



directing their own initiatives. They have demonstrated to us a dynamism that can never be reduced to a homogeneous mass following any one authoritative voice. Paradoxically, it is the entire spectrum of the black revolt in the streets that can be identified as leaderless “leaders,” since they have shown everyone else what it means to free yourself.

To paraphrase James Baldwin’s still apt observation, we black people are more aware of the inner workings of our pale-face antagonists than they are of themselves. Consequently, the diagnosis of woke whitey’s psychological condition is quite simple: this James Earl Jones, Carl Winslow, or Rafiki from the Lion King voice, which bellows off the walls of their skull, is a defense mechanism against their inability to completely repress their own white superiority complex. What’s also abundantly clear is that the only way to fully work through this hang up is to gain even a small percent of the courage of a black adolescent and overcome their white guilt with a fist, a stone, and a Molotov cocktail.