

## The Real Seat Of Power!

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**M**y friend Anne has a new job. It involves a hefty commute and some unsociable hours but she loves it. Why? Well her chief executive is a woman and as she says, “we make all the decisions, while in the ladies powder-room while we repair our make up.” Wow! What a lark. Imagine, the one place in an entire office or factory where the usually dominant male can’t get access, becomes, literally, the SEAT OF POWER, to coin a phrase. Is the saying, “I’m off to spend a penny,” a coded phrase for revising the budget in the bog?

The business world talks a lot about glass ceilings and glass corridors, maintaining a myth that women aren’t going anywhere. But the only glass in the ladies loo is a looking glass, so what goes on behind closed doors is not for the males of the species to know about.

Personally, I think it is good to know that little revolutions can take place in our working lives. Anne and her boss can hire and fire at will while buffing up their nails and applying some fresh mascara. In contrast the men’s toilet – even on the executive floor – is rarely a place to linger in.

Having said that, I do know of one lucky so-and-so, a salesman universally hated by the rest of his firm, who happened to be in the toilet just as the visiting chairman went in to relieve himself after a lengthy lunch session on the vino. “Good to see you sir,” said the salesman, “you’re looking awfully well.” Thank you,” said the chairman, “you seem like a bright young man, I’m opening a new division next week, how would you like to run it ?”

“That’s awfully kind of you sir,” said the salesman, proving that peeing in the right place at the right time can be a career advancing move.

Nothing like that has ever happened to me. But on reflection, I can understand the satisfaction that Anne gets from her – dare I say – closet sessions with her CEO. All those years of all day strategy meetings coupled with gallons of coffee used to create a warm camaraderie in the men’s washroom, the one place the upwardly thrusting, ambitious females of the firm couldn’t go.

So, my friend Anne is getting back at all those years of male domination and passing news, gossip and decisions while washing the hands. Indeed, I used to have a boss so paranoid that he used to look under the toilet stalls to see if anyone was in there before imparting some new strategy as we relieved ourselves of those gallons of coffee.

I bet that when things aren’t going too well, the men in Anne’s new company must quiver when she and the CEO are seen headed to that little pink door. What momentous decisions deciding the fate of the male population will be taken in the closed confines of that cubicle? It doesn’t bear thinking about. All we men can do in retaliation is talk it over in whispers while we are washing our hands, in that little male bastion, the gents.

More power to your powder-puff girls!