

The Private Within the Public: Psychological Report on Tom I. Voire

It's not spying if you love someone

--Broadway Danny Rose

Unveiled women who show their hands and feet excite feelings of onlookers without giving them the means to calm the excitement.

--Iranian cleric

Tom I. Voire, the fictional character described in this chapter is the subject or agent of more than 100 forms of surveillance that could be seen at the turn of the last century Chapter. 9, in focusing on the private within the public, deals only with his encounters, such as they were, with Eve Spectre. and in his role as an agent of surveillance as a free range voyeur. The material reported here was deleted from chapter 9 for space reasons. It is reported in the form of a clinical report by Dr. A. Funt, It takes the story of Tom up to the point where he meets Eve Spectre, the subject of his ventures into the private within the public.

As the subject of surveillance, Tom is a kind of everyman. He performs in conventional agent roles, such as a lifeguard and market researcher. Like any ideal type, the Tom I. Voire case presented here is fictional--but it is fictional only in the sense that it didn't all happen this way at these times and places. It is based as movies tell us "on real life events." For example, employees have gotten caught on video urinating in the coffee pot! And someone is patronizing the many spy-shops and on-line sellers of spying equipment. Voire is the poster guy for male voyeurism and freelance, free-range, low-visibility legal surveillance, even as he is also involved in legitimate government and commercial organizational surveillance.

I. CLINICAL REPORT

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Pat. name: Thomas I. Voire AKA: Ret Marut; Alexandra Zuk; Zeke Hawkins; Joe Soy.

Pat. acct. # 21-18-19-13-1-18-20 Birth date: 6/6/66 Reporting physician: A. Funt

Presenting complaints: Subject seeks greater self-understanding and feedback on beliefs that he is a victim of a conspiracy to deny him his rights under the First, Fourth, and Fifth Amendments as these involve collecting and publishing information. Symptoms include possible sexual dysfunction, inability to distinguish media depictions from reality, voyeurism, paranoid and sociopathic tendencies and hyper-heteronormality. .

Date: 2/21/02

Insurance routing: Medical Insurance Bureau, Boston

Childhood

Whatever his deficiencies, lack of imagination was not among them. Unlike Peter Sellers in the film *Being There* or Jim Carrey in *The Truman Show*, he knew the difference between media fantasies and reality. He simply preferred the media. Thomas I. Voire might have grown up like any other typical American child raised in Hollywood on comic books and television, with an actress-mother and a science-fiction-writing-father, were it not for the fact that he spent the first seven years of his life in a full body cast. While other children played, he could only watch. But he didn't mind because seeing was so all encompassing compared to the constriction of touching, hearing or smelling. This experience made him a curious person in more than one way.

He became an astute and intense observer of the mass media and of other people--an eyewitness to the minutiae of the moment in which life is truly lived. He marveled at the taken-for-granted, cooperative actions and conventions of everyday social interaction. Yet common sense sometimes seemed like nonsense. What people said might or might not be true, and even apart from that, they might or might not believe it. He was naïve, even child-like, in expecting honesty and consistency in such interactions and optimistic that he could find an inner logic to human behavior.

He wrote "Stephen Wright is alright" on subway walls and tenement halls. While some people ask, "why"? He asked, "why not?" His indomitable spirit would not buckle under the iron laws of absurdity. As an amoral outsider he had clarity of vision denied the insider. Yet as a moralist, he felt compelled to improve society. As a result, he was continually bewildered and angered by the hypocrisy, obfuscation and illogic that seem so rampant and by his inability to convince others of his views. When he moved from talking the talk to walking the walk his troubles always began.

A school counselor suggested that he become a sociologist. He loved comic books. Superman with his x-ray vision and Brenda Starr who could become invisible by pressing her wrist were his favorites. The Saint, a TV program with the same theme, was also a favorite, as was *Candid Camera*. In our therapy sessions he frequently referred to events from reality TV shows. Television served to legitimate his fascination with hidden

observation. As he put it, “Everyone anonymously watches television all the time. What’s the big deal about not being also known or seen by those we watch?”

As a frail youngest child, Tom was carefully observed by his parents. From an early age he was accustomed to being watched and to inspections and examinations of all kinds. His earliest memory is of a bright yellow transmitter with a bear decal that was always clipped on his pants. A warning alarm sounded if he strayed too far from his adult monitor. As he grew older the range expanded from twenty to a hundred feet before the alarm went off. Until he was fifteen, his room had an electronic listening device and a video monitor that permitted his parents to supervise him during commercial breaks in the TV shows they watched. As a teenager he gladly submitted to home drug testing, thankful that he had the kind of parents who cared about his well-being.

The ethos of surveillance to which he was subjected was reproduced in his world of play. The watched became the watcher. He was a curious and enterprising child who had many "toys" for listening and communication. As a child he loved to play peek-a-boo and hide and seek. Another favorite pastime was hiding behind the sofa when his older sister was with her boyfriends. He recalls being punished for lying on the floor and looking up skirts when his mother’s friends came to visit.

Noting his interest in technology, his parents gave him a high-powered telescope and (as he recalls), "this really boring book about astronomy." It became his favorite toy. But he didn't look at the stars. From his high-rise apartment he aimed it at other apartments. It never occurred to him that this might be a questionable activity, since so many people left their shades up and also had telescopes pointing outwards. He had a “super-amplifier” listening device with a headset, a stethoscope-like device that permitted him to hear breathing through a concrete wall, and a tiny voice-activated tape recorder. Other favorite toys included the “visible woman” (a plastic anatomy kit), a great collection of Barbie dolls and clothes, and a game called “I Spy.”

Voire served in the Navy in 1986-89, where he was assigned to the equipment and maintenance section of a signals intelligence unit. He received a general, rather than an honorable, discharge. He did not wish to elaborate on this. But he acknowledges difficulties as a result of (1) exposing his unclothed posterior from a moving military vehicle and (2) listing “gay” as his marital status in his America Online (“AOL”) member profile.

He saw a double standard in the Navy’s response to his behavior. At the same time as his exposure incident, a female sailor posed unclothed for Playboy magazine, without censure. His AOL profile was written off-duty as a joke. It had no impact on his performance in the Navy, and he was not gay, even though he knew gay sailors who were still on active duty.

He Likes to Watch

On leaving military service he worked as a lifeguard, a job that fit his interests. However, when the winter came he took a job as a security guard at a women's clothing store. He joined an anticrime Neighborhood Watch group. But since his part-time required that he kept changing neighborhoods, he did not stay with it. The job was with People Watchers, Inc., a marketing research company run by cultural anthropologists. The job required him to rent a room in a home and report on the lifestyle and consumer behavior he observed. The only drawback was that he had to move every three months (and once after two weeks when the homeowners became suspicious).

Tom began studying communications and criminology. He became interested in the history of technology, particularly the cluster of 19th century developments involving photography, x-rays, and the extension of the power of the microscope and telescope.

He sought to broaden himself culturally and spent many hours in the library and museums. His interests were quite focused. He loved to look at back issues of *National Geographic* containing pictures of minimally-clothed native women. He regularly read the newspapers, but mostly for the lingerie ads. He also liked to look at nude women in art and photography books and in paintings and sculpture. He particularly liked Picasso's painting *Les Femmes d'Alger*, in which the female forms are simultaneously viewed from various angles. He liked Picasso's engravings that featured famous figures such as Michelangelo hiding under a bed watching an amorous couple and Degas visiting a brothel. He was also taken with the work of the Italian baroque painter Artemisia Gentileschi as expressed in her painting *Susannah and the Elders*, which conveyed her feelings about being spied upon. He noted that, in contrast to the rare pictures of male nudes, the paintings almost always involved a frontal view of the nude female.

He became a regular in the Rodin room of the museum. He was never bored there. The statues were immobile, but the human landscape was ever changing. Tom liked to watch women as they contemplated the figures. He noted that the security guards looked at the sculpture, Tom, and the women, while still another guard in a control room watched images from the rotating video camera capturing all four. This visual rondo could get pretty complex, depending on what was being looked at and who was looking at whom and the genders and sexual orientations of the actors.

Ever fascinated by technology and art, Tom was something of an innovator in his filming of private parts in public places. He was one of the first of his gender to capture images up the skirt and down the blouse in malls, subways, and parks by putting a hidden or disguised camera under or above a seated female. But he preferred using remote cameras because there was less chance of discovery or losing equipment. He was very proud of the tiny remote camera he attached to the lifeguard tower at a nude beach. He notes, "The camcorders and keyhole lenses make it a lot easier than standing under stairwells all day, using a telescope or looking for girls wearing shiny patent leather shoes." He made several trips to Mardi Gras to film topless celebrants.

He was an avid, if ambivalent, fan of *Candid Camera*. He thought it was wrong to create reality and then publicly reveal it—better to record things naturally as they occur

in public and consume them in the privacy of your own home. He was even more incensed, as he put it, at “the amateurs, reprobates, perverts and degenerates who post on Web sites the poor quality images they secretly collect. This gives photography a bad name and will result in more vague laws, further restricting the First Amendment rights of legitimate voyeurs.”

He spent most of his spare time watching television or on the Internet (even on the subway or when waiting for a doctor’s appointment, he was never without his palm computer and handheld TV). Growing up, his nickname was TV—in this case his initials were denotative. In Internet parlance he was a “lurker” and enjoyed observing the communications of those in chat groups and postings on bulletin boards. He did not participate because he knew that old messages never die, they just rest in the ether waiting for someone to instantaneously retrieve them by doing a simple *deja-vu* search, or viewing a computer’s internet history file.

He always wore reflector sunglasses and in the Navy was called “the man with no eyes.” Much of his watching had an invisible quality (at least to those being watched). His dark glasses were a metaphor for his way of being. He wanted to see but not be seen. He did not wish to trouble those he watched nor risk sanctioning should his behavior be misinterpreted. At one of our first meetings he insisted on playing a song called “The Invisible Man” by an English rock group named Queen. He named his cat Ellison. He held to a surveillance ethic of minimal, or better still, non-obtrusiveness. He did not want his presence as an observer to condition how the other person behaved.

Both because of the principle and because he felt more comfortable around females, he applied to a women’s college and was rejected. As the topic of his application essay he chose a subject he was sure would be appreciated. It dealt with the (in his words) “famous early feminist gender bending, border busting, shape shifting, kick-ass, freedom seeker with the courage to stand up to injustice” named Slim Virginia. Tom said that with the help of her mentor (social engineer Ted Hollandaise,) she successfully integrated a men’s smoker club way back in the 1920s.¹ The overworked admissions committee missing the symbolism of the essay’s topic in this setting and with no taste for angering wealthy alumnae donors rejected his application.

On the coed campus he was forced to attend, he sought to join a sorority but had to settle for a coed fraternity. He was not allowed to even try out for (let alone be chosen to sing in) the women’s choir, nor could he play for the girl’s field hockey team. His documented arguments regarding the negative consequences of separation for stereotyping and the importance of diversity in social settings went unheeded, as did his claim that the quality of performance would improve if men were given an equal chance. He was banned from a bar near the campus for repeatedly complaining that if women didn’t have to pay for their drinks during happy hours, neither should he. Nor could he get a job as a waiter at a local topless bar.

He had no better luck in emphasizing male distinctiveness. His efforts to create a masculinist club to foster a positive male identity “where guys could get together and just be guys” was found to be in violation of civil rights laws.

While hardly a campus activist, he was interested in social issues and sometimes spoke (or acted) out. To increase student awareness of gender equity questions, he arranged for a campus showing of several sexually explicit films including *The Full Monty*. This drew an enthusiastic overflow crowd, but to Tom’s dismay, no one was interested in signing his petition protesting the unfairness in paying female porn stars so much more than their male counterparts. Nor would anyone sign his letter of support for male gynecologists who increasingly were having difficulty gaining patients or for the male sportscasters who were banned from the dressing rooms of professional female athletes. Nor were contributions received for a fund promoting greater male involvement in cooking and cleaning. In an effort to better understand gender questions he went to a meeting called “Study Abroad” but it dealt with studying in Europe.

Tom had only occasional success with women, and he had no male friends. He was confused and needed help. He saw an inviting photograph in an alternative newspaper advertising the services of “Cheri,” an applied therapist who specialized in helping men with less than satisfying social lives. The therapist, who believed (with Colette) that love depends on illusion, and ever aware of the role of fantasy and imagination in erotic consciousness, sought creative ways to help Tom. Cheri suggested the idea of videotaping their meetings. This served as a living tutorial that Tom periodically reviewed for help. While he had to pay a lot more money for these recorded interactive sessions, he concluded that it was well worth it. The nurturing therapist had no qualms about this since she needed the funds to pay for her Ph.D. studies and to contribute to the First Amendment Foundation.

Cheri recommended that (with his partner’s permission) he always tape his sexual activities so that, like a baseball player or golfer, he could work on improving his technique and also have a record of those truly great moments. An additional reason for taping was so that he could prove that the encounter was consensual and thus protect himself against any false accusations. Tom liked the idea of videotaping but did not follow her advice regarding asking permission, being too embarrassed and fearing his partners would say no. He also reasoned that since they were in his house and it was his camera it didn’t matter.

The tapes of Tom’s encounters with his sex therapist were consensual involving sound, as well as image. They contrast with the nonconsensual films Tom subsequently made using a camera hidden in an overhead light fixture with the sound recorder turned off. To capture sound non-consensually would violate state law (although that wasn’t the case in many other states in which taping was legal if at least one person, including the person doing the taping, agreed to the taping). But there were no laws against secret videotaping if one of the parties agreed to it.

Tom made a number of videotapes, but the technical aspects proved far more difficult than in his therapist's office, where the partners had a script and mutual awareness. With hidden cameras it was not easy to get the correct angle, there were power outages and equipment failures, or he forgot to turn the camera on. His encounters were often in the dark (and an infrared camera was too expensive). Many of the images were fuzzy and shadowy. Reality is hardly the stuff of which fantasies are made.

Such videotaping was a lot of trouble, and he gave it all up after one unpleasant episode when the camera fell from the ceiling onto his partner's head during a sexual encounter. She demanded, "How could you do that?" Pleased that she was interested in technical matters, he proudly said, "I used Sony state of the art Title III equipment." Before he could even tell her about his use of other kinds of cameras, such as the one he had hidden in the bathroom, she became even angrier.

She demanded the tape and any others he had made of her. He refused and said, "The tape and machinery are mine. I used them in my house. You have given implied consent by coming into my room and getting 'naked with me. I have a vivid image of you in my memory. It was Paul Gauguin who said, 'I shut my eyes in order to see.' What possible difference could it make that the image also exists on tape? The presence of the tape offers evidence of verisimilitude. What's the big deal? These are not military secrets after all. I promise that no one will ever see them but me. Am I supposed to return the love letters you gave to me as freely as you gave your image? Should I cut you out of the pictures taken of us in that Las Vegas nightclub?"

However, he tried to do what she might see as a compromise. He said he would be glad to edit the tape so her face was blocked. He said he would make a copy of the tape for her—and to sweeten the deal and as a way of saying he was sorry the camera fell on her—even throw in copies of other tapes she wasn't in and some commercially made family films with international stars of stage and screen. He said he would give her the first (or last) half of the present tape (since in fairness half of the tape perhaps did belong to her). He said it would be wasteful and environmentally harmful to follow her Solomonic solution and literally cut the tape cassette itself in half. It would also mean destroying their unique history and preclude him from learning from the experience. He thought that as an archaeology/history major she should have greater appreciation of the need to preserve the past. It was she after all who had told him about Andy Warhol's argument for the importance of 15 minutes of fame and a French scholar Levi Bodifat who said that things are only real to Americans on the screen.²

The woman felt used and further abused after her attorney said that it was necessary for them to review the tape together and to question her about it. The attorney charged her thousands of dollars to research the case, only to conclude that Tom had broken no laws and that a victory in a civil suit was unlikely. She was further upset by the attorney's offer of a significant fee reduction (in fact the sum mentioned would even have created a positive cash flow for her), if she would make a film with him.

Meanwhile, Back at the Job

Tom was a conscientious and highly motivated dress store employee. The security and marketing departments appreciated his efforts. For his marketing class he created a human-computer interaction (“HCI”) program called “amiga” for female teen clothing shoppers. This involved a “digital buddy” or “bot” with whom the girls could interact while online.³ After offering some personal information about themselves, participants were matched with a buddy who spoke their language and shared their basic demographic characteristics. The artificial friend could appear as a seemingly real person, a cartoon figure or be unseen.

Tom thought this demonstrated the win/win potential of the technology for consumers and merchants. If we as a society are to move ahead, we need to integrate the technology into our lives and stop seeing it as cold, unfeeling and distant. He said, “face to face interaction is so 20th century. In today’s world children need a personal, warm and trusting relationship with an intelligent electronic friend who really cares about them. As a side benefit my program improves communication skills in writing and typing, and it means teen girls are safe behind a desk, rather than endlessly wandering around in mega-malls being scoped by the males behind the videocams or cruising around in environmentally destructive cars.”

Digital buddies offered free scientific information and advice, whether about rock stars, clothes or makeup, as well as product comparisons. They encouraged participating teens to write about their feelings, attitudes and behavior on any topic they chose. Unlike some parents, the amiga was supportive and nonjudgmental, while soliciting members’ attitudes toward various products and potential products. While not quite the best example of participatory electronic democracy, they did have a vote.

Since participation was voluntary, and anonymity was assured, the patient saw none of the usual problems, although Tom acknowledged that most members had no idea that everything they wrote was logged and analyzable. Merchants were pleased because this offered a useful tool for understanding an important market, identifying trends and learning about sensitive adolescent issues that the market might better serve. Stores were interested in aggregate patterns, not individual identity.

Tom’s professor was more skeptical, being concerned about deception, manipulation, illusion, privacy and the diminution of social skills. Tom said of his professor, “if she’s so smart, why isn’t she doing something in the real world, rather than just talking and complaining about the falling sky?”

. He did have some problems at work. For example, after his regular shift ended, he was caught off-limits in the video terminal room (it had a recently installed hidden camera) used to monitor those who monitor the concealed cameras in the changing rooms. Only female employees were allowed in the video terminal room.

Voire readily confessed that he was in the video monitoring room (he could not tell a lie and believed *Veritas Vincit*, the motto of John Marshall High School where

Leonard DiCaprio and Heidi Flesch,⁴ among other famous people, had also gone). However, he claimed that he was in the room for research purposes, collecting data for a paper on shoplifting for his criminal justice class. He thought his employer should be pleased that on his own time he was working to improve his detection skills, and he offered to share the results of his study.

In this case, as with some of the events described above, he sees himself as the victim while others view him as the offender. He feels he is often treated unfairly because of his gender. He sees discrimination in the fact that only female employees could work in the video-monitoring room, even though he had more detection experience and seniority than most who worked there. He states, "It has been well established in the courts that gender is not a bona fide occupational qualification for security or prison guard work." When he asked why he could not work there, he was told, "It's not right to have men secretly watch women undress." To which he replied, "I am a professional and this is no different than a female doctor dealing with a male patient. This is a job."

Introducing a hypothetical, he asked, "Even if it's true that I obtain some gratification from this activity, so what?" He offers a reoccurring rationale—"They didn't even know I was watching, so no harm was done."

Tom said that he resented the implication that he was "a cowardly and exploitive technologic free rider copping a symbolic feel while enshrouded in a prophylactic of invisibility and distance" (a phrase encountered in his women's studies class from a reading critical of pornography). He said, "If anyone was 'getting off' [i.e., obtaining inappropriate sexual gratification] on this stuff, it's not a trained professional like me. I just want to do my job. It's those unprofessional . . . [degrading expletives banned by the clinic's manual on nonsexist report writing] female guards, most of whom have never even taken a criminal justice class or stolen anything themselves." He then cited an obscure study that found that police officers with records as juvenile delinquents did better on the job.

Tom also had problems with customers in the store. Several female customers complained that Tom seemed too friendly. But as always, as a paradigmatic sociopath, he had an explanation. A company directive issued a short time before required employees to "smile, greet, and make eye contact with the customer." Employees were told that "secret shoppers" would check to see if they followed this as well as other company policies. Tom claimed that in being friendly to the ladies, especially to those he called hot "ice queen machines," he was just doing his job and following orders, although he added, "Having to always put on a happy face makes me feel like a robot. I am a human being defined by my liberty to choose. I shouldn't be made to smile at men."

HotLines

The above incidents, along with numerous complaints about him to the store's anonymous hotline, resulted in Voire's being asked to attend a meeting with Andrea Comstock, the store's newly hired gender relations facilitator. He was not told whether

the meeting was mandatory, but he went because he felt it important to explain his concerns “in the hope of contributing to a less hostile work environment.” He said he knew that authority was just, even if sometimes it was a little misguided and too responsive to political concerns.

The facilitator began by explaining that the purpose of the meeting was to discuss the numerous complaints they had received about his behavior. Tom was stunned. He assumed that the purpose of the meeting was to consider the signed complaints he had made about discrimination in the workplace. After listening to the range of nonspecific, anonymous complaints, Tom asked if it was true that the gender relations facilitator had recently immigrated from a country famous for its carpets, where she had worked for the Ministry for the Promotion of Virtue and the Prevention of Vice. She had no idea what he was talking about and moved on to the real issues.

One type of complaint dealt with unwanted computer communication. All unmarried female employees under the age of 40 had received warm, even syrupy, e-mails that flattered them and speculated on what it would be like to be their friend and to know them in a more personal way. The messages contained nothing overtly threatening, but many employees found them ominous. Had they been signed by someone they knew. and they not been sent to everyone, the women might have been them seen as just the initial foray of a shy person. However, messages were signed L. B. “Jeff” Jeffries, the name of the photographer played by Jimmy Stewart in *Rear Window*. References were offered to anonymous communication as a central principle of a democratic society.

Several individuals thought that Tom, with his knowledge of computers, might be responsible. There were hints and allegations but no solid evidence to support this.

Other employees had made complaints about a Web site that was run out of Finland. But borders being what they were (or rather what they weren't) with this new technology, it didn't matter where the data were located. The Web site contained the photo image, with 1-10 rating as to desirability, height, weight, age, marital status, salary, latest performance evaluation, social security number, address, and phone number of all female employees. These data could only have been taken from the store's personnel records. A disclaimer read, “This is a purely personal rating. It reflects nothing more than my subjective sense of attractiveness. If you don't like your score, please take heart and note that in a society as diverse as ours there is no single correct standard.” In some cases, however, the website offered suggestions for how a rating might be improved.

Voire acknowledged familiarity with such programs as a result of an unfortunate college experience. For a computer science class he had set up mlapwalk.com. This site broadcast Internet images of everyone walking on the main campus path, regardless of gender, appearance or time of day. An automated facial and body contour coding system was used to allocate walkers to either an “Eyes on the Guys” or “Bird's Eye” category. The binary nature of the categories consternated several politically active students aware of the potential for error.

Viewers were invited to offer comments and to rate persons as “hot or not,” “hold or fold,” “plum or bum,” and “bangin” or “hangin,” along with other even more incomprehensible terms.⁵ To encourage honesty and to protect the privacy of those posting, only anonymous responses were permitted.

Professor Anna Septik was impressed with his programming skills, but appalled at his content. When told to shut down the site, Tom said, “No, I have a right to transmit images offered in a public place. Besides, I paid money for the class and there is an implied contract here. I was just meeting my obligation with respect to a required assignment to create a webcam page.”

He did offer to compromise. He said he would take the site down if the professor would consent to be interviewed on tape by a filmmaker with the unlikely name of Stepin Sodamountain. There would be a promise of absolute confidentiality. No one in South America or anywhere else would ever see or hear it. But when threatened with a failing grade and unspecified sanctions for violating the campus code of ethics, Tom closed it, which he again viewed as an experience of victimization.

He vigorously denied responsibility for the website mentioned above that asked for judgments of employees’ attractiveness. He said, “Women should be treated in all their rich individuality and should not just be checked out like pieces of meat and given a grade.”

However in a written response to the complaint, he stated that, “As a matter of principle I am not opposed to such Web pages. They are in the best American tradition of freedom of expression and self-help, while being responsive to the democratic feedback of others. If individuals aren’t interested in their rating, they needn’t log on to the site. That’s what freedom of choice is all about and why America is a great country.”

Continuing on the theme of open communication, he volunteered that while he was not directly responsible, he *had* given some technical advice via e-mail to an anonymous individual. The individual subsequently posted information on executive salaries and compensation packages and “for your eyes only” memos on the company’s Web site. Tom said, “I did that because this is a publicly traded company and, as an employee and stockholder, I have a strong interest in seeing that the company is healthy. I know that openness is central and that dastardly deeds are more likely to be done in the dark.”

Others in the company had complained about the pictures of women and loving couples that Tom had posted inside his locker, and about his sometimes wearing T-shirts with vulgar language and images. Tom said the locker pictures had artistic value, and he spoke proudly of his archival collection of such material. With the explicit sexuality in advertisements and with the popularity of thongs, tattoos and body piercing, he said women’s need to express their beauty should be honored, not hidden. He informed the counselor that 95% of those in “Girls Gone Wild” were volunteers who receive only a tank top in return for their appearance.⁶ Such pictures, along with those of couples

expressing affection, helped create an *appreciative and loving* rather than a *hostile* work environment. He said his parents and his art classes had taught him that the human body was beautiful. He felt hurt when his offer to share the pictures with his interlocutor was rejected.

He noted that the pictures were inside his locker, and if the complainants didn't like them, they didn't have to look, which could be seen as invading his personal space. If he wanted them to see his pictures without invitation, he would have put them up on the front of the locker, not inside it. He said there was confusion about what public and private meant, and this might be a case of radical polysemism.

Tom said it was not his fault that the physics of sight were such that visual stimuli were publicly broadcast in private places. But he said he was aware of the issue and did his best in public settings: "unlike some employees, I would never use a sexually suggestive computer screensaver because it indiscriminately transmits to anyone in the vicinity." Rights are one thing and manners another.

However, he said, while the store was the private property of the owners, that didn't mean they could control what was in his wallet, or in his mind, when he was in the store. His locker too was his private space. He asked, "does your landlord tell you what pictures to hang on the wall?"

With respect to the T-shirts, the issue was different. He said duty compelled him to wear them in order to blend in as an ordinary customer when he was on plainclothes duty looking for shoplifters.

Several complainants noted that Tom continued to invite them out after they had refused him. While noting that he was always a gentleman, he didn't deny his persistence. He believed they were just playing hard to get and thereby trying to increase their appeal to him (a ploy recommended by several "how to catch a guy" guidebooks he had strategically memorized in order to be prepared). Then, in a pattern that he frequently shows, he drew on a quote from a famous person to legitimize his actions. In this case, it was Winston Churchill who, according to Tom, was reputed to say, "Don't give up, never, never, never."

Tom acknowledged that his behavior might be misinterpreted. But he eschewed any responsibility by noting research reporting that men are not as good at reading nonverbal and verbal cues as women.

Here's Looking At You, Kid

Another type of complaint was vaguer. Several women said they didn't like the way he spoke to and looked at them. They said it made them feel uncomfortable and objectified. But they could go no further in explaining the problem.

One employee, Ima Robic, was so upset that she secretly recorded Tom's conversation. Tom could not deny that he said, "You are a credit to homo-sapiens. With your elocution and beauty you could make a great thespian. But you must give up your crapulous life style and please stop titivating yourself." Tom was shocked that his mango battery meter failed to identify the secret recording (most likely because her device was encased in lead). But he was even more surprised that his efforts to help had been misunderstood. His remarks, he said, were intended to "bolster an individual with low self-esteem who partied too hardily and was continually spending money on expensive self-improvement treatments that didn't work and weren't needed." Should he be blamed because she misinterpreted and misunderstood his remarks? Would it be better if he agreed with her self-deprecatory comments? He said, "beauty may be in the eye of the beholder, but words speak for themselves, at least if you know what they are intended to mean."

When told that the women didn't like the way he looked, Voire's response was seen as hostile and defensive, if predictable. He ranted about cultural disintegration and hypocrisy and resorted to name dropping: "that wise old guy with the best name ever for a poet –WD Audio --noted the illogic and unfairness in praising novelists and birdwatchers for the keenness of their observations, but not others."⁷

He began testily asserting, "Look, I'm sorry about the way I look. This is the face God gave me. If they don't like the way I look, maybe they should wear those glasses that change reality or better still, just don't look at me. I am proud of the way I look and carefully follow the dress code."

The facilitator explained that it was not his appearance (his evaluations always noted that his uniform was proper, and his shoes were shined), but the *way* he looked at women. Tom claimed to be confused. He said, "As a child I was told to always look others in the eye. If you want to make someone you know feel bad, walk right by them without making eye contact." He added, "From my reading of women's magazines, I know that most women want men to notice them. The cosmetic and fashion industries do everything they can to make that happen. I see how women look at their reflection in mirrors and store and car windows and how they are always checking their lipstick. In my social psychology class I learned about Professor Cool's 'looking-glass self' and that our sense of self depends on how we perceive others seeing us."⁸ Men, after all, aren't the ones who carry a little mirror in their pocket and use makeup to disguise their real appearance.

"The facts back this up. I read in *People* magazine about a study that found young women enjoy seeing and imagining themselves in enticing lingerie. They like the idea of being appreciated by men for their appearance. Why do you think 90% of cosmetic surgery is performed on women?"

"I will not deny that I take maximum advantage of what the *situation* offers. But I use neither coercion nor deception in doing that. Sure I like to look, but I do that to honor them. Even though I failed my one philosophy class, I recall reading that the

French writer Suris said that to look is to empower the other.⁹ The fact that they can make me look and keep looking is a sign of their success.

“My sense of masculinity comes from my adoration of women rather than from degrading, denigrating, debasing, defaming, disparaging, and dissing them the way some men do. My gaze is of wonderment and appreciation—just look at that Ginger Rogers movie where she did everything Fred Astaire did, only she did it backwards and in high heels. I want to be equal to and please women, rather than to dominate and anger them. Looks have to be separated from words and words from deeds. I never suggested anything indecorous like threading the needle, getting my ashes hauled, or rifling her thong.¹⁰

“I read Bruce Schneier on the technicalities of security and on what’s on the minds of hackers and, it ain’t me babe. I am not malicious. Quite the contrary I want to help. And don’t give me any of that cyber stalker stuff either. Unlike the stalker, I do not seek to harass or to harm, but to enrich, ennoble, improve and protect.

“Whoever complained about the way I look is not being honest. If they don’t want to be looked at, why do they dress that way? If it is a virtue not to look, their behavior prevents me from being virtuous. While I don’t think I have done anything wrong (quite the opposite), whatever you call my behavior—they made me do it and are cooperating coconspirators.

“If anything, I am the victim and am harassed by the tension their appearance arouses in me. I’d also like to accuse them of visual entrapment and conspiracy to hurt a fellow associate. Why do they wear those too-small t-shirts that say, ‘I want attention’, and then say ‘just not yours.’ How do I file a complaint? It’s like blaming the metal pieces drawn to a magnet because they can’t resist, rather than seeing the power of the magnet. If I am the one who gets in trouble here, it would be better to live in one of those societies where women were fully covered (or maybe absent altogether), offering nothing to look at and think about. This is a cruel game in which men can’t win—the temptation offers either the agony of denial or the apparent sin of looking and of imagination. “I am not the ‘flamboyant leerer’ rightly criticized by feminists who calls attention to himself and his object. I am a discrete and sensitive seer.

“There is something else here. This is like the censors who watch what others can’t. It’s ironic that my accusers had to watch me, in order to complain about me watching them.” He then ranted on about the behavior of Lot’s wife who lived in Sodom and the temptation that Eve offered. He said he thought the latter were not simply a function of the role of men in writing the Bible.

The facilitator asked him if he looked at men in the same way, and he said, “Of course not. What kind of a guy do you think I am?” He then launched into a long monologue about how as a child he had learned to survive in his tough school by avoiding eye contact with males. That pattern continued to the present. He said that some male violence, particularly that against gay men, was triggered by such eye contact. He ended his manic Lenny Bruce monologue wondering if gay persons got more pleasure

out of looking at themselves than straight persons, since they were, in a sense, objects of their own desire.

Other anonymous hot line complaints said that Tom was often in the vicinity of the women's restroom and that he even sometimes used the facilities (some employees thought he was the one who left the toilet seat up).

Tom was a strong supporter of gender equality, social justice, and the feminist movement (he said any woman's movement was of interest to him). He named his parrot Godiva after the fabled equestrian who used her birthday garb as a means of negotiating lowered taxes.

"I have nothing to hide," he said in response to the bathroom complaints, "and once I explain the situation I am sure you'll understand. Yes, I do sometimes use the ladies' room and for good reason. I have a stomach ailment, which causes nature to call suddenly and irregularly. The men's room is often occupied and farther away. I sometimes have no alternative but to go into the larger women's room directly across from my office. I only went in when I was under extreme pressure and when no one else was there. Besides, the men's room doesn't have those nice chintz-covered lounge chairs, and the women's room offers a greater level of privacy and cleanliness. The men's room has vulgar graffiti, and I feel harassed by the dope-smoking men hiding there. The women's room feels like a safe place.

"In my sociology of law and gender class, I studied the law of 'indecent exposure.' Neither indecency nor exposure were present here, only need. I was in a stall with the door closed in a room with its outer door closed. Weren't bathrooms designed for this purpose? In being denied the opportunity to use the women's room when it was the most accessible, I feel the same way I did when I couldn't join the gym across the street from my house because it was only for women. For reasons of women's mental and physical well-being, I was told there must be 'man-free zones.' I like being around women and can't imagine wanting a 'woman-free zone.' That would be discriminatory and cruel and unusual punishment. Like that song says, we need to all 'come together right now.'"

Ever optimistic, the gender relations counselor saw this largely as a failure to communicate, not as a problem of structure, culture, or lunacy. Tom agreed with the counselor: "There was indeed a failure to communicate, but it was on your part not mine. I explained my behavior and pointed out how I was victimized. Yet you refused to hear me or really listen to my words. I *did* no wrong, and I *intended* no wrong. I can't be held responsible for other people's misperceptions, for being socialized into this culture or for being born with a Johnson."¹¹

"I am a very moral person and apply two well-established standards in judging conduct. The first from the Greek tradition stresses behavior. My behavior was beyond reproach. The second from the Christian tradition stresses motives and intentions. I certainly intended no harm, and my motives—of showing appreciation for others and of wanting equal access—are hardly the stuff out of which gender wars ought to be fought. I

am truly sorry if their perceptions of my behavior made some women *feel* bad. If that is the case, they need to deal with their feelings and not externalize the problem by making me a scapegoat. They need counseling, not me. In a democratic society you also might at least take a survey before reaching conclusions—what about those who felt good about what they perceived in my behavior? Don't we need some balance here?"

"And one more thing, while we are talking about the Greeks, we are reminded to ask the question, 'What's the big deal about this privacy anyway?' For them, the greatest value was placed on public life. It was there that one's sense of identity was to be found. Privacy, being the realm of slaves, women, and children who were restricted to the home, was not valued. To be private meant *deprivation*. Have you ever wondered where the word 'privy,' came from?" The counselor did not respond. "For the Greeks, the erotic was connected with self-knowledge. It was only those dirty-minded Romans who later claimed that there was something wrong with erotic gazes."

In spite of her training (and with inadequate training in sexual harassment law), the gender relations specialist was flustered and didn't know how to deal with Tom. The role-playing sessions in graduate school were never like this. She tried to move on to the next issue. But not before Tom asked her if she felt uncomfortable talking about sexuality, either her own or in general. He noted that ambivalence was natural to the human condition. He asked if she had ever considered Freud's suggestion that some women were angry because they were not men.

He pointed out that their meeting was very one-sided. She asked questions and he responded. Tom said he was interested in knowing her feelings, both as a professional and as a woman, about what he had said. He wanted a true dialogue. They were work colleagues after all. He volunteered to make his observations and references available to her and, in a supportive fashion, indicated that he would be glad to discuss her feelings or any problems. She demurred and resisted the impulse to press the hidden alarm summoning a guard.

He asked her if she was aware of the irony and lack of equity in experts such as herself being licensed to pry into his life, while she refused to share her feelings and experiences with him. He asked if she had seen a recent issue of *Psychology Today* in which research showed the importance of reciprocity in relationships. He asked her with whom she would share his information. He then launched into another monologue about professionals and their inability to share power.

Ms. Comstock responded by giving Tom a series of tests. In one projective test, she showed him a card with a series of lines all leaning to the right. When asked what it was, he replied, "A man chasing a woman."

She showed him a card with all the lines leaning to the left and he replied, "That's a woman chasing a man." The facilitator said, "You seem to think an awful lot about sex." Tom looked surprised and replied, "Sex is not awful. It's wonderful. Guilt might be your chauffeur, lady, but it's not mine. And besides, Doctor, they're your dirty pictures."

He didn't deny his interests and the fact that he liked to watch. Neither he, nor any other male, he said, could be blamed for the research finding that in matters of romance, men were more responsive to the visual and women to words. "We are genetically programmed to look at women. Survival of the species requires males with to mate with as many females as possible."

He described himself as a "see-er" and a see-her and thought that the similarity in sound must reflect some smart design. He professed to see deep mythological and sacred meaning in the fact that these had the same roots and sound as "seer" and that life had begun in the sea. He said he was not a searer. In equating looking with life, he drew on the blind authority of (in his words) "academy award winner Al Pacino who was reputed to have said in *Scent of a Woman*, "the day we stop looking Charlie is the day we die."

In her report, the counselor said the company needed to better explain its expectations and rules. She recommended additional testing and then counseling for Tom and upgrading and better maintenance and security (including hidden cameras) in the men's facilities. She thought some operant conditioning using penile plethysmography might also be appropriate.¹²

She found Tom creepy and didn't like the way he looked at her. She thought a male gender relations counselor might be more understanding and do a better job of explaining the company to Tom. It all might have ended there but for one more little nest-fouling incident.

This Coffee Sure Is Strong!

Tom reported being very upset after the meeting. In the session in which he described the meeting with the counselor he said, "Anonymous informers are the stuff of police states not democratic-capitalist states. I have a right to confront my accusers and to be given a detailed bill of particulars. This is no process, not due process."

He did not like confrontation and was a nonviolent person. He often contrasted himself with a distant cousin named Earl who had gone missing several years ago.¹³ Tom said men were too quick to resort to violence, and he wished they could become more taunting, snide, and gossipy. With a richer interior life they would have less need to engage in overt conflict.

Tom could become passionate over issues of justice as he perceived them. The passive-aggressive personality that kept him out of big troubles continually got him into little troubles. The great voyeur was again lifted on the petard of the technology he favored. The day after the interview, a hidden camera caught him urinating into the executive office coffeepot.

When confronted about this, as always, he was well defended and up front. He didn't deny it or claim that the tape had been faked as some might have. He justified his behavior by principles of reciprocity, lesser evils, and the absence of harm: "The

company treated me badly, and I owed them one. This kind of fighting back is the only weapon a powerless worker like me has. Any company that treats employees this way should expect a response.

“After all, I hardly went postal. Lots of employees get away with far worse—beating up the boss, stealing, selling information, sabotaging production. What I did didn’t hurt anybody. What about all the good work I’ve done and all the times I followed the rules that you don’t have on videotape? Surely that overwhelms one minor mistake.

“Watching potential shoplifters with a hidden camera is one thing. It would be unprofessional *not* to do that. But it is wrong to do that to trusted employees. My actions pale in comparison to the deceit and gross invasion of privacy the company demonstrates in using a hidden camera against its own employees. What kind of a message does that send to people like me? How would you feel if you were secretly videotaped while urinating and that tape was then seen by others of both genders and various sexual persuasions?”

The Last Laugh

Ogling female employees was one thing. Urinating in the boss’s coffeepot was quite another. This led to an investigation and a high-level review resulting in a decision to terminate employment.

As the company's media relations specialist said, "This guy's a public relations Chernobyl waiting to happen. Let the explosion occur in someone else's neighborhood." The company's consulting psychologist, losing his detached, clinical manner, said, "This clown isn't funny. He's a fruitcake, heavy on the nuts and likely contagious....He is either one of the world's dumbest or smartest people. Either way the subversive nature of his perceptions and claims are dangerous to the company's well established-routines. He sure as hell won't help us bring down those medical insurance premiums that my bonus depends on."

The company's legal counsel, aware of the recent trend toward million-dollar-plus settlements for fostering unwelcoming work environments, gender discrimination, and privacy invasions, was direct: "Terminate his employment. Let’s also be sure the transcripts of the [illegal] wiretaps on his home phone and computer get shredded since we didn’t find anything incriminating on them. I’d hate to have to explain those in court or to the public.”

In what he later claimed was just a joke and an expression of his feelings, not a call for direct action, Rocky Bottoms, the company's national director of security, was even more blunt: "Terminate with extreme displeasure" (a euphemism for assassination from his earlier days as an intelligence operative).

Voire was called to a meeting intended to be an austere degradation and departure ceremony in the normally off-limits executive floor. The director of personnel, the

epitome of grease under pressure, wearing a bulletproof vest, said, in the best syrupy, somber pseudo-sincere tones of a funeral director expressing the same sympathetic concern fourteen times a day, "Son, the hardest part of my job is making personnel decisions, but someone has got to do it. Whether it be hiring or firing, I always ask God for the strength to be fair, to get the facts correct, and to do what is best for the company and the individual. There is nothing personal here."

The director thanked Voire for his efforts on behalf of the company and praised him for his technical skills and ambition. He said he was sure these strengths would help Voire in his next job, and he was sure that if Voire received help, there would be a next job. There was a big demand in the security field, especially for those hard-to-fill minimum-wage jobs without benefits.

Voire listened patiently and with great dignity and composure, considering the fact that he had just been fired. He was never at a loss for a worldview that served his interests, however strange his views might seem to the more privileged and conventional people holding the reins of reality definition.

With all the stylish, macho chutzpa of a world-class sociopath about to prevail in a high-stakes poker game, he said (in the best of diplomatic and conflict resolution traditions), "Thank you, sir, for sharing your views. I have gotten a great deal out of working here, and while we may have had our differences, I am grateful to my fellow workers, my immediate and more distant supervisors, the janitors and kitchen crew, and even the stockholders and our customers whose efforts and belief in this company made it possible for me to do my job here.

"Yet you have erred badly in your analysis of these events and in the course of action you propose. You have obviously not considered the implications of the fact that I have a tape recording of the meeting at which my case was discussed.¹⁴

"Being in security work I have learned the importance of being discrete and not showing your aces unless your implied threats fail. I hold no grudges, although I have good reason to. There is nothing personal here. Jesus counsels me to have compassion and forgiveness. I don't wish to quibble about the past. It is best for all of us to look to the future.

"I am a reasonable person. I will give you the only copy of the tape and I will resign from my job (I would not want to work for an employer that discriminates against males, secretly videotapes employees and eavesdrops on their communications, destroying the trust and family feeling that I seek from my job). I will be pleased to accept a relocation stipend of \$25,000 in appreciation of my contributions to the company."

True to his word, in their second meeting, Voire handed over the "only copy of the tape" (although he kept the original) and received his check. The personnel director

apologized profusely and said, "Son, we are all deeply sorry about this misunderstanding. The company very much appreciates your understanding and sensible solution."

Things Are Not What They Seem

*I'm gonna put a false charge again ya
That'll be the very thing that'll send ya.*

-Chuck Berry

After his last day at work and in spite of receiving his severance pay, Tom felt victimized, misunderstood and lonely. He drove to the entertainment district and was arrested for "loitering for the purpose of soliciting a prostitute," even though there was no mention of a sex act in exchange for money. The attractive "prostitute," dressed in high heels, hot pants, and a revealing halter was an undercover policewoman. Voire claimed that he simply wanted someone to talk to. She was wired for sound, but unfortunately much of the tape is garbled and static-filled, and even some of the clearly discernible conversation is subject to interpretation. For example, when she runs her tongue across her lips while lasciviously staring at him and initiates conversation by saying, "Hi, honey, you look like you need a friend and could use a good time," and he says, "I just got paid. Do you want to go on a date?" do we have entrapment, misdemeanor solicitation, or neither?

But the vagaries of justice apart, he had the misfortune to have this incident occur during a heated local election in which law and order was the central issue. Rival candidates argued about who could crack down most severely on crime, and they engaged in purity contests, challenging each other to provide tax forms, drug and sexually transmitted disease tests, and affidavits attesting to the absence of premarital sex and then to marital fidelity and to the fact that they had never had psychological counseling. Some even went so far as to report their cholesterol levels and church attendance records. Voire was sentenced to six months in jail.

Even before being found guilty, he saw himself on the six o'clock news. A "ride-along" television crew had captured his encounter. His image and his license plate (with the last numeral omitted) were also recorded by a local self-help group and posted on a "videovigilante" community Web page. Since all of this happened on a "public" street, his permission was not required. He felt terribly invaded by such behavior. He strongly believed that there should be privacy in public, but that the private didn't have to be public.

Yet fortune smiled on him. His jail was more enlightened than many and had a nationally recognized training program. Contracts with major health insurers gave prisoners on-the-job training in using computers to process medical reports. The program paid for itself (and even made a profit that was used to expand the jail system which then permitted putting even more inmates to work in a constantly expanding program).

Voire excelled at this, working many extra hours and showing interest in understanding the commercial, as well as the personal, side of personal data. Prison officials were very pleased with his progress. He was featured in a newspaper story that ran nationally about the prison's successful rehabilitation program. The program received an award from an industry group whose goal was the advancement of such public-private partnerships and the breaking down of barriers. Their motto was "the prison in public and the public in the prison."

Yet Voire rapidly fell out of favor. He refused a generous offer to provide information to authorities on his cell mates. His filing of a freedom of information request to learn about possible food additives such as sodium nitrate (AKA NaNO₃ or Salt Peter) and aromatic engineering additives to the heat and air conditioning systems was not appreciated. He further angered prison officials when they discovered that he had created his own private database of young unmarried women who had recently seen an ob/gyn. This contained extensive personal information culled by characteristics of interest to Tom. This included digital photos (taken as a security measure to counter insurance fraud), addresses, and listed and unlisted phone numbers. He combined this information with other readily available computer information, including census track data, and sold it to pharmaceutical companies, sex therapists, and dating services. As a matter of principle, he refused to sell to individuals or to code the data for ethnicity.

Authorities were even more upset to learn on the TV program *30/30* that Voire had sent anonymous e-mails (using a forwarding service that strips the sender's address) to many of these women. The letters were plaintive, friendly, and adroitly quasi-personal. As with some mass marketing material that addresses the individual by first name and offers some other specific biographical facts, the recipient could not be sure just what the sender really knew, but there was the distinct possibility that she was personally known, or known about, by the sender.

In his letter Voire described himself as a lonely, gentle, caring, and misunderstood person who had had a hard life and was seeking true companionship from another person in a similar situation. He wrote in general and tasteful terms about his problems with sex. He wondered if women had similar concerns and indicated a desire to better understand their problems and needs. Without getting specific, he indirectly communicated (or at least left it open to interpretation) that he knew and understood why the recipient had seen the doctor (whether for abusive, indifferent, or impotent partners, sexually transmitted diseases, birth control, infertility, body-image concerns, ambivalence about sexual orientation or PMS, HRT and SDT). Voire said his purpose here was only to help, and he added an attachment listing various websites offering advice on these matters. He said there was nothing in this for him, and he didn't even include a return address. He claimed his efforts were consistent with the prison's cyberspace program that sought to find pen pals for inmates as a way of connecting them to the community.

Voire thought he might balance some of the anger that prison officials (and many recipients of his letter) expressed by volunteering information about an altruistic act involving the database. He proudly acknowledged that he was the one responsible for

faxing the complete medical history of a politician who was a candidate for the U.S. Congress to all of the state's newspapers. Among other things, the history revealed problems with drug and alcohol abuse and treatment for pathological lying (some constituents were reassured by the report's conclusion that this was more an occupational, than a characterological, attribute).

Newspaper editorials praised this as a patriotic act involving the public's right to know. Voire was a bit surprised, however, when the candidate easily won the election--perhaps this was sympathy for an underdog or the public's distrust of her opponent, a sanctimonious politician suspected of telling the truth and known for purity-proving challenges to his opponents.

The furor eventually calmed. Voire was forbidden to be in the same room with a computer, and he was reassigned to work in the video-monitored kitchen. He was warned against any unauthorized additions to the soup.

Tom further angered prison officials by challenging personnel practices. He became a leader in a conflict over whether there should be female prison guards in the male prison and male guards in the female prison. As a committed egalitarian, he argued strenuously for both. He did not like being "scoped out" by the male guards and said that female guards had a calming effect. Since more than half the population was female, while nationally only about 20 percent of correctional officers were, there was a problem.

Tom strongly disagreed with another inmate who filed a federal lawsuit claiming that the presence of female guards was "embarrassing, humiliating, and offensive to my religious beliefs. My right to practice Christian modesty is denied when women watch me every day as I dress, shower, use the bathroom, and give a urine sample." The brief argued that this was a form of cruel and unusual psychological punishment that the Eighth Amendment was designed to protect against.

In contrast, Tom filed a brief claiming that to deny women the chance for such work was discriminatory and that to deny men the opportunity to be supervised by them was cruel and unusual punishment. Consistent with modern jurisprudential trends that rely on social science evidence to document impacts, he cited a survey that found that 86.2 percent of male prisoners did not feel invaded by the presence of female guards. These figures actually increased to 88.7 and 91.2 percent when it came to being monitored while taking showers and for strip searches conducted by females. By overwhelming majorities, the prisoners said they actually preferred to be watched by females. Symmetrically, almost all of the female guards reported satisfaction in their surveillance roles as "Big Sister" and that they were not disturbed by male nudity. Tom felt that his case also received support from a survey of female prisoners that found that they, too, overwhelmingly preferred to be watched by women.

On leaving prison, officials strongly encouraged Voire to move to another state. If he remained and was arrested again, he might be subject to electronic location monitoring and have his whereabouts tracked by global positioning satellite. When not at work, he

would be required to be at home. He would receive random calls requiring him to breathe into a remote breathalyzer and appear in front of a video camera. The parole officer, unlike a police officer, could search his home or person at any time without cause. If a subsequent arrest involved a sexual violation, on release from prison he would be required to send (at his expense) a postcard with his picture, name, address, age, and status as an offender on parole for a sex violation to everyone living in his zip code area. Neighbors might be contacted by his parole officer and asked to keep an eye on him.

Dejected, but spurred to carry on by Frank Lloyd Wright's family motto ("truth against the world") he persevered despite the odds and the high cost of home heating oil. He chose to leave the state. His Muddy Waters recording with the lines, "If I feel tomorrow the way I feel today, I'm gonna pack my bags and make my getaway," gave out from repetitive playing on the drive to his new home.

New Beginnings

Given his interests, Voire next sought private security work at a women's hospital. He reported his prior job at the department store but withheld certain crucial details. He said he left because of gender discrimination and a lack of professionalism by the security department in tolerating shoplifting and employee theft that could have been prevented by making more extensive use of available technology. On the advice of their legal counsel (fearing a lawsuit for defamation and invasion of privacy and seeking to avoid scandal over the illegal taping), his former department store employer simply validated the dates of his employment and his salary, but said nothing of the conditions under which he had ceased to be an employee.

He did not have to report his arrest because it was a misdemeanor. . The hospital was forbidden by a 1988 federal law from applying a polygraph. Instead it gave him a battery of tests that were designed to ascertain his personality characteristics, honesty, and suitability for security work. Having taken a psychology course in personnel selection, and occasionally helping the personnel director administer such tests in his previous job, Tom was ready with the answers presumed to reflect mental health, (even giving a few answers that did not) , just so his test wouldn't look too good. The personnel director, a person of stunning sensitivity to the ways that human bias can condition perception, placed great reliance on chine-scored "objective" tests in her hiring decisions. Tom was hired. Tom got off to rocky start. He of course claimed that this was not his fault and in this case appeared to be correct. The hospital was concerned about the theft of drugs and suspected several nurses. Tom was instructed to hide a camera in the ceiling of the nurse's dressing room. He correctly followed the wiring document he was given in which the locker room feed was to go directly to a camera in a secure area (which was to be viewed by a female guard). Unfortunately the wiring document was in error, and instead the images were broadcast through the cable of the hospital's main CCTV channel. Vasectomy patients in a recovery room cheered when they saw nurses taking off their clothes and thought this might even be part of their postoperative care. Some elderly patients mistakenly thought they were watching *General Hospital* and even rang for the nurse when the image seemed frozen. Rumors that Tom had been compromised by one of

the nurses and had done this on purpose or that the operation had been sabotaged by a fellow employee involved in drug theft could not be proven.

As another project, Tom proposed that he probe the hospital's patient records security system for weak spots. His supervisor was appreciative and Tom did discover a few weaknesses. For fun he also did a computer match running "his" prison database against names in the hospital's system. He discovered that an Eve Spectre, from his prison database, had also relocated to his new city.

This takes the case study up to the point book at which Chapter 9 begins in the book as Tom encounters Eve.

¹ Editor's note: I believe here he is referring to Edward Bernays, a founder of modern American public relations who played a pioneering role in advertisements that encouraged breaking with the taboo against women smoking.

² A confused mind is a wonderful thing to study. Here I believe he refers to Jean Baudrillard.

³ See e.g. the discussion in Kerr 2004.

⁴ He was unsure of her last name and said it might also be Haut or Hot. After conferring with neural specialist Dr. Osacks, we concluded he is probably referring to a Ms. Fleiss, a warrior for sexual equality known for her pioneering efforts as the progenitor of Heidi's Stud Farm, a brothel in Nevada for female customers. *New York Times*, Jan. 8, 2006. Here and elsewhere throughout our sessions, his transformation and erroneous recall of names suggests premature cognitive decomposition and English language chauvinism.

⁵ As I (A.F.) get older, it becomes ever more difficult to understand and treat young clients so intent on degrading the language of Newton and Shakespeare.

⁶ Note to reader –I assumed this referred to a type of mental illness, but it is not listed in the American Psychological Association's [get correct title]. It is apparently some type of salacious publication, but it is not in the hospital library.

⁶ Note to reader –I assumed this referred to a type of mental illness, but it is not listed in the American Psychological Association's DSM-IV. It is apparently some type of salacious publication, but it is not in the hospital library.

⁷ I believe he refers to W.H. Auden's (1991) poem, "The Cave of Nakedness" which asks, "why Peeping Toms are never praised, like novelists or bird-watchers, for their keenness of observation"?

⁸ Note that pop culture overwhelms his memory here. The correct name is Professor Horton Cooley.

⁹ Here he no doubt refers to Jean-Paul Sartre who borrowed these ideas from Hegel.

¹⁰ Note to reader. When I interviewed the facilitator, she had no idea of what he is referring to here.

¹¹ Here again he fails to communicate, I have no idea why he refers to sharing a birth date with someone named Johnson.

¹² This is a technique she was familiar with as a result of a graduate school internship. See, e.g., G. Launay, *The Phallometric Assessment of Sex Offenders: Some Professional and Research Issues*, 4 CRIM. BEHAV. & MENTAL HEALTH, 48-70 (1994).

¹³ As a good ink-blotter clinician, I try to keep myself out of our therapeutic conversations and popular culture.. Yet I did admit (to Tom's great surprise) that I had never heard of his cousin Earl or a singing group called something like The Dipsy Sicks [Six?] or The Dixie Six who sang "Good-bye Earl", purportedly about his relative.

¹⁴ There was disagreement about how Voire came to possess the tape and he did not want to discuss this. Some said it came from a laser device aimed from across the street at the unprotected windows (i.e., no blinds or pulled drapes); some said it had been secretly recorded and given to him by the director's own secretary, a talented older woman with warm maternal feelings for Tom and many reasons to resent her boss; some said it came from another executive and was to be part of a power play that he intended to use at the right time as a propellant in his corporate climb and that his briefcase containing the tape had been stolen. As is often the case with conspiracy theories, there is likely a simpler explanation. The meeting held

just prior to the one on Voire had been openly taped. The responsible technician was called away just before that meeting ended and he simply left the equipment on.