

Everything is (unfortunately) political

I never thought we'd reach this point, but by jingo we've arrived at the crossroads of crazy and crazier. Everything - and I mean everything - has become political, and nothing is beyond the reach of the Left-wing politically-correct, narcissistic, historical revisionist anarchists. Nada. Nothing. America's skin is so thin it is virtually transparent. Anything can now be construed as a racial slur, an affront to someone's sensibilities or an assault on their rights.

We are rapidly removing any trace of possible conflict from our products. Farewell Mrs. Butterworth (because she's a stereotype of a male-dominated subjugated female in an unacceptable role of homemaker) and adios to Aunt Jemima (because she happens to harken back to slave-holding days). The latest primo pandering to the PC crowd occurred just yesterday, on America's birthday, at Turner Classic Movies, just before a showing of "Yankee Doodle Dandy" (the life story of George M. Cohan). It seems that the powers that be felt that a mea culpa was necessary because the film showed a two-minute scene of the vaudeville team of the Four Cohans on stage, made up in minstrel blackface. It didn't matter that it was a historical snippet of just one of the family's many routines. It was egregious enough to warrant a somber 'we're sorry' from the mavens at TCM that we, the unsuspecting audience, were to be exposed to some dramatic story-telling of real events.

Ye Gods. I was incensed. Not by the blackface scene which was in the context of a larger narrative, but by TCM's pandering to the current wave of Black Lives Mattering righteousness that is sweeping the nation. I had to act, so I did. After the film, I fired off an email to TCM expressing my shock and displeasure at their wimpishness and their apparent hypocrisy for not applying the same pre-censorship standard to other films that offered equally *sensitive* scenes or plots. I stated that it was surprising to me that they had no problem with films like "Lolita" that pushed the boundaries of lechery and "Last Tango in Paris" that seemed to sanction debauchery. At this point I need to add that I do not favor censorship in film-making. What I am upset about is people who think that their moral compass supersedes my own and who feel the need to tell me what I should feel when I view a so-called 'culturally-sensitive' scene. I also find it repugnant when those holier-than-thou Lefty Hollywood types can act out their hypocrisy by making millions of dollars on all manner of films that are based on gratuitous violence and then have the audacity to apologize for a historically-accurate scene from the life story of one of America's true patriots like George M. Cohan.

My email hit the ether immediately after the movie's credits and TCM responded the next day (today). Here's what they said, "Thank you for your feedback. Several films that TCM airs are problematic by contemporary standards, but by providing historical context we seek to create an opportunity for meaningful conversation about these movies and their reflection of culture. Thank you for taking the time to share your thoughts with us. Best, Kathy at TCM."

Blah, blah, blah. Correction: it wasn't historical context TCM was sharing; they were apologizing for what was in the film. Big difference. I don't need context explained to me or a disclaimer from the management before I see a film and neither, I suspect, do millions of other Americans. This slope is a mighty slippery one, indeed. Will we, the viewing public now need a history lesson in advance of watching a film? Will we need to be told when to laugh without guilt or when to cry without shame? And will we need a de-briefing afterwards to make sure we're on the same cultural page? I wrote Kathy back and told her that TCM was cowardly and caved to the pressure from the PC Left. I doubt she will reply. My fellow Americans, get ready for a massive Madison Avenue purge of anything that could conceivably offend those with paper-thin epidermises. Today it's Aunt Jemima, Mrs. Butterworth and the lords of the celluloid. Tomorrow it will be ordinary products with offensive names like 'White-Out.' God help us.

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