

Hmm... Is Harrassment a One Way Street?

Sniff. Sniff. Y'all please bear with me. I'm going through a crisis right now. But don't worry... these are tears of joy. You see, I just got off the phone with this girl. After three years of gettin' kicked to the curb... gettin' hung up on... just cold being denied... I finally got through to her. It took me three years, but I finally got through to her.

You see, like all women, this female wanted to get sweated too! I had to do things on her time. When she was ready to talk, we'd talk. But now that I'm a senior, gettin' ready to graduate, she wants to kick it. But see, I was expecting this.

I woke up early Sunday morning and dialed the last five digits (she's a campus cutie). Bam! She answers on the first ring. We kick it for a while, and I guess I pushed all the right buttons 'cause when I got finished rappin', I had this girl's mind. I mean, it was like anything I wanted, she would've obliged. She said stuff like, "Please make your next request, now"...

But bump Caroline! (Now, who'd you think I was talking about?) Think about it, ever since I was a freshman, there were classes that I needed but couldn't get because Caroline was trippin'. But now that I'm a senior, and I only need twelve hours to graduate, and half of those are free electives, Caroline decides to talk to me on the quick-fast. I mean, I can take anything, at this point, from underwater basket weaving to AFAM 500: Advanced Black Hair Care. It does me no good to get sweated by Caroline now.

*But fellas, it's typical. Girls will be girls. We just have to be **MEN** about this! I dedicate this column to the senior males. Fellas, we're gonna be entering a harsh world come June. And if you think it's hard to be a man in college... you ain't seen nothin' yet.*

I wonder why a black man can't be taken seriously...

But if I may digress... I have two words for y'all... STACK—HOUSE! Did y'all see that brotha' rise at Midnight Madness? I tell ya', I wish I was a freshman 'cause

this kid is gon' work it out the next four years. And yo', that Rasheed Wallace is nice too. He will punch on you in a minute and has a nice "J" too. Give that brotha' a meal plan at Seconds Please and make room for a dominant big man.

Now many of y'all gon' make the same mistake as last year and sleep on Donald Williams. I've heard the complaints already... "Man, that fool can't shoot. I thought he could ball. He ain't all that." Okay, whatever. But for the record, remember that Boone started out slow last year. But come April, he was final four MVP. 'Nuff said.

And I must dap up the football fellas. Guys like Austin Robbins and Bernardo Harris, out there reekin' much havoc. Johnson and Johnson out there runnin' like five-o is after them. Corey Holliday's got mad records like Kid Capri. And Bucky Brooks is just doin' his thang. (Like Donald Williams, he's from Raleigh too, so you know they just hyped anyway.)

I'd say it's been a good semester for the black man except... well... never mind... well...

Bump it! I can't hold it back! I'm coming out the closet.

Y'all... last month... I was... sexually harassed.

Oh don't stop laughing! I'm used to it. The same thing happened to me when I brought it up in my Philosophy 46 class.

But, for the record, I was really sexually harassed.

You see, I was at work one morning, minding my business. Next thing I know, **BLIZAM!** Somebody's hand is on my butt.

Now I thought, ain't nobody touched my butt in twenty-some years. And that was my momma wiping my stank-but when I was a baby.

I turned around and saw this woman smiling, saying, "What'chu doin' here so early?"

I thought to myself, "Working

hard 'till you started fondling me!"

But I didn't quite know what to say. As I told my class, I didn't know whether to be flattered or feel like a punk. I walked away with a feeling of disbelief. I mean, this woman comes up out of the blue and grabs my left butt cheek... but what could I do? My biggest problem with this is I don't have that same luxury. It's a double standard that gives women the power to choose. If I shake a girl's rump—and boy are there some rump shakers on this campus—I am at her mercy. If she likes me, then it's cool. But if she doesn't particularly care for me, then she can report it. Again, my life is in her hands.

But what about my butt that was in that woman's hands. Who

back! I tried to rationalize it and relate it to the geography unit we were doing on Africa. You know us blacks are noted for our prominent features, and I was merely making a statement for my fellow African-American sixth-graders to be proud of their big, beautiful, black butts. Of course I got suspended from school. The principal didn't buy it—neither did my dad.

Now I couldn't figure it out. Why was I the only one to get in trouble? Didn't the white boy's moon shine as bright as mine? It would seem so, especially considering my blackness makes my moon more of an eclipse.

Or could it be that the white people's syndrome had made his moon less noticeable? You know white people got that slack in the

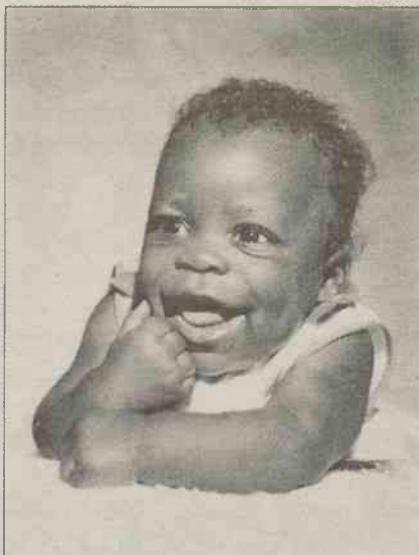
threw the ball to the side. I reached out and grabbed a handful of that hind-part. **BYE-YOW!** It felt like a comforter.

I thought the worst that could happen was that she'd tell the teacher, I'd apologize, and I'd still come off like a young mack. I was wrong.

That young girl rushed me and busted me in my mouth. I got sent to the principal's office and went home where I got another beating from my dad. Flashbacks.

Wonderboy Returns

Birth of a Legend



After Eve, there was feminism and male-bashing...

And God said, "Let there be fairness and equality..."

And he gave the world... Wonderboy!

could I turn to? Who would take me seriously?

You know, now that I think about it, there's something about me and butts that just doesn't click. I remember when I was in the sixth grade, me and this crazy white boy would go around the class and moon people when the teacher left the room. This went

back!

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I got home and my pops pulled out a big, black leather belt that looked like a tire that was cut in half. He gave me a speech but didn't say "this will hurt me as much as it hurts you," my dad was never one to lie. Man I tell ya'. My daddy beat me like I stole somethin'. I guess this is why I reacted the way I did when the woman felt my butt. I guess I was having flashbacks.

Another example takes me back to the fourth grade. There was this little girl who's butt was so phat, all the young bucks wanted to just sit their lunch boxes on it and chill. We called her Southern Bell because she made us want to reach out and touch something.

Well, one day I did. We were playin' Greek dodge ball. Now, Southern Bell's butt was so big, you could hit it with your eyes closed. But I couldn't settle for this. When she ran my way, I

Flashbacks.

But in my harassment case, if I'd hit that woman in the mouth, for example, I'd be up for assault, because I'm a man. The harassment would be ignored. So you can see my phobia when it comes to butts. Once again, women rule the world!

Whew! Now that I've got that off my chest, I can work on my song for other battered males on this campus and across the country. I already have a few lyrics: "Reach out and touch... somebody's ass... if it's a male... you can't harass".

I know I've been gone along time. I'm sure many of you said, "Bout time that guy chilled out!"

But y'all, I've returned because the females still don't get it. Now, I'll be graduating soon, so there won't be many more times for me to enlighten you. But I am considering doing some graduate work, and I may get a job here as a teaching assistant. If so, please enroll in my class... **WMST 101: Great Women Who Did What Their Men Told Them.** Enroll fast—there will be no wait list. I'd hate for my girl to say, request denied!

Like a brotha' without a house key... I'm out!

Wonderboy

Wonderboy's alter-ego is John McCann, a mild-mannered, saved young man from Raleigh.