**The Whitest Thing That Ever Happened This Week, by Damon Young**

Since reading Roland Merullo’s [“In defense of the white male](https://www.bostonglobe.com/opinion/2017/07/02/defense-white-male/Me9UoUrcPbcljxRkPFlXAP/story.html)” yesterday, I’ve been trying to imagine the level of hubris necessary to believe that White men are some sort of minimized American runt in dire and specific need of advocates, cheerleaders, post-dawn fellatio, and post-fellatio snickerdoodles to remind them and us of how important they are. I know this hubris exists. Merullo’s piece would not exist without it. But its so incomprehensible, so beyond my intellectual capacity, that just writing this paragraph gave me a nosebleed.

But please! Try, as I’ve tried, to imagine what would allow a White man to lift from his White futon in his White study to jaunt, Whitely, to his window of Whiteness — stroking his White chin and narrowing his White eyes while surveying America’s shockingly and intentionally White landscape — and somehow deduce, Whitely, that America’s White men aren’t appreciated enough.

Consider the vastness of the inconceivable Whiteness that would need to lurk within you to witness White men ruling politics, the economy, education, pop culture, medicine, the military, science, Wall Street, Silicon Valley. Washington, D.C., agriculture, S.T.E.M., law enforcement, Cracker Barrell, and Chick-fil-A and think “You know what? Fuck Meals on Wheels. White men need meals too.”

Envision existing in a 400-or-so-year-old nation that only just decided like 40 minutes ago that the legal oppression of Blacks and women probably wasn’t all that legal and still somehow possessing the audacity to end your stream of biggety feculence with “Maybe one fine day we’ll learn to eschew labels, or at least see beyond them, and focus on the humanity we share” — as if you motherfuckers weren’t the ones who created the labels and refused/refuses to see beyond them and based those labels on our perceived lack of humanity.

Picture centering an entire piece around the premise that “Hey. We’re not all Hitler. #notallhitlers.” And then imagine how fucking clumsy and clueless and unstoppably White you’d need to be to not even allow that to exist as a latent implication, but to literallysay“While a couple of us were responsible for the deaths of tens of millions of people, most of us haven’t done anything like that at all! So where’s our Panera Bread gift cards? It’s cream of chicken and wild rice day!”

Conceptualize drawing an equivalency between the historical and foundational oppression of and violence against anyone who isn’t a White male, and getting your feelings hurt and knickers twisted by a female student; which is exactly what happens here:

*Not long ago I had an exchange with a former student of mine — we were discussing women’s rights and abusive men — and she told me I had no right to speak on the subject. “We were made to be silent for millennia,” she said, “now it’s your turn.” That kind of revenge must be satisfying, and particularly soothing to those who’ve been hurt by men — no small number. Ultimately, though, understandable as it may be, the impulse toward revenge leads nowhere except to a seesaw of oppression and fury.*

And then, when done with all of that imagining, considering, and envisioning, wonder how men like Roland Merullo even still possess the strength and the will to live. Think of how hard life must be if you’re such a fucking snowflake that your existence is dependent on perpetual genuflection. That, despite ruling and running everything, you still need both the big piece of chicken and acknowledgement that tonight’s delicious chicken dinner was made possible by your generous Whiteness. That if the world doesn’t get on its knees every 57 seconds to thank you for being so amazingly White and male that you’ll dissolve like cotton candy on a Black-ass tongue.

Is your nose bleeding yet?