

The Fat Lady Has Sung  
By James David Manning, PhD  
No Dew, Nor Rain  
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Tonight Community Boards 9, 10, and 11 of the greater Harlem area will meet to discuss rezoning of 125<sup>th</sup> Street. The local Black residents of the Harlem community have adamantly opposed this rezoning initiated by the Bloomberg administration. This meeting starts with two “F’s.” The first “F” is the finishing touch of what has been a 15-year program to grab Harlem from the malaise of the crack epidemic, runaway civil rights programs, the city’s lowest quality of life misery index, and the worst cadre of political leaders since the overthrow of Papa Doc and Baby Doc of Haiti.

The second “F” is the final nail in the coffin of African American idealism and hope. Harlem is now dead, and its fall from grace has pulled down the future and past of a fledging Black people who rallied in the sixties and seventies for a place in the sun, but in the end could not cross the finish line of social equality and world-class economic power.

Ironically the issue to eulogize Harlem and Black people worldwide will be the now White gentrification of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr Blvd. Payback is a bad itch where the sun don’t shine.

In the final analysis, the untimely and suspicious death of Rep. Adam Clayton Powell Jr. left a hole in the soul of Harlem. Harlem is no longer a soul brother, but a cross between an Iowa wheat field and a Nebraska cornhusker. I pray Ken Burns has been keeping notes and the documentary is soon to be release featuring the death of the souls of Black folk and their homeland.

More analysis can point a lead laced finger at the present roster of Black leaders all of whom have sold our birth right to the lowest bidder. For the first time in Harlem’s history she has no Black leader who loves her and her children. She has been orphaned and put on public assistance; while her one time lovers have married silky-haired white women whose daddy’s are rich and momma’s good looking.

Tonight’s meeting will be raucous, emotionally violent, and will go on forever. But at the end of the day, the boards will vote the side of the bread that Bloomberg has buttered. Many of the voices tonight will be or have been on the same payroll system that they now claim to be so insidious. They will talk loud, but they are careful to say nothing, because many of them are still receiving funding from the object of their yells. They are tremendously insincere at best, and criminally hypocritical at worst.

I would like to add a postscript within the context of this eulogy. That postscript is for the benefit of the present cadre of Black political leaders of Harlem. When Harlem becomes Easter Lilly White, she will then vote in “White Christmas” congresspersons, White city council members and state legislators. I predict that there is just one more election for you to cross, Mr. Rangel, Inez Dickens, Robert Jackson, Keith Wright, Bill Perkins, David Paterson, Virginia Fields, Herman Farrell, Al Sharpton, and a host of others who have eaten at the table of Bloomberg and Chase Bank, before you too will be homeless in Harlem.

During this Christmas season, be sure to give dark chocolate in memory of the death of Harlem. Surely all the darkness has been taken out of the Chocolate City. Look out Ray Nagin and New Orleans, here we come, in the aftermath of Hurricane named; “The Great Black Sellout.”

Finally, there is a resurrection hope, called “No Dew, Nor Rain.” Unlike pop singer Prince’s “Purple Rain,” this rain will grow a lush green African American Rain forest from 110<sup>th</sup> Street to 155<sup>th</sup> Street, river to river.

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