

WRITER'S NOTE
By Peter J. Harris

Autobiography is Briar Patch – sometimes *terror-tory* – and catalyst for the following vignettes, intellectual dozens, vows, and affirmations. Confessions veer off into wanna-be hindsight. Memories flower into archetypes swapping gossip. Serious up in here. Silly. One minute ranting. Next second, nodding my head with a knowing insight. Ain't nobody interested in my joint.

Confident enough, finally, to go ahead and solo as my way of sorting through the cacophony aimed at our penis, our *Thang*, until emerges the voice of the cat familiar as a trusted big brother, slinging enough wisdom that we can hear a common sense that inspires us to hum along.

My vantage points, my perspectives, flow from the mind of a straight man with a vivid imagination, healthy fantasy life, and rich erotic experiences. If I've gotten it right in any way, The Johnson Chronicles resonate for a wide range of dudes, with orientations and predilections different from mine. We all have been searching for elemental whole maleness. We've all mistakenly let Johnson be our guide – following our little head instead of our big head, as some of my Sacred HNICs would say. We all have risked taking solos that convert or nurture the cacophony.

Red-bone to blue-black. A man with a small penis. A brother with a Johnson big enough for a double take. Dudes always hollering *What up Dog!* Or fond of saying 'my nigger' this, 'my nigger' that. Mid-level elders, rolling HNIC or African American off their tongues like the Baby Boomers they are. OGs in their 60's and older, straddling Afrikan, Brother, Negro, and Colored, as they embody the evolution of society from Jim Crow through Back-to-Africa, Civil Rights, Black Power. Ambassadors from all generations, who claim the Life Movements that turned some of us into vegetarians, Eco Witnesses, urban farmers, and radicals who vibed through ideology and back into digging individuals based on whether or not their actions were ethical or unethical. And 'ner one of us *never ever* forgetting or overlooking that this system, founded on white favoritism, inevitably resists challenge to that fundamental affirmative action, especially when Johnson's involved.

Experience teaches me that the truth and tall tales resonate with more depth, raise more eyebrows, call out more amens, when they fly out the mouths of different men who've embraced their distinctions and individualities. We all got Johnsons. They've all demanded our focus, as we have awakened from boyhood into the roles, actions, expectations, and rites of passage – sexual, emotional, interpersonal, administrative – that mark our journeys into manhood.

We've all been born into an age when Johnson (not a cock, not a penis) shoulders the weight of history, myth, stereotype, and taboo. We all respond to that weight.

Sometimes, it's with graceful commitment to a simple, unique humanity. Other times, we calculate based on peer pressure. We pantomime so predictably that we become the punch lines of Richard Pryor's progeny and the scenarios of so-called 'interracial' pornography.

Yet here is what's trippy:

Johnson Chronicles *are* full of grace, calculations, pantomime and laughter, because we all live with (and within) all that complexity and much, much more. Our love affair with Johnson takes us to places where it gets downright epic, where we *have* to hold Johnson in our hands, we have to cradle him. Since he *is* so intimate, so fragile, yet so essential to pleasure and procreation, when we hold him, it feels like we got the whole world in our hands. Truth is, holding him, we cannot lie to ourselves. Autobiography demands we get right.

Aw yeah, but in the telling, Johnson get to stirring. Trickster that he is, he expands in our trembling hands, flooding us with power. He reminds us to sneak a twist into our telling. Braid in a trill. Leap from bravado to falsetto. Next thing you know, we got a tall tale on our hands.

Seeded by *just the facts ma'am!*

Watered by the rumble of folklore vibrating along the lines of our blossoming palms.