

IN CHARACTER

Glenda's Gypsy

Palm reader living in Stuyvesant Heights, Brooklyn By Jillian Anthony Photograph by William Jess Laird

What all do you read?

I read hands, tea leaves, charms and crystal balls. I read the lines on the hands, like reading a written language. People think the lines in your hands are creases from balling up your hands. But when you're in the womb, your brain and your hands develop at the same time, and they're made of the same material, so it's kind of like your computer printout. They break and rewire themselves as a person's consciousness changes.

Where do you do your readings?

I've worked at Employees Only at 510 Hudson Street on the weekends for eight years. I do a lot of parties and events.

How do your skills help people's lives? I give them validation of what they're

already feeling. If they're beating their head against a wall, I can save them some time by showing them the direction of what their hands are saying. Say someone is stuck in a nine-to-five job they hate, and they really want to do something else. I'll say, "Your soul is supposed to do this. Go ahead and do it, and it'll be okay." I'm just a reader. I'm not supposed to tell people how to live their lives, anyway. Ultimately, they're in the hands of the universe or God.

Did you ever have a negative experience?

Once I did a party for the New York rowing team, and they all had blisters on their hands, and it was disgusting. They wanted me to actually read their bloody, blistered hands. *Jillian Anthony*



The most ridiculous things we've overheard in New York this week

"I told her she either needed to make the dog stop watching us during sex or it was over."

"He calls his balls Easter eggs."

"Every time I can't find my size, I take it as the fashion gods saying I don't need that in my life."

"I'm thinking of naming my twins Sage and Parsley."

"She might be the most hummusaddicted person I know."

"Helookslike a sexy alien—in a good way."

"I wasted the last year of my hairline on her."

