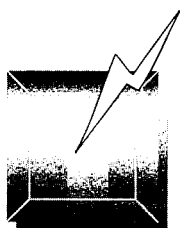
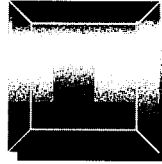
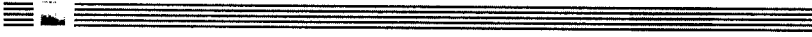

**Where
Wizards
Stay Up
Late**



**The Origins of
the Internet**

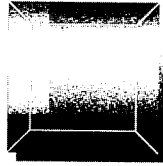
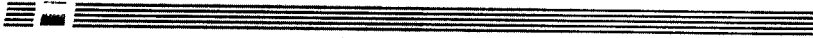
Katie Hafner and Matthew Lyon

Simon & Schuster



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Prologue

□ September 1994

They came to Boston from as far away as London and Los Angeles, several dozen middle-aged men, reuniting for a fall weekend in 1994 to celebrate what they had done twenty-five years earlier. These were the scientists and engineers who had designed and built the ARPANET, the computer network that revolutionized communications and gave rise to the global Internet. They had worked in relative obscurity in the 1960s; a number of them had been only graduate students when they made significant contributions to the network. Others had been mentors. Most of them had never gained much recognition for the achievement.

Bolt Beranek and Newman, a computer company based in Cambridge, had been their center of gravity, had employed many of them, had built and operated the original ARPA network, then slipped into relative obscurity as the Internet grew like a teeming city around its earliest neighborhood. Now, a quarter-century after installing the first network node, BBN had invited all of the ARPANET

pioneers to come together, hoping to heighten its own profile by throwing a lavish celebration marking the anniversary.

Many of those at the reunion hadn't seen one another or been in touch for years. As they filtered into the lobby of the Copley Plaza for a Friday afternoon press conference kicking off the celebration, they scanned the room for familiar faces.

Bob Taylor, the director of a corporate research facility in Silicon Valley, had come to the party for old times sake, but he was also on a personal mission to correct an inaccuracy of long standing. Rumors had persisted for years that the ARPANET had been built to protect national security in the face of a nuclear attack. It was a myth that had gone unchallenged long enough to become widely accepted as fact.

Taylor had been the young director of the office within the Defense Department's Advanced Research Projects Agency overseeing computer research, and he was the one who had started the ARPANET. The project had embodied the most peaceful intentions—to link computers at scientific laboratories across the country so that researchers might share computer resources. Taylor knew the ARPANET and its progeny, the Internet, had nothing to do with supporting or surviving war—never did. Yet he felt fairly alone in carrying that knowledge.

Lately, the mainstream press had picked up the grim myth of a nuclear survival scenario and had presented it as an established truth. When *Time* magazine committed the error, Taylor wrote a letter to the editor, but the magazine didn't print it. The effort to set the record straight was like chasing the wind: Taylor was beginning to feel like a crank.

Across the room at dinner that night at the Copley, Taylor spotted an elderly, heavysset man with a thick mustache. He recognized him immediately as the one person who could convincingly corroborate his story. It was his old boss, Charlie Herzfeld, who had been the director of ARPA when Taylor worked there. The two men had last seen each other years earlier, before anyone else cared about how the network began. Seeing Herzfeld now, Taylor was buoyed. He was back among the people who knew the real story. Now they'd straighten things out.