

State of the Union White Privilege

Last night I could have sworn I was back at St. Bridget's grade school. Visions of women in white dresses made me think of a gaggle of little girls at their First Communion. After rubbing my eyes, I realized that it was worse than St. Bridget's. It was the State of the Union address and I was witnessing a group of newly-minted Congress(wo)men protesting the President by decking themselves out in all white. But then the Washington Post came to my rescue. It seems that the ladies were paying tribute to their sisters of a century ago - the Suffragettes (AND of course protesting the President whom they all view as a misogynist). After writing this last sentence, the PC cyber police, *who have certainly been monitoring my keystrokes*, immediately broke into my computer and corrected my use of the word, 'Suffragette.' That's now considered sexist I am told. The word is now, 'Suffragists'. The 'ette' has gone away, relegated to the dust heap of lexicon history along with *stewardess*, *actress* and *waitress*. Soon, I'm sure *queen* will be replaced with the more acceptable *regent* or the inclusive, *Quing*. THAT will definitely not make Queen Elizabeth happy.

But I digress. Back to the SOTU. The 106 ladies of the House and Senate must have all gone to the same tailor to get special pockets sewn under their skirts to accommodate their hands as they sat on them for nearly the entire evening while the President talked about 'choosing greatness' and 'never socialism for America,' etc. Clapping was definitely not taken into consideration when the costumes were made. It also appeared that the Congress(wo)men were all taking visual cues from numero uno White privilege lady herself, House Speaker Nancy Pelosi, as she sat behind the President chewing on an imaginary (or maybe real) Ghirardelli chocolate and fiddling with the long, storyboard-like pages of Trump's speech. I must confess that at one point I thought she was doing a Sudoku.

Mrs. Pelosi, who was also dressed in white, looked more like Nurse Ratched than Florence Nightingale and only rose to her feet a few times to clap when there was absolutely no way out. I expect that the President didn't appreciate having his back to her, either, as he ran through his list of accomplishments of the last year, but turning around was out of the question. I know it's childish to say, but I half-expected Mrs. P to give him a Harpo Marx' 'gooky' (a derisive expression made famous by the late comedian) when he talked about the wall. Had she done so, I'm sure the whole Democratic side of the aisle would have given her a standing ovation. Had it happened, I'm also sure that the enormous strain on her facial muscles would have severely challenged the gravitational pull on her perfectly-sculpted 78-year old visage and caused her composure to collapse.

Enough of this pettiness about the Speaker and back to the ladies in white. The only time they went absolutely wild was when the President mentioned that 58% of the new jobs created during his administration were occupied by women AND that the Congress now had more female members than ever before. I watched the GIWs (gals in white), intently, as they stood, gyrated and danced in place. Thankfully, they stopped short of twerking. There is just so much an SOTU observer can bear, especially from 106 pairs of spontaneously liberated gluteus maximi that had been frozen in place during the better part of the third longest SOTU speech in history. I can hardly wait for next year's speech. Maybe Roger Goodell can invite the President to give SOTU 2020 at halftime at the next Superbowl. It's a thought.

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