



JOURNAL  
OF  
PSYCHIC PROTECTION

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*Letter from the Editor:*  
*A Word on Psychic Protection*

We're all affected by the vibrational frequencies in our environments to varying degrees because all people, places, and objects emit energy. On an atomic level, these vibrations could be seen as existing somewhere between consciousness and matter. What we feel and how we behave are subject to subtle modulation based on the mood of a landscape, the attitude of a person, and the feeling of a building.

The practice of psychic protection, which can involve mental exercises and meditations, is based on the idea that we can consciously control both the transmission of our own positive energies, and shield ourselves from damaging ones. It can be used in situations where one feels anxious, drained, or stressed. It can also be one of many tools to help guard against the psychic pollution created by toxic forces in our society – powers that push racist, sexist, exploitative, or ecologically damaging agendas, for example. Although these practices are mental, they are ultimately meant to ground you in your physical body, firmly rooted on earth.

Practitioners of psychic phenomena believe that a person under psychic attack is vulnerable to negative

emotions but also to compromised physical health. Whether we decide to protect ourselves by getting a vaccine, taking a vitamin, or wearing a black tourmaline necklace, there's an underlying belief in all of these practices that there are invisible forces which, through the power of action or intention, we have the ability to manipulate and control.

Our immune system is our primary means of protection against germs and infection. And unlike the clinical language around atomic science, the language of immunology frequently alludes to narrative: "natural killers" are cells capable of destroying white blood cells, for example. The term "host defense system" highlights the belief that that we are essentially separate from our bodies and must mount an attack against the microorganisms that live within us. The immune system "under attack" becomes a metaphor for the collective feeling of corporeal vulnerability in a world over which we have little control.

The use of this kind of language emphasizes a belief deeply rooted in Western science and culture – the binary between the body and the mind – that we "have" an immune system, a mind, or a body. In her *Manifesto for Cyborgs*, Donna Haraway wrote of a world in which "people are not afraid of their joint kinship with animals and machines, not afraid of permanently partial

identities and contradictory standpoints.”

Distinctions between self and other are likewise called into question with the commodification of bodily materials (blood, bones, cells, organs, and tissues) and their biomedically-enabled transference between bodies. Because I was born with a Primary Immune Deficiency, my immune system doesn't produce enough antibodies to fight pathogens, which until recently, left me susceptible to frequent colds and infections. In 1987, the FDA approved a type of treatment for this condition, which I began last year. The treatment, which has brought much improvement, involves injecting an antibody-rich serum under my skin every other week, a single dose of which contains donated samples from thousands of different people. I am continuously receiving the commodified life force of others, absorbing and incorporating their cells into my own.

The science of immunology states that immunization against disease is only effective if it is adopted by a large portion of the population -- meaning effectively that our individual health depends on our collective action. If we think of ourselves as not just having individual bodies but also social bodies then we can see that health is not just an individual but also a social issue. We are all already polluted. We have more

microorganisms in our guts than we have cells in our bodies -- we are crawling with bacteria and are full of chemicals. We are, in other words, continuous with everything here on earth and in the Universe. Including, and especially, each other.

--Natalie Labriola

*The Petrified Order* by Daniel Small is a series of four hollow IKEA props: a laptop, Xbox 360, internet router, and DVD player, all manufactured for commercial furniture stores. These objects were petrified at a well in North Yorkshire, England, where objects have been left dating back to the middle ages when the seemingly unexplained rapid petrification was attributed to a kind of belief in the supernatural spurring countless myths about the well. The petrification takes place due to an unusually high mineral content in the water, and the props were coated in stone over the course of months. In this sense they are facades of stone surrounding the hollow contour of a now dated fetishized technology. Taken together, they are simultaneously objects of the past and the future, and although recognizable, their forms are an impossibility of what would be found in some future archaeological dig.

Images:

P. 10, *Yorkshire Petrification Well*

P. 11, *The Petrified Order, Installation* (top)

*The Petrified Order, DVD Player*

P. 12. *The Petrified Order, Laptop* (top)

*The Petrified Order, Internet Router* (bottom)

P. 13. *The Petrified Order, X-Box*









A Dressed-up Skeleton



# HOW vs. NOW

**Best  
Seller**

amazon.com

***"FINALLY, I CAN SLEEP!"***

**-JOHN KRASINSKI**



# KAREN

***"Get out of your head, get out of everyone else's head,  
stay hydrated & STOP BEING WRONG!"***

**-Karen**



On December 7, 2017, Pantone announced it's 2018 color of the year, *Pantone® 18-3838 Ultra Violet*. The self-proclaimed “color authorities” describe the provocative and thoughtful purple shade as communicating originality, ingenuity, and visionary thinking. A color so powerful it takes our awareness and potential to a higher level — intuitive Ultra Violet guides us to the future while carrying a significant past.



**35,600 BCE:** Violet is one of the oldest colors used by humankind. Traces of it can be found in the paintings located in the Altamira, Lascaux, and Pech Merle caves. The earliest examples were made by grinding mineral manganese with water or animal fat.

**1570 BCE:** The Phoenicians create a colorfast violet dye by harvesting the secretion of sea snails. Expensive to produce, the dye becomes tightly controlled by the imperial courts and is restricted for use on royal silks.



**800 BCE:** The phrase “born in the purple” (porphyrogennetos) is first recorded as a euphemism to describe a child born to the emperor. The idiom is later used to illustrate a person of privilege.

**c. 320 BCE:** The first mention of the sobering effects of amethyst are made by Asclepiades of Samos. The ancient Greeks believed that amethyst possessed the power to prevent drunkenness and carved drinking vessels from the stone.

The name of the gemstone derives from the word “amethystos” which essentially translates to “not intoxicated.”

**c. 312 CE:** Roman Emperor Constantine the Great converts to Christianity, establishing the religion in the empire and leading to its eventual dominance. The holiday of Lent becomes more regularized thereafter, and the Roman Catholic Church uses violet fabrics in observance of the period, believing that the color represents solemnness, penance, and detachment.





**c. 1636:** Diego Velázquez paints *The Coronation of the Virgin*, the artist's last religious painting. Velázquez depicts God the Father and Jesus Christ in violet robes, a color associated with royalty and majesty.

**1801-1960:** In 1808, German physicist Johann Wilhelm Ritter discovers ultraviolet radiation after observing that invisible rays beyond the violet end of the visible spectrum darken silver chloride-soaked paper more quickly than violet light. In 1878, scientists learn about the sterilizing effects of short-wavelength light and in 1890 Danish

physician Niels Ryberg Finsen develops a carbon arc lamp that emits ultraviolet radiation for use in skin therapy. By 1960, the effect of UV radiation on DNA is recognized.

**1978:** Ultraviolet light devices designed by German scientist Frederick Wolff start selling in the United States, marking the start of the indoor tanning industry in the country.

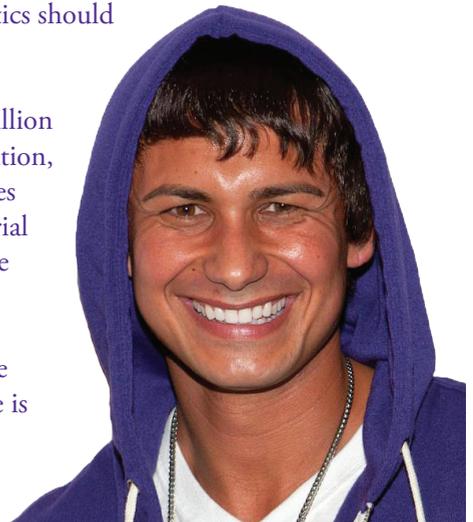


**1999:** By the end of the 21st century, violet neckties become popular among political and business leaders. The color is considered to combine the assertiveness and confidence that a red tie exudes with the peace and cooperation that a blue tie represents.

**2001:** The Violet Party is founded in Dortmund, Germany. A small New Age political party with about 1,150 members, the party believes in direct democracy, a guaranteed minimum income, and that politics should be based on spiritual values.

**2006:** American Apparel completes a \$280-million stock deal with Endeavor Acquisition Corporation, becoming a public company and opening stores in Europe, Asia and Latin America. The Imperial Purple hoodie becomes an iconic marker of the company's brand.

**2018:** Kremer Pigmente manufactures genuine Tyrian dye for \$4,280 per gram. 1 gram of dye is made from the secretion of 10,000 sea snails.





# 4 Spell for psychic protection

Protection can only come from within! Visualize yourself as a circle of magick, surrounded by a beautiful bubble of white light, help me with light, help me through which only love & your highest good can enter. chant three times. 1. imagine yourself as a tree with roots protect me with light, help me through which only love & your highest good can enter. 2. visualize you are surrounded by a beautiful bubble of white light, help me with light, help me through which only love & your highest good can enter. 3. imagine yourself as a tree with roots protect me with light, help me through which only love & your highest good can enter.



## **The Nomadic She: Dreaming Exercises from *Relational Synaesthetics***

By Jesse Cohen

### **Psyche Tap**

*Write a question to your dreaming state before bed. Place your notebook in a spot you can easily reach from where you sleep. In the morning, and if you wake up during the night, note any thoughts, dreams, or feelings that you remember. See what happens if you ask the same question several nights in a row.*

*[Note: to aid dream recall, it can help to stay tuned to your dreaming body by keeping your physical body as close as possible to the position it was in at the moment you woke up. You can even keep one eye closed as you write.]*

### **What Is the Sun Before It Rises?**

*Set two alarms: one for an hour and a half before dawn, and one for just after the first light of day. Note any thoughts, dreams, or sensations that you recall during or after the time between the alarms. In the case that you dreamt, but don't remember what, describe the quality of the dream residue.*

### **Synchronicity Tending**

*Think of something that has been coming up for you a lot. It could be a number, a person, an animal, a color, a*

*body sensation, etc. For one week, each night before you go to sleep, meditate on this thing in whatever way makes sense to you. Keep notes about any experiences, thoughts, or dreams that you have about this thing over the course of the week.*

### **Nightmare Medicine**

*Think of a scary dream you've had and write it down. Imagine that the fear you experienced carries its antidote within it in the form of an invitation. For example, yesterday's dream of falling invites you to fly in your dream tomorrow. In the present tense, write down how your antidote dream might unfold. Record yourself reading your antidote dream. Get into a comfortable position, close your eyes, and play back your antidote dream recording as a self-guided meditation.*

### **Dream Team**

*Gather one or more friends who would like to dream together. You do not need to be in the same place, or to go to sleep at the same time. Together, choose a song for all dreamers to listen to while falling asleep, as well as a word to set the tone for the dream space you would like to create. Write the word on a piece of paper. When you are tired and ready for bed, take a moment to meditate on the word and then put it under your pillow. Lie down and listen to the song as you drift off. Do this together for at least three nights in a row using the same word and song. Compare notes every morning.*



Jesse Cohen, *Parasites*, from "Dream Collages"



Jesse Cohen, *Tin Man Heart Surgery*, from "Dream Collages"

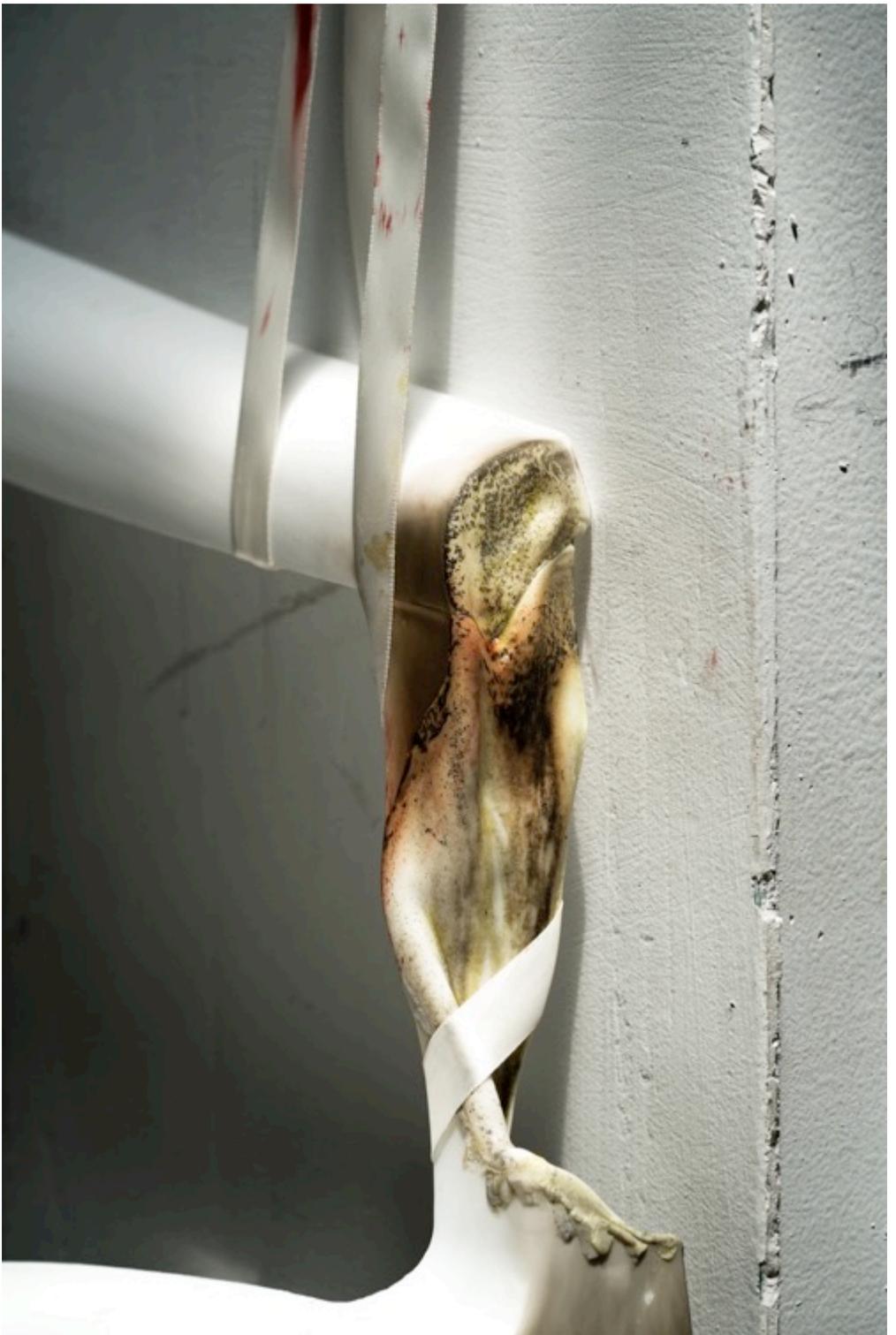
















The B O O K  
of  
F O R M A T I O N

A N O V E L

R o s s S i m o n i n i

## Preface

**F**or two decades I interviewed the man who helped us to stop being ourselves and become who we want to be. I was fortunate enough to know him well and in many forms: as a celebrity, hermit, mentor, target of media slander, miracle worker, director of a multimillion-dollar media empire, and uncultured teenage fledgling, which is how I first met him on a winter morning in Los Angeles.

Most people never knew Masha Isle. They didn't meet the boy who uttered every word with perfect ignorance. They met someone else: the fully formed adult, master of the personality arts—worldly, seasoned, glowing from televisions and presiding over his audiences like a natural-born leader.

This book is my attempt to reintroduce the world to Isle. For those who know him through gossip and tabloids, here is a chance to meet him directly, without the pesky buzz of opinion. For devotees of his show, these talks reveal the icon as he was offstage, out of his host position. For those who haven't known Isle at all—the next generations—I hope this book serves as an authentic introduction.

Of course, to be properly introduced to the boy, you must first meet the mother. Anyone who lived through those premillennial years knew the name *Mayah* long before the arrival of her boy

successor, and this, too, is how I met the Isles, in the final days of 1994.

Ah, the '90s—the moment I discovered I could work on myself. *Actualize*, as the saying then went. A decade of looking through the mirror. Self-transformation certainly wasn't a new concept, but to experience it then, when it was finally accepted into pop culture—that felt historic. Here was a new way to believe—no more years of studying the dreary history of religion. By then, all you needed was pure human potential.

When these talks began, *Mayah!* was in its eighth nationally syndicated season, the clear frontrunner among a wave of talk shows. These were collectively known as “PM” or “personality movement.” Likewise, Mayah's growing mass of admirers referred to themselves as “personality movers” (or simply “movers”) and included a cast of celebrities whose endorsements lifted her to the most rarified peak of the American media landscape.

I admit, at this time in my life, I only knew the vague contours of PM. I had the same basic knowledge as any half-aware U.S. citizen. I could recite a bit of the movement's jargon, but I didn't really understand it, and I'd seen a few episodes of the show, mostly to study Mayah's dynamic interviews with guests. I'd heard people making claims of radical transformations, shedding bad habits, eradicating unwanted opinions, but to me it all sounded like overwrought psychoanalysis.

There were a slew of other hosts—Dr. Mark Todd, Tello Jeffers, Vicki Shore, Donel—and they all carved out their individual niches and interpretations of “p,” which, as best as I could understand, was some kind of energy substance at the root of our identities. But mostly, like everyone else, my attention was fixed on Mayah, who seemed to draw her energy out of an endless well of charm from which we all wanted to drink.

She was pervasive—on every red carpet, her arm around every head in show business. Within a few years, I watched as the media's fascination with Mayah's celebrity blossomed into a certainty that this woman would progress our culture toward en-

lightenment. The majority had crossed a threshold, from skepticism to belief. Every food she ate, ensemble she wore, suggestion she made—the press received it all as wisdom.

Unlike most celebrities, Mayah asked for a kind of attention that felt productive. We could all see how she was developing an important new role for society. And yet, as much as we loved her, it was obvious that the system of thought behind her words wasn't going to catch on. Her vigilance was endearing, and her sermons on the show were uplifting, but ultimately, all the talk about "p" seemed just too opaque for popular consciousness. The expanse of PM wasn't suited for six-hundred-word articles, so journalists usually glossed over it in a clause or two. You'd hear people throw the terms back and forth—"Inhale P. Exhale Personality."—to show off their knowledge of pop trivia, but rarely did anyone dive beneath the movement's reputation as the newest way to make yourself over. PM was everywhere, yes, but no one was really paying attention, which is how one of the great ideas of the late twentieth century developed, hidden in plain sight.

For me, the whole thing floated by like a ship off the coast—impressive, but of no personal concern. I wasn't the target audience and I had no stake in the game, which was exactly how I liked to observe the drift of fads. For a journalist, this was the preferred position: cool neutrality. The idea was to purge yourself of opinion and become a blank slate on which to deliver the truth. Culture trusted you, and the way to honor that trust was to escape your own bias.

I spent years cultivating this attitude. I'd molded my voice to the shape of highbrow journals. I interviewed intellectuals on theory, politicians on policy, and moguls on ethics. Pop culture, on the other hand, was an alien landscape to me.

All this changed in 1994, when I accepted an uncharacteristically light assignment to profile Mayah. An editor at a now-defunct glossy magazine called me and mentioned the idea. She

thought it might be provocative to put a heady writer such as myself on a sugary story like this. In fact, she'd already pitched my name to *Mayah's* publicist and received an encouraging response.

I accepted because it seemed like the right kind of challenge, and because the minor accolades of small academic publications were starting to feel meager. I wanted to know what it would feel like to write something for the general reader. I also knew enough about *Mayah* to know that she granted interviews only rarely. She relished making grand ideological proclamations about her privacy, and irately rebuffing the paparazzi. My hope was to be the first interviewer to debate her deeply, to get her on the defensive and coax something unexpected from her. Why she agreed to speak with *me*, I could not say, but I recognized the opportunity and I took it.

The plan was to fly to Los Angeles and chronicle the rising queen of television in six thousand zeitgeisty words. I shadowed *Mayah* for five days and I attended two live tapings of the show. Each week, *Mayah!* focused on a single "guest" making a "turn" from one personality to a new one. Shows featured ongoing interviews with the guest's family and friends, lectures that related the guest's progress, plus film clips of offstage treatments. Every so often, *Mayah* would bring one of her favorite transformational writers on the show to help tease out the nuances of the guest's situation.

That particular week's guest, Julie B., came from the state of Idaho, was addicted to aerosol, and had a penchant for verbally abusive partners, all of whom had their own idiosyncratic addictions. She blamed her personality.

My first show was on a Thursday, a day known for being boisterous and unpredictable due to the onstage "p-form lessons." I'd been keeping up with the show to prepare for the article, but I was still a little shocked by the kinds of primal-looking fits that took place that afternoon. Julie B. flailed around the stage for twenty minutes while the house band clapped and stomped. Finally, she exhausted herself, collapsed onto the bed, and be-

came docile enough to allow Mayah to wag her limbs and “rub out that stale p.”

For the second taping, Julie B. was in treatment backstage, and we watched a short surveillance video of her as she lay unconscious, getting massaged with white oil. Then Mayah held a forty-minute “intensive cry.” Photographs from Julie’s childhood projected above us, alternately cute and heartbreaking, accompanied by cooing gospel music. Mayah commented on each image, telling little anecdotes to illuminate Julie’s tendencies toward self-destructive behaviors, until, one by one, the audience joined in for the sob. This, Mayah explained, was a “cleansing ritual,” both for the audience and Julie, and though I didn’t personally experience any tears, it seemed undeniable that the people around me were moved.

Over the next few days, I interviewed the show’s staff and visited the homes of a few of the show’s vocal supporters, including the actress Billie Gaines, who told me that Mayah had “rearranged” her life with just a few meetings. However, when I asked for a deeper description of the meetings, Gaines declined, saying that she had only “a few nooks of discretion in her life,” and her personality work was one of them.

Most importantly, I got some face time with Mayah. However, while her show depicts an earnest and forthcoming extrovert, her dealings with the press are consistently reserved, reluctant, and occasionally spiteful. In my few brief interviews with her, Mayah proved to be an expert in the evasive remark. Though she was never directly rude to me, I couldn’t seem to get past the series of verbal games she’d placed between us. She managed to avoid making any clear, direct statements or revealing any factual information about herself. She’d respond to a question with an unrelated answer and would laugh in moments that seemed entirely inappropriate. Each reply felt like a small provocation to my dialogic skills, and so I pushed on

competitively, trying to speak to her on her own elusive terms.

For the longest of these talks,ayah and I met in an intimate, conical room walled almost entirely in mirrors. She called it the "rec room," which I later learned was an abbreviation of "recovery room," a place where guests come after they've taken a turn. For me, the room was a nightmare. My reflection kept peering at me from over both ofayah's shoulders, bobbing in my peripheral vision like a persistent sprite. It was all I could do to keep my eyes on her. She, of course, rolled along comfortably, unaffected by the reflections, her face sculpted into an impermeable Mona Lisa smile.

Again, I asked my questions, but each one was casually volleyed back as a new question, and pretty soon, I started to answer them. She had me rambling about my life, my career, and my recent personal failures. If I'm honest, I was too flattered by her interest not to give thoughtful responses. Even when I tried to turn the table, to segue into the topics I'd prepared in my notes, she'd take me down another conversational alley and watch as I struggled to find my way out of it.

I managed to disclose the place and time of my birth, the story of how I began professionally interviewing, the contempt I had for a certain sweaty-necked contingent ofayah's fans, and, finally, my candid reasons for accepting the assignment. My interviews were exercises in compassion, I told her, and this piece was a way for me to try and understand a person who was utterly alien to me. I went on to freely describe my pre-interview protocol, where I close my eyes, imagine the interviewee sitting across from me, and anticipate the first few minutes of the exchange.ayah seemed to love all of this, hooting and clapping, encouraging me to tell her everything.

Had she slipped me a pill? Something to loosen my tongue? I couldn't believe myself, willfully saying these things to a subject. I had thought that after interviewing so many significant cultural figures I had developed some kind of an immunity to the inflated ego. But on that day, whenayah showed her

curiosity toward me, I found myself under her spell, weak-kneed, vulnerable. She showed me the glaring truth: I want attention. Maybe not worldwide fame, maybe not all the time, but I want to be noticed, just like everyone else does.

This embarrassment might have been the end of my relationship with the Isle family, but the next morning, after eating three croissants to make myself feel better, I got a call from Mayah's assistant, Toni, asking if I'd be interested in speaking to "Mayah's boy" the next day.

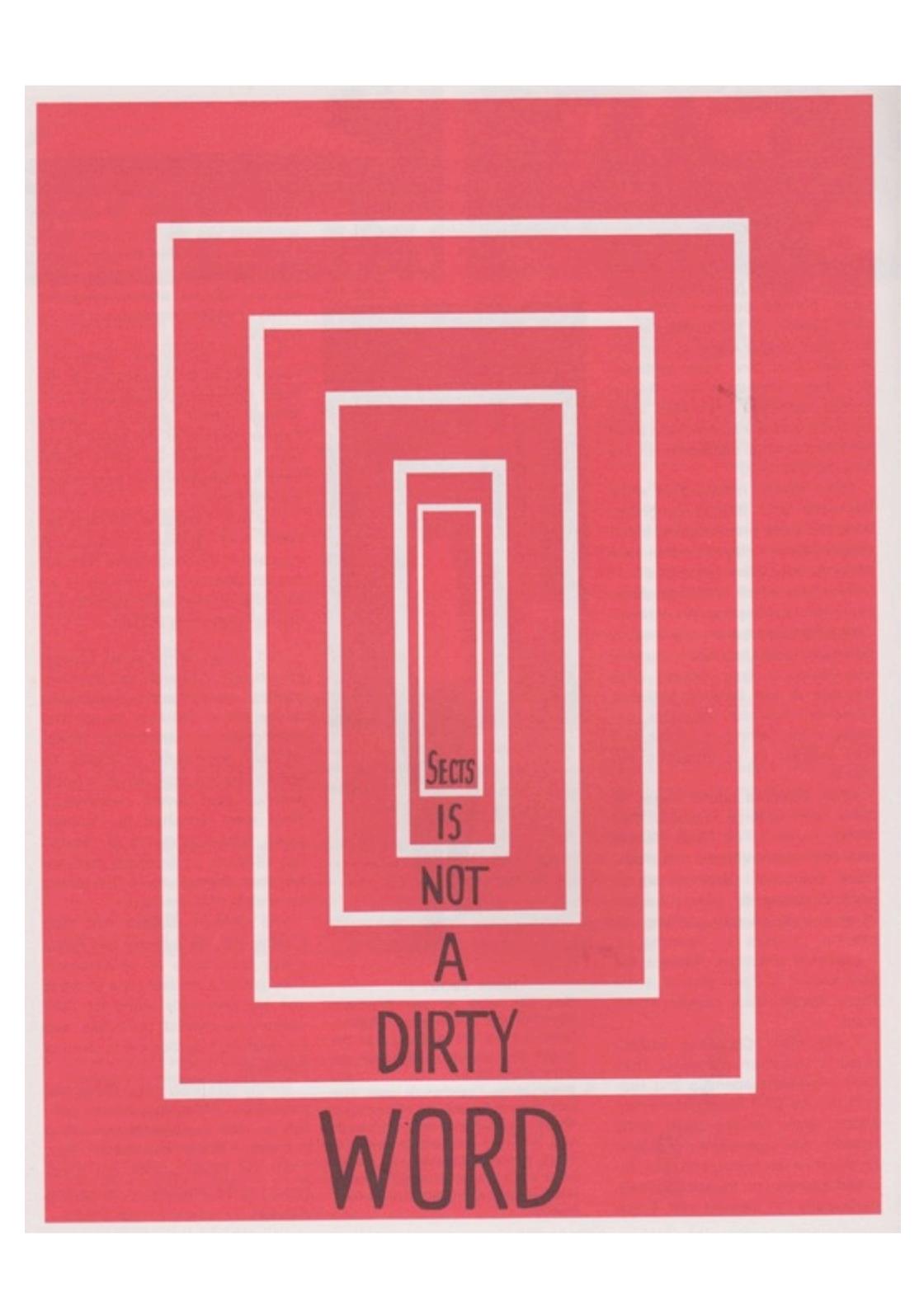
I was, of course, shocked. It was only a few hours before I was leaving to catch my flight home, and after my botched interview experience with Mayah, this unsolicited invitation to speak with her immediate family member seemed like the most unlikely offer I could imagine receiving.

So I spent a solid hour perched on the edge of my hotel bed, semiparalytic, wondering why Mayah would ask this, now, of me. What had gone right the day before? I did my typical yay-nay rumination, but eventually accepted, for the sake of the piece. The assistant gave me an address and asked me to arrive the following morning at 7:00 a.m., the moment when the following interviews begin.

I know the early conversations in this book will elicit mixed responses. Readers will interpret Masha's stories of his youth as unfortunate—the disadvantaged, helpless child preyed upon by adults. Others will see him as a spoiled brat who was bequeathed the golden crown of fame. But to see him either way will only transform every phrase he utters into evidence of your own narrow perspective. You will simplify a man who was never simple, and who was never anyone's prey.

You can be sure that whoever you are, Masha comes from a different culture than you. A culture of one, you could say. So give him the same courtesy you'd give a foreigner, someone raised in a place you've never been, with a lifestyle you

will never understand. I have no interest in swaying your opinions. See Masha how you want—victim or prince—but also acknowledge that the person in these pages is free of your cultural toxins, and has been absolved from the social expectations into which all of us were involuntarily born.



SECTS

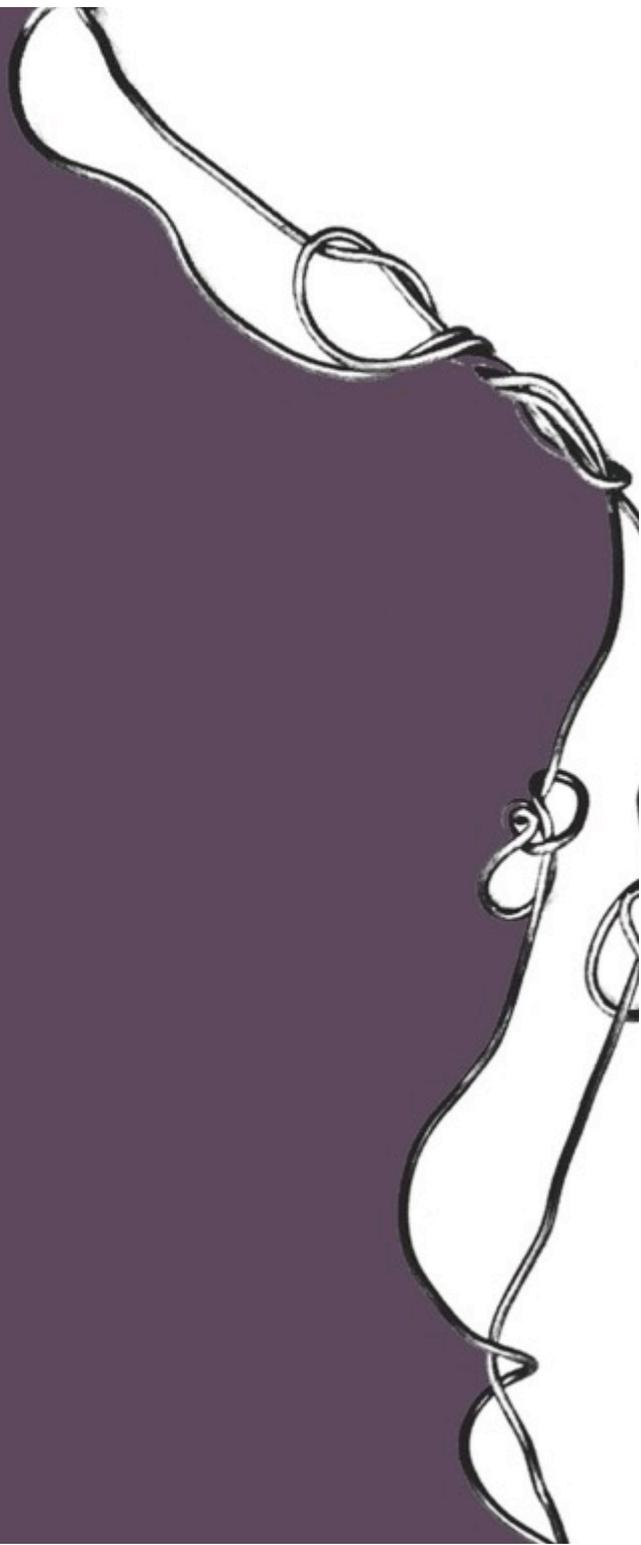
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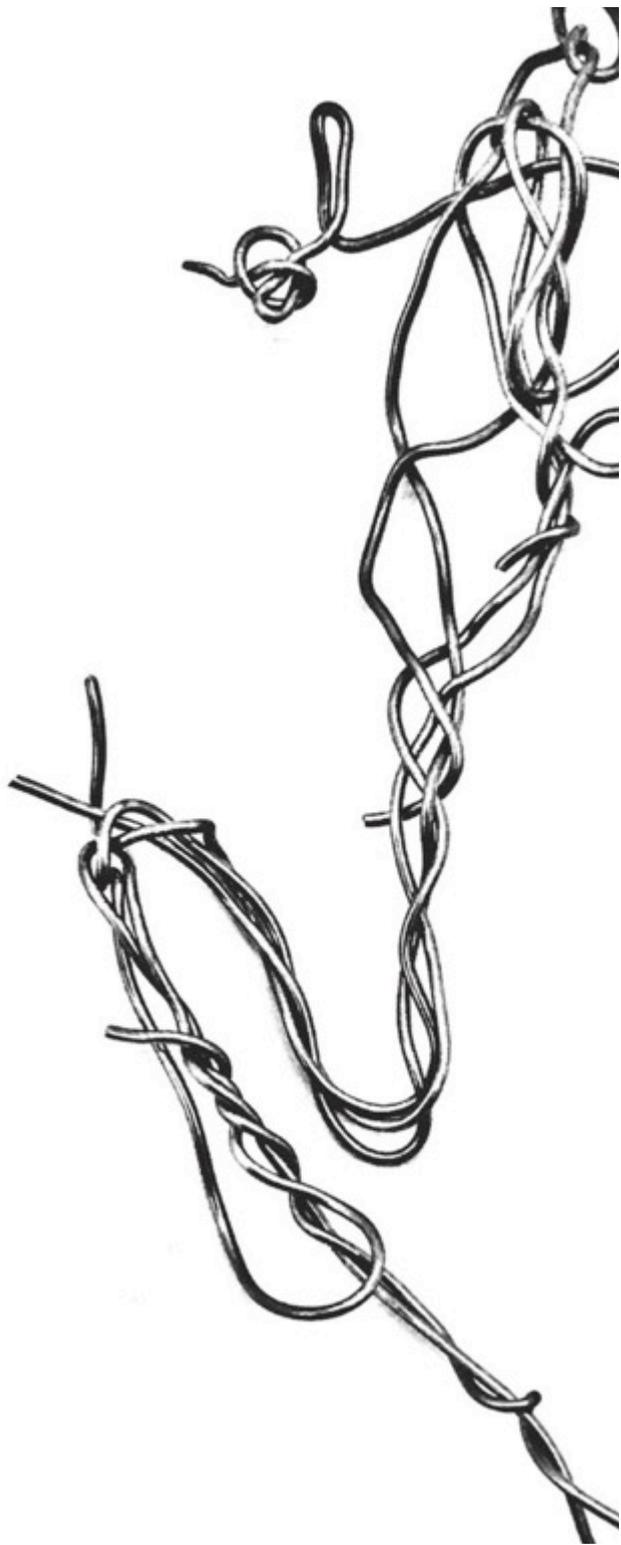
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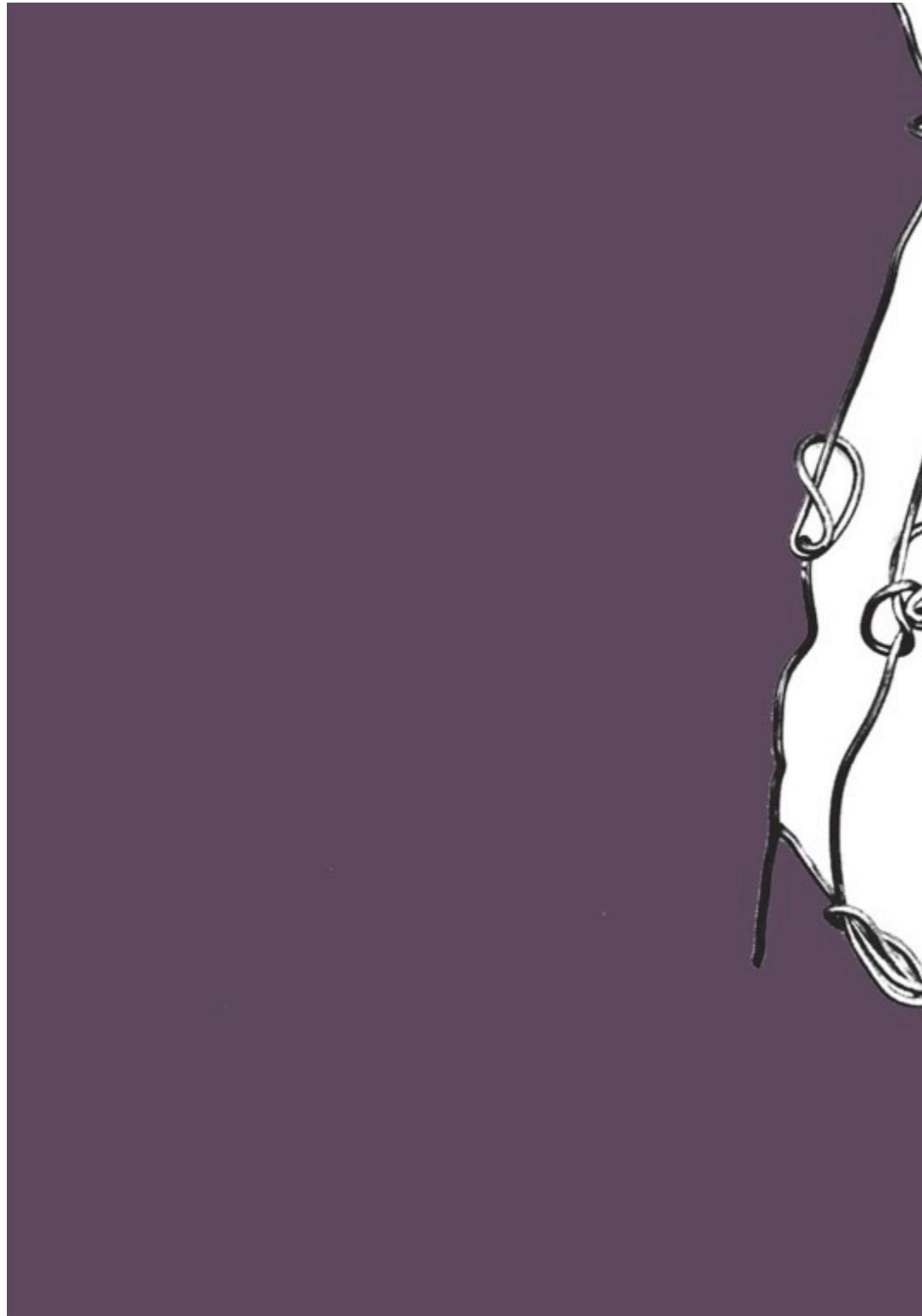
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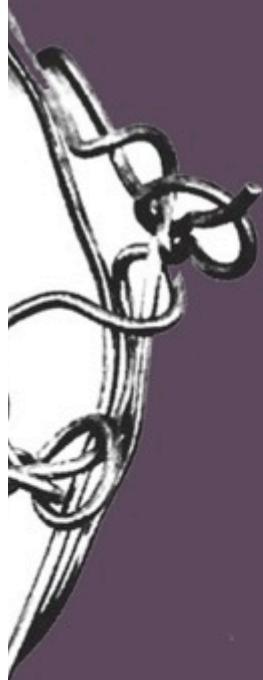


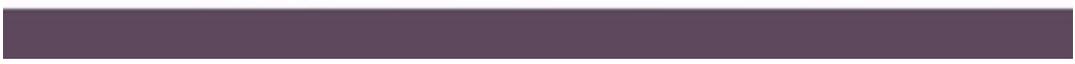






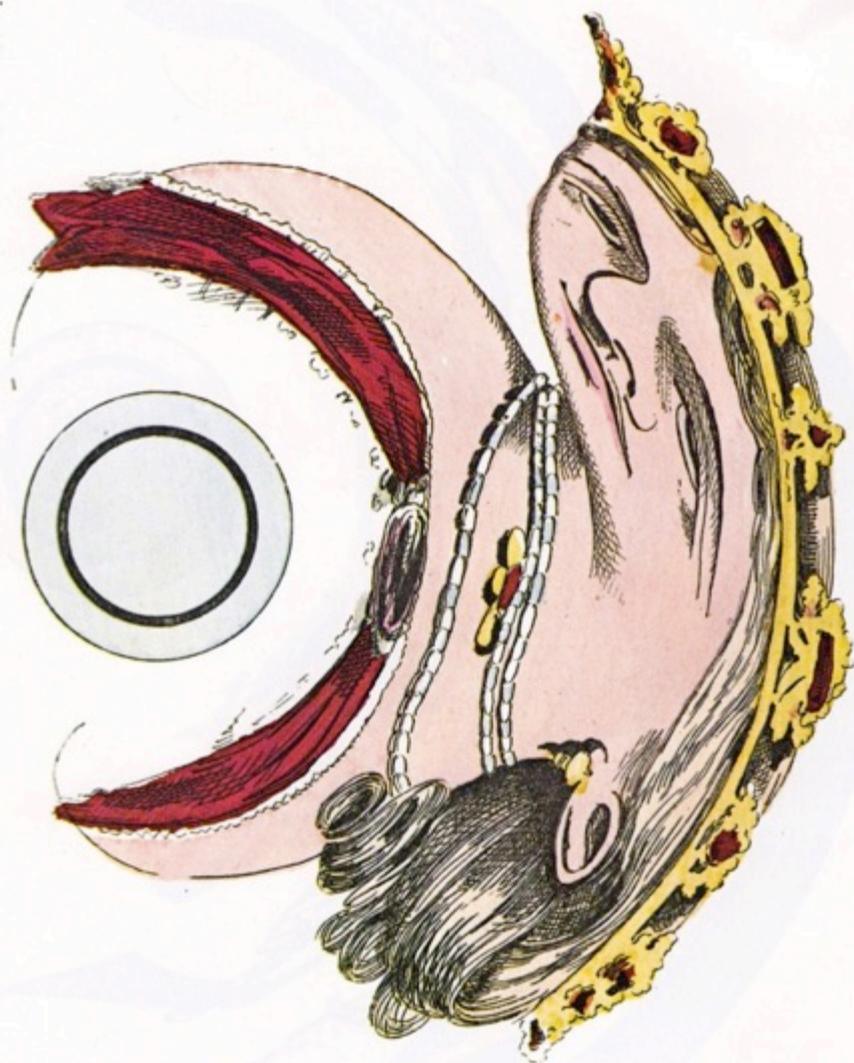








Empress Eugénie





Shana Moulton, *Celestine Prophecy*, 2017



Shana Moulton, *Self Care for the Wounded Soul*, 2017



Shana Moulton, *The Tenth Insight*, 2017

## IMPROVISATIONS

Do not forget:

1. A bed pan may be made from a roasting pan with a board across one end.

2. A Kelly pad can be made by rolling sheets or newspapers in a semi-circle, and placing over rubber sheeting or oil cloth to reach receptacle below.

3. A bright spoon attached to a candle on one side makes a good reflector for examination.

4. Newspapers make excellent pads for beds, covers for carpets and furniture, covers for bed pans, as a spring for cushions or pillows and for protecting the body in cold weather. They may also be used to cover tables when cooking, and for preliminary cleaning in place of towels to save laundry.

5. A goose quill or macaroni might be used in extreme emergency for a catheter.

6. A male urinal can be improvised from a pickle bottle.

7. A soap dish is useful for a pus basin or for use around a patient's mouth.

8. Straws are useful in case you have no glass drinking tubes.

9. A sheet folded obliquely and attached to side of window and bed makes an excellent screen where it is necessary for the bed to be close to the window.

10. Packing cases of equal size may be used for raising low beds, or blocks may be attached to floor.

11. A tumbler containing a large handkerchief is useful for the administration of chloroform.

12. Saw dust can be made into pads or bags and used in cases of incontinence.

13. A convenient night light for a sick room in a country house may be invented by hanging a lantern from a hook screwed into the bottom of an upper window sash on the outside. The shade may be lowered and raised according to light required.

14. Sterilization may be accomplished in the following way:

Pile bundles closely in clean baking pans; or on boards across top. Keep water in oven to moisten air. Bake two hours or more until covers are slightly brown. Material may be sterilized by pressing with hot irons, of course, avoiding touching goods after subjecting it to heat. This is quickest for emergency work. Also iron covering for sterile material and fold tightly.

15. An operating table can be improvised by drawing out an extension table. Place two of the boards crosswise. On this place the patient. The operator can easily stand by the side and the instruments and dressings on either end or put together two small tables.

16. A bent spoon makes a speculum for the vagina in case of an emergency. Use the bowl of the spoon for inserting.

17. Old hot water bags are useful for hot salt.

18. A piece of rubber sheeting tacked to slats makes a useful tub for bathing sick infants.

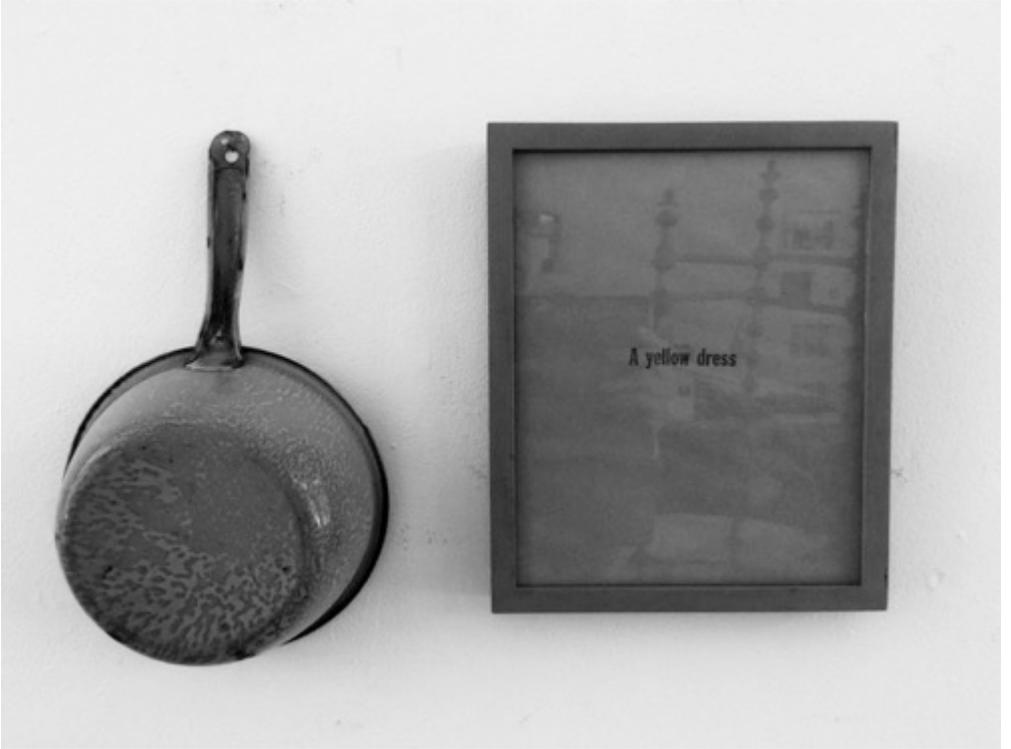
19. If ice cannot be obtained in warm weather try putting the jar of milk in a pan of cold water and cover it with a cloth the corners of which lie in the pan. Evaporation will keep the milk quite cold.



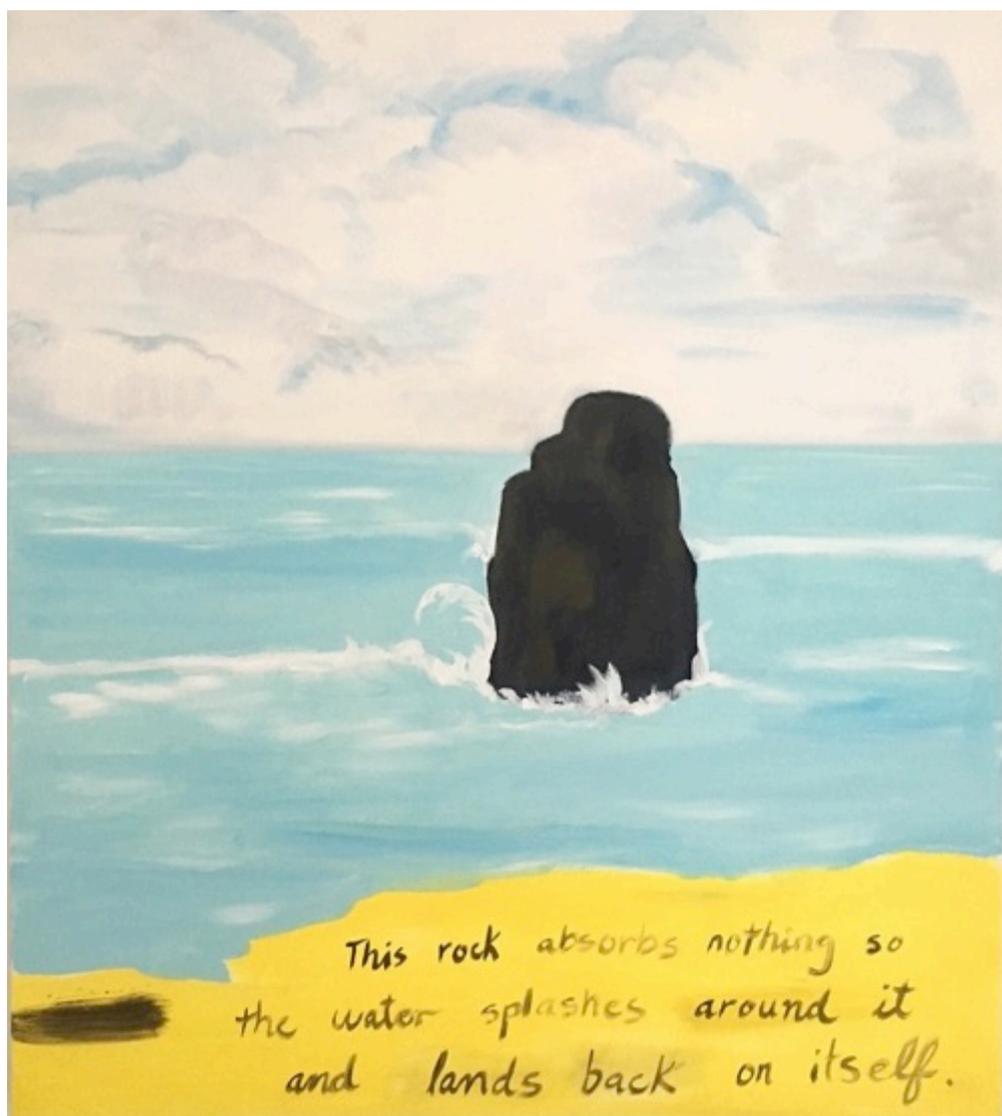




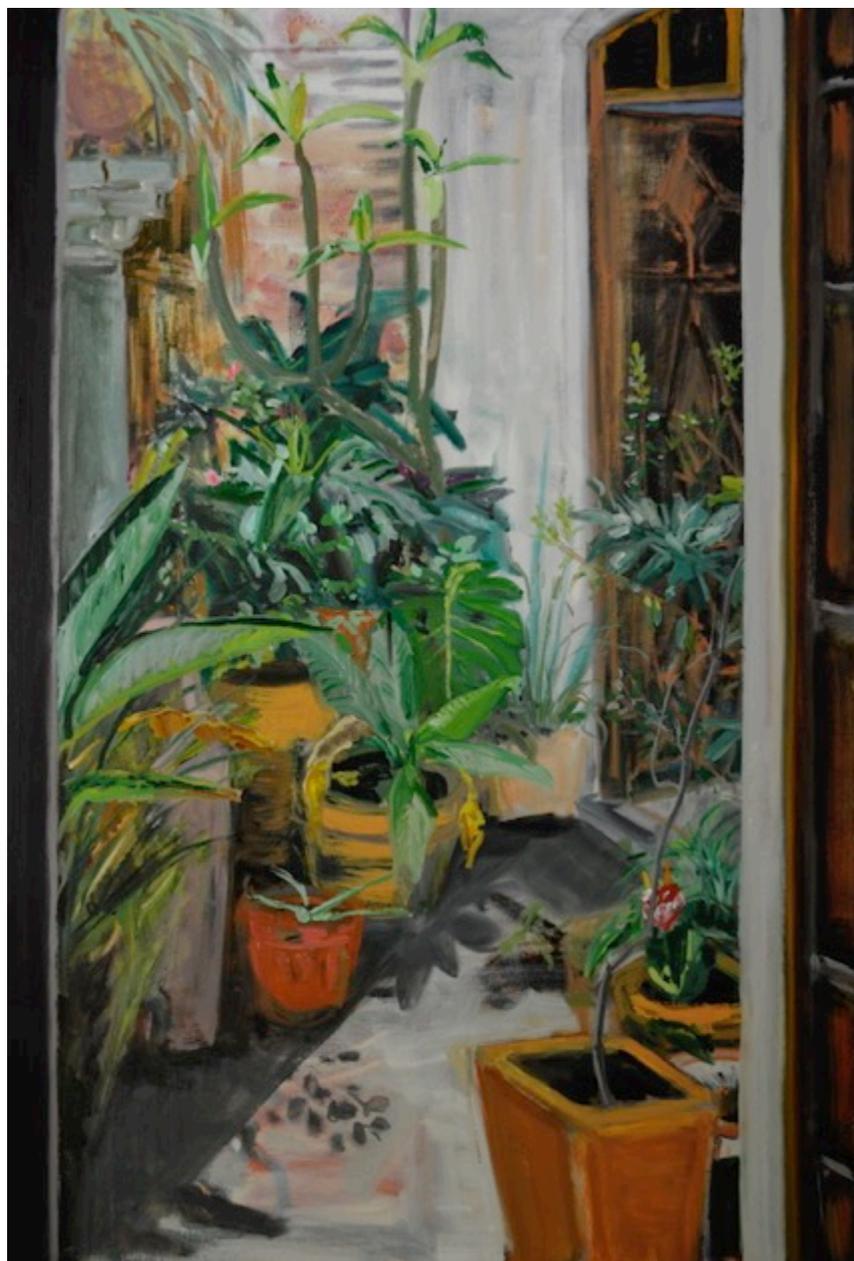






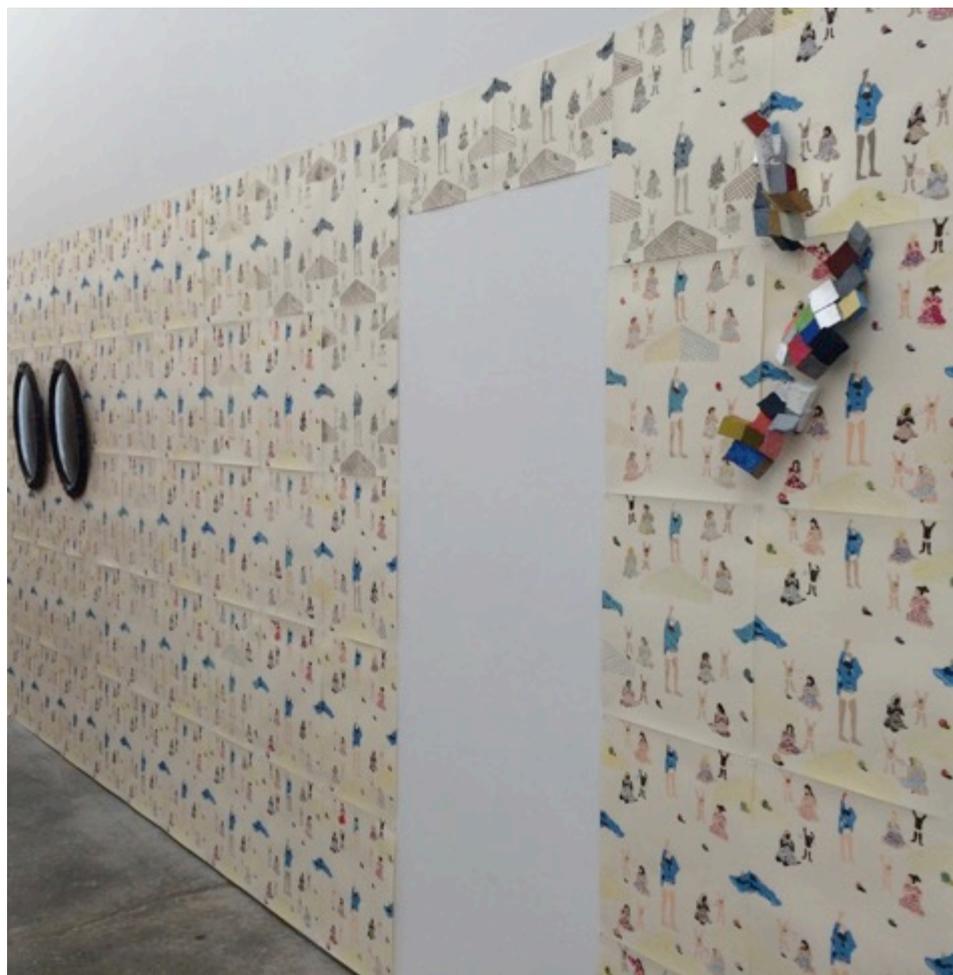


This rock absorbs nothing so  
the water splashes around it  
and lands back on itself.













## **Nancy Shaver + Nancy Shaver Selects (Pages 48-58)**

Page 52. Nancy Shaver, *CHINA*. 2017. Found red boot, baby's hat, plumbing connectors, yarn. 24" x 9" x 7".

Page 53. Nancy Shaver, *A yellow dress*, 1989, Found enamel sauce pan, frame, gray paper, ink. 18" x 12" 5"

Page 54. Emi Winter, *Untitled*, 2017

Page 55. Emi Winter, *This Rock*, 2017

Page 56. Emi Winter, *Patio 1*

Page 57. Derek Eller Gallery June 2016 "Dress the Form"  
Nancy Shaver hallway with Dawn Cerny wallpaper

Page 58. Nancy Shaver "Blue and Gray" / found objects/  
1989 over Dawn Cerny "Never ever ever and always at 5:30"  
/ Silkscreen, colored pencil, gouache / 2016

Page 59. L: Nancy Shaver / "Blue and Gray" / found objects/  
1989 R: Beka Goedde / Untitled / Painted cast Aluminum  
over Dawn Cerny "Never ever ever and always at 5:30" /  
Silkscreen, colored pencil, gouache / 2016

Page 60. Dawn Cerny "Never ever ever and always at 5:30"  
(single panel 12) / Silkscreen, colored pencil, gouache / 2016

Tracy Miller, *Lattice*, 20x20 inches, oil paint on canvas, 2009

## Chapter 4: Color Coordinating

By Mary Rinebold Copeland

Exhibition guide for Daiga Grantina exhibition "Pillars Sliding off Coat-ee," at the Kunstverein in Hamburg, Winter, 2017

Angela doesn't live an experience and stay detached. Like she's saving up for the future explosion of feelings. On the opposite, she becomes fully a part of whatever she's doing. So that everything else dissolves in favor of the present.

One could assume that Angela's life took place in two parts. The first, when she was a mother filling up air-conditioned rooms in New York City. The second, with Sydney in the beige flatness of Phoenix, Arizona.

Like tonight. The day after Angela's trip to the Travelodge with Khaki Shorts.

Sidney called Angela many times when Angela didn't come home the night before. Angela walked in the door only a few hours before the present, dusty, without explanation.

And really, if you're going to come home to your girlfriend without saying where you were last night, being covered in dust is the right look.

The difference between things that did happen and things Angela wanted to happen.

Sydney, setting a pea-green, plastic plate before Angela, who is seated at a dark wood table. Sydney, taking her own pea green plate from the Formica kitchen counter. She pivots on the right ball of her foot, sets the plate at a spot on the dark wood table across from Angela, who has not waited for Sydney to sit before eating her tuna and mayonnaise sandwich. There are also medium-brown baked beans on the plate.

Sydney draws a fork-full of baked beans to her mouth. They both chew.

A low-hanging lamp casts a yellow light over the center of the table, like an interrogation, or one of those pictures of prohibition-era poker games.

Angela sets the tuna and mayo sandwich down on her plate and looks up: I'd like to go to the Alps.

Sydney keeps chewing. Angela waits for her to stop chewing again. Did you hear me? Sydney put more baked beans into her mouth. She responds, I'm not going to the

Alps. I am.

How? On an airplane. With what money? Next month's allowance. You know how much I spent fixing the car

the other day. It doesn't matter, the Alps are the Alps. Sydney keeps chewing. Her hands around the bent stem of her metal fork now,

while later that night these hands are used on Angela as a stand-in for verbal articulation. Sydney doesn't say what she thinks, but she does spell it with her hands, telling Angela to stay. That the indignation of the day before will pass. That she doesn't want either of them going to the Alps.

By way of context, Angela had never left the lower forty-eight states. To her knowledge, neither had Sydney. Well, actually, Sydney told Angela that they might have enough miles on their credit card for a trip to Honolulu. In response Angela had maintained a glassy-eyed stare in the direction of the kitchen at the café where they were seated. She was watching various frittatas and cappuccinos populate round plastic trays. Each being carried to tables like theirs.

At this café, Sydney sat across from her at a small table near the entrance, looking for a change in the lines around Angela's mouth.

Sydney did not often ask Angela about her sons. Besides for logistical measures, ensuring the support check Angela's ex-husband sent each month would be deposited. Combining this income with Sydney's paychecks from the bar, seeing to it that their budget

was maintained.

The next morning, Angela thought about these two sons as she watched herself apply white cream to the roots of her wet hair in the bathroom mirror at about eleven o'clock.

Sydney had already left to check in on her dad at his retirement home, then she went to set up the bar for that evening.

Angela thought that the best way to erase the cuts she'd put on Khaki Shorts' arms, was to bleach them. All the way to their root.

She felt burning on her scalp from the blond dye. She shifted her vision from the sage brush and the cacti of the day with Khaki Shorts, to the snowy mountains she had seen in pictures of the Alps.

Somewhere in this montage, Angela thought about her previous family. About the color their hair might be by now. And about Sydney's short, grey hair.

The return address on her sons' father's monthly checks remained a post office box on the Upper East Side. The next check would arrive in two weeks. She would use it to buy her ticket to the Alps.

For lunch, Angela re-heated last night's baked beans. She stood with her lower back pressed against the

kitchen counter and ate the beans out of the pea-green plastic bowl. She used a spoon this time. A daytime talk show sounded from the television in the living room. The laughing of the audience. The masterful voice of the female presenter. The monotone sounds of the male guest's voice.

She rinsed her bowl and left it in the sink, half full of greasy standing water. She slipped her feet into her saltwater sandals and leaned against the front door frame while clipping the back straps of both.

The sun burned the newly blond roots of her hair. Her scalp burned. She could also feel the burning of the sidewalk's concrete through the soles of her sandals.

The backs of her calves and forearms stung beneath the sun. She walked the four blocks to the bus stop. Her head pressed against the hot glass of the bus window. She rummaged through her black purse with her left hand. She felt the cut of a razor blade like a pop between folded old receipts. She looked down and opened the bag. It was shadowy, but she could see bright red blood from her finger smeared over the metal of the razor blade, and over the dark red and brown dried blood from Khaki Shorts, now caked near the sharp edge.

She opened her purse wider to see better. The old and new blood combined over the silver color of the razor

blade into what looked like marble. Angela closed her purse and got off the bus at the Safeway parking lot. On the other side of the Safeway was a green, brick building with a collection of neon signs across its façade. There were several pick-up trucks parked in front, as well as Sydney's orange Toyota.

Sydney's chair made a blunt sound against the linoleum floor as she stood up to go to the bathroom during their silent dinner. Now alone at the table, Angela pulled the razor blade out of the pocket in her dress. With one hand she pulled the razor blade across the forefinger of her other hand, so that two types of blood - that of Khaki Shorts and Angela - fell into the portions of baked beans on hers and Sydney's plates. Sydney came back to the table through the sound of a flushing toilet.

The bridge to the song "Can't Stand the Rain" came from an advertisement on the TV at the other end of the room.

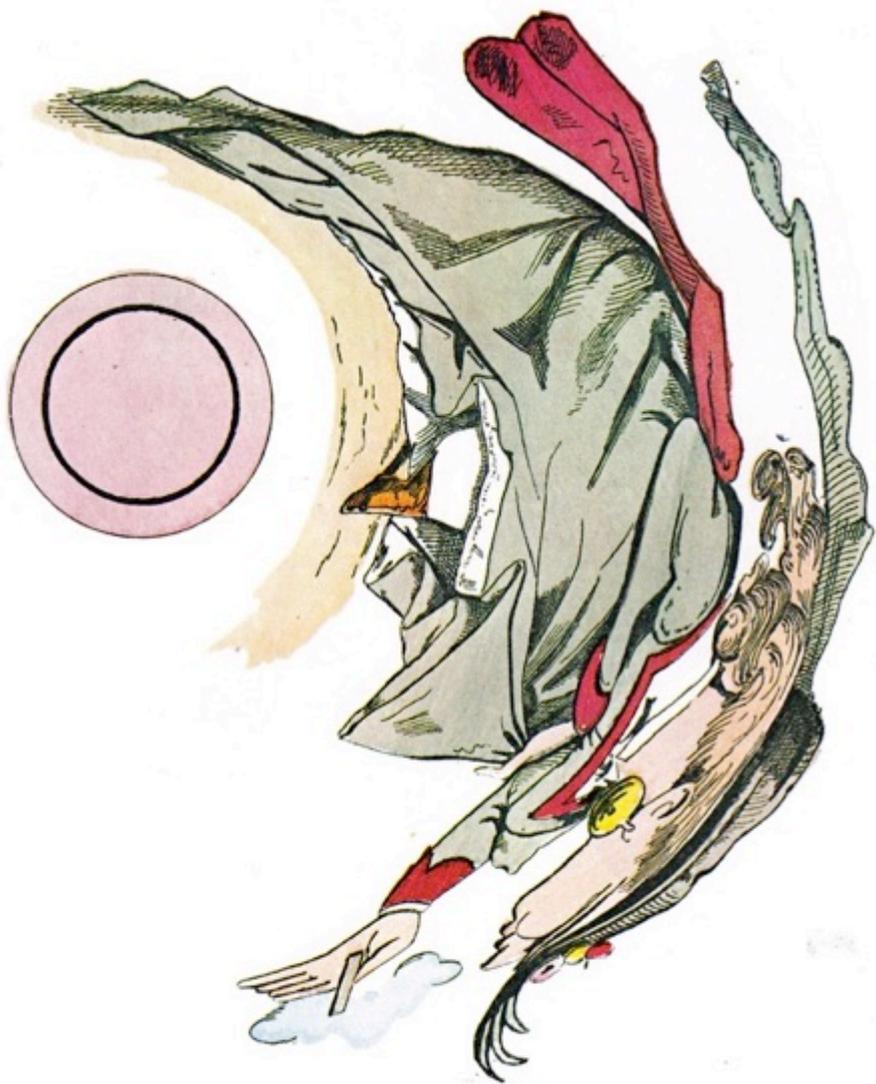
This ceremony was integral for Angela.

As had been her ice-tea that afternoon, made and served to her by Sydney inside the green building behind the Safeway. Where outside it was sunny and inside it was neon. Men wearing cowboy hats and drinking at the bar lifted their glasses to Angela's ice-tea, toasting her presence in the bar. With cowboy-hat-eyes they cowboy-hat-watched Sydney.

Two weeks later, Sydney. She returns home from this green building. Angela's purple suitcase has gone to the Alps.

Angela at the Zurich airport. She takes the escalator down one flight to the trains. She points to a map over the counter at the train ticket center. Sitting in a car on a red train toward Fribourg. Eating a pretzel. Remembering the lime floating at the top of a gin and tonic.

A Fashionable Lady



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ASTRAL PROJECTION CAPER

Chapter III

8 Aug 73

Telephone call from [redacted]

Subject volunteered to attempt to locate a facility in the USSR comparable to the underground installation previously described. Found it, gave its exact coordinates (not mentioned [redacted] specifically, but said to be in the Ural Mountains). Subject described external features, including helicopter pads, rail spur, and, some miles away (30 to 40 miles?), large dish antennas. Subject said the antennas were used for intercepting down link telemetry from U.S. satellites. (Also for receiving down link from Soviet satellites?)

CIA [redacted] found such a facility at the coordinates given by subject. Photos [redacted] [redacted] show large dish antennas. The number of antennas was different from that counted by subject, and their dimensions were slightly different [redacted]

In a double-blind experiment, subject was fed the coordinates of a small Soviet-occupied island in the Indian Ocean [redacted]

[redacted] The island did not show on the map used by the experimenters. In fact, the latter assumed the subject was being targetted against open ocean as a test. Subject began drawing a large scale map of an island, following its periphery. He soon ran off his

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sheet of paper, continued on another sheet, and continued this process until several separate sheets had been filled in, and subject had returned to his starting point. When the pages were joined together, the result was an exact match and an absolutely accurate topographical map of the island. Subject also described exactly what was going on on the island.



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ASTRAL PROJECTION CAPER

Chapter II

23 Jul 73

Telephone call from

Subject has made a second visit to the underground installation.

This occurred at 1930 hours on 15 July 73. Price's description -

Surprised at the number of government personnel working on a Sunday evening.

Two military officers having a conference. They were COL R.J. Hamilton, Chief of Security (probably newly assigned) and MGEN George R. Nash. Nash was upset about a security leak and emphasized that it must be stopped.

The name of the underground facility is HAYFORK or HAYSTACK.

Other "code words" on papers and documents in the facility are FLYTRAP and MINERVA.

On the north wall of one room are a series of gray, locked cabinets. Inside the cabinets are a number of folders marked with code words, including CUEBALL, FOURTEEN BALL, FOUR BALL, EIGHT BALL, and RACKUP. On the outside of a cabinet is the word, POOL.

subsequent actions:

has been with USAF Security Service for many years. (I know him personally.)

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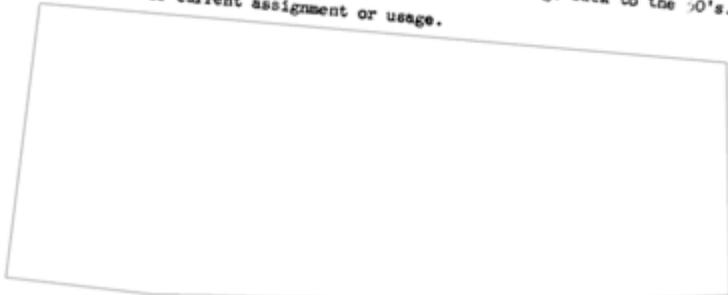
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Found nothing close, in either rank or name, to MGEN George R. Nash.

Found that FLYTRAP, MINERVA, CUEBALL, POOL had been used as codewords, mythological designators, nicknames, and voice radio call signs in the past but not since about 1966. (Some go back to the 50's.)

No record of current assignment or usage.



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AERIAL PROJECTION CAPER

Chapter V

17 Sep 73

A brief summary of new developments, findings, and some observations:

1. We have received copies of two SRI reports containing more details of the initial, Price and Swan visits to the [ ] location. One of the reports states that Price was given the target coordinates by phone, that he mailed his response back to SRI, and that he took about 24 hours to begin writing his description of the area. This leaves his performance about as solid as a chunk of Swiss cheese. There was plenty of time for him to look at a map, refer to aerial/space photos at a library, etc. -- perhaps even to confer with Swan.

2. The SRI reports contained the coordinates of the "Ural Mountains" and "India Ocean" targets. These were passed to S11, with a request to check them out. The result:

a. [ ] available to NSA does not show anything within a 25-mile radius of the target in the USSR. We have not tried to reconcile this finding with [ ] oral report of CIA's finding. (We have asked S11 to expand the search area to a 50-mile radius.)

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ASTRAL PROJECTION CASER

Chapter IV

6 Sep 73

Visit to OMER George Long, NIS:

By way of background, on 14 Aug 73, I briefed Cmdr Long generally on this caser and asked him to personally determine whether the [ ] [ ] bore any resemblance to the subject's description of the so-called underground installation. I provided Long with a copy of both the Price and Swan narrative descriptions and the two maps drawn by Swan. Long visited the facility and the following are his general comments (written details to be furnished me in a day or two) -

There is an "astounding similarity" between Price's narrative, coupled with Swan's maps, and the real thing. The general physical layout of [ ] is almost identical with the Swan Map Nr. 2, including the "depression of some sort," the "something round," the "agpole," the road, and some of the buildings.

There is an underground facility at [ ] consisting of [ ] floors. The first floor is "unclassified," while the one below is a classified records storage area. The dimensions of this latter are the same as given by Price. There are a large number of gray filling in the room.

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There are not now -- and so far as Cmdr Long could determine -- never have been people assigned to the facility with the names of Hamilton, Nash, or Long, as claimed by Price.

No one Cmdr Long contacted at the facility admitted to recognizing any of the so-called code words seen by Price.

A guide escorting Cmdr Long on a tour of two of the buildings volunteered that "this is our HAYSTACK facility."

The results of some independent actions I have taken over the past several weeks to confirm/deny the validity of the Price/Swan information:



There was an NRL experiment run at [redacted] circa 1969, to see whether CVAs could be tracked via moon-bounced signals. The equipment employed at [redacted] was called the HAYSTACK installation. It probably is still used by the Navy but, presumably, NSA doesn't know what for. - yis w 2-

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(with 15)



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b. There is, indeed, an island at the Indian Ocean coordinates. It shows prominently on a map in a commercially available atlas in S13. Its name is Kerguelen Island and it belongs to France. [redacted]

[redacted] The outline of the island, as shown in the atlas, does not bear much resemblance to the Price drawing, reproduced in one of the SRI reports. We seem to have both hits and misses, here.

3. [redacted] called again, stating that he and others in CIA were so concerned that he, [redacted] had briefed the Director of Security on the full details and recommended that there be a "high-level" meeting between CIA and NSA on the matter. I advised him that Mr. Tate would be the NSA point of contact for such a meeting.

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## Kriya To Change Your Destiny

as taught by Yogi Bhajan, 1972

1) Easy pose, with long deep breathing. No time given.



2) Chair pose with breath of fire. 5 minutes. Then, inhale, and exhale two times, pull in the breath and pull mul bhand.



3) Relax in easy pose, and mentally focus on the spine (see picture # 1).



4) Maha mudra: sit on the right heel, left leg straight out in front. Apply neck lock, hold the big toe and focus on it. Breathe long and deep for 15 minutes. Then pull mul bhand on the inhale and focus at the top of the head on the exhale. Then inhale and exhale and relax.

5) Sit in easy pose, with the hands in gyan mudra (see picture # 1) and focus on the third eye. Chant Wahe Guru from the navel point for 10 minutes. Then inhale and hold 1 minute. Exhale, then inhale, exhale and relax.











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## 1 Answer



**Cashmere Brown**, studied at California State University, Sacramento

Answered Jan 17, 2016

I always thought this was a great episode. I think the point was the psychic was real. People liked The Sopranos not just for the mobster stuff but for the things the characters experienced that a normal person experiences. I think this was one of them. Not that I believe in psychics.

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Does anyone here know any psychic people?

Do you know any reputable psychics?

Why do psychics have to ask for your name?

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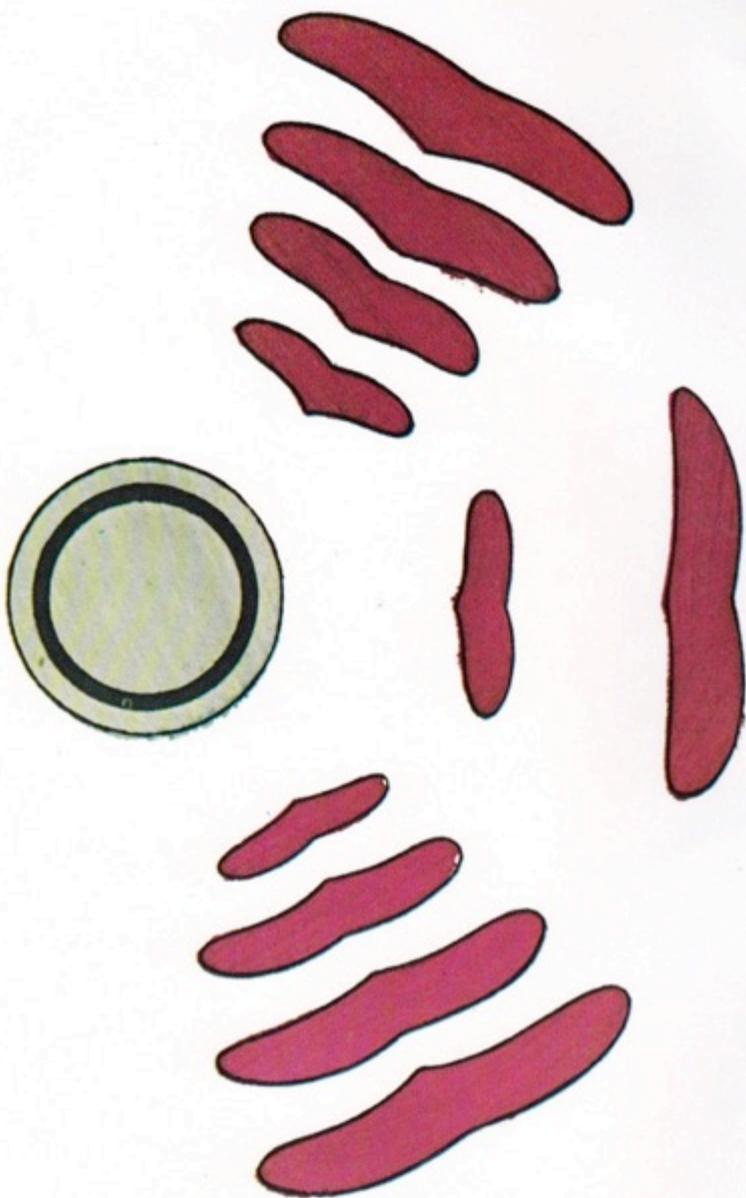
Last Asked Jan 17, 2016

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## Top Stories from Your Feed



The Ten of Hearts



Dear Natalie,

These days, it seems as though I begin every correspondence with a clinical, somewhat removed, automatic reply apology—some version of “Dear \_\_\_\_\_, Sorry for the delay in getting back to you,” or the more casual “Hi! Got your email/text/voicemail. Running around like crazy. I’ll get back to you soon!” Or my all-time least favorite: not responding at all.

The truth is, I’m less sorry and more just completely overwhelmed. Overwhelmed by the demands placed upon me. Upon my body. My mind. Exhausted by how much energy it takes to actually be a person alive in the world, bumping up against other people who have their own ideas about how or where I should present, show up, or simply *be*. And almost every single time, their expectations or desires for my presence is wildly incongruent with my own internal rhythms and intentions.

Sure, everyone lives a prioritized life and all of us are tired from any number of professional and/or personal commitments that may leave us with a slightly heavier gait than days previous. But I’m not talking about the general weariness of long days at the office or the fatigue of parenting a child or working through relationship woes. More specifically, I’m talking about the high anxiety situations such as feeling his consumptive gaze while he offers what he believes to be a polite and totally harmless greeting as you walk by: “Hey beautiful, what’s your name?” Or the throat-closing feeling of seeing a cop in your rearview when Driving While Black. Or the ever-confusing game of “Should I look in the direction of whoever just yelled ‘faggot’ really loudly or should I pretend as though I didn’t hear?” These are not irrational anticipations. These are not isolated experiences. These are Our everymoments within public and private space. Within cultural space.

After the results of the 2016 American Presidential Election, I have found myself so very far removed from paying any attention to what is happening in Washington. I hear of these things peripherally, I scroll past comments on his political absurdities on Instagram, but I honestly do not have any more room for it in my body. I have been living this reality far before November 9, 2016 and now more than ever, I need a fucking break. I need time away from the triggering wine and cheese conversations about his most recent atrocities.

Because I actually, literally, cannot.

I don't have as much energy or patience as I did yesterday. Not only for these things, but for most things. I'm getting older. My priorities are shifting. My body is slowing down and it doesn't bend or bounce back in the ways it used to. I have found however, that a limited mental/emotional/physical resource reserve isn't necessarily a bad thing. It has allowed me to focus on the essentials. It has pushed me toward building and maintaining healthy boundaries. And my discernment is only a few stone swipes away from razor sharp. My social circles have diminished drastically, I am more deliberate about my professional choices and commitments, and best of all, I have learned to refuse my presence within spaces and contexts where there is a high likelihood of falling victim to psychic assaults. Essentially, I am learning to say "No."

So with all that said, unfortunately I have to back out of contributing to this first issue of the journal. And it is not at all for a lack of interest, but more so because I am so unreasonably pressed in other areas of my life in this current moment. And rather than miss another deadline and then apologize profusely for the delay, I'm just going to cut it here and hope that this does not hinder any opportunity for us to work together in the future—whether within the context of the journal or elsewhere. I sincerely hope you understand.

Thank you again for keeping me in mind. Really looking forward to seeing how it all unfolds.

See you soon.

Slowly, steadily,  
EJ





