

straight A's throughout high school, where he was captain of the varsity volleyball team. He sympathized with libertarians and tended to vote Republican. Friendly and amiable, he had a steady girlfriend who he'd been dating for a year. He planned to go to medical school and had a weakness for spicy California-roll sushi and for the salads at Cafe Intermezzo.

Roy met with our student research assistant, Mike, at Strada coffee shop—Berkeley's patio-style percolator for many an intellectual thought, including the idea for the solution to Fermat's last theorem. Mike was slender and tall, with short hair, an artistic air, and an engaging smile.

Mike shook hands with Roy, and they sat down. "Thanks for answering our ad, Roy," Mike said, pulling out a few sheets of paper and placing them on the table. "First, let's go over the consent forms."

Mike intoned the ritual decree: The study was about decision making and sexual arousal. Participation was voluntary. Data would be confidential. Participants had the right to contact the committee in charge of protecting the rights of those participating in experiments, and so on.

Roy nodded and nodded. You couldn't find a more agreeable participant.

"You can stop the experiment at any time," Mike concluded. "Everything understood?"

"Yes," Roy said. He grabbed a pen and signed. Mike shook his hand.

"Great!" Mike took a cloth bag out of his knapsack. "Here's what's going to happen." He unwrapped an Apple iBook computer and opened it up. In addition to the standard keyboard, Roy saw a 12-key multicolored keypad.

"It's a specially equipped computer," Mike explained. "Please use only this keypad to respond." He touched the