for another five years. (This may explain the neatly wrapped bottle of champagne that's just been delivered to his office, courtesy of NBC president Bob Wright.)

We start with one of three—count 'em, *three*—fan pages devoted to **Pimpbot5000**, the cyber-felon who pops up on the show occasionally to drone on mechanically about his "hos." "You gotta love the fanatics," O'Brien says. "Shows like mine are built by fanatics." But his enthusiasm is dimmed somewhat by a memorial banner at the bottom of the page for the Webmaster's deceased friend: "That's the tribute he gets—a Pimpbot?" A little bummed, we move on to **Conan O'Brien Ate My Balls**, a Dada effort in which the seemingly deranged author posts frame-grabs from "Late Night" that purport to show O'Brien and sidekick Andy Richter feasting on his testicles. "That's what's great about the computer age," O'Brien observes. "There's this amazing technology that's supposed to be able to extend mankind's reach, and basically it's just an excuse for someone to use the word 'balls.'" As for the incriminating stills, he explains, "That's a Jell-O brain I once ate during a cooking segment." At this point, we encounter our first glitch: Netscape, without warning, ceases to function. "Is my computer underpowered?" O'Brien worries, then takes the opportunity to reminisce: "I graduated from high school in 1981, and at the time, the only computer we had looked like something from 'I Dream of Jeannie.' I remember we had to write a program, so I came up with something that said one plus one equals two, that took about 300 punch cards."

Soon we are up and running again, and the next stop is a **Max Weinberg** appreciation page, a sophisticated effort that is plastered with photos

"Mess with any of my hos and I'll cut you"—silicon panderer, Pimpbot5000

LESLY WEINER/NBC

of the hyperkinetic "Late Night" bandleader (formerly best known as the drummer in Bruce Springsteen's E-Street Band). "There's Max, circa 1979," O'Brien quips. "He looks like Al Pacino." But as we scroll down the page, which includes some seminude snapshots lifted from the show, O'Brien's peppy enthusiasm wavers: "I find this guy's fascination with Max more disturbing the more we find out about it." When it's pointed out that the Webmaster might just as well be a woman, O'Brien adds, "Let's hope that it's a woman! Let's just say it's a woman, OK?"

We move on to the weirdest of the weird: **Get Your Ass Kicked on the Web!**, at which visitors submit "before" and "after" photos of themselves, their loved ones, or their mortal enemies being gouged, pierced, impaled, and incinerated ("This is great!" O'Brien says. "People are allowed to get out their anger in a very normal, safe way"); and a dense, scholarly treatise called **Butchering the Human Carcass for Human Consumption**, which helpfully explains how to peel, gut, and cook fellow *Homo sapiens* (notes the author, "A certain amount of fat is desirable as 'marbling' to add a juicy, flavorful quality to the meat"). Hunched over intently, O'Brien seems equally fascinated and repelled by these pages, but quickly he seizes on a less gory, yet more pertinent, aspect of the Web—its demand that users be endlessly patient.

"We've been looking at that little watch a lot, haven't we?" he asks, referring to the familiar Macintosh icon that hangs on the screen as Netscape sloooowly grinds its way through the aforementioned ass-kicking page. "Can the watch stay up there indefinitely? The watch is just mocking us right now. Would this happen with anyone else, or is this just happening with me? Don't they know I'm a celebrity? This should be like a restaurant, where I can bully my way to the front.

"You know what's reassuring about this?" O'Brien goes on, as we continue to be frozen in Net time. "It means we're not even close to the point where computers take over mankind. Stanley Kubrick had us thinking HAL wasn't that far away—[*in a robotic voice*] 'Eliminate humans from the system!' But what would happen is, the computer would start to say, 'Eliminate humans from—' then the little watch would come up, and it would be on for years until we just disconnected it."

As if to punctuate this sentiment, Netscape proceeds to crash and burn—"Maybe it knows I'm Irish," O'Brien says—and we retire to the couch while a tech-savvy *Yahoo! Internet Life* person attempts to reestablish the connection. O'Brien picks up a baseball bat ("Just in case the computer tries to take over").

When Netscape decides to stop misbehaving, we take a peek at the nexus of all "Late Night" information on the Web: the **Conan O'Brien FAQ**. "It's all true!" O'Brien enthuses,