

## the end of men

michael moore

EARLIER THIS YEAR, my wife and I attended the baptism of our new nephew, Anthony. Our teenage daughter had been asked to be his godmother, a job that would require her to be there for little Anthony should he need to be burped, or raised Catholic, or both.

The baptism ceremony, we discovered, has changed a lot in the Catholic Church. Instead of just "hurry up and pour a little water on his forehead before we lose his soul to Satan," the Church now makes it a joyful event during Sunday Mass.

About halfway through the service, Father Andy asked the entire extended family to gather round the big baptismal font while little Anthony Proffer was submerged in the holy water and then wrapped in a pure white garment. The priest then held Anthony up for all the congregation to see, and everyone in the church applauded enthusiastically.

No one was applauding louder than me.

For this was the first time in thirteen years a BOY had been born into our family.

Thirteen babies in thirteen years in our family. That's eleven girls and two boys.

Now, I think most of us would agree that having a girl is, well, a little less work. Not that we love boys any less; and with a strong health insurance plan that covers broken arms, teeth, and collar bones, with additional coverage for fingers caught in car doors and personal injury claims from neighbors who allege our dear sweet little boy torched their Celica "just to see how fast Toyota paint burns," they're no more difficult to raise than girls.

I have lived my entire life in households where men were decidedly in the minority. I have no brothers, but two wonderful sisters. Between them and our mother, they made sure I did all the "woman's work" in the house, while my dad was granted occasional leave to watch a Sunday golf tournament. I tried to even things out a bit, claiming I deserved more of a say because I was the oldest, but that only galvanized my sisters' childhood feminist majority. To this day, as testimony to their assertive behavior, those who meet us when we're together are convinced that my sisters are older than I am, and that I'm the baby of the family.

I now live with my wife and my daughter. Outnumbered again. Whatever frightening male habits were not exercised by my sisters and mother, these two have been merciless in finishing off. The latest was breaking me of spitting toothpaste all over the bathroom mirror while brushing my teeth. That one only took nineteen years.

They tell me the list is now down to a single page, with only three or four appalling behaviors left to annihilate (balancing my Big Gulp in the open space on the steering wheel while driving; leaving permanent ink stains on the arm of the chair I fall asleep in; snoring—though I fear this one may ultimately only be corrected by a pillow being "accidentally" slipped over my face and mysteriously held there, tightly, for a good three to five minutes).

Truth be told, I am a better person for having lived my life surrounded by strong, intelligent, and loving women. It just would have been nice to play catch. Once.

My parents have no grandsons. My sisters and I have only daughters. My wife's parents had four daughters and only two boys. They, in turn, produced eight more girls and only two additional boys. My wife's two brothers and I have only girls. Our family hasn't seen a game of tackle football or mumblety-peg since high school. This sacrifice appears to have gone unnoticed by nearly everyone involved.

I offer this little glimpse into the gender makeup of my family to point out a much larger discovery I've made. Pondering this lopsided ratio, I began asking around to find out if other people were experiencing the same thing—more girl babies being born than boy babies. Much to my surprise, I was not alone.

Lately, when I'm asked to speak at a university or community group, I leave the prepared agenda for a moment to ask how many in the room are seeing more girls being born in their families than boys. Scores of hands always shoot up.

Countless people began sharing their secret with me—that the ranks of boys are dwindling. In some families, it

seems, they're altogether extinct. I always reassure them that there's no need to feel any shame in their inability to produce male offspring.

Then it hit me... *something* is up.

And sure enough, something is. The Census Bureau confirms that the number of male babies being born has been *declining every year in the United States since 1990!* Plus, women are living longer and longer: 80 years, on average, versus only 74.2 for men. When I was a kid, the country seemed pretty much 50-50 male-female, with women maybe holding a slight lead. Then the ratio went to 51—49, with women in the majority. Soon it'll be 52-48.

So I have come to one ugly but irrefutable conclusion:

Guys! *Nature is trying to kill us off!*

Why is Mother Nature doing this? Are we not the carriers of the seed of life? What have we men done to deserve this?

As it turns out, plenty.

In the early years of Man, we served a critical and necessary function in the growth of the species. We hunted and gathered the food, protected the women and children from larger animals conspiring to eat them, and helped the number of *Homo sapiens* multiply rapidly through a lot of random, unrestricted sex. It's been downhill for us ever since.

In the past few centuries, things seem to have taken a fatal turn for our gender. As is our wont, we commenced work on a series of projects that stunk everything up and made a mess of our world. Women? They deserve none of the blame. They continued to bring life into this world; we continued to destroy it whenever we could. How many

women have come up with the idea of exterminating a whole race of people? None that I've met at the gym. How many women have spilled oil in the oceans, dumped toxins in our food supply, or insisted that the new SUV designs had to be bigger, bigger, BIGGER? Hmmm. Let me see\_\_\_

Of the 816 species that have gone extinct since Columbus got lost and landed here (another man who wouldn't ask for directions)—most of which are necessary links in our fragile ecosystem—how many do you think were eradicated by women? Once again, I think we all know the answer.

If you were Nature, how would you respond to such a brutal assault? And what would you do if you noticed that it was one particular gender of humans that was going out of its way to destroy you? Well, Mother Nature has a habit of cutting to the chase. She'd defend herself *by any means necessary*, that's what she'd do. She'd pull out every stop to save her life, to survive at all costs, even if it meant eliminating one half of the very thing that was supposed to keep her most advanced species going.

Yes, Nature had graciously granted our species the highest form of intelligence and entrusted us with her future—but suddenly it looked like one of the genders had decided to throw the kegger of all keggers on Mother Earth's watch. Now, hung over and cranky, Mother is pissed at whoever slipped the mickey in her drink.

The culprit has a receding hairline, a potbelly, and never screws the cap back onto anything.

Yup, guys, we've been fingered; there's no way to hide

from Nature's wrath. We can't pin any of this on the women: it wasn't a woman who dropped napalm bombs, or who invented plastic, or who said, "Dammit, what we need is a beer can with a pop-top!" Unfortunately, every bit of plunder and pillage, every attack on the environment, everything that has brought horror and destruction to all that was once pure and good has come from hands that, well, when they aren't busy bringing pleasure to oneself, are working overtime to wipe out this beautiful, wonderful home we were given free of charge—no security deposit required, no background check needed.

No wonder Nature is getting rid of us.

If we men had any sense, we'd try to get Nature to forgive us by cleaning up our act. You know, do the obvious stuff: quit desecrating the Arctic wilderness, pick up after ourselves, stop throwing Whopper remains out the car window.

Nature would probably put up with a lot of our guff if we still served some important purpose. For eons we had two things women didn't have that made us a *necessity*: (1) we provided the sperm to keep the species going, and (2) we were able to reach and get whatever they needed off the top shelf.

Unfortunately for us, some traitor guy invented *in vitro* fertilization, which means that now females only need the sperm from *a jew of us* in order to have babies. In tact someone (probably a woman) in Arizona has announced that science has found a means of human reproduction that doesn't even require sperm to fertilize an egg—now they

## HOW TO TRICK NATURE INTO MAKING MORE MEN

A company in Virginia has developed a method that allows you to choose the gender of your baby. The Genetic and IVF (In Vitro Fertilization) Institute, an infertility clinic in Fairfax, Virginia, uses a process that separates the male chromosome from the female chromosome sperm, allowing parents to determine the sex of their baby before it is conceived. Be EXTRA nice to your wife before going to this clinic, because ultimately it's her right to decide what is placed inside her body. And give these people in Virginia more federal funds! Keep Your Sperm Strong. Quit violating yourself on a daily basis. It weakens the sperm and lessens their numbers.

Before sex, think *manly* thoughts. Go over the instant replay one more time in your head. *You* would never have let that ball roll between *your* legs in game six of the '86 World Series. Hear the crowd at Shea fall silent as you scoop up the ball and step on first. Mookie Wilson out! You did it! You da MAN!

Conceive your children earlier in life. A recent epidemiological study concluded that older parents are more likely to have girls than boys,

## OTHER THINGS ALREADY RENDERED USELESS BY NATURE

Typewriters  
The Washington  
Senators  
Bosco  
Walking  
Skorts  
The busy signal  
Bank tellers  
A college degree  
Malt-O-Meal  
Hair on a man's back  
Ayds weight-loss  
candies  
The Supreme Court

can do it with DNA. No longer do women have to crawl out from underneath some slobbering man with his face buried in the pillow simply because they wish to have babies. All they need now is a test tube.

The other invention that did the male population in was the stepladder. *The portable, easy-to-carry aluminum stepladder*, to be precise. Who was the bastard that came up with that bright idea? Now what possible excuse can we have for sticking around?

Nature has a way of getting rid of its weakest links, those that no longer serve a useful purpose, the dead weight. That, my friends, is *us*. Reproductive science and three little aluminum steps rising above the earth's surface have made us guys about as useful as an eight-track tape.

Well, look at the bright side: We've had one helluva run! Thousands of years of total domination over the social order—and still going strong! Think about it—there has not been a *single day* when we weren't in charge, when we

weren't calling the shots and running the world! Not even the Yankees can claim such an unbroken reign of unchallenged power. I mean, here we are, *the minority*, and yet we men have ruled over the female majority since time immemorial. In other countries we call that apartheid; in America we call it normal. Since the birth of this country, for more than 225 years, we have seen to it that not a single woman has held either the number one or number two offices in the land. For the better part of that time we've made sure that damn few of them have held any office at all. In fact, for the first 130 years of presidential elections, it was illegal for women even to *vote*.

Then in 1920, just to show women we're good sports, we gave them the right to vote. And guess what? *We remained in power!*

Go figure. Suddenly, women had more votes; they could have thrown our collective male ass into the political trash heap. But what did they do? They voted for Hi! How cool is that? Have you ever heard of any group of oppressed people that suddenly, by their sheer numbers, takes charge—and then votes in overwhelming numbers to keep their oppressors in power? The blacks of South Africa, once free, did not continue apartheid by voting for whites. I know no Jews in America who voted for George Wallace or David Duke or Pat Buchanan (Florida debacle included).

No, the usual thing a sane society does is give the boot to the boot that's been on its neck for umpteen years.

Yet more than eighty years after they gained the right to vote—and despite the growth of a massive women's movement—here's where we stand:

- Not a single woman has been on the ballot of the major parties for President or Vice President in twenty of the twenty-one national elections since 1920.
- Currently there are only five women governors in fifty states.
- Women hold only 13 percent of the seats in Congress.
- 496 of the top 500 companies in America are run by men.
- Just four of the top twenty-one universities in the United States are run by women.
- 40 percent of all women who are divorced between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-four end up in poverty, compared with only 8 percent of married women who live below the poverty line.
- Women's earnings average 76 cents for every \$1 earned by men—resulting in a lifetime loss of over \$650,133.
- To make the same annual salary as her male counterpart, a woman would have to work the entire year PLUS an additional four months.

Sooner or later, women are going to figure out how to seize power—and when that happens, let's pray for mercy. After all, they *are* the stronger gender. Contrary to popular myth, it is men who are the weaker sex. Consider the evidence:

- We don't live as long as women.
- Our brains are less well formed and shrink at a faster rate than women's as we age.

- Proportionately, we are more likely than women to suffer from catastrophic illnesses such as heart disease, strokes, ulcers, and liver failure.
- Men are more likely to carry sexually transmitted diseases (which they pass on to their unsuspecting wives and girlfriends).
- Men's major body systems—our circulatory, respiratory, digestive, and excretory functions—are all likely to break down long before women's (though I guess the breakdown of the excretory system was no surprise, considering the case of air freshener you've got under the bathroom sink).
- Only our reproductive system—the ability to produce sperm—lasts longer than a woman's ability to produce eggs, but our delivery system peters out years before a woman discovers the benefits of enjoying a warm bath and a good novel.
- Men are unable to give birth, to keep the species going.
- Men lose their hair.
- Men lose their minds (we're four times more likely to attempt suicide than women).
- Men are three times more likely to die in an accident than women.
- Men are just not as smart as women: girls generally score higher than boys on the elementary school tests—and face it, we don't get any smarter with age.

Perhaps there's no logical explanation for this disparity. Maybe, as the nuns taught us, it's just all part of God's plan.

### MIKE'S FANTASY LIST OF WOMEN PRESIDENTS

- President Cynthia McKinney (the best person in Congress today)
- President Hillary Clinton (only if 1 could get invited for sleepovers)
- President Oprah (the fireside chats with Dr. Phil would save us all)
- President Katrina vanden Heuvel (editor of *Tlthe Nation*, a perfect candidate for president of the nation!)
- President Sherry Lansing (she runs Paramount Pictures; she put me in a picture; 'nuff said)
- President Karen Duffy (correspondent for *TV Nation*; would run circles around any foreign leader who dared to challenge her)
- President Caroline Kennedy (just because it would be right)
- President Bella Abzug (even dead she'd do better than junior)
- President Leigh Taylor-Young (the first naked woman I ever saw, in the movie *The By? Bounce*, also starring Ryan O'Neal. You see, there were like six of us guys, all sixteen years old, and we had snuck into the South Dort Drive-In, and... oh, never mind)

### HOW TO SURVIVE YOUR BED BEING SET ON FIRE

Get on the floor and crawl. Stay low.

If you can, put a wet washcloth or towel over your face.

Head in the direction where you believe the door is. Always feel the door before opening it. If it's hot, DON'T open it. Find another way out.

If she's locked all the doors, break a window and climb out.

Always keep a fire extinguisher handy. Place it by the gun under your pillow if necessary. A fresh bucket of water nearby is also recommended.

If you've been abusing your wife, it's probably best to wear only fire-retardant pajamas to bed. They might just save your life.

Call the local fire department and get your name placed on the special "bastard" list—the roster of local men who believe they stand the best chance of being eliminated by a "loved one." The fire department will then know exactly where you live and where your bedroom is.

But if that's the case, why did God make women so much better? The nuns must have had the inside dope on this—after all, they were all women themselves. They knew God's secret, and they certainly weren't going to share it with the likes of me.

It is my belief—and this is purely from my personal observation of the woman I live with—that when God was creating the world, he spent the better part of Day Six creating what women would look like. I mean, you can't help but notice the skillful craft of an artisan at the top of His field. The shapes, the curves, the symmetry, all constitute extraordinary art. Their skin is soft and smooth and perfect; their hair is rich and thick and vibrant. I am not speaking from a prurient perspective here—these are simply the conclusions of the art critic in me. Women—I think we all agree—are stunningly beautiful.

So what happened to God when it came to us? It's like he used up all his best tricks inventing women. By the time he got to us, he was obviously ready to get it over with, move on to something more important, like that seventh day of rest.

So men ended up like Chevys, rushed off the assembly line and guaranteed to break down after limited use. That's why we try to stay in our Naugahyde recliners as long as we can—the exertion required to pick up after ourselves can lead to an early coronary. Our bodies were built to lift, carry, haul, and throw, but for a limited time only. And, I have to say it, what's with this extra *thing* we were given? Well, let me put this as delicately as possible: In God's rush to finish up, it looks like he just grabbed a stray part he had

lying around in the shop and stuck it on us—'cause it sure as hell don't look right. If you took an item like this and glued it on to a lamppost or a tree, you'd say, "Naww, I don't think so." But nobody questions its presence on a guy. Like a creature from *Alien* reupholstered by Frank Perdue, the male organ is testimony to the fact that every now and again, as with the floods in Bangladesh or the teeth of the British, God just fails to get it right.

Saddled with the odds against us, some men have simply gone insane and taken to fighting back any way they can. If Nature is going to favor women, they figure, then they must take matters into their own hands. Their attitude: If we can't beat 'em, let's beat 'em.

These days, the tendency of men to injure, maim, or murder women is seen by most as "politically incorrect," and laws have been strengthened to protect women from us. But as we know, laws are only made to exact punishment *after* a crime has been committed. Few laws have stopped those men who are intent on wreaking their vengeance on women. Women know all too well that 911 is only there to notify the police that they'd better bring a body bag and some strong cleanser to mop up the mess, because by the time they get there that restraining order the court issued to keep him away will be stuffed in her mouth and rigor mortis will be setting in nicely, thank you.

Men gifted with more subtlety often resort to means other than outright murder to even the score between men and women. For instance, the tobacco companies (all run by men) have been extremely successful in convincing women to smoke—at a time when the number of *male* smokers is

declining. Thanks to all this new female smoking, lung cancer has now surpassed breast cancer as the leading cancer killer of women. Total number of women eliminated each year by smoking: 165,000!

Denial of treatment is another trick men employ in paring down the female population. If you need an organ transplant to stay alive, you're 86 percent more likely to get it if you are a man. Men suffering from heart disease are 115 percent more likely to undergo a heart bypass than women with the same condition. And if you're a woman, you're more likely to pay higher insurance premiums than men for this shoddy care.

Of course, when all else fails, you can also go back to murder. It usually works. A woman is five times more likely to be killed by a husband or boyfriend than a man is likely to be murdered by his wife or girlfriend.

Keep that up, and we might just make it after all.

## how men can avoid extinction

As bad as the future looks for us, there is some hope that we, as men, can delay our demise—if we learn to adopt some very important new behaviors. There are many things we can learn from women and how they function sanely. Here are a few:

1. Remember That Your Car Is Not a Weapon of Mass Destruction. Stop getting pissed off at that car that just cut you

off. Why do you really care? You're going to get home in the same amount of time anyway. So some jerk cost you four seconds on the road. Big deal! Get a grip. Women couldn't care less about stuff like this, and they live longer for it. When they see an asshole on the road, they just shake their heads and laugh—and it works! Guys, we have *got* to relax. We're damaging our hearts with every minute of uptight, tense, and angry behavior. Quit walking around like you've got a pineapple up your ass. Nothing matters THAT much. (Except a real pineapple. *That* would matter something awful.)

2. Lighten Up on the Food and Drink. We need to think more about what we put in our mouths. If you and I would eat less and drink less, we'd live a lot longer. When's the last time you saw a woman pig out like it was her last meal? Sure, we've all seen women pound back the liquor, but how many females have you seen just drop their pants and start peeing on the curb? Why do you think so many of us men get colon and stomach cancer and liver disease? Because we can't say no to Jack (Daniel's) or Jim (Beam) or a pound and a half of half-cooked beef topped with fried onion rings, year-old jalapenos, and Tabasco sauce. There's a reason you've never seen a woman take a newspaper into a bathroom. Get a clue!

3. Step Aside, You'll Live Longer. Listen, why don't we retire and let women run the world? Okay, so you don't want women having power, because you're a conservative redneck. But what would you say if I told you that letting them worry about building that nuclear plant in Bahrain, or declaring war against China, or finding a solution to the con-

tinuing abuse of the infield fly rule, would give us men eight more years of life? Let's step aside and shut up! Is it that big a cheap thrill just to be "the boss" and have to deal with hundreds of employees and all their crap? Who needs it? Let's back off, take a break, and let the women have this crazy unmanageable world for the next ten thousand years. Think of all the reading you'll catch up on.

4. Wash Your Hands Across America. It's time to wise up: our personal habits are so revolting it's a wonder women are willing even to breathe the same air we do. If we men could only get our act together and change a few simple things, we'd immediately score more empathy and companionship. For starters, we should keep our hands where they belong. They weren't intended to be used in nostrils, anuses, ears, or navels. They were not designed to tear out articles from the newspaper before she has a chance to read it, or to pick a loose piece of kielbasa skin from between your teeth, or to sandpaper that patch of dandruff on your head. Stop checking (and adjusting) your crotch in public—nothing has disappeared since your last inventory, roughly a minute ago. Keep your legs together, so you don't take up three seats on buses and trains. Wear underwear—preferably underwear that's been washed *this year*, in a *washing machine*, with actual *laundry soap*.

5. Learn How a Toilet Seat Works. All right, boys, I thought for sure we'd be over this by now, but the foul evidence in airports and train stations and fast-food emporia all over this great land tells me this: despite the constant carping of TV comics everywhere, *we just haven't gotten the message*. So here's a quick refresher course:

- First, lift the movable oval cover into an upright position. Then lift the movable oval seat beneath it into an upright position. They will both automatically lock into place. That's so you can use both hands. It's just like steering a car. You wouldn't want the car to go off the road, would you? Fine, and the women in your house feel the same way about your piss all over the wallpaper.
- Aim, hold, release, return to pants.
- Take one hand and gently return oval seat and its top to their lowered positions. No audible sound of the seat hitting the ceramic bowl should be heard.
- Grasp the little silver handle at left and FLUSH. (This is not optional, even in a public restroom.) If the first flush doesn't take, you may not leave the scene: stay there till you're looking at a clean bowl.
- Wash hands. Dry them on the towels provided, not the shirt you're wearing. Throw the paper towel into the trash receptacle—or, if the towel is made of cloth, place it back on towel rack (usually a metal or plastic rod protruding from the wall near the sink). If you're in your own home, put the cloth towel into the laundry at least once a week. Wash. Return to bathroom.

6. Bathe Daily. Throwing some water in your face to wake up in the morning does not constitute bathing. Neither does being doused with a Heineken at a party the night be-

fore. Step into the tub. Turn handle halfway between HOT and COLD. Lift stem on faucet to create shower effect. Take bar of soap and washcloth and scrub all areas of the body. Do NOT place the bar of soap in body cavities to "get them extra clean." Someone else has to use that bar of soap on her face. Rinse. When finished, leave shower area and dry off, creating as little a water trail as possible.

7. Tone It Down. Lower your voice. Try listening. Here's how it works: When someone else is talking, pay close attention to what they are saying. Maintain eye contact. Do not interrupt. When he or she is finished, pause and reflect on what was said. Try saying nothing at all. Notice how what you have heard is stimulating thoughts, concepts, feelings, and ideas in your head. This may lead to something brilliant. You will then be able to take those ideas, claim them as yours, and become famous!

8. Get Your Hearing Checked. If the above doesn't work, there may be something physically wrong with you. May is National Better Health and Speech Month; many hospitals and community groups offer free screening for hearing loss. Check your local newspaper for announcements of free hearing tests in your area. In addition, most hospitals offer periodic free hearing tests throughout the year. You can also find on-line quizzes to help you determine if you should seek a professional hearing evaluation. One such test can be found at: [health.aol.thriveonline.oxygen.com/medical/wgames/gen/health.hearing.html](http://health.aol.thriveonline.oxygen.com/medical/wgames/gen/health.hearing.html).

9. Know that Women Are onto Us. Cut out the sensitive-man crap. They know the drill. Don't try convincing anyone you're a "feminist." You don't qualify: you play for the

other team. It's like a Klansman chanting, "KEEP HOPE ALIVE!" You are a specimen of the gender that will always make more money, that will always have the door swing open wide and far to wherever you want to go in life.

This does not mean you can't help make things better. The best way to help women is to work on your fellow men. That's where the real struggle is—getting enlightenment through the concrete block known as a man's head.

Help end the wage gap by looking at your own paycheck. Make sure women doing the same job at work are getting paid the same as you. Participate in Equal Pay Day, usually held in early April on the day that marks the point in the new year when a woman has finally earned the wages paid to a man in a comparable job during the previous year. Contact [fairplay@aol.com](mailto:fairplay@aol.com) for more info.

And you can join in the effort to push Congress to pass two pieces of national legislation affecting equal pay. The Fair Pay Act would allow women to bring suit based on the principle of equal pay for equal work and would allow employees within a single company to sue if they believe they are being paid less than someone with an equivalent job and equivalent training. The Paycheck Fairness Act provides for higher damages in these types of lawsuits and protects employees who share salary information. The Center for Policy Alternatives has been working for pay equity for the past twenty-five years. To find out more, go to [www.cfpa.org](http://www.cfpa.org), or contact them at 202-387-6030.

Finally, join a union—or try to start one. According to

the AFL-CIO, a thirty-year-old female union member making \$30,000 a year stands to lose about \$650,133 over a lifetime because of unequal pay. If she's not a union member, on the other hand, she'll lose about \$870,327. If you convince the other men on the job to unionize the establishment, then you'll have greatly improved your female coworkers' lives, and your own.

## how women can survive without men

1. Visit a Sperm Bank or an Adoption Agency. Most communities have adoption agencies or sperm banks available for women who would love to have children but, for whatever reason, want to do it without a man. It's good for kids to have two parents (and easier for the parents, too!), but everything you've heard about how damaged children turn out to be if they were raised by a single mother—well, that's one of the Big Lies of our culture. In his book *The Culture of Fear*, Barry Glassner points out that "those raised by single mothers had income and education levels roughly equal to those raised by two parents. Research shows that as a group, children of single moms tend to fare better emotionally and socially than do offspring from high-conflict marriages, or from those in which the father is emotionally absent or abusive."
2. Learn Where to Buy a Stepladder. There are many fine brands, sizes, and styles available at affordable prices. Try

Home Depot at [www.homedepot.com](http://www.homedepot.com). And for further information about this revolutionary invention, go to the American Ladder Institute website at [www.americanladderinstitute.org](http://www.americanladderinstitute.org).

3. When All Else Fails, Love Yourself. Some folks who can lend a hand (so to speak):

By phone or online:

Good Vibrations

800-289-8423 or 415-974-8990

[www.goodvibes.com](http://www.goodvibes.com)

The Pleasure Chest

800-753-4536

fax:323-650-1176

[www.thepleasurechest.com](http://www.thepleasurechest.com)

Xandria

800-242-2823 or 415-468-3805

fax:415-468-3912

[www.xandria.com](http://www.xandria.com)

Retail stores:

Good Vibrations

2504 San Pablo Avenue

Berkeley, CA 94702

510-841-8987

The Pleasure Chest

7733 Santa Monica Boulevard

Santa Monica, CA 90046

323-650-1022

Xandria

1210 Valencia Street

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