

The Anorexic Startup: A Fable of Sex, Drugs, and C++

By Mike Frankel

Day 37: It's been over a month since I've embarked on this masochistic lifestyle. My eyes are bloodshot, burned deep by my laptop's searing glow. The floor is littered with streaked coffee cups and half-smoked cigarettes. A late rent notice is buried somewhere under the mess, along with other forgotten responsibilities. My hoodie and jeans uniform has grown roots to my skin, and I have completely abandoned proper hygiene.

Let me explain how I've transformed into such a creature. I was fired a few weeks ago from my IT job. I worked at a law firm, helping inept attorneys open their e-mails and print documents. My spotty attendance was the problem - apparently you have to show up every day when you're working with people who wear suits. Honestly, I was quite relieved by the axe. It was an opportunity to do what every unemployed programmer does: burrow in a dark corner and build an iPhone app.

The first ten days were full of distractions. On day 11, I blocked Reddit and Facebook from my browser, instantly tripling my productivity. Since then, I've wired in, spending day and night filling my computer screen with lines of code. The unanswered calls, texts, and e-mails have accumulated. My minimal costs (cheap server space, overpriced caffeine) have been funded by unemployment checks, and I've done everything myself - I wrote the algorithms, built the user experience, and planned the marketing strategy. Forget lean. This is an anorexic startup.

So here I am, 37 days in. Today was dedicated to tweaking. After squashing a pesky bug in the image-mapping code, my app is fully functional, and looks decent enough for Apple's app store. There's definitely room for improvement, but I'll be 100% broke in three weeks, and should probably find a job at this point. I'm tired and delirious. This thing just needs to get out of my life. Here, Apple, just take it. Submit. Done.

Day 54: Over the past two weeks, I've crawled out of hibernation, and sluggishly assimilated back into society. Today was spent in a coffee shop, searching the Craigslist

tech listings for a way to support myself once my municipal sugar daddy cuts me off next week. From these classified ads, it seems like the term “tech” has stretched quite a bit since I last looked. What the hell is a “Social Media Ninja?” It’s incredible what clueless management will pay for.

Two Williamsburg “artists” are sitting next to me, sipping chai lattes and nibbling vegan noodles. Their existential conversation distracts my job hunt. Hipster 1 believes his life purpose is to encourage teenagers to “be themselves.” He plans to do this by showering them with obscure rock music. Hipster 2 vows to spread the same maxim when he becomes a reality TV star. As much as I want to punch their faces in, part of me knows that I wouldn’t be much different if I too had a trust fund. Part of me also knows that I’m in no physical shape to punch anyone.

An e-mail pops into my inbox. The sender, Apple. My heart races. Fear of rejection is common for us programmers. I cover my eyes with my hands, and slowly peek between my fingers.

Dear Dale,
We’re happy to inform you that your iPhone application has been approved, and now appears in the Apple store.

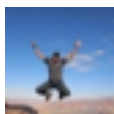
Best Regards,
Apple



I’m stunned that Apple would approve my ridiculous software. My product now joins an exclusive brotherhood of 600,000+ apps. I pull out my iPhone, click on the app store, and search. There it is! The icon, which I originally dismissed as amateurish, looks remarkably professional surrounded by Apple’s sleek store and a \$2.99 price tag. So much to do! Ok, let me pull up the marketing strategy I wrote a few weeks ago.

- 1) Get in Apple Store.
- 2) Tell your Facebook friends.

Hmm. I thought I wrote a more robust plan than that. Ok, so step 1 is complete. Step 2:



Dale Schmidt

Folks, just released my new app! If you have an iPhone, please please please download, and tell a friend! bit.ly/zsTEIL

[Like](#) - [Comment](#) - [Share](#)

Here goes nothing. I really should have put more thought into marketing. As exciting as this is, money is really tight. I'm in desperate need of a job. Back to Craigslist.

Day 56: Half looking for a job/half pushing my app, I venture out to the New York Tech Meetup, a monthly gathering of a thousand plus Silicon Alley want-trepreneurs geeking out over new gadgets and software. The format of these events is pretty standard: demos and presentations from featured techies, followed by booze-fueled networking. Before the demo, my seat neighbor drags me into small talk. He works at Google's New York office, developing the engine's real time search functionality. He asks what I do. I tell him about my app, and he politely spends \$2.99 on the download. Nice guy, but I'm slightly offended when he doesn't return a business card after I offer mine.

The demos begin. The first, a dating site for cat lovers, falls flat on the crowd. Demo two is a real-time search engine based on tweeting habits. My neighbor's pompous sigh reminds me of Goliath staring down at David. The third demo revolves around ad-tech, a language foreign to programmers like me. Demo four is an augmented reality applet that grabs an image of a user, and overlays it on a dancing body. Clever, but zero practical use. Of course, it has already raised ten million dollars in funding from Union Square Ventures.

The demos finish up, and I stroll over to the after-party at an Irish pub across the street. I quickly order some liquid courage to ease the stress of networking. Pabst Blue Ribbon in hand, I scan the nametags in the room, looking for someone who works at a company I've heard of. Overwhelmed by obscure hybrid company names like Twitlah and Reddigg, I notice a guy wearing a blazer and jeans. My guess is he's one of the few people in this room with a real job. I strike up a conversation, and find out he runs a web advertising company in the area. I tell him about my situation, and he invites me to join his development team on Monday morning. I thank him profusely, and then excuse myself so I don't screw up the opportunity.

Day 59: My bank account dwindled to single digits over the weekend, so starting a new job today worked out perfectly. The gig's not that bad either. I'm working on web development for an affiliate marketing company on Park Ave. I'm still a little hazy on

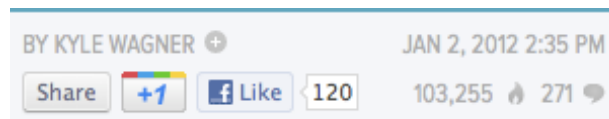
how these guys actually make money, but from what I understand, they connect advertisers with web publishers. Everyone seems really nice, and the pay is pretty fair. No ramen for me tonight.

Day 60: Jesus. Affiliate marketing is a disgusting business. Turns out that in this industry, “advertisers” are generic drug companies selling Viagra knock-offs, and “web publishers” are shameless spammers who use unsavory tactics to nab your e-mail address. Some guy in Idaho who just bought an erection pays my salary indirectly. I feel so dirty.

Day 75: While diligently avoiding my dirtbag job, I come across an article on Gizmodo. An app review. About my App! My first press clip, and it’s a big one. Perhaps my friend from Google helped spread the word? Who knows. Anyway, my app somehow earned a feature as Gizmodo’s App of the Day:



App of the Day: SoreGoggles



It happens to all of us. A fun night with a stranger, followed by a persistent itch, an embarrassing lip “pimple,” or a rash that makes your privates look like a Russian topographic map. With health care costs on the rise, can you really afford to see a doctor every Sunday morning? Enter SoreGoggles.

What’s Is It?

SoreGoggles detects sores, bumps, discharges, and other skin issues through your iPhone’s camera. Using a graphical mapping interface, the app scans an internal database of images to match your ailment. Once detected, you are provided with helpful information, including solutions to suppress or combat your issue.

Why Do We Like It?

The Doctor’s office is never fun, especially when you have an embarrassing problem. With this app in hand, you can quickly determine the consequences of your one-night-

stand before he/she flees your bedroom in the morning. At \$2.99, this is a must have for your next night out.

Great review, but did it translate into sales? I log in to my Apple account. There've been four downloads, and I'm \$11.96 richer. Not sure if that's worth celebrating. On top of that, I have put off finishing my work, and will be stuck in this office until late tonight. Alright, back to the grind.

Day 76: I beat my alarm by half an hour. My brush with internet fame kept my mind racing all night with pipedreams – gracing the cover of Entrepreneur Magazine, delivering keynotes at elite venture capital conferences, meeting the President, etc. I'm in desperate need of caffeine and a reality check, but I'm compelled to glance at my Apple account. I leap over to my laptop like an anxious child rushing down the stairs on Christmas morning. I log in.

700 downloads.

I slump back into my chair, grab a cigarette, and light up. Whoa. I've never possessed \$2,093 at one time in my life. Yeah, Apple takes a 30% cut, but that's still \$1,465 for me, overnight. I'm assuming the boost is from the Gizmodo article. It's amazing what a little bit of press can do. So, the fuse has been lit, but will it keep burning? Do I go to work today? Why bother? I have \$1,465, and I'll probably have more when I wake up from this nap I'm about to take.

Day 77: Totally slept through work yesterday. I call this morning to quit. My boss starts dishing a guilt trip, but I casually hang up. The download count is up to 1,500, and I'm feeling pretty confident for the first time in a while. I treat myself to a haircut and shave at Tommy Guns Saloon on the Lower East Side, and then hop on the F train, heading to the Ace Hotel on 29th and 6th Ave.

Chiseled from mahogany, the lobby of the Ace Hotel has become an orgy of independent freelancers piggybacking off free wi-fi. Equipped with long, communal worktables and \$7 cups of coffee, the spot is a Mecca for New York's hippest office-phobes. I sit down at a table, and order a tall black drip. On my left, a fedora'd fellow edits a short film on his MacBook Pro – it seems to be an abstract commentary on the

environment, featuring an under-nourished model bathing in gasoline. On my right, a young woman fervently tweets from a number of Twitter accounts. She must be one of these “Social Media Ninjas” I read about on Craigslist.

I trigger my laptop, and take a generous sip of coffee. The excitement is still rattling my insides, but I’m not prepared for the next step. Rather than worrying about it, I appease my ego by Googling the app. Sure enough, the web has grown with more news stories:

[Scan Venereal Diseases With Your iPhone](#)

Techcrunch – 2 hours ago

You may want to cancel your next Doctor’s appointment. SoreGoggles, a freshly minted iPhone app, claims to detect your sores, blisters, and...

[Put a Doctor in Your Pocket with SoreGoggles](#) All Things D

[Just how accurate is SoreGoggles? We put it to the test](#) The Next Web
[all 10 news articles »](#)

My disease detector has gone viral. I dig through the articles, and realize that the bulk had been written this morning, so sales must be through the roof right now. Feeling rich, I order a croissant. Despite having read a bookshelf full of wisdom from business gurus, I’m at a loss for my next move. This is the moment all of that reading has prepared me for, but my only thought is to spend the day refreshing the sales numbers. Must fight that urge. I glance at my inbox, and find four e-mails from unfamiliar addresses.

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|--------------------------|---|---|--------------------|---------------------|--|-----------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> | ☆ | 👉 | David Cohen | SoreGoggles | To whom it may concern, My name is | 11:14 am |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | ☆ | 👉 | Jim Duggan | Chat? | Hi Dale, I’m very impressed with your SoreGo | 10:46 am |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | ☆ | 👉 | Mark Gorton | Disruption | Dale, Would you be available this week to | 10:25 am |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | ☆ | 👉 | Fred Wilson | Introduction | Dale, It seems as if your app has had qui | 9:25 am |

Jim Duggan managed to flatter me in less than seven words, so I open his e-mail first.

Hi Dale,
I'm very impressed with your SoreGoggles application. My partners and I run DigiKings, a technology investment fund and incubator here in Manhattan -- we would love to meet with you as soon as possible. I believe what you're working on has the potential to disrupt an entire industry. Please let me know your availability so that we can schedule a meeting.

Best,
Jim Duggan

A quick Google search identifies Mr. Duggan as a key industry player, with successful seed investments in Twitter, Flipboard, and SeatGeek. A meeting couldn't hurt. I e-mail him back, and let him know that I'm available tomorrow. That probably won't be enough time to add a tailored suit to my sparse wardrobe, so a collared shirt will have to do. Within minutes, a calendar update lands in my inbox. Dinner at Babbo. Tomorrow, 9 PM. He better pick up the bill.

Day 78: My heart pounds as I check my coat. A screen-worthy hostess leads me up a staircase, and points me in the direction of a table in the back corner, occupied by three men fiddling with their iPhones. They pocket their devices as I approach, and enthusiastically rise from their seats. Jim Duggan, middle-aged and well-kept, offers a handshake, and then introduces his younger business partners, Cliff Hurley and Scott Del. Babbo's warm ambiance complements the friendly greeting. My nerves slowly settle, but I order a whiskey just in case.

Duggan wastes no time in sharing his excitement about SoreGoggles. In his wise British accent, he recites a list of ideas he has for the technology, but I'm more focused on the menu. I haven't had red meat in awhile, so I should probably order the grilled rib-eye. It's the most expensive item on the menu, but it doesn't look like I'm paying tonight. Hurley and Del share their background: former entrepreneurs who sold a geo-location service to AOL in 2006. I nod along, feigning interest, but I have already done my research on these guys. Each is worth over \$80 Million.

After a steak and two cocktails, Duggan asks about my numbers. I tell him the download count is up to 85,000. As he mentally crunches the numbers, I excuse myself. I want to give the partners an opportunity to discount cash flows, or whatever VCs do when they're alone together. I hit the head, and return to the table.

“Dale, we’ve talked it over. We see huge potential in SoreGoggles, and would like to have you and your company on the DigiKings investment roster. We’re going to make you an offer, and we would like an answer before dessert arrives. We will invest \$5 Million in exchange for 25% of your company.”

A \$20 million valuation. A week ago, I couldn’t imagine an interested investor, but after the past few days, their valuation seems low. I’ve generated over \$255,000 in less than a week. Yes, sales are likely concentrated from the viral boost, so extrapolating the last few days of sales is misleading, but I do have proven user interest in this product. I also have other investors knocking on my door. Should I wait for another offer? Oh, here comes the cheesecake.

“Deal.”

An excited laugh fills the table, and we all shake hands. Duggan orders a round of champagne for us. It feels good to be part of a team.

Mashable

Disease Detecting iPhone App ‘SoreGoggles’ Raises \$5 Million in Series A Investment



7 Minutes Ago by [Amy-Mae Elliott](#)

After a blockbuster debut earlier this month, SoreGoggles has just closed a \$5 million Series A funding round, led by DigiKings investments.

The app, founded by Brooklyn-based programmer Dale Schmidt, uses the iPhone’s built-in camera and a proprietary image-mapping algorithm to detect and recommend cures for STDs and other skin irritations. Within days of launch, investors were itching (no pun intended) to provide a seed investment.

“I’m very excited to work with Jim Duggan and the DigiKings team,” Schmidt tells Mashable. “With their expertise and resources, we can accelerate the development of SoreGoggles, and elevate it to become a force in medical technology.”

Schmidt is currently seeking out business developers and additional programmers to take his disease detector to the next level. Future plans include an Android app and a doctor recommendation engine.

Day 85: It's 3 AM on the Lower East Side. This poorly lit barroom smells like dried beer and aging leather. A small group of angst-ridden college girls wildly dance in their fishnet stockings, as David Bowie's "Under Pressure" permeates the air. Hurley and Del left two hours ago. We had spent the evening at Stanton Social, wining and dining a recent MBA from Stanford Business School for a business development position. He has impressive work experience, but those three letters on his resume drive his salary requirements to over \$150k. I'm uncomfortable paying someone that much of my money.

Making it to the office tomorrow will be a challenge. For the first time in my life, I have a schedule, and it's filled with business meetings, magazine interviews, and legal consultations. Both positive and negative customer feedback has poured in, and it conflicts with future plans for the product. My occupied mind doesn't permit sleep. That's why I'm drinking by myself on a Wednesday night.

The whiskey catches up with me, and I stumble to the back. I barge through an unlocked bathroom, startling a gaunt, tattooed beauty, hunched over a series of parallel white lines. She accepts my apology, and invites me to join. I've never touched drugs, but this girl is gorgeous. This entire situation is out of my league, and I should probably walk away. Fuck it, I'm a CEO.

Day 89: I arrive later than usual to my desk, a corner space in DigiKing's brick-walled Soho loft. My two developers have been there all night, programming the final touches into our Android app. I notice Duggan glaring at me from across the room, frustrated that I ignored his recommendation to hire the Stamford MBA. I'm more worried about the souvenir my new cokehead girlfriend gave me last week, a rash that SoreGoggles has identified as syphilis. For the first time, I wish my technology were flawed.

The good news is that our sales are steadily growing, on the verge of surpassing \$1 million in revenues. We've quickly expanded beyond our early adopters, with legitimate recognition from the mainstream press and medical community. The new issue of Fast Company waits on my desk, with a note that points to an article called

“Young Disruptors.” I open it to see my face next to tech icons Daniel Ek, Pete Cashmore, and David Karp. Not bad.

My programmers ask if they can take the afternoon off. They’ve been working all night, but we’re losing buckets of money each day we continue without an Android product. I pretend not to hear them. With unemployment rates this high, these two should be grateful to have jobs. Truth is, I think they’re overpaid. Hurley and Del claimed that their wages were appropriate due to high demand for a small supply of programmers, but I know that we’re plentiful. The two ask again, and I respond with silence. They get the clue, and quietly work for the rest of the afternoon.

Day 97: My digital daydream has brought me to Austin, Texas. Tomorrow I will give a speech about emerging medical technologies at South By Southwest Interactive, an annual festival where the digeratti congregate for five days to discuss cutting edge innovation, and develop the future of technology. Well, at least that’s what we tell the government so that we can write off a week of partying as a business expense.

I’m in a barbecue joint called Iron Works, washing down a roasted brisket with a Lonestar beer. My new assistant Donna is reciting the speech I will be giving tomorrow, which she has spent the past week writing and rewriting. Her Literature degree from NYU puts her in a pay grade that I’m comfortable with. She’s also a pleasure to look at. As she suggests potential questions that I should be prepared for, I check sales on my iPhone. We rolled out the Android app earlier this week, which helped push revenues over the \$2 million milestone. In case you’re wondering if I’m going to give Donna syphilis tonight, I’m wondering the same thing.

We break free of our food coma, and head to the TechCrunch party at Cedar Door. The line snakes around the block, but we’re on the list. We breeze past an angry blogger who is threatening to bring down TechCrunch with a single tweet if he’s not let in. The party is packed with hip, attractive millennials, reinforcing the Internet’s departure from a business dominated by the stereotypical anti-social nerd. I help myself to another beer courtesy of AOL.

An inebriated college student recognizes me from the Fast Company article, and introduces himself as a music blogger who is looking for a job with a startup after

school. I brush him off, and strike up a conversation with a redhead on the bar line. Her days are wasted at Groupon, where she writes humorous one-liners to sell discounted Chinese food. She's never heard of SoreGoggles, which is probably a good sign. We give up on Cedar Door, and head over to the PureVolume House on Trinity St. Again, my name is on the list, and we walk right in. The bartender is handing out free energy-infused vodka, and we help ourselves to a few. An electronica band from Los Angeles launches into a set, and my ginger companion starts dancing up against me. Her hotel is next door. She invites me up.

Day 98: Redhead wakes me up at 10 AM. She looked prettier last night. I check my phone, and see 10 missed calls from Donna, reminding me that I'm scheduled to speak in 30 minutes. No time for a shower. I throw on last night's outfit, and make a run of shame to the convention center. My newfound confidence drains the closer I get. Donna meets me outside with the speech, loaded on an iPad. A festival volunteer accompanies her, and navigates us through the hall to the right stage. The volunteer wishes me luck, then darts away murmuring into her headset.

Lights. Social media veteran Anil Dash hits the stage, well prepared with my introduction. I hear my name, followed by applause. Donna pushes me, and I walk on stage. Dash shakes my hand, and leaves me there, alone and petrified. I face the audience. 400 faces, waiting for me to share something of value, something that justifies their attendance. I look down at my iPad. I look at the audience. You know that cliché movie scene where the protagonist rips up his pre-written speech and launches into a poignant stream of consciousness that comes straight from his heart? That's not what happens here. Instead, I stutter through the first paragraph, and then unload my liquor-soaked guts all over the stage.



unmarketing Scott Stratten

SoreGoggles CEO Dale Schmidt just yakked during his [#SXSW](#) keynote. Probably saved him (and us) from an even more embarrassing speech



AmyVernon Amy Vernon

Looks like Dale Schmidt had [#Bacon](#) for dinner last night. It's all over the stage. [#KeynotesGoneWrong](#)

Day 104: It's been less than a week since my Austin disaster, and the inevitable YouTube video has racked up over 2.5 million views. Fortunately, the number of app downloads has entered the same realm. This unintentional viral marketing stunt has fattened my wallet, but stolen my dignity.

Duggan isn't upset at all. Despite the debacle, we just received a bid on my technology from pharmaceutical giant GlaxoSmithKline for \$40 million. With their lineup of STD medication, they believe an acquisition will provide various synergistic opportunities. Whatever. With that much money, I'll be able to buy my own island where no one knows how to use the Internet.

I meet with the partners for lunch at Café Habana to discuss the offer. Duggan suggests that we sell the product immediately. He sees potential risk in holding onto it for longer, and believes it is in our best interest to take the money and run.

"We've essentially earned a 100% return on our investment in less than a month. That's outstanding, and there is no reason to push our luck. Dale, this isn't my first rodeo. You have a great offer on the table. Let's take it, and move on to the next project."

Hurley and Del nod in agreement. They want me to take the money and run.

I don't. Exiting now would be the wrong move. Other pharmaceutical giants would fight to get their hands on my technology - once the first is interested, the rest will join in for a bidding war. Our sales show no sign of slowing. In the end, the decision is mine, and I tell Duggan I'm not ready to sell.

"You're making a terrible mistake."

Duggan excuses himself from lunch, leaving a half-eaten plate of Huevos Rancheros behind. I guess I'm paying for this meal.

Day 112: Three more offers have passed my desk during the week. The highest bid is \$55 million from Pfizer. Their new gonorrhoea pill just earned FDA approval, and they plan to use SoreGoggle as a marketing tool. It feels good to prove Duggan wrong. What an idiot. If I hadn't stepped in, he would have cost us millions of dollars. Old people are so worthless.

I'm still not selling. \$60 Million is my number. Pfizer has Viagra, so they can afford an extra \$5 Million. If I wait a week, I'm sure they'll drive the offer up. In the meantime, I'll take the extra days of app sales.

Day 115: I wake up to a confusing e-mail from a lawyer.

Mr Schmidt,

My clients Jim Duggan, Cliff Hurley, and Scott Del are rescinding their investment in SoreGoggles, effective immediately. Your actions constitute a breach of contract, breach of fiduciary duty, and gross negligence, and we shall seek to immediately freeze your bank accounts to recoup the initial investment and recover additional damages. My client is fully dissolving his relationship with SoreGoggle LLC, including all equity owned. Mention of my client and the DigiKings brand is prohibited in any future SoreGoggles communications. Building security has been alerted, so please do not attempt to visit the office.

Best regards,
Sammy Franklin

I know he's upset, but why on earth would Duggan want to sever ties with me this close to an acquisition? An investor would never sacrifice a huge sum of money out of spite. I'm happy to take his share, but something isn't adding up.

Donna answers her office phone with an unsubtle quiver. I ask her if she's heard any rumors around the office. She tells me to visit Wall Street Journal's website. I ask her for a specific link, and she responds with WSJ.Com. As I open up my web browser, she gathers the courage to call me a terrible boss and hang up. The web page resolves, and my jaw hits the floor. We're front-page news.

‘Anonymous’ Leaks SoreGoggles Database

BY ZACH M. SEWARD

In a shocking attack on public privacy, the loose-knit hacking group Anonymous has leaked the sexually transmitted disease history of over one million Americans. The data comes from SoreGoggles, a mobile app that detects STDs using a phone’s built-in camera. By penetrating the SoreGoggles databases, ‘Anonymous’ was able to collect the identified STD history and associated e-mail addresses of the service’s users.

The hacking group is distributing the information through IkkyLeaks.Com. Users can connect to IkkyLeaks through their Facebook account, and view a list of social network connections that have identified STDs.

Launched earlier this year by entrepreneur Dale Schmidt, SoreGoggles was an instant hit, generating over \$3 Million in app sales. Schmidt quickly closed an investment from tech fund DigiKings, whose chief investor Jim Duggan released the following statement this morning.

“We are deeply sympathetic for any embarrassment that this leak may have caused, but it must be clear that DigiKings has no relationship with SoreGoggles. We chose to sever all ties with them weeks ago, due to their complete mismanagement of the technology.”

Rumors of an acquisition have swirled around Wall Street for the past week, with Merck, GlaxoSmithKline, and Pfizer as top contenders. Representatives from each company have denied any association with the technology.

According to IkkyLeaks.Com, Dale Schmidt has syphilis.

* * *

It's all gone.

The acquisition offers were quickly ripped off the table, and the courts ordered me to refund all sales. As heartbreaking as it was, I have nobody to blame but myself. If I had focused on the product more than the business, than I would have installed the right safety features and none of this would have happened. Perhaps it's for the best. I didn't like who I was becoming.

The entrepreneur in me lives on. I sold an exclusive interview to 60 Minutes, and used the money to buy a small farm in Alabama. It's a new day, and I've given up programming for the plow, escaping virtual living to try the real world. The sun feels great, but it's pretty lonely out here.

Mike Frankel is a student at Columbia Business School. When he's not busy crunching numbers, he runs Melted In Marketing, a digital strategy consulting service. He also runs FreeIndie.Com, a free music website.

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