



WHAT'S OUT

by
Marnie
McGann



THERE

Psyched Out

I love October; it's a month of mystery and other worldliness with All Hallows Eve as the fitting exclamation point. So in the spirit of spirits and in keeping with the theme of the unexplainable, I began looking for psychics who could initiate me into their world of metaphysics—trances, channeling, past lives, astrology, numerology, Reiki, hypnosis, rebirthing and other alternative forms of healing, counseling and communication.

I start with the yellow pages—big mistake. Over half the phone numbers are disconnected, and after two days of calling Sisters, Mrs. and Madams, I have only one hesitant psychic. Then I phone **Millennium 2000** in Town and Country (957-2956), and within hours, five reputable psychics are anxious to meet me. "There's a lot of 'dimestore gypsies out there," one told me later... "actually the good ones don't advertise."

Cia Sun (970-3791), a "spiritual counselor" who does regression/hypno-therapy, looks quite fit and tanned as I settle across from her. "What do I do?" I say, unsure of the procedure for these things. Cia suggests the tarot cards and tells me she relates to people in their own language. "The truth is always the truth, but I try to deliver it in a way that the individual understands." She flips a devil card over the love card. "I've never done that!" she exclaims. "I'm getting that you may talk about commitment, but when it comes you may not want to compromise." Cia also tells me that I'm here "to bring beauty, not to rescue people." I'd go crazy in a highly structured job, I may write romance novels (PPP) in 1999, that in a past life, I prepared Raphael's canvases. She clasps her stomach. Do I have cramping, stomach or female problems? Her recommendation—more progesterone and breathing through stress. Is there a Mr. Right? I ask. "You haven't met him yet, by the end of November you will." She also says I'm "worldly," that there has never been one clear path for me, that my life is like connecting the dots, that I am a butterfly emerging from a cocoon. I like that.

Ann Elbers (485-1078), a Notre Dame graduate in engineering, worked for eight yrs. in avionics before following her soul into the world of Reiki and channeling. She flashes a warm, wide smile and lays

her hands over mine to feel my energy. "It's tingly, positive," she says, then lays out some Medicine Cards with pictures of animals. I say some names...past loves, friends. She accurately nails their looks, quirks, strengths, my relations to them. I'm impressed. She also pinpoints a future business I had discussed with someone. "It will succeed," she assures. Health? Good, other than being "pooped." "You'll live a long life." Marriage? Don't rush it, she advises. "This is your time to develop." Ann warns that no one should listen to a psychic if what they say does not resonate inside of them. I like her energy and tell her that before I leave. She invites me for coffee sometime and promises not to get inside my head.

I meet with **Karen Prioletti** (481-9553) at a café next to Vision Quest. She does readings there and at Millennium 2000. She sweetly buys me a veggie juice. I can't help but notice she looks a lot like Sally Field. Karen uses cards too and stones which are ancient tools, like bones and shells, asking for "divination" or the divine for the highest possible reading. But for our meeting, she has neither. I toss out names of boyfriends, past and present. She begins describing..."dark—psychically and mentally, not dark, blonde, watches sports, troubled, self-centered, a good soul, insecure, big ego, going nowhere, kinky,

very messed up, surrounded by pictures, addictive, creative"...other than the sports thing, she was dead on. "You don't put periods on relationships," she notes "there like dangling out there." She also tells me I'm a light attracting very dark men. My numerology number is 3—a nurturer. This year, she says, was all about relationships, but starting with my birthday, I can look forward

to travel, movement, change. "Go to England," she advises. "There's things there for you." Karen asks if I sculpt. I tell her no, but oddly enough, have always wanted to. Then she makes me an offer my curious self can't refuse—to go under hypnosis sometime to discover past lives...Raphael baby, here I come.

Thomas (340-1857) at **Las Potencias Africanas**, a **Santero** (or **Santerian** high priest), is also a reader with **Ellegua** as his main African power. He places three drops of perfume in my hands, then ties on a choker of white shells. I cut the tarot deck saying "with me, for me and about me" and he starts right in on a current relationship. He's quite accurate. Then he moves to my recent past, revealing a secret I've told few. He digs deep asking me intimate questions, but gently softening them by saying first "I don't want to offend you...but..." The bad news—I've had a bad curse (*mojo*) placed on me. Good news—it can be lifted by a "cleansing." "Don't drink alcohol," he also advises. I don't tell him I rarely do anymore. Thomas's mother who reads with a crystal ball presses a gift in my hand...blessed and wrapped garlic to be placed under the seat of my car for protection. "Will it ward off more speeding tickets?" I ask. She nods yes, and I tear down Van Buren as proof.

The psychics I spoke with were far from the spooky, gnarled gypsy woman one might expect. Some believe they have special powers; some think we all do, if we only choose to listen.

