

Mamdani's Rage-Filled Speech Spells Doom for New York



By Amil Imani

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The ink on those cursed ballots is barely dry, and already the stench of betrayal hangs heavy over the skyline of New York City, that once-unconquerable fortress of American grit and ingenuity. [Zohran Mamdani](#), the 34-year-old firebrand of foreign birth and socialist fury, [has seized the mayoralty](#) like a conqueror planting his flag on enemy soil. Uganda-born, South Asian-rooted, and steeped in the toxic brew of far-left radicalism, he now stands as the Big Apple's first Muslim, first South Asian, and first avowed socialist overlord – a triple-threat abomination that mocks every principle our forefathers bled for. With 50.4% of the vote, he trounced Andrew Cuomo's 42% and left Curtis Sliwa's pathetic 7.1% in the gutter, all while crowing about a “mandate for change” that reeks of chains and collectivism.



And in his victory speech? The [smiley-face facade](#) of the campaign trail shattered like cheap glass, revealing the snarling beast beneath: a venomous tirade of racial hatred, class warfare, and open war on President

Trump himself. “Turn the volume up,” he taunted the man who embodies American resurgence, as his Brooklyn mob howled like wolves scenting blood. This isn’t victory; it’s a declaration of siege. And America, as I grow old and weary after 35 years of sounding this alarm, I say it again with a voice cracking from exhaustion: I warned you not to let a single one of these ideologues in. You ignored every thunderous proclamation. Now reap the whirlwind.

For three and a half decades, I and few others watchmen on the walls, bellowing into the gale winds of complacency: “Seal the gates! Do not import the architects of our undoing!” From the Reagan years through the Clinton betrayals, the Bush blunders, and the Obama abominations, I railed against the folly of open borders that funneled in not just dreamers, but destroyers – minds marinated in foreign doctrines of division and domination. Muslims? I named them plainly, repeatedly, as carriers of a creed incompatible with our liberty-loving republic, a faith that demands submission where we demand sovereignty. “They’ll erode us from within,” I prophesied, citing the creeping Sharia shadows in Michigan, the jihadist cheers on campuses, the foreign flags waved in halls of power.

But the elites sneered, the media maligned, the bleeding

hearts built bridges to hell instead of walls of wisdom. "Diversity is strength," they droned, as the demographic deluge swelled. And now, in the crown jewel of our nation – the city where Wall Street forges fortunes and Broadway lights the free world's stage – a man like Mamdani rises not on merit, but on the imported votes of the aggrieved and the engineered. He's no self-made titan; he's a political parasite, son of a Sharia-peddling professor and a filmmaker of the left, enabled by CAIR's deceit and Obama's shadow networks. His daddy's classroom poison? Straight from the madrassas of division. And the people? They bought the TikTok mirage of the "warm, embracing" charmer, only to face the real Mamdani: a yeller, a divider, a class warrior wielding the microphone like a machete.

Even CNN's Van Jones, that paragon of progressive polish, recoiled in horror from the podium at Brooklyn's Paramount Theatre. "I think he missed an opportunity," Jones stammered, his voice laced with the unease of a fellow traveler spotting the abyss. "The Mamdani that we saw on the campaign trail, who was a lot more calm, who was a lot warmer... was not present in that speech." Sharp tone? Check. Yelling into the mic like a street agitator? Double check. "A character switch," Jones called it, where the "guy close to working people" vanished, replaced by "some other voice" – the voice of rage, of racial resentment, of a man who sees enemies in every white face, every capitalist corner store, every Trump voter daring to breathe free air. Jones nailed it: This was no slip; it was the unveiling.

The smile was the lie, the snarl the truth. And in that 20-minute screed, Mamdani didn't just topple Cuomo's "dynasty" – he spat on it, vowing never to utter the name again while wishing him a private life of exile. Mandate for affordability? That's code for the grocery-store gulags I eviscerated before, those \$60 million taxpayer troughs plunked in food deserts to peddle "rights" to rations, strangling

private enterprise in the crib. Budget-busting? You bet – a socialist lab experiment, as the Wall Street Journal warns, where this jobless politico's "ideas are armed to the teeth," primed to test "how much ruin there is in a city." Alex Soros, that chip-off-the-Marxist-block, couldn't contain his glee: "So proud to be a New Yorker! The American dream continues!" No, Alex – it ends here, under your daddy's billions greasing the skids to serfdom.

Both Robert Spencer and Pamela Geller, those unflinching sentinel against jihad's creep, saw it clear as a gulag dawn: This echoes Obama's angry inaugural, where the honeyed words curdled to commands. "Now the smiles end and the true agenda becomes clearer," Spencer thunders. "The capitalist roaders and Trotskyite wreckers will be dealt with firmly." Don't stop applauding, comrades – remember Solzhenitsyn's factory chief, hauled to the camps for daring to cease clapping for Stalin. New York won't go full gulag overnight, not with the republic still breathing down its neck, but the drift is deadly: Opposition bottled like bootleg hooch, the GOP reduced to a whisper, Jews fleeing en masse as this Islamist's anti-Israel bile boils over. Cynthia in the comments nails the peril: "The Jews of NY and on campuses there will no longer get needed protection. This Islamist will bring down NY. Flee!" Erika M. Messer cuts deeper: "They had Communism vs. Democracy/Freedom... and they overwhelmingly chose Communism." Socialism as Marx's bridge to the red hell – and Mamdani's the engineer, waving not the Stars and Stripes, but the banners of division. Roark echoes my weary soul: "I'm the modern Cassandra. I've been warning people for years and no one listens... The seeds of our destruction are now in place. Soon every day will be 9/11." Brother, I feel you – 35 years of this fight have grayed my temples and hollowed my eyes, but the fire still burns.

Yet, amid this metropolitan Armageddon, a flicker of defiance: Up in Minneapolis, the heartland held the line. [Somali Muslim Omar Fateh](#), that senate-floor firebrand who branded his "white

Republican colleagues” as the real terrorists, who waved Somalia’s flag and pledged fealty to foreign soil, crashed to defeat in the mayoral race. Incumbent Jacob Frey, flawed as he is, clinched a third term by 10 points in ranked-choice fury, dodging the bullet of Fateh’s alliance of radicals. Minnesota breathes – for now – a rebuke to the Mamdani madness, proof that vigilance can still vaccinate the body politic.

But New York? The die is cast, the poison poured. DUMBO_Dems cheers the spectacle: “Watch these idiots... eat each other. Then... they will HAVE THEIR HANDS OUT TO TRUMP... ‘LIVE WITH IT’.” Popcorn indeed – but this isn’t mere theater; it’s tragedy, a self-inflicted wound on the republic’s jugular. PlatinumGhost exposes the fraud: “The man you saw before the election was the lie. Now, you will see who he really is.” Jjank invokes the divine delusion: “In the last days many will be deceived... know the Word of God.” Atikva vows boycott: “I will not set foot over there until this madness ends.” And Michael? “I’m not a panican – I’m a PISSEDOFFICAN.” Damn right.

America, the clock ticks merciless. I’ve warned for 35 years – repeatedly, relentlessly – against this imported insurrection. Muslims in power? A recipe for ruin, from Sharia whispers to socialist screams. You ignored me, elected the enemy within. Now, as I tire in the twilight of my crusade, I beg: Wake up! Rally the remnants! Trump stands as bulwark; fortify him. Reclaim the ramparts before the red tide drowns us all. The soul of this nation hangs by a thread – snap it not with apathy, but with the thunder of resolve. Fight, or fall. For liberty’s ghost weeps already.

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