

Toxic Masculinity in the City of Brotherly Love

by Christopher DeGroot (May 2018)



Sidewalk Scene with Graduate, Ernie Barnes, 1970s

“So you know dat white bitch I was tellin’ you ‘bout?”

“Jennifer?”

“Nah. Other jawn. Brittany.”

“Oh yeah. UPenn jawn.”

“Yeah, dat one. So she wouldn’t let me knock it off no mo’ ‘less I started goin’ out wit’ her, right. So da other week we

went ta some shit at da school.”

“Word?”

“Yeah; but yo, you shoulda seen all dese crazy ass white bitches an’ dey mans.”

“Watchu mean?”

“It was dey conference. Muthafuckas talkin’ all types o’ wack shit ‘bout some toxic masculinity. Takin’ turns an’ shit. Askin’ mad questions. Muthafuckas thought dey smart! Every bitch dere was ugly as shit! Real short hair like all dem dyke jawns got. Bulls all sound gay as fuck! I swear ta God, yo, it was a hurtpiece!”

“Hahaha! I know how dey do. I used ta fuck wit’ one o’ dem type bitches out at Nova. Studyin’ sociology. She was tryna write somethin,’ too. Dey all think dey know some shit, don’t dey? Fuckin’ white girls. Hahaha. Watchu do den?”

“I know you don’t think I stayed dere! She give good brain, but I don’t need no stupid white bitch wit’ a degree in Wimmen’s Studies tellin’ me what ta do! Dem fuckin’ white bulls ain’t got no *balls*—dat’s dey *problem*.”

“You ain’t shittin’! Ayo, you shoulda seen dat fat dyke bitch

from Penn—psychologist jawm; caseworker sent me dere—try da put my boy on some medicine, talkin’ ‘bout he got attention deficit. Bitch I got yer attention deficit right here—open yer mouth up! So what’s up wit’ da jawm now?”

“She be textin’ me all da time. Talkin’ ‘bout how she miss me an’ how she don’t even like her new man like dat. I looked ‘im up on IG. He play lacrosse an’ shit. Look like one o’ dem Brady bulls. Lil rich bull. Might have ta hit her back soon, tho’. Got a piss test comin’ up an’ need help wit’ gettin’ dat cleanin’ drink, yah’mean.”

“Hahaha. Do dat. You know dat bitch got money. Her pops be out in Bryn Mawr, right?”

“Hell yeah. He teach up dere too. He aight. He took us ta dinner one time. *Parc*—da Steven Starr jawm. Wifey got on my nerves, tho’. Complain too fuckin’ much. I’d smack dat bitch in da mouth if I was him.”

“Sheet, if he got money like dat, he don’t need dat ho anyway. So watchu tryin’ ta get into tonight?”

“I dunno—smoke a dutch an’ kick it. Playoffs is on. You got any funds?”

“Nah.”

"Me either. Damn."

"Text da jawm, then."

"Aight. Let me see if Monique good for da night. Grandma sick, so she got Jamal."

Ten minutes later.

"Yeah, she good. Aight, let me finally hit dis bitch up. She dyin' for some dick, anyway."

37 seconds later.

"Hahaha. Ooohh snap! She down like Julie Brown, cous! Look."

"Damn, dat pussy bald as fuck!"

"Always, yo. She at da parents crib. Said dey down da shore."

"Sheet, dey got any jewelry up in dere?"

"I dunno, but dig: she be passin' out by like one an' shit. I'll make sure da 'larm off. See if Reece got da wheel. Ya'll can come through an' get *somethin'*. Dey got mad tronics all through dere. We'll take it by Malik's spot in the a.m. an' get a few dollaz. Oh, hold up; now she textin' me again."

"What she say?"

"Hahaha! Oh no. Bitch *crazy*! She say she can't wait ta smash. She been tellin' her boyfriend she sick, 'cause she ain't been lettin' him hit it like dat. He ain't down wit' slappin' an' chokin' her, yah'mean."

"Nasty ass bitch."

"All dem white bitches like dat."

"Straight up. 'Lik tell you what happened after da club?"

"Nah."

"Da jawn Lindsey gave us both brain in da back o' Uber."

"You lyin'!"

"Sheet, look muthafucka."

"*Damn*, at the same time! She gaggin'. Look at 'er."

"She love it, don't she?"

"She do."

"We put her on da internet. Dat cheatin' jaw'n site."

"Hahaha."

"Aw damn. Here go Monique already. Let me tell her my battery dyin'."

"Ain't dat da jaw'n now?"

"Yeah, dat's her. Text Ray-ray an' tell 'im we need a Z. Where you tryna eat? Red Lobsta?"

"I can roll?"

“Yeah, for a minute. She ain’t goin’ mind. ‘Sides, I ain’t tryin’ da hear ‘er like dat. Jawn never stop talkin’.”

“She buyin’ too?”

“Muthafucka you know dat bitch buyin’. Fuck else she good for?”

“True dat. Ayo, she can suck my dick too if she want. I ain’t had no white pussy in a minute.”

Christopher DeGroot—essayist, poet, aphorist, and satirist—is a writer from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. His writing appears regularly in [New English Review](#), where he is a contributing editor, and occasionally in [The Iconoclast](#), its daily blog. He is a columnist at [Taki’s Magazine](#) and his work has appeared in [The American Spectator](#), [The Imaginative Conservative](#), [The Daily Caller](#), [American Thinker](#), [The Unz Review](#), [Ygdrasil](#), [A Journal of the Poetic Arts](#), and elsewhere. You can follow him at [@CEGrotius](#).

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