

MYTHICAL JOHNSON

By Peter J. Harris

It ain't the physical I'm wrestling with right along through here. It's the metaphysical. I got my Mythical Johnson on my mind, and my mind on my Mythical Johnson.

The one that's so big that *all* Black men got one.

Yeah right!

First off, saying that all Black men got a big penis ain't no more a compliment than cracking a *yo mama* joke. Make for funny punch lines, and for real though, really *ain't* much funnier than a good Big Dick or *yo mama* joke. I have laughed at the best of them for years.

But on the DL, the *compliment* is connected to a whole 'nother collection of subsonic *He said/She said*:

All we care about is hitting it, *all* the time.
Can't *spell* love with a gun to our head.
We the poster boys for lust
Rather have a blond than bathe.
And we really more *gorilla* than man anyway, with the brains to match.
Each myth go way way back....
This history's cold ... *and it's deep, too!*

Shit is basically just the result of motherfuckers with power over Black men calling us out our names, calling us out our humanity.

One minute, we supposed to be the children of Ham, cursed cause the Bible say Ham peeped his drunken pops naked.

Next minute, Arab and European slave drivers are writing letters and memoirs and so-called science and even decorating their maps with the message that still sneaks through:

“Big Black Dick = Less Like Human.”

But get with this:

Before *my* Johnson got zapped by civilization's high priests of rap, *all* cultures tipped their mythological cap to Big Boy, without playing all *that pin-the-blame-on-the-penis*.

I mean, ever since we pimped away from being Homo Habilis into Homo Erectus and on into Homo Sapien, and riffed until we evolved distinctive cultures, Big Boy has been part of a functional society's respect for the power and mystery of procreation. Respected as symbol of the *male's* contribution to *keep on keeping on*, just as folk bowed down to female sexuality.

For all of humankind, through the ages, Johnsons – huge, symbolic Johnsons – were painted in bathhouses, sculpted into folks' cribs. They adorned pottery, were carved into statues, found on musical instruments, included in people's religious rites and ceremonies, and just overall appreciated as a natural part of life and living.

Which is a trip to me, because *my* Black Johnson – culturally and socially speaking, that is – ain't been revered in no way shape or form.

Yeah, *mythologically* speaking (work with me, now), *my* Johnson has only been divine when it benefits somebody's bottom line. Mostly, it's been devilish and, too often, cause for MF's to go shouting and shooting and gathering under strong limbs of strong trees to watch a brother swing and burn and be castrated.

All based on the Old School Big Johnson myths.

My Johnson becomes a symbol instead of an inherent body part. Intensified until it throbs with no connection to human arousal, no connection to what is unique about my size, my desire, my fear, my confidence, you know. Like I'm on an auction block, or paraded through the corridors of counting houses, my Johnson is fondled without permission, guided and goaded only by power stolen from deformed definitions of civilization.

Stealing excitement from taboo.
Calculating hipness from fetish.
Signifying superiority until it's mantra.
From Holy Book to Constitution.
Border to border.
Imax to cyberspace.
Cradle to grave.

Shit!

It's easy to see, when it comes down to me and *my* Johnson, when it comes down to sex and the influence and allure of taboos, why even the descendants of so much racist riffing and practices would just say *fuck* it and grab hold of the Big Black Dick, even if they don't actually have one.

Listen, I aint hating. I just know ain't nothing inherently wrong or right with a big dick. Let a lover prefer whatever size get her to the promised land. But I'm struggling to get beyond the punch line, the easy plot line that makes me disappear, leaving only an "it," from the jungle, "our Mandingo," a monster cock too big to fit in the camera's frame, always pounding, banging, ripping, stabbing, jabbing, ramming, throbbing, always making some women's mouth water, or pussy submit, always causing her to heave and grimace and gasp or gush or gag.

And believe me, I have had my share of power sex, with a willing and consenting and sexed up lover who know what she want and tells me she is getting it from me right this second. I wish the mutual explosion of satisfaction for all my brothers – big or small.

But even the deep sweetness of my lover cannot make me forget that there is an ugly history targeting my Johnson. I will remember and hear the sad, bitter, knowing laughter of all the brothers who have been the object of the most irrational and hysterical game of the dozens ever devised. Locked down. Castrated. Dehumanized.

So get this:

When I hold my Johnson, I'm holding theirs.
Fondling like my life depends on it!
We ain't thinking about sex either!
I got our real Johnson on my mind, and my mind on our real Johnson.

The one so real that *all* Black men got one.