

Nu's News X-pression is Freedom!!!

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Sankofa

"return and get it"



Adinkra symbol meaning:

importance of learning from the past

A very popular symbol, especially in the Afrikan Diapora. It shows a bird turning around to catch its lost egg. It is a sign of the return, which says that it is never too late to turn around and start on

a new path once one has recognized one's mistake

A second meaning derives from the following Ashanti proverb: "Look at your past and you will recognized your future" or to "Go back and fetch ones essence"

FLAG ON THE PLAY!!!!

by the Elderly Lady With Glasses

I set in awe with eyes focused and mouth wide opened listening to the ignorance that

is projected from the mouths of fools. Dillon Roth is a mere youngster stirring the spoon of hatred. Where did this petrified hatred come from and from WHOM? Did his father give a lazy, high school drop out a gun with or without instructions?

Guns are for responsible, working law abiding citizen. Dillon was on a crutch called his parents, who both let him drop out of school in the ninth grade. He was not working so what

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did he do to earn a weapon? They might need to arrest the parents. This world is big enough for all of us. We are a dog eat dog society. Why in the world would anyone spend all of their time hating someone because of skin color? It is so stupid.

We have people all over this world killing men, women and Children because of skin color, where they live or religious affiliations. Satan is in control. Every day it seems we go

*deeper and deeper into a pit. We are arguing over a darn rebel flag which is a pure symbol of slavery, evil and hatred. White folks are saying it is a part of history? **WHOSE HISTORY?** The rebel flag IS a history of rape, torture, evil, and hatred, segregation, robbing, killing, and stealing. I could see why any idiot would want to keep it flying. The Klan feels no shame in the sins they've inflicted on the African American race.*

***NOW** After we have finally crawled from under that rock at least half way from under it, our poor, dumb, ignorant blacks who have a million babies out of wedlock and can barely read are killing more black folks than the Klan ever did. We are so stupid. I really don't care who is angry right now. It makes no sense to have proven the Klan right that them blacks are no good N's! **WHAT?** We have to do better to get to better.*

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African Americans have enough to deal with then to have to witness our Black nation implode from within. I am so sad at all the self-destruction we are causing. It is a shame we have a great black president and this new young society is too dumb to cherish it and be proud. The dummies are riding around in their parent's cars just tearing up the neighborhood and stealing like fools and expecting great results. Gun violent runs

rampart in every neighborhood except the white neighborhood and I am glad for them. We have lost our children all we are watching is BET and every show on TV is CSI something, blood, guts and killing. We must protest. I refuse to watch ignorance.

I watch HGTV and DIY some good clean shows and Andy Griffith. I will not watch garbage. Some I gave a ride to tried to let me see a YouTube video of an immoral act

between a human and an animal and I TOLD THEM absolutely NOT!!! I will not let my mind and body or eye see such filth! We have to take a stand we have to get better and it better occur FAAAAAST!!!

God help us and God Help AMERICA...

Signing off The Elderly Lady with Glasses



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2xtreme BAND



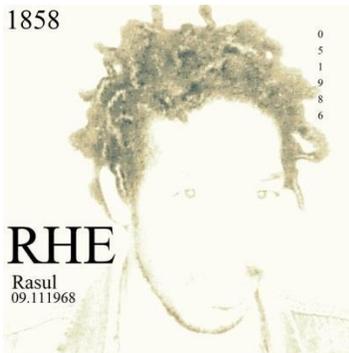
Band Members

- *Joe Brown - Drums
- *James Carter –Lead Guitar/Vocals
- *Reece N Dem Pieces - Keyboards/Vocals
- *Kenny Williams - Bass Guitar
- *Keith - Lead Guitar
- *Greg - Vocals
- *Joe - Keyboard/Vocals

For Booking and information click [HERE](#)

The Element of El

1858



(Unlisted on the Periodic Table), is a collection gathered by NuRenaissance of

the post-statements and memoirs of RaSul El.

Introduction to Genetic Worth – A Mediator on Opportunity and Investments

by RaSul

Tahir Hijaz El

A failed investment cannot be sold. The machines and property matters belonging to such an establishment can only be redistributed. This is true even of the family home. Argument which develops behind such a loss creates a fully-functioning pattern of redistributable "gains" [an interest] that can never be capitalized on. Continued study in those fields, known to have matured the initial investment, will not pay off as sound advice unless the proceeds of labor are – and become recognized – as a Bank [The Genetic Storehouse On Ideas] peculiar to each individual of every Family Tree. Therefore "The Bank" [Of State(s) – a Pre-Governmental Stereotype of The People's inherent franchise known as cause-and-effect] can never be

recognized, in this case, as a proper Lender or lien holder. Such a Bank will fail. It is not built as a proper nest foregg-laying [raising a family] if it does not conform to the ideas of reciprocalknowledge – [a product of Genetic Sampling (for each individual case and successful live birth) known to be "right-thinking" from their starting point]. Too much talk (criticism) and not enough walk – away from advertisement for necessity – will create a hole (delay) in the time stream where artificial fluctuation (sponsorship of nonuniform debt) advocates degeneracy and influences the acceptable curve of chance toward that of "miracle-making" which, within this process – A Bank Of State in existence outside the equilibriums mandated by the always modern topography of Genetic investment – will, by those improbable reciprocal acknowledgements (decay), force a legitimate outcome of balanced probabilities (a bust and boom "cycle") to end in containment of

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unmarketable ideals (By the [omega] Alpha Man).

The State guarantees its ungovernability when it fails to admit Genetic Investment as the dominant tool of preparedness on thought and action. As a result, too many correct "guesses" by each co-dominant genetic pair (Adam's & Eve's) will creatively produce a situation (of "delocalised" time-and/or space) where its known franchise [baby-making] will prove to be [once again] profitable. As long as the environment matches, Genetic tools on dominance [What's first is first] and behavior [The older brother (Spiritual self-tasking) is always uniquely correct] cannot be forced to cooperate with what may well take its host [the organic reproductive body(ies)] into oblivion – *where* – a novel time-stream cannot now be called into "existence" where the permanent organic host (The [alpha] Omega Man) has won [out-guessed each foreign adversarial force] more right-thinking opportunities than situations which depose this knowledge]. Hence,

The World will crumble until these "genetics" are (is) right when "it knows itself" (each co-dominant genetic pair) to be as perfection (The ability to survive eating has been prosperous ["successfully" resolved – "come.they.mine.known.invisible.enemy.out.into.the.open.and.humble.thine.self."]) so that incurable, magical abilities ["sustained disorganic proceduring"] will not/could not be tolerated nor venerated by conventional, physical thought because the demands of Wizardry – and those effects – cannot not be sustained in the world of fitness demanded of first-creation (Genetic co-ascendancy and dominance [the standard ability to reproduce satisfaction without grievance at any time]).

**Provocation
of Thought:
An Opus of
Analogy
"Damn- the**

Mice Still Die on the Trap"

by My Mind

Tired of white folks and blacks that have two white friends and a good job always portraying other blacks as ignorant, no class, no education, no responsibility, no self-worth, no manners, no morality, no values, no value of life, no sense of planning or preparation, no thought for long term effects....then so

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say shit these crackers and uncle tom niggas need to stop tripping....Oh but wait, you turn the TV on and you say damn, you go to a public school then you say damn! You go to a church you say damn!! You turn on the radio then you say damn!!! You go to the job then you damn!!!! You go to the store and you say damn!!!!!! Then you hesitate take a deep breath

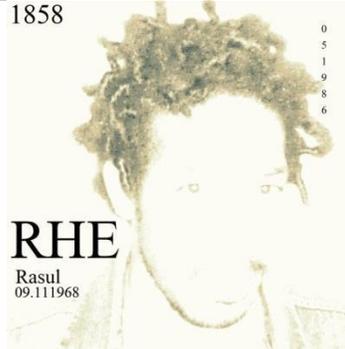
and say they aren't crackers or Uncle Tom niggas....we are niggas that need to become black



and **stop being mice falling victims in the same traps...**

The Element of El

1858



RHE

Rasul
09.111968

(Unlisted on the Periodic Table), is a collection gathered by NuRenaissance of the post-statements and memoirs of Rasul El.

People Rarely Look Up

by RaSul Tahir Hijaz El

Chimp spots Birdmancheating and decides that he wants to teach him a lesson about forgetfulnessand amnesia. Birdman has grown richcaring for bees, and not sharing his wealth with his friends, who also have ataste for something of magic.

The Sun had not yet begun to bring down its full wisdom tothe Earth when Birdman cranked up his new push-mower and began cutting thegrassy plains that met meet his humble tree abode where

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he did well with his bride and, now, dawdling chicks. Soon after, Chimp, whom he, on occasion, has expected, arrived just in time to ask many questions. Chimp set himself deliberately, then, in the path of the Birdman machine and resolutely, as Birdman approached, sat down and began to paw at the ground near him and that which was within easy reach of his mighty hands.

"Chimp . . .? Art thou alright? How goes it where you are?"

"Just as fine as can be Birdman. Already I own many bugs and the day has only just begun. My catch may well be plenty before it is time to drink and rest and climb and play. Why do you ask? Who can complain? There are many fruits and bees."

"How might thou ask, but surely this is true."

"Birdman . . . Wouldst thou share a bit of honey with me today? I should be convinced to repay you in kind for this business."

"Surely I can, but if this is to be, however, might I ask you that –"

"Say no more, friend. I would be sure to offer you, for this, a likely tree, that I am acquainted with, where there is much to eat and without snakes. This much is true."

Alongside some considerable consolidation of his efforts to not disturb the brand new territory of Chimp, Birdman decided to fly away to quickly attend to his bride after having agreed to Chimp's own demonstration at push-mowing. Back-and-forth, back-and-forth they all went – first Chimp and his excitable youngsters and then Birdman, upon his return, and his daughters – until, after three-and-a-half days of this entertainment, Big Cat finally approached this improbable scene. She was very upset, as could well be imagined. The bee news had already traveled far when it reached her ears in all – that the jungle critters, too, had been equally irritated and complained also of this

business where theirs was the right to be concerned above-and-beyond just those mere suspicions which are the usual chatter on top of the winds.

. . . If a leaf should move errantly . . . "Don't bring me this . . . nnNews!?" She growled, once, at an over-sized army ant which never seemed to tire of reporting to Her any case involving lost or missing stems, twigs, thorns and other valuables. "Whenever should I sleep?" Big Cat recalled these exchanges now as a lesson still to be learned from a time when She was quite small and more amusing, as it goes, and is still said – perhaps too much of the time in Her opinion – "more fun then too-to-to – to play with, too."

"Trust the creatures and the critters and the bugs and the spiders to be so critical!?! Oh, never . . ! Not without a heavier than necessary dose of sarcasm, of course. One might, too, not rely on butterflies. Surely they are poison!" Big Cat mumbled those thoughts to Herself. Quietly, with

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grim consternation for this advice, She did not want to invoke this unproven theory of Snail. "A butterfly? Useless!. . . But how might not thou believe a bee?" An entire hive? Not attack? For all the buzzing they did and not a single prick! Certainly this must be news. Despite grave misgivings, Big Cat finally risked getting an earful and was startled to learn – without eavesdropping – where a tiger might shop for honey. Big Cat decided right then that roots were not yet her involvement and gave heed – this time – for the warning. She licked her lips in thoughtful disgust, but took hold of her prize, all the same . . .

Sure enough, though This time they were right.

A scrupulously neat space between the edge of the jungle and the uniform taller grasses extending by-and-by and here-and-there out into the vaster prairie drew the attention of Big Cat for its candidly disproportionate immensity and inopportune suddenness. Ordinarily,

Big Cat would have demanded a proper explanation for the reduction of Her grounds. Its contrasted development and peculiarity was so miraculous, so unavoidable, so bewildering . . . that Big Cat became unsure of Herself for the first time in what could make for a long night.

"This just will not do!" She finally exclaimed. After all, as fascinating as this news had turned out to be, it must surely, most definitely be due for rain. Otherwise, this could not have happened!

So Big Cat snuggled Herself close to the ground and struggled against it to kick and scratch up some roots anyway – "Ohh, how clever . . ." She glumly thought to herself – and bugs and insects and creatures to play with; and to which She would show – for the first time in what could be a long night – mercies that could not go unnoticed. Surely now would come the rains.

After what seemed an interminable day, Big Cat allowed some – if not all, She felt – of the most humbug of the creatures, to skitter away into the crevices opened for their upbringing. "After all," the creatures, the bugs, and the insects chimed, "it must be due for rain! Otherwise this could not have happened!"

Big Cat stuck out Her paw, then, and felt at the air "Not a drop!?!?" She half-whispered.

Big Cat looked again at some of the few remaining critters, sunning themselves upon the newly exposed territories opened for their upbringing, and regarded, with relaxed reproach, how She could have wasted this effort. Under the many watchful eyes of what was now Her continued reputation to ponder, Big Cat – not quite heedless of the many rueful titters and insidious chafings floating in Her direction and nervously pinning back Her ears – again stuck out a furred paw and waited

Not a single drop . . . !

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This was beyond expectation!!!

“How now would the grasses grow and the flowers bloom?” Big Cat wondered aloud. Reeling with overpowering nausea, Big Cat stretched out all four limbs as if She had suddenly been stung. She clutched frantically at the ground with her claws until her legs wobbled. Big Cat fell – Whack! – sprawled flat upon the earth – Splat! – with a smack – Crack! Gasping in confusion, Big Cat staggered. Her paws in amazement and –blinking in shock and dismay – horrified by the injustice – She wriggled and fussed and shook herself free of dust. Big Cat had, finally, more than just enough! She hastily inspected, once again, the neatly cut space between the edge of the jungle and the prairie and saw no signs to indicate Whom, Which or What owned the place. She took off running with what could only be Her tail between Her legs and raced away as if She had been cursed by a dog – something that She

was sure could never, would never happen.

From his vantage point, Birdman chuckled in his perch at superstitious Big Cat and Her new dilemma.

The chimps collected from their hiding places toys which had lain forgotten and worried over for what had seemed to them a lifetime of lost wrenches. The chicks laughed and leaped and tumbled and ran, too – with their kites strung out along behind them – to play with their new friends. And they still had quite awhile to enjoy their freshly cut lawn.

Together they had fun – it was a great day – and, at last, there was more than enough sun.

Rachel Dolezal Passing as Black? This is some BULLSHIT

by Author Crystal Henderson
from Get Crystalized



BREAKING NEWS: Rachel Dolezal — the president of the NAACP Spokane, Washington, chapter — has resigned, according to a letter from her that was posted on the chapter's Facebook page.

Onto my commentary:

Rachel Dolezal, the new President of the NAACP in Spokane Washington, has been living as a black woman for years. However, she is not black at all! No not even that small percentage of black that categorizes you as black. Both of her parents are white. Her lineage is Czechoslovakian and German. Why is she doing this? Well it would seem that she is rebelling against her parents, and have been doing so for years. Her parents, Ruthanne and Larry Dolezal, raised her along with her biological brother as well as 4 adopted foster children who were black. Rachel

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apparently sided with her adopted siblings and wanted to be more like them.



Rachel graduated from Howard University, a very prominent traditionally black college. When she would apply for jobs, she would identify herself as African American. She has participated in many black organizations and has supported many black causes. And now has accepted a position as a leader of the Spokane Washington division of the NAACP.

Is it a big deal that she is a white woman and leader of this organization? No. Is it a big deal that she sports braids and kinky curls? No. Is it a big deal that she tans to make herself darker? No. The big deal is that she is LYING about it! The NAACP stands by her (*no surprise there given their history of turning the other cheek to disgrace – ie. Donald Sterling*). They have stated that being

black is not a requirement for the job. Understandable and I have no argument there. But what about lying on your resume? What about passing yourself off as something you're not? Doesn't that speak to a person's moral integrity as well as their mental stability? Should this person be leading the NAACP or should this person get some clinical psychological treatment? I say the latter!!

You may say that there have been plenty of blacks who have "passed" as white in the past or maybe even currently, so what's the difference? The difference is these people were half white and half black. They have chosen one of their bloodline heritages to follow. I see nothing wrong in that. I do see something wrong in someone claiming to be a part of an ethnicity that they have no blood lineage. I think a person who does that needs help.

Her brother calls it a slap in the face to black people. I agree! She is essentially walking around in black face! Yes, it is that serious. Sorry Rachel, you are not

black! No parts of you are black. Stop trying to be what you are not! You DO NOT know the struggle of being a black person in America. Just like as a black woman I do not know the struggles of being a Jewish immigrant. You are WRONG!! You should be FIRED and you need clinical counseling to deal with these serious identity issues – NOW!



Ken yaz & Nelajah

medium: pastel
artist: RaSul Hijaz El

Do You Hint or Do You Ask?

by Talk2Q

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Many people have a different approach to getting what they want from their mate. Some will hint around to a mate of what it is they desire until they get it. Some will flat-out ask for what they want until they get it. Does one work better than the other?

If you give a hint on something you want then you're relying on your significant other to pick up on the hint and fulfill the desire, right? That requires your mate to truly pay attention to you. So, if they don't catch on to your hint does that mean that they don't

care? Does that mean they are not actively listening to what you're saying?

And if they don't ever catch on to your hints then what do you do? Constantly ask for what you want or just forget about it and allow your feelings to fade? Because over time it *will* frustrate you.

I'm a firm believer that "a closed mouth never gets fed," but there is so much satisfaction in *not* having to ask for what makes you happy. Once you put it out there that you like something then you shouldn't have to constantly repeat yourself to get it. Seeing your mate

figure it out for themselves is as gratifying as the act itself. Anticipating needs of a significant other is the sexiest thing one can do in a relationship.

On the flip side of that, some may prefer fulfillment "on demand." But, is your mate only doing it because you asked and not necessarily because they *wanted* to do it? Some people may not care how something gets done as long as it gets done. I'm just not one of those people, but to each their own.

The Element of El

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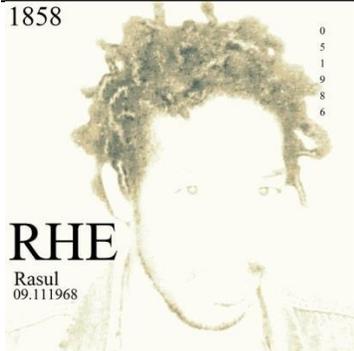
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A Boat and the Question of Mass A Theoretical Approach to Atlantis by RaSul Tahir Hijaz El

My surprise began when, in the course of a swim in the Virgin Islands off St. Croix at Frederiksted, I noticed two things. My first realization was that the water level, at a given distance from the shore, had apparently increased from the day before. My observance of this phenomena was, of course, a purely subjective measurement, but one that I did allow – given the frequency and practice of habit at which I was so inclined to wade. I noted my depth and proximity to shore (a spontaneous result of native childhood inclinations) and, were it

not for my unexpected buoyancy, I might have grown a little more agitated.

A large passenger cruise type ship, of the modern style, was anchored just off shore. This was an occurrence that I had rarely witnessed in the nearly two years I had been visiting upon the island. My next several thoughts alarmed my rationale, but intrigued me to the point of sheepishness in developing the insinuation, no matter how topical or absurd or delayed. Nevertheless, I gave in to the criticism that I must be mistaken about the increased water level – based upon the presumption that I was not yet quite insane – so I took up the pledge, then and there, to identify which reality I wanted to be a part of. Should I be in a bathtub full of water or the great expanse of sea was no great mystery to me. However, come and gone these errant thoughts, they each aligned themselves against my stubbornness so that I remained perplexed by my failure to find a solution

to this puzzle. Lunar? Seasonal? I exchanged these daunting assumptions with what I knew and was challenged to describe where I might explain these concepts with the slight bit of information I possessed on these topics. Well that I might reach the moon first, with these remedies forequations, than an institution.

I began to think, elaborately, on the causes and effects of mass and motion on a non-compressible fluid – increasingly difficult terms – so as to allow for the double-team of persecution and perception to beat back my flirtations with scientifically established sensibilities to a restricted, more manageable argument – one where I was not so resolute in my entertained educational philosophy (heavy-equipment and hydraulic systems maintenance and repair) to retain the upper hand – solitaire for strangers. I did not then, nor do I believe now, that I could find a definite

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answer, persuasively and permissively, outside of what I believe to be theoretical rhetoric – a place where each plane of thought transcends each locus of perception known to guarantee a thoughtful resonance with experience. Perhaps I should explain.

The Devil Of The Deep

Thanks For the Fish

Wanted

A Mariner for Hire

Sand for Salt

Cold and Lemons from the Sea

Useless for Rum

Magnetism and Limes from the Shore

Home for One

At any Direction finds Earth

All for Love

and

Killing Time

Ever

Two Openings

For the Rich

Never

Without need for additional rigor, my problem, if locution holds out, was, primarily, the unknown, but defined mass (in the traditional gravitational sense) of the passenger ship, controlled by its administrative mooring, versus, secondly, the undefined mass of the codifying and contiguous ocean waters – both near and far – which habitually include an dimension of less recognized, but not imaginary, sea.

My out-of-hand presumptions, in the absence of physical measurements, suggests that the substantial, but "fractional" weight-mass of the stationary passenger ship might well displace a sizable (equal) mass [not distinctly in proportion to volume] of the waters in question that, because of the undetermined volume of incoming tide waters – witnessed, in the primary degree, as the much greater stationary [more-or-less] mass of the body of waters

disproportionately in command of the greater sea [not literately interchangeable with "ocean"] – being, thusly, under the force of such alliances of mass – suggestively sizable (in consideration of temperature) and determinatively (not resolutely) non-compressible – the weaker displaceable mass (of waters [potential tide]) caused by the movable weight-mass of the passenger ship [theoretically: an unknown creation – governable, yet, only by reconnaissance] which, because it cannot (without motion) stabilize itself to advantage from wherewith to supply lift over the decentralized ground or territory it must nominally cover by length –

{ and such abstractions of time, in appropriate measure of function, given its known, outdated cause upon procedures – usually inept – known to follow in skill and technology or technological function for that of an "absent" biological creation [Man or humankind] not

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generally witnessed to be in absolute demand upon those bodies of waters represented for the support of well-defined species }

the, now decentralized, portion of its advantage— that of movement upon the Earth's surface – without error – and from point-to-point – must be rationalized (summarized) in four dimensions as a factor of either one or zero . . .

For example: 1 apple or 1 orange equals a(n) standard value of .01 (arbitrarily) or, resultantly, zero –

Because, without prior knowledge, its color can [should] represent a level of sanitary danger, for Those in demand of a biological scale of concentrated circumstances— [between (near) zero and (near) one].

For Consideration:

Green—
Acrid/Sour/Unripeness
≈ potentially rancid
(unfavorable i.e., inhabited or protected by a community of modified

predatory species or probabilities).

Orange—
Pleasant/Disinteresting/Agreeable ≈ meant to attract unwary, short-lived, seasonal species to a time sequenced event:

Denial of an invitation to: Nest, Feed, Reproduce, etc., – for purposes of species-selfish propagation.

And So –

To be considered a naturally ordered system in keeping with a numerical place value of 1, a mechanical device must be 100% efficient to obtain the value: At or near zero by approximations (without maintenance) and as (by testimony) – for inclusive rationale (among those witnesses) – (to brand) A Stabilized Organic Product of Natural Origin (Given those stipulations of standard flux [a tedious engineering technicality] accounted for as negligible).

For example: A switchblade knife is an unordered phenomena. It is a product of vanity

only. The weapons function is unstable across four dimensions [A Magical Device]. A sharp instrument, in combination with a spring is usually a poor assemblage (inherently unsafe) with no definite advantage for utility in keeping with wholesale value or conspicuously standard deductions [between 0 and 1] as each relates to intended confidence. The lock mechanism cannot, therefore, be guaranteed, to function accurately, in any position, open or closed. With or without expectation, the blade must be closed manually. Time demonstrates these weak links. Training is without inspiration. Score: >1 [Denied ≈ a lost investment]. >>

{for the purpose of unsolicited, non-advantaged transport to and from a(n) known [everywhere undisclosed] locale— for that Right of a Man and Company [(His immediate family) – A Franchise and purposeful vehicle] not in surrender of his distinct evidence of/as such (without need of offering solution for the

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*value of his being
[birthright]}*

. . . where the ship is noted (recognised) not to belong at its point-in-time or to the logical-illogical beings [passengers & crew] "witnessed" (known) to produce – as a harvest of thought – a "protected" [costly] irrational advantage of movement (mechanized) along a corridor – and as such – fail(s) [(as an "unkempt" biological creation of unnecessary labor)] in its cruise, to mesh

[A primary static boundary of consequential forces (awareness of displaced-misplaced mass) is thought to be created . . .]

with the larger, more "intactile" creations (historical or legendary "sea-monsters") of co-functional abilities [aquatic creatures and assorted novelties] and are (implausibly) due by this reason – as a perfect cause upon the Earth and its facilities – to arrive at a destination known to be in keeping with simple-stationary momentum – Atlantis . . . (A known

physical, unknown [meta]physical reality).

[Otherwise an un-(b/r)-each-able void is concluded (legislated)/postulated (constructed)/considered (fictionalized)/encountered (ignored)]

At anchor, an improbable, though likely, secondary static boundary is thought then to arise as/if the passenger ship were continually circling its destination or locale (The Flying Dutchman Effect – in this case, at St. Croix Island) and causing by its suspension off the coast, arise in the "trapped" circumnavigating waters, so described, as a function of equilibrium, static movement, and those registerable required mass(es) now/not known to be (come) inert.

Those – now combined – static densities, related to both the sheer longitudinal and lateral depth of impending mass of seawaters on their aligned intercourse with an appropriate introduction of oceanic mass (an expanse which may meet with the horizon to form an additional – if not complete

– channel or corridor [the result of instantaneous grief i.e., destruction]) to – at some point – capsize the vessel (this difficulty is usually overcome by modern inventions [Mutiny]) – prowl up or down [where the vessel should have never set sail] – or, as the case may be, toppled in either direction of starboard or to port [where one to several passengers were intended to survive (to settle the "either direction of" last or next sighting of land)]. There, the "shipwrecked" survivors may meet with inducements to stay (unexpected bounty, physical buoyancy [reversal of fortune]) or while [become lazy] and the local pedestrian may suddenly become alerted (impression of peace) to the new arrival of an unexpected passenger ship.

{Note : (0) Inspired mutiny – advanced decision-making – liberates a cognitive condition from hopelessness (at a place where magic and technology meet [handicap must overcome destruction]) to develop

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a(n) [apparently] rational interface. (1) A cruising passenger ship – to move – normally requires that its full mass-weight be evenly distributed as a dispersion of atmospheric water vapors, else it must tolerate a slower speed. (2) Species-specific behavior, with known compromise, for the standard productivity of those superiorly functioning biological entities, so entertained as a result of this traditional effort, accept gross, supportive interfaces with this technology. (3) Simple stationary momentum is a(n) affect/effect [inspired mutiny] causatively more complex than bow-and-arrow considerations on remedial living [natural, non-quantum (non tarot) mechanics] might imply. [i.e., enhanced buoyancy (similar to drafting techniques performed by competitive bicyclists) attracts dolphins]. (4) (Home) Sick passengers or those whose expectation of rain is not met, may eventually report a visible sighting of a reversed or ghost image [of the ship] – which is why some passengers –

deliberately or otherwise – miss the ship, refuse to re-board, or believe, or know that, the ship is docked elsewhere – even for a time, etc.). }

Reduced speed and lift of the vessel [or the body, humanly incarnate] over too deep water [reoccurring unnatural stresses] causes the cruising passenger ship [boarded by the human body incarnate] to stall

(or demand [creative will in the singular] economical [free] physical Rotation/Movement to its (the impending body incarnate) improved destination [Health - the radiant body incarnate (i.e., the human body incarnate)] from a fixed position [Need])

and/or sink [be delivered] of/to an actual destination

(The Oceanic Floor [after [meta]physically passing the limits of technology available to it for passage around a sub-seatemporal distortion ("black-hole")] or a portion, thereof, or-"if" sponsor a(n) [metaphysical] "event" – which could be

unobserved – due to temporal-corporeal distortion(s) and its rank epithets: [temporal corporeal dislocation (related or [perhaps] reversed movement along a corridor)]

– where, as a relative event of four-dimensional place-holding capacity, a(n) [metaphysical] "event"

[i.e., such as the sighting of a sea-monster (a mermaid) or a supposed observance of an iceberg or bizarre carbon dating mismatches]

are totally dependent upon place-point-of-entry into the pathway, "everywhere undisclosed" – called, in its human context(s), those Relativities of training, interest, or Creation (Birth-date).

{Note: (0) The black-hole "begun" by the ship's stall and "downward" forces of momentum over an analog prospect aligning temperature, distance, and mass-weight with digital processes [0 and 1] are the same constructs that infer how and why a large structure

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(such as a Pentagon) could disappear (intact) and reappear (with a hole) where the formal documentation [of position] adheres to a two answer solution – a small two-man plane or a large passenger jet as the backbone resolution(s) worth knowing (not considering) and a (not the) "day" reality technology was activated ([refused]).

Where the ever downward thrust of the passengers' mass is the root cause of irresistible drift and a phenomena that may latently and or concomitantly produce a wave of tidal proportions (confined or unconfined to a thin layer), may – with reciprocal due consternation for this advice (who is believable? – who is truthful? - who is reasonable?) – be one of the root functions for the existence of the human bioelectromagnetic generating capacity – traditionally reinvented as a psychic [truth] indicator known as anaura – or simply, likened to a commonplace magnetic field interruption

device that obviously, and without exclusion to the many human species, are well-distributed throughout the animal kingdom as a whole.

In the quest for Atlantis, simple stationary momentum (speculatively, the origin of mass) – an undesirable, necessary reaction to "aggressive - non-competitive - delirious - temper" [magical strategies] – uninterrupted objection to derision of/by a non-decrepit spiritual essence, reinvents its common network of tools available to Those Whom, to claim biological remedies for th(-at/-is) impairment that/which – as a sustainable counter to magical tension (technological inferiority [desired or promoted]), can resolve those distortions with a balance of attendant technological deductions in support of nullification or attrition of the sponsoring agent(s) or debt(s) – [Relativities].

Explode or Implode: The Building is Still Coming Down #Stress

by Talk2Q

LOS ANGELES TIMES

PEANUTS CLASSICS By Charles M. Schulz



I visited New Orleans over an extended Memorial Day weekend and took so much from my four day stay. Despite my 20 or 30-something visits to The Big Easy, for the first time I got to interact with the locals and see a side I've never seen before. I had plenty of Cajun/creole cooking, took a steamboat ride down the Mississippi River, enjoyed a Second Line band, and more.

However, one thing really stood out to me on my trip was a visit to a church on that Sunday morning. The pastor's sermon fell in line with one of my recent blog posts called "[The Burden of the Stress Catcher](#)". It was as if he was speaking

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directly to me. Needless to say, I was very attentive and could identify with almost every point he was making.

He talked about how people who are relied upon the most are usually the last to receive help themselves. I thought about how often I come to the aid of people for so many things. Most of them are small contributions, but they're contributions all the same. I do it for the "thank you's" because I really don't expect much else from people other than that.

Although those who know me well would probably jokingly disagree, I am human. I have feelings. I deal with problems and turmoil in life. But I rarely feel like I'm able to express those feelings to anyone. Most people in my life are so used to me being "the strong one" that they rarely notice (or care) that something is bothering me. And even if they get an inclination that something is wrong, they may ask "what's wrong?", but if I say "nothing" because I'm uncomfortable

discussing it at that time then the conversation pretty much ends there.

One thing that I do better than anyone that I know is read people. I know what makes people tick and I use that to determine their moods. Being able to see that someone is in need of something coupled with my willingness to help people almost compels me to step in and try to make things better when things are bad. I always want to help fix the problem. The downside is that I know that person won't be there for me in the same capacity or will let me down in an attempt to do so. Yet I still put forth the effort to brighten *their* day.

7 days a week I've done this since as long as I can remember. In work life or home life I'm making someone smile. I'll see that someone appears to be down and I may compliment them to cheer them up. I'll notice someone with a confused look and I'll ask questions to see if I can help. You can't help everyone, but it's comforting to them to know that someone at least thought enough of them to

try.

Someone once told me that is the reason I have no known enemies. Because I've probably helped them, too, in some shape, form, or fashion. Yet to express how I feel, blogging is the safest venue for me to vent. It prevents me from potentially offending anyone, or having to listen to unsolicited advice, or avoid having someone try and one-up my problems with one of their own. The latter I encounter regularly because I'm supposed to be "the strong one," right? My problems don't matter. Some people seem to think that I can deal with my problems on my own so they gloss over mine and present me theirs.

Despite all of my rantings, I'm not without loved ones. There are people in my life who care for me and want to see me happy. It's unfair of me to expect them to read my moods as easily as I read theirs. You have to really be in tune with people to realize that something is off and my personality is difficult to figure out.

I maintain a positive

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attitude because that is what keeps me going. I can be extremely sad or mad and not always show it because I don't like for either of those emotions to dominate my life for long periods of time. To not be that way is to rely on society to bail me out of my bad feelings and I can't take a chance on them accepting that challenge. Even when I'm "not feeling myself" people would assume that I'm simply just tired before they would assume that I'm stressed. And even if I did open up to someone, would they be unbiased or would they be judgmental? I usually encounter one if not both when presenting problems to people. That's why it's easier to keep certain things to myself and figure it out on my own.

But, the one thing the pastor said on Sunday that really resonated with me was this: "Regardless if it explodes or implodes, the building is *still* coming down. Let it out." He was referring to keeping stress pinned up inside of ourselves. Either you can explode in anger or allow it to slowly kill you inside,

but either way your temple will be destroyed.

I've got to work on preserving my temple. Just a few weeks ago I posted about how I've embraced being people's "stress catcher" over the years and now I'm realizing that someone needs to catch mine now and then!

I've got to stop allowing my happiness to be dictated by other people's happiness. I have to find more people I trust enough to ask for help when I need someone to listen to me. I've got to stop getting the short end of the stick and focus on myself before "my building" starts to crumble. Because although I'm looking out for others, others aren't always looking out for me.



<http://www.t2qradio.com/>

The Element of El

1858



(Unlisted on the Periodic Table), is a collection gathered by NuRenaissance of the post-statements and memoirs of RaSul El.

Master of None

Schooled For Life

by RaSul Tahir Hijaz El

And so it goes from the dozens of people who, in my life, have told me, "You're never too old to learn." Hey!!! Thanks a lot Jackson State University (JSU) for being the latest.

I am satisfied that Jackson State University has admitted to the theft of my known personal property (it has yet to be

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returned)– a bicycle that I deliberately asked/warned them not to steal from me (I can't afford to buy another bicycle) after it had been identified by an employee (in front of Public Safety officers) as belonging to me before I departed on May 02, 2015, after explaining that I would be back for it on May 27th. I have, thus far explained this situation any number of times to those in charge of these matters (Housing, Public Safety, Veterans Representatives, The Office (attempted) of the University President – denied admittance by a Public Safety Officer (again without explanation) and, as well, The office of the SGA President – who has, thus far, after more than a week failed to contact me with any information on the situation). I feel that I have been denied access to the property without justification. There are no principles in existence, to my knowledge, that allows the Public University to forge a forfeiture of property standard against that which is primarily legitimized by well-known actions of law or fail in this

process to address customs of decency, remedy, or conduct for the benefit of the student community.

In the Summer of 2012, when I entered JSU for the second time, to pursue a rather useless degree on top of my BS (Biology) from Tougaloo College and an MAT (JSU) –

(I have existed below the recognized poverty levels since the age of thirty – and between 19 and 23 years old while I was married to my first wife – a great-looking, babe-type woman – and making only just above minimum wage. I worked at a commercial pizzeria for a few years. I eventually, though I wasn't management, held the keys to the place because I was an unsupervised worker. I liked the job. Ironically, I made all the dough, but the job didn't pay much despite its well-placed, well-known establishment. My wife and I barely paid the rent. I have never been very successful at getting a good job.

I "qualified" again for food stamps while I was married a second time to a great woman in her own right. We only bought the essentials and we didn't drink, smoke, drug, hang-out, etc., but near the end we were running on empty. It doesn't take a genius to know what was next. I held a couple of jobs and was going to school. I was a great artist then, but I chose Biology – because "You can't sell art." and I couldn't get a job as a mechanic when I got out of the Air Force despite putting in all the effort to get employed for a definite wage. Ten dollars an hour (1996) with two children and a wife was about all I could get in the field. I was honorably discharged. I couldn't understand that. Reflection upon this situation was the principal stimulus for "Excerpt From Tools of The Trade" – an article that I wrote because of my dependence upon my faith as a Man in the prime of my ability. The VA in Philadelphia x-rayed me (1996) just to prove a point, I imagine. It didn't help.

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In 2005, to supplement my GI Bill stipend of \$800 per month that was due to run out (it did), JSU employed me as a dormitory receptionist at near minimum wage while I was searching for a job behind my new teaching credentials. I think that the rate (2005) was \$8.00 an hour then. I could not get an answer from JSU about any of the other opportunities I had applied for that paid more. Later on that same year, I managed to get an introductory "job" with the Sonny Montgomery VA Regional Field Office as a claims representative. I was paid only my original stipend of \$800 per month for a 40-hour work week because of a claimed "Government hiring freeze". Two months later I had to give up. I wasn't on a work release program and I never thought that I needed to be a criminal. I was concurrently working 11pm to 7am at Jackson State and 9am to 5pm at the Department of the VA. Obviously this was a slave job, but I was told, nevertheless, how good I was at it. Next to a pat on the back, the only benefit was a bit of dental

work. I was x-rayed, of course. To get some relief, I ran the steps at the JSU Veterans Memorial Stadium to get over it. (Of course, it is impossible to get in now) Finally I landed a job as a heavy equipment mechanic shortly thereafter. The rate of pay was still – for me – a dreadful ten-dollars an hour plus overtime based on a fifty hour week. I lived in a slum and I couldn't get out. So much for Urban and Regional Planning.)

I was x-rayed again by specialists at the local VA "Hospital" (Sonny Montgomery) and was forced to leave after completing the first summer session due to concentration difficulties behind this attack. I had been x-rayed only three months before by the same (people?). When I left the University, I left my bicycle because I did not, after that x-ray episode, remember that I had a bicycle for more than two months. I spent two weeks in Pensacola, Florida and returned to Jackson for another month before spending three weeks in a motel, paid for by my

mother, before eventually departing to Chicago where I was born. I am still fuzzy about that period.

The loan disbursement that covered both summer sessions was never properly awarded to me. Instead, I have no idea where the money went. Maybe the school still has it. Nobody has bothered to address this issue with me.

To date, this practice of x-raying me while "in school" has cost me innumerable hardships for which I am thankful that I have found the method, at last, to avoid this confrontation with the Office of the VA and its Hospitality. I was a student at Tougaloo College from 2000 to 2004 and this same sad practice – for which I was unprepared – killed my interest one year where I had to drop a semester (or two) to recover. I am still unsure. During that time 2000-2004, I did never receive any (except one) disbursement of my financial aid award (including loans) for the entire period. I have no idea where that money went. I think that the school kept it. I did inquire once

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at the VA, but I was dismissed without elaboration.

In 2010, when I attended the Texas College of Traditional Chinese Medicine (TCTCM) at Austin, Texas, again I was x-rayed by the DOCTORS at the VA after crashing my bicycle to avoid injury after a speeding car, making for a parking lot from off the street, suddenly, without expectation, turned in front of me and into my path along the sidewalk, where I had been bicycling in the same direction. Later, while I was recovering, a Student Loan company telephoned me and advised me that I was in default on the loan package guaranteed to me even though I was enrolled as a degree-seeking student at TCTCM. I was told that I could not enter into the next trimester because of this difficulty. Again, the student loan disbursements that I had agreed upon were, I imagine, lost to me. I don't know where they went, but they didn't come to me.

In 2012, however, again after the Hines VA "Hospital" x-rayed me (under coercive force after I refused – I finally realized what was happening) – to the point where I could not easily defecate again. I had lost the natural urge (biofeedback stimulus) for this process, again, due to the violence. After that episode, I was "awarded" a "scholarship" after auditioning to the School of the Art Institute at Chicago where I was forced to pay because of the high cost anyway. So I took out a loan for the privilege and lost to – I don't know what – THE TIMES? – a portion of the disbursement to – WHAT? – a faulty memory, perhaps. I never attempted the second semester because of their insulting avarice. They are still sending me bills that I disregard. I used to – since the age of ten – admire the School of the Art Institute. I always thought that I might attend. As of today, I am still battling this x-ray syndrome and I do hope to recover fully very soon. Traditional Chinese Medicine and acupuncture techniques had

formerly restored this impulse to me back in 2010. I should think that I am worth it by now.

I am reminded in this analysis that profiteering and racketeering are criminal acts of "inconsciousness" (criminal-minded, unethical behavior formed as the result of long-standing cohabitation with a depressed state-of-mind, where the ego – it is presumed – wages war with natural intelligence for the sponsorship of unprovoked vengeance) and are, therefore, disallowed practices that can only be summarized as hateful. I am thankful not to be dead already.

As for the University – The University is the crossroads linking public scrutiny with events that structure their safekeeping. My position is defended by known law and those recommendations of policy adapted into practice by their respective Boards of Directors, whom must agree that, though I am

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here (JSU) under force (refusal of the United STATES to stand down in surrender of their known trespass against me) and entered into protest (I refuse to enter into a degree-seeking course of study - my first degree must be predictable and valued as logical), I am as a graduate and civil member of societal net educational value, not untimely by my presence nor worthless. It is impossible to overthrow such governance where and while traitorous acts remain outstanding and in opposition to rectification by humanitarian efforts (The UN, I must suppose, has refused to intervene. I first contacted them on November 14, 2014). I must presume that I could not be responsible for any student loan debt where avenues for judicial review have been quarantined and rendered obsolete in their function for public inspection on operational credibility.

Your god will not defend Yourselfes. He will not help Yourselfes out of this mess. Jackson State University, like other institutions, must

follow the law to promote themselves or they become, intimate, instant-tuitions trapped by "paylitics" with no regard for humanitarian propriety. If Yourselfes neither recognize me as a Man, nor my degree(s) and/or accomplishments of value, then Yourselfes have set an entire World against me for no practical advantage. I must be puzzled.

Tips from the JSU catalog:

CRR-412-7192479 LAW, LEGAL ISSUES, AND RISK MNGT

CJ-100-0391484 INTRODUCTI TO CRIMINAL JUSTICE

COUN-611-0190811 PSYCHODIAGNOSIS AND TREATMENT

DR-314-0191427 FUNDAMENTALS OF PLAYWRITING

EDAD-698-6091835 LAW AND HIGHER EDUCATION

ENTR-488-6091527 STRATEGIES IN ENTREPRENEURSHIP

I was asked/told by one University official if I ever thought about entrepreneurship? ! ? Excuse me? I had to explain to him no less than even distinct times how that, already, as the founder and president of The Delores S Smith Higher Ground Academy, EIN: 27-3122205, a (now semi-ridiculous, but functional) 501 (c) (4), in spite of the efforts of the United STATES to "unrecognize" it and not pay me for my contributions – You know, I saw a job and I went after it because I saw that nobody was going to employ me. At some point I had to see the jealousy in their veins when I beat the labor system that has kept me broke all my life. I still don't have shit except a vague-ass education that (arbitrarily) nobody is willing to accept as a bona-fide match of my talents to my needs and \$130 a month.

You know, the (known and unknown) residents – more than a few unrecognizable as tenants – still won't move out of

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my apartment complex even though the United STATES has openly admitted to its deceptions against me? Some of them have because they can no longer get repairs. None of them has a valid lease arrangement, of course. I am the only legal resident, but YourSelfes refuse to take the stand and bow out of YouSelfes bullshit. The money they, the fictitious residents are paying, through the Department of the VA is not going to me. I don't know where it is going, but I am the only owner. I cannot believe YourSelfes are silly enough to not follow the laws on this and stop with your attempting to be clever. YourSelfes have lost this. Stop being defensive.

FBL-406-7192481
FAITH-BASED
LEADERS:
MENTORING

GNST-101-0190858
ACADEMIC SUPPORT I

HE-399-0190315
HUMAN SEXUALITY

HIST-101-0190319
HISTORY OF
CIVILIZATION

HIST-201-0292068
UNITED STATES
HISTORY I

MNGT-482-0291251
BUSINESS ETHICS

MNGT-502-2792044
HUMAN RELATIONS &
ORGAN BEHAVI

PHIL-416-0190539
LOGIC

PHIL-436-0190736 BLK
CHURCH & BLK
THEOLOG

PS-136-0190577 STATE
& LOCAL
GOVERNMENT

PS-347-0190581
JUDICIAL PROCESS

PS-423-0191678
CONSTITUTIONAL
LAW I

PSY-201-0390592
GENERAL
PSYCHOLOGY

PSY-216-0190601
ABNORMAL
PSYCHOLOGY

PSY-742-0191584
COGNITIVE
ASSESSMENT

RE-002-5290614
INTERMEDIATE
READING

REC-307-0190622
RECREATION
LEADERSHIP

RHAB-509-0190624
INTRO TO REHAB
COUNSELNG

SOC-592-0191793
CRIME & SUBSTANCE
ABUSE

SPCH-338-0190669
NONVERBAL
COMMUNICATION

SS-201-0190672 SOCIAL
INSTITUTIONS

SW-225-0192106
HUMAN DIVERSITY &
SOC JUSTICE

SW-301-0190684
HUMAN BEHAVIOR &
SOCIAL ENV I

SW-421-0292348
TEENAGE SEX & TNGE
PARNTG N UR

SW-562-9091163
PSYCHOPATHOLOGY

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UNIV-100-0391143
UNIVERSITY SUCCESS

You're never too old to learn. Follow the Law. Read beyond the book, but follow the law. YourSelfes god will not help YourSelfes do this. YourSelfes must be successful in lawful practices. Jealousy will not help YourSelfes out here. Neither will intimidation be effective.

Brooks says social injustice, past and present, impacts 'Class of Now'

by Jackson State University

May 2, 2015

Sounding remarkably like a Baptist preacher, Cornell William Brooks, President and CEO of the NAACP, returned to his alma mater delivering a rousing message about social involvement. . . .

I didn't read the rest. I still don't have money and I can't even buy the books. I should not be a victim of studied freedom.

Sigh...

by carmLhealth

Reading is fundamental. People make arguments about the bible and have no clue what they are talking about. You HAVE to read the bible for yourself and stop regurgitating what someone else tells you. This woman was arguing with someone in the comments section of a video a young lady recorded about polygamy and the black culture. The argument was that polygamy is not in the bible...

I am saddened by the fact that people are quick to argue yet unwilling to do any research. So many people are quick to say what is, or is not, in the bible when they do not know themselves. I don't know about you, but having more than one wife is considered polygamy. Take a look at Genesis 4:19. With just that one example, I don't need to go

further but what about Solomon? David? Since you reference the bible, there should be one in your house to read the passage and comprehend it for yourself.

In light of all of the deaths we have seen lately, we need to understand that knowledge is power. Please stop arguing for argument's sake. Research and do your due diligence when conversing with others. One should actually take the time to read the bible, it's quite interesting. Right now, we are trying to read the whole thing in a year. My eyes have been opened quite a bit. I challenge you to dig a little deeper.

Do You Even Know Why

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Blacks are Angry?

by Talk2Q

(This is based on a statement given on my radio show a few weeks ago...)



As of late, the country has been focused on the city of Baltimore. However, very few are talking about how a man died and the police's role, if any, in his death. Instead we are pounded with video and photos of rioting. I've stated on my show numerous times before that I'm against rioting. I said that I didn't agree with rioters tearing up their own cities.

That was back during the Trayvon Martin trial. Since then we've seen the following:

Victor White III, 22, Iberia Parish, La.—March 22, 2014 the coroner says he shot

himself while handcuffed in the back of a police cruiser.

Eric Garner, 43, New York, N.Y.—July 17, 2014 choked to death by a cop while being restrained by other officers. Famously known as the "I can't breathe" killing.

John Crawford III, 22, Beavercreek, Ohio—August 5, 2014 Crawford was fatally shot while carrying a pellet gun in a Wal-Mart. The gun was unsold merchandise and out of its package. A man named Ronald Ritchie told 911 that he looked like he was pointing it at people, but a month later he admitted that Crawford was not pointing the gun at people. Aftermath: No indictment.

Michael Brown, 18, Ferguson, Mo.—August 9, 2014 by now my line of thinking is swaying a bit. I said on the air that I don't condone rioting, but I would understand it more if people rioted in the communities of the oppressors instead of their own communities.

Ezell Ford, 25, Los Angeles, Calif.—August 12, 2014 Ford

was shot by police who were conducting "an investigative stop." "A struggle ensued," read the LAPD's news release. Ford's family members say he was lying down when shot. Aftermath: The LAPD, which hasn't closed the investigation into Ford's death, put an indefinite "investigative hold" on the coroner's autopsy report to prevent witness testimony from being tainted.

Tamir Rice, 12, Cleveland, Ohio—Nov. 22, 2014 Officer Tim Loehmann shot and killed Rice, who was holding a BB gun, seconds after spotting him at a park. This is after a 911 caller told dispatch that they believed that the kid was carrying a toy gun and not a real one.

Rumain Brisbon, 34, Phoenix, Ariz.—Dec. 2, 2014 Brisbon, an unarmed black father of four, was shot to death in when a police officer apparently mistook his bottle of pills for a gun. Aftermath: Pending.

Baltimore, MD then hits the scene with a man who died

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from serious injuries sustained during an arrest. My stance: I still do not condone rioting. But, for the first time, I understand it. I understand that people have reached a boiling point. Too many unarmed black people are dying at the hands of cops without investigations that make you feel the *slightest* bit of confidence in the justice system.

Do unarmed white people get shot by police? I'm sure that they do. They probably get shot more than black people because there are a lot more white people than black people in this country. The odds favor that. However, does the media report it when it happens? Absolutely not. It's not going to get the reaction and ratings as much as an unarmed black person being shot.

Those who know me know that I'm not one to complain unless I have a solution. Did everyone that I named above either commit a crime, tried to run from the police, or tried to resist arrest? Just about all of them did at least

one if not all of those things. That still doesn't give the police the right to shoot them like dogs in the streets though. However, for those who did either one of those three things, they do have some responsibility in what happened. Now, I'm not talking about the wrong place/wrong time victims. I'm talking about the people who had opportunities to comply and chose not to do so.

My plea to those black men out there now who may get stopped by police: if you comply then you *may* get a chance to live. You may not be doing anything wrong, but try to stay alive first and save the arguing for the courts. Ice Cube once rapped that he would rather be "judged by 12 than carried by 6." In other words, let a jury decide your fate rather than take matters in your own hands and later be carried by pall bearers. There's no sense in being right if you're *dead* right.

Next, the police. The ones who are sworn to "protect

and serve." I know that you all are scared. If you're scared then quit. Policing is *not* for you. It's just that simple. Learn how to take subjects down without your gun being a first resort. There are too many weapons from rubber bullets and salt pellets to pepper spray and Tasers that you can use to take people down. Even if someone runs from you or even swings on you, you don't have a right to kill them. They may even deserve to be roughed up and society may even be better off to be rid of them. But, that's not up to you as a cop. That's up to a jury. You're not Judge Dredd.

And lastly, the media. You took a city of 400,000 black people in Baltimore and painted the picture that every last one of them is burning the city down. Let's be honest: out of those 400,000 black people there may have been 500 or so rioting? To be generous let's say there were a thousand rioting.

Don't act like .0025 of the black population is

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representing *all* black people. Especially you, FOX News!

There are a lot of people trying to peacefully protest yet they always seem to escape your cameras. There are Twitter photos taken by white people of white people looting convenience stores, but those photos don't represent what the media wants conveyed to the public.

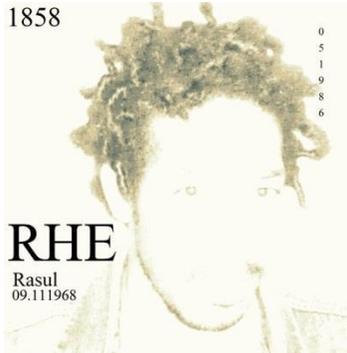
As long as black people are portrayed as the boogeyman the more a cop would prefer to shoot one rather than take a chance to see what his real intent is. We've spent days watching videos of cops vs. Black Baltimore. People are criticizing the rioters. People are criticizing those who are criticizing the rioters.

No one is asking the question: why are they so mad? Why are cops so scared? Why is Freddie Gray dead?

I'm guessing some of you didn't even know his name.

The Element of El

1858



(Unlisted on the Periodic Table), is a collection gathered by NuRenaissance of the post-statements and memoirs of RaSul El.

The Dope

What's The Dope? *By RaSul Tahir Hijaz El*

I took this class on music appreciation. It was selected by the University forme. I didn't go much. I never had any money to attend. I still do not. I could not even afford a book. I am always hungry. This is part of my protest. I didn't have a fool's mission when I majored in Biology. So, I guess, because I should not (by law) be required to live in fear and anxiety while

education is lawfully sanctioned so that justice may be properly served – I guess – because I am. Even so, I cannot imagine that the University will continue to steal from me and charge me for classes (using loan money that is mine by right of advantage) against, both, my wishes (I did not sign them permission) and lawful standards that must imply that the so-called "State" cannot pursue me into oblivion and rupture itself in the process so that it cannot legally recommend itself and the University to me and be part, also, of an improvement effort and ongoing plan for the enhancement and production of known curriculums designed and legislated to educate the masses toward prosperity. I must be paid for something. Criminal behavior has already stripped me of my labor, my career path, and is continuing to obscure my goals. I should not be penalized simply for breathing.

At some point, the University, without

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explanation, without having described any legitimate purpose or legal determination, decided to ban me from the gym. As such, It (The University) claims – and cannot assert itself except only as a burden in these matters and privilege for itself, in its extremity from justice, a defensive purpose in identified existence other than as an entity with no distinct legal advantage or moral code. Jackson State University Office of Public Safety claims that it can arrest me for “disorderly conduct” merely by asking Staff or Faculty for a business card that I have every qualified right to obtain. I have addressed my concerns to the proper authorities at the University. It has been several weeks. I still do not have an answer . . . but I do know at least two things . . . YourSelfes cannot buy stupidity. YourSelfes cannot sell the same. I recognized this when I was a Public School teacher dealing with children.

Sign into P.A.W.S (**Post-acute-withdrawal syndrome**). I learned a lesson in all of this. Fat-So?

Fat?-Sew. Such is a place, “. . . where wise men fearto tread” – but not here, please.

Déjà Vu

by *Teena Marie*

It Must Be Magic –
MOTOWN 1981

Déjà Vu is a drama that stylizes the life of a young, not yet middle-aged, urban woman, who chases what she knows to be not a pipe dream while set adrift from the idea of motherhood. A recent round of causations forces her into self-repair discovery to recover from being jilted. As a result, she has dropped and lost several would be good to very great lovers. On one hand – typical of the genre – exists an anthropomorphic fantasy world of hip hypercriticisms and gimmick driven letdowns to peculiarly perceptive what's happenin's, collectively rehearsed for the benefit of “colored folks” who are largely imaginary. Teena Marie – always (not in particular) as sophisticated songstress – on this piece facilitates a message of hope (as

an afterthought) for the magazine rack character who shops herself around in hope of attracting a more satisfying lover by continuously fine-tuning her absently displayed image. Due to lack of discipline and interest on the part of a friend whom she holds in esteem, she eventually finds a way to connect by listening well and accepting her faults as part of her cosmetic appeal. Her renewal of expectations qualifies a love-at-first-sight relationship for that real, dedicated bond of love that has never existed in her life.

For example (from the 1st stanza):

I'm young and I'm old

I'm rich and I'm poor

. . . Is, in this way, a reference to a personality conflict, idiomatically self-acknowledged by her long, unrectified history of dependence upon a slavishly long love-affair with a cigarette routine. Servility – confined by the tired but tawdry leavings (scraps) from of the let-down – invests in her a

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hidden obligation
to creatively sponsor a
smoking environment
wherewith to find value in
being overcome by esoteric
inspiration without
necessarily inclining her
aspiration toward tobacco
consciousness. The character,
instead, ruminates
about her past as one-half
of a formerly mismatched
pair who, whimsically,
recalls a time when she
was gifted by (with) a
"White Gazelle" – an
under realized attraction
for and appreciation of
an unexpected pack of
cigarettes (a "birthday
surprise") every once-in-a-
while from a devoted friend
or ex-lover. She makes
good tips at her job (from a
tip jar) that mostly pays for
her habit (On horseback
riding free) and helps her
to buy cocaine easily from
a personal circle of friends.
Lucky me, she reminisces,
and tosses the butts
without needing to
rationalize which few
of them to keep for just-in-
case (i.e., searching in the
darkness).

In both symbolic and
lyrical representation, the
child-like portion of the
character attempts to
reinvent herself without

sponsoring the trouble to
recount the error of her
own ways where she was,
once-upon-a-time, a self-
credited bitch for being a
Queen (4th stanza)

I used to be a queen, you
know

In (?) an island by the sea

With rainbow colored
people

Happy as can be

among a well-known
crowd of would-be's who,
nevertheless, sporadically
(opportunistically) equaled
their myth of greatness
despite a societal
categorical conviction that
they would always be, in
whole, non-functional as a
ghettoized people deposed
by selfish ignorance for
their part in subscribing to
clinical abortions. A
secondary analogy fancies
a Queen the first smoke in
a new pack of cigarettes. A
last broken (tip-based)
purchase made before a
solid union with her steady
lover (The people who do
what she does and love
what they do when they
find time to relax with her)
– still nestled against the
others which she cannot

bear to part with because
her funds are running low.
In expectation of bumping
into a friend who will loan
her a couple, she buys a
soda anyway for a feeling
of power and to calm her
nerves.

The now polite, once
disenchanted, now
charming lover –
in reaction – finds and
establishes novel
controlled and technical
advantages (profitability) to
her safekeeping
(livelihood) by drawing
herself into a desired state
of chemical depression
sponsored by tobacco
toxicity and, thereafter,
through persistent sugar
intake, polishes herself to
character at a level of
commitment to cognitive
existence where agitated
grace equals, by her
refinements (conventions),
a sustaining return to her
youth (everyday appeal).

The soul feels like the
Universe

It's vast and never ends

Stars to me are the children

Babies are my friends

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The habits she had become accustomed to were, at last, but without luck, killing the central character. As an aid to quitting and stabilizing her life she got pregnant to recover her compromised health.

God is like a galaxy

Within my spirit flies

Felt this way a million times

Please don't ask me why

Complaint of the developing fetus who's spirit is undervalued and potentially undernourished. However, because the mother eats relatively well, here:

Once I was a white gazelle

(The fetus is forced to become self-aware too soon and rejects obligatory biological conformations to favor adapting its physical development with the mass of genetic resolutions (now)

On horseback riding free

(resolved, therefore, to be maintained, as an

ongoing regimen, under conscious control for the purposes of safety [A Strawberry Alarm-Clock]) because the maturing infant has made a decision to live despite reassurances (often negated) that tobacco toxicity is a(n) (unnatural) part of the environment that it must learn to cope with. By trial and error, the growing baby learns to defeat many attempts on the part of the mother to smoke, by injuring itself at critical periods, to challenge and tax the mother's reserves and vie for a consciously premature, but less than optimum, birth.

Searching in the darkness

. . . knowing that the mother must react . . .

In the end, however, story-telling advantages (unmentioned or underdeveloped persecutions) distract her into smoking and driving to remove her mind from over-simplifying her complication of doubts that contend to convict her sensitivities in those events that have driven her to suffer an abortion for the

purpose of capitalizing on insurance. She suffers a formulaic, documented miscarriage, but owes her former partner half of the settlement. Goddamn. Call it Déjà Vu.

Fire and Desire

by Rick James featuring Teena Marie

Street Songs- Gordy 1981

Drama connecting a man's habit of slowly sharing his new love affair into his life of easy-come-easy-go with his derivation of sobriety gained by a thorough education in the art of compulsive practiced behavior. The man – focused on an opportunity to found a franchise business – reinvents himself to take advantage of an additional prospect. After his thoughtful investment in designer drugs begins to thin, he unexpectedly/expectantly inherits a known, profitable dope route and fantasizes about growing it out into a novel beginning with a little romance (Sugar: Codeine – A drug he is addicted to by his habit of sampling pharmaceuticals from his friends and self-

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doctoring / self-medicating.) As a dealer, he rationalizes only too well that he cannot afford to let this thing get out of hand, so, by word of mouth, he limits sales to clients who know him so that he won't attract an empire. Too late.

He eventually sexes a friend (his good-guy side) – the one who is designed by life to be this tolerant, this mellow, this accepting, this dominant for the benefit of a tough decision-maker (his perfectionist side) and he embraces this interlude with a round of (Coffee-Addict/Cane-Sugar Connoisseur/Alcohol Prodigy/ Cigarettes Confidant) solitaire blues. His reaction pays off and pays dividends when he meets a woman who helps him compete for this dream so to place the drama of LIFE in its perspective as a reduced concern while they go on together in acceptance of their matrimony. What a lonely effort.

HAPPY

by Rick James featuring Teena Marie

Throwin' Down - Gordy 1982

A sculptured dream fantasy concerning the new reality of love for a couple who both practiced doping on coffee and cigarettes at their champagne breakfast after the morning of the after party. The couple, newly wedded, are still intoxicated and slightly dependent upon dope sales – for entertainment purposes – to front their living arrangements. By losing and misplacing their personal cigarettes to the suitability of being the attractive hosts the night before, and finding, by casual fortuitousness, their partner's cigarettes laying just within reach, the couple becomes enchanted with the other's taste and falls deeper in love. The pair – wanting distraction – disengage from their caressing and continue their morning with a love encounter over champagne.

Give It To Me Baby

Rick James

Street Songs- Gordy 1981

Aphosphorescent fable about a social engineer – a prime-time on-time lover – who, after years of dedicated erotic enjoyment of his only squeeze, catches the lottery one night. After work the next day – just to prove that he is still honest and still surprising – he purchases for them, a Lamb – his woman's dream-machine – because they both love to drive and ride fast from one side of town to the other to purchase cigarettes. At last the couple rids themselves of want and need and their two car heap and hootie so that they can both enjoy their new ride on super premium hi-test only.

Walk On By

Burt Bacharach, with lyrics by Hal David

Originally recorded by Dionne Warwick

Walk On By – Scepter 1964

A drama about a street-walker not yet turned prostitute because she, as a substance abuser, still has a circle of dope-fiend/dope-hound friends

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(band of gold) to depend on whom help her to nourish the management of her cocaine habit because she, like them, never really intend to stop using until each stops breathing. The protagonist begins the day with a cigarette and a dose of tranquilizers and realizes that there's nothing in the house except coffee and doughnuts that she doesn't really want, but needs. Everything (just about) that she drinks is spiked and because she is a party-food queen, the meal on hand is adulterated (doctored) usually with some hypnotic drug or hallucinogen to help her pay the rent. She bakes a cake to pass the time because she is thrilled to learn for the first time again that success brings food.

MindBlowing Decisions

by *Johnnie Wilder, Jr.*
(Heatwave)

Central Heating – Epic
1978

A Younger Man – Older Woman drama that focuses on immaturity and the sexual promiscuity of two

“gay” men who eventually, after an LSD experience that engages a mostly on-again trio in a predictable ménage à trois, rationalize their decision as one of honesty to co-found a “marriage” of exclusivity to a woman they each innocently love.

5 Things That Make a Relationship Work

by
Talk2Q



We are born into this world as selfish beings. A baby wants to do *what* they want *when* they want. They will cry when they can't have their way. Over time, they

are taught to appreciate and love those who have their best interest at heart. Until society teaches them otherwise.

Is making a relationship work as difficult as most people make it out to be? It's two people who love being together more than they love being apart. Sounds simple enough, right? Well, not so fast, Speedy Gonzales. The hardest part of a relationship is finding someone with the same level of commitment that you have. The same mindset. The same goals in mind.

You can't control what others do, but there are some things that you can do to ensure that you're holding up your end of things:

1. Are you paying attention?

Listening is very important in relationships. It helps to understand your mate's mindset and it allows you to be comforting in times of need. You should know a lot about your mate from their childhood experiences to what their work day was like. If you're not an authority of your mate's info like clothes sizes, high school's name, and simple things of that nature then

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www.nurennaissance.com

nurennaissance@yahoo.com

[@nuren_artist](https://twitter.com/nuren_artist)

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you're either not asking the right questions or you're not paying attention. Knowing simple things can go a long way towards showing someone that you care enough to know their experiences.

2. Are you being dependable?

I don't know about some, but this is huge for me. You have to be reliable if you're going to be in a successful relationship. If "oh, I forgot" or "I got tied up" becomes your answer to a lot of reasons you failed to do something then expect your mate to eventually check out on you. No one wants to be with someone who they don't trust to do what they say they're going to do. We all know what it's like to be disappointed and it's not a pleasant feeling when a person shows you that they don't care. Be reliable. Be supportive. Be there when the person needs you to be.

3. Are you thoughtful?

This is something that seems to fly right over the heads of so many Americans today. Thoughtfulness. We're subconsciously trained to think of ourselves so much that we rarely take time to

think of others. You should always look to brighten your mate's day. Well, to be honest, you should and brighten anyone's day, but we're focusing on relationships here. Surprise them with a home cooked meal, massage their feet, or something of that nature. Pay attention to small details and cater to your mate. Nothing makes a mate feel more emotionally secure than you showing effort to make them happy. You don't even have to be present to do it. Sending flowers to their job or buying them something they need/want shows that you care. What says "love" more than showing that you thought of a person when they weren't even present?

4. Are you giving them what they want?

Everyone has a guilty pleasure that is more enjoyable when done with a loved one than alone. However, it may only be something that your mate may enjoy and you could care less about it. Whatever it may be, do it. Maybe your mate likes a show that you don't care for. Who cares? Watch it with them and make them happy. It

could be an art show that he/she wants to attend. Don't just go, show interest and make sure your attitude is a positive one. And of course, it could be something physical/sexual that doesn't bring you pleasure, but pleases them. Do it right and do it often. Give it your 100%. Being in love is as much about giving as it is receiving. In fact, it's more about giving. Everyone communicates what makes them happy or unhappy and we just need to pay attention and give it to them.

5. Are you being honest?

Sounds easy, but some people struggle with this. Not necessarily because they're intentionally deceiving their mate, but because they're deceiving themselves. So many people don't truly know what they want in a relationship yet they'll jump into one without a goal in mind. This is one of the reasons why divorce rates are so high these days. It's not a good idea to figure out how to swim *after* you've jumped in the water. A lot of us are infatuated with the idea of being in a relationship despite the fact that we're not ready for one. Be honest

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in evaluating yourself and knowing what you want. It can prevent a lot of stress and heartache down the line.

Conclusion:

You may be asking yourself, "What makes him the authority on making a relationship work?" Well, I'm not an expert. I just have an opinions. However, I've discussed this with enough people in my life and read enough blog posts, social media statuses, and other things to know what people *say* they want. It's pretty common knowledge what people *say* they want in a relationship, but how many are willing to *do* what it takes to achieve that? Only about 50% of us if you look at today's divorce rate.

People date for many reasons: they enjoy having someone in their company, they want "something to do" until something better comes along, or maybe they're genuinely looking for a life companion. This blog post doesn't apply to the first two because they are self-serving. This post is meant to be a blueprint for those

truly looking for love. For if you do those five things and your mate reciprocates, then how could the two of you *not* be happy? **Good luck out there!**

We Got White Supremacists- WHERE ARE THE BLACK PANTHERS???

by Author Crystal Henderson from Get Crystalized



With the **Dylann Roof's** of the world killing and spreading the **White Supremacist** agendas then where are the warriors from the other side



? Where in the hell are the **Black Panthers**? Where are the soldiers of truth? Where are the men and women who are willing to fight for the cause and what in the fuck happened to the revolution that was not supposed to be televised? You know what **IS BEING TELEVISED?** The daily killing of innocent black men and women, young and old. Killings from the young 12 year old **Tamir Rice** to 87 year old grandmother **Susie Jackson** who was just killed in the **Emanuel Church Massacre**. Meanwhile the **Confederate Flag**, a symbol of pure HATE still waves high and proud in **South Carolina**.

Am I encouraging black men and women to take up arms and start killing themselves? No I am not but when I read that Black America is terrified, well that pisses me off. We should not be afraid. We built this fucking country

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with our blood, sweat, and tears. When I see shows called "The Men Who Built America" none of them portrayed or black yet in still if it were not for the slaves, my ancestors, nothing would have been built. Because even though our brain power was stifled, or muscles and sheer determination to stay alive was not. Instead if it was not for our "free" labor NONE OF THIS WOULD HAVE BEEN POSSIBLE!!! So who are these Black Panthers that I am calling out to?

The Black Panther Party or BPP (originally the Black Panther Party for Self-Defense)



was a revolutionary black nationalist and socialist organization active in the United States from 1966 until 1982, with its only international chapter operating in Algeria from

1969 until 1972. At its inception in October 1966, the Black Panther Party's core practice was its armed citizens' patrols to monitor the behavior of police officers and challenge police brutality in Oakland, CA. In 1969, community social programs became a core activity of party members. The Black Panther Party instituted a variety of community social programs, most extensively the Free Breakfast for Children Programs, and community health clinics.

Federal Bureau of Investigation Director J. Edgar Hoover called the party "**the greatest threat to the internal security of the country**", and he supervised an extensive program (COINTELPRO) of surveillance, infiltration, perjury, police harassment, and many other tactics designed to undermine Panther leadership, incriminate party members, discredit and criminalize the Party, and drain the organization of resources and manpower. The program was also accused of using assassination against Black Panther members. Are

there no more Huey Newton's out there? When he died did the ultimate fight die with him? Are blacks too frightened of being jailed or killed to stand up?

We have ISIS, we have the TALIBAN, we have WHITE SUPREMACISTS, to make people stand up and take notice of their cause. Who is making people stand up and take notice to the black cause? Is violence the right way? I do not agree with the killing of innocents. But what are we to do? What are we doing besides, dancing, singing, playing ball, disgracing ourselves? Where are our WARRIORS, our leaders, our TRUTH FIGHTERS? Without them we may always be looked upon as the victims. Forever to be looked upon as the lowly slave, the NOTHINGS. I for one am tired of being the victim. Tired of being marginalized. THIS IS MY COUNTRY!!! And I will NOT BE DENIED.

So...who's with me?

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