

STANFORD

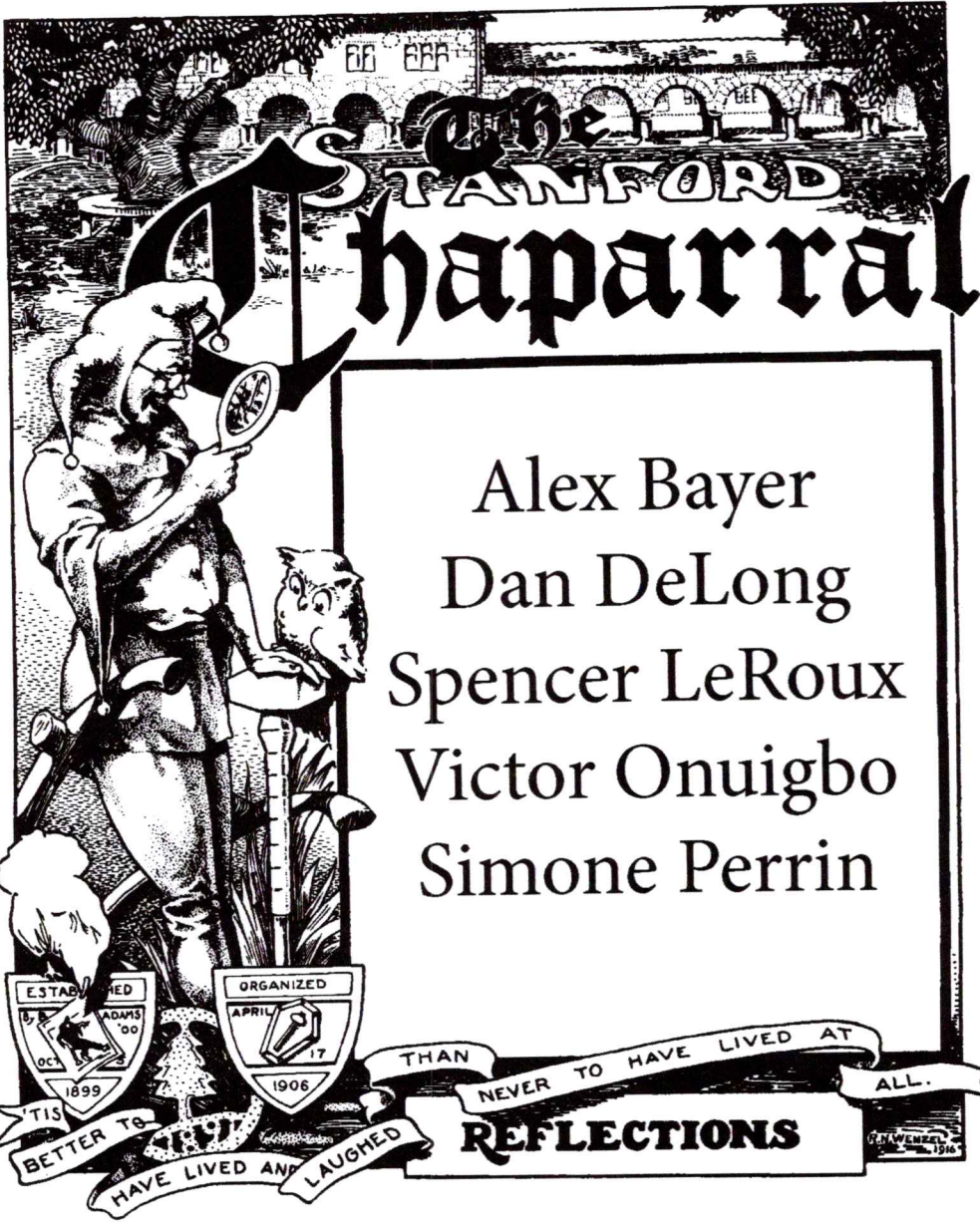
# Chaparral



START-UP

VOL. CXIII NO. 4.5

\$3

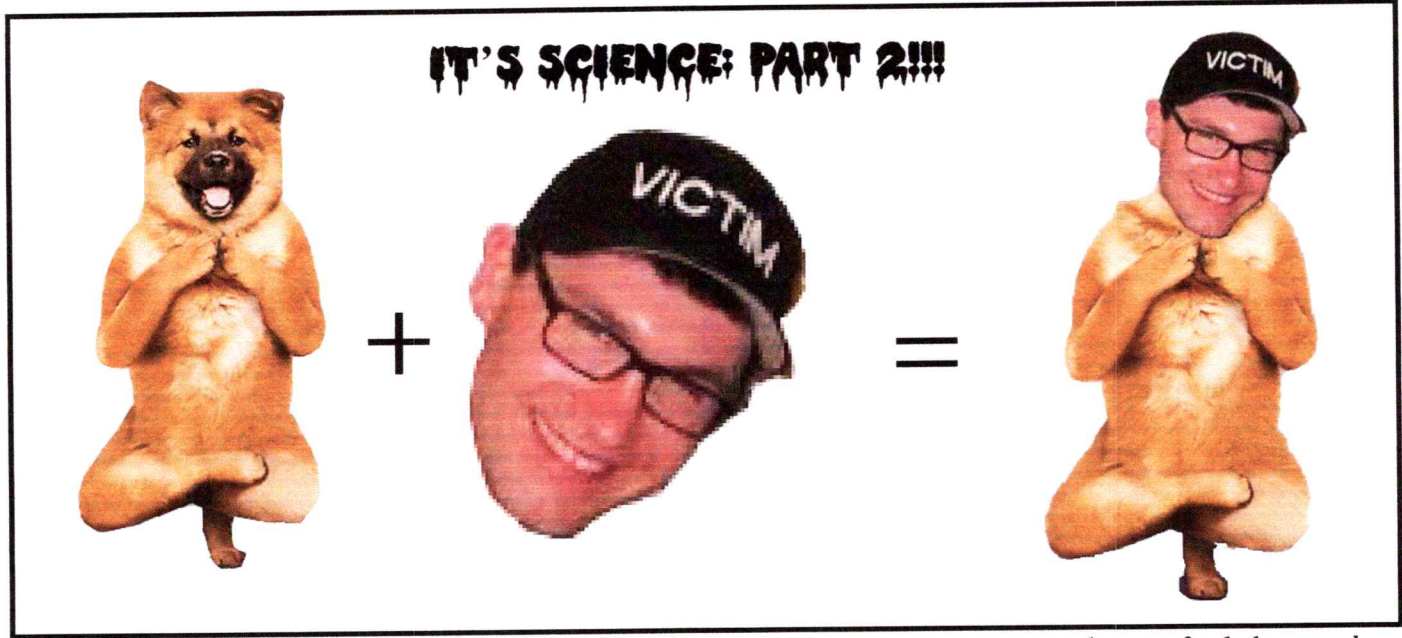


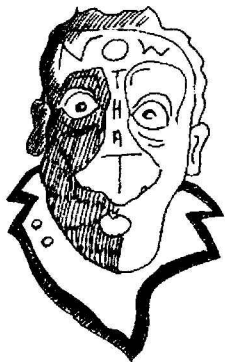
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3	Now That...Onuigbo, Perrin
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5	Kind Of Guy.....Perrin
6	Fast Company .....Bayer
7	Branson III.....Bayer
8	MIXed Nuts.....Onuigbo
9	Groupon.....DeLong
10	Action Steps.....LeRoux
11	Bootcamp.....Bayer
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is a great idea you think to yourself as you jump up and down twice, no make it three times because it really is just

that good. But where is Bobby, your partner in crime? Why is he taking so long with the teas? You think of the great entrepreneurs that have come before you. You recount all of the great companies that were also founded in someone's garage. You realize there is a new dent in your car but you hold back your confusion because you're going to be rich soon, dammit. You're start-up will be a game changer.



Bobby has returned, everything is falling apart. He's being pessimistic about the idea, which is against company culture. He

brought you decaffeinated tea when you made it clear it was going to be a late night. And, he reminded you that the dent in your car was from last Tuesday when you backed up into his car and now you owe him

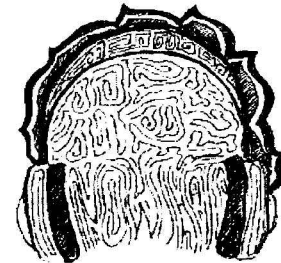
\$400. But you always did have the upper hand in this relationship and you are not going to let a number change that.



the tea has

been switched and Bobby has stopped bothering you with the soon-to-be nominal debt, you begin to divulge a business venture, the very same one you had just jumped thrice for. Bobby, who you are now beginning to realize may be more of an aggravation than an asset, riddles your pitch with questions that undermine your creative momentum. "Why Bobby?" you say in frustration, "why must your jealousy blind you to the fact that I have come up with a rockstar, yeah, a ROCKSTAR idea?" More is said between the two of you and before you know it, Bobby has left. Although you'd like to believe that you fired him, he was actually running late to his meatcrafting class. You never really needed him anyway; was it not you who set the meeting place to be your garage? Was it not you who told Bobby to bring tea? Was it not Bobby who brought the tea of an undesired quality? Was it not Bobby who kept asking questions fit

for only the most oft of heads? Was it not Bobby who missed the previous three meetings?



is not true, you guess. Maybe this was your first meeting. Okay,

maybe you were really just meeting up to play Mario Kart--but you're a dreamer. You're a believer. You're a go getter and you're going to go get it. You have dreams that people will have to believe and then when they have done so you go get those beliefs and make a profit off of them. Ideas that spring forth from your head must have come from the very hand of God and you know that if you have been touched by God--especially when the loation of the divine nicking was amidst your dome, your ideas are equal to worldly law. People may have ideas that inspire human progress, but the source of their creativity it, but a dullen club to your EXCALIBUR. You will not inspire progress because you yourself are progress incarnate. You are a maelstrom oof magnaminity--a tool of good.

# Inside Look Into Incubator's Next Generation of Start-Ups

## A TOUCH OF TURKEY



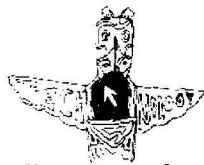
Who needs thanksgivings when you have A Touch of Turkey? That's right folks! A Touch of a Turkey is not your typical turkey hot spot. We offer portions of delicious bite size turkey bits in your favorite flavors all week long with special deals every Wednesday! Enjoy a serving of our homemade tangerine turkey, made with organic almonds, or try our tandoori turkey, made with only the freshest spices from the west. If you want a faster, more affordable, and comparatively healthier turkey option, then come visit our opening on April 27th.



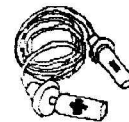
## PIC INK

Take a picture-it'll last longer. But really, with Pic Ink, your pictures have never lasted longer. With our revolutionary technology, Pic Ink allows you to become your own illustrated man as the pictures you take instantly appear on your body. Tattoo art has never looked so good and neither has your hair in that photo...did you do something different to it because we like it!

## TOTEM TALES



Hey Boys and Girls! Immortalize your favorite stories with Totem Tales. We create customized totem poles that embody your most special moments. Select your favorite species to help retell your story through our large inventory of animal busts. There is no story too wild or too crazy for us! And coming this July, for an additional fee, you can integrate Totem Tales with your Facebook timeline and receive virtual totems.



## JUMPSTART

Let Jumpstart jumpstart your start-up to success. Here at Jumpstart, we give you the tools to jump your start-up to the next level. Start your start-up with a jump in the right direction by jumping straight in and don't leave until you jump up with joy for your jumpstarted success! Other start-up incubators don't have the start-up jumper cables like Jumpstart, so double dutch your jump ropes because Jumpstart gets you jumping like crazy.

# BREAKING "CONTROVERSIAL" NEWS

Guy from Social Network sues filmmakers for misrepresentation.

Chris Hughes, one of the Facebook co-founders featured in David Fincher's award-winning film, *The Social Network*, has filed a lawsuit against the filmmakers for what he claims is misrepresentation. "It's really not misrepresentation, so much as non-representation. I mean, everyone knows who Zuckerberg and Moskovitz are, but does anyone even know who Chris Hughes is? Anyone?" a disheveled blond kid said to me. I was quite frightened and reported him to mental health officials.

When reached for comment, Fincher responded: "Oh, you mean that BU kid sitting at the table when Erika totally disses Zuckerberg? Yeah, what about him?"

When I explained he was filing a lawsuit against him and the film's producers, he remembered: "Oh yeah, an intern came in and mentioned that to me, but I told him to shred it with the Starbucks and Adderall receipts."

It looks like Cameron will have no help with his campaign. "I've been fighting this for like three years, literally since the *Social Network* came out. This is the first time anyone has ever..." but then I forgot why I was talking to this strange man and went back to my apartment. I do that sometimes.

Why am I at my desk again?



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## He's the Kind of Guy

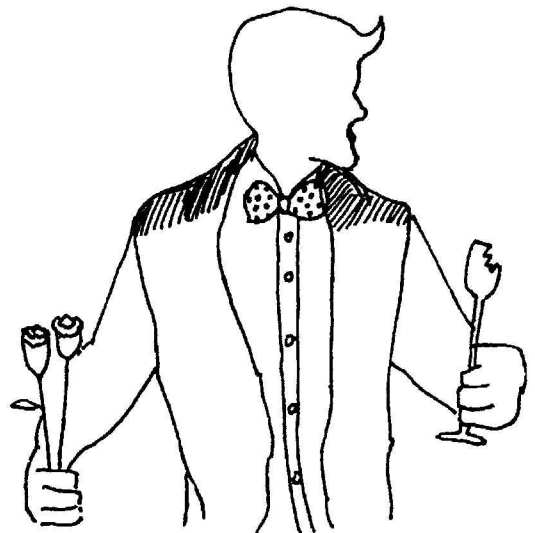
He's the kind of guy who pulls out a chair for a lady when he takes her out to dinner. You know, a real gentleman.

He's the kind of guy who's not afraid to ask for directions when he's lost. You know, a real stand up guy.

He's the kind of guy who doesn't cry from onions when he's cooking his omelette. You know, a real man.

He's the kind of guy who gets shot in the leg, but still throws away the milk before it gets in that questionable stage. You know, a real maverick.

He's the kind of guy who runs a half marathon on Sunday but then loses his way and ends up outside of Uncle Jay's breakfast burrito joint and orders the Extra Deluxe but then realizes he has run out of money so he hits on the cute girl behind him but she's not having it and she tells him to take a hike so he finds a nice path and goes for an afternoon stroll. You know, a real guy's guy.



## FAST COMPANY

An Exclusive Interview with Donny Jinkostein, 19-year-old founder of ObiNet, the latest and hottest start-up to hit the market.

**FC:** Mr. Jinkostein, thank you for your time today. You must be a busy man with all these investor meetings.

**Jinkostein:** Yeah dude, so many fat cats.

**FC:** Mr. Jinkostein, describe to us how you came up with the concept of ObiNet.

**Jinkostein:** Well, you know, one day my grandma died. And I was like, huh, I should really tell my grandpa. See, grandma had come to visit us for the weekend but the rest of my family was having their weekly Chuck-E-Cheese outing. So here I was, with my dead grandma, and I was like, what do I do with my dead grandma.

**FC:** So, tell us, what did you do?

**Jinkostein:** Well, I picked up my iPhone and I pressed the button and the screen kept being black so I determined it was dead. And I was like, huh, I guess I can't call my mom and dad. And I can't call grandpa.

**FC:** Then what?

**Jinkostein:** Then, I noticed the MacBook on my bed, and I was like, whoa, urethra! So I grabbed the MacBook with my foot and logged onto the inter-web, and I googled, dead grandma. And the first couple hits were pretty disturbing, like, I think I might need counseling, but the third hit was like, this article about a dead grandma in something called a news-paper.

**FC:** An obituary?

**Jinkostein:** A dinkle-berry? Hah, no, but that's a funny word.

**FC:** No, I said obituary.

**Jinkostein:** Oh, I don't know, I guess I'm kind of hairy. But I don't like being called a bitch.

**FC:** No...no. Anyways, just continue with your story. What happened after you read this newspaper article?

**Jinkostein:** Well, I was all like, there are must be other people whose grandmas die in front of them and their phones are dead. So I was, like, hey, maybe I should make a website where people can post about their dead grandmas. And so I googled, how to make a website, and made a website. And pretty soon, I got a call from this guy who was all like, hi, I'd like to put some money into your website, and I was like, yeah, for sure. And then another guy called and said, hi, I'd also like to put some money into your website, and was all like, I think you should expand it past the dead grandma market. There's a growing market for dead grandpas, he told me, and like, a smaller but niche market for dead spouses. I was like, for sure, let's do this thing!

**FC:** Expanding your consumer base is a very smart move. Any future plans for expansion you can share with us?

**Jinkostein:** We're just dipping our toes into the dead pets market. It's going to be a totally new branch called PetCem. We're going live in March, so make sure to euthanize your dog before then.

**FC:** Will do, Mr. Jinkostein. Always a pleasure.

**Jinkostein:** Thanks man, now can I go back to bed?

## A Letter From Sir Richard Branson

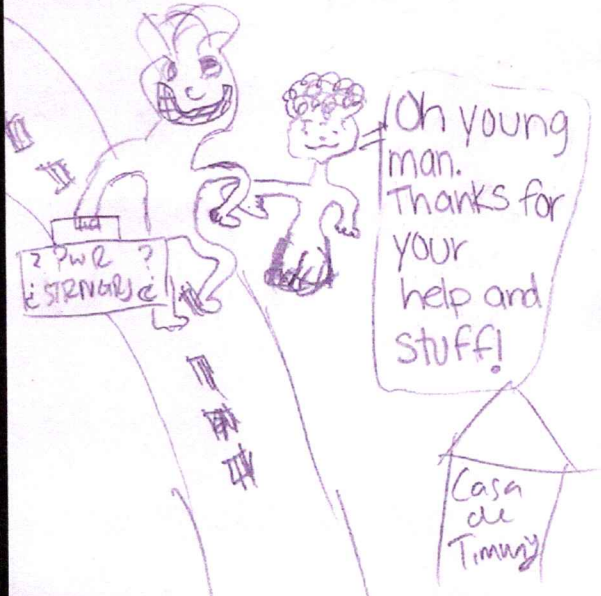


Dear Mr. McDoop,

My name is Sir Richard Branson III, and yes, my father is Bill Gates. I am writing to you with a proposal. It is a proposition, if you will. A suggestion, in other words. An idea...wait what was I saying...oh yes, that's right, my father is Bill Gates. Anyways, that is not the main point of my argument. The point of my argument is that I have a proposition. Did I say I am drinking twenty-three-year-old scotch? No, I didn't, did I? Well, we can't all be perfect. Oh, wait, ha-ha. Did I mention I also moonlight as a comedian? But that's beside the point (you can reach me at [siliconvalleyofcomedy@gmail.com](mailto:siliconvalleyofcomedy@gmail.com)). The point...the point, is, I have a fantastic idea, just fantastic. So fantastic, you might wet your pants. I just did. But that's beside the point. Where was I? Oh right, my father is Bill Gates. And I have a fantastic, just fantastic, idea. It's one of those things the plebeians call a "starter-up." It's silly, really, because this "starter-up" doesn't need any starting up. I got investors lined up the wazoo. But they're just for show. It's a fetish, OK? Truth is, I'm brimming with money. Did I mention I'm drinking twenty-three-old scotch? I didn't, did I? I thought I didn't. Sometimes I get foolish. But that happens very rarely. I can only count two on my fingers, but then again I only have two fingers so I will admit I am biased. Where was I? Investors. Mmm....investors. Great heavens, why did you bring up investors! You know what that does to me. Anyways, yes, that's right, I'm brimming with money. More importantly, I'm brimming with money. Of second importance, I am brimming with ideas. Actually, a single idea. It has festered in my gigantic brain for many years now, and it's because of this idea that my brain has had little room for other things, like homework and being a human being. I mean, I breath. Who do you think I am? Bill Gates? Ha, no, I am only his son. I am so modest it kills me. Where was I? Oh yes, my gigantic brain. But...where we before that? Oh gosh-darn-nit, I can't remember. I did tell you I was Bill Gates' bastard scotch, didn't I? Wait, I didn't tell you I was investing in a twenty-three-old? How foolish of me. Sometimes I feel silly. Sometimes. But not now. I am here to discuss an idea. An idea that is very inventive. Inventive...that sounds a lot like...oh, no.

Humbly your started-up bastard,  
Sir Richard Branson III

# A boy named Timmy - "Mixed Nuts"





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**The International Skin & Body Institution —**  
[Company Website](#)



**[A] San Carlos**  
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San Carlos, CA 86753  
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# Action-Steps

So you've finally got an idea for that start-up idea you'd been planning to create a realization plan for, but maybe (of course! Lol) you're wondering if your plan is really all that efficient. "Am I at my most productive when sitting at a desk, or in a swiveling orange bucket chair with bubbled upholstery hung from the ceiling in a glass cube in a communalized lobby-boardroom hybrid space, with a Nerf gun?" You might be wondering about your plan for the idea itself, whether you've really thought it all out in your brain-chart, or brain, you mean. Whether it's all that effective. Whether your life is really worth anything at all. Most people are surprised to hear that most plans are not efficient or effective because most people simply do not think through their thoughts before they think them, or even after they think them and make them into plans, but usually or sometimes after they implement these plans. There are many ways to think things, and so it becomes crucial that things are thought out before you think them. Provided below is a list of action-steps that you can take on your way to implementing those action-steps you've been thinking about, or to raising yourself out of bed in the morning.

- Create Pivot Points

- oA good idea will never take flight if the proper hinges are not installed, particularly where things need to bend to accommodate the unexpected (think flex points).

- Expect the Unexpected

- oOr, create the future. Obvious.

- Create Creations

- oUse bad metaphors. And confusing language.

- Install Rigid Platforms for Flexible Ideational Growth

- oThe late Steve Jobs once said, "If I see so much fucking further than every other fucking dimwit, it is because I stand on the shoulders of giants. Get me some coffee, and it better be well branded, art fully designed, and easy to use. No, not fucking decaf you idiot."

- Discover and Exhaustively Record and Analyze What Undergirds and Motivates Your Every Thought, Feeling, and Action

- Categorize and Prioritize

- Dress Like Your College Math Professor

- oWear a "Hawaiian shirt" on Fridays and say "aloha." Fun.

- Slowly and Carefully Drive Your Cofounder into Psychasthenic Breakdown in Part by Replacing His Shampoo with Canine Flea Medicine

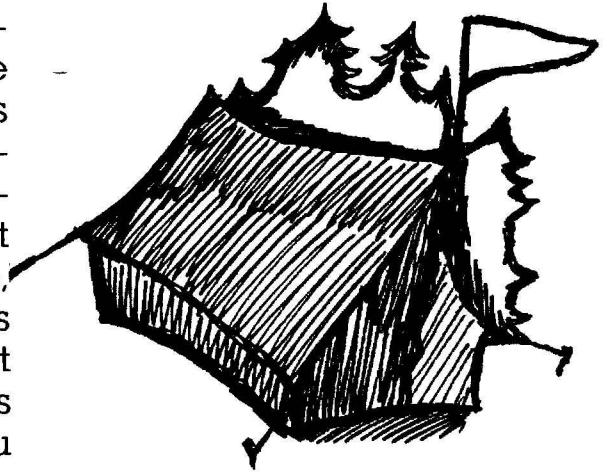
- oWatch The Social Network for ideas on effective action-steps on interpersonal interaction, coworker relations, and "underage drinking."

- Make a Frozen Pizza

## The Emeryville 4th Annual Start-up Bootcamp for Young Entrepreneurs: Address by Camp Director, Fred Zuckerberg {née Wilkins; legally changed}

Greetings Youth!

Welcome to the 4th annual summer conference on young entrepreneurship, young entrepreneurs. Ah, it's always such a pleasure to see such young, beaming faces. Really, your faces are so cherub-like. What I mean is fat. Hey fellas, your coding is showing. Hah-hah, oh CS humor. It kills me. As you know, getting a spot at this elite training camp, this sleep-away camp, if you will, for the nation's brightest minds, is highly, highly competitive. Some of you spent your summer earnings hiring recent immigrants to write the applications for you. Others of you stayed up entire fortnights on speed and Mr. Pibb, writing emails to these recent immigrants with Google Translate, which we all know, is



not reliable. I heard one of you even killed a man. Yes, I'm looking at you, Brian. Oh, look at his cheeks blush. Don't be so modest, Brian. I can't quite put into words the sacrifices this group of individuals has made to be here. It's truly humbling.

Now to go over a few matters of procedures. The first being, you will have no access to human interaction. This is an immersion experience, people. You want to make the next Google? Then learn to speak only in code. Only one human being is talking in code. I'm looking at you Gary. You smart bastard, you. Unfortunately, no else can speak in code, so I'm afraid you will just have to talk to that console over there. She's your ex? Oh, this is awkward. Anywho, got it people? No human interaction. It's going to be pretty easy for you, maybe even therapeutic, but I just want you to keep it in mind in case you ever feel like asking the guy next to you what time is it or someone tries to tempt you by asking how your day was. That boy is a temptress. Report temptresses immediately, and I will feed them to this Sergey Brin bobble-head. Shh...he growls like that sometimes. Looks like I'm going to have to feed one of you to him after this briefing. Mmm, that's unfortunate. After all the work you put into your applications.

As for the daily schedule, you will see it attached to your iPads. It's on that keychain over there. As you can see, you rise at six every morning and make your way to the monastery, where you will meditate on the money you are not making and commence praying to Steve Jobs. After three fortnights, it will be seven in the morning and it is then that you will have breakfast, which will consist of organic gruel. Why organic gruel? What's that, you ask, Greg? Why organic? Hey, Greg, why were you born? That was a bit out of line, I'm sorry. It's just that sometimes I can't take how selfish human beings are. Are you familiar with the Gaia philosophy? We're one with the earth. Were just *elements*.

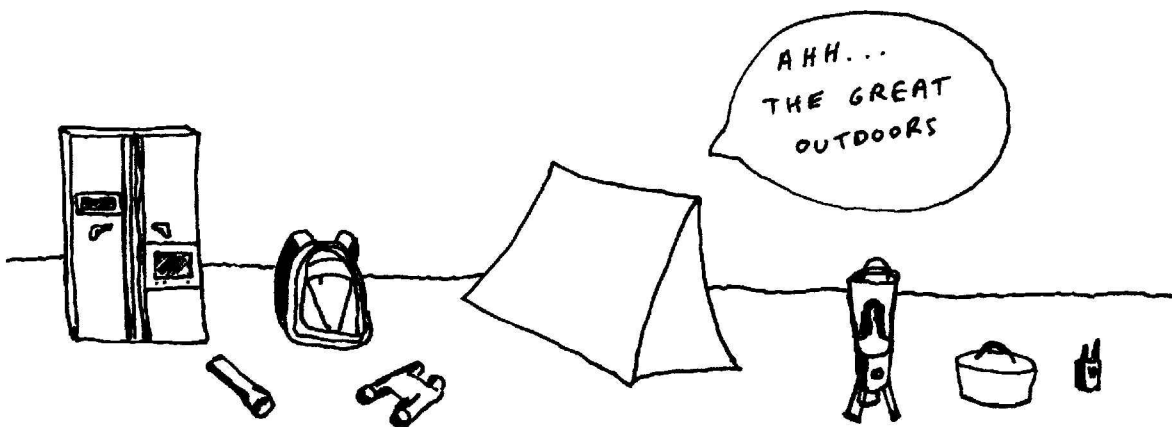
I wish I could put a soapbox in front of Safeway and preach this all day but soapboxes are hard to come by. Have you ever seen a soapbox? Please let me know if you see one. Really, I've been looking literally my entire life.

After eating your organic gruel, yes that condescending look was directed at you, Greg, you will then proceed to the computer cluster in the center of camp we affectionately call the Eye of Sauron. Sauron was the camp's unofficial name in 1979 and it has stuck ever since. You might hear the chants of campers past: Sauron Sauron Sauron. Those are just the ghosts of campers that died of too many stimulants. I advise you to ignore them.

From 9 am to 9 pm of the nineteenth day (in honor of 19, the age Mark Zuckerberg created Facebook), you will sit at your assigned computer and code. Remember what I said about human interactions. That's a big no no. What's that, Sergey Brin? You're hungry? Did you hear that, kids? Sergey Brin is hungry. You, disciples, however, will fast for these nineteen days and replace food with coffee and these sugar bowls of Adderall we have kindly provided. We do this to honor what Mark Zuckerberg went through as a Harvard undergraduate. Think how lucky you are; you could be that college student, but instead you're a drop-out. Let that sink in. Do what I do and take a moment each day, it could be when you lift your head from the keyboard or steal a glance at the window next to the wall socket, to remember those less fortunate. In my young buck days, I once went on a hunger strike to bring awareness to these poor souls. In the end, Mark Zuckerberg donated me \$150,000. Man, was I idealistic. I am such a good person.

Well, kids, I know you're dying with anticipation to start. Speaking of dying, some of you are going to die. Historically, it's been about 78% but in recent years we've seen quite an anemic crop so it's been hovering, eh, around 83, maybe 84%. Yes, you boys look anemic. I'm going to bet 86. Did you write that down, Dan? I don't want a repeat of last time. You still owe me those fifty bucks and you know it.

Mmm, I'm feeling something...it feels like a baby animal crawling in my sternum area. Ah, yes, someone told me about this once, but I derided it as a myth. He called it "sadness." Oh silly, me, I feel kind of guilty for condemning him a witch and putting him through those trials. Oh, well. As they say, live in the present! Let's get to it, gang.



## Lights!

The first thing to realize about young entrepreneurs is that lights, for them, are always either on or off. Flashing them repeatedly from on to off and back again can provide a necessary and stimulating diversion, while also encapsulating synecdochically the operation of a computer, which is a model of optimal consciousness. Don't forget to eat.

## Stage!

More important than anything besides things that are actually important is the stage you set, or rather, if I can be permitted this profanity, the *mise on scene*. Create a comfortable environment for your young innovators! An innovative environment is filled with an air of innovation, and maybe lots of cool shit and whiteboards. No one leaves the room. Hand out disgusting energy bars every three hours. No bathroom breaks.

## The Self

Sorry to suddenly get so boring, but young entrepreneurs have selves that have every psychological need that any young human has, despite the differences. *Go urinate you idiot.*

## “Have fun with it”

Try to impart inspiration to young entrepreneurs by recalling what got you into “the game” in the first place. Or try to figure out why your wife left you, that coy fucking *bitch*.

## The Real Self

Encourage introspective chart-and-graph creation alongside brainstorm-*initiating* self-reflexive self-actualization exercises. Motivate production. Exercise efficiency. *Exercise production*. No bathroom breaks.

## Sadness

*Cry yourself to sleep.* Bathroom breaks allowed.

