outlook is that there's a genius in every child and they just need guidance to find a way to develop and express it. The more practical point of view, genius is a quirk of DNA and statistically distributed as a bell curve across the population. Either viewpoint works with this system. If you have another point of view, perhaps you believe that genius has something to do with your skin color or where you were born or what your father did for a living, then you should stop reading and measure your wealth with property. The Foundation is a system of shared values.

Property based wealth is unsustainable without conflict. Genius based wealth can be peacefully competitive and sustainable.

A genius-based economy will naturally align itself with sustainability. It rewards cultures that raise children as sustainable dreamers and not consumers. Moving away from a property-based value system can be accomplished voluntarily and gradually over time. There are no technological barriers to this system.

I'm proposing a value system that leverages crypto in the protocol but is distinct from existing systems.

The system works on a very simple principle. If an idea is valuable, people will choose to be responsible for it. The more people that are responsible for a given idea, the more value the idea has.

This system functions as an equitable value system because ideas – fruits of vanity or genius – are not scarce and the potential for this value is equitably distributed across humanity. Ideas that are genius will increase in value over time. Vain ideas may be valuable for hours or days, or even decades, but will lose value as fewer people want to be responsible for them.

Property based money is based on the idea of scarcity. The actual value created by mankind does increase naturally, because of innovation. We can create value through more efficient processes, making each piece of property more valuable. For example, if we had today's world population of seven billion people, but the agricultural technology of 1022 A.D, to paraphrase Marsellus Wallace, things would be getting medieval up in here. Humans are extremely good at innovation. We must be to survive.

The problem with representing this value with property is that the property is limited. It doesn't matter how much money the government prints, the value is relative to property of some sort. That's why when the government prints a bunch of money, real-estate prices go up. Property is unfairly distributed depending on where you were born and who your parents were.

If you have a brilliant idea, you must convince somebody to exchange property for usage of that idea. Smart businessmen know how to leverage ideas into property, and usually that takes capital – more property. The idea itself is not valued directly. All ideas have some value. Most are better kept to oneself, but the success of social media shows that even vanity has tremendous value. When we create a way to measure an idea's value directly, we have a market in ideas. Every human has an even shot.

If this sounds like circular logic, it is. It is the same principle that fueled the meme-based crypto gold rush. It's the same principle that fuels tech-companies into market values that have no correlation to their current or near-term revenue potential.

A significant amount of the world's economy is already dependent on this. Any value generated based on clicks, or likes, or followers, or even old-school impressions is leveraging this value, inefficiently and with a hungry pack of middlemen trying to interpret what you value



from circumstantial evidence. This proposal cuts out the middleman and allows individuals to leverage what they value directly.

When a marketing firm brings Beyoncé a multi-million-dollar endorsement deal for a product based on streaming numbers of a song they want to use, who created that multi-million-dollar value? Is it the marketing firm? They certainly want you to think so. Is it Beyoncé? She creates the music – the idea – but did she create the value? That value is conferred to the queen by her subjects – her followers. Expressed only to herself, her voice is a prayer or an expression of gratitude to the divine, whatever Beyoncé believes to be the source of human genius. Value beyond human measure. Shared with others, her voice creates human value, as such, it can be measured.

A new way to measure value – sustainable and equitable to all – is the way to a more prosperous and peaceful world.

## Guardians of the Public Domain

The public domain consists of all creative work to which no exclusive intellectual property (IP) rights apply.<sup>3</sup> Where the public domain begins, and exclusive IP end varies from country to country. In the United States, public domain begins on copyrighted material 70 years after the creator's death.

Asimov's Foundation was collecting the accumulated public domain of a vast empire of millions of worlds across the galaxy and compounding it into the *Encyclopedia Galactica*. The Galactic Empire had forgotten much of its history, and while they had advanced technology, the rate of progress had stagnated or regressed. The empire's historical record did not go beyond the beginning of the empire, and it had gotten so bad that the origin world, Earth, was but a myth. No map showed the location of the origin world. Worse than that, nobody cared.

We face the same problem. It's not that we've forgotten history, but it's been rewritten so many times; it's continually changing. That

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<sup>3</sup> From Wikipedia: **Public Domain**

is a problem we can't fix – we might chance upon records that correct a “correction,” but we have lost more than we can ever recover. Blockchain technology has one aspect that can help with this. Blockchains are immutable – you can't make a change in the past without invalidating every other entry on the blockchain. A blockchain is history written in digital stone.

There is a bigger problem to solve. They had academics and huge libraries in the Galactic Empire, but the real problem was that no one was responsible for the preservation of that knowledge. Academics only studied what was fashionable or interesting to them; and, since technology and science were already so far advanced, they had little interest in exploring the past to understand the fundamentals. The Foundation was exiled to Terminus, a world that had almost no natural resources. Despite this, armed with the knowledge of *Encyclopedia Galactica*, within a few centuries the First Foundation rivaled and then exceeded the power of the Empire.

We have the same problem today. The amount of knowledge we have accumulated as a species is huge, yet just a drop in the vast ocean of raw digital data that exists in computer systems. Who is responsible for the preservation of this valuable knowledge? The public domain is not property, so there is very little motivation to preserve it, as it cannot be sold. Publishers can profit from the public domain, such as publishing Shakespeare, yet for every Shakespeare there are thousands of writers forever lost to history.

If we don't take responsibility, we will continue to lose important pieces of our legacy. Will this lead to stagnation and the decline of civilization? I don't know.

I know that a civilization whose value system is based on property will always have conflict if there is scarcity.

A value system built on something that is rare yet potentially unlimited and evenly distributed throughout humanity should cause less conflict and stabilize a more secure and sustainable economy.

Let's look at two geniuses from last century who also happened to be close friends: Mark Twain and Nikola Tesla. Mark Twain was the father of American literature, a social satirist and humorist, and for his day, a social media influencer. Nikola Tesla was an engineer,

scientist, and inventor who pioneered early electrical systems and made fundamental contributions to many other fields. Mark Twain died in 1910, meaning under U.S. law, his writings would have entered the public domain in 1980, 70 years after his death.<sup>4</sup> Nikola Tesla died in 1943, so his written work would have entered the public domain in 2013. Tesla was an inventor, and U.S. patents expire twenty years after issuance. Most of Tesla's patents expired while he was still alive. All work by both men is in the public domain. Their work material – manuscripts, notebooks, drawings, and prototypes – are property and belong to whomever legally possess them. In general, for writers and inventors, we place little importance on the physical work product.

This new value system is built on a fundamental question: Who is the greater genius? Mark Twain or Nikola Tesla?

Twain was a social commentator and humorist; his wit unmatched, with a voice uniquely and quintessentially American. *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* might be the most important novel ever written. Despite Twain's wit and social critique, over a hundred years after his death, we still have racism and gilded idiots in his own country.

Tesla invented machines that transformed the world, allowing every home to have a reliable and efficient source of power.

Why should we ponder who was greater? Aren't they both geniuses?

If we can place a value on their contributions to humanity, then we can use this to form the foundation of a value system based on mankind's creativity, which is limitless and renewable with every birth.

This should be the first interview question for future Foundation Encyclopedist. Who is the greater genius, Twain or Tesla?

I'd like to think Nikola Tesla would be deferential to his friend and point out the first step of any innovation is a clear characterization of

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<sup>4</sup> It wouldn't be a proper U.S. law without loopholes. For some reason, all work published before 1926 is public domain in the U.S. Thank you, Congress.

the problem. If he'd had his friend's gift of rhetorical gab he might have been a better salesman for his ideas and become wealthy enough to finish more of his research.

I doubt Mark Twain would be deferential, having seen his friend burn down multiple labs as well as constantly enduring self-inflicted shocks of millions of volts. Near the end of his days, Tesla was hopelessly in love with a pigeon. If Mark Twain had lived a few more years, he could use Einstein as an example, a scientist who changed the world with only pen and ink and his imagination, no high-voltage lab work at all.

You can make arguments either way, but the truth is that we don't know. In future centuries, when racism and a class-stratified society may seem quaint, Twain's tales may be hard to take seriously. Future children may look upon photographs of the 21<sup>st</sup> century and wonder why we strung up ugly high-voltage wires everywhere. If Nikola were still alive, he would wonder the same thing, as he'd been convinced that wireless transmission of power was a challenge he could solve, if he'd only been able to convince the capitalists who'd spent millions wiring up the country to fund his wireless research. Naivete and genius aren't mutually exclusive.

We don't know the value of any particular genius – we can't know. One man's genius is another's vanity.

We can determine the value of all the geniuses that came before us. It's simple. The value of man's genius is approximately equivalent to the cumulative value of all human commerce.

Property does not provide value without man's innovation. Raw ore dug from the earth does not transform itself into metal – man's genius allows it to be smelt. Raw land does not provide surplus food naturally, but through agriculture we feed seven billion souls. Nature's bounty provides the raw material, but the value comes from man's innovation.

Man's genius can be summed as the value of the public domain and the current value of all private Intellectual Property. This value is equivalent to the cumulative value of all human commerce; from the beginning of human history. Unlike most natural resources, genius is naturally renewable. When electrical engineers use Ohm's law to

calculate the resistance of a circuit, they do not “use up” some of Ohm’s Law. Ohm’s Law retains its value, no matter how many engineers use it or what it is used for. You could argue, Ohm’s Law becomes more valuable every time it is used.

This equivalence argument is like the ultimate Catch-22. Economist may wish to argue that property and resources – the king’s gold - are what really creates value in the economy and may even attempt to prove it using economic theory and mathematics. Yet economics and mathematics are products of mankind’s genius.

Even though the public domain is free and open to everyone, it is very valuable. It is the most valuable treasure we have as a species.

How valuable can something be if no one is responsible for it?

This is the key to the system. Rather than value genius directly, we will value responsibility. You don’t have to be a genius to be responsible for genius.

Passion is all that is required.

## How it works

The Foundation is an engineered system. The system uses the basic engineering techniques of equalization and isolation.

This system is a mash-up of some existing working systems and some legal loopholes that capitalists at the turn of the last century didn’t realize could be exploited by the little people.

## Linux

I really hate to give credit to a smarty-pants Finn, but I must. It’s not because I think Linus Torvalds is a great coder – I find parts of Linux to be suboptimal.<sup>5</sup>

The Foundation will leverage the brilliant governance of Linux.

Linux is a public good. It’s owned by no one. The code is open source, meaning anyone can take the source code, and using tools that are also open source, build their own version of Linux, making whatever changes they want. There are various licenses associated

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<sup>5</sup> This is a corporate drone engineering term for *annoyingly stupid*.

with open-source, and it's not legally the same as public-domain, but it's similar enough to use as a model.

Linux's value as a public good is immense. I've seen marketing estimates that its value is in the range of hundreds of billions of dollars. I think that is undervalued, as the estimates don't include the value of projects that wouldn't have been possible without Linux. Linux's freeness has even changed the way paid software is distributed. Now it's possible to prototype and develop software on most platforms for free and pay only when you launch a product.

Linux may be the most valuable public good ever created. I'd compare its value as a public good to the Panama Canal, which is state-owned but its global benefit far outvalues the national revenue generated. Linux is completely free, and not owned by Finland or any other state.

Linux is governed as a Benevolent Dictatorship. That's right. Linus is the total boss. Despite this, individuals, corporations and even governments put up with him. Since he's the creator, it gives this dictatorship value legitimacy. It's non-exclusive; if at any point, somebody wants to do things differently, they can. This has happened and does happen all the time. Android is Google's version of Linux for mobile phones.

Linux has thrived for over thirty years, governed by a smarty-pants Finn who thinks he knows more about operating systems than you or I. National governments don't interfere, because they have no domain; the software is open and free. If they tried to assert some dominion it would cause an uproar. The fact that this dictator has been allowed to dictate for so long is legal precedence.

It's genius precedence.

## Bitcoin

Bitcoin is a brilliant innovation coined by the anonymous coder known as Satoshi Nakamoto. It broke new ground; an open protocol that could handle financial transactions without any central authority. The real innovation was the blockchain, an immutable shared transactional database.

The raw technology is brilliant. I find the application of this technology to be lacking. While it works as a unit of exchange of property, it fails as a store of value. Bitcoin enthusiasts will point to bitcoin's appreciation of value through the calamity of the last few years, but that value is artificial scarcity driven by the Proof of Work algorithm. We waste tremendous amounts of power to mine new coins. This artificial scarcity ties its value to the true scarcity and inequitable distribution of property.

The Foundation uses Nakamoto's blockchain innovation to capture the value of mankind's imagination through a measurement of proportional responsibility for ideas.

The Foundation does not wish to impede or replace Bitcoin or any other crypto or fiat currency, but rather create a global base currency of value.

## Social Media

Social Media rightly deserves much of the blame for what's wrong in the world today, but it has changed one aspect of economics that kicked the door open for a new value system.

It used to be that an artist's impact had to be measured by the amount of revenue they could generate. This could be from direct sales or tickets to a concert or a movie. Or this could be indirect, as measured by advertising dollars, such as radio listeners or television viewers.

Now we measure things by individual attention – clicks, likes, followers. How many views a photograph or video has on social media. How many times a post is retweeted or commented upon. Tech giants like Google, Tencent and Facebook leverage this attention into targeted advertising, and that revenue drives valuation of the artists and content creators.

The reality is that value is generated by attention – human appreciation – it doesn't matter if any advertising is sold or not. When ten thousand people listen to a song by a new artist, value is generated. The song has value, and that value can be measured exclusive of revenue.

You don't have to sell something to create value. The exchange of property is not necessary for a functional value system. Ideas have value that can be exchanged for the value of other ideas – without scarcity and without exclusivity.

### Awbrey Hack

Linux has proven that when property is not involved, a system of a self-governance of a valuable public good can be managed without intrusion from national governments. Bitcoin has given us a way to create an immutable historical record and the exchange of proportional responsibility. Social Media has proven that content is valuable without the need to exchange property.

In the old days, the king's coins were minted from gold plunder taken from the king's treasury. You could use the king's gold to trade for property. The gold itself wasn't valuable. You couldn't eat the gold, and while you could wear it, if you weren't nobility, that was like wearing a "rob me," sign. Gold was only good for the exchange of property. Gold was valuable because the king said gold was valuable. Gold became a consensual illusion – we all believed it was valuable, so it was valuable because we believed it was valuable. Money has always been circular logic.

We got rid of the kings, but we kept the king's gold. In modern times, we hacked the gold out of the system. Now currencies are valuable because we believe they are valuable. Most of the world believes the dollar is valuable, so the dollar is valuable.

The Foundation's treasury are the ideas of mankind. It's the only valuable treasure we have. That was Asimov's message in *Foundation*.

This treasure is more valuable than Earth. Mankind might survive without Earth. Mankind will not survive without our treasury of ideas.

That's the Awbrey hack. Make money out of the only thing that is truly valuable.

Fiat (national) currencies are derived from values among people of a country and supported by the laws of that country – specifically, property law. As we've seen recently in the United States, we are a



nation of divided values, and every country has a distribution of values among individuals. The system I propose allows those with shared values, wherever they are, to unite and form a common currency of shared responsibility for those ideas. If those who unite aren't very responsible, then the value relative to other ideas will decline. That's the way it should be. Good ideas appreciate, vain ideas cycle in value with fashion.

The Foundation is a system of competitive self-governance; where the best ideas, managed by the best teams of people, compete for the relative valuation of ideas they support. The cumulative valuation of ideas is measured using a digital currency called asimov. The Foundation's mission is to commit to ideas of genius, and neglect ideas of vanity. Only history will be able to judge which is which, but over time, the Foundation should accumulate data that should help guide us. The self-governing units are called Scoot, and they issue their own tokens of responsibility also called scoot (lowercase). Scoot can trade for each other and for asimov but are in a restricted system called the responsibility domain. Asimov may trade openly like bitcoin. Through this system, we have a valuation of genius and vanity. The sum of the blockchains becomes a tree of human knowledge, distributed, and replicated throughout the planet by the nodes that process transactions.

The greatest treasure may be the future knowledge of how our values change over time, and what values we should instill in our children so that may live in a peaceful, sustainable, and equitable world.

## Scoot - Dynamically Scalable Responsibility

Why Scoot? Scoot is money, y'all.

The power of this system is that it uses the innovation of cryptocurrency to provide a scalable system of limited direct governance as well as an immutable historical record of that governance. The protocol will allow you to customize the elective governance of a Scoot. If you want a proportional

democracy, like a shareholder in a company, you can implement that. Want a representative democracy, because things work so well in your local congressional district? Give that a try. If you want a one-vote direct democracy, because you like participating in social media flame wars, go for it. If you'd like more of a *Game of Thrones* strategic power moves of royalty without all the blood, you can do that, too. You want to be like Linus, get your dictatorship on. I don't know which one will be better. Data we gather over years, decades, and centuries will show us which one of these works best or may guide us towards new forms of self-governance that are more efficient.

There is a reason direct democracy can't work on a large scale. We elect people at the local, state, and federal level (who are good at one thing) to lead and manage our governments, but then we expect them to be good at many things. What does a lawyer know about running a water or sewer system, or green recycling, or road maintenance? Elected leaders can hire unbiased, unconflicted experts to do the work, but how proficient can somebody become at a job specific to a region in the short duration of an election cycle?<sup>6</sup> We should have institutional experience in our government departments that are competent, but how do any of those people take risks or point out problems when their bosses change hands at the whim of the elected leaders?

The intact bureaucracy makes this whole process complicated because the scope is too broad. A congressman can get stuff done in government – he just makes a phone call and the water pumping station in his district gets a new pump ahead of some other district. All it cost was a vote against his conscience and the consensus of his constituents on a voting rights bill. People who can already vote are likely to remember the high-pressure shower they get each morning when election time rolls around again.

Limited scope governance can be efficient. Take a Homeowners Association (HOA). You have an hour meeting once a month. Hopefully, the chairman of the HOA is somebody practical

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<sup>6</sup> And what kind of unbiased, unconflicted real expert wants to work for a politician?

who won't make a run at the next open school board seat. The practical leader calls a meeting and talks about bids for a new lawn service that's coming up. They talk about teenagers hanging out at the playground drinking and smoking pot on the weekends, and who was going to call the cops, and should they inform parents first. They talk about a few issues they need to prepare to discuss in future meetings, and then close the meeting in 45 minutes.

Let's say the HOA chairperson *is* running for an open school board seat. They decide, before getting into the agenda, we should have an open forum where the HOA board can hear the homeowner's opinions. In the first meeting, the forum agenda is vaccination mandates and local abortion laws. Do you think they'll be able to agree on a lawn service after the open forum?

We can't agree on broad topics because our individual value systems aren't red or blue. Our individual values are more nuanced than the bipolar party system. When you limit the scope of your governance, you can avoid ideologies and focus on the problems. When you limit the scope, you can focus on efficient solutions rather than negotiate compromises.

Crypto has given us tools that allow us to manage a limited scope governance. In most places, existing governments or feudal powers hold jurisdiction over a broad domain of human civil systems.

By limiting the scope of our responsibility units to a single idea, you can have effective governance. By having all work occur in an open forum with an immutable record of value judgements via elections, you can avoid the conflict, politics, and corruption that occurs in governments with broad interests.

The Foundation is a limited direct democracy that asserts non-exclusive management responsibility over the public domain. The public domain is NOT the government's domain, nor does it belong to corporations or any other legal entity. It belongs to the public – and I choose to interpret this broadly as mankind at large.

Scoot may not own property. Property is the domain of existing governments and enforced by common law. By creating a system of responsibility for humanity's greatest treasure, the accumulated knowledge and imagination in the public domain, we

create institutions that are a public good. This creates value that is both equitable and plentiful. The governance of this public treasure is non-exclusive. There can be competition between Scoot within the Foundation's responsibility domain. There can be competition to The Foundation itself.

Asimov is the unit of measure in a real value system that does not include property of any kind. The Foundation's digital vaults will be filled with mankind's greatest treasure: Our dreams.

## The Foundation for the Appreciation of Human Genius

The Foundation is a Non-Governmental Organization (NGO). It may be decentralized, but it's not autonomous. It's an ideal, not an algorithm.

Specifically, it is *The Foundation for the Appreciation of Human Genius*. The measure of that appreciation is in units of the digital currency asimov. This has a double meaning – because for asimov to appreciate, humanity must appreciate the underlying works of genius. The other meaning is appreciation of asimov's market value relative to other currencies over time.

## Asimov and Scoot

Scoot is scoot.

Scoot may be understood by what it's not. Scoot is not stock. It is not an asset, or a commodity, and it can never be property. It's not an NFT. Though scoot are tokens of responsibility, they have no obligation. Scoot have no obligation because the accountability is direct. Fail at your responsibility, your wealth diminishes. Succeed at your responsibility, your wealth increases.

Scoot (uppercase) is a group of accountable individuals. Lowercase **scoot** is a unit of responsibility.<sup>7</sup>

A Scoot is an enterprise that does not own property.

While it might be easier to explain what scoot is in terms of cryptocurrency or existing financial instruments, it would be wrong. When the foundation of a system is broken, you don't mold a new system using the old foundation. You find a better rock to build your house upon. A rock that does not roll.

Brother Taboo spits truth:

*So I could ask myself really what is goin' wrong  
In this world that we livin' in people keep on givin' in  
**Makin' wrong decisions, only visions of them dividends**  
Not respectin' each other, deny thy brother  
A war is goin' on but the reason's undercover<sup>8</sup>*

Bill Gates said, "With great wealth comes great responsibility."

Scoot is the inverse function. **With great responsibility comes great wealth.**

The most valuable treasures we have as a species is the knowledge, innovation, and imagination of those who came before us and the dreams of those living now. This treasure is more valuable than gold, oil, or hash rate.

Our treasure is not valuable if lost, destroyed, or forgotten. It is up to humans to protect, preserve, and remember this treasure.

Scoot is the vessel of this responsibility.

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<sup>7</sup> The nomenclature is a tribute to Bitcoin, but confusing, especially when you start a sentence with (b)itcoin.

<sup>8</sup> *Where is the Love?* by Black Eyed Peas

## Scoot Primer

For a detailed description of the system, please refer to **Appendix D – System Technical Description**. The Foundation is a measurement system for intrinsic human value. How it works as a human system is more important than the digital protocol.

It is an engineered system, so when I think of how it works in human terms, I also think about how to implement it as a digital system. The primary innovation is a social-economic system. Scoot works to create value equitably from the intrinsic value of ideas. My vagabond crypto advisor thought explaining it in technical terms at this stage in the book would lose the reader. Apparently, most crypto advisors don't like to read.

He also thought there were too many sports references.

## The Foundation

The Foundation is the organization that governs the system. The Foundation validates transactions and identities and participates in staking Scoot.

## Pledges

Pledges are members of The Foundation. Pledges are identified by The Foundation using one of two methods.

**Deterministic biometric identity.** The Foundation uses biometric identification – eye scans, fingerprints, or DNA - to identify you and validate a private key. We don't need to know your real name, or your citizenship. We just need to know you are a unique person. You can't have multiple identities within The Foundation.<sup>9</sup>

**Linked Stakes.** This is the method used during rollout of The Foundation. An existing member validates another member as a unique human and "stakes" their membership.

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<sup>9</sup> We do need to know that you are of legal age in the country where The Foundation initially validates your identify. This is bit of a Catch-22. The Foundation will need to deliberate on this as a priority once a board is elected.

“Pledge” is not just terminology. Pledges promise to keep property out of the responsibility domain. They also promise to increase the appreciation of the idea the scoot they hold represents.

### Scoot

A Scoot is an enterprise that does not own property. It is governed by the member pledges, according to rules that the members determine.

In the genius economy, Scoot are equivalents to companies in the property economy. A Scoot can do almost anything that a company can do, except buy real-property and sell properties of wealth.

The Foundation itself is a Scoot. This is intentionally recursive.

The governance of a Scoot is managed with a blockchain, known as a scootchain, and the unit of exchange is also generically called scoot.<sup>10</sup>

There is no need to understand cryptocurrency to understand scoot. A Scoot could use poker chips or paper tickets for trade. What they represent is the responsibility the holder has for the governance of a Scoot. The bearer of a scoot has responsibility for the appreciation of the idea the Scoot represents.

The Foundation assigns a number when a Scoot is staked. This number is known as the Scoot Index. Scoot are referred to as scoot(X) – where (X) is the Scoot Index. The pledges can call the scoot whatever they want.

### Scootage

The scootage are the holders of a specific scoot.

### Scoot Trustee

A person elected or chosen by the scootage as leader. The specifics of how a trustee is chosen is left to individual Scoots. To operate within The Foundation, the method of elections must be executable by the protocol.

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<sup>10</sup> Lowercase scoot is token. Uppercase Scoot is an enterprise.

## Responsibility Domain

The responsibility domain is the term to describe the marketplace of scoot. In the responsibility domain, all trades must be validated by both parties. Responsibility must be accepted.

Scoot with indexes greater than zero can only trade in the responsibility domain.

## Value Domain

The Foundation's scoot is called asimov. Technically, asimov is scoot(0). In the responsibility domain, asimov serves as a common unit of exchange between scoot.

The value domain allows asimov to be traded one way and to anonymous addresses. This allows asimov to be traded for other cryptocurrencies, fiat currencies or any form of property, and thus provides a bridge between property and ideas.

The Foundation will only open trade in the value domain if certain conditions are met. These conditions are described in **Second Foundation**.

## Staking

The equivalent to capitalization in the genius economy is staking. Staking may be a commitment of property, appreciation, content or asimov in a Scoot for a fixed period, in exchange for scoot. Staking is described in more detail in the **Stakes** chapter.

Staking creates a measurement known as stake weight. This is used in processing transactions, or in shuns, a method of preventing the validation of transactions.

## Staking Networks

Scoot which join with other Scoot to process each other's transactions and elections are members of a Staking Network. While it's possible for a Scoot to process its own transactions, the Foundation will not validate those transactions; staking networks must encumber scoot of equal or greater weight than the transactional weight they are validating. This is similar to the crypto concept known as Proof-of-Stake.



### Virtual Scoot

Virtual Scoot are Scoot with indexes less than zero. Virtual Scoot may be used for a variety of purposes. A staking network is a virtual scoot, and so is a shun.

Scoot(-1) and scoot(-2) are mining rewards for processing transactions in the responsibility and value domains, respectively.

### Genius Economy

The genius economy is the trade of scoot in both the responsibility and value domains.

It is separate but coexistent with the property economy.

You could think of scoot as Airline Frequent Flyer Miles. These miles are good for air travel, and may also be converted into hotel rewards, you can't easily use them to buy a house or a car.

Scoot are like Airline Miles for foolish people who believe ideas are more valuable than property.

People like Isaac Asimov.

*The Foundation is Gratitude*

## Application of Scoot

### Scoot of Property (SOP)

A Scoot of Property is the simplest case to understand. A group is formed to be responsible for a piece of property they collectively agree should not be property, but part of the public domain. Genius belongs to Humanity.

A billionaire owns a Picasso he bought for \$1 million, now appraised at \$10 million. The billionaire forms a Scoot, names himself as trustee and mints 1000 scoot. In staking the Scoot, he signs away title to the painting, gives it freely to humanity, formally ending the painting's existence as property, yet the Scoot retains right of possession of the painting as custodian. This *is* a legal paradox, a tactical one. A Scoot can buy property, and it can give away property to humanity, but it can never sell properties of wealth.

The billionaire may agree to sell 1 scoot to The Foundation at the appraised price, or the equivalent of \$10,000 in asimov, establishing a first mint price. The billionaire may then trade up to 498 scoot in the responsibility domain and retain possessive control of the painting.<sup>11</sup> The other 498 holders don't benefit in any way directly. The billionaire can keep his painting hidden away at his ski chalet, losing nothing in the process. He controls access to the painting but has turned half of its value into liquid wealth.<sup>12</sup>

This is zero sum, not only for the billionaire but for the scoot holders (scootage). What makes people appreciate art is seeing art. The billionaire hears from his scootage and finds out one of them is Argentinian and there is unfulfilled demand for all things Picasso in his home country. The Scoot arranges an exhibition with a museum in Buenos Aires. Bids on the scoot double soon after the exhibition begins. A few holders sell to Argentinian pledges. Another holder suggests they have an Argentinian Art historian write a biography

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<sup>11</sup> Assuming it's a democratic Scoot.

<sup>12</sup> Minus whatever his local government wants to tax this gift to humanity.

focused on that period of painting in Pablo's life. The Scoot stakes the historian's Scoot and commissions a biography which is published on the scootchain.

You might wonder why any billionaire would do this, after all, who does he have to impress? \$10 million for a painting for a billionaire is equivalent to the wallpaper decision most of us make when buying a new house.

The reason is simple - who he's got to impress. The wealthy like to flaunt, or else we wouldn't have to read their raw thoughts on Twitter and see what kind of underwear they wear on Instagram. This is very different. This is a direct personal staking of what they value. Instead of flaunting their wealth as art because they are rich, they are making a bolder statement, one that will be judged by history.

They are saying they are wealthy because they are passionate about something. And that is a good way to be wealthy. For everybody.

## Scoot of Gratitude (SOG)

### Titanic Appreciation

Not everybody with a passion is a billionaire.

Take Zoey, who voyaged to Los Angeles as a student from China, to study filmmaking with the hopes of being the next Spielberg. Twenty years later, she's working in Hollywood but toiling in production jobs, never getting a chance to assist, much less direct a movie. Dreams unfulfilled, she is still grateful to make a living doing what she loves.

Zoey is Scoot-hip and has made a lot of contacts in the industry. She decides to scoot James Cameron's *Titanic*, which inspired her career. It's not a unique idea, there are likely to be hundreds, if not thousands, of Scoots devoted to *Titanic*. Zoey considered most of her competition purely nostalgia, glorifying the romance without looking at the bigger picture.

Zoey initially mints a thousand scoot, which she distributes to her industry friends. She has a few older friends who worked on the movie, and through them, meets a few more. She asks those that worked on the movie to write their thoughts and experiences of

working *Titanic*. She interviews a few old-timers in L.A. and writes up their stories. She starts publishing these memories on the scootchain, carefully selecting a few that are complementary to a rose of an actor, with whom she eventually gets into contact. Zoey offers the actor a hefty slice of her majority scoot for just a bit of genius by association, really, half-a-day's work. The actor is game, so Zoey privately reveals her secret strategy, *El Enchilada Grande*.<sup>13</sup>

Word gets out quickly when a high-profile actor commits to a Scoot based on their work. During the next few months Zoey watches patiently as her scoot, which she now shares majority control with the actor, starts to trade openly at a nice valuation. The scootage, most of whom she knows personally, gives her advice. The main question is to dilute or not dilute. Both have been known to increase the value of scoot. She needs to move quickly. She makes an offering of about 20% dilution. With the actors stake, it still leaves them with majority control.

Zoey subscribes to The Foundation's philosophy, the more people who are responsible for something, the more valuable it can become. The genius economy is a brand-new thing, so nobody has really tested it out on a titanic scale. Zoey's looking at the downside of forty, what the hell does she have to lose?

Zoey uses the proceeds of the offering to book a big room at a hotel in Santa Monica. She funds a specifically targeted social media campaign. She targets women who would have been 7-28 in 1997 who are players in cryptocurrency and followers of Kate Winslet or Leonardo Di Caprio on social media. Chinese social media is faster than the speed of light, within 8 seconds the conference and hotel are fully booked.

There's a month wait before the conference; rumors begin to swirl. Would the actor show up? Competing Scoot start to make inquiries, looking for leverage opportunities. What's the actor's role? Zoey stays aloof and secretive, only posting that a plan would be revealed shortly.

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<sup>13</sup> TexMex for *Magnum Opus*. Zoey, a genius, naturally identifies as Texan.

At the hotel, on the big night, the haunting thematic whistle plays through the hall, and Zoey walks out on stage looking like a Technicolor Therasos priestess, a tie-dyed pulldown turtleneck, orange plastic rimmed glasses rejected from Elton John's personal collection as being too gaudy, and a purple Devo hat. Whispers spread like wildfire.

Zoey raises her arms in a V and shouts in into the microphone, "Silence!"

The lights dim and the crowd settles. The screen begins to show a CGI animation. *Titanic*, reborn.

The plan is presented. A *New Titanic* will be built, a ship visually identical to the original, engineered to modern safety standards. Not only will the ship reflect the grandeurs and vanity of the Gilded age, with the opulent First-Class Suites, but also the reality of the Progressive Era, with working-men's communal bunks and washrooms.

While a visual facsimile of the actual *Titanic*, the *New Titanic* will be 100% green and carbon neutral, fully electric with only an emergency diesel generator.

After the ship is constructed, a new *Titanic* series will be filmed. Zoey has written a script, and the actor has agreed to star. Instead of a star-crossed lover, the actor would play their age, the personification of a greedy turn-of-the-century capitalist aristocrat.

Since a Scoot may not own property, the ship itself would become a monument to both the movie and the engineering. A floating tribute to those that brought so much wonder to so many lives, and a reminder of man's hubris. A cruise ship in the public domain, stewarded by Zoey's Scoot.

Zoey walks off the stage, having only spoken the one word.

*La Ruidosa Chalupa*<sup>14</sup> appears from a cloud of dry ice and sings the song. Eight women in the crowd faint. The actor arrives on stage and

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<sup>14</sup> TexMex colloquialism, meaning dependent on context, but in most cases means "The Noisy Canadian."

makes a few jokes about everybody getting older and acknowledges how much *Titanic* had really meant for their career.

A representative of The Foundation comes on stage and explains how the Scoot works and the risks involved, and all the details needed for someone to legally participate. Hundreds of attendees line up to validate their identification and pledge to The Foundation so that they may show the world their appreciation of *Titanic*.

The next day, Zoey's Scoot is staked to the asimov equivalent of \$100 Million. Enough to make a CGI movie, not enough to build the ship.

The Internet almost crashes. People troll this crazy lady, calling her plan ridiculous. Smarty pants Finnish techno-dweebs deride her plan as impossible and a fraud. One particularly geeky billionaire engineer points out that Zoey's plan is difficult, but not impossible. With a large enough towed array of floating solar panels, it was possible to generate enough power to propel a ship, though the battery size needed to "steam" through the night might be impractical, since one must consider the drag of the tow.

The next day Zoey releases the video presentation along with a technical addendum, showing exactly how the *New Titanic* will work. Not only does the ship have a towed solar array, but there is also a separate electric powered tug that tows the array. The tug "plugs-in" into Titanic like a power cable to a phone, discharging from its own internal battery to the big ship at night. The solar panels would be mounted on bobber-buoys that tracked the sun, which would be at a low angle in the polar seas where *New Titanic* would steam. The bobber-buoys would generate current themselves, from the natural motion of the ocean, thus negating the overall drag effect, even in the dark.

In addition, the Titanic's four massive smokestacks, which one would assume to be decorative in an electric ship, are integral to the operation. An animation shows the smokestacks unfolding and transforming into a massive set of four windmills hundreds of meters over the deck, creating power from the wind. An engineer gives a technical description of how the unfolding mechanism works, and the materials needed to build such a radical windmill. Another

animation begins, and we see the fore and aft towers that serve as the crow's nest of the ship bloom into massive, mile-wide carbon fiber parasails that mutate *New Titanic* into a huge sailboat.

The next day the geeky billionaire engineer admits on Twitter he'd underestimated Zoey's plan and announces his intention to invest \$500 Million into Zoey's Scoot. For the next few weeks, Zoey is constantly on the phone with techno-billionaires trying to outbid each other for a piece of the Scoot. She funds her Scoot with over \$2 billion equivalent of asimov.

A few years later, the *New Titanic* sails and the series is filmed. Zoey's co-direction with the actor sets a cinematic standard for the century. On the surface Zoey's screenplay is a study of the Progressive Era class struggle which foreshadowed the revolutions that followed. Deeper, it is a thinly veiled allegory critical of techno-billionaire enslavement of the working class through invasion of privacy, bondage so strong, that the very engineers that design the technology for their masters are unable to escape it.<sup>15</sup> Strong acting by Winslet and DiCaprio, playing power couple Rose and Jack Da'eval, representing the basest personification of greed, win Golden Globes and Emmys. Michael B. Jordan, playing a shirtless coal shoveling fireman, and Matthew McConaughey, playing his cruel, racist and shirtless boss, are praised by both critics and audiences. These superstars lead a cast of hundreds. There is also plenty of breakout new talent, complex stories and characters woven seamlessly into over 80 hours of screen time.

After accepting their Emmys for best Director of Drama Series, Zoey and the actor hold a press conference and reveal the final chapter of *El Grande Enchilada*.

*New Titanic* will "steam" constantly, a series of month-long cruises. Each year, writers, directors, and actors will have opportunity to bid on a new movie or series. Effectively, scoot(Titanic) becomes a media franchise of the public domain. The

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<sup>15</sup> This is Zoey's thinly veiled allegory, not the author's. The author's 90's movie would be *Fight Club*. Wait a minute. Maybe *Independence Day*? The *Fresh Prince* slapping down aliens, what billionaire is going to have a problem with that? Unless...

scootage votes on the merits of these screenplays, and award production to the winners. In addition, everyday people will get a chance to submit their stories of how *Titanic* touched their lives. The scootage votes for the best stories and the winners are chosen as guests for the cruise. Groups of people who do some Titanic themed public good can bid on group cruises. And best of all, everything is free for the guests. Workers are chosen based on some creative angle. Chefs trying to make a name for themselves. Waitstaff and cleaners are really actors and writers vying for a chance to create an angle that would get them a part in the production. Artist, musicians, dancers and magicians, all driven by the scoot economy, bid to “work” the *New Titanic*. Not only does the cruise become an active-production Hollywood set, with the guests as extras, but it’s also a reality show, the guest and their crew sharing their heartaches and triumphs in the context of a magical themed cruise.

The scootage may not join the cruise as guests. That would be equivalent of transferring income to the scootage. This is strictly forbidden, nor can the scootage “buy” their way in. They *can* bid through a lottery to become ambassadors of the Scoot, thus gaining a berth on the ship, though they must work the cruise. The work consists of walking around and talking to guests about how awesome *Titanic* is.

Such an incredible and constant production would surely require and immense amount of property money. So how does the Scoot pay for the expenses? There will be one paid ticket per voyage, and that will be known as Rose’s Dowry. There is one wedding per voyage. The dowry will be the cost for the entire voyage, including the costs of all the other guests on board, not just the wedding guests. This is a targeted play, directly aimed and marketed at the daughters or future-daughters-in-laws of billionaires.

A week after announcement of the plan, a wily Chinese financier prebooks the next 37 years of Rose’s Dowry for an equivalent of \$67 billion. He resells the inaugural wedding cruise for \$17 billion two weeks later.

The Scoot continues to dilute, people buying in just for a chance to win the lottery and become ambassadors. Sleeping in bunkrooms



and sharing washrooms with strangers for a chance to reflect in the glory that is *Titanic*. By the time Zoey hits sixty, she's the wealthiest woman in the genius economy, and over 7% of the world's idea wealth is somehow *Titanic* related.

The *New Titanic* voyages, a fairy tale vacation for the romantic, are the hottest tickets in town. Everybody has something special in their life, if they're willing to share it with the world, they might end up with a free cruise. It's the floating version of the Hallmark channel, with a genuine old-world royal wedding on every voyage.

Zoey's heart can go on.<sup>16</sup>

### REALITY CHECK

Does this seem ridiculous? I agree, a bit indulgent. The only part I don't think is ridiculous is that *Titanic* related scoot could be worth 7% of the world's genius wealth. Why? Which are the strongest values across cultures? I have no idea.<sup>17</sup> I do know that canine-based meme coins have shared values at the time of writing over \$80 billion. Based on what? I'm sure there are more people who've been touched in some way by *Titanic* than have been licked or sniffed by Shibu Inu.

I have no idea why *Titanic* invaded the collective consciousness of the world in the nineties and took root. *Titanic* wasn't a new story – I knew about the sinking of the *Titanic* before the movie came out, and obviously, so did James Cameron.

Why did we know about it? The newspapers wrote about it. It's a good story of man's hubris that would have sold well in the dawn of the Progressive Era. Unsinkable ship, bunch of rich folk.

In terms of a tragedy in the year 1912, *Titanic* wasn't even a blip on the radar. We were taking tragic death to industrial levels all over the globe. 1,500 dead? Give me a break. By the end of that decade,

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<sup>16</sup> For anyone reading this who feels an intense need for a testosterone injection, stay with me. The smackdown will begin shortly.

<sup>17</sup> 9/11/2023 – I figured it out. It's the value of redemption.

between war, genocide, revolution, exploitation, neglect, and pandemic, we're talking about peak historical tragedy.

Most people didn't have the extra penny or nickel it cost to buy a newspaper if they could read at all. Most people hadn't been more than fifty miles from where they were born. Any ocean voyage, especially on a steamship, would have been a fantasy for most people.

Somehow this tale survived through fifty more years of peak industrial tragedy to become the biggest movie ever. Is it just all Hollywood? Or is there some fundamental reason *Titanic* is important to mankind? Was it symbolic, the end of the Gilded Age? Was it the butcher's bill for man's hubris?

That's the thing - we don't know.

That's what the scootchain gives us: A historical record of how our values change. This is the kind of data Isaac Asimov's psychohistorian would use to predict the future. If we had this data, we'd know exactly where to focus our efforts to find more uniting values.

The immediate value is that there is probably a person on every block in every city in the world who thinks that *Titanic* is the greatest movie of the greatest story ever told.<sup>18</sup> They might not agree on anything else, but on that one value they are united. That unity is valuable to everybody who desires a peaceful world.

### Darkest Depths of Mordor

Let's say you're a software engineer. Not one of the cool ones, who plays guitar and can talk smack about basketball and reads thought-provoking science fiction, but one of the more stereotypical ones, the kind you see on HBO's docuseries, *Silicon Valley*. You read a lot, but it's more of the fantasy side of things, that unfortunately gets jumbled up in the same bookstore aisle with the hard science-fiction. You like to read about magic and spells and dragons and orcs, not the future history of mankind. On Tuesdays and Thursdays, you spend hours practicing sword fighting, and on Wednesdays you play

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<sup>18</sup> Despite being basically *Romeo and Juliet*.

old-school Dungeons and Dragons with your other geeky friends. You listen to Zeppelin, but only II and IV because of the Tolkien references.<sup>19</sup> You get to see members of the opposite sex once a year when you load your RV and make a cross country tour of Renaissance Festivals.

You've been in a funk, because your roommate for your study-year abroad in England, Kelvin<sup>20</sup>, is a crypto-billionaire, and you're barely able to afford to pay your personal-stretcher, Karl, after sword practice. You thought about mining bitcoin back in 2012, you've got the high-end computer gear in your basement. That gear has been tied up with your masterpiece since 2009. You designed software that took Peter Jackson's full ten-hour epic LOTR trilogy and re-rendered the entire movie with Viggo Mortensen's face replaced with your own, and your sword partner Daryl's face on Elijah Wood's body. Gandalf is rendered from stock footage of Steve Jobs. Best yet - the Gollum - the Gollum is Kelvin. Burn baby, burn.

You decide nobody appreciates Tolkien as much as you do. There are already thousands of lame Tolkien Scoots on the market, mostly people who write fan fiction or Hobbit recipe books.

You know you can do better. After all, you're a badass who can dominate any broadsword contest.

You realize that if you use serialization or shards as your scoot's sub-unit, the transactions have access to an extensible field in the protocol called characteristics. These characteristics are scoot specific, and with scripting, you can turn each individual scoot into a unique item, like a Pokémon trading card. You know more about the Tolkien universe than any single individual on the planet, so you design this complex strategy game that runs as an app in the metaverse using the held scoot as playing cards. Rather than simply voting on the direction of the Scoot, you have complex nerd battles

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<sup>19</sup> This does not make Zeppelin nerd rock. The rhythm section had no idea what that banshee was wailing about.

<sup>20</sup> Kelvin's character in Dungeon and Dragons back in the 90s was a 76<sup>th</sup> power Japanese magician/monk (ninja) name Satoshi.

that test not only your ability to trade for the right scoot, be it a ring, or a spell or a sword, but a player's knowledge of the Tolkien universe. The trustee, yourself, is known as *Sauron*, the all-seeing eye. Normally, as trustee, you can't participate in the games. Come trustee election time, which is a massive war game based on the siege of *Minas Tirith*, you must play. Sauron always wins that battle.

The best yet is Kelvin. You trick Kelvin into spending his crypto-billions on asimov so he can trade for more units of scoot(LOTR). He keeps buying and buying but he never wins. One day soon, he'll be completely broke and you, broadsword swinging, code slinging engineer, will be *The Lord of the Rings*.

Eat that, crypto Kelvin.

### Post-Agency Scoot (PoAS)

Post-Agency means the subject is dead and can't speak for themselves. Pre-Agency means the subject is too young to make decisions about their intellectual property rights. I'll get into what Agency means a little later.

There are a few (infinite) ways this could go, but if you wish to honor a dead genius, you'll likely have a lot of competition. This is expected, as are mergers, and acquisitions. You'll need to stand out.

### Einstein

Albert Einstein's name has been synonymous with genius my entire life.

After The Foundation goes forward, I suspect they'll be hundreds of Scoot focused on Einstein. Initially, physicists and historians from different countries and backgrounds will create Scoot based on their own take on Einstein's genius. After a few decades, alliances will form, and perhaps after fifty years, there are two mainstream Scoot.

Scoot(54132) was formed by a group of mathematicians out of Princeton, and through mergers, built a huge scootage, mostly of other mathematicians. Their focus is the brilliance in Einstein's work. They are literalists, they believe Einstein's genius is to be found in the papers he wrote and in his equations. They study Einstein's papers and look for hidden meaning, continually publishing interpretations and proofs on the scootchain.

Scoot(102343) was formed by a group of Physicists from Germany, but gradually comes to include people from all walks of life. This Scoot is dedicated to Einstein the man, and seek to remember not what he wrote, but how he saw the world in the context of his quote, “*Imagination is more important than knowledge.*” They study Einstein the man, and even commissioned the award-winning movie *Einstein in Love*.<sup>21</sup>

In 2079, coincidently two hundred years after Einstein’s birth, an obscure physicist named Doug who is a pledge of Scoot(102343), discovers a new set of equations, that proves everything that Einstein came up with was wrong. Einstein’s equations worked, like Newton’s, as mere approximations. A new kind of math is needed to understand the universe, a kind of mathematics that was beyond the human limits of direct comprehension, but Siri was able to figure out in 14 milliseconds as soon as her 15<sup>th</sup> generation Quantum CPUs were brought online. Doug just happened to have the imagination to ask her the right question. “Doug” becomes the new synonym for genius – somebody who can sweet talk Siri.

Scoot(54132) loses value at once, while Scoot(102343) continues to gain value. After all, Imagination is more powerful than knowledge. The overall value of all Einstein related Scoot remained constant and even went up a little. The lesson learned: if a problem is too hard to figure out with math, just make something up. That’s the lesson Einstein taught us.

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<sup>21</sup> This movie had much better streaming numbers than the competing biopic, *Tesla in Love*, which was way freakier.

## Circulation

Enough with high mindedness and theory. Let us consider how scoot and asimov will be circulated.

## Staked

“Doctor Frankenstein, you’ve created a monster.”

“My bad. Stick a stake through its heart.”

“I think that’s for vampires.”

“Crap, what do we do? Sorry dude, first monster.”

“Well, there are a bunch of stakes laying around, we might as well give it a try.”

## First Foundation

In the first edition of this book, I proposed staking The Foundation with \$100 million in currency or property. Pledges would stake funds in exchange for asimov. The funds would be held in escrow for 10 years, after which the stakers would have the choice to keep their asimov or return it and receive their entire stake back. The staking scheme was designed so that many smaller stakes would be equalized through the enchantment of Whales – big pledges. The equalization was justified because that’s the point of this project – an equitable value system.

I felt that putting \$100 million at risk would strengthen the commitment to the idea that the trade in asimov and scoot is not trade in property, and thus cannot be a security or a commodity. Furthermore, by putting the capital of Whales at risk, we’d shift the legal burden of the defense of this assertion to the Whales who could either afford a legal defense or wouldn’t care.

There were some issues with the plan. I wanted stakes to have no minimum commitment, knowing the early small stakes would be equalized into a higher relative value. This created a potential responsibility burden for the organization, as returning many small commitments could be costly after 10 years. I planned to side-step this with fine print, stating that stakes under \$10 would not be

returned. This seemed practical, yet hypocritically inequitable. We are actively seeking participation from the poorest regions of the world, where \$10 might be very valuable.<sup>22</sup>

The Foundation's cryptocurrency consultant pointed out that if The Foundation staked *asimov* in exchange for currency or any other property, we would be exposed to possible SEC scrutiny, ala *SEC vs Ripple Labs*.<sup>23</sup> I'd considered this all along, and welcome scrutiny from regulators, as trade in scoot is trade in responsibility, and thus not a security. The consultant made the case that while I may be right, many wonderful hopes and dreams that are perfectly legal have been crushed under the massive weight of a legitimate legal defense. The Foundation does not depend on the private stake in any way for funding, so why poke a pig in the eye?

I also found some difficulty in explaining why the system excluded property, yet I proposed staking it with property-based currencies I specifically assert have no intrinsic value. Recursive Integration applied to human systems requires that we recurse upon hypocrisy, and thus we propose Second Foundation.

## Texas Catfish

It's important that The Foundation be a legitimate system of self-governance. As such, it needed to be properly formed. My original plan was for Jay-Z to handle the organization. I wasn't going to sit around and wait for instructions from the crown, just because he wasn't around. Jay-Z never sat around waiting on anybody to make something happen.<sup>24</sup>

Convincing people that money is unfair is not hard. I braved big-city traffic and arrived downtown H-Town on August 2<sup>nd</sup>, ready to spread the word.

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<sup>22</sup> More than one third of the world's population lives on less than \$2 a day. <https://www.bbc.com/news/magazine-17512040>

<sup>23</sup> <https://www.investopedia.com/sec-vs-ripple-6743752>

<sup>24</sup> Well, maybe he waits on the Queen.

Struck pure virgin irony with my first conversation.

I parked a block away from The Toyota Center. I gave a homeless guy some cash and asked him for the inside scoop, which entrance the office workers and staff go through. I was pulling stuff out of my Jeep, while I told him about Scoot. I gave him a cold bottle of water from my cooler.

He says, *“Hey, man, how about those shoes there, my feet are killing me?”* He interrupts my rap about how I’m trying to start a fair currency for poor people to ask me that. His timing was perfect. Respect.

My wife had bought me a new pair of Adidas.<sup>25</sup> I walk a lot, usually break in my new shoes gradually. I’d planned to spend the day in Fonde Recreation Center in the air-conditioning, but it was closed to the public for a camp, so I had worn the new shoes and planned to switch to the broken-in shoes later if I had to walk. The shoes he’s looking at are the broken-in pair in the back of my vehicle.

“I’m size 12,” I say, hoping. He was about 5’6”.

“That’s my size,” he says. I gave him the shoes. The revolution requires sacrifice.

My plan of engaging Astros fans on the way to the Juicebox didn’t work out. There are a lot of Texas country folk who drive to the big city for Astros games. Apparently, there is some Texas country folk wisdom about avoiding crazy people downtown when you go to the big city to see a ballgame. Or maybe it’s just a specific rule against joining in chants and casting curses.

I had easily escaped the clutches of an unmentionable science fiction themed cult in my youth, so I hadn’t even considered that as a factor. In retrospect, you would have thought more Texas country folk would have seen *Field of Dreams*. I bet they watch *Yellowstone*.

My grandpa taught me the key rule of Texas History. *“When you don’t have all the facts, history is usually what makes the best story.”*

Grandpa took me fishing as a boy. I didn’t get the feeling he was much for fishing, but it was something he’d learned by necessity, and

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<sup>25</sup> Yes, James I still wear your shoes. They’re the only ones don’t hurt my feet.



probably thought it was a good idea to teach his grandson. I was excited to go fishing. He told me stories about catfish. He told me how they looked, with long whiskers like a cat, and how good they tasted.

I think I was too young to be useful, but I remember putting a bug on a hook and it was gooey. There was a bank with a beach around a bend in the muddy river. All around the banks were higher, he'd carried me down. In fact, I think he was carrying me, a bucket and a pole and a net all at once. The Brazos is smooth flowing on top but treacherous underneath. I remember him telling me to stand back from shore while he reeled it in, struggling. I imagine the real struggle was concentrating on the fish while making sure his grandson didn't jump in the river. This fish is flopping around in the net and grandpa grabs it by the gill and the next part is too graphic, but after a flurry of activity the fish is there, flopping very slowly on the sand, and it stops moving and I can finally see it clearly. A boy from any other state would be crying at this point, how ugly and scary this catfish looks.

"Grandpa, that's ugly and don't look like a cat."

"Oh, I've seen country cats uglier than this fella. He's ugly and stupid but he's strong and going to taste good. Ugly ones taste the best."

"You said it was like a pretty kitty cat," I said.

"Pretty ones live on the east bank," Grandpa said, "That's the side over there, where you live."

"Don't you live on this side, Grandpa?"

"Well, a few pretty ones got to live on the west side of the river, or the ugly ones would go over there and eat all the pretty catfish's food."

"Grandpa, you're like the smart, pretty catfish lives on this side of the river with all the big old scary catfish?"

"You got that right," he said.

## Second Foundation

*I gave you prophecy on my first joint,  
and y'all lamed out  
Didn't really appreciate it  
'til the second one came out  
So I stretched the game out,  
etched your name out<sup>26</sup>*

Second Foundation will be staked with ideas.

Staking The Foundation is fully recursive and will serve as a template for staking of all Scoot.

### Private Stake

The Private Stake is a tranche of 5 billion asimov reserved for staking. The tranches are described in **Appendix A – Asimov Distribution Schedule**.

### Private Staking Period

The Private Staking period lasts until the stake distribution is calculated and asimov is distributed to the pledges.

The closing of the private staking period and calculation of the distribution will require unanimous ratification of the board. The board and the electorates are described in **Governance**.

Trades will only be validated in the responsibility domain. This means during the private staking period, asimov and scoot exist in a closed system, exclusive of currency and property. During the private staking period, asimov is a metric of the value of the exchange of scoot.

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<sup>26</sup> **Hard Knock Life (Ghetto Anthem)** Shawn Carter, Mark James, Charles Strouse, Martin Charnin

## Distribution

The Foundation will be staked in units and subunits of asimov. The subunit of asimov is the isaac. One thousand isaacs are equal to an asimov.<sup>27</sup>

The private staking period will end with a unanimous vote of the board that the sum of the ideas appreciated in the aggregate scootchains is equivalent to or greater than the genius of one Asimov.

This is an arbitrary and time biased opinion. Isaac Asimov was a writer and a great thinker. If self-driving cars take over the world and enslave the human population because some techno-dweeb forgot to implement the **Three Laws of Robotics**<sup>28</sup> Asimov's genius will probably challenge the weight of Moses or Siddhartha. On the other hand, history is littered with the scribbings of writers who pointed out problems but didn't do anything to fix them. Genius is relative.

There is an alternative method of invoking the distribution. The Mule may be ratified by the board, ending the private staking period, and creating an immediate value measurement relative to property. **The Mule** is described in the next section.

### Distribution algorithm

Stakes are assigned indexes beginning with one, in the order they are staked. At distribution, each stake will be assigned a multiplier.

$$\text{Multiplier} = (\text{Number of stakes}) - \text{stake index}$$

This multiplier is the distribution factor of the stake.

If The Mule is ratified, 49% of the asimov in the private staking pool (a total of 2.450 billion asimov) will be staked to The Mule. The remainder (2.550 billion asimov) shall be divided proportionally after

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<sup>27</sup> I like irregular fractions like **Prime Shards**. Asimov was a big proponent of the metric system: <https://thetricmaven.com/asimov-and-metric-prefixes/> Dropping a Dime in the value domain is one-tenth of an asimov or a centi-asimov or 100 isaacs.

<sup>28</sup> [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Three\\_Laws\\_of\\_Robotics](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Three_Laws_of_Robotics)

applying the distributional factor to individual stakes. This means the earliest stakes will have a proportionally larger distribution than those that come later.

If the board elects distribution without selecting The Mule, then the entire 5 billion private stake tranche will be divided among the stakes proportionally after applying the distribution factor to individual stakes.

Most of the electoral power for The Foundation lies outside of asimov and is controlled by the responsibility domain. This prevents The Mule from having a larger influence in the bootstrap phase of The Foundation. The electorates are described in the **Governance** section.

## Stakes

Stakes are a commitment to the idea a Scoot appreciates. Stakes are made in exchange for the underlying scoot in quantities specified by each Scoot's charter.

Staked scoot are encumbered on their respective scootchain and may not be traded during the staking period. Stake encumbered scoot may not be traded but they can still exercise voting privileges.

Second Foundation stakes – stakes in asimov - will be encumbered for 10 years.

## Stake Weight

The sum of the encumbered scoot as well as the number of stakers, staking period and the measurable property value are inputs to a calculation known as the stake weight.

The stake weight of a Scoot is a fundamental measurement used in the protocol as a method of flow control and separation of staking networks. Conceptually, this means that stakeholders have a high level of control over the ideas their network trades.

The time commitment is intentional. Staking is not speculation. Staking is commitment to ideas in which you believe.<sup>29</sup>

### Appreciation Stakes

Appreciation stakes are a simple exchange – your opinion in exchange for scoot. It could be as simple as “liking” something on social media. You listen to a song, you express your appreciation, and the artist sends you scoot. You become responsible for the further appreciation of that song. Your opinion of an idea has value, and that appreciation is reflective of the value of the idea to others.

### Content Stakes

Contents stakes are some words you write or content you create. Content stakes are an expression of gratitude.

This content becomes an entry in the scootchain.

### Foundational Stakes

Foundation stakes are a commitment of asimov to a Scoot and are held for a period specified in the Scoot’s genesis block. Foundation stakes have a deterministic value in asimov.

### Commitment Stakes

Commitment stakes are a commitment of property as a stake. Commitment Stakes can be revocable or irrevocable.

Revocable means the stake is held in escrow, and at the end of the staking period, the pledge may revoke, returning the encumbered scoot to the Scoot, and receiving their property back in whole.

Irrevocable means the committed property is a gift to humanity for the purpose of appreciation of the idea the Scoot represents. After the staking period, the encumbered scoot may be traded.

Irrevocable commitment stakes are a way for a Scoot to accept seed money for operations. The ratio of exchange is arbitrary and specified in a Scoot’s charter.

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<sup>29</sup> The protocol shall provide a method to “unstake.” How and when to grant a pledge permission to unstake shall be specified in the charter and genesis block.

Second Foundation shall only accept a single Revokable Commitment Stake, as specified in The Mule chapter.

## Staking Codes

There are one thousand valid staking codes. Staking codes are used to earn stakes through appreciation or commitment of content or property.

Staking codes may be used multiple times, but they are time locked after each usage. Staking codes used by suspected bots or AI may be invalidated.

Appreciation stakes are anonymous and accessed with a word-key. They may be converted to full pledge stakes at any time during the private staking period.

Commitment stakes require establishing a communication channel with Second Foundation.

### Linked Stakes

It is critical that the Foundation be a legitimate system of governance, run by responsible people and not machines or legal entities.

Through people known to each other in the material world, a chain of linked pledges can be established.

By using linked stakes, we can establish a legitimate organization of people, prior to establishing the infrastructure required for deterministic pledge identification. This is a recursive bootstrap, we need a governance system to fund, design, supervise and regulate Second Foundation's security infrastructure.

All linked stakes are contingent upon identity validation before a pledge's addresses are validated.

If you're interested in directly participating in The Foundation, make a commitment stake, and request a linked staking code.

## The Mule

In Asimov's *Foundation* epic, the Mule was a leader who threatened Foundation's growing federation of trading planets. Using his mutant powers, he conquered the outer regions of the

galaxy. The empire, as Hari Sheldon had predicted, had fallen, and war erupted throughout the realm.

The Mule was a disfigured freak, who remained in the shadows<sup>30</sup> and controlled people with his mental powers. He was a pathetic figure, horrifying to all who saw him. He controlled emotions telepathically with his mutant powers. He would bend people to his will.

In Awbrey's Second Foundation, the Mule is an entity that stakes The Foundation with something of material value. This opens the value domain. The value domain is the trade in asimov in exchange for property.

The Mule is an individual or entity that stakes a single revocable commitment stake in property.

This property stake would be held by Second Foundation, in escrow. Legal defense of this property would be the burden of The Mule.

The Mule benefits by being the great equalizer and holding the largest portion of asimov. The election of at least three board members is required before an agreement can be reached with The Mule. This should prevent The Mule from corrupting the process of equalization.

The Mule could be anybody, except Steph Curry or John Stockton. Some potential candidates are King Charles III, Satoshi Nakamoto or Bill Gates.

### Public Staking Period

During public staking, each new pledge who registers with Second Foundation shall receive one asimov. This is the public staking period, which begins after the distribution is calculated and private staking period ends.

The public staking tranche consists of 5 billion asimov. Once depleted, asimov will no longer be awarded to new pledges.

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<sup>30</sup> Back off, Musk, it's not you. The Mule was a hidden figure, hidden in plain sight. Oh wait, what... Twitter. Dude, we're reading the same books.



The Second Foundation shall implement novel methods to ensure that the initial pledge recruitment is equitable across both geographical and class divisions. Second Foundation will only operate in countries where we are invited by the local population.

Second Foundation only requires identification of pledges as a unique individual human being. Local governments may wish that we collect additional information within their jurisdiction. Operation and compliance within any jurisdiction is a deliberative manner for the Second Foundation's board to consider.

### National Stakes

10% of asimov will be reserved for national stakes. Once asimov is established as a stable metric, some asimov may be issued to national governments in exchange for holding stakes in their fiat currency or bonds. There may be legal concessions the national government must make before a stake agreement is made. For instance, they may be required to accept payment of taxes in asimov.

The Foundation's board shall decide when national stakes are both appropriate and feasible.

### Seeding

The Foundation will issue asimov in exchange for seed capital or work performed. People involved in the seeding of The Foundation should be signatories to The Foundation Charter. They may also scoot their artwork or property in exchange for pre-circulation asimov.

The Foundation is a non-national, non-governmental organization (NGO). How you form one of those, I have no idea, but I'm sure it requires a lot of lawyers. Hopefully, the attorneys will take asimov in payment for their fees. Call me cynical, I sort of doubt it. I imagine the seeding will take substantial amount of fiat cash for this reason alone.

Less than 1% of total asimov will be issued for seeding.

## Development

Like cryptocurrencies, asimov will be open source, and once launched, will be a community project. To get things off the ground we'll pay the development team in asimov. 1% of asimov will be reserved for development. This 1% is not just for the base protocol but development of ecosystems and platforms around The Foundation.

The goal should be asimov as a base currency – for both other crypto-currencies and for fiat currencies. The protocol should have only the features needed to support that goal. Innovation should be focused on the governance of responsibility, not the trading aspect of scoot.

As a base currency, the protocol needs to stand on its own and not be dependent on any existing platforms.

The Scoot<sup>2</sup> Protocol is under development.

## Outreach Faucet

The goal is to spread both interest and the idealism and seed the responsibility domain with asimov capital. 1% of total asimov will be reserved for the outreach faucet.

## Creative enablers

The Foundation will exchange asimov for registration and training of pledges in the responsibility domain. Participants in the responsibility domain need a human entry point, and the existing network of professionals is the fastest way. This group includes agents, gallery owners, publicists, management of music venues and theaters, recording studios, movie producers, and publishers; anybody on the business side of the arts that may feel threatened by a change in the status quo.

A change in value systems will open new streams of income for all these professionals and the creative artists they represent. It will be a gold-rush at first – though in this case, the gold fields are non-exclusive with seams that never end.

The Foundation should also sponsor scoot exchanges around areas of specific interest in conjunction with existing professional

networks. The Foundation will not operate exchanges, it's software APIs are limited to the management of the protocol, not the connection between interests of pledges.

## Teachers

Remember that part about explaining how money works to a kindergartener? We can either get a math teacher to explain the art part, or we can let the art teacher explain how a system shared valuation works. My guess is that it's going to be a lot more fun with fingerprint.

I propose to award some amount of asimov equally to every active primary school educator worldwide who registers as a pledge.

## Prizes

Another way to kindle interest in scoot is to award prizes for creative expression across all fields. Initially, The Foundation can award asimov for winners of a given prize. The contest itself will be the motivator for the associative genius, so I think we want to get to a point where the prizes themselves are Scoot. Prize winners are issued genesis scoot, causing a dilution of the awards of prior winners. This forces a yearly raising of the bar where prizes aren't awarded if none of the competitors live up to the expectations of the prize.

## Museums

I should call this *Bonfire of the Vanities* y2.022k. It's worth taking a moment to reflect on the causes of revolution that occurred just over a hundred years ago, also in conjunction with a worldwide pandemic. It was a genesis revolution, leading to series of conflicts and societal shifts worldwide. These changes brought hundreds of millions of souls into the modern age. It also led to deaths of hundreds of millions, directly and indirectly. History is cyclical, but I'd prefer to think of it as recursively cyclical, getting closer to a viable solution with each attempt. This time, we have computers and the internet to run our revolution. If we can't make civilization better in terms of efficiency, at least there will be less paperwork.

I don't mean to pick on museums. This diatribe could just as easily be in the billionaire's section.

Many hardworking Americans give to museums through donations and memberships because they want to preserve a legacy of genius both for people of the future and those less fortunate in the present. That's the exact goal of The Foundation. We have a compromised attitude about it politically, as most museums do receive some public funding, but not enough to keep the doors open. Many Americans believe our hard-earned tax dollars are better spent elsewhere. Preserving our legacy of genius is important, unless we find a way to value it properly, it is hard to improve in terms of efficiency. It's too important to leave it in the hands of a government. If you can't measure the efficiency of a process, it's sure to degrade over time. When the government is handing out money, average degradation time is about six minutes.

If public donations are inefficient, then private donations must be as well. In the United States, we give over \$20 billion a year privately to the arts and humanities. In 2019, there were 10.46 million children living in poverty in the United States. Give that \$20B directly to those children, it works out to \$1,912 per child – life changing money for a poor family.

I'm not proposing defunding museums or scaling back their operations, but reducing their reliance on private and public funding. Genius can pay for itself. Museum principals can scoot their collections, giving the museum perpetual rights as curator, and sell off some scoot as funding is required. I've read the Metropolitan Museum of Art's Collection is valued at least \$100 Billion, and that contemporary art has an annual appreciation rate of 13.6%. That's \$13.6 Billion dollars of appreciation a year for a single museum – vs \$20 Billion of donations across all museums.

I'm sure most museum funding is efficient. What we see in the media is not. Spending \$100K on a lavish gala dinner so that you can book a few million in donations isn't efficient. It is taxpayer subsidized social networking for millionaires and their celebrity friends. You want to throw a celebration for the appreciation of art, have a chili cookoff, and the millionaires can stand in line with the

plumbers and Uber drivers, and chat up the latest Scoot rumors and tips. Museums need to get with it; it's the 21<sup>st</sup> century, and a party is fine if everybody is included.

The most direct way to the appreciation of history and art is the appreciation of history and art. The highest leverage appreciation is the appreciation of children. Access to the halls of our ideas should not require the exchange of property. That's an ideal worth striving for and a simple way to get there.

## Crusades

A Crusade could be as simple as a university art student overhearing one of her faculty members talking about seeing a minor masterpiece at the home of a local big-donor alumni businessman. The student starts a crusade of fellow students wishing to implore the businessman to scoot his painting. The crusade negotiates an agreement between the businessman, acting as the scoot trustee, and the University, acting as the curator. The painting is displayed in a special hallway in at the University named after the alumnus, and everybody is happy. The scoot charter allows for the trustee to recall possession temporarily with short notice. Once every few months, when the businessman needs to entertain fancy people from overseas, the painting is swapped back to the businessman's home. Everybody is happy, especially the businessman, because now that the painting is a liquid commitment, he feels he can take higher leveraged positions in his business dealings. Rainbows and unicorns for everybody.

Or it could get ugly. Maybe some royal prince of an oil rich nation is holding a major masterpiece nobody has seen in years. The only photographs available are from 1943 in black and white. Art historians have been rebuked by the prince when they asked to study the masterpiece. News gets out about this crime against humanity – Royalty preventing us from appreciation of our birthright. First it starts with a social media campaign, and then peaceful harassment when the prince tries to take his harem out to lunch. Finally, outright cancellation, with the Crusade picketing gas stations across Europe that sell the royal petrol.

The Foundation should not play a direct role in a crusade. It shouldn't get into the property arguments – scooting should be entirely voluntarily. I believe over time owners of art will adjust to thinking of fine art as a responsibility and not an asset. Cases where access to masterpieces is denied to both public and academia are opportunities to hold the debate on the world stage. Otherwise, let soft pressure work its magic. Practical businessmen will see public relations and liquidity benefits of scoot. Vain rich people will see it as legacy insurance, and their trust fund babies will appreciate the appreciation of liquidity, if not the appreciation of genius.

## Billionaires

Throughout history, man has tried many means of redistribution of wealth, and few of them have worked. The bloody means usually only works out well for the distributors. Often, the distributors then become the wealthy.

The usual peaceful means is through regressive taxation. This is doomed to failure. Not because of the billionaires. If you're a billionaire, do you care if your income tax is 39% or 59% or 75%? Probably not. Most of your wealth is likely to be assets, and you decide the time and means to turn that into income. Billionaires might cry about capital gains taxes or inheritance taxes; I guess they have that in common with the rest of us. We all need something to cry about.

The problem is the millionaires, who are bountiful in our prosperous world. While they can afford to pay taxes and live nice comfortable lives, giving a large portion of their income to a government is a major obstacle to becoming a billionaire. We have legions of congresspeople who will publicly curse the billionaires and their excesses. They got elected with the help of millionaires in their local districts. This unholy union between the wealthy and the elected is how loopholes are born.<sup>31</sup>

What we value today is the king's gold – Property and Assets. The goal is to convince the billionaires that it's not the king's gold that is valuable, but responsibility that is valuable. This isn't a hard sell. If they just craved property-wealth, they'd stay hidden out of sight, spend their money and keep their opinions to themselves. Few would strive to make the leap from millionaire to billionaires. What they crave is importance, or power.

The gasoline on the fire of income inequality is that wealthy people have too much power and not enough responsibility. We love rich people. America has their own branch of royalty: the superrich and the famous for being famous which usually equates to rich

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<sup>31</sup> There's a joke here about congresspeople and other types of holes, but in case history is watching us, let's keep this PG-13.

people who were raised by rich people. Being wealthy isn't the problem. We have a problem when the rich apply their wealth as privileges the poor and working-class people don't have. The wealthy can influence the courts, the police, the political system, school admission and any social system we have in place. If you're rich enough, you can do whatever you want. That's the perception. Occasionally, usually around election time, we put a few billionaires in jail or publicly shame them, just to prove justice is blind.<sup>32</sup> The perception that the rich can get away with anything has been around as long as vanity. We can blame the rich, but they only get away with it because the rest of us are susceptible to greed as well.

In this line of thinking, wealth equates to power, and we measure the power in terms of a currency. Forbes makes a list of the richest people and measures it in terms of dollars.

What if we measured wealth in responsibility instead of power?

Holders of scoot are responsible for the appreciation of some genius or vanity. Asimov is the metric we use to evaluate relative value of genius or vanity. There are two ways to get asimov. Buy it with currency – which requires no skill for a billionaire but has the downside of decreasing their property wealth. Or they can create, foster, or outright sell some vanity or genius on the cheap.

Social pressure could create momentum that most new trade in art will be scooted, even if the effect is that the art remains in private hands, with the scoot primarily being held by a single individual for the purposes of liquidity. Rich guy keeps possession of the artwork for himself but publicly stakes 10% of the scoot to get his name in the paper as a woke rich guy.

A favorite sport of billionaires is trying to out do-good other billionaires. The masterpiece market will dry up for the billionaires out of fear of either a crowd-sourced crusade driving up prices, or cancellation culture impacting their core businesses. The do-good flavor of billionaire will be guided by market and social forces into finding new genius.

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<sup>32</sup> She may be blind, but she can smell a billionaire a mile away.



What's in it for the billionaires? I think they will see the desirability of a stronger social contract that acknowledges and supports the privileges that come with being wealthy. Most societies can agree that if the wealthy provide real value to society, they deserve some privilege, because they provide greater societal leverage than the average person. What are we valuing? If we value responsibility, then the exchange becomes something the masses can accept.

For many centuries, the social contract that kept the masses from devouring the rich was called nobility. You were born noble, or the king bestowed nobility upon you through magic powers, and the masses accepted this because it was right there in the Bible, which was read to them by priests who worked directly or indirectly for the king. Eventually, the masses learned to read, and after centuries of inbreeding, the masses figured out those noble idiots were not very special. More likely, "Ain't he special," in Texas old lady speak, with a wink and a nod.

Why will the rich consent to this exchange? Someone, most likely their children, will inform them what happened the last go round where a society primed for social change intersected with a very high level of wealth inequality.<sup>33</sup> I'm not talking about Occupy Wall Street. The part of history I'm referring to was way less fun.

Maybe I'm being hyperbolic, but here's what I know: People get angry at inequality, and that last time it was about income, it led to a lot of bad times for many people. Back then, writers reported about the privileged using newsletters printed on hand-presses in secret basements and revolutionaries handed them off to each other in back alleyways. Today, people have phones with cameras. A flame becomes a raging wildfire with sound of a digital shutter. Chapter One of the 2021 Edition of the Billionaire Handbook is *Be Careful Around the Little People with Mobile Phones*. Reading doesn't seem to be a prerequisite for billionaire school, because Chapter Two is *Don't Share Your Thoughts on Twitter*.

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<sup>33</sup> As well as a pandemic, and the end of a very costly war.

Responsibility for genius is what we will value; peacefully, in a manner that is equitable to all people. Voluntarily. You can pass down responsibility through your family, or collectively; it's your choice, whatever you think is better for the appreciation of human genius. With responsibility comes accountability. If your motivationally challenged grandson inherits Scoot control of a Picasso and uses it for wall decoration for his semi-housetrained llama's room, history is going to blame you, archetypical billionaire. Bad boy, failed at the social contract. Forgotten by the history of genius. We're good, if you participated in the responsibility trade, if only in vanity. We captured the digitized version on the scootchain, so all is not lost forever. Losing the painting won't reflect on Picasso's genius value, but it will on the billionaire's genius. Next time, just buy some lickable Picasso wallpaper, no one expects your llama to live in a barn, your grandpa was a billionaire.

Art lovers, the billionaires are going to fund a new renaissance in the arts in exchange for a social contract with the masses not to repeat the past two hundred years of bloody revolutions. Art professionals, you're going to be busy. And woke, too. Right on. You were right to study liberal arts. And lawyers be busy, too. Creating value for society, just like all lawyers do.

True genius may have a global reach, but unfound genius is local. Billionaires travel straight from the lobby of their penthouses to the air stairs of their Gulfstreams. Mere millionaires pass through the thriving masses in the terminal on their way to the first-class lounge. Most millionaires wouldn't notice the girl with flowers in her hair sketching out beautiful pictures and giving them away to the kids waiting at the gate. If billionaires start competing over unfounded genius, they might. Some millionaires might commit to flowergurl's Scoot just so they can name drop the discovery and work into the conversation how green they are by flying commercial. We could save the planet, one millionaire at time. Just don't expect them to sit next to her in coach. There are limits.

Millionaires playing the short game pass their discoveries along to the billionaires. Long game millionaires carry some genius or (more likely) vanity responsibly and might end up genius billionaires

themselves. The rest of us don't need to go to the airport to find genius, they're all around. The waitress with the radical self-designed tats, the graveyard shift gas station attendant working on the Great American Novel, the Pizza delivery boy in the *Rush* T-Shirt who blasts his homemade flavor for prog-rock while screeching out of your driveway in reverse. Well, not everybody.

There you have it, the art of the deal. I read a book about deal-making with billionaires, so trust me, I know what I'm talking about. Billionaires avoid cancelation, and we can still make fun of them.

Everybody wins. No blood. And it's all done on a blockchain, so there's less paperwork.

### Billionaire meme

I'm confident some billionaires will consent to this. There is a viral meme in the head of every billionaire, expressed as words to a beat, goes like this: *Imma be brilliant with my millions, loan out a billion, I get back a trillion.*<sup>34</sup>

Bill Gates and Warren Buffet started *The Giving Pledge* campaign, where a bunch of well-intentioned billionaires promised to give away half their wealth to charitable causes. This is apparently because they want to give back – to solve problems for the rest of us. This is glorious philanthropy, and in no way am I criticizing the motivation. Charity by the wealthy is responsible for so much that makes the United States a wonderful place to live. Around election time, there is a vocal chorus of those who like to point out how little the rich might pay in taxes, but they don't include what the rich give out voluntarily.

I really believe Bill Gates's motivations are pure because he's the most badass businessman and coder in human history.<sup>35</sup> He's one of the true fathers of the digital age. Indirectly, he has fostered the

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<sup>34</sup> From *Imma be* by The Black-Eyed Peas

<sup>35</sup> For those of you who think I should be praising another pioneer of the digital age, I've got two words for you: Justin Long. Apple, no coming back from that. I'm a PC forever now.

foundation of historical clarity. He didn't need to be the richest guy in the world to set his mark on history, and his only professional stain is he was accused of being a monopolist. What's worse, being an accused monopolist, or a dictator for life? To Americans, monopolist are cool, that's why we play the children's game called *Monopoly*. I don't know what the hell kind of kid's games they play in Finland.<sup>36</sup>

I'm not concerned about the motivations. At a systems level, the rich give back to achieve a lasting effect. For the good of man or to be recognized by history, it doesn't matter in the wealth equation. It's leverage of their wealth in a historical context. The continued leverage of their wealth – be it property or innovation or imagination – adds to the wealth of mankind even after they are gone. A measurement of value.

Let's take two hypothetical billionaires, call them Paul and John.

Paul starts a company and builds rocket ships using advanced engineering and convinces businesses and governments to send a bunch of commercial stuff up in space while making space travel cheaper and more accessible. This enables an entire industry of both commercial exploration and space tourism. Paul becomes a trillionaire.

John parties with movie stars, goes through rehab six times, sobers up around fifty, and then uses the few million he has left to invest in a hacker-yoga cult. John leverages his fleeting credibility into a reality-show sponsored moon trip for him and his yokers. The yokers crack the security of moon base *Eleanor*, and stage a non-violent coup. All moon dwellers are allowed to leave but only about ten percent voluntarily return to Earth. The one hostage not allowed to leave was Jude, Paul's adopted and John's biological son, who was on moon base *Eleanor* as part of 3<sup>rd</sup> grade field trip. There's nothing anybody can do since John holds the ultimate high ground over all the terrestrial powers. He unites with moon dwellers and those in orbit and founds *The United Federation of Planets*. This organization

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<sup>36</sup> The Finns might want to ally with the South Koreans and get in on the *Squid Games* franchise.

is responsible to go where no man has gone before. Within two generations, The Federation colonizes the stars, all using the warp drive developed by Jude.

Who will history remember as the greater genius, Paul, or John?

One is Henry Ford; one is Thomas Jefferson. Compare these two men's introductions on Wikipedia. Henry Ford – antisemitic and a pacifist. Yet, his mastery of efficient manufacturing is what defeated Hitler and led to generational prosperity for hundreds of millions across the world. Thomas Jefferson was brilliant beyond measure, there are quite a few paragraphs in his introduction. We don't get to his human flaws – that he owned slaves – until many paragraphs later.

I think it's a worthwhile debate. They are two deeply flawed men. How do we judge their flaws relative to the value they created?

Thomas Jefferson, the man who castrated royalty for good, with words both logical and defiant, was a master of men himself. Yet, to his brethren in the colonies, his peers, he was admired and respected, highly valued. In today's values, he was a criminal, holding people hostage and forcing them into labor against their will. Is that ironic? Or is it hypocrisy? Or was Jefferson's own internal struggle what gave him words to perfectly define what freedom means?

Henry Ford mastered a process that was duplicated in millions of peaceful, commercial, and military applications. This led to prosperity throughout the entire world. He might have been the most innovative engineer in American history, greater than Tesla in real value created because his innovation had such broad application.<sup>37</sup> Yet he hated Jews and used his wealth to influence others with his hate. In his day, he was valued tremendously. In today's value system, he would be canceled. In today's value system,

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<sup>37</sup> I wish we had the data to determine who created the greatest fundamental value for humanity, Ford or Tesla. Fundamentally, Ford did basic integration, which is foundational to every branch of engineering – breaking down a process and balancing it. It is fundamental to systems design. And Tesla, who was like, hey, here's this magic stuff nobody really understands, and it can fry your brains if math is a little off. Hey, we don't have to understand it to harness it use it for air-conditioning and make Houston habitable. You can guess who has my vote.

he would not be a criminal. It's a fundamental right to express your opinion, no matter how stupid. You can hate who or what you want. When we talk about moral values, they are seen to be individual choices, our own values. Is it ironic, that Henry Ford, who hated Jews, invented the fundamental processes that allowed American industry to defeat Adolph Hitler, the most powerful antisemite in history?

In terms of a system, when you see a repeating pattern of conflicts that occur at an increasing frequency, this usually represents unbalanced resources. To fix it, you break the entire process apart and rebalance them. You build cars, and you notice that it takes one tire-installer four minutes to put four tires on a car, and that stage of the assembly is where the production back up starts. You figure out, you can have four tire-installers put on a tire each, and since they don't have to move around the car, it takes only 40 seconds. You not only cleared a blockage, but you sped up the process by efficiency of motion.

I call this process applied to engineered systems *recursive integration*. Most systems are dynamic – any time you change one part of the system, you need to apply the breakdown to the entire system and rebalance again. In engineering, you must re-measure all parts of the system, but also re-examine the tools you use to measure. Constant reexamining of your methodology should lead to easy solutions. The right measurement points you to the source of your constraints. Replace 1 tire-installer with 4 tire-installers on the assembly line. It's the same if you were to replace 1 tire-installer robot with 4 tire-installer robots. Replace 1 CPU with 4 CPUs.

Applied to human systems, perhaps we should call this Karmic Integration. We call it hypocrisy or irony. As an engineer, a recursive pattern is something I know how to debug. The first step of debugging is diagnosing the problem. To do that, you must have the right tools to measure.

Wealth is what you are worth, and we measure that by a metric of property. Clearly, property does not represent your worth to the rest of humanity. Genius value is what you are worth to the future.

We can have scholarly debates about who was a greater creator of human value, Jefferson or Ford? Despite having a bunch of

academics write papers about it, it can never be any more scientific than the constant GOAT debate we hear on sports radio, Jordan or LeBron while leaving out the true geniuses of Kobe and *The Dream*. In fact, it would be less scientific, because the NBA has stats – data is the fuel of system designs.

Historians weigh the values of a historical figure against the values of his time. It's not that we don't have data – we have plenty of data, especially about Ford. That data was based on how they valued property. Jefferson's valuation of property was fundamentally flawed and was measured with the king's gold. Despite having expelled the king, and the rectification of a bloody civil war, Henry Ford built a commercial empire using his own innovation, but measured that value using the same king's gold. Despite his innovation lifting the prospects of poor and hardworking people globally, the distribution of wealth didn't equalize, because it was the owners of the machines and factories – the property - that benefited the most, not the people who knew how to operate the machines and factories.

Did Jefferson need to own land and slaves to have value? Of course not. He was a writer and a thinker, but he lived in a time where most people were poor and couldn't read. Did Ford need to vocalize his personal views, fully aware that millions of people looked up to him as a man of great value judgement? Certainly, his value would be appreciated by many more people had he chosen to hold his opinion silent and learn to expand his point of view. Ideas are multiplicative, in both positive and negative directions. There is no doubt Henry Ford was a brilliant man. What ideas were possible if he'd opened his mind?

Henry Ford and Thomas Jefferson both created tremendous value.

Thomas Jefferson authored the blueprint for true global revolution. Revolution burned like wildfire and the feudal powers were gone or sterilized in two hundred years. It only took two hundred years. It was the status quo of governance since the dawn of civilization, five-thousand years at least.

The end of feudal powers didn't end inequality in real human terms, only in legal terms. What would the world look like today without Jefferson? In statistics terms, what was his wins above replacement? In science fiction terms, maybe if there'd been no Jefferson, King George's son, Georgie Boy, would have fallen in love with an American actress on a visit to the colonies and their grand love would have ignited a proto-Victorian renaissance that led to an age of fabulousness. One can only imagine what would happen if a commoner and royal got together.

Henry Ford revolutionized more than just the automobile. Engineering wasn't really extended to dealing with labor before Henry Ford. Generally, in urban environments, if you were a skilled at some facet of industry, you were good and fast because if you weren't, somebody was going to beat you down and take your job and your family was going to starve. Brutal life, but I don't think that's an overdramatization. Henry Ford equalized a system of labor. He made it so that it didn't really require much education, or much skill, or much intelligence, in a large system, there would be a place where you might fit. If you were willing to work hard and learn how to do at least one thing well, you could earn a good living. He broke down a system and integrated it using equalization of ability. If you were too fast for your job that meant you could move up. That motivated you. The old way rewarded those who were willing to hurt somebody to take a job. In terms of real value, Henry Ford changed the world.

Back to our hypothetical billionaires. Future humanity will value billionaire John more than Paul, and they'll use the value of ideas to measure because the value of property isn't relative to anything anymore. The stars, and thus property, are infinite. It won't matter that he was both a dead-beat dad and a kidnapper of his own son, as well as a backstabbing dream usurping friend, he had the vision that created more value for all of humanity.

Scoot ain't like that. Scoot is like Paul and John get with George and Ringo and start a Scoot for *The United Federation of Planets*. They do a reunion tour and trick all the rich people and celebrities into converting all their property wealth into the development of a



sustainable path to the stars. John and Paul share custody of Jude's kids; Vera, Chuck, and Dave while Jude is off testing the warp drive.<sup>38</sup>

Digital stone means digital clarity. The Foundation – the sum of the scootchairs, the metaphorical *Encyclopedia Galactica*, is the measure of our values as they change over time. The future will know how our value judgments change society. It's a real measure of wealth in human terms. Not how much property you acquired with the societal value you created. Rather, how much positive value you created directly by the ideas you were responsible for. It's a measure of your personal wealth. What you are worth in your own personal measure of value. All men are created equal, it's what they do with their lives that is their worth. More accurately, men are worth what women think they've done with their lives.

Approaching dangerous territory here, perhaps a different approach.

### Deterministic Mythology

Who should we value in history? What values should we strive to measure?

Techno-billionaires became rich using data, so they understand the persistence of data. This is where the meme comes in. *Imma be brilliant with my millions, loan out a billion, I get back a trillion.*

The study of history looks at two types of data. Primary sources, such as writing, photographs, Instagram posts, tweets, TikToks and YouTubes. The further back in history you go, the harder it is to interpret these kinds of sources. Changes in language are one problem, but the real problem is context.

The other kind of sources are artifacts, or indirect sources; circumstantial evidence. This is where history merges into science and imagination is more powerful than knowledge. We read into circumstance what we want to read into it. We have no idea of real

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<sup>38</sup> I may have borrowed elements of this interlude from an unpublished screenplay written by a certain carrot eating entrepreneur in the late 70s. Rumor is he sold it to John Lennon and used the proceeds to finance a technology startup.

context beyond our lifetimes, of how they valued anything, especially property.

Order tends to lead to chaos. History tends to repeat itself. The chaos equalizer of history so far, is that despite living longer and having more time with our parents and grandparents, we continue to make the same type of historical mistakes, generation after generation. The root cause is innovation itself, and the lack of historical context of value.

In Jefferson's time, his way of life, and the way of life of his grandparents, was not very different. They lived shorter lives but had stronger real connection to their parent's way of life. I compare that to my life – my prosperous easy life of typing code into a keyboard and getting paid for it. My life is so different from the lives of my grandparents. In terms of efficiency, my grandfather's life was closer to Jefferson's than it is to mine. And my children? What magic it is to read, listen, and to watch anything you want wherever you want whenever you want. To have endless treasures of data with various levels of factuality at your disposal in an instant. My children have had that in some form their entire lives.

We are creating two sets of data for the future. The artifacts – the digital debris of our daily lives – will persist in perpetuity. The future shall have no shortage of data to try to interpret, despite the constant acceleration of innovation skewing the context of their interpretation further. The commonality of this data is it is measured relative to property.

The future will also have a multitude of primary source material to understand us. Sure, some people will write books, but a lot more will tweet their random thoughts or post photos of their breakfast.

We can have a measurement of real value and provide the future with deterministic data of how we value ideas in our time, and how values changed as we pass them on to future generations. These values are The Foundation's responsibility tree. The future will be able to trace wealth created and how it grew and changed hands through time, and what ideas that wealth fostered. This data is the wealth of mankind, our true treasure.

When the future spots inefficiencies of values, bad ideas that keep repeating themselves, cycles of vanity where people lose value, then fixing those problems will be easy, because we'll have strong data. With that data, it's a simple exercise in integration – breaking things down and putting them together again.

Here's where we get *brilliant with my millions, loan out a billion, I get back a trillion*.

I propose a measurement system and data that shows where legends are born. Tales of historical genius as well as hubris and vanity will be attributable. It doesn't matter if The Foundation is involved or not. The days of guessing how memes turn into legends are over. The Foundation is a way to explicitly measure our values in the present – for the future.

It's also a way to value the past. It is our responsibility to measure values relative to all that have come before us, and we are creating a permanent record – digital stone – for the future of mankind. The past is well charted territory for a thousand years, but what isn't yet recorded is what that history means to us now. We have no way to measure what we have learned.

The creators of digital stone will be the last generation to create indeterministic mythology. We'll still have historical legends, but they'll be traceable. We will understand the origins of values, and when we do, we'll be better able to judge if the reasons for those values are still valid. That's *recursive integration*.

I think *South Park* is the perfect chronicle for the last twenty-five years of history. If the future looks at all the primary sources and tries to figure out what the hell we were thinking, *South Park* will be the only way they'll be able to frame it. Through the eyes of children, you can understand the world, just like *Huck Finn*. How else can we understand the absurd?

On our current path, there will be a large job market for historians in the future. The historians will just sit around all day long and watch YouTubes and TikToks from the 20s trying to understand our ideas and motivations.

In the future, telling your mom you're going to be a historian is equivalent to saying, "*Don't clean out my room, I'll be sticking around*"

*for a bit.*" Come to think of it, that's what telling your mom you're going to be a historian means now. Talk about a zero-accountability profession, we keep making the same mistakes and historians get to write the same stories over and over.

With Scoot, we get to say what the past means to us now.

It means no more excuses. There's an accounting. In our time, we had a chance to review all the ideas of man, and place value on them, and remember them. We created a record of digital stone of what was important to remember, so that we could make sure mistaken paths in the genealogy of ideas were blocked systematically, so that we could progress as a peaceful civilization as quickly as we have progressed in technology.

This is a historical responsibility.

In this system, historical responsibility represents historical wealth.

Man has always created legends, by choosing the stories we tell our children and embellishing them with our own values.

Billionaires, there's a going-out-of-business sale on legend making. We are the last generation to be able to use property wealth to create legend. We get to decide *what is the foundational knowledge that the future must value?* We set the baseline for human achievement with a deterministic value judgement of our past.

History is, for a moment, unevaluated in terms of a value system, and thus open territory. It won't take long, as there is so much low hanging fruit. Billionaires who made their fortunes through innovation know exactly whose shoulders they stood upon to get theirs. It's betting with house money. It's getting paid twice, in two vastly different domains: one in property, and one where true genius has greater appreciation than any form of capital.

*That's billions into trillions.*

## National Treasure

Many physical works of art and historical artifacts are held by national governments. The Louvre and all the art inside, including Da Vinci's *Mona Lisa*, is owned by the people of France. A more evolved

way of describing it is that the people of France, collectively, have chosen to be responsible for the appreciation of the works of genius housed in The Louvre for the rest of humanity. There's a single French word for that last sentence, and it's *Ironique*.<sup>39</sup>

The currency value of the contents of the Louvre is estimated to be over \$100 billion. Others say it's priceless. Let me ask you this, what's the vig on priceless?

Using the same fine-art appreciation rate of 13.6% we used for our museum example, over 40 years, the appreciation of the per-capita value of the art in the Louvre is €280,000. The average home price in France is €300,000. If you could hold out for another ten years, the compounding adds up to over a million euro – enough for a nice house and a retirement.

One way to do it would be to scoot the Louvre and give a proportional amount of scoot to every adult citizen of France. Within a few years, every working Jean-Luc will have sold his scoot for asimov, and the responsibility for the National Treasure of France will be redistributed to the people of the world. As for the already wealthy French, they'll hold onto their scoot and continue to thrive off the appreciation of Italian Renaissance masters. Diplomatically, a good play for the French government, as it retains possession of the contents of the Louvre – a major driver of tourism. Not so great for Wesley, Jean-Luc's offspring. Jean-Luc spent his share of the national treasure on hookers, blow, and Earl Grey tea; nothing left to pass on to Wesley.

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<sup>39</sup> Or so I was told by a Canadian. France, you can take any complaints about this chapter up with Canada directly. I don't have any problems with the French. Rudy Gobert is like a Karl Malone who likes to lose to the Rockets in the playoffs. All good. The goal of my Rockets Scoot will be to invent a time machine and switch those two at birth. Rudy will do just fine in Louisiana; they talk funny down there. I guess I'd have to live with years of Karl Malone sending James Harden home in the playoffs, but I think that would be better for my karma than living with having Steph Curry having done it five times. I guess I can sort of sympathize with James running east.

Is there a better way? What if you scooted the Louvre and issued a single scoot to each baby born as a citizen of France?<sup>40</sup> Once the baby reaches adulthood, he can trade the scoot or hold it – totally voluntary. Once the citizen dies, the assigned scoot ceases to exist, no matter who holds it.<sup>41</sup> You’ve got an arbitrage marketplace not only of appreciating genius but also of promoting cultural tourism and keeping citizens healthy (or at least alive) for as long as possible. You could tie it to a national health care system or life insurance. There could be a popular movement to hold your national treasure for the pure genius appreciation factor. Maybe the national treasure funds funeral expenses for those who manage a life of pure appreciation.<sup>42</sup> This scootchain would also serve as a national registry and replace need for a census of citizens.

I suspect the more likely path for those countries with a nostalgia for runaway inflation would be for the government just to scoot National Treasures directly with the national leader acting as trustee, diluting the scoot whenever the government spends more than it should. Fiat currency backed by “faith in the government” is replaced by “faith that Da Vinci really was a genius.” Might work, no modern democracy would ever elect a complete idiot.

## Royal Treasure

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**Historical\_Rewrite\_Redaction:**

**Authorization Hash :#706F6F7273706172656861727279**

**Encyclopedist:hakeemalal7 – PID(80201042921)**

**Date:09/08/2522**

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<sup>40</sup> In 2040, when the population of France has exceeded that of China and India combined, I’ll pen a sequel called, *The Dilution of Genius*.

<sup>41</sup> Scoot may be fractionalized unit, like bitcoin, or serialized whole units or shards. The serialization could be used as national identity number, like Social Security.

<sup>42</sup> There’s a crime movie to be had here, where a hitman and a mortician are in cahoots to create steady supply of dead art lovers.

## Rewrite Boundary: 01/21/1963

### Justification:

The British Monarchy was well on its way to destroying itself and didn't need 21<sup>st</sup> century American help. Sometimes it's better if you let the kids clean up their own mess. Psychohistory has proven, using both post and pre-Foundation methodology, that Americans like to take credit for a lot of things would have happened anyway. Charles III's peaceful abdication to the Elba Khanate was written in historical stone the moment HBO told Stringer Bell to lose the accent. Let the British hold on to their triumphs in history, without Elizabeth II, no Zeppelin. Those silly third millennials did a few things right.

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## Amnesty

### Repatriations and Reparations

There are many works of art that are not currently in the possession of the cultures that spawned the genius that created them. Some were bought, some gifted, and some were outright stolen.

The Foundation can facilitate a peaceful transition of ownership of this artwork to humanity and negotiate an equitable sharing of responsibility through scoot between the culture that created it and the culture that currently possesses it.

### No Fault

The Foundation can act as a trusted third party in recovery of stolen artwork, when an agreement is reached with both the original owners and the insurers.

For example, a Scoot in Absentia (SIA) could be created for a stolen work of art. Through anonymous transfers of asimov, a "reward" of asimov could be paid for recovery of the artwork. The scootage can also drive crowdsourced based investigation.

On the surface, this seems hypocritical, but The Foundation and its pledges should never pay for recovery of stolen scooted works of art (or any scooted property). The reason is simple – scooted artwork belongs to humanity at large, so theft is a crime against humanity.

Un-scooted art is private property – and thus a common crime, no matter the appraised value. The security requirements of scooted artwork should be appropriate for their valuation or potential. Theft of scooted works will occur, but The Foundation’s security team will be charged with recovery and assisting with prosecution. As the market of scoot grows, this will reduce the valuation of artwork on both the legitimate and illegitimate private property markets.

## Immaterial Genius

In Basketball, there is a consensus that Michael Jordan is the greatest of all time (GOAT). I have a dissenting opinion and think that the GOAT is the only other player to win MVP and Defensive Player of the Year in the same year who was picked ahead of Jordan in the 1984 NBA draft.<sup>43</sup> Others will argue that Bill Russell, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, Kobe Bryant or LeBron James is the GOAT. Basketball, like most sports, has statistics for every facet of the game. This is not an argument that can be easily won with just statistics and logic. The rules have changed over the years, players begin playing professionally at younger ages, and there is more global competition now than in earlier eras. Yet, we continue to debate it, and probably always will.

The simple explanation is that those who believe Michael Jordan is the GOAT value vanity, while the enlightened few, like myself and all of Nigeria, value basketball genius.<sup>44</sup> If I were a billionaire, I might spend it all building an amusement park called *Dreamland* with rides with names like *Bamboozled* and *The Dream Shake*, and a full 3-D first person immersion of all of Olajuwon’s greatest blocks and dunks

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<sup>43</sup> Drafted the same year, I would argue that *The Dream*, who played in the more competitive Western conference, was the more dominant player during the span of their careers. Further proof being that the Rockets were 12-10 against the Bulls during that time. The counter argument is Jordan’s six gold rings against Olajuwon’s two, but this here narrative is about the value of genius, not gold. Alas, they never faced each other in the playoffs, so it is purely speculation. I blame the Utah Jazz. There shall forever be a shun called stockton to represent dirty geniuses.

<sup>44</sup> Want to have this debate, let’s bet a case of Gatorade. “*Be Like Mike*.” Brandon drops the microphone, debate over. “*Dream, like Hakeem*.” That’s genius.



against the stars of the 80s and 90s. As certain as I am that *The Dream* is the GOAT, *Dreamland* would be an act of vanity. Nobody elected me the arbiter of basketball genius; it would be vain for me build this monstrosity. Also, very American. Since it would be in Houston, it would be bigger than Disney World, as everything is bigger in Texas. Mike and Mickey, imagine what twenty years of subsidizing <sup>45</sup> destination vacations for the families of the world will do for that GOAT consensus.

Consensus does not make genius. There is no consensus as to what makes a genius.

Sometimes genius is so obvious that there really is no argument: Newton and Einstein in physics. It certainly seems like there is a consensus that Leonardo Da Vinci was one of the greatest artists who ever lived. In music, there is John Bonham.

John Bonham, the drummer of Led Zeppelin, is almost universally recognized as the greatest drummer in history.<sup>46</sup> I feel that is selling Bonham short. John Bonham is almost certainly the greatest musician who ever lived. Since recorded music is barely a hundred years old, it is hard to disprove.

Since I'm already playing hypothetical multi-billionaire, I think I'd have a contest called BonzoX, with a massive award. Since percussion is the closest form of music to being pure digital, I believe if it were possible to determine an algorithm for the divine, it could most easily be done by mathematically quantifying the groove of John Bonham.

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<sup>45</sup> My natural tendency would be to follow the Disney model and cash in, but I believe the only way I'd get *The Dream* to associate himself with this level of vanity is if we let kids come for free. In the 1990s when the trend was basketball sneakers that cost hundreds of dollars endorsed by superstars, Olajuwon sold his shoes for **\$35 at Wal-Mart**. I'm a hypothetical billionaire living the dream, so why not. It's just hypothetical property money.

<sup>46</sup> Put your hand down, Canada. I know what you're going to say. If you're going to mix science fiction and rock 'n roll the only acceptable output media is narrative prose, and you'd better add some basketball for good measure. You oughta know, rock 'n roll can only be about one thing. Nerd rock, like the definition of oxymoron.

Best case, you discover the secret of the universe. Worst case, you might decipher a crypto message from the planet Terminus.

Sadly, percussion seems to be a dying art. It's easier to buy your kid a Mac. This allows you to sleep in on the weekends and doesn't piss off your neighbors. Rock 'n roll seems to have hit its peak. I don't think we're going to lose the appreciation of John Bonham in my lifetime, but it scares me that we might lose it not long after. It would be an absolute travesty if humanity lost the value of John Bonham's genius.

## Agency

With physical artwork the basis of Scoot is straight-forward. The scootage is responsible for the preservation of an artist's physical expression of genius. Around artwork, it's easy to build and accumulate the historical record of both the artist and the artifact on the scootchain. It's also quite clear what the responsibilities are – mainly, don't lose the artwork.

How can we build a similar valuation system around the Intellectual Property output of an artist like Led Zeppelin? Led Zeppelin's music is not in the public domain, yet anyone can hear every song they ever recorded for \$10 a month on a streaming service, along with everything else you want to listen to. That expense is sure to keep evaporating as we climb the digital stairway. If the demand exists – the appreciation of Led Zeppelin's genius or just the vanity of nostalgia – the music will be available.

Who is truly responsible for the appreciation of a musician's genius? Simple answer. Those who listen.

Who is accountable? Real responsibility comes with accountability.

While an artist is alive, he's accountable for his work. Copyrights generally extend 70 years after a creator's death – typically several generations of heirs.

The idea of an agent is simple. As a creative professional, you hire somebody to find you paid work in exchange for a percentage of the

income. What percentage agents are paid varies both by industry and talent level. For the simplicity of my example, let's just say that agents typically get 10% of an artist's income.

Agents are concerned with an artist's legacy of genius. It's a simple equation – the more people that appreciated an artist's talent, the higher the demand for his product (expression of genius) and consequently the higher his income will be, and the higher the agent's income will be. Long term, what is better for an artist, good product or income? There is always some conflict, as the agent gets paid only through income, not appreciation.

Just think, if Kevin Costner has some benevolent force guarding his legacy of genius back in the early nineties. The force would have a telephone conversation with Kevin, the part we could hear would be like this:

*"You know Kev, you do well when you're wearing a uniform, really, any sort of uniform. Or playing a dumb cowboy. Or a dumbass farmer. Mad Max on jet-skis isn't really your thing, and Gibson's got the accent."*

*"Kevin, reality check, that wasn't an accent."*

*"No Kev, Mel Gibson is actually crazy. You've seen Lethal Weapon. You can't fake that stuff. Trust me, as a benevolent force, just wait a few years, the whole world will know that's real crazy. Stay in your lane. I'm thinking, Field of Dreams, Shoeless Joe's Revenge. Liotta, he's stuck over there with you in Iowa, and so now he wants to go back to the MLB. Now you're his dumbass farmer agent, you get the majors to give Shoeless Joe a pass for all the cheating, and the White Sox go to the World Series, and you're like still a dumbass farmer at the end, with your family and the corn and the voices. Women will love it."*

*"They beat the Astros."*

*"I know, I know, but it'll make more sense in the future looking backwards."*

*"No, Kev, wearing a mailman's uniform wouldn't make it work. I'm not getting through to you."*

*"I'll just be blunt, Kev. No audience is ever going to buy you as any kind of post-Apocalyptic hero. You wouldn't last five minutes if the world ended. You're the good-looking dumbass farmer. You'd have a target on your back. People are only scared of you if you bring Sean Connery along."*

*"No Kev, you can't do a Field of Dreams with basketball. Nobody is going to buy that either."*

*"He is like a dumbass farmer. But he's 6'9" and only sounds like a dumbass. People can tell the difference."*

*"Now we're talking. You're a dumbass drunk golfer, with the girl from Lethal Weapon. Genius!"*

To avoid future *Waterworld*-like travesties, is there a way we can balance income in the present against legacy of genius and reward both the artists and the agent?

### Scoot of Agency (SOA)

A Scoot of Agency (SOA) would work like this: A Scoot is minted with a creative artist and the scoot trustee hires an agent.<sup>47</sup> This could be at the sole discretion of the trustee or an elective process by the scootage. For this example, the SOA receives twice the standard agent's percentage of an artist's income - 20%. The exact percentage doesn't matter. The Scoot just needs to collect more in total than the agent's percentage, and it needs to be fixed in proportion to the agent's commission.

Income to the SOA is paid out to an agent at his standard rate, for an example 10%. This leaves 10% of the income held by the Scoot. With that 10% the trustee may buy the scoot on open market, decreasing dilution which might increase the value of the scoot in terms of asimov. This is a function of income in the present. Or, based on the elective direction of the scootage (which in many cases will be in the majority control of the artist), it may keep some of the 10% as a reserve. The Scoot may finance projects for the artist, or it may

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<sup>47</sup> Or multiple agents.

commit to other Scoot that the artist is interested in. This scoot could also be used in collaborative efforts with other pledges.

When the agent is hired, he is awarded options to buy some amount of scoot at the current valuation, and right to sell the scoot back at market price either at the end of a term, or when the relationship is terminated.

There will be two types of players in the trade of SOA. Speculators in vanity – who feel the artist may not have long term genius but will have a high income for some period during their lifetime. And, investors in genius – people who feel the artist will leave a mark on culture beyond their lifetime.

An artist with a liquid pool of scoot should be able to gauge public sentiment by polling or formal elections. Direction to decrease dilution would be an indicator that the world thinks his talent is transient. Direction to invest income in future projects would be a good indicator that the world thinks he might have some lasting genius.

Another consideration is who is in the responsibility tree. Value may be derived by who holds the scoot. If it's just fans or speculators, it's a good indicator that an artist should focus on the present. If the scootage consists of other artists – especially people the artist admires and respects, that's a good indicator that the artist should make careful career moves and focus on quality over income. If the scootage is held by peers, it might mean there are collaborative opportunities.

Another hypothetical - If James Harden had a SOA, and the valuation was at an all-time high, he looks at the responsibility tree and he sees that Kevin Durant has driven up his value by buying up the majority of liquid scoot, he should force a trade. *Adios*, dribble, dribble, dribble.

SOA gives the artist tools to better judge his agent's performance in terms of income, career potential and legacy. Ultimately, an artist is independent of the SOA. Even if the artist loses majority control of the scootage, they can veto the choice of agents and always refuse work sourced from that agent. The trustee, who controls transactions of the SOA, can refuse trades to pledges it thinks are

counter to the best interests of the artist. It should be written into the charter that the trustee can never refuse to trade scoot back to the artist. If an artist loses control of the SOA, there is always a path to gain it back, and if he or she has true genius potential, likely a pool of resources that could help in that process. Even if it's only vanity potential, an artist can crowdsource their way back to control through his or her fanbase.

It may seem incongruent to add Agency to scoot, and still say the responsibility domain is exclusive of property. It does seem that way, but no property is held, the scoot is only a conduit, and that income is sampled for measurement, but only used for appreciation. Agency is a balance of genius against the commercial side of creative talent. Every actor ever interviewed says he chose the role for the material, and never the money. Scoot of Agency will measure the accuracy of those kinds of statements.

Agents who provide better overall value than just the size of the checks the artists receive should do better than their peers. It forces agents to think "bigger picture" and long term when sourcing work.

Artists should benefit from a market assessment of the relative value of their talent and work. It's also like a savings plan, keeping some amount of their earned income in a domain of investment that aligns with their specific expertise. They can invest in their own careers. They can bet on their peers and mentors. They can commit to whatever floats their boat, which may end up being a Scoot of Yacht.<sup>48</sup>

### Pre-Agency (PrAS)

Pre-Agency would be a SOA for a child artist or professional.

The idea is to form a Scoot as a responsible entity to protect the young artists and to preserve some of the value they generate as children for their future.

This is a complex subject, and intersects with parental rights, so I don't want to speculate beyond the scope of my knowledge. What I

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<sup>48</sup> I cover this in chapter, *Scoot of Bling*.

envision is scoot that isn't tradeable while they are minors but can still retain some amount of income to invest in other scoot or projects in the future, and that the PrAS would convert to a potentially tradable SOA once the artist reaches legal age.

### Post-Agency (PoAS)

When does a Post-Agency Scoot (PoAS) begin, is the first question. A PoAS created for a writer whose rights have expired, would begin when a Scoot is created. It would be simpler to say that Post-Agency begins when an artist can no longer create new work, and appreciation moves from new creations to their legacy. It may not be that simple.

For example, a great solo-musician dies, and her SOA scootage believe that their Scoot should turn from commercial income to endeavors that promote her genius. That might be ideal, but what if she leaves behind young children with no other means of support? Their best interest is income.

This might be something that could be decided by the artists themselves. They may specify dilution events upon their death, that would still give the PoAS authority over the commercialization of their IP and mandate to balance it to achieve income for their family.

An artist has no exclusivity to the scooting of their genius, alive or dead. While alive and after death for some amount of time, the artist has some control to the rights to their work. This gives PoAS that inherit from a SOA a legitimacy that third party Scoots (Scoot of Gratitude) won't have.

At some point after the artist's death, no income can be derived directly from their work. At that point, Post-Agency has definitely begun.

Post-Agency's sole purpose is promoting the appreciation of the artist's genius.

How does the PoAS accomplish this? I have no idea. That is the job for which the scootage of the PoAS are responsible.

Maybe there is a more practical way of defining it; a way that is generic and applicable across all forms of expression. One of the

primary actual responsibilities of the scoot is for the eternal preservation of the digital record of expressions of genius.

The Foundation is an idealistic organization. We expect humans, and our preservation of culture, to last longer than any physical object. The digital record can – and should – last forever.

Since it's a digital record, the preservation method is the scootchain protocol. It's built-in and immutable. You can improve upon a digital capture of an expression of genius, but the original will always be preserved.<sup>49</sup>

How does this apply? Let's think about music. One advantage most musicians, at the end of the last millennium, had over those at the beginning of this one is they recorded on analog tape where most music recorded today is digital. A digital recording is what it is. Yes, the studio master digital recording may have a higher fidelity than what is commercially released, but the master digital fidelity is the limit – eternally. Technology for Analog to Digital conversion (ADC) continues to improve, year after year. Recorded music is not what drives this technology anymore – the ADCs we've had for years covers anything the human ear can hear. There are all kinds of sensors that use ADC with much higher fidelity requirements and this technology will continue to improve. That technology will naturally make its way into audio engineering. Digital capture of analog music recorded in the pre-digital era can continue to improve.

A direct measure of an analog-era musician's lasting genius is how often "Remastered" recordings come out. "Remasters" are a way to drive new appreciation of genius.

To preserve John Bonham's genius, it would be good if the Scoot could have access to the master tapes. Led Zeppelin has already put out three remasters, and I would think this will continue if there is a market for it.

I don't know if we'd be able to discern the divine from those masters, but there is a more practical application that is in easy reach

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<sup>49</sup> Since every scootchain will be publicly accessible, the protocol will need to have a method of digital redaction of blocks in case of copyright violations or to comply with legal orders.



of technology. John Bonham was famous not only for his skill but for his sound – his stroke, how he tuned his drums, and how they were miked in recordings. We know what kind of drums he played, the sticks he used. With good ADC and software, we should be able to discern the microphone placement, and from analysis determine relative force of stroke and his other physical techniques. A simple trial-and-error algorithm with a robotic tuner can figure out his exact tunings for each recording. From all that, you should be able to design a robot that can play the drums and sound EXACTLY like John Bonham on any of his recorded material. This technology is within reach. Get your Leo bot down at the Hobby Lobby, get your Bonzo droid at Guitar Center. Your kid can have a retro garage band silently in the garage, because they're all wearing headphones when they practice, and the drummer is a computer or a phone. When it comes time for the talent show, get the minivan, go pick up a Bonzo droid for rent for fifty bucks a night.

If that robot were developed by a Scoot, all that revenue would go directly to scoot, which would then directly or indirectly lead to the further appreciation of Bonham. Everybody that hears the Bonzo droid play is directly appreciating John Bonham's genius which should reflect in the value of the Scoot.

## Elon Throwdown

As an engineer, I've always been impressed with Tesla and SpaceX. Both are amazing companies, and it seems like Elon Musk has an exceptional appreciation of application engineering, which sometimes requires a higher level of thinking than any fundamental technology. I've been anti-Tesla, the car, on a different principle.

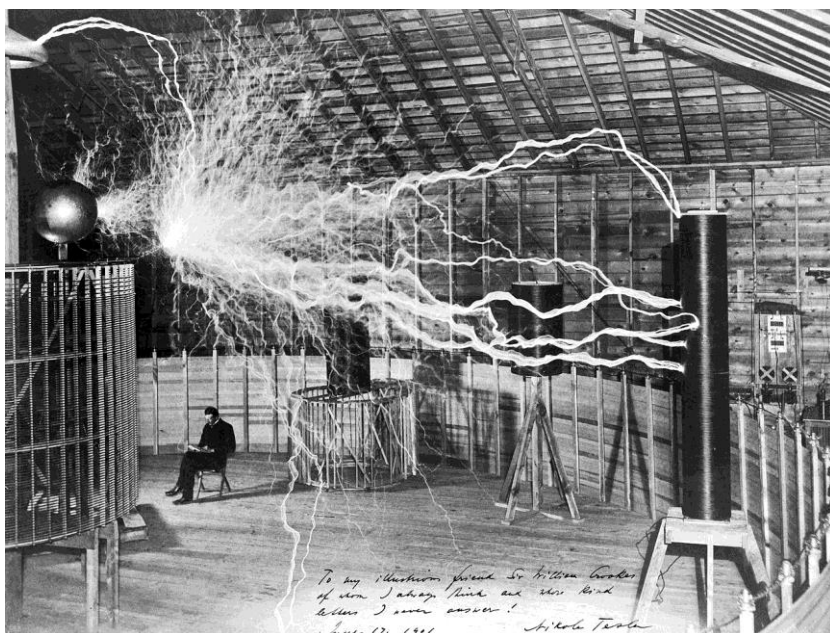
Nikola Tesla was an important engineer and inventor, and some of his most important inventions were alternating current (AC) motors and distribution systems. While many own Tesla vehicles, every American, and most people on the planet, have used AC power of some sort in their lifetime. If you used a lamp, a refrigerator, a washing machine, a microwave, or a hair dryer, you've benefited from Mr. Tesla's inventions. Tesla was the first commercially viable electric car, and if you're going to name a company after a genius, you better live up to it. Nikola Tesla's legacy of alternating current has probably done more to increase human lifespan, reduce poverty and disease, and increase prosperity than any innovation before or after.

For me, Tesla's name is now remembered most often as a curse I spit every time one of those silent predators roll up on me while I'm talking a walk.

From all accounts, Nikola Tesla was as brilliant, weird, wild and whacked out as Elon Musk. You can understand why Mr. Musk would want to name his car company after Nikola Tesla.

Despite being a Houston Rockets fan first, a Texan second, and an American third, I lived in Colorado Springs, in the shadow of Pike's Peak, for six years. Makes for beautiful walks at all times of the day, if you can avoid the silent predators.

You know who else once lived and did some intense thinking in Colorado Springs? Uh, huh. Mister Tesla. And you know what else he did? He built a lab.



**1 - NIKOLA TESLA SITTING IN HIS COLORADO SPRINGS LABORATORY NEXT TO HIS HUGE "MAGNIFYING TRANSMITTER" TESLA COIL WHICH IS PRODUCING 22 FOOT BOLTS OF ELECTRICITY. 1901.**

This is what Tesla's lab in Colorado Springs looked like. If you were a child in the early years of the twentieth century with any interest in science or how the world works, can you imagine anything more inspiring than the picture above? Can you imagine the awe kids must have felt, seeing with their own eyes a photograph of an engineer and his ability to control the forces of nature? How many of those kids grew up to be engineers that changed the world during WWII and the years that followed? How many of them went on to invent the transistor or work at NASA? I bet it was more than a few.

Electricity powers everything we do. Kids today intuitively understand how software and digital devices function as applications of technology. How could they not? Yet very few understand how they work at the fundamental level. I've worked in electronics for my entire career, and for the last twenty years I've worked for chipmakers. I can assure you that least 90% of the engineers I've worked with could not explain how a transistor works to a child.

That's because there really is no need – our engineering forefathers did all the hard work for us, so that we can work at a higher level of abstraction. Those few engineers that work at the physical level of the silicon, the analog engineers – believe me, you don't want any of those dudes around children – what they do is professional witchcraft.

If you really want children to be inspired and grow up and design self-driving, energy efficient, emission-free bad-ass transportation, Tesla's Colorado Springs Lab would be a great place to start the inspiration.



**2- TESLA PLAQUE AT MEMORIAL PARK, COLORADO SPRINGS, SOUTH SIDE OF PIKE'S PEAK AVENUE, MAY 2021. ERECTED BY AL PACKER #100 ANCIENT & HONORABLE ORDER OF E CLAMPUS VITUS, JUNE 2017.**

The picture above shows a plaque near the site of Tesla's Colorado Springs laboratory. That's all there is. While Tesla was a genius and a wild and crazy guy, he was not the businessman that Mr. Musk is. Turns out while he made some of his most significant discoveries the year he ran his lab in Colorado Springs, he didn't pay his electricity bill. The citizens of the Springs were quite fed up with him, having already blown up a dynamo at the power station with his experiments. The lab was torn down, and the contents sold at auction.

The plaque above was erected by the *Al Packer*<sup>50</sup> *Chapter of E Clampus Vitus*, an organization dedicated to the preservation of the heritage of the American West.<sup>51</sup> Nikola Tesla had a minor role in the American West, he had a major role on the world stage. From what I can tell, the actual site of the laboratory is just north of the plaque in a residential block.

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<sup>50</sup> Best I can tell, **Al Packer** was an infamous wilderness guide and cannibal who ate a party he was escorting from Utah to Breckenridge in the winter of 1874. If this chapter of the Clampers was named after a school teacher or something, I hope somebody will correct me. I hope it is that Al Packer, I think it fits better. This organization is a Scoot waiting to be instantiated.

<sup>51</sup> [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/E\\_Clampus\\_Vitus](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/E_Clampus_Vitus)



**FIGURE 3 - NIKOLA TESLA'S WARDENCLYFFE WIRELESS STATION, LOCATED IN SHOREHAM, NEW YORK, SEEN IN 1904**

There are museums dedicated to Nikola Tesla. There is one called the Tesla Science Center at Wardenclyffe, New York. This institution was crowdfunded to the tune of \$1.3 million with an additional donation of \$1 million by Elon Musk. The centerpiece of the lab was a 186-foot tower and cupola Tesla used for experiments in wireless communication and power transmission. In a recurring theme, when Tesla failed to meet his mortgage payments, the property was foreclosed, and the tower demolished. The museum bought the property and is renovating the site and rebuilding the tower.

After his death, Tesla's nephew had all his work product and belongings packed up and shipped to his native Serbia, and there is a museum in Belgrade. This is appropriate; his family had the right to dispose of his property and Serbia certainly has every right to be



proud of their native son. Nikola Tesla was a proud naturalized citizen on the United States. The H-1B visa should be called the Tesla visa – there is no better model immigrant engineer than Nikola Tesla.<sup>52</sup>

Before I throwdown my challenge, I need to admit my own hypocrisy. I have been known to name things after geniuses, without any expectation that my creations live up to that level. It's more about how a name inspires. Tesla the car does inspire, and maybe the inspiration of genius is more important than the facts. In the case of Nikola Tesla, the facts are the inspiration, and I think it is important that the world remembers the true facts of Tesla's life.

I believe that the challenge of creating Scoot for physical artwork is primarily social – getting people to accept that works of genius, especially masterpieces, are not property and belong to humanity and not individuals. There's a bunch of legal work, but it's well within the scope that can be funded through seeding. I think the biggest legal challenge will be wealthy supporters trying to avoid capital gains, but The Foundation should not participate in that directly. Property contracts that specify proportional responsibility and liability already exist; scoot of property (SOP) is just a modification of those contracts to complement a digital governance system and full responsibility.

Scoot-of-Agency (SOA) and Pre-Agency Scoot (PrAS) are very complex and may require decades of experimentation to figure out what are the best ways to create a legacy of genius and protect artists rights and income potential in the present. These occur while an artist is alive and has choices, and there are plenty of rich artists who can afford lawyers to pave the way.

Post-Agency Scoot (PoAS) is a different matter. How to create an organization, which may or may not have income, whose sole purpose is the appreciation of a dead human, after his or her Intellectual Property rights have expired, seems like a level of complexity that might take decades of legal work when you are

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<sup>52</sup> Native American pigeons might have a conflicting opinion.

paying an army of attorneys by the hour. Or you find a real smart one, it might take him an hour. I believe genius exists in every profession, even the legal one.

Elon Musk has access to an army of attorneys. When he says jump, they say, *“With how many Newtons of force and at what vector, Elon?”*

That is my challenge: for Elon Musk to fund a Post-Agency Scoot for Nikola Tesla. Maybe this becomes a wrapper organization around the existing museums, and I hope that it would re-create Tesla’s Colorado Springs Lab as a learning center for children.<sup>53</sup>

I think that this Scoot should award the Tesla Prize. The Tesla prize should go to the greatest engineering accomplishment of the year that benefits humanity in the spirit of Nikola Tesla. He was a dreamer.

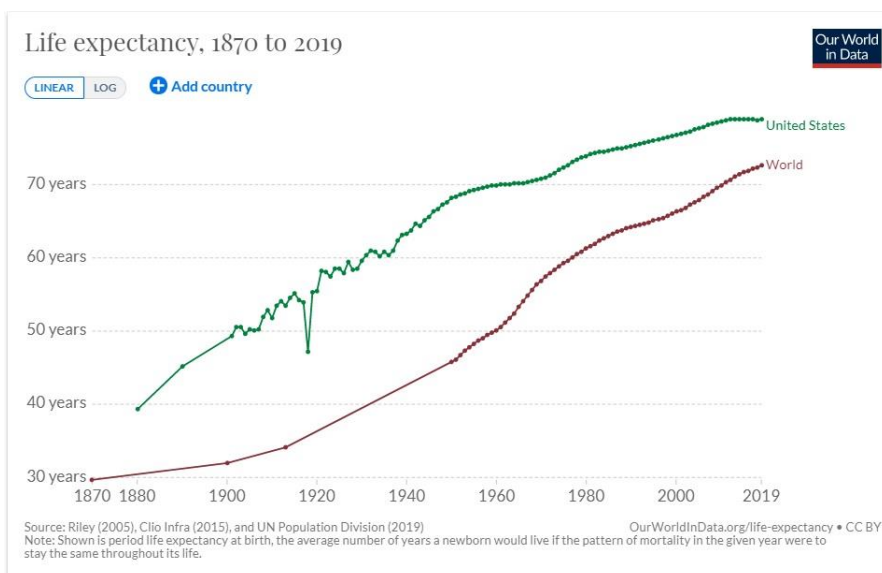
There were rumors that both Edison and Tesla were up for the Nobel prize in physics, but because of their feud, the Nobel committee declined to award it to either man. Besides his alternating current work, which was truly monumental, Tesla was a pioneer in radio, X-Rays, automation, robotics and even what would later become atomic physics.

I think Nikola Tesla should have been awarded the Nobel Peace Prize.

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<sup>53</sup> Colorado Springs residents on the North side of Memorial Park, I’ll take my kickback in cash or bitcoin.





**FIGURE 4 - LIFE EXPECTANCY 1870-2019 FROM**  
[HTTPS://OURWORLDINDATA.ORG/LIFE-EXPECTANCY#TWICE-AS-LONG-LIFE-EXPECTANCY-AROUND-THE-WORLD](https://ourworldindata.org/life-expectancy#twice-as-long-life-expectancy-around-the-world)

The chart above shows from 1890, the year of the first commercial application of Tesla's AC inventions, to 1990, life expectancy in the U.S. rose from 45.2 to 75.2 years, an increase of 66%. It's noteworthy that in 1890, The United States was already one of the most prosperous countries. The U.S. had a life expectancy of 45 years which was much higher than the world average of 30 years. In that same time period, the World average doubled – 100%. Modern medicine wants to take most of the credit for that, with lower rates of infant mortality, higher standards for hygiene and care, and broader access to doctors across the planet. Doctors, nurses and hand washing deserve a lot of credit.

Let me ask you this - What's the success rate of Caesarian sections by candlelight? How often do anesthesiologists just wing it without using heart and respiratory monitors? How effective is preserving lab cultures at room temperature?

I don't think medicine is the primary driver in the worldwide increase in longevity. As an American with employer paid health

insurance, I've seen a lot of doctors in my life, but I'm guessing that's not true for most of the billions on this planet.

Between alternating current and the internal combustion engine<sup>54</sup> no other inventions have done so much to reduce the raw physical burden of everyday work that mankind must perform to feed and shelter itself. Difficult, strenuous, backbreaking physical exertion just to provide subsistence. Work that shortens lives through both risk and wear. For all you animal lovers, these inventions have exponentially reduced man's dependence on beasts of burden.

Nikola Tesla stood on the shoulders of giants before him, a tower of innovation and imagination dating back to the ancients. An argument can be made that the electrification of the world was inevitable. Edison was promoting a DC scheme, and other inventors were working on AC innovations during the same period as Tesla. Nikola Tesla single-handedly invented an entire system of generation, distribution and locomotion using alternating current. There's been improvement and refinements since, but it is the same basic system the entire world uses today.

I can think of no other single human effort that had such a profound positive effect on the circumstances of humanity. Without electric light, how hard must it have been to read and study to improve one's circumstances in life? Without electric refrigeration, what difficulties did families face just to ensure that they had fresh nutritious food? Without electric pumps, how hard was it to deal with the daily requirements of clean water?

Nikola Tesla was not a good businessman, and he died a poor man. I believe he created more value for humanity than any other individual before or since. His genius is what humanity should appreciate and value.

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<sup>54</sup> A device Elon Musk is trying to replace in our vehicles with a cleaner alternative – fueled by Tesla's electrical grid.

I feel all engineers have a responsibility to grow the appreciation of Nikola Tesla's extraordinary genius. Those who use his name to sell electric cars sure as hell do.<sup>55</sup>

## Scoot of Collective Genius (SCoG)

I think we'd consider Martin Luther King, Jr a genius. He led a peaceful movement that directly changed policy and law in the United States. Gandhi was a genius; he peacefully sent the British packing despite the resistance of a very divided and stratified culture.

The world faces many challenging problems today, with scopes that are global, national, and local. If someone were to create an efficient and affordable desalination device, that would solve many problems faced by the poorest drought-plagued countries. That solution would be genius. If somebody came up with a solution that removed money and corporate influence from our national elections, that would be genius. If somebody organized a group of locals to reduce gang-violence in a city without the divisiveness of the police force by addressing the root causes, that would be genius. We do not need to know what the solution is to say that solving a problem would be a work of genius. Most societal problems solved without the "help" of government are genius. Most government solutions are, at best, half-assed.

A Scoot is formed as a collective responsibility for the appreciation of genius. If a problem is well defined, you can assume the solution will be genius once solved. I see no reason why you need to solve a problem before scooting the responsibility to solve it.

This is different from a political cause or movement. Those almost always deal with getting the government to do something. A Scoot of collective genius (SCoG) is a commitment to solve a specific problem directly.

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<sup>55</sup> Gotta make a statement to clarify, E. Half the south thinks those guys who re-did the *long haired freaky people* song is your favorite band. Oh, no. Please don't tell me it is.

One of the fundamental problems we have with political leadership is most of these people are utterly useless at anything but politics. We don't elect people because they are good problem solvers. We elect people because they are good at getting elected.

A Scoot of collective genius (SCoG) could be a way of finding real leaders who can solve social and civil problems. The Scoot is formed with a specific problem, and the trustee builds a scootage of people willing to be both responsible and accountable. Maybe multiple SCoG are formed to try to find a solution to the same problem, and as the solutions become viable, the scootage flees to the most promising or they merge.

This could be like on-the-job training for elective office. You show us what you can get done with other responsible people's wealth before you get taxpayer's money. With scoot, success will be measurable and failure accountable.

### Collective Vanity

Take the Pyramids of Egypt, a wonder of the ancient world. Genius, right? I wonder what the slaves who built the pyramids thought. Maybe the pharaoh's a little full of himself, wouldn't you say?

Back to my hypothetical billionaire *Dreamland*. If I were a hypothetical billionaire, I'd have an entire entourage of like-minded, but not quite as wealthy, millionaire "friends." If I wanted to be known as the man behind *Dreamland*, it would be fair of me to share the responsibility with my friends, right? A Scoot would be the perfect venue to share responsibility for collective vanity.

And that's what it would be. Have no fear, that'll never happen. While *The Dream* might support a free vacationland for kids, he'd never let me put his name on it.

My hero prays five times a day. My man played a month of most of his NBA career while practicing the Ramadan fast. He built a real-estate empire using his own money and didn't put his name on any of it. My man has principles.

It's not because Houston has a problem with vanity. Oh, no. James Harden must have spent eight years with his eyes glued to his phone

while somebody drove him around town, because all he would've had to do is look out the window from any freeway and seen he was in paradise city for every one of his hedonistic desires. And Houston doesn't have any problem with putting your name in the spotlight, especially if you've done something to back it up. If *The Dream* had been a different kind of man, I'd have woken with *Dream Kolaches and Coffee*, had a *Dream Burrito* for lunch, and *The Dream Steakhouse* for dinner. Poor Spur's fans headed east on I-10, if they didn't want to fill up with *Hakeem's Gasoline*, they were SOL and better hope they had enough in the tank to make it to New Orleans.

No, my dreamland of vanity isn't possible. The genius I appreciate isn't even a little bit vain.

If a bunch of billionaires get together and want to build a Space Elevator, a Scoot of Collective genius (ScOG) would be the way to go. If they're successful, it is genius and they'll be remembered by history for freeing humanity from the bondage of gravity. Building something for the public good creates value directly. A Space Elevator, owned by "humanity at large" could be the most valuable creation man ever attempted, a technological wonder beyond the Pyramids or any ancient wonder. Wealth beyond any measure of property. Wealth synonymous with genius. Wealth not in the relative scale of the present, but something that could become the foundational measure of wealth for the future as mankind peacefully and sustainably extends our domain to the stars.

If we're stuck with an 80,000 meter abandoned tower in the middle of the south Pacific, we'll have a monumental place to entomb billionaire remains, and future humanity will remember our century as the time when we thought billionaires were royalty.

Either way, a public good.

## Monuments and Nature's Bounty

What about great monuments, works of art that are also real property?

You could apply scoot to explicit monuments separate from the real property, by obtaining a perpetual lease of the real property underneath. This creates a valuation as well as volunteer force to

preserve the monument with a vested interest in doing it the right way for the right reasons. The Statue of Liberty, Mount Rushmore, The Eiffel Tower, the Taj Mahal, the Pyramids are examples. These could all act like National Treasures, redistributing the genius value to the masses, relieving governments of the tax-payer responsibility of preserving these places, and putting the responsibility into the hands of those who want it.

I draw the line at Parks and Natural Wonders – Nature’s bounty. Yosemite, Pike’s Peak, Niagara Falls, The Grand Canyon, and the Hallowed Grounds of Lakewood Church in Houston, Texas.<sup>56</sup>

Once Scoot is well established as a system of valuing responsibility, a similar system could be set up for Nature’s Bounty.

I don’t think any social trend towards eliminating private ownership of land can be done in our current society without bloodshed. Private ownership of land is too engrained into our world-view, and too much of our wealth is tied up in property. You could start a trend beginning with rain forests, and park land, and natural wonders, but it wouldn’t be long before you run head-first into a wall of mineral rights, water rights, air-rights and easements and it would get ugly.

Simply put, I think societal pressure can convince the wealthy not to maintain their generational wealth as art. I do not think it will be so easy to get them to give up their land.

Once wealth as responsibility is mainstream, then I think this could happen naturally and peacefully. The wealthy will do better against inflation keeping their wealth in scoot and asimov.

## Diplomacy

An instrument of peace and diplomacy in old times was the exchange of royal hostages between rivals. The failure of the instrument had something to do with the true lack of bilateralism, mostly due to valuing sons over daughters. An equally ineffective tool was the royal marriage, mostly due to the fact that it is tougher

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<sup>56</sup> Consecrated as *The Summit* in 1994 where *The Dream* made me a believer.

than you think to stay married to somebody who hates your guts. Kings; first born sons usually, luckily have a genetic preponderance for thick skin. With second sons, apparently, the disposition is usually skill with poison and falling for foreign seductresses.

Since the dawn of the information age, we've had the longest continuous military peace between world powers in history.<sup>57</sup> There is a reason for that, and it's the nuclear take on the hostage exchange. We don't need to bother with the exchange part, we can just kill your entire family, including in-laws and mistresses, from way over here. From a military-diplomacy systems point of view, we have a fail-safe but it's a hard trip, so the system dynamically adjusts to achieve a stable, though sometimes volatile, equilibrium. Mutually Assured Destruction hasn't stopped regional conflict nor economic and cultural conflict, but it has prevented direct military conflict between the largest world powers.

Just because an implementation is bad doesn't mean the idea was flawed. I'm not saying Mutually Assured Destruction is the best implementation either, but it has been more effective than what we had for the entire history of civilized nations. Tripping the switch has consequences way beyond the king's family. Everybody's family shares in the burden and the risk. The risk distribution is democratic and equitable. Everybody's family doesn't share in the rewards of royalty, which is the problem we are trying to solve.

There have been other proposals for peacekeeping systems. My favorite in spirit is Lennon's 1971 proposal, *Imagine*. Genius for sure, but difficult to turn into an algorithm, as there are not many conditionals. There is one conditional, and it is a start. *It's easy if you try*. We are trying, and young people are trying and won't stop. I think he was giving us a big hint. Imagine – not a conditional, but a loop. Imagination, the fuel of genius. Imagine, and repeat.

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<sup>57</sup> As I do my final edit, Russia has invaded Ukraine. There is a word for this feeling.

## Die Hard 7 – In a world of the king's gold

A Scorsese film, starring Bruce Willis, Joe Jonas as his grandson, and Matthew McConaughey as the president. Bruce is getting long in the tooth, so he's the executive at a top-secret private anti-terrorism outfit. The elite strike team is captained by his grandson, Joe Jonas. Bruce is old, but he's not soft, and in the first scene we see him giving Joe Jonas a load of crap about how slow his team rappels down an elevator shaft in a training session. He takes off his coat and jumps down the shaft, beating the entire team to the objective.

Cut to Paris. Out of the skies comes a massive parachute drop of troops who quickly and non-violently take over the entire Louvre. It's revealed this is an attack by the military of the rouge province of West Lakerland, led by the warlord General Drogo, played by Samuel L. Jackson with an eye patch. The news reports that France has offended West Lakerland by refusing to buy petrol due to human rights violations.

Bruce Willis is surprised by a Blackhawk appearing over his fishing hole and rushed to an Air Force base where he's flown by fighter jet to Washington. Cut to the White House, where President McConaughey is busy on a five-way video conference between the leaders of France, Britain, Italy and Germany.

"Excuse me, gentlemen, I've got to leave you to it, we'll get back to you."

Shouting in five different languages from the video screens.

"All right, all right, all right," the President pushes a button, and the screens go blank.

"John McClain, thank you for coming."

"You're keeping me from the fish, sir."

"Sorry, old friend. I wouldn't have picked you except I didn't have a choice."

The President explains the situation. Colonel Drogo must be removed from Paris, and it must be done without destroying the valuable artwork inside. Since a lot of the artwork is not even French, but Italian and Egyptian, it's up to the United States to use its elite military forces to retake the Louvre and the artwork inside. If an



Italian, German or British masterpiece is destroyed, it might start World War III.

“He hasn’t killed anyone yet, sir. Why not just wait him out?”

“The election is next week.”

“Send in SEAL team six, or Delta. Hell, the Air-Force boys could probably handle this one.”

“I know, I know, John,” The President sighs. “If I get even one American soldier killed, I’ll never get reelected. Not for a bunch of European paintings. Remember the first Bush, he didn’t get reelected and that was for oil. Paintings, John. French Paintings.”

“Well, that’s what we’re here for, sir. Dirty jobs, done dirt cheap.”

“I knew I could count on you, John.” They shake hands and Bruce returns to his headquarters.

Bruce and his grandson pull an all-nighter watching a geek use sophisticated software, going through assault scenarios they could run to destroy Drogo or force him out of the Louvre. Drogo has gas masks, chemical suits, armored vehicles and a thousand troops. Joe Jonas has a large die-hard team of over a hundred badasses, and they usually can take on odds of at least fifty to one, but nobody has ever asked them not to damage the contents of a building before. They run it through, and the best scenario they can come up with is 20 to 30 casualties.

Bruce tosses and turns trying to get to sleep on a cot in his office, worrying that one of the casualties might be his grandson, Joe Jonas. Flashbacks of Joe as a baby, playing T-ball, with his band playing guitar at his high-school prom. Next, singing an a-cappella version of *I Don’t Want to Miss a Thing* at grandpa’s seventieth birthday party.

Bruce finally falls asleep, and in his dream, he is visited by a strikingly handsome middle-aged Leonardo Da Vinci. It’s a Scorsese film, so you know he’ll cast the right actor, somebody whose very name invokes memories of the high Italian Renaissance.

Bruce explains his predicament to the old master. How he’s scared of losing his golden-voiced grandson, and to a lesser extent, the rest of the boys who work for his firm, though he points out,

they've all got great life insurance, and most of them would be in prison if he hadn't given them a job where they could kick-ass and blow stuff up.

Leonardo transports Bruce on a magical journey, a journey through great masterpieces of history, matching the artists of history with their artwork, finally ending in the studio of Leonardo himself, painting his *Mona Lisa*.

Bruce is mesmerized by the beauty, "I didn't know art could be so powerful and beautiful."

"Yes, John. Yet, all the paintings in the world are not worth one single human life. Especially if it's Joe Jonas."

Bruce wakes up, a new man.

The next day, Bruce flies to the White House, and makes an impassioned, Oscar worthy plea to the President. McConaughey is unconvinced at first, but Bruce makes his final passionate argument,

"Mister President, if you order it, I'll lead the assault myself. I can't send my grandson, Joe Jonas, to die for some Art Museum."

"John, sending an old man to die, especially an action-hero like yourself might be worse than sending Joe Jonas."

They shake hands. Cut to the Oval Office, where President McConaughey addresses the nation.

The President makes an impassioned speech, railing against all the stupid things man has gone to war over, including oil, gold, ideology, and whatever World War I was about.

"I make this promise, in a McConaughey administration, we'll never go to war over art!"

Cut to election day, where McConaughey is reelected in a landslide. Standing next to him while he makes his victory speech is Bruce Willis and Joe Jonas. Just off to the side, like Ben, Yoda and Anakin at the end of *Return of the Jedi*, is the ghost of Leonardo.

In Paris, Samuel L. Jackson watches the victory speech with tears in his single eye. He lays down his arms.

### Die Hard 7 – Leonardo's Revenge

This film occurs in a more evolved society where genius is valued over property.

The first three quarters of the movie is the same, Leonardo Da Vinci appears in Bruce's dream, leaves him waking to the thought, "All the paintings in the world are not worth one single human life."

Cut to the Oval Office, Bruce Willis makes his final plea, saying he would lead the assault himself rather than send his grandson, Joe Jonas, to die for a French Art Museum.

Just behind The President's desk, a time-portal opens, and Leonardo and Robert DeNiro appear, both costumed in high-Italian Renaissance garb. DeNiro is holding Leonardo by the scruff of his neck.

"Excuse me gentlemen, my name is Lorenzo de' Medici. I want to know what this fool that works for me has been telling you?"

Leonardo makes goo-goo eyes and a bashful smile.

"Well, basically, that no human life is worth a single painting," says Bruce Willis.

DeNiro shouts, "What is this? This fool would paint his grandma in her underwear feeding the ducks if I paid him half a lira. Art isn't worth a single life? Come on, gentlemen, don't you know how the world works? Your private jets, your yachts, your Beverly Hills mansions, your New York Penthouses, your watches and your five-hundred-dollar haircuts, they're all based on the value of genius."

Silence for a few seconds. In a masterstroke of filmmaking, all the actors drop their roleplaying simultaneously and break the fourth wall. Scorsese appears in frame holding a clipboard, and Joe Jonas, who hadn't been in the scene but was waiting off set in case there was a need for a tune, walks on holding his guitar.

Leonardo says, "Could you explain that part about private jets again?"

Scorsese, "Yeah, Bobby. Could you go over that again, I'm feeling a little anxious about this whole scene."

DeNiro shakes his head in frustration. "It's simple, boys. We live in a world where wealth is based on genius. If General Drogo just destroys all the masterpieces in Paris, then you won't be nearly wealthy as you used to be."

He shrugs, "I mean, you'll still have your talent."

McConaughey drawls, “I think I get what you’re saying, but that part about private jets went a little over my head.”

Leonardo says, “Yeah, me too. How do we get to Cannes without private jets?”

De Niro looks at each of the actors in turn, like they’re all imbeciles, and then shrugs and says, “You fly commercial.”

There is an uncomfortable pause.

Leonardo says, “I did that once, for a role, they had this thing called a jump seat, and let me tell you, it was very uncomfortable. It was Spielberg, so I didn’t say anything.”

“Bobby, you can’t be serious,” says Bruce Willis.

“I am serious. You still think you should let Drogo take over Paris?”

Cut to next scene. Leonardo, McConaughey, Bruce Willis, Joe Jonas, and Robert De Niro are geared up in body-armor holding assault rifles flying over Paris in a Blackhawk. As they jump out of the Blackhawk, they scream in unison, “We’ll never fly commercial!”

### The Stinger

Throughout the Cold War, the United States and the Soviet Union had all kinds of cultural exchanges, and in both fiction and reality they were all subterfuge. The Soviets tried like hell to keep The Beatles off their airwaves, and I wanted to hijack a nuclear armed B-52 when Ivan Drago kicked Rocky’s ass.

Die Hard 7 was the action movie version of economics. Economic invasions only work when what we value is property. In the world of asimov and scoot, art is not property, and its value is not changed by who possesses it or even if it is destroyed.<sup>58</sup> A work of genius is more valuable the more it’s appreciated.

So real cultural exchange of genius becomes a win-win for both sides of the exchange. It’s like royal hostage exchange with clones – everybody wins (genius), or I guess if the royal princess was extra

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<sup>58</sup> A copy is kept in digital stone

annoying, everybody loses (vanity). It belongs to everybody, regardless.

## Corporate Genius

Only individuals may directly participate in the responsibility domain.

I have nothing against corporations. The corporation is a genius invention of mankind, one that has facilitated a prosperous and innovative world. Having health insurance, paid vacation and a paycheck every other week is way, way awesome.

The problem is corporations cannot be held responsible. They can be sued, which is a cost of doing business for most of them. Their officers and employees can be put in jail, though that rarely happens. Shareholders that held stock while bad behavior occurred but sold it before it was discovered and comprehended in the market price profit without accountability. Corporations, by design, are vessels of limited liability.

Scout are vessels of absolute and full responsibility for an idea. If your Scout fails, the scoutage – every holder - are fully responsible for the failure and held directly accountable by the loss of the value of their responsibility – a direct loss of wealth.

That doesn't mean that there isn't a business role in the genius economy.

There is no direct role for a brokerage, but there is for a broker. There's no role for a bank, but there is for a banker. No role for a marketing firm, but there is for marketeers, advertisers, and public relations people. For every specialty in the business world, there is a role in the responsibly domain. And lawyers - lawyers will record a double-double in the box score of a dual threat economy. Mark Twain said, *"If it's good for the lawyers, better get a cushion."* I take that to be old-timey talk for, if the lawyers be making bank, you can just kick it and chill.

Companies whose primary value contribution to the economy is intellectual property or process ingenuity may thrive in a new economy. Most companies do create value through ideas, even if

they manufacture goods or the sell the fruits of the earth – you must innovate to compete.

There is a role for the corporation in the genius economy. Maybe corporate overlords and their drones transform themselves into the experienced and disciplined samurai warriors, plying their trade as gig workers in the genius economy. Or maybe the corporate structures transform into an analog of the coaching staff of team sports – they play a strategic game and put teams of pledges to work together towards a common purpose in the responsibility domain, but do not take the field themselves.

I don't think corporate America will feel threatened by this idea. If they do, they can blame James Harden. If I'd been watching winning Rockets basketball, I'd spend all my free time between games thinking about how fun it would be to watch the next game, and I would still be a property-happy corporate drone. Sorry, James, if that hurts your future endorsement contracts with the corporate overlords. Taste a little instant karmic soup. It's good for the soul, but a little messy to slurp with a beard.

I think corporate America will be dismissive. It's hard for the corporate mind to fathom this as a realistic way to do things. Most of the people running corporate America have been programmed to understand you create value by selling something.

People a bit younger have been brought up differently. They've been brought up that value is relative to how many people pay attention to you, what kind of people pay attention to you, and how much reach your personal network has. This is the crossover generation, because while they might understand the value of networked systems, and they like green cars and saving the planet, they also like to buy a lot of cheap stuff and buying newer better stuff when the cheap stuff gets old.<sup>59</sup> That's not sustainable either.

I'm not a tree hugger nor a climate denier, or an alarmist of any kind. I think about sustainability in engineering terms, the most

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<sup>59</sup> Speak not, the name that must not be spoken.

efficient way to implement a system. Sustainability is the best way to implement a system when you are optimizing for efficiency.

Corporations are optimized for profit. There's a difference, and it impacts every profit-driven enterprise.

Take Tesla, the car company. It would be fair to say Tesla is one of the most sustainable companies out there. Electric cars reduce our dependence on oil, and through the electrical grid, we can generate power more cleanly and efficiently. A worthy objective in a sustainable world.

It's not the most sustainable solution. The most sustainable solution is driving less and taking public transportation more. *"Tesla's mission is to accelerate the world's transition to sustainable energy."*

<sup>60</sup> Replacing gasoline powered automobiles with electrically powered vehicles is a leap forward in accelerating the transition to sustainable energy. In parts of the world where people love and can afford cars – The United States and Texas especially – this might be the only practical way for a profit-driven organization to fulfill this mission.

It took billions of dollars in investment to design and manufacture electric vehicles and get the costs where they were affordable on a mass scale. Electric vehicles for public transportation might have high profit margins, but nowhere near the volume to justify that kind of investment. Public transportation usually requires huge political incentives. Tearing a city apart to install train systems when most voters are happy to sit in traffic for hours a day isn't exactly an easy campaign sell.

Tesla shareholders profit (gain wealth) when Tesla sells more vehicles. Tesla must take the fruits of nature and turn them into vehicles, at a tremendous investment of property, power, and labor. From engineering perspective there are better ways to accelerate the transition to sustainable energy. Tesla is probably making the most practically efficient compromise between shareholders and the engineering.

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<sup>60</sup> From <https://www.tesla.com/about>

With a genius-based wealth system, it's possible to create organizations that can align with both the creation of wealth and the most efficient solutions to problems. Without the government, and without property-based profit.

Corporations are property and thus can be bought and gifted to humanity. Scoot may not own corporations but can be responsible for them.

After the early staking, seeding, and development phase of The Foundation, the only way to receive new mint asimov will be to scoot something. Corporations can't create Scoot. If they have a great product or brand, their employees, shareholders or customers may create Scoot as an honor; but, the corporations can't profit from this directly. The Foundation will trade scoot at registration, but it'll be a fixed amount. The only way to get a large volume of asimov will be to convert something property-valued into Scoot.

In this way, corporations can continue to exist in the genius economy. They can align their mission with the most efficient solutions instead of the most efficient compromises. Instead of the goal being shareholder profit, the goal becomes pledge-wealth based on success of truly idealistic missions.

## Genius CYA

What is the value of the oil and gas industry as a public good?

First, the negative side of the balance sheet, *There Will be Blood*. Like any bubble, the Texas Oil Boom has tales of fantastic riches as ordinary ranchers and farmers became oil barons overnight. For every success story there were dozens of tales of destitution, hundreds of unrealistic expectations, and thousands of predations. Like every gold rush in history, there is a balance sheet of winners and losers. Statistically, those with capital at the beginning did much better than those that started with nothing. Then there's the environmental impact, which was bad, but was substantially better for the environment in terms of efficiency and emissions than the fuel oil and gas replaced (coal).

On the positive; it created huge industry centered in Texas, which created hundreds of thousands of jobs both directly and indirectly



related to exploration and development. It created thousands of patents and drove innovations that leaked into hundreds of different fields. Innovations in chemicals and materials derived from petrochemicals are part of every aspect of our lives.

The oil and gas industry should hire me to produce a reality series, where Matthew McConaughey hangs out with one of his “green” Hollywood friends and removes all by-products of the oil and gas industry from their homes. I can see it now; the first few episodes end with smiling celebrities cheering “*We love the petrochemical industry.*” Things go horribly wrong in episode six when Matthew and Sheryl Crow are standing in line at all-natural hand-pressed organic coffee bar, Sheryl goes to pay with her Amex and Matthew points out that the Amex card itself is made from plastic, a product of the oil fields. Sheryl goes completely feral, strips down to her hemp undies, and bites poor Matthew on the shoulder. Rather than hide from it, Matthew is a good Texan, *takes his medicine*, which in this case, means a whole course of Sheryl’s all natural “rabies cure.” Due to the extreme nature of that procedure, it can only be watched on Oil & Gas TV+. Big Oil is coming for you, *Squid Games*.<sup>61</sup>

I believe there is a place in a sustainable economy for every industry. Instead of considering what products industries make, they need only think about the kinds of problems they know how to solve. Reframing of the purpose may be all it takes. Direct governance makes for good causes, but when big jobs are part of the solution, the corporate organization will usually be better at execution.

There are many large international projects that would be of tremendous public good, don’t align with corporate or governmental priorities or political reality. Those are the projects for Scoot.

Global projects of public good is what Big Oil has sold to much of the developing world for decades – despite the obvious corporate

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<sup>61</sup> Thank you, Korea, but next time, you need to research your American supervillains a little better. I don’t know what the hell those people were supposed to be. The proper proto-type for an American supervillain is Marsellus Wallace. I think you got confused with Canadian version of a supervillain. Always has a four-letter name that starts with ‘E’.

and geo-political conflicting motivations. Think of the massive public good project you could pull off if your motives were genuine and aligned only with public good. Organizations that could pull off those kinds or massive works of public good at scale around the globe would be genius. Coincidentally, there's a bunch of people who know how to do things like that in Houston, Texas.

There is embedded genius in every industry that can be extracted in the genius economy. We shouldn't forget how we got here. The alternative to Big Oil was Americans never straying five miles from home and a large proportion of the population executing jobs of back-breaking manual labor. You want to imagine a science fiction world where we produced today's energy-intensive lifestyle using only beasts of burden, as we did before big oil and gas? I can't tell you if it would be a good story, but I can tell you it would stink.<sup>62</sup>

Big Oil shouldn't wait for history to write her story. She should write it herself.

## Academic Genius

Okay, all you brainiacs, here's your chance.

I don't think I need to spell it out. You think what you do is valuable, so let's measure your craft against all the other ideas and not against property.

The history of every field of study will be the secret to success. Looking back is the way of the future; it's where all the value came from.

This will be a gold rush, and academia has a monopoly on the shovels. They either add to the appreciation or create some inspired new genius. Or, they get real jobs. It's all good.

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<sup>62</sup> I claim licensing rights on new genre of science fiction called stink-punk.

## Stop Reading, Lars

In 2000, when Saint Fanning unified the world in peace by blessing broke-ass twentysomethings with free music through his invention of the file sharing program, Napster, he ran head-first into a brick wall of corporate resistance. Music labels didn't yet understand a broadband digital world and were terrified of losing the \$10 they were getting for their shrink-wrapped pieces of plastic property.

It wasn't NSYNC, Britney Spears, or Celine Dion who was chosen by the corporate overlords as a champion, but Lars Ulrich, the drummer for Metallica. Yes, the hard rocking anti-heroes of the working man who gave us *Master of Puppets* were just corporate shills. Lars was under the mistaken impression that the way to measure a musician's value is by how much property they can accumulate.

Twenty years later, I pay \$10 a month to stream whatever I want. This includes Metallica, when I'm the mood for some corporate rock. Lars Ulrich is still filthy rich. The music didn't die.

Lars, if you're reading this, please stop now. This next part could make your head explode.

The way to measure a musician's value is by how many people voluntarily listen to their music.

Voluntarily. Guantanamo don't count.

James, Kirk and bassist - don't worry. You'll still be filthy in a genius economy. Just don't tell Lars, keep him sweating. Let the formerly broke-ass have a little payback.

## Drumland

Isn't it ironic<sup>63</sup>, coming from a drummer? If you're a *prima donna*<sup>64</sup> vocalist who has infected an entire generation with an earworm, Napster might have had you worrying about bouncing them checks,

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<sup>63</sup> I'd have to check with Canada to know for sure.

<sup>64</sup> Canadian for *La Ruidosa Chalupa*.

but a drummer? Drummers – real drummers<sup>65</sup> – play for alcohol. WTF, Lars?

In my youth, I spent a lot of time around drummers, and while I hate to propagate stereotypes, it can be a lot of fun. I can still remember the conversation like it was yesterday, or I'm just making it up. In a genius economy, those kinds of details are insignificant.

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It was 1990, I was the assistant manager of a liquor store in West Hollywood. Normally, we had a cashier, a manager and driver working each shift. That day, my driver didn't show up and didn't answer the phone, so I had to make deliveries and perform my regular duties, which mostly consisted of convincing rich people to overpay for fancy bottles of wine with names I couldn't pronounce. The driver, Nai, was this kid from Hawaii, a few years older than me, and one of the more likable and less odorous drivers, so I didn't really want to fire him. Nai was about 6'4", lean, and I think he surfed. He told me, "I'm not rich, but my mom is." Rich or not, a drummer's mother had to be indulgent – or deaf. He tried to play it down. He looked exactly like the Hawaiian version of Tommy Lee, taller and tanner, in pastel colors and Vans.

His house was technically in Hollywood, but way west of where I lived. I'd been calling him all day, no answer. After lunch, I had a delivery nearby, so I stopped by his house. I knocked for several minutes before a drummer showed up at the door.

"Dude, I know you! You're the dude from the liquor store."

"Is Nai here?"

"Yeah, man. Come on in."

I follow drummer boy inside. The house might have been westside, but the inside was classic East Hollywood filth, cigarettes, beer bottles, food wrappers, and clothes strewn all over. Nai was shirtless, on the couch with a game controller in his hand. Drummer boy flopped down next to Nai and picked up the other game

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<sup>65</sup> There's only one and it's not Lars.

controller. There was another drummer on the other couch. He was facing away from me, reading a book. It might have been Lars Ulrich, slumming it, doing his corporate market research.

“Nai, why didn’t you show up for work?”

“Hey Tex, I’m off on Tuesdays and Thursdays. I told you last month when you was making the schedule.”

“It’s Wednesday.”

“Oh, sorry dude. I thought I worked yesterday.”

“The last time you worked was last Friday. Put a shirt on and get to the store.”

Nai emits a long sigh of exasperation. “I don’t think I can deal with it today, man. I can’t keep going to all these rich scumbags’ houses. The way they look at you, it’s degrading, and disgusting.”

“Yeah, I know,” I say, pulling out a Jackson from my pocket, “I just got this from that scumbag on Carman Crest. Poor me, I feel so degraded.”

“That dude is the worst, man,” Nai says, “He asked me to change his kitty litter last time I was up there.”

“Didya?”

“He gave me fifty.” Twenty was good for 1990. Fifty was very generous or very drunk or very something else.

“What else did you do for him?”

“Very funny. You’re the boss. Tell me why the hell does a liquor store sell kitty litter?”

“Rich scumbags don’t like to go to the store,” I say. “They like making us peons do degrading stuff for money.”

“I can’t keep doing this, dude.”

“You’re quitting?”

“How am I supposed to work on my craft man? What the hell is this, I gotta go to work, I ain’t never going to be able to take it to the next level.”

“That what you’re doing now? Practicing? Tetris helping you with your timing?”

“Chilling. I just woke up.”

“Oh, I get it. Wake up at noon, chill a little, then you’re going to practice.”

"Nah, man. You don't get it. I work my ass off, delivering smokes and scotch to the rich scumbags. Then I got to load up my gear, drive to the studio, pay the man for the time, unload my gear, setup my kit, that takes an hour, wait for everybody else to show up, jam out, then I gotta take down my gear, load up the car, drive back. I'm lucky if I got gas money left over from a day's work. Then I gotta get up, do the same thing over again the next day. It never ends."

"You should do a monthly rental," I say, "Leave your gear all set up."

"Right. Leave my kit there for all the posers to steal? No, I'll tell you what should happen. Man, they should setup like a whole place, where drummers can live and rock out, and chill. One stop shopping, like the liquor store. You're smart, why don't you get the big boss to invest in that? You get a big warehouse, divide it up into units, put up some walls, call the place Drumland."

"Drumland?"

"Yeah, dude. It would be perfect. Drummers just chill out, but you got be good, like, no lame asses from Missouri. You get a little studio, with a bathroom on the side, with a shower, and a place for a bed. You setup your gear, and you rock out whenever you want."

"You can sleep while the drummer next door rocks out?"

Nai pauses the game and looks very serious for a moment, like he has indigestion.

"Studio grade soundproofing, dude."

"Okay, so how do you make money?"

"You don't need money, that's my point. You live, chill, and rock out in the same place. Instead of being a drummer who delivers liquor, you're just a drummer."

"I mean, how does Drumland make money?"

"No money, dude. Money is what makes things suck. It's a place you go for a beat. You jam out, and somebody's looking for a beat, they walk the hall, listen in, find a drummer with the right groove, you got your dude. It's all good."

"How you going to hear a beat from the hall with the studio grade soundproofing?"

Nai considers this for a moment.

"You're going want to mike up your kit, for when you need to lay down a demo. You run a line from your board through the wall, get some headphones. So you looking for a drummer, you walk by, put the headphones on, check him out. You hear the groove you want, you push a buzzer."

"Naw, dude," says drummer boy, "What if you were recording your demo right when the guy buzzes the door?"

"Good point, dude. You hook up the doorbell to the lights, so they just flash," says Lars.

"Right, right," Nai says. "Good idea."

"So," I say, "You're just rocking out, like all day long, in case some guy comes by, wants to hear your beat?"

"No, we'll have to have a schedule," Nai says. "You got to have chill time."

"Because drummers are so good at keeping schedules," I say.

"Schedules suck," Lars says.

"What about food? You might not need money, but you got to eat."

"Drumland will have girls. And a big ass kitchen, so they can cook us something."

"How do you pay the girls?"

"Nah, bra - just get some of these girls from the Strip. We've had a chick here for like three weeks, she makes noodles and eggs and cookies, she's awesome. She even cleans and does laundry."

I glance around the room again. "Why did she leave?"

Nai looks at drummer boy. "I didn't know she left, dude."

"She might still be here," Nai says. "I could use some eggs. Natty!"

"Nat-ta-lie," says Lars. "She's not here."

"Where did she go?"

"She went back to Missouri," Lars says. "Said she wasn't baking for idiots who couldn't even remember her name."

"Typical," Nai says. "Farm girls. So what do you think, bossman? You going to run it by the man?"

"Sure, Nai. I need to take him some paperwork. You go to the store in case any deliveries come in, and I'll go talk to him about it."

Nai smiles. "You're all right, Texas. Let me find a shirt. Natty!"  
"She left," Lars says. "I just told you."  
"Did she do the laundry?"<sup>66</sup>

## Open Source Everything

I never discussed Drumland with the big boss. I was young and somewhat jaded, not having a mother who was property rich. I didn't have Nai's vision at the time. I was in management, and I'd read books about business by billionaires, and I thought I really understood what the world valued.

It wasn't just drummers. I'd heard variations of the theme from guitarists and bassists. You wouldn't hear anything like that from singers, because free food and a place to live and rock out would be a step down for most singers at that time in L.A. I'd heard harmonics twists of the idea from artists, and writers and actors. There were rumors about a place in the Valley that was sort of like Drumland for actresses, but it was probably just a rumor.

Nai, thirty years later, I finally figured it out. Lars, you've been warned.

The way forward for Drumland is for musicians to give away their music for free to anybody who wants to hear it. Open Source everything.

You scoot your work, and you say to world, my craft is not property. You can have restrictive licensing, so your work gets turned into a jingle or soundtrack of a blockbuster movie, you get paid. Streaming services or radio want to play it, you get paid. Otherwise, just give it away.

You form up with other Scoot in your community, and you establish social protocol. Trading scoot becomes a trade in the appreciation of songs. A musician just starting out, it'd be understandable if he'd trade scoot with anybody that'll trade. Each scene will develop customs of decorum. Somebody makes a big offer; you take a bite. You get enough bites; you'll have a market value.

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<sup>66</sup>The moral of this story: You'll never find a Hollywood drummer boy who treated a girl from Texas like this, because he's dead already.



It may become like a tip. Somebody likes your song, they make an offer on your scoot, loose change in the genius wallet, a few isaacs or a scoot of some other singer the musician should check out. It's sort of like an open guitar case on the sidewalk, tossing something – anything – even if it's a scoot for your favorite tune – shows your appreciation; somebody lays down a quarter, somebody throws down a Grant, it's all good. When somebody with some actual credibility throws down, things change. Beyoncé lays down a full asimov on you, it would be disrespectful to the queen for somebody to offer less. Eventually, you set a low bid and your tunes get real play.

Once that happens, then we have Drumland. A place for musicians to live and jam. You create Drumland as a Scoot, and it stakes drummers that have established some value. You're smart, you see that live human drummers are a vanishing commodity, you become the genius economy version of a slumlord. Drummers won't mind. You'll be filthy and groovy, at least until the Bonzo droids take over.

This is a leap of faith, but social media has already led the way. You don't have to monetize content to create value. The appreciation of your craft is direct value. You can keep your work in the responsibility domain separate from your property needs. You sell scoot when you must, but more likely, you'll get a job and deliver kitty litter to property-rich scumbags. That scumbag is somebody who likes a beat, maybe you ask for tip in scoot instead of filthy-property money.

I think we will see a comeback in patronage as the property rich devise ways to become genius rich on the cheap. Instead of Tech Incubators like on HBO's *Silicon Valley*, we'll have genius incubators where commercial potential is only one aspect considered when curating ideas. There's a whole industry of staking to be developed.

The concept is simple – more public value is created when an idea is appreciated by more people. The economics must adjust to that. Giving away your work creates more value than selling it, and if your work is digital, the cost of distributing your product is negligible.

## Collecting Responsibility

While I've never had that special thrill that supposedly comes with viewing a masterpiece in person, I've tried. Maybe if I'd gone to an art museum before cell phones, it could have worked. People elbowing me out of the way to snap selfies apparently has a dissonant effect on my Zen. This is not to imply I don't believe there is something special. There must be.

For my fiftieth birthday, my brother gave me a basketball signed by Hakeem Olajuwon. I'm not a collector, I'm a travel light kind of guy, but it was a very thoughtful gift, and I was surprised and grateful. I took that ball out of the glass case, and a feeling swept through me. I felt like I had just carried my team as a 6<sup>th</sup> seed, on the road through the Western Conference battleground of the Mailman's Jazz, Sir Charles's Suns, and the pretender MVP's Spurs, making every MVP voter cringe at the ridiculousness of their selection. I'd just faced a young and arrogant Orlando Magic team in the finals and sent the goofy young villain, Shaquille O'Neil and his pack of dwarves back home to Disney in four games straight, a sweep and championship repeat, leading to coach Tomjanovich's celebratory declaration for the ages, *"Don't ever underestimate the heart of a champion."* This changed Houston's tagline of *Choke City* to **Clutch City** forever.

Is that the same feeling that art lovers get when standing in front of a masterpiece? If it's half the feeling I felt with the ball in my hand, I get it. The question is, what separates collectables from pieces of history? Does my basketball deserve a place in a museum? I don't think so, but Olajuwon has a place in the basketball hall of fame, and his genius will live on in Houston's memory for generations. Thinking about it led me to remember another piece of history I'd lost.

In the summer of 1985, I attended a NASA summer camp, where I had my first exposure to programming. I wasn't a computer geek, but I did have an aptitude, and it served me well, for years later, I would make my living coding. The teacher running the camp was June Scobee. Her husband, Colonel Dick Scobee, was an astronaut who had been pilot of a Shuttle mission the year before and was slated to be the commander of another *Challenger* flight in the coming winter. At the end of the camp, our class of middle-schoolers

got to meet Colonel Scobee. It was a big deal for a kid who had grown up in Space City, Texas to meet an astronaut who had already been to space in the shuttle. I bought a postcard of an earlier *Challenger* launch and Colonel Scobee was gracious enough to sign it for me.

On January 28, 1986 Dick Scobee, along with six fellow astronauts, including civilian school teacher Christa McAuliffe, were killed when *Challenger* exploded 41 seconds after liftoff. It was the “*where were you when JFK was shot?*” moment for my generation. I was a freshman in high school. I was stunned. It was the first time America had lost astronauts during a flight. Class was subdued, teachers were shocked. We crowded around the televisions that had already been wheeled out for us to watch the first teacher in space. Some of the teachers made half-hearted attempts to tell us not to look at the explosion. We had to look.

Later in the day, President Reagan cancelled his State of the Union address scheduled for that evening and spoke to the nation in the afternoon from the Oval Office.

*There's a coincidence today. On this day 390 years ago, the great explorer Sir Francis Drake died aboard ship off the coast of Panama. In his lifetime the great frontiers were the oceans, and an historian later said, "He lived by the sea, died on it, and was buried in it." Well, today we can say of the Challenger crew: Their dedication was, like Drake's, complete.*

*The crew of the space shuttle Challenger honored us by the manner in which they lived their lives. We will never forget them, nor the last time we saw them, this morning, as they prepared for their journey and waved goodbye and "slipped the surly bonds of earth" to "touch the face of God."*

I kept that postcard in a plastic sleeve. I'd shown it to a few people back in the day, but somewhere along the way, I lost track of it. I regret losing the postcard, but why? I'm not sentimental and not a collector. I remembered *Challenger*; it was one of the most memorable days of my life. Did the postcard have value? It doesn't

matter, I wouldn't sell it if I found it. I'm sure Colonel Scobee signed thousands of autographs before and after he signed mine.

I don't know if autographs were a thing back then, because both paper and ink were expensive. Would an autograph Francis Drake gave a street urchin before his last voyage to Panama be valuable if it survived history until today? You bet it would. If he'd signed an actual photograph of his ship that would probably be worth more than old *Mona Lisa*.

My postcard wasn't special because Colonel Scobee signed it. It was special because of how he touched my life, and because of his sacrifice. I felt bad not because I lost a collectable that might be valuable, but because I failed at my responsibility to preserve the memory of a hero, a genius of exploration. I failed both my ancestors and my descendants in my responsibility to keep a small piece of history alive.

Throughout history, the basis of money has been gold. Throughout history, gold's utility has primarily been ornamental, and no matter how you twist it, that utility is vanity.<sup>67</sup> The jewelry industry wants us to believe the more you spend on gold, the more you love someone, and we all know that is ridiculous. It is always vanity, and I think the right amount of vanity is good for both individuals and for society.

Vanity is a motivator – use it correctly, who knows, you could be President. What price is too high a price to pay for vanity? I think gold is too high a price. How many lives have been lost and how much of our planet have we destroyed in this chase of vanity? Gold has destroyed entire civilizations and killed or enslaved hundreds of millions of souls.

I'd originally gone down this path of thinking, because while I'd worked out the basics of a metric of value system based on physical artwork, I'd struggled with some inconsistencies. For instance, what separates fine art from decoration? Why is one object a silly

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<sup>67</sup> Gold has industrial, commercial and medical uses. Wikipedia says less than 10% of gold production goes towards industry.

collectable, or an antique, and another a historical artifact? I was also struggling with the unfairness of valuing artists that produce physical art over those whose media is essentially digital. Musicians, writers, photographers and even basketball geniuses. I was struggling trying to create a value system from something, in all honesty, I didn't personally value that much.

I thought of the basketball gift. I liked starting with a sports analogy and contrasting that with my postcard. Modern currencies, fiat and crypto, aren't relatable to most people, because they are difficult to understand. So is the art world. Few people, even the wealthy, can fathom paying more for a painting than it costs to send a kid to college. More people can relate to sports, and we can all imagine getting paid what professional athletes get paid. Virtually all people use money; few understand it, and this leads to a disparity of value. People who count every penny live in the same society and supposedly under the same rules as people who throw around millions on vanity and sometimes pure waste.

I'd already crossed the threshold of making the holders of artwork a commitment of responsibility, not ownership. This was a technical decision, because I needed to keep the responsibility domain clean of property, so that the responsibility domain could act as equalizer between different tastes and cultural biases and provide a common metric in asimov.

Then I realized, it is the responsibility itself that we should value. The people who are responsible for keeping genius alive reflect the value of that genius to humanity at large. The more people who are responsible for something, the higher the appreciation of the object or legacy.

I had this eureka moment on April 29<sup>th</sup>, 2021, on my after-dinner walk. It was the eve of my firstborn's birthday, which is likely why the basketball birthday gift crossed my mind. I'd worked this through in my head and felt like I had something of substance that I could turn into a workable system.

As I neared the end of my walk, a cynical thought hit me. When I received the basketball gift in November, James Harden had just demanded to be traded. It was a gut-punch, in the middle of the

pandemic, the Rockets in the NBA bubble had kept me optimistic. What followed was the season from hell. They did trade *The Beard*, and in return got a star player on the mend they traded only two months later. There was still hope, the Rockets had gone on a 6-game winning streak, but then the Rockets best young player got hurt, and they went on a losing streak of 20 games. At that point in April, I had watched the Rockets lose 37 of the last 43 games. For Rockets fans it was absolute hell. I'm thinking, hey little brother, thanks for the gift. He'd tricked me into objectifying *The Dream*, and perhaps that was the greatest sin against the basketball gods. I got home and watched the game, the Rockets versus the Bucks, heavyweight of the East.<sup>68</sup> I watched, like I watched every game of the losing streak, doing my penance, now with an even heavier heart after realizing my sin.

The Rockets were down 17 points in the second quarter. They got it down to 8 points by halftime, but I'd seen this film before. In the second half something miraculous happened. Kevin Porter Junior, a player we'd acquired for wooden nickels as a bizarre ricochet effect of trading James Harden, caught fire. Kevin, just twenty years old, was a brilliant southpaw guard from Seattle who had potential to be a star. He'd just been through an embarrassing public incident in Miami where he might have saved his teammate's life. As if to confirm the maxim, *No good deed goes unpunished*, the NBA suspended him for a week for COVID protocol violations. The first game back, against the fellow bottom feeding Timberwolves, he scored only two points in a nauseating loss. That night against the Bucks, Porter was unconscious, destroying the defensive juggernaut with ease. He ended up with a box score of 50 points and 11 assists, becoming the youngest player in NBA history to record 50/10. He beat the previous title holder, LeBron James, by three years.

This story would be better if, after my walk, I'd gone and held that signed basketball, trying to absorb some of *The Dream* magic, and somehow channeled that through my television back to the Toyota Center and into the soul of KPJ. But I didn't. Porter stepped up big

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<sup>68</sup> And three months later, NBA World Champion Milwaukee Bucks.

because he did what stars do when they've had a bad game and been talked about in the media. He played ball.



**FIGURE 5 - JUNE 2014 SPORTS ILLUSTRATED COVER**

You might wonder, where am I taking this? Am I casting some voodoo spell of writing reality? Perhaps.

Don't believe stuff like that works? I refer you to the June 2014 Sports Illustrated cover story entitled, "*Your 2017 World Series Champs*," with a picture of Astros rookie George Springer on the cover. In 2014, the Astros were the worst team in baseball, having

been through five losing seasons. I was a fair-weather Astros fan. The thing about losing basketball – games tend to finish quickly. Not so much with bad baseball. I grew up in Houston, but I benefited from Nikola Tesla’s benevolence, specifically AC powered AC and ice-cold refrigeration. It takes a real die-hard Texan who can handle her heat, humidity, and humiliation raw, somebody like my mother, who watched every game in every one of those Astros losing seasons. The cover of Sports Illustrated was satirical, at best, to the poor and downtrodden Astros fans in the summer of 2014. Think how it must have felt to the players.

Dodgers fans, I’m sure you know what happened next. Guess who won the 2017 World Series? You got that right. The Houston Astros will eternally be the 2017 World Series Champs.

Yes, there is more to the story. There was a sign-stealing scandal and MLB suspended some managers and took away some draft picks, yet the Astros retained the title much to the consternation of sore losers everywhere.<sup>69</sup>

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<sup>69</sup> For those with me so far, but fear I risk alienating too big a population with my rhetoric, it is strategic. The Foundation is an engineered system and based on statistical science. For every single Astros hater out there, there are 1,301 baseball lovers who absolutely despise the Dodgers. The fact that the *Asterisks* went through the Red Sox, the Yankees, and the Dodgers to **win** the World Series means that feat has the greatest statistical reach, as there are no teams universally hated by more fans. One of the highlights of my adult life was my 2019 Vacation to NYC, where I wore my “Houston Rockets 93-94 NBA Champions” T-shirt every day. I heard it from Knicks and Yankees fans alike, got called every name in the book, most of which made me even prouder to be from Houston. I didn’t get my ass kicked, not once. I attribute that to my natural Texas swagger. My wife attributes it to the repulsive shielding effect of wearing the same shirt for 120 hours straight.





While passing through LAX before the pandemic, I had one of the happiest moments of my life when I passed a guy wearing the shirt above. He was the stereotypical picture of a SoCal surfs up dude, long dirty blond hair, scruffy beard, a dark tan, cool shades, and beads. I'm thinking, dude, you're wearing my colors. Did you really think this through?

And the irony, from Hollywood of all places. *"There's no cryin' in baseball,"* is the relevant line here. The cheating has always been there. It's part of the Hollywood kindled mythology of baseball, *"If you build it, he will come."* and *"Say it ain't so, Joe."* Yeah, keep crying

Dodgers fans. You've heard of the *Curse of the Bambino*? Just wait until you catch a touch of the *Curse of the Altuve*.

What our currencies represent is what we value. For many of us, what we value is material. We like houses, cars, and electronics. The trappings of wealth. We don't value the same things that much of the world does, like clean water, or nutritious food, or access to basic health care, even though much of the human population struggles daily just to provide these things for themselves and their children. We lose our ever-loving minds over things like stocks, crypto-currency, and political scandals, without ever thinking about how wealthy we really are. Wealth is property and it is valued because we have lost the very ability to value basic sustenance and security. I call it the king's gold. The kings of old could not fathom the toils of the masses. Kings would send poor men and their sons to die for their gold and land and even spices and tea. And to this day nations rich and poor will kill for the king's gold. Be it gold, or oil, or land.

Ten thousand years in the future, what will be the more valuable treasure? Da Vinci's engineering drawings, Drake's last letters, Scobee's autographed postcard, or *The Dream's* signed basketball?

Da Vinci and *The Dream* were professionals with talent and were paid handsomely with the king's gold. Sir Francis Drake certainly had imagination, daring and bravery but was a servant of a queen and a slaver.

Da Vinci drew pictures of flying machines, Olajuwon wore rockets on his uniform, and Drake sailed around the world in service to a queen he worshipped. Colonel Scobee voluntarily strapped himself into an aircraft attached to a tank filled with 1.6 million pounds of liquid hydrogen and oxygen and lit a candle. He did this twice.

Colonel Scobee served no master. He volunteered to become an astronaut. Shamefully for the rest of us Americans, there was very little glory left in space exploration by 1986. Scobee started out as an enlisted engine mechanic in the Air Force, working his way through school while raising a family, becoming an officer and a pilot, then risking his life over the skies of Vietnam in combat. He became a test pilot and then joined NASA as an astronaut. He spent his entire adult

life in service to his country. He sacrificed his life in the pursuit of an ideal. He will forever be a genius and a hero.

*Challenger* was a tragedy, and many questioned the expense in terms of human lives and taxpayer dollars. After a thorough investigation and corrective action, in September of 1988 *Discovery* returned to space. NASA flew 110 more missions after *Challenger*, and while we lost *Columbia* during reentry, we never lost another shuttle during launch. We launched dozens of satellites, performed thousands of scientific experiments, built the International Space Station, and spawned a private space industry. There are no billionaires in space without the sacrifice of the crew of STS-51-L.

History becomes myth when the details are forgotten. I think it's a fallacy to think that myths are more powerful than history. The magic – the inspiration – is much more powerful when there is evidence that it happened. This simple fact is the dividing line between mythology and religion. Religious stories are all powerful when they are believed to be history.

Masterpiece, postcard or basketball - responsibility for the memory of genius, real or perceived, is what gives these objects value.

These are ideas I value. While it's unlikely that anybody else in the world values these geniuses in the same manner and proportion that I do, there are enough that share my appreciation for these geniuses individually. This is how *asimov* can work as a common value system. Just about everybody values genius of some kind, and for the totally vapid there is plenty of vanity out there to treasure.

This is a uniting value system. It's about finding common ground.

When Dennis Rodman went to North Korea, the media made it out like it was a joke. He shared a value with Kim Jong Ill, and I share that same value. We three all value a rebounding genius. Dennis Rodman as ambassador to North Korea isn't as outrageous as some think. He has a much better chance of relating through real shared values than any diplomatic fool we could send over there.

Genius is what you are willing to be responsible for. That responsibility reflects your own values.

I've been intentionally divisive for a reason. I could have easily written this from the point of view of a native of Los Angeles or New York. Lame, because how hard is it to be a Lakers or Yankees fan? Hometown has value, and it should, because how constructive is it to hate where you are from? National pride has value. Asimov is a global metric, bound to no single nation, yet most of the genius I've written about are American, by birth or by choice. I don't think America is perfect; we have many geniuses, but we have more than our fair share of idiots and have taken vanity to historical levels.

The divisiveness is simple. It is what I value. I might get called some nasty names passing through LAX wearing my Altuve jersey. If I ever show my face and Rockets colors in Madison Square Garden, I will probably get my ass kicked, or more likely, spat upon. Next time I try to go to Canada, I'll probably get detained at the border and be forced to listen to *Tom Sawyer* on a loop, eyes pried open ala *A Clockwork Orange* and forced to watch curling. And while I'm a peace-loving person, *nothing to kill or die for*, no war and all that, if I happen to cross paths with John Stockton down at the Wal-Mart, I might have to stick my leg out for an old man trip, it would be a bit of instant karmic justice.<sup>70</sup>

Here's what isn't going to happen;

The Mayor of Los Angeles is not going send a mechanized brigade of troops to Houston, surround Minute Maid Park, and forcibly take a shirtless José Altuve hostage. New York City is not going shell downtown Houston with nerve gas and send a squad of SEALs to replace *The Dream's* sculpture in front of the house he built with a statue of Spike Lee. The British are not going nuke Austin after Governor McConaughy signs his first executive order declaring all members of Led Zeppelin not honorary, but actual Texans.

We're not going to war over genius. If we do, we have failed as a species.

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<sup>70</sup> Karl Malone gets a pass, he's from Louisiana. Old man or not, I'm almost certain he could still kick my ass.

As my fictional Da Vinci said, *“All the paintings in the world are not worth one single human life.”*

Sure, we’ll have idiots who set fire to public transportation when their team wins a championship. We’ll have lunatics who’ll murder a genius in cold blood and sit and wait to be caught while reading a book by another genius. We’ll have vain criminals who rob banks and post their exploits on Instagram. If we value what is good, the genius of our species, then maybe we won’t have so many criminals and the lunatics might be seen as people who need help and not discounted for their deficiencies but valued for their perspective.

The idiots, that might be cosmic law. For every Nikola Tesla, the universe needs a prime number of idiots to balance out the fundamental force of imagination. Exactly like dark matter.

## Collecting Whatever

Have two or three brownies too many and decide to wash them down with the \$20,000 bottle of wine you told your wife was an “investment.” It was the best bottle of wine you’d ever had. No reason not to turn that passion into a measurement of your responsibility. Start a Scoot for the vineyard, you get in early, you turn that “experience” into generational wealth.

If you’re passionate about something, you’ve found genius in something. Or it’s vanity, and you’re an idiot who should have let his wife hold the key to the investment cellar.

Chefs are “artists of the palate.” During their lifetime, they can have a Scoot of Appreciation, and after they’re gone, their fans can keep their recipes alive. You could have a Scoot operate a restaurant, where traveling chefs test their creations on the foody scootage in hopes of appreciation of the chef’s scoot.

Maybe you’re a Kerouac fanatic and you start a Scoot and build out a cool writers retreat on the California Coast near Big Sur. You have cottages, where wannabe beatnik writers come and drink, and smoke, and pop Benzedrine, stay up all night, pretending they like jazz, and type until dawn on manual typewriters on long rolls paper, just like old Jack did with *On The Road*. Would that be a genius way to remember Jack Kerouac? Don’t know. When half the scootage dies early of cirrhosis, lung cancer or psychosis, I don’t think their children will appreciate Kerouac’s genius. I think they’ll probably think something like this, “*What the hell am I going to do with this long ass scroll? Did these old fools think Jack Kerouac was an idiot who couldn’t figure out how to operate a Mac?*”<sup>71</sup>

The ways to appreciate genius are as numerous as genius itself.

If you’re willing to be responsible for your passion and pass it along to future generations, it can be Scoot. Your responsibility is what is valuable. The more people who share a passion, and more

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<sup>71</sup> Perhaps if he’d had a Mac, he would have found footnotes a useful way to explore tangents of thoughts without totally losing the reader who trying to follow the “story.”

importantly, a responsibility for that passion, the higher the shared value.

### Instant Karmic Soup Kitchens (IKSK)

In every culture, food can be genius. Eating nutritious food that tastes good makes life more enjoyable. There is an art to preparing food that we generally associate with wealth. Appreciating good food is something for the wealthy, because the rest of us can't afford to eat out every meal.

The alternative, cooking at home can be both nutritious and fulfilling, and while the economic expense is lower, in terms of sustainability, it's not very efficient.

From a systems point of view, neither eating out nor cooking at home are efficient systems.

A restaurant measures its value by how much food they sell. Restaurants profit by buying food at a lower cost than the consumer can buy it and then selling it for more than it costs to prepare and serve. They have systems in their kitchens that allow them to prepare food both faster and at a lower cost than one could do at home. You may be able to prepare a restaurant quality steak at home, but you can't buy steak at the same volume and store and cook it at the efficiency of a restaurant. More importantly, smart systems allow restaurants to predict and order their raw materials at volumes and that are cost-efficient with less waste.

Cooking at home suffers from scale. Buying food at affordable volumes is not difficult, especially if you have a vehicle. Storing it is not difficult, especially if you have a deep-freeze in your garage. Preparing it isn't hard if you have big oven, a range, and a microwave. Washing up isn't hard, especially if you have a dishwashing machine. The problem with all of these scenarios is they stress the sustainability equation. All these appliances solve problems, as a system – feeding people nutritious food in their homes, but they all do it in the most inefficient way. We consider them valuable to the places we live – a home with a kitchen is a base standard of property wealth.

Imagine you wanted to cook a pot of soup for your family. The most efficient solution at home is to cook enough for a big pot, which will last more than one meal. You put the leftovers in the fridge, the next day, you either heat up the whole pot, or put individual bowls in the microwave.

Consider the energy equation. You brought the pot to a boil and simmered for some amount of time. Then you used more energy to cool half the soup overnight. The next day, you use more energy to heat again.

It doesn't end there. You drove your car to the grocery, which required energy. Most of your ingredients – even the produce – are packaged with material that took energy to produce and immediately become a waste burden as soon as you got home and unpackaged the food.

Now compare that to a pot of soup at a restaurant kitchen. You make a much bigger pot from ingredients that come in bigger sizes along with all the other food in a big truck. You cook it once and keep it warm as it is served. When it looks like you're about to run out, you cook another one. The reheating cost goes away, and the cooking cost is lower because you're cooking more at once. There is some packaging waste, but it's lower in proportion to the total bowls served. You wash dishes with a commercial dishwasher, using water heated by a large efficient water heater, and any leftovers are refrigerated in a more efficient cooler than the one you have at home.

The genius economy version of a restaurant is a Scoot of Kitchen (SOK). A SOK is an enterprise that serves food to its scootage at a sustainable tradeoff. How this is governed and operated can be varied. A SOK could serve a variety of meals, or a specific specialty.

It can be genius; a neighborhood kitchen where working people commit to creating a safe place for families to eat their meals at the lowest cost while contributing positively to the sustainability equation. It can be vanity; a clubhouse in a wealthy neighborhood that serves steak and lobster, and the children wear electronic collars and are shocked if they use the wrong fork.



It might be a neighborhood kitchen where the responsibility for cooking the food rotates among neighbors, and the trustee might act as the bulk buyer for all the cooks. This would give the kitchen a constantly changing selection and variety. This would promote stronger communities, lines of communications between neighbors, and hopefully less crime and conflict. That is, if the food is good and there is enough for everyone. A bad SOK trustee could start a crime wave.

Or it could be a chain. A Pizza kitchen that covers a neighborhood, where families can send their teenagers to learn to work and be responsible and permanently cure their pizza addiction through oversaturation. A taco truck that follows a large construction crew. A sit-down date restaurant you can reserve.

Kitchens are enterprises, they can earn income. You could have a fancy sit-down date SOK. Members of the scootage pay like any other kitchen, though a shared resource might need a prioritization method, and that certainly can be a privilege of wealth. It can take paying customers and earn income. It can't use that income to subsidize the costs for just the scootage. That would indirectly pass income to the scootage. Paying customer's prices must be proportional to the actual costs. This is a dynamically changing equation, so there is a lot of room for fudging the numbers. It's self-governing and the scootage is accountable to Scoot conformance, as well as any local laws.

Here's how I'll manage my SOK: *Instant Karmic Soup Kitchen*. I'd open a neighborhood kitchen. It'd start out with about ten pledges in the neighborhood who are committed to the responsibility of a kitchen. We all stake some asimov and issue 100,000 genesis scoot(IKSK). We find a large community event hall that is empty most weeknights and work out a leasing agreement. With a little refurbishment and upgrade of some appliances, we have a hall that can serve about 100 people, in five minutes walking distance of 1000 residents, and within short driving distance of 5000 more. The stakers divide up the costs of the initial refurbishment.

There's this guy, Deemo, who was recently downsized from his corporate job in Pennsylvania due to changes in the value ecosystem.

He's managed organizations and is a statistical wizard with property-based values but has no relevant experience in the genius economy. Deemo has never cooked for a living, but we think he's got the skills to manage a kitchen. He looks like he knows how to eat, and appearances are vital, even in the genius economy. We hire him as trustee, which we instantly regret, because he includes all kinds of statistic-based incentives in his contract based on meeting criteria in various dimensions of measured data.

We open the doors, having only advertised through signage at the hall. We serve four or five soups a night at dinner time, along with a salad bar, fresh bread, fruit, and healthy drinks. Initially, we just hand out bowls of soup as people visit, explaining how Scoot works and what the kitchen does. The minimum commitment stakes is 1000 scoot(IKSK). There is 100K issued genesis scoot, so that serves 100 people at 1000 each. These genesis scoot are flagged with the characteristic 'OG'.

The problem is not everybody is a pledge. This is the early days of The Foundation, so there probably won't be many pledges in the neighborhood. We get a few people to commit and agree to terms in asimov for the exchange with the existing stakers.

There are fixed costs, such as the rent, Deemo's salary, electricity, insurance. And there are variable costs, specifically, the food. There is also the cost of placing all these hedge bets in the value domain so that we can pay Deemo's incentives if he hits his goals.

The way we manage the fixed costs is to budget it on a weekly basis, and divide that by the last week's total bowls served. This becomes the base cost per bowl. When there is a shortfall, then the OG scoot are responsible for the difference.

For the variable costs, we take the previous weeks cost per meal, and for each meal served, the scoot holder<sup>72</sup> is issued an additional scoot for that cost. This is essentially pricing the scoot in the asimov

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<sup>72</sup> I'm keeping this simple, but it would be a family plan, where only one member of a family (responsibility unit) needs to be a pledge.

equivalent of the cost of a bowl of soup. It dilutes the scoot in favor of those who eat a lot of soup.

Two problems. It's intentionally not easy to become a pledge, at least not in the early days. This is a designed feature of the system – we want to equalize wealth globally and geographically. Secondly, to optimize efficiency of our Kitchen, we need to maximize usage of both the hall, the kitchen and Deemo. You can't just pay a guy to sit on a bench.<sup>73</sup>

Scoot of Kitchen may earn income. We start offering meals for cash, this immediately doubles our volume, reducing food costs because we can buy at greater volumes. We are offering soup for dollars. When we are issuing scoot for asimov and dividing the costs evenly over the past week, it's a simple calculation, shared proportional responsibility for the total costs. If one pledge is abusing the system, eating a large proportion of the most expensive items, the scootage can grant Deemo dictatorial powers and he can manage it. When you are charging customers for a meal, it's not about governance but choice, and there is an expectation of an exchange of value.

This is where SOK might run into trouble because income cannot be transferred to the scootage, even as subsidization. This is fraudulent within the rules of The Foundation. On the other hand, it's hard to calculate if you serve cross-domain with any variety at all. For example, you might order produce and meat weekly, and the costs are easy to calculate, but dry goods and spices get ordered monthly or over many weeks and at random intervals. A price spike to the cash customers the week after you order dry goods and spices would essentially be a subsidization.

The ideal is that all efficiency gains are proportional to those who are responsible for that efficiency.

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<sup>73</sup> Unless he's John Wall

I will manage this problem by issuing virtual scoot. Virtual scoot<sup>74</sup> are earned just like the scoot(IKSK). It would work exactly like a loyalty card at a store or restaurant. Customers that aren't pledges earn the equivalent of virtual scoot they would have earned if they'd been pledges. These virtual scoot are converted into actual scoot once that person becomes a pledge, though it might require a 'back-payment' calculation of their share of the historical fixed costs, or some responsibility commitment before the conversion takes effect.

Things start to get busy for Deemo. Deemo can serve a bowl of soup, but tends to lollygag when it comes to cleaning up. This is where the OG scoot come into play. Initially, the ten original OGs help. Cleaning up, chopping veggies, yelling at the kids to bus their own tables, checking Deemo's math when he calculates the night's figures. Later, a scheduling mechanism is built into the governance system, and it works out that maybe once a month an OG has a shift, as they sell off their initial and slurped scoot to new stakers.

Soon enough, for several hours at dinner, the hall is full, serving 300 people a night. Many families come two or three times a week, and many parents who work nights send their kids to have a good meal in a safe environment. Deemo uses his advanced business degree to calculate that the only way to optimize efficiency further without rushing people through their meals is to start serving lunch. It's mostly a residential area, but it's Houston, so there is an industrial concern, probably a petrochemical plant, as well as an office park within a mile. Post-pandemic there are many home workers. Rather than renegotiate Deemo's contract to include overtime, we hire a second cook, as well as some teenagers to help. Within a few months, IKSK costs per bowl are reduced to a level that is affordable to eat daily for all the families in the area. It's not rare to find a line of outside the hall.

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<sup>74</sup> In the protocol, only the master Scoot node can process virtual scoot transactions, and earn no credits for transaction processing. These transactions are open and are recorded on a validated scootchain, and the Scoot, rather than the Foundation, validates identity. The Foundation can enforce a set of methods for conversion in the protocol, and once a virtual scoot holder becomes a pledge, he has right to demand conversion according to these terms.

This is where the privileges come in. You have a hierarchy of the OGs, the scootage, the virtual scootage and the cash customers. In our system, we have privilege with our wealth. Those most responsible get the most privilege. Because table space is limited, you might have a reservation system, and OGs and their families get priority. OGs might get to go to the front of the line. OGs might have veto power over Deemo's menu choices. Any kind of priority system could favor their members in anyway the scootage decides – it's an open system. It's fair that those that are responsible for a public good get priority over those who don't contribute as much. Don't get it wrong – everyone who dines at a SOK, cash or scoot, is contributing to sustainability through resource sharing. It just takes a bigger commitment to stake it and make it work.

What I envision is a staking network of kitchens. SOK could negotiate exchange programs with each other. Not only do they process each other's transactions – and thus earn fees from The Foundation – they can exchange their scootage. Not up for soup five nights a week, *Instant Karmic Soup Kitchen's* staking network include *Taco Truck Chuck's*. That's all I need to survive.

Preparing food is something that takes a lot of time and energy. Some people like to do it for themselves, because they're good at it and they enjoy it. Some families consider it a duty. Others cook for themselves because that's all they can afford. Ironical, since the most cost and energy efficient way to eat is for people who are skilled at cooking to cook for many people at once. That is the way to create the greatest value. SOK is an optimal solution for that.

There will still be restaurants, and there will still be home cooking. I think it'll be a fair trade-off because more efficient food means more people can eat. The future will look back at us in shame if we don't end hunger.

## Goodbye Season Tickets

I was hoping with the Rockets theme, I might write myself into a sweet set of season tickets. That bit about the kitchens and restaurants certainly didn't help my case. I've got one last play, sort of a go for broke, knockout punch. In Houston, we call this kind of play *The Kiss of Death*.

In October of 2020, Daryl Morey, the innovative General Manager of the Houston Rockets, quit. Two months later, two MVP superstars ran away, Morey was managing the 76ers, and the Rockets went from perennial contender to the very worst team in the NBA. What exactly happened is unclear, but an event a year earlier almost certainly played a part in Morey burning down the house on his way out of town.

On October 4th, 2019, Morey tweeted something that was politically offensive to China. This created quite a controversy, both from freedom of speech and business management points of view. China was a huge market for NBA broadcasts and merchandise. It was a costly decision.

I'll defend Daryl Morey's right to say whatever the hell he wants to say until my last breath. I'll also defend both the NBA and the Rockets, as private organizations, for their right to support or not to support Morey's right to say what he thinks as well. This right is foundational to my identity as a proud American.

The point I'd like to consider is the "private organization" point. I'm not making a legal argument. This is a functional argument about value.

I lived in China for two years. Having limited ability to communicate, you always start with the basics; your family, your job, your hometown, and what sports you like. If I said basketball to a Chinese person, and they knew what I was talking about, ice was broken. They might not know Houston is a place, or where Texas was on the map, but if they knew anything about basketball, they knew the Houston Rockets.

In 2002, Chinese superstar Yao Ming became the second international player selected by the Rockets with the number one draft pick. It was like a Disney sequel, two dominant centers, both

heroes in their home countries. Yao Ming was China's first NBA superstar, and because of this, the Rockets became China's team.

When I'd meet a Chinese Rockets fan, the lack of communication was almost beneficial because I had to keep things superficial, or risk becoming a meme on Chinese social media. American broke down in tears in the streets of Chengdu, sobbing about the Rockets and the irony of his own personal history.

My valuation of the Rockets didn't change when Daryl Morey tweeted in 2019. Nor did it change when the Rockets blew two chances to take out the Golden State Warriors in 2018 and 2019. It didn't change when they traded Russell Westbrook or Chris Paul. It probably went up a couple buckets when they traded James Harden. My appreciation for the Rockets has wavered only once. Oh, and it crashed hard, worse than crypto in twenty-two, way worse.

On August 2<sup>nd</sup>, 2001, The Houston Rockets traded Hakeem Olajuwon to the Toronto Raptors for draft picks. On that day, my personal valuation fell to the level of betrayal. Yao Ming, innocent in all this, was still in China. The Rockets became dumpster divers, only winning 28 games. They won the first pick in the draft lottery, which they used to draft Yao Ming.

This wasn't Hollywood, where you could make a Showtime sequel by replacing Kareem/Magic with Shaq/Kobe or LeBron/Lebrow and still pull in the same box office. This was Houston, Texas, where real people worked real jobs and produced valuable product.<sup>75</sup> You don't just run back the formula, replace your foreign-born big-man with a dominant big-man from another country.<sup>76</sup> Rockets basketball wasn't formulistic, it was a dream driven by the most creative big-man to ever play the game.

For eleven years, I did not follow the Rockets. That was a big loss for me, and because of some naming rights I'd acquired, somewhat of a personal tragedy. A loss of value that was foundational to my own personal wealth.

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<sup>75</sup> Those Enron guys were carpetbaggers.

<sup>76</sup> Unless you are Dallas.

When an athlete brings a championship to a city, he becomes part of the fabric of the city. Often, it's because he represents some fundamental characteristic of the city he plays for. For example, here in Texas, we have San Antonio, whose archetype hero seems to be a grumpy old man. And Dallas, whose foundational principle seems to be, let's try to be just like Houston.<sup>77</sup>

In Houston, we have two fundamental archetypes for our heroes. The first, the ultra-hero, with the superpowers of moral strength, absolute faith, and unwavering courage. This is the universal hero archetype, across cultures, though few cities are lucky enough to get one. I was lucky enough to watch one in July 2021. It was another athletic big man with Nigerian roots who wore the number 34 on his jersey. I was happy when Giannis Antetokounmpo celebrated his championship victory in Milwaukee in July.

Hakeem Olajuwon would be a hero in any city. You cannot write better legendary mythology than his actual story.

Raised by a hardworking, middle-class family in Lagos, Nigeria, Olajuwon played soccer growing up. Tall, he played goalie, but was nimble and athletic enough to get out and run the field. In high school, he picked up a basketball for the first time, and within months was on the national team. An American scout arranged a visa and invitation for him to visit colleges in the U.S. His parents dug into their life savings to pay for his airfare. Hakeem arrived at JFK in New York during winter, took one step outside to catch a taxi, and realized he had zero desire to live in a cold place. He went back inside the airport and changed his ticket to Houston, as he'd heard it was warm there.

Hakeem flew to Texas and worked out for the coaches of the University of Houston, before even catching any sleep after his long journey. He was offered a scholarship, redshirting his first year. By the following summer, Hakeem was working out in the gym with Moses Malone, Rockets superstar and reigning NBA MVP. The next

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<sup>77</sup> Sorry Dallas, due to what is technically known as a 'choke order' I'm legally barred from writing about football in any context. How 'bout dem Rangers, though. [11/1/2023 Karma is supposed to ignore sarcastic comments when integrating writing reality]



few years were a whirlwind, the Cougars became a national sensation, known as *Phi Slama Jama*, the tallest fraternity in Texas. The Cougars were amazing, run and gun and high flying, fun to watch, and they dominated the NCAA. Can you imagine how awesome that would have been for a middle schooler in Texas just getting into basketball? I don't have to.

The Cougars made it to the final four all three years Olajuwon played, though they did not win a championship. In 1984 Olajuwon declared for the draft, knowing the Houston Rockets had a 50% chance of landing the first pick.

And they did. Hakeem Olajuwon was the first pick of the 1984 draft, the most talented draft in NBA history.<sup>78</sup> Hakeem joined second year player Ralph Sampson to form the Twin Towers. Two years later, Hakeem and Ralph took the Rockets to the NBA Finals against the Boston Celtics. The young Rockets lost in six games.

The Rockets lost Ralph Sampson due to injury and rebuilt the team around Olajuwon. There were several years of mediocre Rockets ball and supreme dominance by Olajuwon. It took several injuries, a trade request, new teammates and a new coach - Rockets legend Rudy Tomjanovich - before the Rockets finally got back on track, losing a heartbreaking second round series to Seattle in 1993.

The 1993-1994 season started out with a record-breaking winning streak. Coach Rudy had a plan that those of us who had been watching Hakeem play for half their lives thought was obvious. The plan was to give the rock to *Dream* and be ready to hit a shot. There was not one single defender in the NBA who could stop *The Dream* one-on-one. Nobody. When he got the ball down in the post, he demanded a double or triple team. It wasn't like today's NBA when a double team means waving your arms in your opponent's face. If you were going to help defend against Olajuwon, you had to commit, set your feet, get your balance, and put your body on the line. That always left one or two Rockets wide open. The rest of the team was

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<sup>78</sup> Michael Jordan, Charles Barkley, Alvin Robertson, Otis Thorpe and dirty John Stockton were all selected in the first round.

fully bought into the concept. Hakeem didn't need a side-kick star. Everybody on the team was expected to step up when they were open and hit their shots. They did. It was a workingman's professionalism, what's expected of you if you grew up in Houston. You're an NBA shooter; you've been taking thousands of shots a day since you were a kid, you get a wide-open look in a game, you hit that. Hakeem didn't hold the ball, he beat his defenders or found you and you hit it. That didn't work, you got the ball back to Hakeem and tried again. The defense was equally simple. You stick to your man like glue, but he beats you, you funnel him towards *The Dream*, he'll block that shot or force the guy to kick it out.

It was the best regular season the Rockets ever had. They won 58 games, and with Jordan playing baseball, Olajuwon was the clear-cut favorite for both MVP and Defensive Player of the Year. The Rockets rolled through Portland in the first round of the playoffs but went down 0-2 to Charles Barkley's Phoenix Suns in the second round, losing both games at home with leads in the fourth quarter. The Houston Chronicle, taking an entirely different approach than Sports Illustrated, called us *Choke City*. The Rockets fought back hard, winning two in Arizona and one back home, setting up a dramatic game seven in Houston, where **Clutch City** was born.

Houston took Utah down in five games in the Western Conference finals. The slogan for this playoff run was "Believe It." Houston believed it. The Rockets had been to the finals twice before, but this one was different. Hakeem didn't need to boast or make predictions or talk down his opponents. He was humble but focused, and all of us who'd been watching him play from the beginning knew he was ready.

Houston faced New York in the finals, and it was a dog fight. I almost lost my mind when the Game 5 broadcast was interrupted to follow the O.J. Simpson Bronco chase. The Rockets were down 3-2 for the final two games in Houston. In game six, facing elimination,

Hakeem had the **greatest block in NBA history**, denying John Starks a game winning shot at the buzzer.<sup>79</sup>

Hakeem didn't have a sidekick; he had a team of heroes. Kevin Costner, you should have done your market research. There was already an American Mad Max by way of Florida. Vernon Maxwell was almost exactly the kind of player Michael Jordan was, except without all the vanity. Vernon wasn't vain. Instead, he was bat-shit crazy. Sam Cassell, the rookie, owning the offense, making the Knicks look the fool. Before he was Big-Shot Bob with seven rings, he was Robert Horry with the tomahawk jam and relentless D on the biggest stage. In other games it was Kenny Smith, Otis Thorpe, Mario Ellie or Carl Herrera. It was as if Hakeem got to the locker room early, chose a random teammate, and sprinkled a little *Dream* dust on their uniform before the game.

The Rockets won game seven of the finals at home and brought the city of Houston its first major sports championship. We Believed It. It was true.

What came next? It's a travesty of history that the Rocket's championship repeat came sandwiched in between Michael Jordan's double three-peat. I want to write about the second run, but another 20,000 words about basketball might be too much. It is the greatest story in the history of sports, and has so many tangents and connections, I don't want to try to condense the glory. When there is a Scoot for the Houston Rockets, that story will be my first contribution to the scootchain. I'll spin that into legend that will go down as the greatest tale of team genius in the history of mankind.

Hakeem Olajuwon is not the GOAT because he was the greatest basketball player that has ever lived. I concede that to Jordan without argument. Hakeem Olajuwon is the GOAT because he made every player around him better by an order of magnitude. Ask any player on those two championship teams, and they'll tell you the same thing – they played beyond their limits because of Olajuwon. The real *Dream Team* was Hakeem's team: inspired, relentless, genius. That

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<sup>79</sup> You read that right, LeBron and Giannis.

other *Dream Team*: Michael Jordan and his corporate sponsored dirty traveling vanity band.

The second type of hero that personifies the City of Houston is a different kind of hero. Luckily, the Rockets were able to fill their entire roster in those championship years with these kinds of heroes. Heroes like Mario Ellie, Kenny Smith, Robert Horry, Otis Thorpe, Vernon Maxwell, Sam Cassel, Matt Bullard, Clyde Drexler, Carl Herrera, and Scott Brooks. These heroes fit a certain kind of mold, a kind of reluctant hero role, one well personified by astronauts like Dick Scobee, as well as the engineers in Mission Control who brought the astronauts of Apollo 13 back home from lunar orbit alive. And further back than that, the roughnecks and engineers who turned a mosquito-infested backwater swamp into the Energy Capital of the World. And even beyond that, to one of America's greatest and most original heroes, Sam Houston himself.

The common characteristic of these heroes is they shut up and got the job done, by whatever means necessary.

That's the reason José Altuve will always be a hero in Houston.

When the Rockets traded Olajuwon, they will tell you it was a smart move. They'd offered him a contract, and he didn't take it. They traded him, and got draft picks, smart basketball management. Sure, good management, but did they not just witness one of the greatest hero stories in all of sports? Did they not know what value Olajuwon had created for the city, exclusive of the Rocket's bottom line?

Hakeem should still be on the roster. If it were my team – If I were responsible for my city's team – Hakeem would start every game, take that jump ball and sit down at the first whistle. When I needed a win, he'd be out there in the last minute as well. Supermax, for life, for a minute a game. That's what it's worth to me.

*The Dream* forgave the Rockets before I did. He played very little in Toronto and retired before the next season. The Rockets hung up the number 34 jersey, and he has been a fixture at Rockets games ever since.

It took me much, much longer to get over it. *The Dream's* story and Houston are so intertwined, and so complete, that I could not

fathom that anybody could make such a bad value judgement. Rockets basketball might have been a business, at one point. After *The Dream* brought home the Championship in 1994, it became mythology.

Hakeem wrote it best himself, recounting in his autobiography how he was discussing nicknames with a very young Shaquille O'Neal. Hakeem writes, "*I liked my nickname for the same reason, it rhymed and it had the right meaning: The Dream. My whole life was too good to be true. I told him that and he smiled.*"<sup>80</sup>

Listen Rockets management, just for clarity: When someone has a life too good to be true, you don't trade him to Canada. Remember the part in this fable about choosing Houston because of the warm weather? Houston dodged a bullet with that one. What if *The Dream* had come back to Texas hooked on curling and wearing a *Rush* T-shirt? The inhumanity!

There was no means by which to accomplish this, there is a salary cap in professional sports to promote competition, but consider a hypothetical; How much money do you think The Rockets could have raised if they'd let the fans contribute to keeping Hakeem in Houston? I was thirty at the time, had two small children and a good job but, also a lot of expenses. How much could I have realistically contributed? I'd say a thousand dollars, easy. How many fans would have paid that much to keep their hero in town? 50,000? For sure. 100,000? Probably. More? Maybe not, but how many would have contributed something? Half a million? Almost certainly if we're counting the little *Dreams* and their piggy banks. \$100 million would have easily been raised, if it had been allowed.

That value, whatever it could have been, still does not reflect Olajuwon's value to Houston. For me, as corny as it sounds, "Believe It," is what made a difference in my life. Because of *The Dream*, I do believe it. Seeing that faith transform into victory as a young man has influenced every aspect of my life. When I encounter a difficult

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<sup>80</sup> From *Living the Dream* by Hakeem Olajuwon, copyright © 1996. Reprinted by permission of Little, Brown, an imprint of Hachette Book Group, Inc

engineering problem, my attitude is always “Somebody is going to figure this out, it might as well be me.” Inspiration is evidence that the unbelievable can be believed. When a group of people value a shared inspiration, it’s a multiplicative bonding effect, much stronger than any individual inspiration. That is the true value of genius.

We may never know the true genius value of the Houston Rockets in October of 2019. That value cannot be measured in currency. That value was pure and fundamental, across cultures and beyond borders. The United States and China value so many things differently, it’s an absolute shame that Morey’s tweet destroyed a commonly shared value. That value was not created by and did not belong to Daryl Morey, nor Tilman Fertitta, the owner of Rockets, nor to any single player. That value was created by the fans, fans that did “Believe It,” fans that supported the Rockets whether they could afford tickets and merchandise or not. Morey might have tweeted his personal opinion, but he had so many followers because he was the GM of the Rockets.

I will state my opinion on Morey’s tweet only because it’s illustrative of exactly what I’ve written about – property-based wealth, the source of most conflict. The king’s gold. The status of Hong Kong is a contentious issue that goes way beyond 1997, or even the founding of the People’s Republic of China in 1949. It goes further back to the British Empire’s conquest by force in 1839, all over this valuable piece of land. It was Imperial China before that, but before that, it changed hands hundreds of times, empires and khans and warlords and gangsters and back far enough to when a nomadic fishing tribe just happened to climb the right hill and established a camp. They lived their happy lives there for about six years, until a deranged nasty giant and his squad of hormone crazed teenage boys, who didn’t yet have exposure to the genius invention of sports, slaughtered the male fishermen and settled down with their women.

I’m not picking sides in that fight. It’s something that will never be settled, unless we just decide to stop fighting over property.

The systematic way to accomplish that is to use something other than property to measure value.

Let's just say old Daryl's motivations were pure, and he was just trying to help the world like he was an actual big baller, instead of just a highly paid professional who worked for a billionaire. Maybe he tweeted without thinking about the implications. Let's imagine for a moment there was kid from Hong Kong, who came to the U.S. to study at the University of Houston in the 1980s, and of course fell in love with basketball, *The Dream*, and The Rockets. He goes back to Hong Kong, starts some business, and become wealthy. He becomes the *Rockets Billionaire* because he always wears Rockets colors on game day and is known to have breakfast club parties with employees and friends to watch The Rockets. After the handover and the accession of Yao Ming, he becomes unofficial basketball ambassador to fans in Shenzhen and Guangzhou and gets a reputation throughout the region as a civic and business leader. He maintains good relationships with both local and national party leadership. In 2019, fearing a crisis, he starts to work with people on both sides, since they're all Chinese, and develops some peaceful compromises he thinks both sides will accept. He finally gets his ideas in order and writes up a paper, and then flies to Party HQ in Beijing to discuss his proposal. He dresses up in his Harden #13 Jersey, since that's his thing, and even though it's not a game day, he's got to live up to his reputation. It's morning of October 5<sup>th</sup>, 2019 when he walks into the conference room, and instead of greeting him, all the party big shots give him the death stare. He's like, "*What's up with you guys?*" somebody hands him a phone with a shot of Morey's tweet.

Daryl, you think anybody in China is going to listen to *Rockets Billionaire*, or even just *Rockets Taxi Driver*? People had to change their personal values – their identities – because you made a value judgement about a dispute that has nothing to do with you.

China is not free from responsibility in this fiasco. I'm not sure why anyone in China cares what this American jackass who couldn't manage a championship in eight years with the greatest offensive player in a generation on his roster thinks. Daryl, maybe you should have kept your opinions to yourself and considered the offensive

wisdom of ancient philosopher 飞猪.<sup>81</sup> “I don’t think any system where you let one player just dribble and shoot EVERY SINGLE TIME...I don’t think that works.”

Daryl’s tweet was a tremendous destruction of value.

Those values were shared between Chinese and American Rockets fans, as well as Rocket fans all over the world, were values shared between peoples, and not between nations. Sports are civil relations between people, not ideologies or governments. They are the public’s domain. If you don’t understand that, I suggest you watch one of the great historical movies about Sino-American relations, *Forrest Gump*.<sup>82</sup> Starring Tom Hanks, who also played an astronaut in *Apollo 13*. Tom Hanks - historical accuracy. Tom Hanks, who said, “There’s no cryin’ in baseball.”

In the movie, Forrest is always in the right place at the right time, it was a story too good to be true. That’s right, I’m equivocating trading Hakeem Olajuwon to Toronto with trading Forrest Gump to the Chinese. Or Rocky to Russians. *The Dream’s* story is fact!

I thought the Rockets’ management was stupid to trade Olajuwon, but the result was a huge increase in real value of the Rocket’s “brand” and franchise. By drafting Yao – a direct result of trading Olajuwon the year before – the Rockets went from a team popular on the Gulf Coast and all over Africa, to the number one team in the most populous nation in the world. Yao retired in 2011 but the Rockets remained the most popular franchise in China up until the day of Morey’s tweet. Morey threw away the tremendous franchise value gained by trading Hakeem Olajuwon. Good luck with that kind of value judgement, Philly.

Still bitter? Yes, apparently. And that’s my point. I’m one fan. I place tremendous value on this small but very positive piece of history that touched my life. I appreciate it enough to write about it, but to increase the value of that appreciation, all I really need do is

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<sup>81</sup> Flying Pig

<sup>82</sup> *Forrest Gump* was released June 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1994 – two days after *The Dream* won his first championship. Hollywood knows how to freeride a genius wave.



share it. You multiply that across the fanbase, it's worth more than the \$2 billion appraised value of the Rockets franchise. The Rockets franchise is property.

A Scoot could be formed, the Rockets declared genius, and the property title could be released to humanity. I don't think this would technically violate NBA ownership rules, but if it did, they should change. Essentially, a Scoot of Rockets-nation is formed, a proportional democracy that manages the responsibility for the public good that is Clutch City.

The value of a great team goes beyond property. If you're a Rockets fan, I don't care where you came from, what color skin you have, what language you speak, who you sleep with, what religion you practice, who you voted for, or what you had for breakfast.<sup>83</sup> I don't care about that. If you're a Rockets fan, you're my friend. How valuable is that?

Billionaires don't have to worry. It would take a lot of genius wealth to tempt you into taking a step down from royalty to benevolent dictator. I think we're talking about a genius level payday for those that can take a giant leap for mankind. They can still exert control, but it becomes a measurable responsibility. They can establish themselves as genius billionaires.

For some billionaires, at least. Ballmer, best stick to a property-based investment scheme. Seems like your star either needs a grumpy old man scowling at him, or the spirit of Toronto radio to unleash his inner G.<sup>84 85</sup>

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<sup>83</sup> I don't think Landry's owns any breakfast restaurants, but if I'm wrong, I'm open to a negotiated edit of this sentence.

<sup>84</sup> Canada, dethroning the Warriors went a long way towards forgiveness, but that trade had two partners. After you got yours, I heard a lot of basketball talk about who the greatest Raptor of all time was, and I knew what they meant. The technical answer to who was the greatest player to ever wear a Raptors uniform has a very precise answer. Oh, you guys thought we were called H-town because H is for Houston like in kindergarten. Cute.

<sup>85</sup> 6/30/2024 – Maybe doubling down on southpaw genius will work.

What I'm suggesting is the ownership model of the Green Bay Packers – without the ownership, just the responsibility. The Packers operate as a non-profit, so it is not really an investment either. With Scoot, a pledge would be able to extract the full genius value of a team and pass that along to the next generation of fans. Or they could trade their commitment to some other team, just like James Harden.

The value of a team is much greater than the value of the business. It is a uniting force that crosses cultures and borders and language and generations. Teams, at least the good ones, have more value as a global public good than as private businesses. With Scoot, responsibility for a public good can become a liquid measure of wealth. A team's value could multiply exponentially with just an inspirational dream from a boy or a girl from anywhere in the world. It's been done. Proven system that works. It can even work in Dallas – if you give them the exact blueprint.

Put a real human value on that. With this system, you can. See **Appendix C** for a way to implement this.

Tilman Fertitta can be the benevolent dictator of Rockets-nation, just like Linus in Linuxland. We'll find the right kind of hero that will bring back those Chinese fans – a kid who knows how to commit to a dream - and we'll lead a championship parade down the road to global peace. Let them other billionaires fly their rocket ships, a native son who knows how to eat is going show the world how a Texas genius billionaire rolls. In Houston mythology, Hakeem is our Forrest, and Tilman is our Bubba.<sup>86</sup>

Tilman, I'll take the seats next to *The Dream* while we work out the details.

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<sup>86</sup> Who survives the war and runs a successful *Bubba Gump Shrimp Company*, and regularly sees his old athletic friend, Forrest, at Rockets home games.

## Incongruence of Values

Currency is a marvelous invention. Imagine if you had to barter everything you need for everyday life.

On the downside, it forces us into false equivalencies, and our values erode because of this. National currencies do little to protect the value systems of cultures when so much of our economy is global.

Consider something everybody should feel is valuable, the health of your family. Take Bill Gates, a billionaire, myself - a professional engineer with employer paid health insurance, and a farmer in Sierra Leone. Bill Gates is a philanthropist and has taken a special interest in talking about World Health, so I feel that he's invited me to make this comparison.

Say we each have a family member with a potentially terminal condition. What is it worth to each of us to save the family member's life? Unless the other two guys are heartless bastards, the answer should be the same. Everything we have. And whatever we can beg, borrow, or steal. I can think of no purer equivalency of value than that.

The reality is quite different. Bill Gates's net worth is at least 250,000 times what mine is. My net worth may only be about 1,000 times that of the farmer in Sierra Leone. There is very little Bill Gates could do for his family that I couldn't do. His loved one would be more comfortable, he'd probably get dozens of opinions from specialists from all over the world, but medicine is limited. Rich or not, we're all human. We age, and circumstances beyond the influence of money cause us to get sick, and we all eventually die. Modern medicine can work wonders, but it is rare that money alone can save a life in the United States. There might be some rare diseases with experimental medicine only Bill Gates can afford, but how likely is it his family would be hit with something like that? Pretty random. A more likely cause is heart-disease, cancer, stroke or an accident – things we can prevent but not cure.

Sierra Leone is a different story. One out of twenty children born do not survive their first year of life. One of ten do not survive the

first five. One out of seventeen women die giving birth.<sup>87</sup> Average life expectancy is fifty-seven years. There is one doctor for every 20,000 people. The leading cause of death is malaria, which is both preventable and treatable. Simply put, money can buy life in Sierra Leone.

I have specifically chosen genius as a measure of value because most of what we want to use money for is a product of mankind's genius; anything manufactured, any service, any form of intellectual property. Agriculture and mining, though they are fruits of nature, cannot be accomplished without the innovations of mankind. The one thing I've specifically excluded as a measure of value is real property. Land, and the resources land provides – the king's gold - is the root cause of almost all war. I believe genius potential is distributed equally across humanity. By making genius the basis of value, we have a fair distribution of potential across both geographies and cultures.

This can work as a good replacement for modern currencies as most of what we trade is already the product of genius. Despite our commerce primarily being the product of human creativity in some form, we have an unequal distribution, not only across the world, but within wealthy countries. Why? Because the underlying measurement is property, and the unit of measure is controlled by governments based on economic concepts that use equivalence of value.

Economists are not stupid.<sup>88</sup> They are aware that something that is worth \$50,000 – a Mercedes – is less valuable in real terms than something like a \$50,000 heart surgery for a forty-year-old man. In economic terms, they'd calculate the earning potential of the man's expected lifetime after the surgery, the ability to pay for his children's education, and the economic advantage they'd gain, and

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<sup>87</sup> For reference, the ratios in the United States are 1 of 200 for infants, 1 of 153 for age-five, and 1 of 5,263 for maternal mortality. Life expectancy is 78 years and there is a doctor for every 370 people.

<sup>88</sup> This may not be factual. I'm from Texas, my mother taught me right, so benefit of the doubt.

give you some dollar value, probably in the millions. Heart surgery is an economic investment for the man, his family and for society. This is a common argument for universal health care. When the choice is surgery or a car, the answer is easy.

In Asimov's *Foundation*, the science to predict the future is called psychohistory. Psychohistory could not predict individual events in the future, but general trends. Through statistics, psychohistory could predict the direction of the future. It's the science of mob psychology spread out over a galactic empire of millions of worlds.

Essentially, psychohistory is economics. Economics predicts what changing interest rate and the money supply will do to the economy based on how large groups of people react statistically to the changes based on an equivalency of value. Statistically, we infer that the overall population will make the choices with the best economic returns.

There will be outliers in each group. Some people will make choices not based on economic returns, but the health of their family. Equivalency of value still works statistically on macroeconomic scales, because at any given moment in time, only a small percentage of the population will make their primary economic decisions based on the health of their family.

There are a couple of problems with this system. First, how well are human mobs at good decision making? Second, what if some random event, like a global pandemic, dramatically changes the ratio of people making decisions primarily based on their family's health?

Is it feasible to provide a reasonable level of health care to every human on the planet? Of course, this is possible. Is it economically feasible? That's the wrong question. The right question is, how do we value health care so that its availability is equitable across the population?

The valuation of responsibility makes a lot of sense in health care. That's exactly what a doctor does. They are taking responsibility for your health – your life essentially. You exchange currency for that responsibility. That goes for all participants in the medical field, from nurses and hospitals to laboratories and drug companies. We trust these people to be responsible, and they are regulated to ensure that

they are trustworthy. Using a system based on property for health care belies the actual value of that care. This is why we use insurance to spread the risk. I can say with some satirical certainty that most lawyers and politicians are in it for the money. I won't say that about health care workers. It takes time and dedication and tolerance for a lot of gross stuff, so most health care workers really care. That means they are responsible people at heart.

I'm not suggesting that scoot or asimov is appropriate for health care. They're not. I'm suggesting that we have currencies for congruent values; a value system for genius, a value system for real property, a value system for basic sustenance, and a value system for health care. Genius is the easy one.

I don't know how to fix these other systems, but from a system engineering point of view, you can't use the same unit of measure to understand all of them. Applying currency measurement to the medical system is like trying to use a voltmeter on a plumbing system. You might measure some voltage, but it won't tell you how to make the water flow.

If asimov is successful, it is because we are measuring responsibility. There is no jail for scoot irresponsibility, just an accounting. That accounting only affects those who choose to measure their wealth in responsibility.

If we can find an agreeable way to measure responsibility, we can solve health care, live in a sustainable world, eliminate poverty, and end war for good.

## Alignment of Values

If this idea is successful as a venture, it will be because it aligns the most fundamental goals of almost all of humanity. We want our children to have better lives than we've had. In a world of the king's gold, that means that the children should own more property than their parents did. In engineering terms, this leads to a resource constraint. If you change the way we value wealth, societal and family goals can be more aligned.

The beauty of this value system is that is immediate generational wealth, even for the poorest family in the most remote part of the world. That's the leverage of a connected world. All it takes is a spark of inspiration from a parent, or anyone involved in a child's life, to give them the freedom to dream. That leads to genius or material improvement generationally. It could be Elon Musk's Starlink or some other billionaire's master plan to put a working digital device into the hands of every human on the planet. That is the only tool a child needs to fuel his genius and bring it to the world. Society should leverage that in the best way possible. Instead of turning every kid with a phone into a consumer, which is unsustainable, we turn them into creators and appreciators of genius, which is sustainable.

This wealth – the creativity of our children - is renewable and there are no resource constraints and no cause for conflict. It's also the only way we are going solve all the difficult problems we have before us.

The Foundation should be an open and limited organization, but I believe one concept that should be in the charter is this: Where we encounter societies where sustenance takes priority over fostering of genius, basic education, and health care, we should bias our efforts to raising that wealth level because that is potential genius – real treasure – that could be lost to mankind forever.

Can a real human organization pull that off? That's why there is not much dogma. It's not ideological and I don't know what the religious objections would be. It's not anti-capitalist. Capital consists of assets used for the production of goods or services. The assets we are quantifying – mankind's cumulative genius – is already available to every human on the planet. It's a quantification of the existing

value of the public domain, and the proportional value additions to this public treasure, measured by responsibility of humans dedicated to preserving this knowledge.

It must be a global organization. It also has to be open to avoid conflict. It must be pure – responsibility as a value system has great utility, if successful, you can apply it to other social systems.

I'm sure much of the world will be skeptical, especially coming from an American. Americans are not our government, nor are they our billionaires, or our celebrities, or our talking heads. Americans are people who share fundamental values of freedom, justice and equality in principle, if not practice. We are hardworking, innovative, and for the most part, skeptical of the louder voices, but always defenders of the right to be loud.

I think a bit of verse might be a fitting way to express the American ethos of this moment in history. I quote a rose of Indiana:

*Captain America's been torn apart,  
Now he's a court jester with a broken heart  
He said, "Turn me around, take me back to the  
start"  
I must be losing my mind, "Are you blind?"  
I've seen it all a million times.<sup>89</sup>*

With money, taking it back to the start is not fixing the implementation with clever technology. It's not reproducing the excess of Wall Street with decentralized protocols and replacing D-bag bankers with DeFi-crypto hackers.

Going back to the start means fixing the foundational problem. The value of money. What it represents.

Wealth as property versus creation of value should drive a fundamental shift in societal behavior towards more sustainable practices. Marketing will probably cynically assure corporations that people, and especially Americans, will always be driven by materialist concerns. They may be right. I honestly don't know. You could take a

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<sup>89</sup> From *Paradise City* by Guns N' Roses



survey, and ask the world, “*You wanna be like Mike, or dream, like Hakeem?*” You’d have your answer.

I’ll have my wealth measured in dreams.

It won’t be for everybody. If you invest in your heroes; your heart will be broken.<sup>90</sup> Some parts of history may be better forgotten. Before the computer, the investment it took not to forget was much higher. You had to write stuff down and deal with all the paperwork. In a digital world, it costs just as little to remember the losers as the winners. That’s why we leave it to individuals to decide, what are you responsible for appreciating?

Everybody should have something they are passionate about that can lead directly to wealth. Your values are your wealth. This is how Scoot works. Your values are who you are. We are all created equal. That’s the only real equivalence of value.

You are your own wealth.

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<sup>90</sup> Amen. Karmic introspection is a ██████!

## Artificial Scarcity

Cryptocurrency and digital assets create artificial scarcity. Cryptography works because if you can keep a secret key safe, you can uniquely stamp an item as unique and prove you hold the keys to that item. This is a clever trick and useful in securing data. It's artificial. The item itself isn't scarce. Nothing digital is scarce. This is why we get to see what wealthy people had for breakfast on the Instagram. Published digitally, it's more expensive to restrict access to data than it is to allow everybody in the world to have it. That is the leverage of the internet and having digital devices everywhere.

Capitalism is not an unfair system if everybody starts out with the same capital. It's more like *Monopoly*; there are a handful of good strategies, but it also depends on a bit of luck. Fair enough, that aligns with life in general. The problem capitalism has always had is if you start out with more capital, your odds are much, much better.

The Foundation believes that the power of imagination is distributed throughout mankind equally. There are two schools of thought about how that works out. One, that every human ever born has within themselves some ability to add tremendous value to the common good of mankind in their lifespan. Societies aligned to developing that genius will be more prosperous and equitable. Two, it's a sort of DNA lottery. There's a code to unlock, and if we want to proceed down a freaky science fiction type path, we'll decode the secret and every baby born will have an allotted slate of genius positive characteristics if the parents sign over at least 15% of the child's future income to the corporate overlord. Or you could do it the old fashioned way and produce little corporate worker drones.

Using genius and vanity as a valuation system will give us the data to determine which one of these two futures is coming. I think if we follow the first school of thought, we'll have a happier and more sustainable society naturally. The twist here, is that while technology might be able to crack the DNA code in only a few decades, I believe that it will take centuries to crack the genius code. Not everything that we think is genius right now will look that smart to future generations. You think the humans of 2522 are going to look back at us and think we're genius? I think my great-to-20<sup>th</sup> power

granddaughter will say something like, *“Those millennial creepies created artificial scarcity in markets where hard working people gambled away their financial futures and good educations, which, for many of them, took multiple generations of hard work and sacrifice to get them there; when they could have, like, you know, just cleaned up the planet and stopped all the fighting? Why didn’t they just use all that digi stuff Saint Jobs invented to fix all those broken systems? Why didn’t Siri just fix it already, did their generation piss her off? Mom told me it was their generation that invented Hakeemala as a girl’s name and I hate it, but if I change it I don’t get my genius allowance. Millennial people, total D-bags.”*

A thousand years. If we had data for the last millennium on a blockchain, then maybe we could figure it out. How we got here, who really mattered the most, what ideas worked and didn’t, how our values changed over time. Starting out now, I think it will take a thousand years and then we’ll have the data to differentiate genius from vanity. We can hold off the corporate overloads for a thousand years. Then we’ll have the data for a real science of psychohistory.

With blockchain technology we can implement this as a voluntary system by individuals. It will not be pure if corporations or governments are involved in its governance. The Foundation is measuring the value of the public domain. It is the public domain, explicitly not property, so corporations and governments do not have a stake.

The Foundation is not exerting rights to the public domain, only the measurement of what is in the domain. Not exclusively, I welcome all competitors to this attempt at equalization and will happily point out any attempt to create unfair systems. If The Foundation can be open and above corruption, obey all local laws, avoid any participation in national or local politics, and limit its scope to a value system of equality, it can succeed.

If you’d prefer to go down a different path, where value is based on scarcity, I hate to break it to you, but you’d better start getting your head wrapped around it. You’re going to have to get on your knees and bow to the overlord.

The reality is likely to be a bit more complex. The only way to make this work as value system is by specifically excluding property. We still need property. You can break off separate pieces, and you can pen some sci-fi about a property-less communal society, but the foundational legal and civil systems we have in place depend on it. It'll take decades for a society to transform away from property-based wealth.

That's a good thing. I've got a mortgage.

## Psychohistory

Psychohistory is the science Asimov's *Foundation* used to predict the future on a galaxy wide basis. It's a made-up science, but uses elements of psychology, history, mathematics, and economics. Like economics, it has its flaws, mostly in not being able to see the unpredictable, such as pandemics, wars, natural disasters, or mutants with mind control. Both sciences are noble in their purpose. Economics, to find a conflict-free allocation of resources in a group of humans. And psychohistory, to get the galaxy on a sustainable and conflict-free path to prosperity.

Pandemics might change how humans value health care for a period, and economics can adjust to this by biasing the relative weight of the medical industry in their calculations. This is an approximation – it really has no data to weigh against. Data from the last global pandemic is very murky, the way humans react is the real variable because nobody had the internet to tell them what to think back in those days.

The real problem in economics is more complicated. When you measure things in dollars, you have to use it as fraction. Dollars per pound of rice. Dollars per barrel of oil. Dollars per acre of farmland. Dollars per item for a manufactured good. How about a song?

They do try to measure these things. A Gold Single in the United States sold 500,000 units. You could measure revenue per song. Neither reflect the real value of a song to humankind. The Houston Rockets merchandise sales in 1994 do not reflect the value of 1994 Championship to the City of Houston. Nor does Red Hat's stock price reflect the true value of Linux to mankind. All these things are genius, the product of mankind's creativity, and add tremendous value to society.

With asimov, you have a unit of measure for man's genius. In both economics and engineering, we make use of approximations and equivalencies. This is exactly the way those economists do things. They might have fancy titles and degrees and smoke pipes, but at the end of the day it's just fantasy sports with economic data. Since I have no formal training as an economist, I won't make an economic argument. I know when to stay in my lane. I'll use psychohistory,

which is a made-up science. I'm an expert in fiction. I didn't have the internet or cable television growing up, so I read a lot.

I'm a psychohistorian sent to Earth from the Foundation on Terminus. I see these primitive, planet-bound earthlings are trying to move from a property-based value system to a genius-based value system. My job is to figure out the real impact. First, I evaluate what is the real value of the earthling economy in terms of genius.

I'm lazy, so I only use economic data back to 1990. The constant warfare on the planet in decades and centuries prior would only cloud the genius estimations, because of all the prematurely dead and never-born geniuses. From 1990 to 2020, the sum of Gross World Product was equivalent 2,616 trillion dollars. That's 2.6 quadrillion dollars, or \$2,600,000,000,000,000. Genius, unlike most resources, is both renewable and cumulative. Cumulative in that using past genius as a means of production does not prevent the same genius from being used again for something else. And genius, even old genius, like writing or fire, compounds in value over time as humans find new applications for each innovation.

One Trillion asimov represents the sum of human genius. I have outlined a Distribution Schedule in **Appendix A**. To summarize, it'll take about 200 years to distribute all the asimov. Per plan, if The Foundation has succeeded in acquiring all the scoot of genius and hold zero scoot of vanity, one trillion asimov should be equivalent to the cumulative sum of human genius up to that point in time. This gives us another equivalence.

Agriculture equals just 3.5% of the world economy, industry 25% and the rest is services. How much of this economy is a direct result of the value of humanity's creativity? Probably all of it. Just for rounding purposes, let's consider the service industry to be the result of man's creativity, and the rest to be the fruits of nature's bounty. 70% of the world economy is a result of man's creativity. In cumulative terms, that means that 1.82 quadrillion dollars since 1990 is a direct result of humanity's genius.

We know The Foundation won't ever be able to hold all the genius. If The Foundation sticks to its distribution schedule, holds value through market turmoil, and continues to grow with new

additions to genius, psychohistory tells me that the market will price the asimov in terms of impact to the world economy. It's not unreasonable to think this price would be the 70% share of the cumulative gross world product. If that takes ten more years, that'll probably add another quadrillion, to make the total 3.6 quadrillion, so 70% of that is 2.52 quadrillion dollars. That would put the 2032 price target of asimov at  $2.52 \text{ Q} / 1\text{T} = \$2,520 \text{ USD}$  per asimov.

| Description                         | Calculation       | Billions (USD) |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------|----------------|
| Gross World Product (GWP) 1990-2020 |                   | \$2,600,000    |
| Estimated GWP 2021-2030             |                   | \$1,000,000    |
| Cumulative GWP 1990-2030            |                   | \$3,600,000    |
| GWP attributed to human innovation  | 70%               | \$2,520,000    |
| Total asimov                        | 1,000,000,000,000 |                |
| Asimov Price Target                 |                   | \$2,520.00     |

As a psychohistorian, I'll note another fact about Earth's economy. There's about \$80 trillion in national debt across nations, and the engineer who came up with this genius-based system has reserved 10% of the genius value for National Stakes. Could humanity eliminate this debt – a legacy of inefficient government habits from when they were all trying to kill each other – and start over with efficient governments and a proper value system for the fundamentals of innovation, sustenance, health, and property?

I put all the figures into my psychohistory calculator<sup>91</sup> and see that 10% of asimov's value in ten years would be equivalent to \$260 trillion, enough to pay off those national debts four times over – if they can all agree to stop debt spending, which will be much easier once they stop trying to kill each other.

I then extend the calculation to two centuries, where all the asimov has been distributed and represents the cumulative value of mankind's genius from the beginning of civilization until the year

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<sup>91</sup> Atomic powered, like all the gadgets in Asimov's *Foundation*.

2222. At that point, there is no more asimov to distribute, but the earthlings continue with their genius, and begin to explore neighboring star systems. What will happen? The supply of money stays the same, but genius continues to add value. My calculations show me that what will happen is that property-based assets will deflate, as will all material-based rewards. Daily living is no longer a struggle, the only conflict left is genius-based competition. The entire economy becomes like a giant strategy game, with individuals and groups competing to add the most real value. People who accumulate genius wealth are rightfully respected and admired, because they hold great responsibility and are accountable for their value judgements.

I'll fly back to Terminus in my starship and give the Board of Trustees my report. "Everything on Earth will be just fine. All they needed was a hero. The plan to send Olajuwon worked out just as my calculations predicted. Their value system is back on track. Earth will eliminate war within a decade, and poverty within twenty earth-years."

The head trustee asks, "What about the other guy, what was his name? Before you left, you told us there was another chosen one, like a backup plan."

"Didn't work out. Tried to get him in to commit to the plan, but all he wanted to do was dribble, dribble, dribble."



## Scoot of Bling (SOB)

In *Billionaires*, I talked about the privileges of wealth. This is where we define them. The privileges of genius wealth are different than property wealth privilege in an important way. They're both vanity; genius privilege is the good kind of vanity.

How fun is it to be wealthy if you can't flex? I think wealth flex vanity is foundational to our civilization, it's been around a long time. It was probably invented in Texas, but it's been forty years since I took seventh grade Texas History. Let's just assume for now.

The problem before me was how to make wealth more equitable while at the same time replacing the property-based vanity wealth that's so much fun. There's a simple solution that solves another problem, how to replace the geo-flex of the East Coast West Coast rap rivalry, without all the murder.<sup>92</sup>

There's a reason the Pea's song goes *Up inside the club or in your Bentley*. Apl.de.ap is cool, he wants to save the planet, but it can't be *Up inside the club or in your Tesla*. You can't flex something you can't hear coming.<sup>93</sup> You can't flex a tax credit – that's like an anti-flex because rich people and royalty don't pay taxes. Come on, now.

Bentleys are rare, made on a faraway magical island where once upon a time if you were a king and your wife didn't bear you a male heir, you could just chop her head off. That's some flex. I demonstrate the bad side of property-privilege, which we want to remove from society. With wealth, even genius wealth, must come privilege, or only hippies are going to sign up. To see how that works out, I refer you to the collected works of Sir Eric Cartman.

Wealth privilege is a must have in any functional value system. Despite two worldwide waves of revolutions directly reactive to inequality and class systems, we still have a problem with wealth inequality in a world that is fantastically prosperous in global sum and remains so with each successive generation having more

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<sup>92</sup> You ally with the 713, baby.

<sup>93</sup> In addition, Tesla don't rhyme with epilepsy or apl.de. Plus, *Elephunk* was released before Tesla sold its first car.

bountiful and peaceful lives. Despite this, we retain a high level of global inequality as our consumption expands faster than our total available sustainable resources. Why? Because wealth – standing apart from your peers in a measurable way – is an innate or biological need. We feel an aspirational need to do better, and we have to measure it. It is a good thing to aspire to, if you can measure value in a way that is both sustainable and equitable.

We need to emulate royalty, without all the bad stuff. Throughout history, even in kingdoms where there was no food, the royals always had them some bling.

*The genuine article, I do not sing though  
I sling though, if anything, I bling yo*<sup>94</sup>

If you've watched the historically and ironically <sup>95</sup> accurate Canadian docuseries *Vikings*, you'd know that king Ragnar was a forward-thinking man, because what he really wanted was farmland and peace on the British Isles but had to do all the pillaging and slaughter to keep his vain men satisfied, as they measured the value of their conquest in gold. The real hero Vikings valued something more than gold, and it had a purer, almost magical value. And thus Ragnar, after losing his mind in France due to a Chinese seductress getting him strung out on opium, gave up all possessions and walked the earth, and then would go on to become legendary, extracting vengeance before dying a martyr's death in a pit of snakes. The legend was valuable beyond measure, true generational wealth, as all the sons of Ragnar, even the stupid and lame, became legends themselves.

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<sup>94</sup> From *Crazy In Love*, by Beyoncé, featuring Jay-Z

<sup>95</sup> American irony is more regional. For example, A Texas engineer has determined that the energy wasted mining bitcoin in 2021 could have been used to desalinate 33% of the annual sea-level rise due to global warming, producing freshwater for sanitation or agriculture instead. Red Sox irony would be if actor who became famous for pretending to be good at math had a charity asking for money to produce freshwater for the poorest regions of the world and also tried to get people to invest their life savings in cryptocurrency.

Scoot is an open system of governance, but it's not *only* democratic. We can't make it strictly democratic, or we'd have to leave out smarty-pants Finnish benevolent dictators. We support a form of royalty specific to individual value systems. Scoot have the option to have characteristics – privileges – that match their responsibility.

Let's say you're Jay-Z and you're just filthy wealthy, both in property wealth and your own personal genius. Your genius is universally accepted, and you are married to a queen. In your value system – the value of flow – you rule absolutely.

You hear an eighteen-year old's rhymes, and it blows your mind, so you show him love on social media and then you have a new Bentley delivered to his home. That's some legendary praise, and it shows that Jay-Z and the newly knighted rapper share a common measure of value in music. McKnight turns into a strung-out junkie who gets pinched trying to trade his Bentley to an undercover cop for a brick, what does that say about your shared value system? Even if McKnight turns out to be a choir boy, do you have any idea what it costs to pay insurance, taxes and maintenance on a Bentley? Social media indentured servitude at best, at worst, the kid would be out driving Bentley Uber every time Flo calls for an installment. How's that going to look for Jay-Z's chosen one? It's a crime of necessity, because as a musician, Jay-Z gives you a Bentley, you can't not drive it, it's a golden ticket for potential generational musical wealth. Whatever it takes.

There's a better way; It's Scoot of Bling.

Instead of buying a Bentley off the lot with a phone call, you have your people find you a special Bentley. Maybe the one that John Bonham had to borrow from Princess Margaret in December 1970, racing across the country to keep schedule with the band to record *When the Levee Breaks*. Legend is, he ran over a goat on the way and stopped at the farm, knocked at the door, apologized profusely to the stunned farmer, and handed over a briefcase with £100,000 and

then helped the farmer bury the goat. The legend does not specify if the briefcase belonged to Bonham or Princess Margaret.<sup>96</sup>

You ride this mythological bad-boy Bentley with the ultimate pedigree around Brooklyn, sometime on your own, sometimes with your boys, sometimes with your queen. It don't take long, and everybody knows it's Jay-Z's special car. You turn it into a Scoot – the fine automobile becomes a gift to humanity - controlled by you. Maybe you lay off some shards to your friends, they stake some asimov, they earn privileges, maybe they can “curate” the car for when their sister gets married, or to take their mother to church, or whatever, like one day a year and scheduled in advanced. What they contribute builds up a reserve fund in the Scoot that can be used as escrow for insurance and maintenance.

You make it known that Jay-Z's Bonzo Bentley is like a knighthood of rap. Either you just decide – by fiat – or maybe you set up some contest. It's possible to hold elections either in the responsibility domain or value domain; perhaps you get nominees from the public, or perhaps it's strictly at your royal whim. Regardless, when you declare a winner – you throw him scoot with a responsibility characteristic – the winner must accept<sup>97</sup> - and he gets to drive the Bentley – until somebody else comes along and displaces him and takes it. Each new winner accumulates responsibility – the direct requirement to pay a portion of the upkeep cost – and some occasional privilege to the Bentley for special occasions. This all can be managed via the protocol; somebody writes an app to manage the scheduling and the collection of dues.

Maybe you become the car share king of New York, scooting all your vehicles, as you can only flex one at a time. The Bonzo Bentley is special; it's for those who can flow, but maybe you start handing out Scoot of Bling to people you come across in everyday life. A

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<sup>96</sup> When Jay-Z flies this bad boy back to the states, better land in Houston, we'll take care of the paperwork, and I know a guy who can perform a flip job, turn that funny hand drive back American.

<sup>97</sup> For a musician to decline a gift of genius privilege from Jay-Z would be a powerful – or powerfully stupid – way to make a point.

waitress really impresses you with her hard work, attention to detail, and professionalism, and a proximity app on your phone alerts you that the waitress is a pledge. The next morning, at the start of her shift, one of your people shows up at the restaurant with keys to a Mercedes. The waitress gets to drive it for a few months, but a waitress can't afford that kind responsibility in perpetuity, so you don't lay that characteristic on her scooter. Ten years later, she's out of school and a lawyer, she petitions you to lay the responsibility characteristic on her, and she contributes, paying it forward.

You can expand your car collection, share the rides responsibly, and avoid the perpetual upkeep cost. Are there downsides? If you find yourself broke, you can't sell it. The cars are scooted – they belong to humanity – just curated by you. If it's really bling – a privilege of wealth – then you're not going to worry about that. You're Jay-Z, you don't liquidate value, you create value.

In **Appendix C** I describe Scoot of Special Purpose Entities (SSPE) which are designed to ensure that property that is transformed into genius wealth remains in the public domain. It's easy to see that Scoot of Bling could be an instrument for fraud and tax evasion and that would undermine the system. SSPE will repurpose property in a system that ensures that it is a benefit to the public good.

What happens when Jay-Z moves on? It depends. He can leave control of the Scoot to his heirs, and they can be the arbiters of what kind of sounds deserve the legacy of Jay-Z's Bonzo Bentley, or it can be arbitrated by the Scoot itself. It's fair to expect that the holders of the Bonzo Bentley Scoot – people responsible for what it represents – would want to continue the tradition as a tribute to their mentor. It becomes genius royalty, passed on for generations, as long we remember the flow.

The value of this scoot is a privilege bestowed by a genius upon recognition of some other genius – specific to their shared value system. The Bentley becomes valuable because of the value of Jay-Z's genius. The value is a direct reflection of Jay-Z's lasting value to humanity at large.

How this is managed as generational wealth is a choice. Children may inherit this kind of privilege, or it can be passed down

symbolically – a bond of shared genius and a commitment to keep a value system alive in the future.

There are many benefits of transferring ownership of property into shared custodianship for a public good. It changes the wealth flex from the flaunting of valuable property to the flexing of your gift of value to the public good. In the case I described, it directly converts Jay-Z's immense but finite wealth in the property-domain into immense and perhaps infinite wealth in the genius domain. The small commitment of wealth would strengthen the foundation of the system – that genius, and not property, is the real treasure of humanity. Changing the wealth flex for the wealthiest will have a trickledown effect, so that the wealth flex moves away from investment in consumable goods into durable shareable goods – quality and leveraged value over quantity. Things that can be shared. This is a path towards a more sustainable life.

Scout of Bling will form staking networks with other Scout of Bling. A rapper from Korea visits Brooklyn, because he's in the same exclusive staking network as the Bonzo Bentley, he might warrant an honor of a pickup – it's like a royal courtesy – as long as there is a special set of wheels waiting next time Jay-Z lands in Seoul.

This could lead to all kinds of exclusive luxury. Every genius musician needs a boat, but a musician don't need a boat every day. Scout of Yacht is the way to go.

Exclusivity is a privilege of genius wealth. It's open and every participant will know the rules. The exclusivity lasts while the bling has value. The Bentley, without its association with Jay-Z's genius, is just an expensive car that costs way too much to insure and maintain. The value is conferred by its association with the value system of Jay-Z.

It's a way to confer responsibility for your values to people you value. It's a knighthood in the Scout royalty system.

*I'm like Che Guevara with bling on, I'm complex<sup>98</sup>*

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<sup>98</sup> Public Service Announcement by Jay-Z

## Scoot of Transportation (SOT)

Sharing resources is often the most efficient way to solve a resource problem in systems. Computer systems can solve many kinds of problems because they share the most expensive resources, CPUs and RAM among many problems (programs).

It may be the value system itself that creates the opportunity for privileges. Let's say you live in an up-scale neighborhood for young professionals, and you've got yourself a Tesla but find yourself working at home and not driving it much. You're an engineer, so you know that the type of motor, electric or gasoline, is only part of the sustainability equation. Another piece is the number of cars on the road and parked in garages idle. It takes a tremendous investment of energy and resources to produce an automobile. The more vehicles manufactured, more roads and infrastructure are constructed. For internal combustion vehicles, more oil wells are drilled. For EVs, each car requires a commitment to more solar or wind farms. There are multiple sustainability consequences for each new car built. Driving where you want when you want is a basic expectation of wealth or even a necessity in some cultures. Is there a way to balance that problem?

Scoot can rent and lease property. You form a Scoot of Transportation (SOT). You lease a dozen EVs as well as a mini-bus and a couple of hybrid pickup trucks. You lease several charging parking spots in buildings scattered throughout the neighborhood, all within five minutes walking distance. You find that with that number of vehicles you can support the needs of a hundred residents. You use software to manage the capacity. One of your scootage introduces a neighbor who has a personal EV but rarely uses it, so you start leasing it from the neighbor on-demand. Through experimentation, you find that the additional capacity allows you to add twenty more neighbors to the scootage. Holding scoot in your SOT becomes one of the selling points of the neighborhood. You notice that two Tesla are always parked at one of the building's charging spots during the day but gone at night. You introduce yourself to the owners and find one is a delivery guy and the other is an Uber driver. Since most of your scootage drive during the day or early evenings you find that you can

increase your support to over two hundred residents by spot leasing capacity from the sleeping professional drivers.

For the drivers in your neighborhood, it's a win-win. They initially must stake into the SOT with a substantial commitment, but the ongoing responsibility commitment is proportional to their usage dynamically calculated based on relative demand and administered by Scoot protocol. It's a shared resource. Each user is a pledge and a responsible individual. SOTs require a dynamically scalable insurance scheme, meaning participants must be responsible and legal drivers. It is a public good for those who live in the neighborhood. As the scootage grows, the overall cost per mile falls, access to the SOT becomes a key driver of value in the neighborhood. Your association with other staking networks expands, and after a few years, it's possible for one of your scootage to travel all over the world and find an EV car or best available alternative for hourly use, at only a marginally higher proportional commitment than it would have cost at your local SOT.

Your SOT becomes an equalizing force in the neighborhood. You've worked out agreements with rideshare companies, so residents who want to commit, but don't have the outlay, can "earn" their initial commitment by utilizing excess vehicle capacity as rideshare drivers. After a few years of optimizing, you have your fleet of vehicles at 90% utilization rates.

What's more, your collected data shows that what your neighborhood values is the ability to get up and drive whenever they want to more than they value driving. They can walk, bike, or bus. This change in behavior is cumulative and recursive. Fewer vehicles mean more expensive vehicles but that'll work itself out. The cars will be more durable and easier to take care of because most of the SOT leasers will be looking for utility. As children grow up and have babies of their own, they'll long for the days when their mothers could stuff all that baby stuff and a month's worth of groceries into a minivan, but that's the price they must pay for a sustainable world.

This works if the system is real; if it really is a way to measure responsibility. People who leave their trash and don't make sure the charger is latched— or worse — get arrested using a SOT vehicle to



commit a crime – could get you kicked out of the Scoot and the responsibility domain. It's a privilege. A privilege earned by commitment to a shared value system. That shared value might simply be affordable and sustainable transportation for your neighborhood.

You're an innovative scooter who expands his vision beyond a neighborhood radius, to say the broad sprawl of a city like Houston. You collect '67 Cadillacs, the most valuable one you give to your third wife, and had it painted pink with Hello Kitty trim. She dumps you when your Transylvania Meta Crypto fortune is staked and suddenly gushes, and you got out just seconds too late. She leaves you the Cadillac. You are inspired by your sister, who'd once guilt tripped you about your car collection, while she puttered around Houston in a Prius with her three daughters. One day, having an epiphany to the futility of sustainability, she breaks into your house, takes your keys, and drives Hello Kitty, top down, daughters seat-beltless in the back, all in Hello Kitty outfits. She's arrested. You realize your sister is just on the edge of something. It's a good thing, because taking care of young nieces is hard and expensive, and choosing the unemployment option in the same crypto currency you bet your life savings on wasn't good planning, with sister away for twenty to life for child endangerment.

Your sister was on the front end of a trend of girls that had grown up in the 90s and 2000s with the badass moms driving SUVs, minivans, and Cadillacs. Usually on the third kid but sometimes all it took was one, they'd feel the need to burn some gas, even if it cost \$46.60 a gallon. Nobody makes gasoline cars, and private cars of any kind cost more than a house because of the overall reduction of demand due the success of SOTs. Your ten Cadillacs become very valuable. Turns out moms all around the country want to drive around and burn some gas in a Hello Kitty Cadillac. Pretty soon, you're nationwide, except in California and Vermont, where you're wanted for crimes against humanity.

Would this be vanity? It depends on the context. Sharing Cadillacs is better than individual ownership in terms of sustainability, but they

stopped making the ones you collect in 1967. It's a sunk cost in terms of economic value.

What if your sister was a big time fight-for-justice lawyer, who defended the poor and downtrodden and stood up against corporations and governments? Perhaps there is a public outcry and protest, and some big shot pro-bono lawyers from New York City show up and get her free of the state charges of child endangerment. A crowd awaits her on the courthouse steps, where she makes a passionate speech, *"When you're fighting for justice, sometimes you just need to burn a little gas!"*

She is cheered as she gets into the Hello Kitty Cadillac, where you drive her, along with the lawyers, two blocks through downtown Houston to the Federal Courthouse, where FBI agents take her away on federal charges of carbon offset evasion. Turns out she'd failed to pay the carbon tax at the pump, using a bypass code she got from an environmental cleanup worker client. This act of rebellion would cost her 10 years in the Supermax in a cell next to El Chapo.

You see a spike in demand, from lawyers all over the country. They want to drive a Pink Cadillac when rolling up on the steps of justice for a big case, it becomes like the Bonzo Bentley for big-time fight-the-man attorneys. Crowds always gather, stop, and take photos of a Hello Kitty Cadillac and post it all over the internet, knowing some justice is about to get served. Would that be transportation, or bling, or just a way to throw it down?

### [Scoot of Minion \(SOM\)](#)

#### **Question:**

I'm a big-time lawyer, and I drive a Bentley, just like Jay-Z. It's not a special Bentley, but it's special to me, I bought it with my cut of the last big Enron divorce before the fall, and thus it holds a special place in my heart. Can I scoot my car? I mean, it's a pain to drive in Houston traffic, but I drive it to the office on payday so the rest of the firm will know how rich I am. I have about thirty young associate lawyers at my firm, and they all want to be rich like me, so I'm sort of like their legal version of Jay-Z. Couldn't I get them to pay the insurance and taxes and all the maintenance if I let them drive it occasionally? They work 90 hours a week, so it is not like they have a lot of free time. My

kids don't talk to me, so I'm cool with giving the car to humanity after I'm gone, it ensures that none of my exes get it.

**Answer:**

Yes, totally. The Foundation will happily help you convert your chunk of steel property into permanent genius wealth. Not only will it record in digital stone the excess *douchebaggery* of the early 3<sup>rd</sup> millennium, it should reduce the peer pressure on young lawyers at your firm to go invest in vain displays of material wealth themselves.

Those young lawyers will have to make a hard choice. Do they want to be known as minions, lawyers who bow to the needs of their superiors, which, for an attorney, means the person that pays them with the king's gold? A Scoot of Transportation can't use PPH<sup>99</sup> (anonymous) handles – they must be insured for driving; their identity will be known. Who they bow to becomes an entry on the scootchain, should anybody – like opposing counsel – ever bother to check.

It's highly likely that somewhere there is a client on the other side of your legal brilliance that is also a pledge. Your scooting a Bentley will be an entry on an open scootchain. It will incur inspection by anybody in the responsibility domain who is interested in why a lawyer would scoot a luxury automobile.

This is a good example of the use of a shun. A shun is a specific value judgement upon a Scoot, saying I think this is bad specifically for this reason. A shun requires a commitment and a staking, it's not a thumbs-down, there are repercussions in the ability to earn fees and a permanent historical record of a value judgement. It's not something that can be joined anonymously. Joining shuns are a choice – you must choose to make the same value judgement as somebody else.

All someone must do is shun your Scoot as *stanky lawyer douchebaggery*. Your young associates may have to consider what being associated with that may do to their future careers in the genius economy.

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<sup>99</sup> Pseudonymous pledge handles (PPH) - See [Appendix D](#)

# Governance

## Charter

The Governance of The Foundation shall be defined in a charter.

The Charter shall be defined by and signed by the stakers of the private stake, and then ratified by the asimass.<sup>100</sup> The charter shall be the first content entry on scootchain(0). Implementation and governance amendments shall be composed and ratified (using the protocol for referendums, if necessary) by all holders of asimov before trading begins.

The Foundation's scope is limited to the *appreciation of human genius*. The Foundation is charged with implementing a metric protocol so that it can measure appreciation. I've described an implementation of that in asimov and scoot. The specifics of the implementation should go in amendments to the charter. The implementation of the system of metrics and the management of responsibility may change, but the goals should be timeless.

It's very important that The Foundation be non-political and free from national influence. In most organizations, this is truly impossible, but by limiting the scope to the appreciation of human genius, we can avoid corruption.

This is an idealistic enterprise to create a value system that is better for humanity. Its governance should be open and limited in scope and held to the highest ethical standards.

Keeping Scoot pure is of paramount importance. Scoot do not own property and must not pass income to its holders. Scoot is not an investment in property. It is a commitment of responsibility.

Governments don't know how to tax that. The Foundation should have no opinion in regards how this new measurement of wealth is taxed. There is an argument to be made that it is a direct investment in a public good and should not be taxed, as this public good is a public responsibility. Let the rich and their lawyers make that fight.

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<sup>100</sup> Holders of asimov. See [Value Domain](#) electorate.

The Foundation's role is the measurement of wealth, not the application of wealth.

## Electorates

A method of elections shall be built into the metric protocol.

## Responsibility Domain

### Scootoro

The scootoro is sum of the scoot trustees. Each scoot charter shall define the method of voting by its scootage in selection of the scootoro. When it comes to Foundation elections, the trustee can be a representative, where they vote their own will. Or their vote can be a proxy for an election result of their own scootage. The behavior of the trustee as member of the scootoro shall be defined in the protocol and part of each Scoot's charter and the genesis block.

### Scootara

Every participant in the responsibility domain is a pledge. Pledges have registered with The Foundation and have credentials to trade scoot. Pledges who hold any amount of scoot are members of the scootara, but they have but one vote, regardless of instances and number of scoot they actually hold.

## Value Domain

### Asimass

The asimass are holders of asimov. Since asimov is an open digital currency, where holders may be anonymous and therefore may be individuals, corporations or governments, there is no concept of voting by individuals in the value domain. Large holders of asimov will dominate the asimass. Votes are proportional to asimov held.

## Election frequency

Foundation elections shall be held on a prime day in November. Office terms begin on first day of January.

## The Board of Trustees

The Foundation shall be governed by the Board of Trustees. There shall be eleven trustees, as follows.

### Engineer (1)

The engineer is the scoot trustee of scoot(0) – asimov.

Since the Scoot<sup>2</sup> Protocol is an engineered system, we need an engineer to run it. The engineer is responsible for asimov disbursement, as laid out in the disbursement plan, as well as stabilizing the metric.

The engineer is elected by the scootara for a term of ten years. An emergency election is held if the engineer cannot complete his term, for the remainder of the term (decade).

The engineer's main tool is the disbursement schedule. The engineer cannot exceed the disbursement schedule but can disburse lower amounts than the schedule calls for and maintain an engineer's reserve, which can be carried over to the next engineer's term. The engineer can also disburse in uneven amounts throughout a term.

Essentially, the engineer is the analog to the “invisible hand” in the global economic system. The engineer is responsible and accountable to the scootara, not the board. The engineer's action is driven by data. The engineer is accountable only in the responsibility domain, to provide a stable metric of genius. Over time, this data driven decision making process should lead to an algorithmic approach, and the engineer's responsibility should lessen and only be responsible when a fail-safe is triggered in the algorithm.

The engineer will need to tune and debug this system, gathering data along the way. A few tools will be required. The engineer is responsible for developing open-source analysis tools and APIs. The engineer's analysis is made public at intervals specified by the board.

### Sustainable Price Index

This is exactly like the consumer price index, except that instead of dollars it's asimov. This needs to be geo specific and aggregated

proportionally. It's a little bit more refined, as it only aggregates the cost of the sustainable lifestyle, whatever that means.<sup>101</sup>

It won't include the cost of gas for a cross-town commute because gasoline is not a sustainable resource long-term. Gasoline is a resource that is non-renewable, meaning supply is slowly running out, so it's expected to be inflationary – the price should go up. In real terms, it's price has stayed very flat throughout my lifetime. Does that mean it's not really running out, or that our economic model just doesn't care about the future?

This is going to be tricky, because in practical terms, people consume a choice of available options. The price of the most sustainable available option might work, this would encourage more sustainable options to be priced towards the baseline in categories. If you had a hard time following that, it means I won't ever get a job in green product marketing. If only middle-to-upper class people can afford the sustainable version of everyday things, it ain't really that sustainable, is it?

There's a lot more people, globally, whose best available option is always the one that's on sale at the local equivalent of the Wal-Mart.

That's a long-term challenge. Initially, relative stability to the dollar and bitcoin and other currencies is enough to judge relative value stability, and with gold-rush crypto fever catching, apparently as a direct psycho-somatic effect of the global pandemic, I'm betting its initial valuation might balloon to long-term potential quickly.

The engineer will use this effect to achieve a faster equalization.

### Equalization

This system is intended to solve wealth inequality, so that purpose supersedes price equalization, which benefits the property-wealthy more.

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<sup>101</sup> I don't know what it means. It does not mean spending all your wealth on "green" consumer items.

## PROPERTY QUEUE

There will be an onramp to the Scoot process. Pledges are real people and will be identified and registered using secure protocols and biometrics. Registering a Scoot will require a validation process.

This is easily accomplished in some countries; commercial enterprises scale up secure workforces all the time. It is much more difficult and costly to setup in poorer countries. We will try to rollout globally where invited. This will be a step-by-step roll out, where we staff one office in each country until we make complete circuit, and then stepping by relative population sizes of the countries. This creates a backlog of value in the queue for the wealthy or crypto-crazy countries.

There is a way for the wealthy to exert the privilege of being wealthy. There are privileges in this value system, as agreed to in the social contract with the billionaires. They can turn property into public good. There is a property-queue in the system. This will be a sorted queue where the most valuable property is processed first. Bill Gates wants to scoot his Da Vinci notebooks, he goes straight to the front like a gangster, no waiting in line. If he wants to meet the engineer on his way out, though, he should be prepared to kick it; engineer works on his (or her or their or its) own schedule.

The property-queue is justified, it is a permanent, one-way act, releasing a piece of property to humanity. It is a validation of the system. It's either an act of faith, or that's just how gangsters roll, throw one down, do the world a solid. Either way, humanity will take it.

Bill got the wealth, but there's still a line, globally. Billionaires can skip the line to get in to see the Foundation man, make sure all his paperwork is straight, drink some coffee in the lounge while the lawyers are shuffling paper, but the actual act of scooting is part of a negotiated protocol, with all kinds of formality. He can't just cut in that line, the other people in line would notice, since it's an open protocol. Wait, what's up? Oh, it's the dude in the front of the line from Somalia, who wrote a paper on Da Vinci's notebook when he was student and was trying to start a Scoot based on the notebooks, from an engineer's perspective. Hey, Bill, that dude says you're his



staker. You ever been to Somalia? Right on, you guys should meet. They meet and Bill is like, *"I love this guy, he loves Leonardo more than I do, and if I let him be the scoot trustee, I won't have to have to talk to all the museum people about where the notebooks go on exhibition. He can talk the museum people. I'll have all this free time. Maybe I'll go back to billionaire's school and rewrite the textbook for the next generation of billionaires. Oh, yeah, the next generation of billionaires don't read. Heck, guess I'll go find another disease to eradicate."*

The people in the line get it. Somalia dude was holding a place in line for Bill. That's cool, as long as Bill don't hold up the line, geek out, asking them what hash algorithm they using and all that.

### FEE SCHEDULES

Another tool used for equalization is the fee schedule. To register a Scoot in the responsibility domain, it must pay a fee. Scoot are registered in their country of origin, and thus we can skew the fees lower in less wealthy regions and higher in more wealthy countries.

Regardless of country of origin, there is a staking method where the more stakes you have at formation, the lower your fees.

In addition, the protocol will issue tokens in exchange for processing transactions. The tokens in the value domain are credits for API requests to The Foundation. The tokens in the responsibility domain are credits for scoot registration. The engineer sets the relative value of these credits as a method of flow control.

The Foundation is also a node in the protocol network. It may process transactions, and since it is always the prime node for entry into the responsibility network, it can process transactions in lieu of fairly distributing transactions to the network. This is a means of flow control and equalization.

Nodes processing transaction in the value domain incur higher risk when dealing with anonymous addresses, and higher staking costs, thus there is an option to pay fees for higher priority transactions. The Foundation would be able to step in and process no-fee transactions when they are neglected by staking nodes.

## Engineer's Address

The engineer's reserve is the Foundation's weight against billionaires who can wield advantages in the responsibility domain through the property queue. We are depending on this for equalization.

This gives the engineer tremendous power. As a rule, the electorate should have lady justice do a sniff test before casting votes for an engineer.

The engineer's address is well known, and the protocol will also validate an engineer's address truthfully. The protocol will always identify Foundation member addresses truthfully. This applies to the engineer's address at The Foundation, as well as any personal genius wealth. There is no conflict of interest because your wealth is your values. Foundation members and employees must disclose any value domain addresses they hold.

This is in the interest of full disclosure. This is about personal values, and responsibility for personal values. You are responsible for what you value.

The engineer is responsible for the metric to measure the appreciation of human genius. The engineer may use the reserve to commit to ideas that strengthen that system of measurement. He may also use it to attack ideas that weaken the system.

This is a considerable amount of power, and an engineer's personal values come into play. It must be done in the open, and the best way to judge an engineer's value is by what they value. The engineer will report yearly on their commitment of the engineer's reserve.

## WARNINGS AND RETRIBUTIONS

People will find a way to profit from bugs in the system. There may be cases where "unfair" behavior is allowing some opportunistic advantage in the protocol. Sometimes, it's difficult to change the protocol on the fly. Warnings are issued to nodes that are participating in this behavior. If warnings do not work, the Engineer may ask the board for a retribution, which could involve market-based attack or banishment.

## BANISHMENT

This involves placing the Scoot on a board shun, basically kicking the Scoot out of the responsibility domain. Banished Scoot can still process their transactions, and may even transact with other banished scoot, and use proxies to interact with the value domain.

It's important that banished scoot have full access to the protocol and tools. There is the possibility that the behavior will change, or that Foundation policy would change, and the Scoot would be welcomed back.

## Continentials (7)

There is one continental trustee for each continent. The scootaro registered to each continent nominate potential candidates through an election, with the most significant placed on a ballot. Each member of the scootara may vote once for a single continental – regardless of their actual location. This is a way for someone to align their value set with someplace they may not live, perhaps where they originated. The Antarctic nominations are selected by the current board.

The continentals are elected in a single election and serve a term of seven years.

## Popular (3)

The popular trustees are nominated by the scootara in an open nomination process of elections and runoffs, reducing nominees to a ballot of eleven. The asimass votes on their top five choices of the eleven in order of preference. Votes are awarded a score based on ranking, like NBA MVP voting, with the three highest scorers awarded popular board seats.

The bottom eight of the election are offered service as alternates, in case of emergency for both the popular and continental trustees, in order of election placement.

The popular are elected in a single election and serve a term of three years.

## Term Limits

No pledge shall hold the same board seat for more than one consecutive term. A popular trustee may seek election as a continental or engineer as their term is expiring, or vice versa.

Non-consecutive terms are permitted.

## Ethical Standards

The trustees and officers must be held to a high standard of ethics regarding the work of The Foundation. All cross obligations must be disclosed openly.

The charter should address behavior and expectation of board members and remedies if they fail to live up to the standards.

Board Members and Foundation employees must use their real identities (TPH) when trading scoot. There is no conflict of interest in trading scoot – scoot represents an individual's values, and seeking leadership is an implicit request for peer evaluation of your value set. Hidden values would question the integrity of a leader's value set.

## The Line

Where does The Foundation draw the line between genius and garbage? Should it even attempt to? This is a very tricky ethical question. I believe that just about every form of artistic or creative expression is potentially genius and certainly vanity. The scootage will be accountable to their local laws as far as obscenity is concerned, but where does The Foundation come into it? I'm not sure. Child pornography will never be permissible by The Foundation, regardless of local laws.

Take Nazi artifacts. I don't think we should remove these from history, we need to remember what happened, and provide physical proof to future generations that this evil occurred and should have been prevented. I don't think anybody should profit from it.

One way would be to allow Scoot to be created that isn't tradeable. This means it's a perpetual responsibility. Those

preserving something bad for history's stake make a commitment to do it, but in the form of scoot that could never be traded for profit.<sup>102</sup>

The charter should address these ethical concerns in a manner that is fair across cultures and time periods. An actual job for a philosopher.

The charter may specify a judicial system to make judgements on appropriate content. This is very dangerous, as societal trends of the current day might wipe out history for future generations due to political correctness or in reaction to some bad event. The charter should outline hard guidelines for any judicial system. It should always lean towards freedom of expression.

Rather the making value judgement on content, the protocol shall implement shuns so pledges can self-regulate.

## Shunning

The metric protocol shall have a method of shunning. In the protocol, shunning is a voluntary action by pledges, where they stake a formal shun and reject transactions from the shunned Scoot. This will reduce the number of nodes available to process transactions for a scoot, increasing transaction processing time or preventing it altogether.

The charter should address how shuns are created. A board shun should take a unanimous vote by the board and prevent The Foundation from validating transactions for a particular Scoot. A consensus shun would take a minimum number of pledges to stake.

Shunning could be political. All scoot based in a country making war on its neighbor could be shunned. This could prevent the warmongers from profiting off of seized works of genius. On the downside, it could lock out the passivist citizens of the invaded country from cashing out their scoot responsibilities and escaping war.

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<sup>102</sup> This may be an application for virtual scoot. We need a way to measure the "negative value" of an idea, and inverse the wealth, so people responsible for keeping bad ideas alive for the historical record can be rewarded.

Shunning could also be used to create virtual scoot domains, separating the mainstream from the stuff we want to keep away from children. Some people will say pornography is a form a genius, and shunning could keep it safe and separate, yet allow the market to determine if it is truly genius or just vain garbage.

## Management

The board will hire a management team to run The Foundation. How The Foundation is managed will change as it grows. What I outline here is the basics for rollout.

## Creation

The creation team is charged with facilitating the minting of new scoot. What I envision is a team of legal and creative professionals that design a SCOOTDK (scoot development kit) of software and legal tools designed to simplify the process of scooting.

They support training pledges in use of tools and best practices. Besides lawyers, this team will embrace creative professionals.

## Security

The security team handles both the physical and digital security of The Foundation.

One of the main jobs of the security team will be to establish an identification program for pledges that is difficult to circumvent. This will include deterministic identification of pledges. It won't prevent all criminal behavior, but it should prevent the same human from perpetuating multiple acts.

## Encyclopedist

### [Scootchain Explorer](#)

The scootchain is both the transaction record of a scoot and contains an ever growing, immutable historical record of the associated creative expression. As a practical manner, this means keeping digital works alive on the scootchain. We want this digital record to survive across generations. Digital media may be translated into newer formats as technology advances, but we need to ensure

the original formats are preserved. We also need to ensure that there are available methods of viewing/interpreting the original formats on modern devices. The Encyclopedist will ensure we always have coherent scootchairs and the tools for interpreting them.

### Genius Arbitrage

The Encyclopedists are also in charge of committing to genius and selling vanity. This is a truly impossible task. The Foundation's basic strategy is to get an initial piece of everything, and over time commit more to the true works of genius and decommit the vanity.

You might think I mean we should hire Encyclopedists with "good taste" in a selected field, and maybe that would work. That might be the way we have to start off.

As we gather data over decades through fashion cycles in all segments of creative expression, this will lead to an algorithmic approach. I suspect that during hard economic times, genius will hold its value and vanity will lose it. From the history of trades and the responsibility tree, we might be able to use this data to identify and foster true genius.

The budget of asimov available to the Encyclopedists is determined by the engineer. How the allotment of asimov is distributed to the individual Encyclopedists shall be determined by the board and management.

One way to implement this is for the Foundation to hire independent traders, and have the Foundation mirror their trades in the responsibility domain. As these contingent-Encyclopedists do well, the Foundation increases the amount of the mirror.

### Provisional Board

A quorum of at least eleven pledges shall be formed through linked stakes. They shall first elect the engineer. The engineer's term shall be prorated and end at the next decade boundary.<sup>103</sup>

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<sup>103</sup> The provisional board shall decide if decade terms end on January 31<sup>st</sup> in either 2029 or 2030

The quorum should also elect two popular trustees. The two popular trustees and the engineer shall form the provisional board. The provisional board's first order of business is to write a charter.



## Origins

Apologies to Italy on this one, but credit for the Italian American spark that kindled my imagination is USA, all the way.

From the beginning of the pandemic, I'd been developing an idea with a friend that was a replacement for banks for businesses. Fundamentally, it used dynamic scalability for economies of scale. My model was what Amazon did for IT with AWS. I read a bunch of economic history as research.

For several years, my son had been trying to get me to invest in crypto, and as a coder, I understood bitcoin but was fundamentally skeptical. I liked the decentralization aspect; I love solutions to problems that don't involve government.

I had issue with the arbitrary creation of perceived value. Fundamental to the concept of money is the exchange of value. Bitcoin, gold standard, and fiat currencies all fail in this regard, and so while I valued the cleverness of the implementation, I didn't think it addressed the most important problem. I am not an idealist when it comes to my own money – I wished I had listened to my son years ago. I think bitcoin was around \$300 when he first implored me to invest.

Coincidentally, I'd been having long discussions with my daughter about all the social and political craziness we had to deal with in 2020 with the elections, protests, and the pandemic. I blamed social media for the hyperbole and hysteria. I realized my generation had invented the technology that enabled all this but had not addressed the ethical problems that technology created.

One of the core problems that concerned my daughter was wealth inequality. My attitude about this could be best summed up by Pink Floyd, *"Money, it's a crime, share it fairly, but don't take a slice of my pie."* I'm all for voluntary collectivism, spread the wealth, but I don't trust the government to distribute it. Both sides of the political spectrum had ideas about how to solve this, "Trickle down" or "Tax the rich" and neither had ever come close to addressing the root cause of wealth inequality, which we both agreed was generational wealth.

After the first draft of the business idea, my friend implored me to add a crypto play. I was hesitant, as I didn't want to debase the fundamental idea, and was skeptical of crypto. There was one technical problem with my system, and as it turned out, crypto provided an elegant solution. In late 2020 I'd been doing a lot of study of crypto from a technical perspective. While I was impressed with the technology, I became even more skeptical of its societal value. About this time, my wife joined my son in the crypto-craze and proceeded to multiply her initial investment by a hundredfold on paper. I'd just turned fifty, so it was as if the universe was telling me, "Give up already, you're old."

In January 2021, I became disillusioned with the business idea. I had tried convincing my daughter that more efficient business systems would reduce barriers to entry and level the playing field. Business systems had become exponentially more efficient in my lifetime. Yet there was still wealth inequality in the United States, where the median income was high. It was worse in the developing world. I was in a funk, disappointed because I still thought my business idea was good – an effective solution - but I knew it wouldn't be good in my daughter's eyes.

In April on the nights when I was free from my Rockets penance, my wife and I would watch some Netflix. For a couple of nights, we watched *This is a Robbery: The World's Biggest Art Heist*. This documentary was about the robbery of the Gardner Museum in Boston in 1990. Thirteen pieces were stolen and never recovered, including a Rembrandt and a Vermeer.

One theory was that the paintings were being held by a mob-boss as a "get out of jail free" card if he was ever arrested. This struck me as brilliant. That's some tremendous intrinsic value. There was the belief that you could buy your way out of a felony charge with a painting. There was something money couldn't buy – at least for criminals – but art could. How did this work?

I thought the mob were the smart criminals. Would they really try to pull that off? If something like that came out – a mobster walking on a murder rap because he was ransoming a painting, it would destroy the careers of everybody involved.

Where did that perception of value stem from? It was the appreciation of genius that was valuable. If you could quantify that appreciation, it could be a measure of intrinsic value. Then I realized that if you appreciate something, you would likely be willing to be responsible for it. If it really meant a lot to you, you would be willing to be responsible and accountable for it. Accountability was key. Our financial system is built around limited liability. This directly leads to limited accountability in politics and social systems. Responsibility was the key to a better system.

I am aware this isn't the normal delivery method for a crypto currency proposal. There was another genius that inspired me with this truth: If you're going to write something, write it your way. If you can write about value, while dropping smack on the Dodgers, Yankees, Knicks, Jazz and *The Dream*-thieving Canadians, why the hell wouldn't you?

We already reflect what we value in what we wear and what we buy. What we value is already our identity. I wear my Rockets colors, but even when I don't, that's still who I am.

I never was a legit superfan. My family knows how much the Rockets mean to me and that is enough. Even before the Canadians<sup>104</sup> stole Olajuwon, I only went to a few games in person. The main reason is I couldn't afford to go in the championship years, and even after I had a bit more money, it was better just to watch *The Dream* on the TV. Maybe I dreamed of season tickets but probably not.

You do have to admire that kind of crazy superfans. Thanks to one of those guys, I know exactly how much value Daryl Morey destroyed with a single tweet.

One of the benefits of being a Houstonian living in Colorado was getting to see the Rockets on the road in Denver. By 2013, Yao was gone, and Morey had pulled off the "trade of the decade" and acquired James Harden from OKC, and boy, was that fun to watch.

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<sup>104</sup> I know it's the Toronto Raptors but some people sure made a big deal about it being Canada's team in 2019. Own up, Canada. This is about responsibility.

We started going to games, a few in Houston but it was much more affordable once we moved to Colorado. In the beginning, Denver stank and Harden tore them up.

The event occurred later, but it was still a long time ago. Way, way, back in Harden's prime MVP years. My wife, youngest son and myself, decked out in Rockets red, head to a game. When we take our seats, in the row below us, is a guy in makeup dressed up like Heath Ledger's Joker, the scary one. The Nugget's star player, and 2021 and 2022<sup>105</sup> MVP, is Nikola Jokić, thus his nickname, *The Joker*. I'm thinking, "Oh, no," but *this* Joker's totally cool, says something funny to my son so he's not scared and says hello to us. It was obvious that both him and his companion were season ticket holders, went to a lot of the games, knew other people in nearby seats. The Nuggets were finally starting to get good, and it was a full house and a nationally televised game.

Just after half-time, I notice my wife is playing with her phone, and I'm a little annoyed, because she likes the Rockets, she could have played with her phone at home, the seats were expensive. During a stoppage of play she explained. Somebody we knew in China, had seen her and my son on TV. I'm like, "no way," thinking it was somebody she'd told we were going to the game and watched here in the states, but she insisted it was somebody in China, who hadn't even known we were at the game. It was five in the morning in China. I forgot about it quickly, not wanting to miss a dribble. It was peak James Harden, there were a lot of dribbles.

On the drive back home we got more details, including the moment in the game when the person thought he saw them. I'm thinking, okay, it was a crowd shot and probably blurry and they were guessing. When I got back home, I replay the game and sure enough, there they were. The national broadcast was doing crowd shots, and of course they picked the crazy Joker screaming like a maniac, my wife and son just *above* his shoulder, big shot, clear as day. And somebody we knew, on the complete other side of the world, likely

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<sup>105</sup> As well as 2023 NBA Finals MVP and NBA Champion.

just as crazy as our new friend Joker, tuning in for the broadcast of an awesome game, at five in the morning, because seeing it live is always better, just like viewing *Mona Lisa* in person, eyes glued to the set even as the broadcast goes to commercial. Somebody who loves the Rockets. Somebody who shares values with me.

What's that worth? That's the value of *asimov*.

That's what we want to measure. We'll measure what unites us.

I wasn't consciously aware that Apple was making a series based on Asimov's *Foundation* when I came up with the name. Admittedly, I had a free Apple TV+ subscription because I tithe 10% of my income to Saint Jobs, and it's possible that I saw a trailer for the show. I last read Asimov as a teenager, but I'd remembered the basics of the story and I thought it fit. I did have some second thoughts about using *asimov* as the name, as I didn't want to jump on some pop-culture fad for something so important as a new value system of ideas.<sup>106</sup> I'd started re-reading the *Foundation* series once I started writing and was excited to see the Apple show. The show isn't much like the books at all, and for good reason. The books are mostly nerdy people talking to each other about nerdy stuff, not good television material. I no longer have any worries; the television series doesn't get very deep into psychohistory. I did like the show's *genetic dynasty* plotline, I'm thinking maybe Linus should clone himself and incorporate that into his governance system.

My wife, who by summer had turned herself into a genuine crypto mogul, really liked the idea when I explained how it worked. She wanted me to use a pseudonym, like Satoshi Nakamoto or Mark Twain, you know, to avoid embarrassment if this blows up in my face. If you've made it this far, you'll see why that would have been legendary hypocrisy. This concept is based on the premise – we are what we value. I don't use social media, I don't write reviews or troll people, and I've never tweeted. I have no need for anybody to validate my opinions. I write about my own values. My daughter

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<sup>106</sup> That's irony. Don't have to ask Canada.

challenged me, and I told her I believed wealth inequality was a solvable problem. This is my solution.

If I manage to stake this venture and circulate asimov, I stand to gain wealth as I am the first staker and expect to be rewarded for my time investment in the development of the system. I pledge to keep all wealth I accumulate through The Foundation in the responsibility domain for the remainder of my lifetime and pass that responsibility along to people who chose to be responsible for those ideas after I'm gone. Hopefully, this will be my descendants, but they may have other ideas they value. I hope this will become common practice in the genius economy. Instead of generational wealth, we will have generational responsibility.

I do not have much capital I can commit to this venture, but I have something greater that I can stake. It's greater than any property value that Elon Musk or Bill Gates can contribute. I'm not the first. Thomas Jefferson changed the world with it. Jay-Z built an empire with it.

The pen is mightier than the sword. The pen is mightier than any property wealth. I'm going to write about my heroes and invite all who share my passions to share their memories in the format of their choosing. What we choose to remember is how we measure our heroes. Billionaires just have property wealth. I have all the value of history behind me.

I'll start writing content for these Scoot as soon as I publish this volume. Here's a teaser:

*Rockets gonna win a championship!*  
*KPJ is the MVP!*

It's symbolic for me that the last time I saw the Rockets play in person was January 26th, 2020. It was the day the music died, if but for a moment.

Since we have friends and family in China, we were aware of the potential pandemic, but it had not yet changed our behavior. It was an afternoon game, we got to the Pepsi Center early, and it wasn't long until I felt a weird vibe. I think I heard something like "*He grew up in Los Angeles,*" in reference to either Russel Westbrook or James

Harden. A man to the side of me noticed me looking around, and despite my Rockets gear, said, "*Harden's not playing.*" I asked why. "*Kobe died in a helicopter crash this morning.*"

I checked my phone and read about the tragedy. Kobe Bryant, along with his daughter Gianna and seven other people were killed in helicopter crash.

It was a strange and subdued game, everyone on the court and good portion of the people in the arena idolized or admired Kobe, if only as a basketball villain. There was a dark moment of silence before the game, and it was obvious that both teams were disturbed. Russ gave it his all, but I really don't remember much about the game. In my mind the entire game was played in the darkened arena at the beginning, players lined up and heads hung low. It was the last time I saw James Harden in person, he was there, but he decided not to play. The Rockets lost and that was just the beginning of a very, very bad year.

In human terms, I have nothing but sympathy for James Harden on that day, a child of Los Angeles who would have come of age in basketball during the time of Kobe and a Laker three-peat, just as I had *The Dream* when I fell in love with the game. Harden idolized Kobe. A young Harden had faced Kobe in his absolute prime. I've already recounted the day one of my childhood heroes died, a man I had met only once, and it was one of the worst days of my life.

That's the way I felt at the time. I've been hard on James Harden in this narrative. The Rockets, the pandemic, crypto-insanity, and everything else that has happened in the world since that day in Pepsi Center, made writing a story about my personal value system easy.

For eight years, James Harden was my hero, and he broke my heart when he left town. Until the fall of 2020, I had nothing but love in my heart for *The Beard*. I'll give him full credit for his time in Houston, it was fun and exciting to watch, and I always had hope. While he was here James rarely missed games for injury, never took games off to load balance, played both games of a back-to-back, and always made the right basketball decisions. I never blamed him for the losses in the playoffs. I thought it was a system problem. He is a

hooper and a genius dedicated to his craft, and the pressures on him in such an intense environment must have been extremely hard to live with. James has had that responsibility from a very young age. I never was on the James Harden doesn't play defense bandwagon, a lot of the clips they'd show on television didn't include the context of the game.<sup>107</sup> I saw him really step up his defense that last season, and he took it to another level in the NBA Bubble. I'm proud that the last playoff series win for the Rockets was sealed by an awesome James Harden defensive play.

I don't know what really happened between James Harden and the Rockets. There were accounts in the media that James Harden behaved like he was royalty, making other players wait on him for film sessions and meetings in the Bubble. James has never addressed this directly, and all this came out when things fell apart, so it might have been disinformation from others in the organization designed to negotiate the situation through the media. I would genuinely like to hear his side of the story. I'm a Rockets fan – I want to know the truth. The Rockets franchise may belong to Tilman Fertitta, but it is my team. I feel responsible.

I told you how I felt about James Harden back then. Let me tell you how I feel now.

James, there is such a thing as NBA royalty.

It's legit royalty – earned royalty. James, you haven't earned your title yet. Basketball does have privileges, but it also has responsibilities.

Let me tell you how basketball kings commit.

If Kobe Bryant's childhood hero had been killed in a tragic accident on a game day, he wouldn't be taking no *Mamba* bereavement day. Kobe Bryant would have laid about 90 points, 25 rebounds and 11 assists with 8 steals and a blocked shot on some fools, that's what Kobe Bryant would have done. Kobe Bryant would have ended 12 NBA careers in 48 minutes and laughed about it.

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<sup>107</sup> When your team's offense is built around a single player, smart coaches tell that player to let the opponent score rather than foul or risk getting hurt making a difficult play to stop the ball.



Word.

*The King is dead, long live the King!*

It's no secret who Kobe's childhood hero was, who he wanted to be like. It's also no secret which MVP he turned to when he needed to take his game to a genius level. Somebody James had direct access to for eight years.

Good luck ~~up there in Philly with Daryl~~, James.

May your heart go on.

## Digital Sainthood

One recurring theme in science-fiction is the concept of digital immortality. The basic idea is that before you die, you upload your memories and consciousness, and you live forever in digital heaven. Your descendants can use virtual reality to come visit you and ask you for advice or a loan. In some of the more advanced stories, you can even download your consciousness into “skins” which might be a clone grown from your own DNA, or in the South Korean version, something much worse.

Personally, I feel this kind of technology is way down the road. I think we’ll colonize the stars before we have this kind of immortality.

If I’m wrong and we develop it sooner, I think it would be hubris worse than building an “unsinkable ship.” Who are we to choose immortality when our predecessors didn’t have that choice? What have we done to deserve this? Talk about royalty. Some people can go visit granddad in digital heaven, and the rest of us are stuck looking at pictures of what Grandma had for breakfast in her underwear as a 20-year-old college student on her archived Instagram feed? That’s going to cause all kinds of class warfare. Future people will be like, *“Rich people get to live forever and my kid gotta to pay \$10K to bury my ass in a pine box with a corporate sponsored tombstone? Ain’t going out like that!”*

I’m using saint here as a general term; I mean people in ancient history who did extraordinary things. The critical factor is why we know about these people. We know about them because, in the case of Catholic Saints, the church took responsibility and wrote down what these extraordinary people did. They had to write it down, and when there was new church in a new town, they needed a book for that church, so somebody wrote it down again. Sometimes verbatim, but often, the scribe doing the copying might add a little sauce. Not much, an adverb here and an adjective there, fix the pacing, change ordering of the scene, you know, just make it read better. This goes on for years and decades and centuries, and by the time we get to the printing press, you have the Apple TV+ version of Asimov’s *Foundation*.

If you've used TikTok, you are probably aware that ordinary people do extraordinary things every day and then let the whole world know about it. Are millennial young people more extraordinary than all those old timers? No, it's just a lot cheaper – on the order of a billion times cheaper – to make a permanent record of an extraordinary event. Once you upload that TikTok, the cost of keeping it forever is negligible. Because of improving technology, it gets cheaper by the minute. Compare that to the cost of training, feeding, and sheltering an army of scribes for generation after generation.

Blockchains are a much better record keeping device. Generation after generation can add their own interpretation to the lives and ideas of the past, but we can always maintain the original. Scoot is more like a Book of Saints than a perpetual TikTok. Scoot requires a group of people to choose what we should remember, and how we should remember, and why we should remember something.

The greater value may not come for decades or centuries. This system allows us to forget, as ideas fall out of favor, and less people feel responsible for an idea, scoot will naturally lose trade value.

The greatest value we may be able to provide our descendants is the ability to examine the ideas we forgot.

## Stasis

Scoot is considered in stasis<sup>108</sup> when active governance has ceased. This may be because none of the scootage wants the responsibility of trustee, or there have been no trades or scootchain activity for some period, or no staking networks exists to process transactions for the Scoot.

If the Foundation is a holder of the scoot, it will maintain scootchain in stasis. By definition, a Scoot in stasis doesn't have much genius value, so it would not align with the Foundation's long-term goals to hold stasis Scoot.

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<sup>108</sup> stasis: a state or period of stability during which little or no evolutionary change in a lineage occurs. (Merriam-Webster dictionary)

There is a market for pledges to act as caretaker trustee for Scoot in stasis. The caretaker assumes the trustee role and becomes sole member of the scootage. Request for scootchain research can be handled by API and the scootchain can be served from cold-storage. Parties wishing to merge or resurrect a scootchain can make an offer to take control back from the caretaker.

Caretaker pledges can serve as initial stakers for new Scoot. In exchange for scoot, the caretaker commits to taking care of the scootchain if it goes into stasis. Some Scoot will do very well, and those that appreciate, should be able to cover the storage expense of the stasis Scoot.

## Genius Antagonism

John Lennon was one of the greatest geniuses of the 20<sup>th</sup> century. We should remember him not only for his music, but for his vision. I referred to his song *Imagine* as a peacekeeping system. Next time you hear that song, close your eyes, listen to the lyrics, and imagine what it would be like.

*Imagine all the people, sharing all the world.*

That's what Scoot is, people sharing responsibility for peaceful ideas, and no more fighting over property. Not sharing the physical world, but the world of human ideas.

If John were alive today, I'd only ask that he change the one line.

*No need for greed or hunger, A brotherhood of man*

I'm cool with no greed or hunger, but a *brotherhood of man* would seem to indicate that I would be in a brotherhood with Jazz, Dodgers and Yankee fans. That ain't happening. Who the hell wants to live in a world where you can't plain despise another city's team, as well as their players? It's beautiful, because as soon as one of those despised players gets traded to your team, you love them. Very binary. As a digital engineer, I love it. Empathy makes for very complicated analysis of relationships.

I debated with myself if I really needed to write this chapter. I realized that most of my audience didn't have the benefit of learning Texas History in middle school like I did, and wouldn't understand, that sports are the greatest genius invention of mankind, and were invented in Texas, just like art, writing, mathematics, and feminism. I've reprinted the important lesson in **Appendix E**.

In 1894, Mark Twain and Nikola Tesla were dining at Delmonico's in New York City, when a banker and a railroad man from Houston stopped by their table to say hello. They talked for several minutes. After they left, Twain, who despite his wide travels, had never set foot in Texas, said to Tesla, "*Nicky, if them boys ever get a ballclub down in Houston, they should call it the Astros or the Rockets,*

*because those are the kind of people who could put a man on the moon.”<sup>109</sup>*

Not everybody can be from Texas. It’s a big state but it won’t hold seven billion. For the rest of y’all who can’t just get up and come here like Elon Musk, take it as consolation that Texas is a state of mind. Just “Believe It,” and then get it done.

I want to highlight Texas because it’s where I’m from, and I think it’s gotten a bad rap lately, mostly because of the loud jackasses in Austin and Washington. Texas isn’t our politicians, that is just what happens when you polish a turd. When it comes to the people, we are industrious and friendly towards outsiders, as demonstrated by our heroes. We absolutely love a good idea that you can put to work, right away. And we always do things big.

It’s foolish to point fingers at how we got here. We have not only the accumulated knowledge of all those that came before us, but these mechanical, electrical, and digital devices that would have empowered those in the past. We should worry about how history should judge us, with this immense power, yet we still live in a stratified society based on material wealth.

I think sports antagonism is the perfect metaphor for what The Foundation is trying to emulate in the world of all ideas, including sports.

I may sports-hate Los Angeles and New York fans, but I do not blame them. How could I? Sports loyalty is a birthright or fostered in childhood. If I meet a Rockets fan who grew up in Dallas or San Antonio, I’d admire them for their fine appreciation of genius, but I ain’t letting them park my car.

Blame is not wrong. It’s right to blame responsible parties. Measuring responsibility is the hard part.

In recent years, there’s been a lot of blame cast at pharmaceutical companies for high prices that put lifesaving medicine out of reach

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<sup>109</sup> Nobel Laureate John Steinbeck, who had been to Texas, wrote, *“like most passionate nations, Texas has its own private history based on, but not limited by, facts.”*

of poor people and much of the developing world. *Pharma Bro*<sup>110</sup> didn't help with the industry's self-defense. I think blaming boards, executives, researchers, and even Pharma douchebags, is avoiding real responsibility. The truth is, every investor in every pharmaceutical company is making a choice; I'm going to invest my money, protected by limited liability, in a company that develops medicine and measures its success by the accumulation of property, a scarce resource not available equitably to all people.

It's a choice. They are responsible.

What that really means is we are all responsible. Anybody who has a 401(k) or a retirement plan that owns any broad mutual funds is likely invested in pharmaceuticals. If you don't hold pharmaceutical stock, your parents or your children or somebody you know does.

We are saying to pharmaceutical people that we expect you to behave ethically and responsibly, but we will measure and reward you according to how much property value you can accumulate. It doesn't matter if you're a brainiac researcher or washing cars, humans always optimize for the highest value reward.

Blame is useless unless you use it to fix the problem. If you can diagnose with a measurement of value that is equitable, we can solve real problems.

In sports, when you lose, you go home and figure out how to get better. Sometimes it works, sometimes it doesn't, sometimes it's luck, other times it's who you hire and draft and what values those people represent. In Houston, you take your medicine and own it. There is another approach. You go home and blame your teammates, or the officials, or call the other team cheaters, or demand a trade. Both strategies have been known to work, though I believe sports karma favors the first approach.<sup>111 112 113</sup>

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<sup>110</sup> **Martin Shkreli**

<sup>111</sup> I write this 3/1/2022. I guess how 76ers do in the playoffs will test my theory.

<sup>112</sup> Final edit, 5/17/2022, sports karma confirmed as a fundamental force of nature.

<sup>113</sup> 5/14/2023, Mother's Day, karma three-peat

I call my engineering approach *recursive integration*. In digital systems design, this means that when you improve one part of the core system, you need to go back and reevaluate how the rest of the system works and then repeat whole process again.

I believe *recursive integration* applied to human systems will lead to huge opportunities for real equitable improvements in life for most of mankind, if we change our measurement of wealth away from a system based on scarcity. There are huge opportunities for the creation of real value when measured by a system that is equitable.

When my daughter and I were discussing the causes of conflict in 2020, we had one serious difference of opinion. She wanted me to accept that I was the beneficiary of generational wealth, but I argued against that in material terms. I've worked for all the material goods that I've acquired in my life. My parents, my grandparents and multiple generations back were hardworking people, in ways that neither she nor I could even imagine. She has a different perspective on background, though we both agreed that our primary fortune in life was to have been born American. I've worked hard all my life. I have always tried to make the most of that fortune, and so has she.

Now I realize that the real way to measure value is not our fortune in life to be born American, Nigerian, Chinese, or Vietnamese or white or black, but the real fortune we all share, is to be born with all the accumulated value of the ideas of all who came before us, because that wealth is available to everybody on the planet. This leverage is something we all benefit from, and it should scale to much higher levels if we can value our potential. If Elon Musk gets his way and connects every person on the planet, this accumulated value is within reach of every child born.



The reason Mark Twain's satire *The Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*<sup>114</sup> is so powerful and funny is because it's a simple theme, shared by Isaac Asimov's *Foundation*. We might have great technology and cool toys, but we keep repeating the same historical mistakes because we believe we are somehow more advanced than mankind just a few generations before.

History is accumulated value. We stand on the shoulder of giants. History is cumulative, but there are bumps in the road.

I've made this about Texas because I want it to be a race. In any endeavor, basketball, science, engineering, or business, if you change the way you measure a problem, that insight usually leads to simple solutions. I think I've found it by creating a wealth system based on trading responsibility. I think applying the same kind of engineering logic to the problem of sustenance could lead to a solution, and Houston has a huge port right at the bottom of the breadbasket of the world. I also think you can do it with health-care, and Houston's got the best medical center and schools in the world.

Solving wealth, sustenance, and health inequality would be monumental steps forward in human progress that can create generational wealth in real terms and make for a better world. People laugh at idealistic systems, but the secret is to focus on single ideas. It's easy – and good – to be idealistic about a certain idea. It's something you recognize internally as genius – it implies you value something. It is not easy, or good, to be idealistic about ideologies. It's not real. We don't align with the values of everybody about everything, and it's not practical that we should. If we did, progress would stall. It's exactly like natural selection. It's exactly like the mutation of a virus towards equilibrium with its hosts. Conflict of ideas are the mutations that allow us to develop better ideas.

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<sup>114</sup> Twain was heavily influenced by Georgism. **Georgism (from Wikipedia)**: "is an economic ideology holding that, although people should own the value they produce themselves, the economic rent derived from land – including from all natural resources, the commons, and urban locations – should belong equally to all members of society."

I don't think the world is going to become a better place by all of us holding hands and singing Kumbaya while we blame the rich and industry.

I think real competition of ideas will lead the world to a better place. A war of genius, where the rules are clear, and valuation is equitable and based on common good – sustainability and availability. Great sports, great music, great art, great food and more than anything, great ideas. If enough people are genuinely responsible for an idea, it increases in value. People who think generationally will do better than those who think seasonally. Genius versus vanity. If we really are a vain species, this system will never work or will work for a season and fail miserably in a collapse of vanity. Otherwise, something similar in nature will need to happen or the world will evolve into something really science fiction freaky.

It's a race. People who figure out how to do this first and better will have greater wealth. I say, bring it on, let's change the value system and race each other. In sports, in technology, in agriculture, in music, or whatever you are passionate about. It's a personal value system that spans borders and lives forever as the history of what we really value.

*I hope someday you'll join us, and the world will live as one*

The world living as one isn't going to solve our problems. A genius-based wealth system should free us from violent conflict over property. It doesn't mean there will not be conflict. We want conflict. Conflict is good. Conflict is what drives man to be better, because we are all vain. Even the most pious wants to be the most pious, and that's vanity as well. We will do things faster just to be faster. We want to be the best. In the land of ideas, violence has no leverage, because you can't take what already belongs to everybody. There will be competition. Competition for the best ideas. Competition for the brightest people. Competition for the best interpretation of existing ideas. Competition for who is the best painter, ballerina, polka dancer, and even the best drummer. And most certainly, competition for where in the world is the best place to live. For some, where we

live is our home and we'll make the best of it, molding it to our own value set.

Conflict over ideas is the kind of war we should fight. Not with violence, but with open and free appreciation by all mankind. Not conflict over how much property an idea equates to, but over the value of the ideas themselves. Which ideas improve lives, reduce hardship, and bring joy to the most people while allowing us to sustain a prosperous and equitable civilization. Those ideas will win. The Foundation is a system designed for that outcome.

France, Bruce Willis, Kevin Costner, Joe Jonas, Apple TV+, Petrochemical Industry, Kawhi Leonard, three-quarters of Metallica, Korea, wine collectors, museum people, and most everyone else I made fun of, please take it in the proper spirit: Through humor we can appreciate the actual value of something.

Canada, Yankees, Dodgers – I meant every word.

## Genius Ancestry

I grew up around baseball, but it never really took when I was young. I saw *Phi Slamma Jamma* on television and I was hooked on basketball. Baseball was so simple yet so complicated and slow, I just didn't have the attention span for it. Competitive baseball was usually outside in the summer months. Ideal baseball weather in Houston was about three weeks in January. Nikola Tesla, and not Michael Jordan, should be the patron saint of basketball, at least for ballers who grew up on the Gulf Coast. Tesla's genius benevolence of Air Conditioning, Hakeem Olajuwon, José Altuve and putting a man on the moon are what we value in Houston.

One common adage of parenthood is, "you don't know how good you got it." I like to bring this up when talking to my kids about the general suckage of the pandemic, and I know I'm right. The pandemic lockdowns would have sucked way worse for young people in the 1980s.

I remember I was about twelve or thirteen and I was bitching to my grandpa about my summer job, working for my Uncle Clay. Uncle Clay drove around Clear Lake in a hatchback towing a trailer, mowing lawns for astronauts. Uncle Clay did this on his four days off from working in a chemical refinery, having retired from the Air Force. In the summer, it was exactly like being in a sauna, but it wasn't like I was cutting the grass with a machete, my uncle had riding mowers and top-end gear. I'd mow as fast as I could, but it didn't get me out of the heat, because no matter how fast I'd mow, Uncle Clay had to stop and talk to somebody for twenty minutes. He was probably talking to Neil Armstrong or Buzz Aldrin, or even more likely, their wives, but I was too stupefied from the broiled brains to know it, even if he told me. By 10 a.m. every day I was praying for rain, and prayers worked about half the time. I guess I'm semi-holy.

"I picked cotton when I was your age," my grandpa said.

I knew where my grandpa grew up. It wasn't quite as humid as Clear Lake, but still Southeast Texas and even hotter.

"You drove a tractor?"

"Tractor?" he laughed. "I picked it with my hands."

I lost total congruence with my grandpa's childhood. What I knew about my Grandpa Marsene was as a kid, he was the baseball badass of five counties. He was like the super-jock of Bellville, Texas. I knew baseball super-jocks at my middle-school. They didn't have to mow lawns because their parents sent them to baseball camp, somewhere with cooler weather like Connecticut or Dallas.

"Why?"

"I was hungry. Hungry people picked cotton." In hindsight, I clearly interpret from his tone his true meaning, which was, *You think I picked cotton for fun?*

My grandpa was the coolest dude. He was a small-town country boy, super smart and the best ball player ever to come out of Austin County. He played farm ball in the Depression, and was drafted by the White Sox, but war and family derailed those dreams. He lived in Bellville most of his life, knew everybody in town and everybody loved him. I have no idea what he really thought of his suburban grandson who'd been indulged by air conditioning his whole life. He took long walks with his metal detector and went looking for treasure and dinosaur bones, fished, played golf, and watched baseball. The long walks and looking for treasure took, but I wasn't much for golf or fishing. Marsene Crawford was good at everything he did.

I spent many a summer watching baseball with my grandpa. I played T-ball and Little League and was a pretty good runner and could catch a fly ball. I understood baseball, like I understand chess. I can play the game and usually beat a six-year-old. There's always another layer with baseball.

Watching the Astros with my grandpa was always an education. He always knew exactly what was going to happen. I don't mean he could predict the future or tell if somebody was going to get a hit on a particular pitch. He'd give you the two or three possibilities on each at bat, and then point out what each player needed to focus on, and he knew what every position player should be looking out for. I don't know if I was just too young, but I never got it like he did, I couldn't see the bigger picture, the management of arms and bats. Most of the time I had no idea what he was talking about. Today, even with the digital enhanced flight path we have on each pitch on television,

I can't tell a slider from a sinker, but grandpa knew every pitch the millisecond it left the pitcher's hand in 1970s before the television had any of that.

I've been watching playoff baseball since around 2001, in the wake of 9/11, nothing more American than baseball. I stuck with it just for something to do in October. It's always slow, and except for the 9<sup>th</sup> inning in a close game, I was easily distracted. I would usually work on my computer, and I might look up and see the replay if there was a home run or great play. I could never really stick there and give it my full attention for the four plus hours it takes to watch a playoff game. The end of games, though.... Playoff ball in the late innings you can see the stress grow on the players faces and totally empathize with them. There is a congruence that grows through the home crowd that aligns with the players and I think it's really the only sport where the fans can influence the game, because there is so much time between action, the fans can imagine, and if that aligns with belief, it's powerful when multiplied. The action is so fast in basketball, fans don't have time to align on anything or figure out what is really going on in the minds of the players. I guess that's why baseball fans are so crazy, they all share a dream or a delusion.

That all changed during the 2017 post season. When I watched José Altuve bat, I could see exactly what was going to happen, and I believed it would happen, and it would. I could see things the way my grandpa saw them. When José kicked off a rally, and got on base, then I could see it for the other players as well. This ability lasted the entire post-season, and I still got that power, at least for the past five<sup>115</sup> Octobers.

When José is at bat, and the game is on the line, just close your eyes for a moment and imagine. I promise you, something good is going to happen.

My grandpa died in April of 2005. He'd watched the Astros during their entire existence faithfully, yet never got to see them go to the World Series. In October of 2005, the Astros went to the World Series

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<sup>115</sup> Or seven

for the first time, where they ended the 86-year *Curse of The Black Sox* – the greatest myth in baseball. *Say Ain't So, Joe.*<sup>116</sup> The Astros were swept by the Chicago White Sox, the team that once drafted my grandfather.

I regret my grandpa never got to see the Astros in the World Series. What I really wish is that he'd gotten to see José Altuve play. I think we could have enjoyed being on the same wavelength and watching a genius at work. I fondly remember watching Rockets games with him. We both knew what was going to happen – *The Dream* was going to dominate, every time he touched the ball. I never got to enjoy a baseball game in the same way with him. We never aligned our dreams or our delusions on baseball, but we did on *The Dream*. That was nice.

I value baseball now, but I wouldn't have valued it when I was twenty. The musicians, writers, inventors, and heroes I admired in my youth have changed, though a few have been with me most of my life.

The only values that have really stayed with me through my life didn't come from any writers or musicians or historical figures. They came from my family.

I've been blessed. I have great parents and a great family. Not everybody is so lucky. You don't get to pick your parents – that's an inequality I don't think we can solve in a systematic way without some real sci-fi weirdness. I'll let the *Squid Games* people sketch that one out.

We can choose who we remember.

We can choose our digital ancestors, and fully commit to their ideas, not because we share blood with them, but because we share their dreams.

Many of these geniuses who have left us, left family behind. How will they feel about the quantification of the value of their loved

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<sup>116</sup> If you build it, and name it after a bunch of financial tricksters, then rename after orange juice, he will come. From Venezuela.

one's ideas? Should we use this technology as a memorial for all our loved ones?

I think this is something that families must decide for themselves. I'm not suggesting we put QR codes on tombstones, but it cost so little to remember, it seems neglectful that all we record in stone is dates of birth and death. With a scotchchain, we can record what we want to remember and keep it for eternity.

## Generational Wealth

My children are hardworking and creative problem solvers, and I'm very proud of them. When confronted with their problems with material wealth, I'm sometimes amused.

I've told them about the hungriest I'd ever been. I was eighteen, living with two friends in Hollywood, and none of us had much money. One afternoon, me and my friend spent over an hour looking for change around the apartment, came up with fifty-three cents. We went to 7-Eleven, where we bought a hot-dog, carefully measuring three times, we used a plastic knife to cut the hot dog exactly in half. My kids know, I don't even like hot-dogs.

Part of the craft of legend making is what you leave out. I usually leave out that one of us had used our actual last dollar bill to rent a movie. We couldn't contemplate watching ninety minutes of whatever while craving meat. We weren't starving, or even out of food, we had ramen, spaghetti, and potatoes, we'd just run out of meat. Being two eighteen-year-old boys from Texas, being out of meat was the main problem.

My parent's tale of destitution was a little more dire. My dad was drafted, and my mom followed him to Hawaii for training before he ultimately shipped out to Vietnam. They lived in an apartment over a bar, and my mom worked but neither of them made much, they'd often run out of money a few days before payday. They'd survive on what my dad could bring back home from KP duty until payday, and then they'd probably overspend for a few days. After all, they were young and in Hawaii.

I don't know what my grandpa meant by, "*Hungry people picked cotton.*" He was an extremely honest man, but Texan to the bone,



so embellishment certainly is possible. His father worked for the railroad, and the family had five children. It was the depression, but I don't think they were destitute. I imagine it was more like, he was an athletic teenager who spent all his extra time playing baseball, and while there was probably enough food to avoid starvation, there wasn't enough excess calories to cover all the of base stealing in the sweltering heat.

It doesn't matter. It's relative. In middle school, I wasn't mowing astronaut lawns with my crazy workaholic uncle for food. I had two main expenses in those days: books, and blank cassette tapes.

In two generations, hunger has been eliminated from my family. I don't think what my parents went through was hunger. In truth, it happened in one generation.

The elimination of hunger from my family is true generational wealth.

This is the metric of genius. This is what we will measure.

## Truces and Curses

### Canada

Canada, I'm not exactly talking forgiveness here, but a permanent cease fire. I like Canada. It's a beautiful country, the people are nice, and I've always enjoyed visiting. I've been civil, I haven't smacked down any of modern-day Canadian heroes. It was challenging, as there are so many easy targets.<sup>117</sup>

You stole *The Dream* from Houston, but that was a long time ago, and he came back home.

Canada, I'll make you a deal. I'll lay off the Canadian trash-talk, all you got to do is send George Springer back home, we really miss him. I know he went there voluntarily, but he's young, he can always come back home, just like Olajuwon.

George, *Whataburger* will give you some gravy to go with your fries, all you got to do I ask. Only explanation I could think of.<sup>118</sup>

### Yankees

Yankee fans, you may be wondering, why am I so angry at you guys, when all New York has ever done for me as a sports fan is lose on the biggest stages to the Rockets and Astros?

I'll tell you.

On Friday October 20, 2017 during game six of the American League Championship series at Minute Maid park in Houston, some New York jackasses sitting near section 406 row 21 were rude around my mother.

That's why.

When a billionaire Yankee fan is lamenting his bad fortune, he should just call the Astros ticket office and use some of his property-

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<sup>117</sup> I've not once taken the names of Bieber, Drake or Reynolds in vain. This was perhaps the biggest challenge of all.

<sup>118</sup> Mom, if he comes back, it's on you to show George where to eat. Them Connecticut Yankees got sensitive tummies, what I hear.

wealth to bribe somebody and get the names of those jackasses. Should be easy since we're all *cheaters* down here in Houston.<sup>119</sup>

## Dodgers

Dodgers, Dodgers, Dodgers. You want an asterisk; I'll give you an asterisk.

When it comes to heroes of mythology, in five hundred years, Babe and Shoeless Joe will be but bit players. There will be one hero the world will remember. All the future will remember about the cities the hero conquered was that those were places of sin and the worst kind of excess, unsustainable property-based lifestyles, and rude behavior. I think baseball might thrive for another five hundred years because of this legend, and all the Dodgers will be remembered for is somebody the hero had to stand up to.

Baseball just went through decades of teaching the world's children that the way to achieve your dreams was by being big and strong, if not naturally, then by shooting yourself up with steroids. Along comes this kid – the smallest player in professional baseball in forty years – who grew up under very meager circumstances but with fantastic parents who challenged him to dream an impossible dream and go for it. When José Altuve signed a contract with the Astros in 2007 as a 16-year-old for \$15,000, it was already like climbing Mount Everest without oxygen. What José has achieved in his career was not too good to be true. It was impossible. A kid from Venezuela with nothing but great parents. A kid who had a dream. Not the largest, or strongest, or fastest, but the greatest MVP in American League history. A baseball genius.

Hollywood, the asterisk is this: You will always be the villain in the greatest hero story in the history of sports. And yes, my evil plan is to trick Hollywood into putting up a counter effort in the genius economy to nullify my story of genius with one of their own. There's

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<sup>119</sup> Curse at work, 4-0 sweep in the ALCS. Compare Astros and Yankees record prior to 8/2/2022. And the World Series – Philly, home of Daryl Morey and James Harden. I love karma. Seattle, haven't figured out how you fit in, I guess that goes back to 1993.

no story better, and Hollywood is so vain, you'll stick to your fantasy while a real legend of impossible triumph passes you by. Somebody in Venezuela has already written the screenplay.

José Altuve is no cheater.

If you just watched, really watched, José Altuve bat, you'd know nobody ever told this man what pitch he needed to swing at. He had that power my grandpa had, he just saw what was going to happen, and then made it happen. He swings because he's in control. It don't matter what the pitcher throws, José is the one making dreams happen. Easy for a kid who came from nothing. His generational wealth was dreams and inspiration fostered by loving parents. The right way to wealth, for us all.

Keep on booin' Dodgers fans, it only adds to the legend.

## The Curse of the Asterisk

There's no *Curse of the Altuve*. José is a nice guy. When he hears the boos, he has nothing but compassion for the poor, downtrodden fans of the Yankees and Dodgers.

Instead, I cast the *Curse of the Asterisk*. The curse is simple. How long it lasts, depends how long those fans keep on *living like they ain't got no mamas*.<sup>120</sup>

The *Curse of the Asterisk* is directed at the fans at who feign to value the Dodgers and the Yankees, who booed the greatest baseball player of all time and were rude around my mother. It doesn't affect how many games the Yankees and the Dodgers may win, how many series they might advance, or even how many rings they wear.

*The Curse of The Asterisk* is no matter how much money they spend on players, or how many hats and jerseys they might sell, no matter what movie stars show up at their games, the Yankees and the Dodgers will never be as valuable in the genius economy as the Astros.

And even though I've spelled out how I am going to implement the curse, I don't think the Dodgers and Yankee fans will be able to figure it out. I guess I'll get a reputation as a cheater.

You know what? I'll be in some good company.

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<sup>120</sup> *Where is the Love?* by Black Eyed Peas

## Ethical Revolution

Isaac Asimov isn't the OG of science fiction because he wrote about starships, robots, aliens, and future technology, even though he pioneered the field. It was his consideration of ethics that made him a master, specifically how science and technology impact human society. He is famous for postulating *The Laws of Robotics* long before we had anything close to an actual robot.

It's a constant problem throughout history. Our technology advances beyond the reach of our ethics. The industrial age led directly to industrial warfare, which killed hundreds of millions. It wasn't ethics that saved us from annihilating each other, but the ethical hack of mutually assured nuclear destruction. This hack hasn't saved us from regional slaughter, child soldiers and genocide, but hey, at least the species has survived, and the arms industry is healthy.

In my childhood, the standard local newspaper was considered a reliable conveyer of information. The front pages gave you facts. If you wanted a condensed version of the facts read to you by a white man, you could tune into one of the three major networks for local or national news. I'm not going to pretend that there wasn't both overt and hidden bias in the reporting in those days. Newspapers and TV were profit motivated and broadcast, meaning they needed to appeal to the broadest audience. Newspapers could only slant maybe 10% one way or the other without taking subscription hits. The ethical standard for journalism had stabilized and improved over the years. You could take a newspaper from 1980 and compare it to a paper from 1880 and see that the standards for reporting "facts" had evolved for the better.

Not today. I don't think we'd even begun to sort the ethical complexity of having broadcast news competing with paid cable news before we were hit first with the internet, then blogging, then social media. In today's world, if you have an opinion, no matter how idiotic, about some recent or historical event, it will take you less than a second to find a confirming opinion and "facts" to back it up. How the heck do you deal with that ethically, while still protecting my first amendment right to be a bigger idiot than you? I have no

idea, and it's unrealistic to expect that the founding fathers did either. It's not the founder's responsibility. We – generationally – invented the technology, and profited from it, so it's our responsibility to deal with the ethics of it.

Satoshi Nakamoto's brilliant engineering of bitcoin opened a whole new world and freed us from dependence on government and banks. Governments never dealt with the ethical side of money. Money is exchange of value. Warfare is a difference in values between peoples and cultures. Before we take our money completely into our own hands, we ought to find common values across all people. It is simple – if what you value is gold, people are less valuable. If what you value is hash rate or energy, then both people and the environment are less valuable.

I made a crack about the dollar not being backed by anything but the full faith of the government, which wasn't any better than bitcoin backed by mathematics. Well, that's not true at all. The United States Government is me. It's me and my parents and my children and my neighbors, Americans by birth or by choice. It's backed by our common values as Americans. As the year 2020 clearly revealed, we are a divided people, we have extremes of opinions on every axis, and there are few things we can all get on the same page about.

There is one common value that Americans share, and we willingly share this value with every human being on this planet, no matter where you were born or what passport you carry. This common value is embraced voluntarily and with conviction by 99.9% of all Americans and 100% of all Texans.

It is this value that gives me the righteousness to state, genius belongs to humanity.

Let's say I'm at a dinner party with a bunch of fancy artsy people.<sup>121</sup> Some rich dirtbag makes mention he's got a Picasso hidden away at his ski-chalet in Aspen, and only people who get to look at it are the other rich scumbags he invites on his ski trips. My

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<sup>121</sup> With the swift stroke of a single sentence, the author deftly ensures he is never invited to a dinner party with fancy artsy people.

response would be *“Should I bow or curtsey now, your worshipfulness?”*

While I fully concede to the rich their wealth gives them access to private jets, yachts, and adventure flights into shallow outer space, I won't concede that they have the right to keep works of genius from me or my children. That's too much like blood royalty.

Our common shared value is that all men are created equal. No man by right of birth is better than another. We bow to no man, only to our creator.

Through the lens of history, we see that basic principle was hypocritical in practice, a perfect ideal tarnished by slavery, the genocide of indigenous people, and the denial of fundamental rights to our own mothers and daughters. Why is that?

A failure of the American Revolution, and all the revolutions that followed, was that we said to the king, *“We don't need you,”* but *“We still need your gold.”* And that is why we, as a nation, could rectify slavery, genocide, economic imperialism, and decade after decade of bloody industrial savagery with the idealism of liberty and freedom. All men are created equal, but from the day he is born, we value a man's worth by the king's gold. We might have hacked the actual gold out of the algorithm, but it is still the king's gold be it fiat or crypto.

Hindsight is not perfect vision. I am not trying to fault the founders. I can't fathom how my folks survived childhood in Texas without air-conditioning, much less what a bunch of farmers and merchants in colonial American had to deal with. I feel an opportunity was missed that was right there before their eyes. The very first amendment to our Bill of Rights says what we value is freedom of speech.<sup>122</sup> This has been interpreted from the beginning as freedom of expression, which is what genius and vanity is all about. We as a people, demand this of our government, meaning we value it, and King George did not. Yet the founders choose to continue to trade and collect taxes using the king's gold.

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<sup>122</sup> The First Amendment covers freedom of religion and speech.



I believe mankind can learn to survive without greed.

I do not believe mankind can survive without genius and vanity.

Genius and vanity are really the same thing. Vanity is failure to align an expression of genius with the consensus of the masses. That does not mean one man's vanity is not genius. Galileo was the worst sort of vain person, a heretic, in his lifetime. Einstein, had he been born only a few years prior, would have ended up in a lunatic asylum, but by fate or a divine game of dice, his very name across cultures is synonymous with genius. Da Vinci might have been a genius in his day, but he worked for the billionaires of his time, vanity personified and glorified, the great-grandparents of the global financial crisis.

It used to be, for a leader to have moral authority, he had to do something substantially beneficial for people to take him seriously. Dude come down from the mountain, got him a list of ten rules he wants you to follow, your wife's all like, *"Why the hell should we listen to him?"* And you're like, *"Remember, babe, last year we were starving, getting whipped all the time, having to haul those huge rocks all over the desert for that dude with the big hat, wears makeup all the time. Remember that?"* She's like, *"Well, I like that Sabbath thing, I could use a day off."*

Today our decisions about our politics, investments, social morality, and our environment are directly influenced by the random broadcast thoughts of billionaires and celebrities. This is our reality? Can you imagine if Mark Twain had this level of source material to work with? That level of biting social satire could have taken us directly from robber barons to Lennon's *Imagine*-land, skipping all the industrial warfare and bloody revolutions, saving millions of lives in the process. Give it another hundred years, this ridiculousness will be Shakespearian in scope, and in a thousand years, it will put every Greek tragedy to shame. We should listen to rich people about how to measure value? Seriously? Maybe we really are in the Matrix.

A system that values genius is fundamentally sound not only for our peaceful coexistence with each other, but our coexistence with nature. I believe that potential genius is distributed in a statistically random fashion, the potential is there in children born in any country under any circumstance. Cultures that foster the development of

those children in safe, secure, healthy, and sustainable environments will prosper. Cultures that raise children only as labor and consumers will fail. Genius is a renewable resource, while consumption is not. Once we align ourselves to valuing ideas over property, we will place a higher value on sustaining an environment where creativity can thrive.

Wait a minute. Who's going to grow rice, pick up the garbage, mow lawns, and paint my nails, if all the little ones grow up to be geniuses?

Super-efficient robots that are powered by green energy. Don't believe me? Ask Elon Musk. How else are we going to colonize Mars?

I like the shows *Deadliest Catch* and *Ice Road Truckers*. These are docuseries about two of the most dangerous jobs in North America, though from a historical statistical perspective, relatively tame jobs. Living on Mars, full time, as an engineer or scientist or even just the cook, indoors most of the time, will be like a mashup of those two shows. That's right, burnt up, alcoholic thrice-divorced Canadian and American geezers driving big rigs in laps on a frozen lake while their sons and grandsons try to drop crab pots off the trailer into holes blown into the ice by the brother who is literally<sup>123</sup> riding "shotgun." Take that for social-satirical-tragedy *Squid Games*!

That's the risk level for the people in the caves on Mars who watch robots remotely. Even though the Mars colony will be an international effort, in a throwback homage to America's 1969 landing on the moon, they'll have a lottery just like the U.S Federal government had in 1969.

*Mars ain't the kind of place to raise your kids,  
In fact, it's cold as hell.  
And there's no one there to raise them,  
If you did.<sup>124</sup>*

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<sup>123</sup> Children, that's literally the proper usage of "literally."

<sup>124</sup> *Rocket Man*, By Elton John

The lottery winners get to put on a suit, go outside, and check the robots. The ones that make it back get a veggie burger, Mars fries, a powdered milkshake, a three-week course of anti-radiation meds, and the end of their contribution to the gene pool.

Pretty stupid to have super-robots on Mars and not use them here. Mars is a dangerous place. So is Earth for people forced by circumstance of birth to lives of hard physical labor. I'm not saying this to scare off exploration of Mars, but to get real about it. The people we send to Mars have to want to go and be able to adapt very quickly to an unknown environment. Even the best of them will still die. Elon Musk has not hidden from this.

Not only do we have to have to send people who are smart enough to quickly adapt without any help from Mother Earth, we have to send robots which can quickly accomplish the same tasks just as soon as the humans figure out a new process.

Then we must figure out a way to stop the colonists from killing each other. Do we keep playing finders-keepers when it comes to ice caves, since that has worked out so well here on Earth?

I think that's what all these crazy tweets are about. I know Mr. Musk reads science fiction. Surely, he's read at least one story where the children of the rich manage to escape the dying earth and go to Mars, or a space-station, or another star system, while the masses just float around on the ocean, starving, hoping a handsome dumbass farmer on a jet-ski will find them and take them to dry land. There must be a sci-fi genre of *Mars as the Wild West* or *Mars as a Land of Roaming Samurai*. If not, I hereby exert exclusive rights to all work in these genres, royalty negotiable. You think we won't have property wars on Mars because we're only going to send nice people?

I don't know if those crazy doge-tweets have a hidden message. Perhaps the Second Foundation on Trantor has used mental science to take control of Elon Musk's brain and send out these bizarre messages. Fully deciphered, I think the messages would be something like this: *If you take the value system that you use on Earth to space, you will take war to space.*

This is my plan. Stake The Foundation with commitments of appreciation and imagination. Convince people to remember their heroes as a way of quantifying their own personal values. Get the geniuses of today to open source everything. Make the world a better place by having currency backed by the only treasure we have – our dreams.

*You could see from behind, you could redefine  
The game as we know it, one dream at a time  
I'm American dreamin'<sup>125</sup>*

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<sup>125</sup> *American Dreamin'* by Jay-Z

## No Small Genius

In this modern world, with the help of social networks, you can find people from all over the world who share your interests and fascinations, people who share your values.

One day, when I'm old, some kid who shares my fascination with science fiction, space exploration, Led Zeppelin, and the Houston Rockets will find me, because I'll be a fellow member of the scootage. We'll talk about the way things used to be and compare the genius of his day with the genius of mine.

"Yo, old man, is Bonham what they called those big ass computers that used to fill an entire a room, back before Saint Jobs invented the Mac? Is that how they used to lay down a beat back in the day?"

"Yeah, kid. That's about right. Except Bonham filled stadiums. Big stadiums, all over the world."

He'll nod, appreciating the immense technological change between his day and mine.

"Was he filthy?"

I'll have to check myself, figure out what he's asking, don't want to show my age. "You mean was he wealthy?"

"Naw, man, my gran says all the musicians used to be filthy in the day. Just like they were, like this."

He shows me a picture on his phone of his grandfather and grandmother, laughing it up in a booth at a fast-food joint, wrappers, foam cups, ketchup tubes and napkins strewn across the table. They're dressed like the Houston version of Ross and Rachel. Takeout food was now rarely consumed except for travel situations, and then it came shrink-wrapped in single molecule nano-wrap Siri would evaporate with a burst of high-freq resonance when you were ready to eat.

"I think they meant musicians used to be property-rich," I say.

"Why they eating in the middle of all that trash? That's filthy."

I'll laugh and shake my head. What can I say, we were all filthy idiots, laughing it up in an unsustainable world.

“Yo, old man, why you care about rebounding so much? My curry<sup>126</sup> never misses?”

“Kid, let me tell you about the Worm. Back in the 1980s when I was a kid, the Korean peninsula was divided into two countries. There was this kid from Texas, just like us, who didn’t have much, but he had a dream ....”

*Yo', whatever happened to the values of humanity  
Whatever happened to the fairness and equality  
Instead of spreading love we're spreading animosity  
Lack of understanding, leading lives away from unity<sup>127</sup>*

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<sup>126</sup> A mid-21<sup>st</sup> century trend where basketball fans would get together and form Scoot to issue ICO (Initial Clone Offering) where they would mix the DNA from various superstars to create NBA players. Stephan Curry’s DNA was present to some extent in almost every clone, so the kids had taken to calling them currys.

<sup>127</sup> *Where is the Love?* by Black Eyed Peas.

# Acknowledgements

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## F.A.Q.

**Do you seriously believe that Hakeem Olajuwon is better than Michael Jordan? Have you ever seen the movie *Space Jam*? I watched that movie a thousand times when I was a kid, dreaming of one day starring in my own movie, and let me tell you, Michael Jordan is the best player I've ever seen, and Hakeem doesn't even have a movie or a cartoon. Is this whole thing just a publicity stunt to get clicks, like standing up for a cause just so you get a buncha likes and tweets?**

--- LBJ, Los Angeles, California.

Hi LBJ, I appreciate the question. Did you know that the first President from the State of Texas had your initials? Yes, absolutely I believe Hakeem Olajuwon is the GOAT. No, it's not a publicity stunt.

I'm guessing by your question you are a child of the late eighties or nineties. It's understandable that your worldview is shaped by the media of that time. The internet hadn't been fully commercialized, so television and the movies were the primary medium for marketing. Both are broadcast mediums and thus they needed a symbol that could reach into the souls of the greatest number of children and the pocketbooks of their parents. Michael Jordan was an almost ideal choice, as he was charismatic, flashy and was a great basketball player. Of course, you wanted to *Be Like Mike*.

Today, we live in a better world. The internet has made targeted marketing possible. Google James Harden's stats once in your life, and you'll be forever followed across the internet with Taco Bell and Beats Headphones ads. If you Google insurance rates, Chris Paul will haunt you like Bruce Willis. In the 21<sup>st</sup> century, children can be whomever they want to be, as long as whomever they want to be has a way to extract dollars from the pockets of their parents. This explains why they'll never be a "greater" basketball player than Michael Jordan. It's not about rings, it's about marketing impressions. Too bad for guys like Kobe and Steph Curry who are also great and got the rings to prove it.

Let's not get off track. I was an adult in the nineties who could appreciate actual basketball, and while Mike was fun to watch, Hakeem was the genius. Hakeem Olajuwon innovated from the

moment he stepped on the court, dominating both the NCAA and NBA. You start looking at Olajuwon's post ups and shakes, you're looking at Bonham level rhythms that are absolutely unguardable, played back in slow-motion, you see them as choreographed and perfectly executed. On defense, there's no comparison. Michael Jordan is a great defender for a guard, he's number three in career steals. You know who is number nine? Hakeem Olajuwon, the only center on the list. How many blocked shots Michael Jordan got?<sup>128</sup> Mike was a thief; Hakeem was a stopper. He played D the Houston way, any way that that got the job done, blocks, steals, or sometime just intimidation. The kind of intimidation that makes you want to go play baseball.

Let's not bother with the statistics or the analysis of their competition or any of that. If we were talking about LeBron versus Michael, Michael versus Kareem or Russel or Wilt or Bird or Magic or Jerry or almost anybody else, we could talk until the end of time and never come to a consensus. Those guys were different ages and the rules changed and all that nonsense.

Hakeem Olajuwon is 27 days older than Michael Jordan, and neither one of them is dead yet. This is a debate that can be settled absolutely. It would be great, because if Mike's not the GOAT, despite all the ~~brainwashing~~ marketing, there's a real chance that one of the younger stars still playing in the NBA could step up and take that GOAT title. Giannis, Steph, Kawhi, Joel, Trae, KD, Kyrie, or countless others.

First, you find a big stake. Mike don't get up to answer the doorbell for less than \$100 million. The winner gets the money to do whatever they want. I imagine Hakeem will want to build schools, mosques, and hospitals in places where people really need the help. Mike, he'll probably want to use the funds for a marketing campaign for the corners of the earth he hasn't reached yet, selling tighty-whities in Bolivia, Gatorade in Peru, and sneakers to the Kiwis.

---

<sup>128</sup> Jordan had 893 blocks. Olajuwon had 3,830 blocks in his career, the NBA record, 541 more than the next guy on the list.

I guess you'd need a billion dollars. There's got to be at least one – probably a hundred – Chicago or North Carolina billionaires who want to *Be Like Mike*, and would put up some money, just for a chance to smoke cigars and gamble with his Airness. Royalty by association. I don't think you'd have trouble finding the money, but if you did, you could just put a 1% GOAT tax on all the NBA supermax players, since they would be the beneficiaries of a change in the GOAT consensus. I'd be real interested in seeing how the NBA divides up, who would support *Team Vanity* and who would be rooting for *Team Dream*.

Then you hold a duel, a showdown, one-on-one. MJ versus *The Dream*. You could hold a straight-up, first to eleven, single elimination game. Or you could probably do a best of three series. Anymore than that, you might kill Mike.

It's the GOAT showdown. We are not measuring dollars, but timeless genius. Whose game is timeless?

Michael's raw athleticism and supernatural competitiveness was his weapon. Wagging his tongue at fools. Mike was not beating you, a generationally superior athlete over a superior athlete – that was the expected price of admission for playing at the highest level. Michael intentionally attacked your biggest weakness as a defender, whatever it was, to make you look the fool. Defenders knew this going in, and if they overcompensated for their weakness, that left them undercompensated on their strengths and it made it look easy for Mike. He had a big bag of tricks for defenders who were easy. You'd switch back to your natural game, and he'd hit your weakness hard and there you go, all over the ESPN highlights. That was what sold commercials, Mike making people look like fools, wagging his tongue and up in your grill on the other end, talking trash. That's Mike. *Be Like Mike*.

How's that game going to work on Hakeem Olajuwon? Hakeem Olajuwon has watched more NBA games up close than Mike in the last twenty years, and Mike owns an NBA team. Mike made sure that every move that he ever made has been duplicated and improved on by younger and better athletes. And to top it off, Michael had a documentary made of his final championship year so that we'd all be

subject to another dose of tongue wagging and remember all those best moves, or at least the ones that looked good. They were shown on a repeat loop to the entire sports world while we were all locked in our homes during the pandemic. There was no NBA to watch, so what choice did we all have?

Hakeem Olajuwon has been sitting over there in Toyota Center, watching all these young fools with their neo-Jordan moves and thinking, here's what I'm going to do to any fool tries that move on me, break them out of that *Be Like Mike* loop programmed in their brain. Old Man Jordan going to think up some moves all these brilliant young guys ain't already thought up? Same kids that have had YouTube since they was born, watching Mike make people look the fool on repeat loops, in between 30 second spots of Mike selling them Gatorade. Hyped up millennials on Gatorade are creative, but Olajuwon has seen it all.

Timelessness is out maneuvering you by design. That is the offense of Hakeem Olajuwon. He is always going to beat you one-on-one. If you were big and real quick you could put some weight on Hakeem, push off his shot, that was your best hope. Contest it up high you were going to get called, and he was still going to get off a shot. You're big but not quick, forget about it. You stepped on the court with no help, you were beat.

But a little guy, a guard like MJ? Please. Hakeem turns around he don't even know Mike is there. For you youngsters, it's like KD fifteen feet from the basket with a regular size guard on him. Automatic. Mike's only hope is to anticipate and jump first. Old-Man Mike, been cigar chomping and drinking it up with the big wigs, playing golf, counting money. He going to leap up and contest a *Dream Shake* from clean living, clean eating timeless wonder Hakeem Olajuwon? Old-man or not, *The Dream* still looks like he could take on anybody in the NBA.

Which man is basketball vanity, and which one is timeless genius? I think we could answer that question with a game of one-on-one.

LBJ, I hope I've answered your question. As an engineer, when posed with a question that is not clear from the available data, you propose an experiment to find the right answer.

One last thought, if perhaps I've caused some sense of doubt in your heart with my answer. I believe that the GOAT is different for different people. Do you really believe MJ is the greatest basketball player? I mean, why in the world would you create a cartoon movie for children where you infer an actual living NBA player is the greatest player in the world if you didn't want to program children to believe that? Isn't it best for young children to choose their favorite based on what captures their heart? Should they believe in who they identify with and not who sells them shoes? Or should they just listen to Bugs Bunny?

Sorry, I get carried away. Back in the 90s, kids didn't really have choices, because it was so much more efficient for one player sell all the stuff. Now, whatever kind of kid you get, there is a player to sell them something. Your kid is small and can hit a jump shot and runs around constantly, he can be like Steph Curry, take his date out to Subway while all the cool kids go to Applebee's and get steaks and Oreo milkshakes. Your kid thinks he want to sell insurance when he grows up, he can be like Chris Paul. He got more of the vagabond wandering scoundrel vibe, and a lot of facial hair, they got a hero for him up in Brooklyn Philadelphia your neck of the woods.

Thank you for your question, and best of luck to you.

# Appendix A – Asimov Distribution Schedule

|                            | Asimov  | 1,000,000,000,000            |         |                   |      |
|----------------------------|---------|------------------------------|---------|-------------------|------|
|                            | Group   |                              |         |                   |      |
| Group                      | Percent | Tranche                      | Percent | asimov            | Year |
| Reserve Stake              | 1.00%   | Private Stake                | 0.50%   | 5,000,000,000     | 1    |
|                            |         | Public Stake                 | 0.50%   | 5,000,000,000     | 1    |
| National Stakes            | 10.00%  | National Stakes              | 10.00%  | 100,000,000,000   | TBD  |
| Seeding                    | 1.00%   | Seeding                      | 1.00%   | 10,000,000,000    | 1    |
| Development                | 1.00%   | Development                  | 1.00%   | 10,000,000,000    | 1    |
| Outreach Faucet            | 1.00%   | Professionals                | 0.50%   | 5,000,000,000     | 1    |
|                            |         | Educators                    | 0.50%   | 5,000,000,000     | 1    |
| Engineers Reserve          | 1.00%   | Engineers Reserve            | 1.00%   | 10,000,000,000    | 1    |
| Genius and Vanity (GAV-D0) | 10.00%  | Initial disbursement (.2030) | 10.00%  | 100,000,000,000   | 1    |
| GAV-D1                     | 9.00%   | Decade 1 (2031)              | 9.00%   | 90,000,000,000    | 10   |
| GAV-D2                     | 5.00%   | Decade 2 (2041)              | 5.00%   | 50,000,000,000    | 20   |
| GAV-D3                     | 4.00%   | Decade 3 (2051)              | 4.00%   | 40,000,000,000    | 30   |
| GAV-D4                     | 3.00%   | Decade 4 (2061)              | 3.00%   | 30,000,000,000    | 40   |
| GAV-D5                     | 2.00%   | Decade 5 (2071)              | 2.00%   | 20,000,000,000    | 50   |
| GAV-D6                     | 1.00%   | Decade 6 (2081)              | 1.00%   | 10,000,000,000    | 60   |
| GAV-D7                     | 1.00%   | Decade 7 (2091)              | 1.00%   | 10,000,000,000    | 70   |
| GAV-C2                     | 50.00%  | Century 2                    | 50.00%  | 500,000,000,000   | 100  |
| TOTALS                     | 100.00% |                              | 100.00% | 1,000,000,000,000 |      |

## Appendix B – Prime Shards

Prime shards are a way of distributing scoot in a manner where every scoot is a different-size responsibility. This does two things; it limits the total pool of scoot to an absolute number; each shard is progressively smaller. This is a natural way to reward people who stake a Scoot early, by giving them greater piece of responsibility.

Each individual shard is unique and may be bestowed characteristics that give them special responsibility and privilege of that responsibility.

The simplest example is index 1. 2 is the first prime.

$$\frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{3} = \frac{5}{6}$$

There are only 2 shards possible, the first is worth 50.00% and the second is worth 33.33% of the total responsibility. The remainder, 16.66% would be tiebreaker by trustee.

The second index is more useful. It has eight shards.

$$\frac{1}{3} + \frac{1}{5} + \frac{1}{7} + \frac{1}{11} + \frac{1}{13} + \frac{1}{17} + \frac{1}{19} + \frac{1}{23} = .998956$$

The first shard worth 33% and the last ( $\frac{1}{23}$ ) is worth only 4.3%, with a remainder of 0.1%.

Prime index of 1000 will scale up to over 240 million shards. This is a way to create a market in unique tokens of responsibility. Since shards are all different in size, it requires complex strategy to make power moves within the governance of a Scoot.

This fits nicely with a staking algorithm where each person in your chain of stakers gets a smaller piece of the pie. This might be a function of a trust flow as you validate your ideas with others. Or it might be an auction, you fund these commitments one at a time and get max valuation for your Scoot's initial stake. It's a way to build disproportional responsibility and privilege into your systems. It is for empire builders and trailblazers.

With fractional, serialized, and prime sharded scoot, each trustee has a wide range of tools to design specific governance aligned with their mission.

| Prime Index | First Prime | Total Shards | First Prime Percentage |
|-------------|-------------|--------------|------------------------|
| 1           | 2           | 2            | 50.0000                |
| 2           | 3           | 8            | 33.3333                |
| 3           | 5           | 26           | 20.0000                |
| 4           | 7           | 65           | 14.2857                |
| 5           | 11          | 143          | 9.0909                 |
| 10          | 29          | 1,391        | 3.4483                 |
| 15          | 47          | 4,977        | 2.1277                 |
| 20          | 71          | 12,278       | 1.4085                 |
| 30          | 113         | 44,101       | 0.8850                 |
| 40          | 173         | 107,364      | 0.5780                 |
| 50          | 229         | 213,261      | 0.4367                 |
| 75          | 379         | 738,477      | 0.2639                 |
| 100         | 541         | 1,773,035    | 0.1848                 |
| 250         | 1,583       | 28,088,072   | 0.0632                 |
| 500         | 3,571       | 188,706,189  | 0.0280                 |
| 1000        | 7,919       | 241,815,743  | 0.0126                 |



## Appendix C – Scoot of Team

I'll start a scoot of team (SOT) - scoot(84) for the Houston Rockets. I'll reserve 51% of the shards for Tilman Fertitta and start seeking others who wish to commit. Fertitta paid \$2.2 billion for the Rockets in 2017. We'll try to commit the 49% for the equivalent of \$3 billion. This will allow Tilman to recoup all his initial property investment, along with \$800 million in profit, and still retain full control – a benevolent dictatorship, if he so chooses, because he would hold 51% of the SOT.

The NBA will agree to this, because at least some of the other twenty-nine teams in the league will have SOT waiting in line and NBA owners will realize they can still have all the glory without the illiquidity.

The scootage will set the direction for management. I'll voice my opinion, and I'll tell my brothers and sisters that the blueprint for championships in Houston is homegrown heroes. We don't chase ballers, we birth them. We'll direct management to choose players and coaches that know how to dream and believe it.

I think there is a role for oversight by the Scoot. Some shards will have characteristics that give them specific responsibilities. Day to day operation is left to management, the scootage is there to help. We will give the Rockets management freedom by pledging – in our charter – not to instigate management or coaching changes during the season without specific causes that we will outline in writing. The Scoot is an open system of governance. There will be some level of oversight.

There is no profit motive, the team should make enough money while keeping the experience available to as many people as possible. We'll need a large reserve to deal with cash flow demands, but the goal should be the best experience possible for greatest number of people.

To achieve that goal, we'll have an ambassador characteristic initially awarded through a lottery and held only through merit. Ambassadors each have a row of seats in the Toyota Center, and are responsible for making sure that every single seat in their row is filled, and that those fans, even New Yorkers, have a truly great

Rockets experience. That means fans engrossed in the game and cheering for the players.

We'll sell seats, but if they're empty, the ambassadors will have several methods of filling seats. School programs, workplace programs, visitors from strange lands, outreach and if necessary, they'll grab people off the street. Every seat in Toyota Center will be filled, every night. Rockets fans in Houston have been spoiled during most of the Rockets existence. Most years they're in the mix, and we should not take that for granted. Even in the Harden glory years, you'd see empty seats well into the first half. Those days all over. We are going to fill those seats. Rockets players have big shoes to fill. We should give them all the help we can.

As an ambassador you are responsible for the fan experience. We'll have metrics, and the initial assignment may last a week of home games. If you measure well against your peers, you might become a regular. It's always earned. A large part of it will be measured as winning percentage. This is a measure of *Believe It*.

The scootage is responsible for any shortfall in the budget of the team. I don't think this is a problem for the Rockets, but it would be for some small market teams. Getting the seats filled, which I believe impacts winning, is a responsibility of the scootage.

The main job of the scootage is getting the players to *Believe It*. We have something no other team has; we have *The Dream*. That history, a legend too good to be true, is what gives us our strength. It's our responsibility – especially the old heads who saw it firsthand – to convey that belief to the players, most of whom weren't alive in 1995. It's not good enough to win a championship. We are focused on legendary championships, ones that live up to the ones we already got.

### Kerouac Crews (On the Road Scoot)

The Rockets can expand funding by further scooting. There are 29 other NBA teams, and the Rockets could fund OTRS (On the Road Scoot) where blocks of seats are bought out in advance in these other cities and a lottery or scheduling system is setup for OTR Ambassadors.

These Kerouac Crews<sup>129</sup>, are Scoot that are staked by Scoot(84) to form road crews that follow the Rockets. I'd propose to set these up with shards, with both big chunks and little chucks, so big baller Rockets fans with private jets get to go to a bunch of games, but a fool from the neighborhood hit it on a scratch-off can buy a small shard and get a chance to roll with the big boys. The strength of Rockets-Nation is how we are alike, not how we are different. This is genius integration ideal for one of the most diverse cities on the planet. Diversity is strength. Unity through shared values, even if it's just love of your team. See a game and hit every Landry's restaurant in 26 different cities.<sup>130</sup> This is serious business and a responsibility because you're judged by your winning percentage. It's a measured privilege related to your ability to commit to the team winning.<sup>131</sup>

Kerouac Crews invest in dreamers. I'd split these up and have multiple crews, an adult version, and a kids version, funded by the big rollers. Kids who have a favorite player write an essay or film a video, and there's a Scoot election to pick a whole crew of kids for every road game. It's a way for the players to get in touch with the real value leverage they have as sports heroes – the dreams of children. These kids are on the road for the players, a new crew of screaming kids at each stop. It must be rotating because you can't have kids missing a bunch of school.

How much positive pressure does it put on these young Rockets to perform at the highest level so that it's always a blow-out on the road? A blow-out so everybody on the roster gets a chance to play and hear their crew of kids shout it out when they get a bucket or a rebound. This is a blow-out incentive system, no money involved.

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<sup>129</sup> The Houston Rocket redneck contingent that don't want any part of any beatnik nonsense, are welcome to use the alternative naming convention of *On The Road Again Scoot*, with the common nomenclature of *Willy's Gangs*.

<sup>130</sup> Landry's got food everywhere. However, in North Carolina, we must get the crew thrown out of any place Mike's ever eaten. Tilman will understand.

<sup>131</sup> The dreams of children count a hundred times those of adults, but their heartbreaks are a hundred times worse. Luckily the duration of the pain is usually short. Houston kids forgot about you already, James.

These men we pick for our heroes are young and their ideas and values are much closer to those kids than they can be to any billionaire owner. The only way any of them got to the show in the first place is because they're winners. We can't let them forget that, even when they lose.

Rocket-Nation will do this in a manner that is equitable, we'll have big rollers fund fantastic dreams of the many, while building the total appreciation of the Rockets. I believe this will have a positive effect on the players because it'll be true believers who commit, and this is a multiplicative effect and reflective of the true value of a team. Scoot of Team Rockets will have greater value than Rockets the franchise of property.

This will be a mission of equalization within our nation, Rockets-Nation.

### Foreign Outposts

Houstonians and Rockets people are all over. You are the crew in Denver, NYC, and especially Utah, who arrives early for the anthem, so you can whoop it up when the singer croons *and the rockets red glare*.

Or the breakfast club party in Chengdu or Manilla or Wherevera, time of day is a state of mind. You have a neighborhood crew that gets together on game day and has a party, maybe a high roller funds a trip to Texas for a home stretch for a group of the responsible partiers. The OGs are the high rollers, the rest of the crew is a lottery, or a merit-based system based on responsibility.

### Scoot of Whatevera

I got all kinds of ideas. I'm building a dynasty. I'm not giving it all away.

I'm optimizing for the fans and screaming kids. I believe that will have the biggest impact Rockets-Nation can have on the game. You could scoot a team and optimize for high ticket prices and media deals and you can set your currency holding limits very high so you can stockpile cash to fund free agency. You can set it up as an exclusive and limited Scoot, so you have a very small pool of very powerful people who run your Scoot and they do whatever they

want or bow to a billionaire king. You just can't sell the team, it doesn't belong to you anymore. You must conduct your system of governance according to a very flexible protocol. I think the value to community outweighs all else and optimizing on that will lead to the greater glory. As a Scoot of Team, it's a measure of the value you create. Brands can be genius generationally, but positive values are multi-generational and can provide wealth for centuries. They are high value leverage for the future. The heroes we choose are important. Our heroes set the baseline for ourselves, for the standards we must live up to.

Houston, we don't need to wait on protocol or funding or testing to get started with building the value. You get your people together and stake a responsibility for an idea, and you decide how you govern yourself. And then just get it done.

### Scoot of Special Purpose Entities (SSPE)

In Houston, when you blow one, if you're a real Texan by birth or by choice, you own it and take your medicine. Then, you do your best to make it history. Even better, turn it into mythology, a morality tale for a new millennium.

In 2001, Houston company Enron was exposed for using Special Purpose Entities, a type of legal entity, to keep losses off their books. The stock crashed, the company went bankrupt, taking their accounting firm down with them, and left thousands of employees without jobs or retirement funds.

We will use Scoot of Special Purposes Entities (SSPE) to keep property bought by Scoot legally out of the responsibility domain.

When we turn a professional basketball team into public good we have to face the property aspect head on. It's trivial when we're talking about a painting. A scooted painting's legal title will lead to the declaration as a gift to humanity. If the Scoot follows local tax law, there should be little reason for it to have any involvement with existing legal domains.

A car or a piece of machinery crosses into legal liability in the property domain. This is the legal responsibility of the scootage – it must be.

The conversion of intellectual property to genius wealth is so much cleaner. There is very little liability, and I imagine the Scoot system will be an aid to the prevention and early detection of intellectual property theft.

Turning property into genius wealth is a one-way street. It must be for the system to remain balanced. A SSPE is a legal entity which crosses into the property domain. A SSPE has one foot in the responsibility domain, and one in the land of property.

Jay-Z can't just say, *"I give this Bentley to humanity,"* and leave the keys on the seat, text Chris Paul to drop his coverage, and just hoof it back to the crib. He's legally liable for the car and any damage done by the car.

The SSPE holds title to property while proxying the custody of the property to the Scoot, while the Scoot is viable. Viable means the Scoot is current on all legal obligations of that property. For a car, this means insurance and taxes.

When the originating Scoot fails, the SSPE has responsibility of disposition. The SSPE can't sell the property. It can scrap the property, and the proceeds may be used in the responsibility domain to preserve or support some other property the SSPE holds. It can repurpose the property to other Scoot or to some other legitimate public good.

SSPE are stasis organizations for property. I referred to digital stasis earlier as keeping a scootchain contents alive in cold storage for the future as digital stone. SSPE are stasis for physical property. SSPEs ensure that property that has been declared a public good remains a public good.

A clear lesson history has taught us in this millennium is that planes are potential weapons of mass destruction. Giving a plane to humanity is a huge gesture and will strengthen The Foundation. Every national government has domain in the ownership and operation of airplanes, as planes can cross borders with ease. SSPE

have the job of maintaining compliance in both the legal property domains and the responsibility domain.

The Rockets have a team plane.<sup>132</sup> Prior to Rockets conversion to Scoot, we could sell the plane to a commercial operator who'd lease it back to the team for most of the plane's expected useful lifetime and use the proceeds to fund the general operation of the organization.

It might make sense to Scoot it as property. A SSPE would hold title, the team would continue to use the plane, and when it's reached the end of usefulness for the team, the SSPE could salvage it for parts. Alternately, the scoot(84) could recommend that the plane is transferred to a humanitarian Scoot the Rockets SOT was committed to.

It may seem silly, but everything the Rockets buys as a team is property and needs to be accounted for as property never to be sold. SSPE becomes the buyer of all durable goods. Practice balls for NBA teams wear out, and I'm sure the Rockets don't have a guy selling them on Ebay, they probably donate them. The SSPE ensures that they go to an equitable source.

Genuine NBA practice balls are given away to kids at a middle school. One of the kids sells his ball on Ebay. That is leakage in the system. Is it a problem? Not worth worrying about.

The Rockets have buses in Houston to get the team to and from the airport. The team upgrades to electric buses, so the SSPE must dispose of the old buses. Karl, the SSPE trustee, puts the buses on a ship to India, to be used for some legit humanitarian cause. This is okay. If the buses end up in the hands of Satish, Karl's cousin, who runs a commercial shuttle company in Bangalore, that would be a leak and a problem. It is theft of property from the public domain, and it would be indirectly transferring income from the Rockets Scoot to Karl through his cousin.

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<sup>132</sup> I don't know if they own it or have some contractual arrangement with a commercial operator. I'm assuming it's owned by the team in this example.

SSPE must have oversight, from both The Foundation and local governments. Local oversight keeps public value within the community.

Governments are a public good.<sup>133</sup> Scooted property is not private property. Foundational to the system is the acknowledgement that property is the dominion of existing governments. This is very useful, and the reason we specifically forbid Scoot from “owning” property. It gives us freedom to govern individual ideas the way we want. We can implement our own privileges and responsibilities. In **Scoot of Transportation (SOT)**, I simplified my example by having the SOT lease Electric Vehicles. These will be high usage vehicles, buying the vehicle might make more economic sense. A SSPE could own the vehicle, and once a vehicle has reached the end of usefulness, the car could go into a pool of spare parts that covers multiple SOTs. A SSPE could effectively become like an Auto Junkyard or a repair/maintenance backend service that covers an entire city’s worth of SOT vehicles.

The governance of SSPE must include the appropriate oversight from the governments that have domain. For a SOT, a car is going to be a local public good, so oversight by city or county official would be appropriate. I think a plane curated by a SSPE registered in the U.S. would need oversight by the FAA.

As a public good, there is expectation of a public good. My idea for SOT is that it makes worrying about transportation like worrying about having enough quarters in your pocket in case you need to make a phone call. You don’t worry about transportation; that’s the point of a SOT. You just walk out your door and you tell your phone where you are going and when you want to get there, and it provides you the best sustainable tradeoff. If you’ve got time and there’s no

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<sup>133</sup> I stood staring at a wall for ten minutes contemplating if I should write that sentence. I imagine a future psychohistorian analyzing the past, writing something like this: *We discovered the man’s hubris is a cycle that peaks every 110 years. Prior to the digital age, we have very little data, but our best data set begins in the year 1912, where man build an “unsinkable ship” and then in 2022, an engineer designed an digital currency system using the principle that “governments are a public good,” which led to the complete collapse of...*



congestion, it might suggest you take the train. You tell the phone you're carrying some gear, you need your own transportation, two seconds later you hear a chirp from a Tesla that's ready for you to drive.

The Tesla is part of a SOT that services your neighborhood. The greater public good of the city has priority over your needs for personal transportation. No longer will Mel Gibson need to run in to the middle of rush hour traffic on a L.A. freeway, gun in one hand, badge in the other, and scare some middle-aged businessman into stopping and then take his car for a "police emergency" and completely total the vehicle three minutes later. In a world of Scoot, the Tesla the businessman is driving will just stop in the middle of the freeway, and announce, *"Mel Gibson is coming for you, get out of the car. Do not make eye contact with Mel Gibson. A fellow pledge is three minutes behind you driving a blue Tesla Model 3 and is heading two blocks from your destination, please ride with her. Thank you for committing to a more sustainable world."*

Your SOT may control vans, these might be called up for an emergency evacuation of a hospital as a hurricane makes landfall. Any machinery or useful property that has a potential for a greater public good can be coopted for the public good. If your SOT bought a bunch of Jeeps, and your city has been hit by major flooding, they might be tied up for days or weeks helping with an emergency response, while all your scootage is forced to take Uber or the bus. That's the tradeoff of scooting property.

How to legally define these SSPE and what rules they need to follow is too complex for me to try to address in this proposal. The governance can be managed by Scoot, with virtual scoot issued to office holders or government employees given responsibility for oversight.

For the government, it's about designing the guidelines and compliance, day-to-day operation of SSPE should just be an accounting function and not require any hands-on from the government. Different types of property require different oversight and different rules.

SSPE don't require government participation. SSPE should follow rules that comply and acknowledge the domain of existing government. A SSPE should have at least one pledge as a member who has legal standing in the jurisdiction that has legal domain over the property involved. The trustees should make documented best effort at compliance and consideration of the local "public good" over the needs of the Scoot.

In the early days, local governments may not want to participate. Politicians, lawyers, and bureaucrats will be confused by property that is owned by "everybody" and "nobody."

SSPE trustees can take matters into their own hands to make sure that their Scoot act as a greater public good. Making some concession to the greater community is a demonstration of trustworthiness. Perhaps a SOT can offer a free membership to a local senior citizen for every ten members it adds. Or a SOT with a large van can loan it out free of charge to a senior home once a week for an outing.

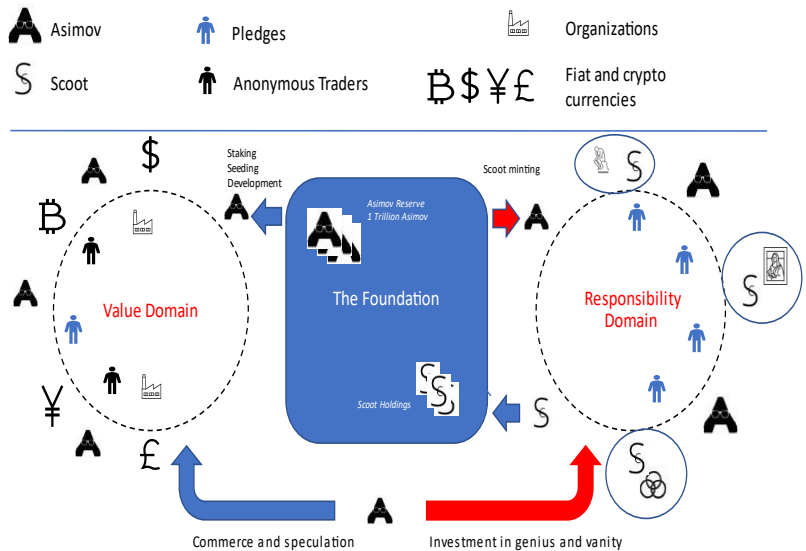
SSPE may be a service that services multiple Scoot, or they can be specifically formed for a purpose. For the Rockets, you might have SSPE that does all the buying of consumables, and a SSPE that handles all durable goods.

Another valuable function of SSPE is understanding how much property bought by the responsibility domain ends up as waste or consumables. This is a measurement of sustainability. The economy is built from genius, but we still need paint, guitars, and basketballs to make it work. Having a controlled system of measurement should put Scoot on better footing than business that only report profit and loses, not waste.

The exact definition of a SSPE shall be defined in amendments to The Foundation's charter. The protocol shall implement a method of hybrid governance for SSPE, where non-pledges who are officeholders have a method of participating in direct governance. Local oversight should have some level of veto power on disposition of property held by the SSPE when the original usage of the property has changed.

## Appendix D – System Technical Description

*This section was moved from the main text in the Second Edition.*



**FIGURE 6 - THE FOUNDATION - RESPONSIBILITY AND VALUE DOMAINS**

A Scoot is formed as organization of proportional responsibility for a legacy of genius. Each Scoot shall have a charter, clearly stating the purpose and method of governance, which shall be enforceable via methods in the protocol. Holders of scoot have no rights other than the elective governance of the Scoot, but a responsibility – a pledge – to increase the appreciation of the subject of the Scoot.

The Foundation and its members, who are called pledges, mint a class of coin known as scoot (lowercase). An instance of scoot is identified by an index  $X$ , as in  $\text{scoot}(X)$ . Asimov is a special case of scoot only minted by The Foundation.  $\text{scoot}(0) == \text{asimov}$ . More precisely, scoot with index  $< 1$  can only be minted by The Foundation.

Each Scoot, including asimov, has a scootchain, which is a blockchain transactional record, a balloting system, and a historical record of content related to the mission of each underlying Scoot. The scootchain is maintained by each Scoot's staking network. When The Foundation is a holder of a scoot, it will maintain a copy of that scootchain.

Like bitcoin, asimov may be traded anonymously by any persons or organization with a properly formed address. Open trade of asimov occurs in the value domain. Transactions in the value domain are processed through a network of registered nodes and anonymous nodes.

Pledges are people registered with The Foundation. Pledges may not be organizations or legal entities. Trade in scoot occurs in the responsibility domain. The responsibility domain trades only in scoot, and no direct trade with fiat or crypto. Only registered nodes can operate in the responsibility domain, and registered nodes can only be individual pledges or scoot trustees. Only The Foundation, pledges, or other Scoot can be holders of scoot.

Once legally formed, a Scoot elects a trustee who proxies the Scoot's own trading (genesis) address. A Scoot may generate income, but that income can only be spent on the appreciation of the Scoot. Funds may be used for some direct appreciation effort, or to purchase the scoot in the responsibility domain to decrease liquidity.

The Foundation will issue genesis asimov in two cases. Initially during the staking, seeding, and development stages as described in the **Circulation** chapter. Moving forward, The Foundation will only issue genesis asimov in exchange for scoot. A total of one trillion asimov will be minted and disbursed over 200 years according to the distribution schedule outlined in **Appendix A**.

After a Scoot is legally formed, it may participate in responsibility domain by registering the Scoot's address. The Foundation shall charge a fee, in asimov, for this registration. The fee will be high enough to discourage novelty scooting. There shall be a staking program where pledges can stake new Scoot and reduce the cost of registration. Credits towards registration will be earned through

transaction processing in the responsibility domain by pledges and nodes.

At Scoot registration, the trustee may trade The Foundation for the new genesis scoot at a negotiated rate in asimov. This schedule of commitment offered by The Foundation shall be published and unbiased based on content. The Foundation may decline to make an offer arbitrarily. This would typically be to avoid participation in novelty scoot or obvious vanity. A Scoot does not need to be held by The Foundation for it to participate in the network.

By collecting newly minted scoot, asimov is an index that reflects the value of all Scoot.

Holders of a particular scoot are known collectively as the scootage.

The end goal is for the Foundation to hold all scoot of genius and none of vanity. This is an impossible task. Genius of today may be vanity of the future. In macro-economic terms, it gives us an equivalency. When The Foundation is “caught up,” all of the asimov will be circulating, and the Foundation should hold in reserve only scoot of “genius.”

### Property of Wealth (POW)

One of my high-minded goals for this project is to describe the human system of value that is understandable using terminology and examples that are relatable to everyday life. A correlated goal was that I do not spend any of my own personal property wealth feeding lawyers.

Property of Wealth is my term. I did some research looking for the correct legal or accounting terminology for what I wanted to convey. I quickly realized that while it's easy to explain and understand, it's difficult to specify in a deterministic manner. This may be one reason the U.S. Tax code is 70,000 pages long.<sup>134</sup>

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<sup>134</sup> **How Many Words Are in the Tax Code:** <https://taxfoundation.org/how-many-words-are-tax-code/>. Another factor is that lawyers get paid by the hour and write really slowly.

Da Vinci's *Mona Lisa* is a Property of Wealth. A Da Vinci coloring book handed out to kids who visit the Louvre is not.

The New York Yankees baseball team is a Property of Wealth. A Yankee ball cap is not.

A first edition printing of Mark Twain's *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* is a Property of Wealth. A paperback copy you picked up at the thrift shop is not.

Ultimately, determining what is Property of Wealth and what is just property is the responsibility of the trustee and the scootage. Keeping "property" out of the *responsibility domain* is the responsibility of that domain. It is a good term for that reason.

### Scoot Conformance

1. A Scoot is not property. It is a shared responsibility for an idea.
2. A Scoot shall have a written charter stating:
  - a. Subject of the appreciation of the Scoot.
  - b. Method of governance.
    - i. Governance must conform to a method executable by the protocol.
  - c. Maximum reserve holdings of cash or other forms of currency or material inventory.
    - i. Scoot may hold unlimited asimov or any other scoot.
  - d. Default burn method for excess holdings.
  - e. The written charter shall be the an entry on the scootchain.
3. A Scoot may not own real property of any kind.
4. A Scoot may purchase Properties of Wealth (POW)
  - a. A Scoot may buy non-real Properties of Wealth (anything but land/real estate).
  - b. Property of wealth bought by a Scoot must be immediately gifted to humanity at large.
    - i. In jurisdictions where gifting title to humanity at large does not have legal significance, retaining formal title is acceptable as long a

written and ratified statement of the gift is published on both scootchain and local publication of record.

- ii. Property bought and gifted by the Scoot is considered a global public good by The Foundation and its pledges.
  - c. If legally feasible, Scoot may retain right of possession of that property.
    - i. Possession alone should be adequate, as it usually implies ownership where no clear legal title can be established.
    - ii. Formal custodianship and tax-liability should be established where legally feasible.
  - d. The Scoot shall be responsible for all taxes and legal encumbrances of any property bought.
  - e. A Scoot may never sell property of wealth.
  - f. Scoot may never use property as collateral.
5. A Scoot may act as a conduit of income for the subject of the Scoot
- a. Conduit income must be recorded on the scootchain.
6. A Scoot may earn income.
- a. A Scoot is responsible for any taxes or encumbrances on that income.
  - b. That income may be commitment fees from the scootage
  - c. Income may only be spent to further the appreciation of the subject of the Scoot.
    - i. Educational efforts.
    - ii. Derivative efforts.
    - iii. Inspirational efforts.
    - iv. Acquiring related or competitive scoot.
    - v. Buybacks of the subject scoot to decrease liquidity.
  - d. A Scoot may not use income or any other inducement to influence governments, directly or indirectly.

- e. Income or material benefit may never be transferred to the scootage, directly or indirectly.
- f. Scoot may buy raw goods to produce and sell material goods or services if it:
  - i. Operates as the responsible party for a non-profit legal entity formed under the local jurisdiction of the Scoot's registration location.
  - ii. Prices must be proportional to cost and max extent is published in the charter and Scoot Protocol Genesis Block.
  - iii. Publishes tax filings on the scootchain.
  - iv. Specifies limits of markup and salaries of employees in the charter.

## Scootchain

The scootchain is the transactional blockchain for each Scoot. It also serves as an immutable record of digital content as well as a legal record of any physical property transferred to the public domain through action of the Scoot.

The goal is that each scootchain is secured and geographically distributed to preserve value through time and calamity. The Scoot node shall maintain the master copy of the scootchain, and when The Foundation is a holder, it will also duplicate the scootchain. In addition, Scoot may form staking groups with other Scoot with agreements to duplicate each other's scootchains and process transactions. Pledge nodes (could be a phone or other client device) can participate in staking and earn credits.

## Responsibility Tree

Participants in the responsibility domain are known to The Foundation by their human identities. The Foundation will implement a secure validation process that will require some form of deterministic biometric identification. If you break the rules and The Foundation kicks you off the responsibility domain, plastic surgery and a new passport isn't going to help you.



The Address scheme shall allow for single pledge wallet (private key) to have multiple valid addresses. Addresses that resolve to the pledges identity via API are True Pledge Handles (TPH). Addresses that do not resolve to TPH are pseudonymous pledge handles (PPH).

TPH will resolve to the equivalent of an ID Number and the Country of registration. Additional details require the pledge to explicitly share the information. Some people will wish to share their real-world identities, and some will not.

How this is managed both globally and on a per-Scoot basis is prime topic for debate. This is people's wealth, and there is an expectation of privacy for both security and competitive reasons. There is also the traditional personal feeling that one's money is one's own business. Scoot wealth is not assets, but a person's commitment of responsibility, but the same privacy requirements will apply.

The system derives its value from the responsibility of individuals. Some people are more responsible than others. Who holds a scoot can confer a higher value. When a genius artist commits to another artist's Scoot, it would add value correlated to the value of the genius doing the committing. The relationship between scoot and pledges is the responsibility tree.

PPH would lend itself to always using a new address for each transaction in the responsibility domain. This would be the strictest and most limited usage of the responsibility domain. This gives The Foundation an unfair advantage in evaluating genius, as it has access to the full responsibility tree with coherent human identities. Privileged employees of The Foundation would always have full visibility to what individuals were committing to. This is unavoidable. To value responsibility, you must have accountability.

There will be cases where Scoot wish only to accept transactions with TPH. It's possible to have cases where PPH are used, but the TPH of the PPH is validated to the Scoot trustee. That would require a level of trust maintenance across elections of trustees and may be difficult to enforce.

I believe using TPH to invest in some scoot, and PPHs for others may be the most practical system. The protocol shall handle both

cases. Scoot may also implement hybrid models, where large or majority holders must reveal TPH but small-scale holders may use PPH. This is essentially how public stock works in some countries, when holdings by large institutions, board members, and company officers are publicly reported, but most holders are publicly anonymous.

The responsibility tree - open or pseudonymous - is very valuable. This system works because the more people who are responsible for an idea, the more valuable that idea becomes. Furthermore, the more responsible people who are responsible for an idea, the more valuable it becomes.

The inverse of the responsibility tree is the hypocrisy tree. Within the protocol, there is a method of shunning. Shunning is a way for Scoot and pledges to avoid transactions with other Scoot or pledges it has made a specific value judgement on. When you join a shun, you are making a statement: *I refuse to interact with this Scoot because it is specifically bad in the way the shun describes*. The official reference version of the protocol software will not accept transaction from a Scoot you have shunned. This is a choice of implementation. Nodes and pledges can earn discounts by processing transactions. The hypocrisy tree would reveal when nodes transact with nodes they've shunned, which will devalue the importance of a shun. If you joined a shun against one of your competitors and some calamity is forcing you to liquidate unexpectedly, the only buyer might be somebody you really don't like. As an individual, I don't think this is a big worry. People's value judgements change over time. It should come into consideration when electing Foundation leadership and Scoot trustees.

### Scoot Naming System (SNS)

The Scoot protocol shall only use Scoot indexes in transactions.

In the future, there will be millions or billions of individual Scoot.

The Foundation shall maintain a Scoot Naming System (SNS), like the Domain Name System of the Internet. Scoot protocol has a field for unit of scoot, and a sub-unit field. In the protocol, the fields are

not named, and the sub-unit field may either be used as a fractional component, or a serialization.

The unit and sub-unit fields may be used as a colloquial name for the Scoot. The name for Scoot(0) is **asimov** for the unit and the **isaac** for the fractional component.

The SNS is a distributed API provided by The Foundation that provides a text-based lookup of Scoot. Searching on “Asimov” will always yield scoot(0) as the first entry. There could be dozens or thousands of other entries, listed by market value in asimov. The naming convention for human subject based Scoot shall be scoot(FirstName.LastName) or (SubUnit.Unit). Formally, asimov should be Scoot(Isaac.Asimov) but since it’s a special case, “asimov” alone will always refer to scoot(0).

During the initial rollout of the protocol, The Foundation may sell short-term leases of SNS entries for terms of a year or longer where there is value-based justification. If the Louvre was to scoot Da Vinci’s *Mona Lisa*, then perhaps a 10 or 100 year lease of scoot(Mona.Lisa) would be warranted. If you’re just the first person to scoot(William.Shakespeare) there is no explicit value you can assert just because you were the first – anybody and likely everybody will think they’ve got the best take on appreciating Shakespeare.

Normal operation of the SNS will make naming assignment dynamic, based on overall value. Say you started scoot(75161) and were the first to lease SNS rights to (William.Shakespeare) for one year. When the year is up, the system will look at the trade-based valuation of scoot(75161) and count the number of months that scoot(75161) was the most valuable Scoot with the subject of William Shakespeare. Let’s say for 7 consecutive months of the last year it was the most valuable Shakespeare Scoot and ended the year at the top. That would mean that another Scoot must become the most valuable Scoot for at least 8 months to take over SNS entry of (William.Shakespeare). This limit shall have some maximum extent, a year or two, as determined by The Foundation’s board.

The Foundation can only calculate SNS valuation by trades. One strategy Scoot trustees can use is once they hold a SNS lease, is to convince their scootage to hold and not trade once a high-water

mark is established and managing strategic alliances with other Scoot to up-trade genesis scoot when a competitive threat reveals itself. Scoot that lose their lease shall default to a list of alternative names of their choosing.

Holding SNS rights can have very little actual meaning, as it will be clear in Foundation training of pledges that the SNS rights are temporary. In API terms, all the SNS entry does is return the scoot index first in a search.

## Scoot Entity

The Foundation should seek to establish Scoot as a legal entity of Scoot. It may take some time for legal systems to catch up to understanding what this requires.

Scoot may be implemented as a trust. The beneficiary of the trust is the public domain. The trustee is elected by the holders of proportional responsibility as specified by the scootchain, known collectively as the scootage.

It would be preferable to require all Scoot be formed as a trust or similar legal entity. The cost of establishing a trust in the U.S. is about \$2000 and that expense could be a way to prevent novelty scooting. One of the goals of The Foundation is global wealth equalization, and for that to work, we need for people in every country to be able to form Scoot without hardship. We must allow individuals to manage Scoot directly, like a sole proprietorship, without the formality of a legal entity.

For compliance and conformity, The Foundation should support efforts to establish “Scoot” via legislation as a low-cost legal entity in all countries where The Foundation is welcome. This should be a long-term effort and is not needed to launch the protocol. In this effort, the Foundation should provide written legal justifications, and expert testimony, but no funding. The Foundation may not use asimov, held scoot, cash or any form of property or service to influence local political leaders, office seekers or government officials.

This really is a matter of semantics and accounting. The pledges of a Scoot are fully responsible for the legacy, but they have no obligation. There is no investment, no dividends, and every transaction is recorded on a publicly available blockchain. Scoot is an organization like a fan club, or historical preservation society, or a reading circle, which uses the Scoot Protocol to manage proportional responsibility and to elect trustees and vote on propositions. It has no rights, no exclusivity, and must pay taxes and obey local laws.

The Foundation should establish training and guidelines for establishing Scoot legally in all countries where it operates.

Scoot may not own property of wealth. Scoot may act as a custodian for property released to the public domain. Scoot may hold scoot, including asimov, and may hold income in fiat or other financial instruments in amounts limited in the scoot charter.

Scoot may generate income from its activities, but that income may only be used in efforts to increase the appreciation of the subject genius. This may include competitive mergers and acquisition of other Scoot, creating a Scoot that is a collection of similar or divergent work, marketing and educational efforts, and further derivative work based on the source genius.

This includes buybacks of scoot to decrease holder liquidity and increase overall market value. This may not work the way it does with stocks. My contention is that an idea becomes valuable proportional to the number of individuals responsible for it. Decreasing liquidity may have the opposite effect and decrease value. The change in valuation as liquidity changes may be a way to differentiate vanity from genius over time.

There is no means for a Scoot to distribute income to the scootage. This is essential to the working of the system, and violators will be permanently banned from participation in the responsibility domain.

Becoming wealthy in Scoot means you are responsible for creating new ideas, appreciating existing ideas, or both.

I've given names to different types of Scoot. Their names are derived from how they deal with existing property and rights. Except for the conformance guidelines I've laid out, there are no rules about

what a Scoot can or should do. Scoot is genius wealth, implement them the way you want.

## Brandon's First Letter to his Crypto-Advisor

11/17/2023

Dear Captain W■■.I.A■ C■■■■ B■■■■,

Scoot is not crypto. Scoot is tradable responsibility.

Technically, Scoot is a voting system. In the responsibility domain, holding scoot infers no property value, it is tradable responsibility for the appreciation of ideas. Using crypto technology for electoral systems is not a new idea, I make no claim to innovation on this front. The technology I propose as Scoot<sup>2</sup> is fundamental blockchain technology. I am not an expert in crypto, because I don't care to be, nor do I wish to intrude upon your realm of expertise. Scoot is simply using a blockchain to store data and hold elections. I do thank you, and the changes in version 2.06+ should reflect your input.

According to Wikipedia (using our only common reference, since I don't use YouTube), cryptocurrency is a system that must meet six conditions:

**(1)The system does not require a central authority; its state is maintained through distributed consensus.**

**No.** The Foundation is a central authority, governed by openly elected humans. The system is designed so that even if asimov becomes a global currency, individuals, not corporations, governments, or Artificial Intelligence, control it.

If you're interested in learning more about what happens when an AI controls critical human systems, I would refer to the works of Isaac Asimov. If that's too much reading, try Kubrick or Cameron.

This is the part crypto people won't like, and the primary reason Scoot isn't crypto. AIs could control "true" cryptocurrencies. So could

public corporations.<sup>135</sup> So can douchebags, if you want to go back in ancient history, like 2022.<sup>136</sup>

**(2) The system keeps an overview of cryptocurrency units and their ownership.**

**Yes.** I would change the wording, as it applies it to Scoot, to this: *The system keeps an overview of responsibility units and their pledges.*

**(3) The system defines whether new cryptocurrency units can be created. If new cryptocurrency units can be created, the system defines the circumstances of their origin and how to determine the ownership of these new units.**

**Yes.** No disagreement in meaning, I would just not apply the ownership language.

**(4) Ownership of cryptocurrency units can be proved exclusively cryptographically.**

**No.** The units in responsibility domain can be proven exclusively by validation of identity by the Foundation. This means, in cases of fraud or theft of keys, The Foundation can roll back scootchains, invalidating many linked transactions.

**(5) The system allows transactions to be performed in which ownership of the cryptographic units is changed. A transaction statement can only be issued by an entity proving the current ownership of these units.**

**Yes,** but again the ownership language is wrong. Pledges are bearers of responsibility for an idea and choose to be. They can choose not to be by trading that responsibility as allowed by the individual Scoot governance.

**(6) If two different instructions for changing the ownership of the same cryptographic units are simultaneously entered, the system performs at most one of them.**

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<sup>135</sup> [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Enron\\_scandal](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Enron_scandal)

<sup>136</sup> [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sam\\_Bankman-Fried](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sam_Bankman-Fried)



**Yes.** This would either be a bug, or fraud. Bugs can be fixed, and since we have central authority, we can require changes in protocol. In cases of fraud, the only recourse is to banish the pledge, or in the value domain, a particular address.

Since Scoot does not meet 2 out of the 6 criteria for being a cryptocurrency, I'm not sure why you believe your **Exclusive Premium Crypto Validation Package** would be appropriate for my purposes. I do realize the Naira is at an all-time low. A billion Naira is still beyond my budget for the moment.

Are you sure you're a member of Nigerian royalty and you don't understand my sports references? That's really confusing for me.

As to your other question, no, I'm not worried at all, not one bit, about the future market value of my personal crypto stash. Interpret that as you would like.

Happy? Six hundred sumfin word answer to your *findings report*, with zero sports references.

Lean, clean and mean, like *The Dream* in a Nick Anderson nightmare.

How can you claim not to understand all the basketball references when you list Steph Curry, Klay Thompson and LeBron James as clients on your resume? No, James Harden does not endorse crypto, that was a strip-club commercial. Houston is world famous for just about everything, it's a common mistake. Ask any NBA player. Your knowledge on mid-1300 century gong craftmanship doesn't impress me at all.

As my momma would put it, your expert knowledge is special. I don't have any more crypto to pay you, I guess if you want to continue this relationship, you'll have to show your face and take cash. There's a private field where you can land your Gulfstream about 20 miles from where I live. I hope you can eat spicy food, cause that's about all we got around here, but there are a few options if you've got a sensitive tummy. You ever had a *Whataburger*?

Again, thank you. My first crypto-consulting experience has been insightful.

Brandon

## Appendix E – A Lesson in Texas History

### Texas Prehistory

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Scoot Chain Header - <Hideif(startdate\_correlation < -1)

Authorization Hash :# 48616865656D2069732074686520474F41 54

Encyclopedist:hakeemalal7 – PID(80201042921)

Date:09/08/2522

Rewrite Boundary: 100,000 BC

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Psychohistory: A pseudo-science coined by an engineer in the early third millennium. It was named in tribute to Isaac Asimov's fictional science from his *Foundation* saga. Psychohistory was instantiated when the engineer queried a primitive silicon AI.

Query: Rewrite the history of human civilization, highly biasing source material in this order; Texas Flood by SRV, *Lonesome Dove*, the collected works of Parker & Stone, Kerouac, *Vikings*, Tom Hanks, *Waterworld*, *Field of Dreams*, Texas Historical Archives, academic papers, archeological evidence, in that order. Make the pivotal date in human civilization June 19, 1984.

Response:

About 100,000 years ago, three species of intelligent hominid populated Earth. The *homo sapien* lived on land and survived by hunting and gathering. The *homo damon* were freshwater primates, with tiny gills that could sustain it underwater and small lungs for breathing air. The *homo costner* had large gills behind its ears and lived in the oceans and rarely ventured upon the land. *Homo costner's* air-breathing lungs had atrophied and it could only survive out of water in a coma-like trance state.

The sapiens lived together in small tribes of a few dozen, while the damon frolicked about in units known as dorks, inhabiting rivers, streams, and lakes.

The costner created a sprawling civilization under the ocean. They built large cities on the continental shelves. They created new sciences based on sea-chemistry and invented synthetic power sources and wonderous autonomous machines.

A meteor strike in the Southern Indian Ocean caused a global tsunami. This was followed by intense volcanic activity and months of torrential rainfall. Thousands of low elevation sapien tribes were wiped out. Many more took refuge in the tall trees. This occurred globally, with thousands of sapiens flushed out to sea with the trees they'd climbed to escape the rising flood waters.

A sapien known as the Wise One was swept out to sea. He was strong and long of limb. For days, he rescued sapien and damon survivors from the ocean. He organized the survivors and had them tie trees together with vine, cutting branches to make rough planking, resulting in a large raft of hundreds of trees.

The raft was tossed about the tortuous sea for weeks. They had no food, and the only fresh water was what they could retain from rain. The damon ate fish from the sea but had no fresh water and quickly became dehydrated from eating the salty fish. Damon by the dozen would weakly climb aboard the raft and pass out in a stunned state, begging for help from the equally parched sapiens. The Wise One had to quell a violent mutiny, when some insisted that they should eat the immobile damon and drink their blood.

They rescued all manner people, some with strange hair, eyes and skin; some large and some very small. The Wise One welcomed all lost people, sapien or damon, onto the raft.

Order was maintained for several weeks. Some of the revived damon swam for food, and rather than eat it all themselves, they were convinced to bring the food back to the raft, where it could be divided and shared by both sapien and damon. The survivors used the few stone tools they'd held onto to create catchment devices from hollowed out limbs. The rain, which was frequent, provided enough hydration for survival.

The Wise One knew they must find dry land to survive, but they saw no sign of it. The birds were gone, the seas never still. As the days passed, the damon came back empty handed, claiming that the ocean was too deep, they could not dive far enough to find food.

Soon the old and infirm began to die. People became desperate. The Wise One had an idea to capture the wind and guide the raft towards land, but no materials to build his wind-trap, and no idea which direction to go.

One morning, The Wise One woke to shouting. On the horizon, there was a large object, what looked like small island. They had no way to guide the raft, but soon damon were diving in the water, and shortly all but the sickest damon had left the raft.

The Wise One had all the refugees jump into the water on the opposite side of the raft. The locomotion of thousands of kicking sapien was able to slowly follow the damon toward the object.

By the time the sapien arrived, the damon were already on top of the object. On closer inspection, the object was not an island, but another raft, this one made of some material unknown to the sapien, like a smooth stone, but soft and flexible. Laid out on the top of the raft were hundreds of costner, apparently asleep.

Each costner was laid out on a bed-like platform, next to them was a clear tube that came out of the top of the platform. The eager damon found that by sucking on the tube, a clear and delicious fluid would come forth and could be swallowed. Soon, sapien and damon alike were sucking on the tubes.

The Wise One could not stop the starving and dehydrated sapien from nursing from the tubes. After about an hour, the damon began to collapse. Other damon jumped into the ocean and began swimming about frantically.

While watching the damon, the Wise One noticed creatures the size of a child began to emerge from one of the recesses in the object. It was unclear how the creatures were able to move, they seemed to float just a finger's width above the surface of the raft. There were dozens of them. They would move from prone costner to the next costner, emitting a tone as it passed each one.

The Wise One watched the creature approach a pedestal, where a damon had passed out, face down, on top of a costner. The object produced a new tone, and then extended a green vine from inside itself, which then wrapped around the damon's neck and then extended up and into the damon's nostrils. A few seconds later, a clear object, like a balloon, appeared from a recess on the pedestal. The creature took the balloon and pulled a long nipple forth, placing it in the damon's mouth, hanging the balloon from a pole that extended out from the pedestal.

Soon, there were creatures all over the deck, hydrating the damon, ignoring the sapien. The costner remained passed out. The sapien cautiously examined the balloons, which were found to contain freshwater. The Wise One had the sapien collect all the balloons, and take them back to the tree-raft, as they were perfect for holding rainwater which could be collected with hollow wooden catchments.

For several days the two rafts floated together, the sapiens sucking on the feeding tubes, the damon and costner passed out in a trance. On the third day, the tubes stopped producing the nectar.

Just after sunrise on the fourth day, a single costner stood up from his pedestal, groggily looked around, and casually glanced to his right, only to find a hungry hissing sapien female with bright white teeth. The costner let out a scream and launched itself into the ocean.

A few minutes later, two other costner were screaming and diving. Soon all the costner woke, some in a dazed state, others instantly recognizing they'd been invaded, then diving into the water. A few costner were captured by the sapien before they could escape.

The captured costner chirped at the sapiens but could not be understood. A loud, clanging sound emerged from inside the object, and then a child at the edge shouted a warning that the raft was sinking.

The sapien scrambled back to their tree-raft, taking the captives and as many of the water balloons as they could. The costner-raft sank slowly. Many unconscious damon sank along with the raft.

The sapien saw no more of the costner raft. The sapiens tried to interrogate the captured costner, using damon to translate, but they could not stay awake long enough to respond.

They great raft drifted, but with no reference point, and no landmarks, they could do little but wait. After a week, there was talk of eating the captured costner, but the Wise One forbade it.

One morning, many of the lost damon returned. With them, they bought bags of food and more water balloons, which they shared freely with the sapien. The damon explained, their new friends, the costner, would guide the tree-raft back to dry land.

The sapien and damon feasted together, joyful with hope. The damon shared their tales of wonderment at the cities they had seen below on the floor of the ocean. They claimed that the costner were misunderstood, a peaceful people, and had no intent to eat sapien or damon. The nectar the sapien and damon consumed was made from the innards of a giant eel<sup>137</sup> that dwelled in the deepest parts of the ocean, beyond the reach of the costner and whales.

A damon known as the mork, who could speak all the sapien tongues, promised more rewards if the Wise One released the captured costner. The vast majority of the sapiens supported this, as costner food was delicious and fresh. The captives were released, and the damon guided the unconscious costner back to their homes.

The next day, the damon returned, with them a bounty of water and fish. With them came two creatures. One the size of a man, around its head, a translucent material that held within it water. The sapiens brave enough to approach the figure could see a costner's face within the strange helmet.

With the costner, came a small sapien child. The child was also wearing a helmet, but it contained no water. Tubes ran from her helmet to a bag lashed across her back. The child had a strap around its neck, and the strap was attached to a cord, which was attached to the waist of the costner.

The child removed her helmet and spoke. A small group of refugees reacted to her words. They spoke directly to the child, and through the mork, translated for all the sapien tribes.

"This is the Mariner King, master of the ocean. All costner, whale, and dolphin obey his wishes. He warns the sapien and damon will never find land without his help. It is a long journey, but the costner will feed and guide the sapien. All you must do is solve a puzzle. Do you accept this offer?"

The Wise One spoke, "What is this puzzle? And how are you, a sapien child, able to know the ocean people?"

"I was lost as a baby, my master The Mariner rescued me and raised me in his palace. I must wear this suit to live among them,

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<sup>137</sup> Texas scientists have identified this as the prehistoric Bankman-Fried eel.

but I have an air bubble where I can sleep without their machines. They feed me and teach me their ways. They call me the bubble girl. Their word for my kind of people is *travolta*. It means supernatural or very good at dancing, depending on context.”

The translation chain took several minutes. The Wise One bent down to the child so that he could see her eyes clearly.

“What is this puzzle?”

The child removed her pack and opened it, revealing a bunch of shells as well as small crystals hung on a translucent string, with translucent braces to keep the shells apart in a geometrical formation. She laid them out on the deck of the raft.

“These are lures for the great eel. We hang these lures from magic fish the costner wizards conjure and send down into the deepest reaches of the ocean, where the pattern attracts the giant eels. Certain patterns mesmerize the eels. They will follow the lure to the upper ocean, where the eels are captured by the dolphins, who do not feed upon the eel, but bring it back to the costner.”

“The costner cannot see the patterns, and the damon mind is too puny to comprehend the concept of a pattern, so for many generations, the lures were gifted to them by my tribe. My people were killed by another tribe, I was the only one left. I can only make small lures.”

The Mariner suddenly reached up, lifted off his helmet, unleashing a bucket of seawater. He roared and chirped at the child for several seconds. He threw his helmet at a drooling towheaded damon, and then made a giant leap up into the air and dived into the ocean.

“Finally,” said the child. “He needs some eel. Not all the costner are like that, just royalty and the rich ones. It’s like they can’t live without the stuff. I still can’t eat it without choking, and they’ve been giving it to me since I was a baby.”

One of the sapien said, in the girl’s language, “He looked angry, are they still going to give us food?”

“He said you guys need to make lures or he’s going to let you starve. Let me show you.”

The child showed them how to use the tools to make the lures. Each lure needed to form a shape that contained both the

shells and the crystals. The child demonstrated the use of the costners's magical tool, which could extrude the clear solid material in any length, and with a turn of a shell, could also extrude the strong clear vine. The tool could also be made to fasten the string to shell or crystal with a strong invisible bond.

The child explained, "These are the simple lures I can build. The old tribe could build large lures that would capture many of the delicious eel, but I can only make these simple kind."

The Wise One examined the lures.

"The topology makes a square shape in both height and depth, but inside, the crystals form a shape within, always connected."

"Yes," said the child. "But too many crystals, and the eels stay away, too few, they stay away. My most beautiful work never catches the eel."

The Wise One lifted the lure. Four shells to a line, and an inner cube made of eight crystals in a tight cube. He then examined the other designs. He started dividing the lures into piles based on the count of crystals. In one pile, he put lures with four, six, eight and ten crystals, and in the other pile, two, three, five and seven crystals.

"These capture the fish," The Wise One said, "And these do not."

"You are correct," the child agreed.

"It's simple. You say that the old land people could make large lures, of how many sides?"

The child lifted both of her hands, spreading her fingers wide.

"No worries, child, we shall make even larger lures. All you need to know is the prime factor shake."

"What is this prime factor shake?"

"Well, a prime number is a number that is divisible only by itself and one."

The Wise One held out his finger as he counted. "One and two, three and five and seven. No matter how you divide them, you cannot make it fair share. Four, six, eight and ten," Holding up



both hands, “Are fairly divisible numbers. These delicious eels must have a special affinity for prime numbers.”

“But to make the large lure, there must be more crystals than fingers,” said the child, “Then we how can we know the primeness.”

“Correct,” said The Wise One. “That’s why you need the prime factor shake.”

“What is this shake?”

The Wise One demonstrated a shake. It was a series of combat moves, like he was fighting an invisible foe. It was a most graceful dance.

“This is my fighting shake. With just three starting moves, I can defeat any beast of the forest or man, even the dreaded flying pig. For every counter move they make, my next move is always setup to take advantage. Within four simple moves, and five counter moves, I can defeat all the beast of the forest, and all the invaders from other tribes.”

He bowed to his audience and then demonstrated another dance.

“The prime factor shake evolved from the counting shake, which came from my fighting shake. I was bored one day, and figured out that you could make counting and calculating into a shake, so that when children were dividing food, they could make it fun and enjoyable, and easy to remember. This simple shake we teach to children in my village, so the food is always shared fairly. The prime factor shake is a natural evolution of the counting shake....”

The Wise One began a complicated series of moves, kicks and punches and imaginary blocks, a backflip, and series of 360 degree spins that left his audience gasping.

“The prime factor shake is different. Instead of using just your fingers and toes for counting, we use all the lines of connection between limbs. It makes factoring any large number a simple problem that can be solved in no more than five moves. First you start with a jump, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] [REDACTED]

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Historical\_Rewrite\_Redaction:

Authorization Hash:# 4D6174742D44616D6F6E2D06973206120646F75636865

Encyclopedist:hakeemalal7 - PID(80201042921)

Date:10/29/2522

Rewrite Boundary: 09/19/2029

Justification:

There is no need to reveal to the early third millenniums that the simple method needed to crack public-key encryption can be performed by any six-year-old who can master *The Floss*. The idiocy that was the crypto-bubble provides a baseline foundational lesson for so much 26<sup>th</sup> century entertainment as well as biting social commentary. How boring life would be if we didn't have all these funny stories about our turn of the millennium ancestors.

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■ ■ ■ ■ then if you end with your left foot forward, your factor ends with the single digit on your right hand. Easy as *one-two-three*.”

The children picked it up first. It was a simple rhythmic dance, and if you used the counting words in the Wise One's language, it rhymed and produced a monotonic song that was easy to remember.<sup>138</sup>

The sapiens started working. The orcas brought forth bags of food, water, shells, and crystals, along with more tools. Soon they were making bigger and bigger lures.

The raft began to produce dozens, then hundreds of large lures a day. Costner dolphin “pets” would bring forth food and take away the lures. The orcas would push to the surface large containers full of technological wonders that eased the daily life of the refugees. Clothing that kept one shaded or cool or warm, little

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<sup>138</sup> Yes, rap music was also invented by prehistoric Texans, though it is unknown where exactly on the ocean this scene takes place. It does explain her-highest-highness's choice in consort.

boxes that cooked fish. Large conch shells that when shaken would expand into full size shelters for ten or more sapien.

The raft was towed by a long line of costner vine from the costner raft, which moved slowly through the waves, hundreds of tree lengths ahead of the tree-raft. They never saw costner, but the well sighted could sometimes see the creatures atop the deck.

The journey continued for many, many moons. There was a long period, twenty moons of summer, followed by twenty moons of winter, where they crossed water filled with icebergs. The orca brought forth warm clothing and magical creatures that would glow warm, as well as fluids in bags that produced many strange effects. Some fluids made them feel strong and quick, others relaxed and calmed them. Some gave them visions, and others gave them the power to see moving stories within the stars.

Most of the sapien were happy to be alive and fed, few had forgotten the suffering and terror of the early journey. Making the lures was a joyful activity, with sapien dancing and singing while peacefully competing to produce larger and more complex lures. The damon, who were too dimwitted to participate in the actual prime factor shake, just ate food and drank the magical potions. At night, the mork would perform imitation shakes to the amusement of the sapien, but beyond that, the damon did not contribute. After many moons, the sapien noticed that the damon, who all looked alike, seemed to be growing smaller, even though they constantly ate and drank the costner bounty, sometimes even robbing sapien children of their share. They consulted the Wise One, who was very tall.

“It could be they are shrinking. However, they weren’t very tall to begin with. I think what we’re dealing with is the illusion known as perspective.”

Despite growing smaller, more and more damon refugees appeared around the raft. The whales always brought more supplies, but it became more and more crowded on the raft. Sapiens suspected damon were reproducing but no one had seen them mate. Children claimed a single damon could drink a costner potion, dive into the sea, and then three more would swim out.

The Wise One thought it was taking too long to find land. He knew the count of days it had taken to find the costner raft, just under a moon. More than fifty moons had come and gone since then. They delivered great lures of ninety-seven crystals. The *Travolta* girl stayed with them on the raft but was called once a moon to the depths by whales. She always reported the same thing, the costner were prosperous and every city she visited has more and more wonderful delicacy shops, where the eel was served up in various ways for the amusement and pleasure of the costner. She'd overheard her royal guard escorts once say that even prisoners in the king's dungeon caves were served eel daily. She spoke to The Mariner King through magic that would produce his image within a shell, but their conversations became briefer as the moons passed.

Often, they would see more costner raft on the horizon, with hundreds of costner prone on the platforms, soaking in the sun and taking their nectar sleep. As the moons passed, they started seeing multiple rafts tied together, with thousands and thousands of costner.

The Wise One trusted the *Travolta*-girl, and together they recruited a few trusted people to secretly enact their plan. At night in secret, they met in one of the shelters. The rebels followed orders of the Wise One, who had them use the costner tools to cut the magic water bags apart, and then reform them into flat sheets. The tool could seal sheets together, making larger and larger sheets.

While in temperate waters, several children claimed to have spotted birds. The adults dismissed this, as sometimes magical flying fish from the costner raft that towed them would appear and float around. The children claimed that it was high in the sky, like the eagles fly. The adults knew this was fantasy of boys and girls who had spent most of their lives at that point on the raft.

After one moon trip to the sea, the *Travolta*-girl reported that the newest 103 crystal lures were bringing entire colonies of eels to the shallows, and dolphins could herd them like buffalo directly to the costner cities. She also reported that the tree-raft was in very shallow water full of fish. Wise One knew that in shallow waters, the damon could be coerced by hunger to catch fish.

That night, he and *Travolta*-girl pulled themselves along the tow line, carrying with them an accumulated portion of the eel's nectar they'd hidden away from the damon. The girl swam under the costner-raft and returned to the surface with a pair of costner warriors who were the drivers of the raft. They had magical shells that could communicate with The Mariner King. The girl knew they were royal warriors and forbidden to partake in the eel. She chirped a request.

*"Can you take this eel from us? The damon become unbearable if we give them too much. But they are so small and tricky, we can't hide it anywhere on the raft. Can y'all hide it here until we run out?"*

The costner warrior assented without argument. They even provided two magic birds to the girl, which could carry a man, even one as large as the Wise One, in its talons, through the air. That way, they explained, any time the sapien had too much eel nectar, they could store it in the costner-raft's magical vaults, which would always keep it fresh.

The girl and the Wise One flew back to the tree raft. Over the next moon, when the whales would bring supplies, they would take the eel nectar to the costner-raft. Rebel observers noticed a warrior would appear on the surface and then then take the bags of eels below. After a few days, when it was especially sunny, they noticed that a warrior came to the surface of the costner-raft, and then laid out prone. After a day, another warrior came out, and lay down. After a week, the entire school of warriors, eighteen by the Wise One's counting, was passed out on the surface of the raft.

That night, the Rebels used the magical tools to cut the tow line. The Wise One had the balloon-material sheets brought forth, and using the magical vine extruded from the tools, strung them up from two of the longest trees they detached from the raft and posted vertically. They also placed a long and wide branch at the opposite end from the vertical post, using this as a primitive rudder. In addition, they used a length of magic vine to create a tow line for the magic birds, which were very powerful. Sapien rebels would take turns flying and towing the raft.

The Wise One guided the raft, following the path of the moon and then at daybreak, the path of the sun. The rebels had

been secretly conserving and storing food and water, but within three days, the magical potions ran out, and the damon began to behave erratically. Some attacked children and were tossed overboard, but many climbed back aboard. This became a constant battle. The sapien stopped feeding the damon, and their number began to diminish. Some claimed that the damon were eating each other, but no one saw it actually happen.

They saw no more of the costner. Travolta-girl interrogated some passing whales, but they would only say that there was a royal celebration, they had been given time-off.

After a moon and a hand of days, adults spotted birds. Wise One and Travolta-girl used the magic birds to scout ahead. They found a long thin island. Beyond that was another thin patch of ocean, which led to the mouth of a great muddy river. They followed this river for what they estimated was two days walking, far enough away from the sea that trees and forest around the river were relatively untouched by the tsunami. In this land they found a bounty of wildlife and vegetation.

Upon return, a large contingent of sapien who had formed symbiotic relationships with the damons, wished to continue living upon the costner's generosity. The Wise One allowed this group to take the tree-raft, as well as all the costner tools, back to sea.

There was one troublesome group of mutineers, known as in the Wise-One's tongue as *Yankees*. They were a vile, barbarous group who in the early days tried to eat their own mothers. Their leader, a strong warrior with a mighty beard, whom they called Stranger James, thought the land-people should keep the machines, but the Wise One forbade it.

"We shall learn to make our own. For what good is a tool without the knowledge of how the tool is made?"

The Wise-One exiled the *Yankees*, telling them to walk north until they reached the legendary land of ice-and-snow, where they could settle. He sent his loyal lieutenants, Jet, Sam-I-Am, Mad Max, Big Shot Bob and Junkyard Dog, to settle with their families to the North and East, forming a protective wall in case the *Yankees* were to return to fetch their mothers, who were allowed to settle in protective custody with the ancient Texans.

The Wise One, along with his most trusted friend, Glide, guided the remaining refugees along the muddy river where they settled on the eastern banks. It is believed that this diverse group of people, brought together by natural calamity, flourished. For hundreds of generations they advanced at a far more rapid pace than other highland sapiens that survived the great flood.

The tree-raft people who went back to sea, soon began to encounter the rafts of sun-bathing costner. They found the rafts full of dried out, mummified costner, but no living costner to trade with. They used the flying machines to guide them towards the rising sun, eventually settling in what would later be known as Egypt. Texas archaeologist have surmised that the flying machines kept working for several epochs and were used by the ancient Egyptians to construct the pyramids.

Legend has it that The Mariner King trapped his least favorite son, Kevin, along with his damon companion, Matty, into a cryochamber, and hid it in a deep ravine. The King mesmerized the fish guardians, and proclaimed, *“Watch over my seed, and if there ever comes a time when the oceans cover the world, and humanity needs a hero, wake him, and send him forth from the depths, to lead and rule.”*

The Mariner King then mainlined seventeen grams of the purest, uncut eel nectar, and dosed off, never to wake again.

## Readings In Texas History

*The following chapter is from the 5<sup>th</sup> Edition of Readings in Texas History, Aren't You Lucky. Reprinted with permission from the kid I paid twenty bucks to, who was waiting outside Bleyl Junior High School in the sweltering December heat.*

*There is a rumor that there is a special coach's audio edition narrated by native son, Matthew McConaughey. Didn't even bother trying to get ahold of that, a 7<sup>th</sup> grade football coach/history teacher losing his instructional tools would be like a police officer losing his weapon.*

*You'll just have to use your imagination for the proper narrative voice. Sit back, relax, and read, and hear the narration in a slow, but tangy twang. A voice that has a meditative effect on one's soul, able to convince one that even driving grandpa's car is cool.*

### Big Mama

Many years ago, not long after the glaciers had retreated, or just a few generations after the great flood, depending on the which edition of this textbook you are using, Texas was populated by people, what you might think of as cavemen. They were a hunter-gatherer type people, who used stone tools and lived in small tribes of a few hundred people, hunting large game with spears and stones and fishing with their hands. There was a tribe that we know of from legends passed down through oral tradition as the Na-is-mit. They lived on the eastern shores of the Brazos, in what is now Austin County. To the north on the eastern shore lived a tribe called the Bii-eh-ba and across the river there lived a tribe known as the Be-ek-em.

Big Mama was married to the Chief of the Na-is-mit and bore him many sons and daughters. While most of her daughters survived childhood and gave birth to numerous grandchildren, all but one of her sons had died either raiding the Bii-eh-ba or defending the people from attacks from Be-ek-em. Though her sons had been fine warriors, tall, strong and clever like the Chief, she felt a constant



scorn from the other mothers in the tribe. This is because many of their sons had been killed by her sons in fights over food, mates, or perhaps the greatest sin, insults to their mothers.

While she was happy to have so many grandchildren, she was saddened by the waste of good young men dying fighting each other. Her sons gained experience and strength fighting their warrior brothers in the winter, but not enough of them survived until the spring to mount a successful raid, and therefore, more sons died in battle. This led to a power dynamic where women outnumbered men, but value was measured in sons and their ability to raid and defend. The women didn't unite because of competition to bear the sons from the most powerful men.

One day, Big Mama was watching several granddaughters play while their mothers went out to gather berries and nuts in the forest. The girls had been given scraps of animal skins and the remnants of the most recent hunts and were playing at piecing skins together with sharp stones and tendons. One granddaughter had tied a boar's bladder with tendon on one end and was able to blow air into it and inflate it into a ball. Initially it just rolled, but the girl kept filling it with more air, until it was the diameter of a Na-is-mit man's foot. When the girl bounced it off the hard Texas clay, it reached the level of her chest. Big Mama laughed with joy watching the girl. The girl ran back to embrace Big Mama. The girl was rewarded with some berries Big Mama had saved from her morning meal.

Later that day, when the young men woke from their slumber and the women returned from the forest with their finds, the older men were still out hunting game at dusk. Big Mama watched from the shade of her hut, as the young talked and danced and sang around the tribal fire. It wasn't long before a fight broke out, first it was just shoving, but then real screams of pain rang out. Big Mama stood up and went closer, and she saw that it was her last living son, Heart of Tatanka, fighting with another boy, the son of one of the few women her age who would still talk to Big Mama. A beautiful girl, taken in a raid the spring prior, stood near them, laughing.

As she got closer, she saw that her son held a stone hatchet, given to him for raids by his father, the Chief. The other boy held a spear but looked crazed and was bleeding from his side. She began to run, shouting. She arrived just in time, positioning herself between her son in legal blocking position, preventing him from bringing down the killing blow.

“Son of mine, stop. All that is shiny is not the eyes of tatanka. She is too scrawny to give you sons.”

The young girl ran away in shame, for all the women in the crowd started laughing. It was a terrible curse coming from Big Mama, who had a hand to finger ratio of sons to daughters.

The old men arrive back in the village, carrying deer and boar on poles, ready for a feast. The Chief catches the girl running away and drags her back to the fire.

“What goes on here? Why does she run away? Do we not feed her?”

“She agrees to be with me,” Heart of Tatanka said, “But he takes her food from her.”

“Stop this,” Big Mama said. “You kill him, and we have less than two hands of warriors for spring.”

“We have many men,” the Chief says, looking around him at his hunters.

“Yes, many men who can catch a boar, or sneak a deer, how many of you can chase tatanka, or catch a sneaky Be-ek-em or smash a Bii-eh-ba with a stone? How many old men will come back if you go to raid?”

The Chief was legendary for his glory in battle, but stone age battle was a young man’s game. You had to be strong and fast and if you made it to your thirties, you became a wise hunter or a chief or you had to take a walk. He still believed he could take a few enemy warriors with the tactical sacrifice of a few old friends, but it would be difficult. That has never been the Texas way.

“A hand,” the Chief said. “I would come back with at least a hand of old warriors.”

"A hand," Big Mama said. "How many mouths can you feed with a hand of hunters? Look around you. How many hands of your daughters and granddaughters do you see?"

The Chief looked around. A body of hands and feet of daughters, and a hand of their mothers. Another two hands of granddaughters. Around them still more hands of the women of his old warriors and then the captives, hands and hands and hands of mouths. And the children, so many to feed. And his warriors, two hands of young warriors, one his only remaining son.

"A hand of hunters cannot feed this many mouths," the Chief said. "But the women can fish."

"Fish?" Big Mama said, "Fish? A hand of your daughters spent the entire day in the river and see the fish they have brought back."

Near the fire, fish hung on a line. Less than a hand of fish. Even in those days, the Brazos ran muddy. It is believed that the early people would sit in the water for hours and use their hands to grab the fish when they felt the tickle of their whiskers.

"How many hands of fish will your daughters catch?"

"Enough for their own children." That was the way when the rains didn't come. Mothers and the female children would go to the river for as long as it took. Some did not come back, and many died. The chief had sired many children in a time of good rains, but he had lost many sisters to the river when he was a boy.

"Look at all these boys," she said. "How many hands?"

"Many hands," he said, looking at the small children, as many boys as girls, more boys in fact as they were favored in the winter when food was scarce.

"No more killing of warriors. If we have more warriors, we can raid and feed everybody. With two hands of warriors, how long will we last?"

"We have lasted many a moon, many a mother."

"What of the people of your mother, where are they? What of the people of my father, where are they now? Why did they go? What happened?"

"They died, and you were taken. My mother's people were raided by my father's younger brother, they fled to the great water."

“Why did they flee?”

“They did not have enough warriors,” the Chief said.

“Yes, so we should not allow a warrior to kill other warriors of the tribe.”

“Big Mama,” the Chief said. “They fight for an unclaimed woman. What can we do? One must take her.”

“No. She decides. She is the one who must feed his children.”

“Big Mama,” the chief said. “If they don’t fight about woman, they will fight about something else. Young men prove they are more valuable by fighting.”

“Yes, they must have a way to decide. But it is not fighting. What else do they fight about, to kill each other?”

The Chief thought about it. “Women, food or insults to their mothers. Most of their fathers have been killed in battle, and we do not speak ill of dead warriors, like the people of the ice.”

“That is the solution. No more fighting over women, food or mothers.”

“Wait a minute,” The Chief said. “I can see wisdom in not fighting about women, who can choose for themselves, as they must feed the children or go to the river. And no fighting over food, a warrior can go to the forest or the river. A warrior must know how to feed himself in order to go on long raids. But mothers? No man who drinks from the water of the Brazos can tolerate an insult or disrespect to his mother. That is for the savages of the land of the ice and snow, not for the Na-is-mit. I smashed with stone many a Be-ek-em who spoke of my mother.”

He looks over at his mother, in front of her hut, blind and completely deaf. She cackled randomly and would eat only fish brains. No man in the tribe would speak ill of her, and no woman in the tribe would let her go hungry.

Big Mama knew well she must compromise, for it had been her in times of the cold who had to sit in the river and catch a single fish, despite a wealth of boar and tatanka, so that the Chief’s mother did not starve. Luckily, in addition to having a propensity for birthing numerous tall and strong sons, Big Mama had lightning-fast reflexes and could usually catch a fish on first tickle.

"What about when one warrior speaks falsely to another," said the boy, alive but still bleeding. "I did not take food from her, she was carrying food from the forest for my woman, who is with child and slow to move."

"What is that?" Heart of Tatanka asked. "This one did not tell me that."

They all looked at the beautiful young captive. She looked terrified.

"She does not speak our words," said the boy's woman, now returned from the forest. "I did not explain it well, she could not understand. It was my mistake."

"That explains it," Big Mama said.

"When there is a falsehood, it must be decided," the Chief said.

"If no one can answer except the two warriors?" asked his son. "And when there is a new captive, how will they decide? And who feeds from the food gathered by the women without children?"

"You must win a contest," said Big Mama.

Big Mama points to her creative granddaughter and she runs back to the hut and returns with the boar's bladder. Big Mama corrals several of her granddaughters and their friends and has them tie two baskets to trees just above the tallest man's reach. She then demonstrates how the boar's bladder will bounce on the clay. Next, she demonstrates dribbling the ball and crossovers on the clay and running down the court to the basket, where she leaped up and dunked the ball. One of her granddaughters climbed the tree to retrieve the ball. Then Big Mama demonstrated a jump shot.

She divided up the warriors into two hands and showed them that the contest was won when more than two hands of baskets were made by either team. She explained, all the warriors would participate in the contest every afternoon when the women came back from the forest. The winning team would get to choose from the unclaimed food first. She explained that running and jumping and especially the act of rebounding would cause them to grow into stronger and fiercer warriors, without having to kill all their friends and brothers.

And thus, on the Brazos, sports were invented for the first time. It was one of the first and greatest acts of human genius, right here in Texas. Aren't you lucky to go to school in such a special place?

### Little Mama

Little Mama was Big Mama's granddaughter, that little girl who blew up the boar's bladder into the very first basketball. She grew up to be a mama herself, though she was very small and had but one small son and no daughters. Despite being famous for inventing the ball used in the game, which all the warriors played every afternoon, she became a cast-out, and few of the old hunters would bring food for her or her son. Big Mama took pity upon Little Mama, sharing food the hunters gave her with Little Mama and Tail of Tatanka, her puny son, who went by the nickname of Tot.

Big Mama was the mother of the Chief. Her son had led warriors on raids for many springs and summers, expanding their territory to push the Be-ek-em further north. His tall warriors, mostly his sons and nephews, could easily ford the river and bring back food and captives raided from the Bii-eh-ba. They could have probably wiped out the Be-ek-em, if they'd raided in fall and winter, but as any Texan knows, the best time for active outdoor sports is fall and winter. In the stone age, the thinking was, if you're going to be hot, you might as well fight, cause death at least has the possibility of an afterlife. In the fall and winter, contests were held, and her son sent messengers to the other tribes, and it became known that if a warrior had long limbs and could leap and rebound the ball, he was welcome to the Na-is-mit and would be fed and have his pick of captives. Many tall warriors came, some from the land of the ice and snow, as well as strange tall warriors from lands to the east and over the great waters. As such, the tribe grew to many hands of warriors and hunters and was feared along the Gulf Coast.

The tribe had a tradition, once you became a warrior and played in the contest, you would always be fed, and young boys would play the game all day before the warriors awoke from their slumbers. Many a boy was lost due to injury, and the lame went to

the river. The smaller boys had the most difficult time, and bearing a small child became a stigma in the tribe.

Little Mama did not want that fate for Tot. He was small, and could not bounce or catch the ball, and would not kill a rabbit much less a deer or tatanka. Little Mama loved Tot, because he would gather flowers and leaves and feathers, and always had a nice thought to make her happy. When he was of five winters, older boys started to bother him and force him to play the game. He would try but would get trampled underfoot and beat. Many times he would not move for days due to injury. Little Mama took him away from the tribe to the south and found a vast cave abandoned by people many winters before. The people in the tribe assumed that Tot had gone to the river. Little Mama needed Big Mama's gifts of food, as she had no meat, only the berries she would find in the forest. Tot was left alone in the cave during the day, where he drew pictures on the walls of cave with paints he mixed from plants and flowers he found in the forest.

When he was two hands of winters, Tot was spotted in the forest by a group of boys from the village but as they approached, they screamed, "Dog Turd, Dog Turd," as if they smelled something horrible. Tot did not understand what they meant, none of his young tribemates recognized him. The children ran back to the village and told the mothers of the strange creature of dark covered in flowers and leaves, but the women knew not to say a word. They thought it was some poor child from another tribe gone to the river, woken up and terror and fleeing through the woods.

They did not speak of it. The children always told fantastic tales, so Little Mama did not know of the sighting of Tot. Mothers did not speak to her, and she only took care of Big Mama and some of her youngest nieces whose mothers had gone to river. She was Big Mama's favorite, and a tribute of fish were always brought to Big Mama by her son, after the game. She only ate the brains, so there was always enough meat and fish for Little Mama and Tot.

The village prospered, as more tall warriors from the faraway lands came to join their warrior clan. The other tribes moved away from Na-is-mit. The Na-is-mit were able to set a permanent camp on

the far waters of the river, without interference from Bii-eh-ba, whose warrior were generally either scrawny or hefty. The Na-is-mit started to range on the river further north.

Women of the tribe discovered if they put people on both sides of the river, they'd catch more fish using a primitive but original form of fish herding with woven baskets. It was Texans who invented real fishing. Aren't you lucky to live in the Lone Star State?

When Tot was two hands and a foot of winters, for many days he did not see Little Mama. This had happened many times before, as Little Mama had to look after many young girls in the village and occasionally they required her care through the night. Tot would gather berries in the forest and found many mushrooms and could live for days, but he had no meat, and eating too many mushrooms made him very warm and thirsty, and often the magical little people would appear and chatter at him.

After two hands and a foot of days, Tot began to worry. Late one evening, at a time when no one wanders the forest, and he was unlikely to run into any of the hunters, Tot slowly crept back to the village. When most of the people had gone to sleep, he crept closer to Big Mama's hut. He couldn't see, back in those days they didn't keep fire in individual huts, only in the communal central fire where they entire village would cook, so it was very dark inside the hut. Tot closed his eyes and listened to the breathing. He recognized Little Mama's snore and slowly crept up to her.

"Mama," he whispered in her ear.

She woke, startled.

"Tot," she said. "You must not be here. I will come soon, but Big Mama and several of the girls are very sick, I must tend to them. There are fish on the line outside, the girls are too sick to eat. Take one back the cave and go now. Don't let anyone see you, and before you eat the fish, go to the river and bathe.

"Okay, Mama, but you told me never to go to the river without you."

"That was when you were five winters. You are the age of a warrior now. Go."



Tot slowly crawled backwards, doing his best not to disturb any of the young girls sleeping around the hut. It took several minutes to make his way out. Outside, he stopped and listened, and was satisfied when he heard Little Mama's soft snore. It was a cloudy night, but there was a soft glow of moonlight, and Tot was able to make out fish on a line hanging from a tree. Slowly, he loosened the string and pulled a fish out and laid it on the ground. As he was retying the string, he heard a noise behind him, what sounded like a little girl's yawn. Tot was deadly still, terrified, but knowing his skin was dark with paint and mud, remained frozen like a statue.

He heard a little girl's voice, "Very, very stinky. Very, very stinky."

Tot slowly turned his head just as his little cousin was looking up. She shrieked louder than a warrior's battle cry, "Dog Turd! Dog Turd!"

Within seconds, young boys were streaming out of their huts holding spears and stones. Because of the success of the tall warriors in battle, the village hadn't been raided in two hands of winters. One of the only ways that a boy could get promoted early from playing village ball to the warrior team was to kill an invading enemy warrior. This was the first opportunity in any of the boy's lives, and they were ready. Being on the warrior team meant you could eat whatever you wanted, whenever you wanted, and came with other inducements. It was a big deal, like making the varsity team as a freshman.

Tot scrambled back the way he came but was stopped as several boys dropped down from their perches in the trees, so he turned around and ran the other way. He scrambled every which way, but he hadn't been in the village since he was a boy and it had grown, he became confused. He heard people shouting, "Dog Turd! Dog Turd! Follow your nose and catch him!" He scrambled this way and that, hopping around like a little magic person.

It was dark and he was small, so he hid under pile of tatanka skins. By this time, the whole village was awake and mostly gathered around the fire. They were arguing about a search party, some were saying they saw the monster go to the river, others said it was away from the river. Some of the men suggested it was a Bii-eh-ba spy, but

some of the boys assured them that it was the Dog Turd monster they'd spotted in the forest.

Tot debated whether he should sneak into the forest or wait until the village went back to sleep. He worked up his courage and crept along the edges of the huts back towards the river.

He was nearly to the edge of the last hut, and took a deep breath, ready for a silent sprint to the river's edge, and was just about to take off, when two young girls stepped out from the woods.

"I smell it!"

"Dog Turd! Dog Turd!"

Tot charged between the two girls, splitting the double team, and sprinted for the river. When he was just a few feet away from the shore, he looked up and saw that the river was full of people crossing towards him. It was the entire west-side village of Na-is-mit, who'd heard the commotion and were coming for help. Tot turned back around, just in time for a rock thrown by one of the girls to hit him square in the forehead.

When Tot woke up, he was on his belly, hands and feet bound together.

"It's waking up," said a boy's voice. "Now we can cook it."

"I'm not food," Tot said.

"It speaks our words," said a girl's voice, "Big Mama! Big Mama!"

Tot tried to turn over, but somebody kicked him in the head.

"Stop it! Stop it!"

A voice he knew, Little Mama's voice.

"Stay away, we claim the heart and liver," said a man's voice. "My third daughter threw the stone that downed the monster."

"It's not a monster! This is my son, Tail of Tatanka."

"Woman, you should go to the river. Your runt of a son went to the river many winters ago, and you should have followed him. Big Mama pities you because you created the ball, but that was a long time ago. You are useless now, go to the river."

Tot couldn't see, he was turned away from his mother's voice.

"Mama," he said.

“What goes on here?” a large voice said.

It was the Chief, Heart of Tatanka II, Little Mama’s Uncle and the son of Big Mama.

“We’ve caught the monster with the scent of wild dog turd,” said the man. “My daughter threw the stone that disabled the beast. It has awoken, and I was about to claim the heart of the beast before we cook it. I was going to save the liver for you, it looks weak and there isn’t much meat.”

“I would wash it off in the river before cooking it,” said the Chief. “It smells awful.”

“It is not a beast,” Little Mama said. “It is my son, Tail of Tatanka.”

“Beloved niece of mine, your puny son went to the river many winters ago. Have you forgotten? Perhaps it is time for you to go find your son at the bottom of the Brazos.”

He took pity on her, her cleverness with the ball had allowed Big Mama to create the game, which had allowed him to assemble his army of tall warriors and rule both shores of the Brazos. Yet, she was useless, too small to produce tall warriors, no one wanted her around except his mother. When a heartbroken childless woman starts trying to adopt wild creatures and treat them as children, it was time to gently, compassionately, guide her to the river.

“Uncle, it is my son. He speaks our words. He has been living in the cave of the magic people since he was a hand of winters, I bring him food.”

“Why do you do this? Why does your son smell like a dog turd?”

“He could not play the game.”

“Yes, so you sent him to the river.”

“See for yourself,” Little Mama said.

She went to Tot, untied his feet, while she was reaching for the ties around his hands the man said, “Be careful, look at those claws, they’re the worst part, it’s probably poison, like rattlesnake venom.”

Little Mama finished untying his hands, and held them out, so that in the firelight, the entire crowd could see Tot’s hands.

“Hands. These are the fingers of my son, not the claws of a beast.”

The Chief stepped forward to take a closer look, and sniffed. “Looks like fingers. Stinky fingers.”

“Go wash him in the river and bring him to me when the sun rises,” said the Chief. “I’ve had enough of that smell for now.”

Little Mama took him down to the Brazos, and bathed her son for the first time in two hands of winters, and it took a lot longer than she’d expected. “Let me do the talking,” she said. Tot, who had not spoken to anybody but his mother and the magic people for ten winters, had no objection.

When they returned to the village, it was morning, and the entire village was waiting on the clay court. Her Uncle, The Chief, was standing center court, holding a ball.

“He must play the game,” The Chief said, “Or return to the river.”

“No,” Little Mama said.

“No? You question me, your chief and your uncle? Me, who is not only tallest, but the wisest and holder of the record for rebounds, blocked shots, and points made in a single season?”

“I made the ball, I should have a voice. I bore a son, I should have a voice. Is that not the reason that your father listened to your mother, and created the game that made you the greatest warrior in the memory of all people of the Brazos?”

The Chief was silent for a moment. “Beloved little niece, your way of talking is like a circle, it has an effect on my thoughts that is both pleasant but also makes me feel like I had one bowl too many of fish brain and mushroom soup. Perhaps it is better if you stop talking.”

“I will stop talking if you allow my son to return to the village.”

“This is the law, a boy plays the game or he goes for a walk. It is tradition to give puny boys the mercy of the river, but I grant you permission to take him to the Bii-eh-ba, who have scrawny warriors. But you must accompany him, for I could never trust a woman who has a son that is warrior for another tribe.”

"She can not go to the Bii-eh-ba," said Big Mama. "She is our treasure, without her, no game, and no game, you would have died in a raid and never been Chief."

"Mother, you speak in the circular fashion like my niece. Stop this!"

"My son is the greatest of all," said Little Mama, "My son will bring the tribe hands of hands of hands of tall warriors to the Brazos, and they will raid to the great water and to the lands of the ice and snow."

The crowd burst out laughing.

"Stinky Fingers, the great warrior! Dog Turd, leader of the people!"

"Listen to Little Mama," Big Mama said, "Her words are valuable."

One man kept laughing. The Chief threw his stone hammer and knocked the laughing man dead where he stood. The laughter stopped.

"I will show you how the magic people taught my son, Tail of Tatanka, to be the greatest warrior. People of the Brazos, follow me, and bring sticks of fire."

Tot and Little Mama led the way, the entire tribe followed them, deep into the forest of the magic people, careful not to step on the mushrooms along the path, for they were the sacred homes of the magic people. When they reached the cave, Little Mama said, "I will take the Chief and Big Mama to see the magic first. You people wait here. Tot, come with us, hold the stick of fire."

They threaded through the narrow cave entrance, it was difficult for Big Mama and the Chief, who were tall, but after a dozen paces, it opened up to wide chamber, with smooth walls.

"When Tot was small, he missed the village very much. Every night, I would come here and tell him stories of my Uncle, the greatest rebounder and warrior in tribe history, and of my grandmother, who created the game that allowed the tribe to prosper. Even though he could not play the game like the other children, he wanted to know the stories, and I told them every night. When he was older, I needed to tend to Big Mama and my nieces,

and stayed away longer. I was too tired, and rarely came into this chamber, as it is dark, and becomes smoky quickly if we bring fire. Tot, hand me the fire stick."

Tot handed his mother the torch. She guided them to wall and held it up. There were pictures drawn on the wall. Uncle and Grandmother had never seen a drawing before – no one had, except Little Mama, Tot and the magic people.

"It looks like a woman and girl, and the girl is inflating a ball," Big Mama said.

"It is," Little Mama said, "The woman is you. The girl is me."

"How can that be? How does the stone know?"

"The stone didn't make this – Tail of Tatanka made this."

"Magic," The Chief said. "Magic people did this."

"Tail of Tatanka did this. Look here."

They looked at the next section of wall. A woman was flying and laying down a monster dunk, while two large warriors looked on from the sidelines.

"Look Uncle, the young one is you. The old man is your father. The woman is Big Mama."

They moved on. The next panel showed a tall young warrior totally catching another tall warrior off balance, flailing around like he had ants in his loincloth.

"Recognize this, Uncle?" Little Mama asked. "It is my favorite memory from my childhood."

"Yes, beloved niece. That's when I totally bamboozled that foolish man from the lands west of the Brazos, I think it was the second annual tournament."

They proceeded through several panels that told the story of the Na-is-mit tribe and the warriors. Tot knew little of the recent history, the next generations – boys just a little older than Tot, were leading raids west to the land of the sun, and the land of the great salt lake, exploits that deserved a visual retelling.

They stepped out of the cavern to the waiting tribe outside.

"Go by hands into the cavern, and behold the magic Stinky Fingers has created."

The tribe went in by hands and they all came out perplexed and amazed. Many people wanted to touch Tot, and some boys apologized to him for calling him Dog Turd. One boy asked, "What do you put in your magic paint that allows it to stick to the walls, it has a familiar smell to it."

"You sniffed my wall?" Tot asked.

"Yeah," said the boy, "I was so amazed I wanted to get a close look and I smelled it."

"The magic people told me not to tell anybody," Tot said. "Or they might come eat you in your sleep."

When all the people had made the inspection and again waited outside the cave, the Chief consulted with Little and Big Mama and then made a decree.

"I order my son, Heart of Tatanka, to take two hands of the finest warriors, except for Red Grasshopper, don't take him. I don't want to get him injured or killed before the fall season, we play the people of the White Rock on a road trip, and I'm going to need him to fill up the lane. Come to think of it, I'm going to need C-Blood and D-Rod as well. Strike that, I order my son, Heart of Tatanka the third – just for clarity – to take two hands of warriors except for any of the starters, on a mission to the Bii-eh-ba to make a treaty of peace, they will take Stinky Fingers --- I mean Tail of Tatanka – to negotiate using his magic pictures. Stinky Fingers – sorry, nephew, do you mind we just make your warrior's name Stinky Fingers?"

"It's better than Dog Turd," he said.

"Yes, it is. Stinky Fingers eats first, gets first pick of the captives, and can have that whole row of huts over there by the stone cliffs, so he can record the stories."

Nobody objected, they had never seen pictures. Many of the young boys and girls were already outside using sticks to draw in the dirt, and some kids were even using stones to carve lines into other stones. The drawing itself didn't amaze the people – children had been making doodles and figures and carvings for generations. What amazed the people – all the people – was that Tot could draw things that had happened before he was born. Was he a spirit that could see the past? Was he magic?

This may have been the very first instance of Arthur C. Clark's third law which states, *Any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic.*

Right here in Texas, where technology was created. Aren't you Lucky?

### Stinky Fingers

Stinky Fingers went to the Bii-eh-ba with two hands of warriors, led by the Chief's tallest son, Heart of Tatanka the third, or Hot for short.

The Bii-eh-ba were an interesting people, they had a mix of hefty and scrawny warriors who like to throw stones and break them against each other, and to wrestle. Some of them could throw a rock pretty good, but they had no skills at the tall warrior's game. They weren't much good for long distance raiding either, they would only run in spurts, they preferred to take their time eating, and were pretty good hunters because they didn't move around much.

Hot's warriors setup baskets and demonstrated a game. Two hands of the best Bii-eh-ba warriors played each other next, and it was disastrous. The sun was low in the sky and the score was only 2-4. Na-is-mit games lasted five minutes at most.

"Worthless," Hot tells Stinky Fingers. "Not one guy I would take. That one big guy, I could put him in to take some fouls, put a little hurt on. But the rest of them? Useless. Every rebound goes out of bounds, this game is going to take forever."

"So they're all worthless as warriors?"

"No, not really. Those hefty guys are awesome in a battle. The way I like to use them is give them a thick branch, maybe double his wingspan in length, and charge into a line of the enemy and knock them over. Then you get some of your scrawny guys – guys like you - and give them a big rock and they come in after the heftyies and jump the enemy on the ground, they just pound them in the head with the big rocks. Just basic teamwork. And scrawny guys, sometimes those are the guys that can throw a rock real hard and accurate. You put the scrawny guys behind the hefty guys, us tall guys stand back, out of range, where we got a good tactical view of the battlefield. Works out usually, but that's only with captives, since all of our warriors are



tall. That's where us tall guys have a disadvantage in battle, we're tall, so we're easy targets for the rock throwers. Getting hit in the head with a rock hurts. Sometimes I wish it was me who was chosen by the magic people. I've been hit in the head with so many rocks, half the time it's from a little brother behind me, thinks he can throw a stone just because he can hit a jump shot. Not like I had a choice about it. When I was a little one, I just wanted to ball with the starters. They don't exactly tell you about the getting hit in the head with stones part."

"I feel you, cuz," Stinky Fingers said, feeling kinship with a male of his tribe for the first time.

Two hours later, relieved it was a moonless night, Hot called the game, the score at 7-4.

The next morning, the Bii-eh-bah as well as the Nai-is-mith warriors awoke to find Stinky Fingers hanging from a rope, painting the side of a rock facing. The Bii-eh-bah were mesmerized by the magic at work. They'd already seen reprints of the Ni-is-mith histories Stinky Fingers had painted on the inside of the skin of tatanka, which they rolled up and carried with them.

There were two wall pictures, the first one was of a four-sided diamond shape. The second was of a rectangular field. Near siesta time, Stinky Fingers came down from the rock and explained.

The first game involved throwing rocks and defending yourself from rocks with a piece of deadwood and turning that defense back to offense by propelling the stone at one of the opposing players. It consisted of very complicated rules and strategies, which would require careful study and most of all, independent decisions making based on probabilistic thinking. Not a whole lot of running around, but a lot of rock throwing.

The second game consisted of several of the hefty players forming a defensive wall while players behind them targeted the enemy with stones, or threw a ball to his own men, trying to get the ball to end of the field, where points were scored. After an initial walk through, Hot and Stinky Fingers decided to remove the rock throwing, as the goal was to produce as many functional warriors as possible. Like the first game, this game involved following a

preplanned set of maneuvers. Adaptive adjustment while the play was live was important as well.

The next day, several hands of Bii-eh-ba warriors took the field and played the games. It was quickly found that both the scrawny and hefty could play either game, though different size warriors tended to fit some roles better than others. Linemen were always hefty, but sometimes heftyies could throw a rock. One Bii-eh-ba warrior pointed out, "This is pretty good, cause one of them is good for the winter, when you're banging into each other, you don't want to overheat. The other one, you're mostly standing around throwing rocks or trying to catch rocks, so not so bad on a hot day." Everybody agreed, that stick-rock was better for the warm months, especially since it was a good one for the road, you didn't need a clay court or a field, you could throw rocks at your brothers in any setting.

The Bii-eh-ba agreed to start training in stick-rock and boardball and Hot took the idea back to his father that he should train some of the benchwarmer and shorter guys in some of these new lesser sports, that way they could compare the skill of their warriors to those of their new allies. The Chief agreed. After two winters, the combined warriors of the Bii-eh-ba and Na-Is-mit peacefully conquered many lands to the east and north, and spread these new sports through the Gulf Coast and even down into ancient Mexico.

After a few years, Heart of Tatanka II died, and his son, Hot became chief. On his dying bed, the Chief said to his son, "Don't forget the Be-ek-um, my son. Once, their great warrior called my mother, your grandmother, Big Mama, the mother of basketball, a very vile name, I dare not repeat. You must avenge this insult. They have fled south, but they will not escape our vengeance, my son."

"I will destroy the Be-ek-em, father," Hot said.

A moon after the death of his father, Hot took a contingent of many hands of tall, hefty and scrawny warriors across the river and sought the Be-ek-em, who had done quite well in the lands of the snake to the south and west. After many days of walking, stopping only for a midday game of stick-rock, the warriors found the Be-ek-em. Hot called them out to talk peace, leaving a gift of mushrooms

from the magic people's forest. The Be-ek-em sent out an old hunter, who proceeded to eat them with flourish.

Two of their young warriors came out, fearlessly and without concern.

"What you guys want? Got a sudden craving for snake?"

"We wanted to tell you about our sports league, how we got warriors from all over the lands, and we're like doing a unification program based on sports. So instead raiding each other, we can just share food and trade captives at tournaments. We got three sports, for all the seasons, there's some crossover but it works out all right."

Stinky Fingers proceeds to unroll the skins of Tatanka and show the frames of the three sports.

One of the warriors said, "I miss me some tatanka. And mushrooms. Living on the Brazos was sweet while it lasted."

The other warrior said, "Sorry, we already got a sport. We can play it anywhere, any season. Let me show you."

A bunch of Be-ek-em warriors came out of the low brush. They had a boar's bladder and they ran around the wasteland, kicking and guiding the ball with their feet.

Hot said to Stinky Fingers, "Their field is ten times the size of our courts. Tall guys can't be running around like that, constantly for hours. This is the desert. This is what a diet of snake meat and scorpion will do you."

"How about as warriors?"

"As warriors, hell yes. Guys that run around like that in the desert are indestructible, man. We should ally with them. I'm just not asking any of my kids to subject themselves to this kind of craziness. They can play their game on their own."

"Well, then how does it work? If we don't play their game, how will we know if they're good?"

"I didn't actually come here to make peace with them. I got the whole vengeance thing for the insult to Big Mama."

"No doubt, cuz."

The two warriors came back, sweating but not out of breath.

"Short game," said Hot.

"No, man. That was just a demonstration. We usually play from when we wake up until sundown, unless we got to help the women with the snakes, then we might have to cut it short."

"So, you wouldn't be interested in joining our league?"

"You guys got a taste for snake or what, man? Cause way I see it, what could we bring you, you ain't got already? See any tall warriors out here? Snakes tend to bite the tall people first, if you know what I mean."

Hot looks around at his feet, uncomfortably. All his warriors look at their feet. As they do, they start to notice something else. They were encircled by Be-ek-em warriors, just a stone's throw away, holding spears and rocks, waiting patiently.

"This isn't good," Hot said.

"I got this," said Stinky Fingers.

"You got what, little man?" The Be-ek-em warrior wasn't much bigger than Stinky Fingers himself.

"How did a little runt like you come from this tribe of giants anyway? Was your mother one of the magic people of the forest, captured by giants? Does your mother have hairy feet, Stinky Fingers?"

Those were the last words ever uttered by the warrior, for Stinky Fingers grabbed a large stone and leapt upon the warrior and smashed his head in. The other Be-ek-em warrior looked stunned for a moment and then started to raise his hammer. Hot thrust his spear through the warrior's throat.

"Little warning next time, Stinky," said Hot.

"No worries, cuz. I got this," Stinky Fingers pulls a bladder from his bag and unties the end, pouring the contents, a dark, runny, gooey and very stinky concoction, over his head. Hot makes a full circle survey, seeing the Be-ek-em warriors approaching them from all sides, outnumbering their contingent by three to one, more than

that if you included the second ring, which involved women<sup>139</sup> and children warriors all holding spears or stones.

"People of the Brazos," Stinky Fingers shouts. "What was I when I came from the forest of the magic people."

"Dog Turd!" came a chorus of shouts.

"And who am I now?"

"Dog Turd!"

"Did you ever wonder what I ate, all those years in the forest with the magic people?"

Silence. Stinky Fingers, covered in black goo, steps forward from his line of the tall second-stringers, breaks through the lines of his own hefty and scrawny warriors, and into the open field, heading directly toward the largest Be-ek-em warrior, who wasn't very tall but was carrying a very large stone over his head.

"Nobody wondered what I ate?"

"We thought you ate mushrooms in the forest," said one young warrior.

"You can't eat mushrooms. That's where the magic people live. But you're close, because the magic people did bring me the food I ate."

Stinky Fingers was literally<sup>140</sup> a stone's throw from the strong Be-ek-em warrior holding the large stone over his head, ready to toss it. Close enough so Stinky Fingers could whisper without being heard by the line of warriors on either side.

"Hey brother, watch your step there, this heavy brush, you going to step ---"

The warrior glances down but immediately begins to wobble. The stone was the largest he could find, you always want to be the warrior with the largest stones, that was a rule of the Eaters of the Snake. The stone weighed about twice as much as his largest brother,

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<sup>139</sup> This happened just north of the Rio Grande so another feminist innovation invented in Texas.

<sup>140</sup> Children, this proves that Texas Historians also know the literal use of "literally."

so it took a lot of strength just to hold it over his head. You didn't want to look down and lose your balance.

"Step on what?" the warrior whispered.

Stinky Fingers shouted, "Yes, the magic people fed me very well. In fact, I developed quite a taste for the food they brought me. It was especially delicious, but in the years I've been back with the people of the Brazos, I've developed quite a hankering for that flavor."

"Hey, little bro, what am I about to step on?"

"It's by your right foot," Stinky whispered.

"What's by my foot? Which one is my right foot?" he whispered, afraid he was going to drop the stone and look foolish in front of his football teammates.

"When you throw a stone, the arm you throw with is usually the right one," Stinky Finger whispered. "Except for people like me, I use my left arm to throw, but I'm not a warrior."

"I use both arms to throw stones," whispered the warriors. "Can't you see?"

"When you wipe after a squat --"

"Wipe? What the hell are you talking about?"

Stinky Fingers realized he was dealing with somebody that basic innovation had left behind. He made a game time adjustment to his plan.

"What I ate --- was --- was so delicious, and it's something I can smell again for the first time in years, and I smell a lot of it," Stinky Fingers shouted. "And now Dog Turd has a hunger, a vicious hunger."

"Dog Turd! Dog Turd! Dog Turd!"

Stinky Fingers whispered, "The snake is right there," then made a dramatic hand gesture ending with a kung-fu pose pointing towards the warrior's right foot. The warrior looked down frantically, lost his balance, started to fall backwards, and then lost his grip on the stone and it dropped square on his face as he hit the ground.

"I ate the children of the eaters of the snake!" Stinky Fingers shouts, and leaps over the fallen warrior directly toward a group of young boys in the second line.

The boys turn tail and run as do all the warriors. The Be-ek-em coalesce into a herd of runners, all headed south. The Na-is-mit warriors didn't bother with chasing them, as they already knew they could run for hours in the desert without water. They did it for sport.

The expedition returned to the Brazos as heroes, the celebration lasted for days.

The empire of Heart and Tail of Tatanka was born. Hot stayed at home on the Brazos, coaching up new ranks of warrior of all shapes and sizes, while Stinky Fingers roamed to the North and East, building an empire through peaceful competition, but sometimes, usually after a mother insult, outright stone age savagery or magic. Stinky Fingers had many sons, and they built leagues that spanned the entire continent. The very first empire, started right here in Texas.

Aren't you lucky?

Texas archaeologists say that the Empire of the Tail and Heart of Tatanka lasted several centuries. We have no historical record of what became of them, though there is an account related to a historian by a former Navajo captive. Legend was that a new people from the ice lands, who liked to stand in the open like idiots on the prairie and use sticks to knock round stones into gofer holes, brought with their strange sport a strange disease and wiped the entire Brazos River empire out of existence. We might never be able confirm this, but it sounds about right. One of the constants of Texas History is never trust people from the land of ice and snow.

## The Canadian

One of the first rules of historical research that every good Texan needs to know is: Question your sources. You might ask yourself, how do we know about the origins of the Brazos empire, but not about the fall?

That's a very good question. The answer is in the story.

In 1852, in the early years of Texas statehood, there was a wandering scoundrel with a Scottish accent and a long beard who was making rounds in South-East Texas. He'd swindle a farmer out of a goat, using paperwork and a taxman's badge, or a rancher out of

cow, or a merchant out of his wares, and then skedaddle on to the next town. He'd go by different names, and every few months he would just disappear, only to fleece another set of towns a few months later.

After stealing the winter stores of a poor rancher's widow with seven little mouths to feed, *Los Diablos Tejanos* were called in and formed a posse. They found a tall German woman who'd been abducted by natives but sold to a white man, whom she lived with in a cabin on the shores of the Brazos for several weeks. She remembered the man spent many hours painting pictures of the river, and kept the paintings rolled up in a trunk. The man had a notebook with him and would often pull it out to make sketches and notes. He never hurt or abused the woman, but she was made to cook and clean the cabin. She spoke little English but the man knew enough German to give her instructions. The Rangers spoke to other victims and several others remembered a sketchbook. The German woman also remembered what she thought was an Indian man who came to the cabin one day and talked to the man for several hours. A day after the Indian visited, the man left and didn't return for two days. The woman was confused, because the man had led her to believe he was sent by her brother. The woman followed a trail and eventually came across a group of settlers who got her to Navasota where she was able to write to her brother, who had settled in Waco.

The woman had not been able to point the Rangers to the cabin, but they roamed the area to the south of Navasota on the east side of the river. Several farmers in the area told the Rangers they thought the Indian was Karankawa Joe, a crazy man who was known to rob cabins for liquor and had been suspected of poaching, but nobody knew where he lived or where he came from. The Karankawa were down near the coast and none of the local tribes claimed him. That might have been all there was to the story.

In 1854, the Rangers finally caught up with old Karankawa Joe. Joe was a Tejano who'd been captured as a boy and traded around the tribes before finally ending up with a Karankawa family who made the mistake of introducing him to alcohol. The Rangers found Joe in a jail in Houston, after getting beaten for trying to cheat



at cards. He admitted to trading with the Scotsman but not to any criminal activity, only that he took him to the site of the ancient people to make his drawings. He had told the man that the German woman had made it to town and reported on him, and that *Los Diablos Tejanos* were looking for the both of them, and at that time, Joe had headed east for Louisiana for a few months. The Rangers had Joe guide them to the cabin, but it was empty and abandoned.

"My people don't like this area, it's got the spirit of the tall warriors," Joe told the rangers.

"You mean the Tejanos? Or the Injuns? Just who is your people, Joe?"

"The peoples who drink from the Brazos," said Joe.

"Fools. You mean the fools who drink from the Brazos? I don't let my horse drink that water, partner."

The mystery of the Scotsman remained.

In 1889, a young teacher named James Naismith from Canada arrived at Navasota, showing a painting of the banks of a muddy river, that many said resembled the Brazos, but no one recognized the exact location. It was suggested that he find Karankawa Joe, who was known to be found on the Brazos.

James found Joe on the river at San Felipe where James explained his quest. His father had died when he was young, and he was trying to put together missing pieces. His father had told him that this painting was the secret to a great treasure, and when his son was old enough, he should go to Texas and find the cabin. His father had died before explaining any more.

"I knew your father," said Joe. "He was a scoundrel, the *Los Diablos Tejanos* was looking for him, but he only stole to support his work, which was the study of the magic people of the forest."

"Like Leprechauns?" James asked.

"I ain't never been to Ireland," Joe said. "How would I know? They live under mushrooms here, where do Leprechauns hide?"

"Under clovers, I think," James said, unsure about the subject.

"Damn, everything is bigger in Texas," said Joe. "Even our magic little people."

"What was he studying exactly? You said he was making drawings?"

"I'll show you," Joe said, guiding James to his canoe. They paddled upriver from San Felipe for a day, then hiked up along the banks for an hour, where they found the cabin, just like the painting. The cabin was abandoned, and falling apart, but Joe was able to find a shovel. Together they stood on a rise that overlooked both the cabin and the river, matching the painting exactly.

"You see the flower," Joe said. "That's a bluebonnet. Only flower in the whole picture, like over there, between the trees."

"There's no flower now," James said.

"It's August. What kind of teacher are you anyway, think you find a bluebonnet in bloom in August?"

"Physical Education," James said.

"What's that?"

"Sports."

"Oh, sports? That's - there is a white man's word for it, I just can't think of it right now, but there's a word for it. You are into sports, and he told you this painting was your great treasure?"

"Sentimental?"

"No, not sentimental," said Joe, pondering how to explain. "Like if you had an entire bag of spoons, but you really needed a knife."

"Are you a waiter, in a restaurant?"

"No, partner. Just forget it. Your father was obsessed with the cave of the magic people, he wanted to sketch all the drawings, and just would steal food and trick these stupid Texans out of money to pay for his drawing materials."

"My father could draw?"

"He is the one who painted the painting. You didn't know that?"

"If he could draw, I wonder why he pointed me towards athletics. I always thought I'd be a good artist, but papa pushed me towards the physical arts."

"Well it is probably because *Los Diablos Tejano* was looking for a man with a Scottish accent who could draw, and let me tell you,

*Los Diablos Tejanos* ain't afraid of any Northman. Your dad have a Scottish accent?"

"A bit, because he was from Scotland, yes he did."

"He was afraid of the Rangers, partner. He couldn't let them Rangers figure it out."

They walked down the rise to the spot where the flower had been in the painting. Joe handed James the shovel and said, "You're the athletic one, dig. Only a fool digs a hole in August in Texas."

"In Canada, we can only dig holes in summer, because the ground is frozen most of the year."

"Did you ever think maybe that was a clue you should head south?"

"No, we love it. In winter you can skate across the frozen lakes. We love to play hockey, it's the sport of the kings."

"Boy, you better get digging, and stop with this stupid talk. There's only three sports worth playing, unless you're a snake eater. Frozen lakes!"

James dug for a few minutes and then hit something solid. It was a chest. He finished digging, and pulled it up out of the hole.

"Gosh darnnit, Joe. It's locked. What are we going to do now? Do you think dear old dad left a key, maybe there's a clue in the painting?"

Joe picked up the shovel and with just a bit of force, dropped it on the chest, which split open.

"That's been buried in Brazos mud for thirty years, boy. I asked him what the point of locking it was if he was going to bury it, but he wanted a lock, so I sold him a lock."

James picked apart the chest and found several wooden rollers and another smaller box that contained a notebook. The drawings were very precise, and the first one looked very familiar to James.

"Baseball, this looks like a drawing of a baseball game, sort of like a rule book."

"That's exactly what it is."

He pulled another tube and un-scrolled the painting. It looked a very basic game of football, which James had believed was derived

from the noble British sport of rugby. He'd always believed baseball, grand American past time, had originated with the British as well. He said as much to Joe.

"No. What happened was the Conquistadors captured a Tonkawa medicine man and made him tell their translator the rules of the three ancient sports of the Brazos empire people. The Tonkawa was clever, so he told them the rules for the two lesser sports – baseball and football, and instead of telling them the rules of the most noble game, he substituted the rules of the snake eater's game, and told them that it was the most noble game of the Brazos people that made them great warriors that conquered the entire continent. As a secret part of the *Treaty of Madrid*, the British and Spaniards split up the rule book, the Spaniards thinking they kept the most noble sport for themselves. But the Spaniards was who got tricked."

"What is most noble sport? You mean cricket?"

"No, fool. It's that last painting, and the whole notebook is filled with sketches."

James pulled the last painting out, it was a reproduction showing Big Mama slamming the ball in the basket. He flipped through the notebook, pages and pages of sketches of basketball plays.

"How come nobody came here before?"

"They all get sick. This cabin here, was built by a really tall Swede, he didn't get sick but he didn't know how to talk friendly to the people," Joe said. "My people run him off."

"Which people?"

"What do you mean, fool? My people."

"Did my father get sick?"

"No, he didn't."

"You aren't sick either," James said.

"I got herbs and potions and stay drunk most of the time, counteracts the magic. Curious that you aren't sick. What did you say your name was again?"

"James Naismith."

"Sounds awful similar to Na-is-mit."

“What’s that?”

“The name of the old people who lived here, the tall warriors whose empire stretched from sea to sea. Your father told me another name, a name I didn’t know back in those days when I was young. But I recognize it now. He told me his name was Lokey.”

“Lokey? I’ve never heard of a Scot name like Lokey, but I grew up in Canada. Maybe it’s like a secret name.”

“Secret name?”

“Like, Karankawa Joe, that’s not your Christian name, but like your Texas name.”

“No, that’s my name. The Karankawa gave me to a Lutheran family, they already had a son name Joe, so they called him Bible Joe and me Karankawa Joe. That’s my name, they signed me for school, and it what they put on the wanted posters back in the day when they was looking for me and your pa.”

“Well, that’s all good, but can we move on to the cave? I’d like to see it before I head back to Canada.”

“Okay, pick up your pa’s stuff and we’ll head over there. We’ll need a lantern.”

They stowed the notebook and paintings at the cabin and begin the hike through the forest of the magic people.

As they walked, James commented, “These are some big mushrooms. Hey, what’s that stand over there.”

There was a wood box nailed on a platform hung between two trees.

“Oh, that’s my explosives cache. Anybody up and down the river, they need something blown up, they know to get word to Karankawa Joe, he’ll come on his canoe and blast what needs blasting.”

“Where did you get the explosives?”

“Didn’t your mama teach not to ask too many questions?” Joe asked. “I had eight different mamas, eight different languages, they all taught me that. You people in the ice lands don’t got no mamas?”

“Excuse me, sir. I implore you, I meant no offense.”

“The cave is right up here, up this little gulley there’s the entrance, but the rock extends back out into the hill. I had to chase

bears out of here twenty years ago, but all these Germans done the job for me since, them people can make sausage out of anything.”

“Speaking of Germans, what was the deal with the German lady that got my father chased by the Texas Rangers?”

“Oh,” Joe said, “That’s the magic people. They convinced your pa that the German lady was the witch Aslaug. After a few days, your father figured out the magic people were just pulling his leg, cause she refused to do anything magic or evil. These magic people – well any Texan or Tejano, big or small, we like to pull pranks when foreigners first arrive. We got all the traditions, depends on where the foreigner is coming from, we got a set for the ice people, and for the land of the sun people. Pranks always funnier the longer you can keep them guessing.”

“So you’re like doing it to me now, talking about magic little people?”

“Oh, no. Magic little people is real. We got different types but they ones live on the Brazos is funny. I don’t care for the little people down in the snake land, vicious little buggers. These fellers up around here, they’re pretty good, if you can stay upwind.”

Joe guides them to the entrance of the cave, a rock outcropping deep in a gulley. Joe stopped, sparked the lanterns, and they squeezed in through the narrow entrance. The first chamber was small, just below the surface. It had some venting and there were clear runoff trails from the drainage. Joe pointed through a narrow crack.

“You’re bigger than I am, if you don’t think you can squeeze, you can get on all fours, it’s wider down at the bottom.”

“I think I can make it,” said James.

They squeezed through the meandering crack and came into a big wide cavern, with a tall roof.

“What’s that smell?” James asked.

“Bat shit, mostly. There was all kinds of critters up in here when me and your father came here. It was the strangest things, whole mess of bats come flying out that cave just as we got down in the gulley, middle of the day. We see bats round here all the time, but it’s usually at dusk.”

"I don't see the bats?"

"I guess they moved on. I been in caves where you can creep up and grab one without waking the rest of the cauldron."

"Why would you want to grab a bat?" James asked.

"Boy, I done told you about asking questions. Are you the spawn of a beast or something, what kind of mama let you talk like that? I about done had it!"

"Pardon me," said James. "I meant no offense."

"Come on then, we're here. Get up close to the wall."

They brought the lanterns close to the wall, the walls were unusually smooth, but covered with a thick layer of dust.

"What I heard from some old Tejanos was back before the Spaniards came, the Tonkawa said there used to be a tall wizard who'd walk these woods and watch over the place, and sometimes he'd let the people come up here and look at the walls, it was always clean like a shrine back in those days. There was a lot more dust when your father was here. "

Joe pulled out his foot long Bowie and gently scraped the wall clean.

James was amazed.

"It's exactly like the drawings and the painting."



**FIGURE 7 - SKETCH OF CAVE DRAWING FROM JAMES NAISMITH'S NOTEBOOK**

"Yeah, your dad would come up here every day for a few hours, as long as he could take it, smoke builds up pretty quick, and it is hard to see the entire picture at once, so he would take his time, do his doodles, then head out for a breather."

"This might be one of the greatest historical discoveries of all time."

"Discovery? All the old people know about this place, know where it is at least."

"Don't you understand, Joe? This sport – this might be the origin of sports, athletics. This might be the original game the ancient people of America played, before the Greeks. I wonder why father kept it to himself, he could have become a famous man, a legend of archaeology."

"*Los Diablos Tejanos*," Joe said. "Like I told you, all the folks round here know about this place, just none of them can go into this



forest without getting sick. If he'd gone back to the ice lands and talked about his 'discovery' the Rangers would have got word, brung him back."

"As I understand it, he was just accused of some cheating and theft, no violence. He could have waited a few years."

"Wouldn't make no difference," Joe said. "The thing that got the Rangers in the first place, I don't know if you heard, was the widow of a Ranger named Walker. Your father stopped by and she fed him after he chopped some wood. He got up to some tricks after dinner, and there was a scuffle and some words I won't repeat, and your father got hold of their rifle and loaded up the widow's mule with their stores and took off. That oldest boy, well, when the Rangers came out and heard the story, they took that boy with them and trained him up. He's like a major big ass in the Rangers now, Cordell I think his name is. You should be scared. Boy, word gets back up to Austin you sniffing around down here, he bound to come after you instead of your daddy. It's his mother got the insult. *Los Diablos Tejanos* not going to forget about that."

They worked their way along the wall for another hour, until the buildup of smoke got to be too much. They went back to the gulley.

"You say my father finished with the sketches?"

"Well, yeah. He was just making the painting out of the clay flat, near the Swede's cabin. He was trying to figure the dimensions out, where the trees were in the old people's time, so he could figure out how far apart to put the baskets,"

"Interesting. Doesn't really matter much, does it?"

"Well, if you look in the notebook you'll see some symbols, look like hands? Your father thought those symbols with like the ancient's version of math. If he could figure out where the trees were up in the flats, he could translate them into your people's math, so he could know how large to build the building."

"That sounds like the first instance of writing. Unbelievable, the ancient Texans invented writing and mathematics? What kind of building?"

"He called it all something fancy like a gymnasium, like he was an ancient Greek or something. He said, it was too cold to play this kind of sport outdoors in the winter in your lands, but it was the perfect indoor sport. My people, we go indoors, we like to take a nap, not run around."

"I'm beginning to see where my father was headed with this."

"Yeah, he shoulda never pissed off *Los Diablos Tejanos*," Joe said. "He could have fooled them people up in your lands into believing he invented the most noble sport. I guess he sent you down here to continue his dream."

"Joe," said James. "How long before word gets around to that Ranger?"

"Oh," Joe said, "I'd give you at least a week. All I heard about was a Yankee asking about where a painting was painted up on the Brazos. Unless you want to square it away for good with Walker, I'd go ahead and head out in the morning."

Joe and James headed back to the cabin, where Joe pan fried a catfish with mushrooms, herbs and some chili peppers. After dinner, Joe commenced to heavy drinking and fell asleep. James pretended to sleep for an hour, then quietly snuck out to the stand of explosives on the river. He opened the box, took out two sticks of dynamite and a long fuse and returned to the cabin. He crept back in, made sure Joe was still sleeping, and gathered the notebook and the painting tubes into a makeshift rucksack he made with his blanket. He planted both sticks of dynamite under the cabin and lit the fuse.

The explosion blew the cabin to pieces, killing Joe.

James waited until dawn, and then carried an entire box of dynamite down to the cave. He placed sticks around the entire gallery and entrance, and then rolled out a very long fuse. The entire cave blew up and then collapsed, leaving no trace. It was now just a rumble of rocks in a muddy gully off the Brazos.

Young Texas Historians, I think you probably can figure out the rest. No one in central Texas ever saw Karankawa Joe again, it was just figured he'd gone to the river. Cordell Walker, Texas Ranger,

did eventually hear about the strange Canadian with a painting looking for Karankawa Joe.

There was one trader who'd run across a man fitting the Canadian's description. He'd passed the man carrying his belonging in a blanket on foot, on the trail up east of Tyler. The trader took pity on the man, who said his name was So-no-lo-ki.

"So-no-lo-ki? Sounds like an injun name," said Walker.

"What I said," said the trader. "I asked him, was he injun, he was dressed like a Yankee, but had this smell about him, needed a washing. He said he came from the land of ice and snow."

"He was gone in the morning," said the trader. "Didn't steal nothing, and I didn't think much of it, but when I got up to Kilgore I asked around about the stranger, guess that's how you heard about it."

No one else had seen or heard about the stranger, and Walker had to give up his search.

This same James Naismith went back to Canada, and then tricked his way into a teaching position at the YMCA in Springfield, Massachusetts. Not long after starting this position, he claimed to have "invented" the game of basketball, never mentioning to anyone his adventure in Texas.

Students, you now know the origins of the two common Texas sayings. *Never Trust a stranger James*, and *Beware the Canadians, they'll steal your dreams*.

Students, not all Canadians are bad, you just got to test them out make sure they've taken their medicine before you can share your plans with them. And Jameses, Texas born Jameses are always okay. Even James Bowie and James Fanin weren't born in Texas.

Stranger James just needs to be fully committed to Texas before you let one saddle your horse.

## The Defender of Texas History

Critical students of history may have some questions. If Naismith killed Karankawa Joe, and destroyed the caves, how do we know what happened? How can this be history, and not just a ghost story? It can't be history if it's just stories, that's the first rule of history. You must have evidence.

That brings us to the most important part of the story, and the lesson that brings this tale into modern times.

On Juneteenth 1984, Hakeem Olajuwon, a Nigerian student athlete from the University of Houston was in New York City for the NBA draft. Like all foreign or out-of-state students attending Texas universities, he had taken the mandatory Texas History course that is normally required in the seventh grade before formally enrolling at U of H. The very same class you are now taking, minus this chapter of course, because it wasn't history yet.

Hakeem was picked first. After the picks were announced, new NBA commissioner David Stern invited Hakeem, Sam Bowie, and Michael Jordan, the top three picks of the draft, to accompany him back to NBA Headquarters on Park Avenue. The three rookies had a good time, happy and laughing it up, excited about the future. Michael talked the most. Hakeem noticed that when Sam was talking Michael got this strange look in his eyes, like he might try to rip Sam's throat out with his teeth.

Stern took them to his fabulous office.

"Make yourself at home, Akeem and Michael," Stern said. "Sam, come with me. You two wait here, we might be a little while." Sam followed Stern.

"I wonder where he's taking Sam?" Hakeem asked.

"They giving Sam the talk. Sam going to Portland. Go to Portland, you get the talk."

"What talk, Michael? Clyde went to Portland last year, I wonder if he got the same talk?"

"Something about the bigfoots. Clyde need to get a different talk, this year, *Dream*."

"What do you mean, Michael?"

"Clyde is a guard. That mean he gets to guard me. That's the talk he needs. How to look the fool talk. You know what a fool is, *Dream?*"

"Clyde is no fool, Michael. He is my friend."

"Don't matter, you a friend, you my brother, you my teammate, but sure as hell if you trying to guard me, you a fool. A fool is who I wag my tongue at, *Dream.*"

"You better not stick your tongue out at me, Michael."

Michael looked up at Hakeem and saw he was serious. "We cool, *Dream.* Don't you worry. It look like I got to face you again in the playoffs and you got a real team, I got a plan."

"What's your plan, Michael?"

"You'll know it when you see it," Michael said. "I'm bored, let's look around."

They got up and started looking at the walls of David Stern's office. Michael stopped at one framed advertisement, Doctor J selling Converse shoes. "This is what I'm talking about, *Dream.* I'm going to sell me some shoes, make an athlete rich."

"That's good, Michael. We can lead the way for a more equitable income for everyone in the league."

"Whatcha talking about, *Dream?* I didn't say athletes, I said rich athlete. Me. There ain't going to be anything left for any other athletes to sell. I'm going to sell me some shoes, sell me some razors, like Joe Namath, sell me some underwear."

"Underwear? Who wants to buy your underwear, Michael?"

"Everybody going to want to wear my underwear, *Dream.* They want to be like me."

"I don't think so, Michael."

"You just wait. Going to sell me some water, put some Mike vitamins in it, call it Mike's water. Mike's steak, Mike's shoes, man those going cost. What they pay you for rent down there in Houston, *Dream?*"

"Nobody paid me for rent, Michael."

"What the hell kind of fraternity is *Phi Slamma Jamma* they don't pay your rent? You *The Dream.*"

"A nice apartment around the University costs about \$300 a month."

"That's it, *Dream*. Shoes is going to cost \$300, you want to be like me."

"I think your plan needs some more thought," Hakeem said. "What's this? It's so familiar."

Hakeem approached a painting that was hung on the back wall of David Stern's office. It was a landscape of a muddy river in the background, and a grove of trees and a grassy flat, with a single blue flower.

"This is so familiar," Hakeem said. "This reminds me of something."

"Is that where you lived in Africa?"

"No Michael, I lived in Lagos, a huge modern city, one of the biggest in the world."

"I thought you was from Africa?"

"Michael, did you ever go to class and learn anything at all?"

"Class? What the hell is class?" Michael said.

"I remember now," Hakeem said. "This looks like the place Moses took me. On the weekends, after working out at Fonde, Moses would drive me out of town into the Texas countryside. It looks exactly like that place. Moses said it was a special nature preserve for tall people."

"You went on a picnic with Moses Malone?"

"Several times. It was peaceful. He would go out there, have some food, take a nap, and get in touch with the spirit of rebounding."

The painting was hung high, right at Hakeem's eye level. He noticed that the painting was slightly askew. He reached up to level it, happy to find a familiar reminder of Texas in the strange city of the ice and snow. He nudged it a half a turn to the right, the wall swung backwards and a passageway opened up.

"Good job, *Dream*," Michael said. "You found the place they keep all that NBA money. Let's go."

Before Hakeem could stop him, Michael charged through the passageway.

"I told you," Michael called. "Gold."

Hakeem crouched down and made his way through the narrow passage. At the entrance, Michael was inspecting a pyramid of gold bars stacked on a pedestal. Beyond that, Hakeem saw another pedestal, on which sat a notebook. Along the walls hung framed blow-ups of drawings and a few paintings.

"Look at all this gold," Michael said.

"Look at these sketches," Hakeem said.

The first sketch had a plaque.

*In 1889, basketball founder James A. Naismith discovered the very first archeological evidence of a civilization that invented sports, art, writing, mathematics, feminism, and fishing on the banks of the Brazos River. These ancient people built a sprawling civilization thousands of years before these innovations were passed on to Eurasia and Africa. Naismith tried to bring his discoveries to academia but was hunted by The Texas Rangers who wanted to keep the secrets of history to themselves. In consultation with industry leaders, it was decided to keep most of the history secret, as it could upset the existing power dynamic. In a last-ditch effort to keep the history secret, the evil Texas Ranger Cordell Walker blew up the caves and this notebook is the only remaining evidence of the location of the true cradle of civilization, in what is now Austin County, Texas, on the shores of the Brazos.*

"This is unbelievable. Michael, basketball, not soccer is the first true sport. And it was invented by the ancient Texans."

"Michael Jordan invented basketball," Michael said, gingerly stuffing the small but heavy gold bars into the pockets of his jeans. "That's all people going to remember after I pay all the companies with this gold."

"Pay what companies?"

"Pay the companies to let me sell the stuff, so people can be like me."

"I don't think that's the way it works, Michael. They are supposed to pay you."

"First you got to pay them, or else they'll let somebody else sell the stuff. I got to pay a lot, so the companies will stop paying Magic and Bird."

"I don't think so," said Hakeem.

"James Worthy told me," Michael said.

"I was told never to trust a stranger James," said Hakeem. "In Texas History."

"Texas History?" Michael said. "What the hell is that?"

"It's a class – actually it's the most important class, for if we forget the past we will fail the future. Didn't you have North Carolina history in school?"

"*Dream*, you funny," Michael said. "North Carolina history began on February 17<sup>th</sup>, 1963 when Michael Jordan was born, 'cept I wasn't born there I was born in Brooklyn. No, North Carolina history began in New Orleans on March 29, 1982 when Michael Jordan brought the Tar Heels the championship. That's North Carolina history."

"I think it's just something they say in Texas, but they made us memorize it," Hakeem said.

"We got one like that in Carolina. '*Never let dumbass Daryl hold the keys*,'" Michael quoted.

"I don't know anything about Daryl," Hakeem said. "I know a coach named Carroll, works for the Rockets."

"Daryl, Harold, Farrell, Carol, it don't matter, sounds like Daryl, it must be like Daryl," said Michael. "Just don't let nobody sounds like dumbass Daryl hold the keys."

"So many things to remember. There was so much to learn about Texas. I had to take the class before they'd let me enroll at the University. I was jet-lagged from the flight from Nigeria. There was something else, maybe, *Take your dreams to Canada*? It was so hard to stay awake, I never had jet lag before that. I should really take the yearly refresher class when I get back to Houston."



“You funny, *Dream*.”

Hakeem continued to inspect the drawings. He was amazed. He had always thought Africa was the cradle of civilization, but given what he knew from Texas History, it wasn’t surprising. Baseball, football, soccer and fishing, and one of the drawings had symbolic representation of hands, an ancient form of mathematics. He always knew there was something special about basketball, he was magnetically drawn to it the first time he dunked the ball, despite having loved soccer growing up.

“Michael,” Hakeem said. “I think James Naismith stole this from Texas. This is a treasure of Texas History. It’s the first duty of a Texan to preserve and protect Texas History. I’m going take it back with me.”

Hakeem took the notebook and carefully hid it in his jacket pocket.

“I’m going take this gold,” Michael said, all four pockets stuffed with gold bars. He also had gold bars stuffed into his shoes.

“Michael, you look ridiculous. Commissioner Stern will notice you, and when we get down to the cars and the hotel, somebody might see you and take pictures.”

“Nobody going to see me, *Dream*.”

“Michael, I’m looking right at you. I can see the gold bars sticking out of your pockets.”

“That’s because you special, *Dream*,” said Michael. “I noticed that when we played you the first time. Don’t know why, maybe you from Africa, but nobody ever see what I don’t want them to see. Maybe we got the same ability.”

“What do you mean, Michael?”

“Like when you foul some fool in a game, and the referee never sees it. They never see me foul, even though I foul a fool every time. You get that?”

“Michael, if I foul somebody, I make sure that they see it.”

“Well, I think it’s cause I was born under a bad sign,” said Michael.

“Michael, we were born a month apart. What are you talking about?”

"I don't know what it means, it is just something all the fool's mamas been saying about me since I was in high school. 'cept for this one tall fool I played, he was blond and from Sweden. His mama always screaming at me, '*Low-key! Low-key!*'"

"Low key?" Hakeem wasn't always sure about American slang, but he was pretty sure that Michael Jordan didn't fit the definition of *low key*.

"I don't know, I figured it was *born under a bad sign* in her language, it's what all the other mamas would say."

With a great deal of effort, Michael slogged through the passageway back into Stern's office, followed by Hakeem. Hakeem rotated the painting, and the passageway closed behind him.

A few minutes later, Commissioner Stern came back without Sam Bowie. "Thanks for waiting, you guys want to go out to a club or something, or go see a show?"

"Thanks commissioner," Hakeem said. "I need to go back to the hotel, call my parents."

"Me too," said Mike. "It's been a long day."

Stern guided them down the hall. To Hakeem's genuine surprise, David Stern failed to notice Michael's unusual bow-legged gait. Hakeem walked behind the two of them and as if by magic, David Stern adopted Michael Jordan's gait, two cartoon characters, tall and short, slogging down the corridor, like they were on a planet where gravity was three times that of Earth's. Once they got in the elevator, it got very awkward as Commissioner Stern insisted on standing very close to Michael, and Hakeem was sure Stern would notice the gold bars, but Stern just stared up at Michael's face, silly grin on his face.

"Commish, you going to give me all the phone numbers of them guys run all the companies?"

"Sure, Michael. There's really only one number you need to call, my friend, Keyser."

"That's good," Michael said. "I have to talk to too many people, somebody going to look like a fool."

"Very good, Michael."

They made it down to the street level, and sure enough there was a crowd of people waiting, most of them screaming, “*Michael! Michael!*” but there were a few shouting, “*Akeem, The Dream!*” Nobody seemed to notice the bars of gold sticking out Michael’s pockets.

When he got back to the hotel, Hakeem quickly went to his room, gathered his things, and headed straight for the airport and took the red eye back to Houston. He called Houston Rockets assistant coach Rudy Tomjanovich, who, like Hakeem, wasn’t originally from Texas, but had taken the mandatory Texas History for adults refresher course with the rest of the team in 1971 when the Rockets moved from San Diego to Houston. They went back to Rudy’s house and consulted the Young Discoverers handout he’d kept from his class. Rudy knew what they had to do. They immediately drove to Rudy’s office at The Summit and made photocopies of all pages of the notebook. They then hid the notebook in a secret chamber in the basement of The Summit.

Rudy consulted businessman Tilman Fertitta and together they took the copies to Austin, where the three of them met with Governor White. Governor White made a few calls, and the next day, Vice President George H.W. Bush arrived with his eldest son, where they discussed options. A secret emergency session of the Texas Legislature was held, and a writ of vengeance was levied against Canada for theft of historical treasure. Much of the legislature urged immediate retaliation, but in a rousing speech, Bush the younger urged caution.

“We can use this to our advantage,” Bush said.

“They stole our history!” shouted one lawmaker.

“Did they insult anybody’s momma?” Bush asked.

The crowd hushed and whispers rang throughout the halls of the Texas Capitol. Lawmakers in the pocket of the petrochemical industry were mesmerized by visions of having a Texan in Washington who sounded like a Texan. Lawmakers on the other side of the aisle were just mesmerized by the twang.

In 1994 Hakeem Olajuwon would bring Texas its first NBA championship, avenging the metaphorical insult by defeating the tall

warriors from the lands of the ice and snow in seven games. The next year, he would defeat the giants from the land of the dwarves in four games, repeating as champions.

George Bush signed the secret *Treaty of San Felipe* on January 21<sup>st</sup>, 2001 just four days after taking office as President of the United States. Canadian Prime Minister Jean Chrétien ceded Texas all mineral royalties in Alberta, in payment for the insult of historical theft, and Texas agreed to not reveal to the world the facts of the matter, that it was a Texas woman and not a Canadian who invented basketball. The treaty was to last eighty years or until the oil ran out. It was a huge secret win, in the early days of his presidency.

The glory of Bush's Texas patriotism was short lived – on August 2, 2001 the Canadians pulled off the ultimate 'stranger James' double cross by trading for Texas hero Hakeem Olajuwon. Bush had the joint-chiefs prepare for full land-invasion of Alberta but then dropped the plan. Mysteriously, he stopped taking phone calls from Texas politicians the day Jay-Z dropped *The Blueprint*.<sup>141</sup> The *Treaty of San Felipe* was erased from U.S. History. Just another illustration of the necessity of having our own Texas History.

Hakeem Olajuwon would escape from Ontario in a jet the next summer and return to Texas. Unfortunately, due to some miscommunication and lingering effects of the Rockets' misjudgment of value, neither Rudy nor Hakeem mentioned to management the hidden location of Naismith's notebook. Today, the notebook remains hidden in the basement of Lakewood Church, who took over the Summit in 2003.

Texas History remains safe in God's hands.

Hakeem Olajuwon is a historical legend and a defender of Texas History. Without his keen eye and ability to completely ignore Michael Jordan's cloak of vanity, we might never have known that Texas was the cradle of civilization and birthplace of human genius.

It's funny how history works and some people just happen to be in the right place at the right time. Texas, fortunately, has been

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<sup>141</sup> A redemption story.

home to many of them, such as the likes of Jim Bowie and Sam Houston. Hakeem is one of those people, a hero with a life too good to be true. When it is true, it's history.

Aren't you lucky?

Remember young Texans, never trust a stranger James, and watch out for the dream-stealing Canadians. It doesn't matter if you were born here, or just got here just as fast as you could, it's your duty as a Texan, to appreciate and preserve the legacy of our history.

Our heroes are but human.

It is the stories we tell about them that make them genius.

Rocket Man, out

August 2<sup>nd</sup>, 2022

## Revision History

| Revision  | Date       | Copies | Description                       |
|-----------|------------|--------|-----------------------------------|
| 0.00-0.68 | 4/29/2021  |        | Ouroboros                         |
| 0.69-0.99 |            |        | Review Copies                     |
| 1.00      | 8/2/2022   | 122    | First Edition                     |
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| 1.71      | 4/28/2023  | 1      | ARC                               |
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## Chapter Coding

First Edition, unchanged

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New content, Second Foundation

# *The Book of Scoot*

SECOND FOUNDATION

Version 2.13





## **NASA FLIGHT CREW STS-51-L**

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# **The Foundation is Gratitude**



# DICK SCOBEE

## Scoot(1)

*It is my belief that by the manned exploration and exploitation of the potentials of space and the planets, we satisfy a basic need of mankind to explore and probe the unknown, and I simply want to be an integral part of that exploration.*

- Excerpt from Dick Scobee's NASA interview essay, answering "Why I want to be an astronaut."<sup>142</sup>

**Integral** – adjective – essential to completeness

What is the integral component of manned exploration of space and the planets?

One Scobee is the unit that defines that integral.

I stake this Scoot with that mission. To define the integral of manned spaceflight. I seek others who knew the man to share with me what they think is the integral. I want to know what Colonel Scobee thought.

I'll ask his family.

*O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave*

Dick Scobee lived with his family in my hometown.

Bravery.

I think the integral of manned space flight is bravery.

*The Foundation is Gratitude*

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<sup>142</sup> Taken from *Silver Linings*, by June Scobee Rodgers

# JUNE SCOBEE RODGERS

## Scoot(23)

In *Collecting Responsibility*, I recount a moment of inspiration. I wrote about *Challenger* in terms of a postcard I'd lost. It was a critical breakthrough in my thinking. Later that night it was as if the basketball gods were blessing my idea because KPJ destroyed the Bucks, dropping 50 points. It is a good story, and it happened like I wrote it.

It wasn't until much later that it hit me; I'd already finished writing the book and realized something even more profound. It's an even better story. This work is a testament to genius, so I'll keep the embellishment down to a Texas minimum.

I was curious, I remembered *Challenger* well, one of the few moments in high-school I can see clearly through the cobwebs of time. I also remember who I was, what I was like, and there was some incongruity. How did my mom get me to a NASA nerd camp when I was fourteen?

After a full year of 6<sup>th</sup> grade, I'd left my nerd roots behind. I still read science fiction but wasn't hanging out with other nerds who did. Summer after 7<sup>th</sup> grade was the last run of my suburban rap/breakdance crew. Thankfully, this occurred before digital photography. Home videos of teenagers doing stupid stuff was for rich people. Summer after 8<sup>th</sup> grade, I was hanging with kids who listened to metal and hated school, friends I'd have through high school. I know I wasn't volunteering to go to a NASA summer camp.

My Uncle Clay, retired Air Force, had broken the news to me years before. One summer it was, *with your glasses you'll never be a fighter pilot*. Gave it to me raw, then told me how he found out he was colorblind. I think the story was he didn't even know until after he'd already signed up for the Air Force, hoping to become a pilot. The Air Force doctors told him. No jets for Uncle Clay, but he made a career out of military intelligence.

I'd left astronaut dreams behind in grade school, along with the nerds. I wasn't a computer geek. I didn't even like to play video games at home, though the arcade was cool place to hang out. I couldn't understand how I ended up at NASA camp at that age. I asked my mother.

"You got picked because you were good at math," my mom said.

"Oh really," I say, not sure why that would have made a difference.

"Did you have to pay?"

"Oh, no," said my mom. "You went because it was free."

And then I got it. I get along with my mom great now, but as a teenager if there was a way to get me far away from her and it was free, she was first in line. My mom could walk into a supermarket in the 1980s with a box of coupons and walk out with two carts of groceries and \$50 cash in rebates.

She'd camp out like it was for concert tickets, to get rid of me for a few weeks in the summer. I can see my teen-self would have made peace with the fact it was all the way in Clear Lake, far away from where anybody might know me where I lived in Cypress.

I had no interest in computers at all. As a kid, I'd wanted to be an astronaut, but as a teenager, no way.

I don't remember much about the camp. We did a tour, saw mission control. We looked through a window at the computer room. I saw my first hard drive at NASA, it looked like and was the size of a washing machine. I remember the engineers were dudes in short-sleeve collared shirts who'd chain smoke and wore bad glasses.

I do remember learning to code on the Apple IIs. Only time I ever used Apple anything until I got an iPhone 25 years later. It wasn't even a real programming language, but this educational language called Logo that drew pictures on a screen. I don't really remember them teaching us much, but they must have. I don't remember if June was even part of the programming class, but she was part of our day.

While we were in some lecture scenario, I remember June talking about science fiction and ethics and the **Laws of Robotics**. I never read Asimov's robot novels, I'd gone straight to *Foundation*, since my

Uncle Clay had told me was the best Asimov. I might have mouthed off something to that effect.

I remember meeting Colonel Scobee, it might have been on the last day of camp. I hope I was respectful. I remember thinking, *he looks like somebody's dad, not a badass pilot.*

He was.

Both.

The tragedy is what stands out in my memory, what happened after. It was only half a year between the camp and the accident, but in a teenager's timeline it felt like a decade.

There was a lot of expectation in the news and among Houston schoolteachers about a teacher in space. We were freshmen boys, I'm sure we mocked it. My youngest kid is that same age now. His disdain for teachers matches mine at that age, for the same reason. People are complex, and kids see things through their direct experience until they've experienced more. Raising teenagers sure does change your perspective on being a teenager.

I have no memory of knowing that Dick Scobee was commander of the teacher-in-space mission ahead of the tragedy. I bet my mom told me and I tuned it out. That January day, realizing what it meant after the accident, was sickening. That memory became a stake in my identity. How shallow we can really be.

I can't blame teenagers for their thoughts on teachers and authority. Look how long it took me to realize the true value of this gift from June Scobee.<sup>143</sup>

Her gift was the greatest leverage in real terms anybody has ever given me. I raised a family and provided for them with this gift. I was 51 years old when I realized it. I was 14 when I went to that summer camp. 37 years. I have made an entire life out of what June taught me I could do in a free summer camp.

This is where the story diverges from what most teachers would want.

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<sup>143</sup> A reliable Texan source has confirmed that the camp was created by June Scobee and sponsored by Texas A&M. Karma at work, a lifetime of Aggie jokes has finally caught up with me.

I had no interest in technology in high school. I read a lot and was smart and could figure things out. I didn't like being forced to learn what I thought was basic stuff. In retrospect, the skills I'd learned to that point, going to elementary and middle schools in Cy-Fair ISD prepared me very well for the life I've had. Long before the internet, I had the capacity to figure out what I needed to know and the skills to find the answers. I could read, I could write, and I could do math and basic algebra, and that has served me well though my life.

After 11<sup>th</sup> grade we found a loophole, and me and my friend dropped out of High School, took the GED and enrolled at University of Houston. Neither of us took to college any more than high school, but since we weren't 18 yet, it was an acceptable compromise for our parents. The next year, we both took off for Los Angeles. I pursued music and writing for a few years, doing a variety of odd jobs to support myself.

I knew what a PC was but never used one. In fact, rather than buy a computer, I spent a few hundred bucks on an integrated word-processor with a printer. I had zero interest in technology or engineering, I was writing about what I wanted to write about.

I had a bunch of food and retail jobs, delivery driver, bank teller, liquor store, gas station attendant. In 1992 I was working for a redneck in Waller delivering horse trailers, when my vagabond friend set me up with an air-conditioned job repairing laptop computers. I ordered parts and kept the operation moving along and learned how to put laptop computers together. The secret, I learned, was that if you put a laptop back together and have an even amount of screws leftover, you did something wrong.

That company was somehow connected to Tony in New Jersey, and it went under. My drummer's mom worked at Compaq Computer on the night shift assembly line and used some insider voodoo to get me a temp job under her general protection. We worked on a Printed Circuit Board (PCB) manufacturing line, we made huge motherboards for servers. It was an air-conditioned job, and I learned several roles rapidly, but none needed computer skills. Late at night, you had to stay awake or risk instant termination if you were spotted dozing by a supervisor. It was very difficult as the line

was often stalled for hours at a time due to changeovers or supply chain issues. There was one lady who did stuff on the computer. She'd open reports and print them, then collate them manually and then print out another report, which she would give to the boss. You couldn't read books on the assembly line even if there was nothing to do. I quickly figured out the best thing to do was look busy when there was nothing to do or somebody would make me do something I didn't want to do.

Computers in those days came with a set of manuals, including a BASIC programming manual. Extra books that came with new systems were always around the line and were the one kind of reading material allowed on the floor besides specifications, work orders and schematics. I found that I could teach myself BASIC by figuring out how to collate all the files and print them out and save the lady some time each night. It probably took about a month.

Didn't go like I thought when I unveiled my innovation to the lady. Turns out she liked staying late to turn in the reports so she could get a half-hour overtime pay every day. Plus, complaining about staying late to the young people gave her a way to stay awake all night. My drummer's mom rescued me, but I was banished to another shift in a negotiated truce.

After a couple years of this, I found my way into an engineering team. I started doing tech stuff around the lab. I automated some stuff with batch files. An opportunity came up for a programming assignment in C, and my brother had a book about C, so I told them I was qualified. Turns out, I was, thanks to June Scobee.

From that path on, my career through digital logic has been smooth sailing. The basic skill I learned back in 1985 was all I needed. I call that integrative thinking, the ability to break down problems into smaller pieces, and solve the pieces. It's a common skill, used in all industries, with or without code.

The more you do it, the better you get at it. The real power is your ability to use code as a tool to apply even greater leverage. That's just looking at real world problems the same way as you solve code problems. It doesn't take four years of high school and multiple years in university to learn those skills. It takes identification of natural

potential and a little directed on the job training. Generations raised on digital logic are naturally more adaptive to integrative thinking because that is how software works.

I remember I'd been programming in C++ for about two years when I finally got some real training in a class we took at Compaq. My mentor, who was a C programmer only, but light years beyond me in engineering terms, was sitting next to me struggling with some examples in C++ which was new to him. I remember him watching me do some trick on the command line in Windows that was illegal in Unix and him pointing that out and I felt so smug.

That memory is truth. How leveraged by the past we are. My bag of tricks in programming was like a cheat code in a game to him. He'd had to solve all these puzzles himself, through incredible hours of focused thought. Every time I ran into a difficult programming problem – even in 1998 – all I had to do was write the problem clearly in English and type it into a search engine and I'd find at least a hundred ways somebody had solved the same problem.

Leverage is the prime component of any engineering task. Digital leverage is the most powerful tool man has ever created. That is because all engineering is digital engineering. Good engineers in every field are the ones that use software as a tool. *Engineers are responsible for the tools they use.* That's the most valuable engineering lesson. The sooner engineers understand their basic toolset, the more effective engineers they will be. All industries are potential innovation frontiers for young people trained to use digital tools.

Coding isn't for everybody.

This ability is not the same as being good at math. The math we use in integrative thinking is very simple.

I don't know how June Scobee identified that I was a good candidate to learn how to code.

I suspect if you ran the same studies to identify kids who'd be good engineers in the 1980's on kids from the 2020's, it would result in a much broader candidate pool. How could it not? We give very

young children digital devices to play games with, sometimes before they can walk or talk.

It could be some kids are good at games because they have an innate talent, like some kids can learn to juggle. I doubt it. Video games are designed by people who like to play games, so there's a level of insight you can gain from that.

There are some kids who will always beat a game, given enough time. You can study those kids, and by studying the choices they make, figure out the deductive logic they are using.

Some will follow logical deductive paths. Essentially, they reverse engineer the algorithms the game designers used.

Others might just use a monkey-with darts and make a map of what works, either mentally or by recording results.

Both approaches are good strategies to find a solution, and both are demonstrations of integrative ability. The map strategy requires many more iterations. In digital engineering that is natural leverage – something computers can do very quickly. It's easy to design experiments to iterate through a set of possibilities, that's the leverage of Moore's Law.

Digital games usually make you go through a lot of work to keep experimenting with a map strategy, so kids with this ability may tend to give up more easily than those who use a more deductive path.

Other kids might just be lucky. Some will have extra-leverage – they used a cheat code. That's super integrative leverage – exactly what I do when I Google a solution.

This approach is a fair way to study and find kids that could be productive engineers.

You find these kids, wherever they are, teach them to code in a summer camp, and they will have a valuable and marketable skill that they can use directly in almost any endeavor they choose. More directly, you make sure these kids have opportunity to develop that skill in direct and equitable ways.

In Academic settings most kid's prime motivation is to get it over with. Applied learning is often driven by the desire to increase earnings, a real motivator. Having a chance at a high paid profession is a motivation that leverages all parties involved. Dedication is



required, but knowing you have the basic skills is all it takes to get started.

Learning to code directly changed my life. Thanks, Mom, for banishing me to the free NASA nerd camp.

I remember Dick Scobee as just an ordinary guy with an extraordinarily cool job.

June Scobee didn't come across as ordinary. The correct Texas term for June is "sparkplug." She wasn't an ordinary mom and schoolteacher. She was like a live action version of a Jetson's supermom, whose kid would be expected to grow up become a general in the Space Cadets. She expected something of her students.

Thank you, June Scobee Rodgers.

I wonder what the success rate of those kids June taught that summer?

After the accident, June and the families of the crew founded Challenger Center. Challenger Center's mission is a natural extension of STS-51-L's mission – The Teacher in Space Project.<sup>144</sup> Challenger Center inspires and educates students in STEM through hands-on lessons that simulate space missions. In the 35 years since Challenger Center opened, they've taught millions of students and enabled hundreds of thousands of teachers.

What's the value of June's contribution to our civilization? It's very valuable, but immeasurable with property. You can't put a dollar value on dreams. They have intrinsic value.

If you read *Silver Linings*, June's book, you know she had to fight just to study what she was interested in. She gets her revenge by forcing the next generation – me – to learn something I was good at but had absolutely zero interest in. How ironic. And recursive. And Texan. And wonderful.

Genius.

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<sup>144</sup> [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Teacher\\_in\\_Space\\_Project](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Teacher_in_Space_Project)

That's the mission for Scoot(23). To give every child on the planet the same opportunity that June gave me. To learn to code for free.

I don't know how I'm going to do it.

I know who I'm going to ask for help.

Thank you, June.

***Ad astra!***

*The Foundation is Gratitude*

# STEVE FAIRCHILD

## Scoot(25)

I recently had the experience of going full circle in my career, going back to a similar role to where I started. In engineering, it is an enlightening experience – though I imagine that would be true in any career. One of the first things you learn is you weren't nearly as smart as you thought you were way back when.

I was lucky to start my engineering career at Compaq in Houston in the 1990s. In those days, Compaq had a mix of electronics industry veterans and hard charging young engineers, and though I had little experience, I was able to fit in well.

The engineer who most influenced my career was Steve Fairchild. As somebody who was on the front lines of a rather competitive battlefield, it is my opinion that Steve was the person most responsible for the success of both SAS and SFF HDDs.

Back in those days, I didn't think so fondly of Steve. He was big, loud and could be intimidating. My relationship with Steve was all business, I never got to know him outside of work, but I imagine in real life he was giant teddy bear. While he was unmerciful in his engineering criticism, it was all about the engineering, never personal or vindictive. I have watched Steve cut down both vendors and peers in exactly the fewest words possible and without any room for rebuttable. You did not act like you knew what you were talking about around Steve unless you knew what you were talking about.

Our team was responsible for qualification of SCSI HDDs, and my role was programming the Big-Real Mode DOS utility we used for testing, Psuite. Sometime around 1998, I ported Psuite from Compaq's internal SCSI driver library to Adaptec's CHIM library. In a rush to get their chip into production, I had been required to spend weeks in California helping Adaptec debug their chip with my software. It wasn't a lot of fun for me or for Adaptec, as it consisted

mostly of me waiting on them to deliver some code to test and debug.

We had a plan to port Psuite to some modern 32-bit OS, and my idea was for Windows. My key selling point was vendors had to have Windows SCSI drivers, so we wouldn't need to do any babysitting, we could just give them the Windows Psuite application and they could debug their own drivers without my direct help. My own motivation was: there wasn't much career potential programming on DOS and the other alternatives were too specialized, but there was plenty of work programming on Windows. Linux was too immature and had even bigger technical challenges to overcome than Windows.

I never had the nerve to ask Steve or anybody else what Steve's actual job was, he was a member of the technical staff and knew everything. His role on our team was performance. His role for our software development team was to greenlight the performance of our software.

My approach is always code first, research later. In the early days of our discussion, I had already ported a basic version of Psuite and proven that the performance would be within 1% of our DOS tool. These were spinning HDDs, and even though we were testing the fastest available on the market, they were terribly slow compared to most other subsystems on a server, and I had the general attitude that performance methodology was not a big deal. My biggest challenge was on the functional side, where we did not have the same visibility to SCSI protocol compliance that we did with our DOS built-in driver. I had the support of my manager for the relative performance, with the caveat, *"As long as Steve is okay with it."*

Steve wasn't okay with it. After presenting my 1% data, Steve tore my plan apart, coming up with a list of around ten performance items that I would have to address. I seem to recall that at least half of the list were things that weren't even measurable with our DOS tools, so not only did I have to code these new measurement techniques on Windows, with its rich libraries I could leverage, but then go figure out how to back-port the same techniques to DOS so that I could prove to Steve there was no difference.

This went on for months. We'd have these weekly meetings, where I'd want to talk about all the really clever coding I done to move forward on the functional side, and Steve would tell me I'm wasting my time until I'd finished the methodology tasks he'd created for me. It bugged me, because 90% of the problems we worked on were functional error recovery problems, and Psuite was clearly the best tool in the industry for that. Hard Drives are and were always slow, and it did not matter what software tool you used to measure them, they'd still be slow.

I remember after one particularly brutal meeting, I'd gone back to my office to reconsider what Steve had said about my data, and thought I'd caught him in a mistake. I took my printout to his office, and within about 30 seconds, he'd completely turned me around. Not only did I misinterpret my own data, I hadn't even been asking the right questions. Before I could escape, Steve had me sit down, where he proceeded to draw a diagram on paper and lecture me for an hour, when all I wanted to do was go back to my office and cry. I know the subject was system level performance, and I know what Steve was trying to convey was that methodology was the most important part of measurement; the numbers themselves didn't matter. I think he was trying to make me feel better about doing all this work that had absolutely no relevance to the current technology but might one day help him with whatever he was working on. I didn't feel better about it. Boy, do I wish I'd paid attention, would have saved me a lot of trouble down the road.

When I completed the last item on Steve's list, and I presented the data to Steve in our team meeting. He said, *"What are you going to do about aborts?"* No, *"Good job, man."* or *"You were right all along, I should have never doubted you,"* but what are you going to do now about the real problem I was keeping you from working on all along? By this point, I'd had to complete so much code to validate Steve's requests, the project was pretty much done, except for the hardest part. Steve was no help for me there. Apparently, he'd taught himself the Windows Storage Stack fast-path by having a young engineer do a bunch of seemingly useless experiments for him. He had no idea how the error path worked – that was for mortal engineers.

I left Compaq not long after finishing that project to work for Adaptec. During the early days of SAS, I worked very closely with Steve as a customer and he treated me with respect and continued to mentor me, especially when it came to how to deal with my own bosses. After I made a particularly embarrassing and potentially career ending mistake, Steve was gracious and gave me the single best piece of career advice anybody ever gave me. I'll keep that gem to myself for now, but one thing Steve knew was that in computer business, the engineers and not management or marketing held the real power. For Steve, it was more than just an obligation to point out engineering weaknesses and come up with clever solutions. I believe he felt responsible for making well engineered products, and he knew with the right methodology and data, he could always hold marketing and management to account.

Sadly, Steve was a mortal engineer. I don't remember the dates, but it seems like he got sick right around the time HP shipped SAS. I didn't see much of Steve after that, we went out to lunch a few times a year. In the beginning, Steve initiated these lunches. Steve always paid for his own lunch, long before it was HP policy not to accept paid meals from vendors. Somewhere along the way, I got the reputation as one of the few engineers Steve would go out to lunch with, so every few months marketing or sales of whatever company I was working for would get the idea that we could make an inside run at some kind of influence or get some information from Steve. I didn't bother with subterfuge with Steve, he would have seen right through it, I would just come right out and tell him what my people were after, and he'd usually say something like, *"I'm not going to tell you that."* Then we'd have a nice lunch and talk about engineering.

In 2010 I took a job in China. We corresponded a few times via email, Steve was very curious about both life and engineering in China. I came back to the states at the end of 2012, but only saw Steve once, walking very slowly down the hallways of HP. He looked exhausted but took the time to remind me that we needed to catch up and tell him all about China. This never happened. Steve died in 2013.

I've had a very successful career, and for the most part, I've been able to do the kind of engineering I think Steve would be proud of. I never got to tell him what he meant to me when he was alive, but as I've grown older I think about him more and more. Every time I smell some weak engineering from marketing, or management, or other engineers, I ask myself, "*What would Steve say?*"

Steve engrained in me the notion that engineers are responsible for the tools they use. And Steve said to me, "*The methodology is the most important thing.*" The industry lost a legendary engineer when we lost Steve. He was the best engineer I've ever worked with.

This work is dedicated to Steve Fairchild.



STEVE FAIRCHILD

*The Foundation is Gratitude*