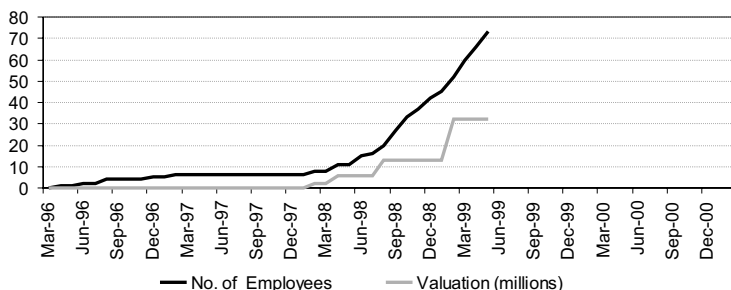


May 1999



Sleeping Giants

Large tracts of online economic terrain remain unconquered. But not for long. Business-to-business e-commerce will draw 90 percent of the projected \$1.4 trillion in total Internet-based business by 2003 . . . While Jim Clark's Healtheon mines the online possibilities in healthcare admin and benefits, Neoforma wants the first bite in the \$30 billion market for medical equipment and supplies . . .

Business 2.0
May 1999

Healtheon, Neoforma Join Forces

Healtheon Corp., a leading online healthcare site formed by Netscape co-founder James Clark, has entered a partnership with Neoforma Inc., an e-commerce site for the health care marketplace. The two Santa Clara-based companies will offer health care professionals free, convenient access to Neoforma's online database of medical products . . .

Silicon Valley / San Jose Business Journal
May 19, 1999

The Masters



Motivation and intelligence in the absence of experience yields dazzling inertia.

I hadn't thought about Sharon for more than a decade.

That Sharon and I ever shared words at all was a fluke. I was all dressed up in new clothes for a job interview, looking uncharacteristically dapper. I had just returned from Southern California and was staying with my mother for a few weeks until I found a job and place to live. My mid-twenties wanderings were behind me. I was ready to face the world with new energy and focus. I even cut my hair to the same length on both sides.

The doorbell rang. I opened the door, curious who would be calling on this suburban house in the middle of the day. Facing me was a tall, attractive brunette, a few years my junior. She was all dressed up too. We shared one of those *this-is-not-what-I-was-expecting* moments. It was pleasurable. Then she introduced herself. She was delivering some documents to my mother as a favor for her mother. Before I could say anything clever, or even intelligent, she handed me the papers and walked to her BMW in the driveway. I thought that was that.

But it wasn't. I couldn't get the image of her smile out of my mind. There was something so simple and direct about it.

I tracked down her number and called her the following day. I asked her out.

When I picked her up in my car, which used to be sporty and now was just beat up, she seemed a bit startled at my transportation—and at my appearance. I was no longer dressed up for an interview. All of my normal clothes were well-worn and tinged with remnants of my seventies punk sensibilities. She asked if we should take her car instead of mine. I said, "No, that's okay. This car hasn't broken down in weeks."

She was still dressed up. I deduced that this was how she always