

'I did some work on a dog who'd been in a Civil War battle as a horse in his previous life.' – ELIEL FIONN

I ask her how she feels about tabula rasa, the epistemological theory proposed by Swiss philosopher Jean-Jacques Rousseau that people are born into this world without any preconceived knowledge and become who they are by way of experience and perception. She laughs and says it is hard to think people would believe in such a thing.

I readjust my coattails and ask if she will do a past life interpretation on me. Unlike the other intuitives I visited, Fionn declined to perform her practice upon request. She preferred to gift me with a reading without the presence of my photographer and insisted I meet with her at a later date at her downtown office. I accepted the offer.

According to Fionn: I have picked lifetimes that are prominent in history. I am adventurous. "I wish I could give you a video of your lives," she says. She tells me that I have always been a man of action. I have never been a farmer or sedentary personality. Lots of travel. I have primarily been a warrior, acting out "the archetype of the hero" over and over again during my lifetimes. I have not had very long lives, because I have been unafraid of death.

In specific, the *EW* photographer (in whose presence Fionn preferred not to disclose my past lives) has been my partner/sidekick throughout many lifetimes, usually as the voice of reason. While I have been the adventurous one, he (the photographer) has been the one trying to save me from myself. Fionn wants me to inform the photographer that this lifetime is his lifetime to shine, not just be in the background.

I have been an explorer, a samurai, a European contraband smuggler and a participant in the 1849 California gold rush. I've also been an ancient entrepreneur, profiting off of the spice trade. A ladies man, who slept with most of the prominent noblewomen of 17th century France and a trusted courier of governments carrying messages



PHOTO BY TRASK BEDORTHA

that shaped the ancient Greek world. I seem to have been some all encompassing perversion of James Bond, Marcus Lutrell and Indiana Jones according to the past life resume detailed by Fionn. In combat I have been known to possess a sixth sense, making me a leader among other soldiers, acting with courage under fire. The families I've been born into have always thought I was crazy. But if anyone ever messed with my family, heads would roll.

Fionn was not stingy when laying the past life recall on me. She concludes the session by performing energy work on me, and says that I might feel a little "interesting" for a few days. And though she was worried her work might disrupt my digital recording device during our visit, everything came through crystal clear.

Psychic Logical Breakdown

In the aftermath of these psychic excursions, my subconscious mind struggled to grab hold of whatever form of reality I call mine. Think about doing this for five days straight; think about the effects it would have on your mind. Even the *EW* photographer showed signs of mental fatigue. All belief and superstition aside, it is just a really intense series of encounters to have and revisit in such a short period of time. I had strange dreams.

For weeks afterwards I woke up at exactly 3 am every morning and didn't know why. One time, in the place between sleep and consciousness, I mistakenly thought I saw a large dark multi-limbed creature crawling towards my bedside. My coworkers kept asking me if I was okay. Household pets of my so-called friends sniffed at me and lingered longer than they should have. I flipped through old photo albums of my previous years. I stayed away from mirrors. I kept to myself and used whiskey. Loved ones were concerned. But I'd found what I went looking for.

The intuitives are alive and well in Eugene. Most of them are homegrown Eugeneans, as Eugene as Skinner's Butte, the Country Fair or the WOW Hall. Though aging, these mystic journeyfolk seem enlivened by their practices and for the most part very matter-of-fact in regard to their talents.

I could, potentially, devote a great deal of effort to discrediting or affirming the things that were said and shown to me during my journey through the psychic ecosystem of Eugene, but that isn't my style. What I got out of my investigation was a serious comprehension of subjective realities that one can choose to accept or ignore. There is no ballast, regardless of how badly we may wish there could be. No sacred cows. No psychic commandments. Only intuitions. **ew**

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