

Supernatural Source B

The separate Resource Material for use with Section A.

This online review is from an English website, following the writer's attendance of a psychic evening in their local theatre.

Sally Psychic Charade

The show kicked off when she waddled onto the stage like a drunken duck, first bumping into her own stool, and then tripping over the wire to her own microphone- both arms flapping as she tried to regain her balance. The theatre was only half full, and Sally's grimace seemed to be saying: 'I'm here, but I don't want to be.' For the entire duration of her performance on that stage, she stuttered, and pouted, and mumbled, and chanted, and even called out a few names- but she did not conjure up any spirits.

Psychic Sally has performed in arenas, in stadiums, on television...but these days she's only being booked onto smaller venues like our theatre in Sternham. Last week we had a Queen tribute act, and next week we'll have a performance of Ladies in Lavender. You could say the mighty have fallen...and then tumbled down a manhole...and then got swept away in a sewer. Psychic Sally used to pull big crowds, but a few 'confessions' of the plants she used, a couple of bad readings were she made some blindingly crass mistakes (telling someone their mother wanted to talk to them when their mother was alive and well) and all caught on camera. Fortunately for Sally, there are still those who want to watch her, unfortunately for Sally, it's because most of them want to have a laugh at her clichéd pantomime act.

If I believed in the after life, and if I thought it were possible for spirits from the after-life to cross back to the living world, and if I believed people were able to channel those spirits and speak for them, then I would still struggle to believe that those spirits would want to speak through Psychic Sally. Bland and devoid of sincerity, she bumbles through her act with all the charm of an empty crisp packet.

"Is there anyone 'ere who knows a Dave?" her raspy voice grates out the words, not bothering with the aitches.

"Is there anyone here who doesn't?!" a lad jeers from the back. Titters reverberate off the walls. Sally's stony face feigns ignorance. She crashes on as if she never heard it. But we all heard it. The rest of the show follows a similar pattern. Any attempt to adopt a serious and spiritual tone is soon spearheaded by inane heckling that isn't challenged. The theatre's security are just chatting at the sides- no one is bothered about really seeing ghosts.

Eventually she quacks a goodbye and with a dreary applause waddles off the stage. The ticket said the show would end at 11:30; in reality we were on our feet and putting on our coats before ten pm. Psychic Sally's charade just couldn't go the distance.