



Out of the hidden and forbidden fastness of Tibet comes the *raison d'être* for this little excursion into improbability. A Lama, to a Tibetan, is a superman capable of little parlor stunts like levitation for an indefinite period, or a stark naked marathon run of hundreds of miles over 20,000 foot high ant hills that make up the Himalaya's. Mental projection of astral images, telepathy, all the things that we in our devious ways attempt to imitate under the guise of magic, are reported to be actualities to these fantastic sorcerors.

Shrouded in Sanskrit are directions for performing these miracles. But, since most of the formulae call for a twenty year residence in an isolated cave, and a subsistence ration of rancid butter in tea and chipped beef, perhaps it would be easier to call on Sakya-t'Ubpa and see what we can do with a playing card representation of the "Green Lama".

Readers of "pulp" magazines will recognize Ken Crossen's (under the nom de plume of Richard Foster) mind child, the "Green Lama". A dashing young fellow, he, the "Lama", managed to absorb the knowledge of Palden Lha-mo, Dorje Pa-mo, T. Song-ka-pa, Maitreya, Padma Sambhava, which

The first of the original three stacks is picked up and the Lama card openly pushed between the two other cards. The master, you, mutters "Om-mani-padme-hum", (a Tibetan prayer saying, "Hail the shining jewel in the lotus blossom", and, allegorically, "Greater glory to Buddha". The three cards are shown to be indifferent to the prayer. But the Lama card has vanished. The off-side indifferent heap is fanned face up and the Lama card is among them.

The second original stack is picked up and its Lama card inserted. In the same manner it is shown to have disappeared, and then revealed to have travelled to the off-side pile. In the last instance, some spectator holds the pack while the Lama again vanishes from its packet. The performer shows the off-side stack now containing all three Lama cards, and all is open for inspection by the unbelievers.

Aside from the ability to mumble "Om-mani-padme-hum" reverently, one needs only three Lama cards, a simple false count, a double lift, and a bit of faith.

Put the three Lama cards under the top, indifferent, card of the deck. Double lift and show a Lama



## PARADE OF THE LAMAS

By  
**BRUCE  
ELLIOTT**

list includes only a few of all the Tibetan Gods. This character uses his secret knowledge to track down arch-villains, to the delight of his readers and the annoyance of the villains.

Enough of this, however; to the wars. Three playing cards, printed as Green Lamas are shown. (Regarding this point see editor's note at end of article) They are placed in a face down row, end to end. On to each, at right angles, are dealt two cards. Then, to one side, are dealt three indifferent cards in a pile.

card, holding it up. Then pick up the next two cards and show three Lama cards in a fan. Replace them upon deck and deal three cards face down, end to end, from right to left. Off to one side deal, singly and face down, the next three cards from deck. Actually, the first card (right end) of the row is an indifferent card, the next two beside it are Lamas, and the off-side pile consists of two indifferent cards and one Lama.

Hold the deck in left hand as for dealing and push, with thumb,

a few cards to the right. Under cover of this move get the left little finger under the third card. Bring right hand over, square the bunch of three with fingers at outer end and thumb at inner, saying, "We'll put two cards from the deck with each Lama," and the squared bunch is dropped overlapping the left end card in the row on table.

This action is repeated with the next three (apparently two) cards from off deck, and they are dropped upon the middle card. On the last card (right end, indifferent) the move is made in the same manner but in this case it is true. Only two cards are dropped, squared, upon the card.

Pick up the left end packet with left hand. Hold it face down with fingers on one side and thumb on the other. Really there are three, but apparently there are two. The right hand picks up the Lama card, shows, and apparently pushes it in between the left hand cards. It really goes second from the top of the three.

The mumble-jumble now takes place. You may even patter about the Lama's ability to project himself. Display the bottom card, remove it, and put it face up on table. Show the face of the next card, and, as you reach for it with the right fingers underneath and against its face, the thumb of the same hand pushes back the top card. Thus the face card, with Lama behind, is put face up upon the card already on table. The last card is turned over to show that the Lama has gone. It is dropped face up onto the others.

The off-side pile is turned up and one Lama card found there. It is dropped face down in the same spot, the face up pile just shown is picked up with right hand and put face down on top of the two cards left in left hand, and the whole dropped onto deck. Then, from the deck, are dealt two cards onto the off-side Lama card.

The next, or middle, packet is handled in the same manner as was the first. But, this time, when you put the shown cards (with Lama concealed) on deck, either slip the top card to bottom deliberately or make an idle shuffle to accomplish the same result. There is a Lama on top of the deck now, so you double lift and show an indifferent card apparently in that position. Replace the card (pair) and deal off the Lama card onto the off-side pile, face down.

Have a spectator hold the pack tightly. This time you do not show the Lama card as it is put into its group (the last pile, all of which are indifferent cards, and only three) but by this time you have convinced all, at least subconsciously, of your fairness. Build up this finish, bellowing "Om-mani-padme-hum" in a rotund basso, and show the third Lama gone, using, of course, the same manner of moves as used previously, except that this time they are honest. Then fan the off-side group to show all three Lama cards together.

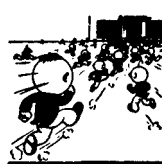
Watch magicians dive and scramble for the last three cards. When they don't find an extra Green Lama, either there or in the pack, examined next, they generally look as if they believed in Lamaistic Chicanery, to say the least.

(Editor's note: We have published this effect as with "Green Lama" cards. Actually necessary are three cards, with backs to match the deck you use, with faces alike and of an odd character, something foreign to a standard deck. For a stamped and addressed envelope (foreign country readers may omit their stamp) The Jinx, Waverly, New York, U.S.A., will furnish "Green

Lama" cards suitably printed on cards with the now standard Fox Lake back design. However, if the routine, a startling one, appeals to some magicians sufficiently, they might accept this suggestion. Blank cards with this back design are secured from a magic dealer. A photograph of the performer is printed upon the blank side. Three of these are used with the ordinary deck, and, at the finish, they can be left with the onlookers as a souvenir, as well as advertisement. The patter can be about the time you were near Tibet and learned a strange experiment only possible with a replica or reproduction of yourself.)



## ELLIOTT AT THE BAR



Without being coy we begin by reminding that what is to follow can be a masterpiece of mystery at home as well as in the local bar or nearby pub.

Upon a glass of beer is generally (and it had better be!) what is termed a "collar" of creamy foam. When and as two or more (including yourself) are partaking of malt's kindness, the interloper, or performer, manages to find a deck of cards and has one chosen, returned, and shuffled amongst the others.

He starts to place the pack in one and another spot, finally saying, "Here. We'll cover the glass. The spirits within will work on your card, sir." The deck is placed across the top of the performer's glass. He makes passes and gestures toward the combination.

"Name your card, sir." He asks the selector. "It should be drawn to the face of the pack by the power of the devils beneath." The pack is picked up but the named card is not where, supposedly, it should be.

"Strange," says the wizard, "the brew is potent." Then he strikes like a serpent sorcerer. "Look! On the beer!" And when the people gather round, they see, plainly written across the delicate surface of the white foam, the name of the card chosen by the man who, because of the master's evident discomfiture at first failure, has begun to laugh. The motto? "He who waits to laugh last will find no foam on his beer."

The secret? A fountain pen, a deck of cards, and, a glass of "heady" beer. At an opportune moment, with due privacy on your part, or utter unconcern on the part of those near you, write the name of the card on the beer's foam! We are not fooling. Very lightly touch the pen point to the foam. The ink will "take hold" and, still very lightly, you can actually print or write across its surface. And, for those ultra technicians, one may conservatively sip a drink or two from such a prepared glass without disturbing the almost effervescent penmanship.

Followers of this journal will be at no loss for a method of "forcing" the proper card. Often we have had several selected, forcing only the last, and, after finding the others by devious methods, failed at the final one, only to have the jeering devils in the stein help us out in the manner heretofore described. The effect has proven itself quite a talk-maker when off-handedly (?) done at the right time & place.

# ELLIOTT HUMOR



One doesn't have to say strange words in order to annoy an enemy, or friend. At the local drug store a 10 cent portion of potassium nitrate is the most important requisite, that is, next to the desire for downright mischievousness.

Put it in a bottle and add some water for a nice and powerful solution. Then take a camel's hair brush and a cigarette. Dip the brush into the concoction. Starting one-half inch from one end of the cigarette, strike the "coffin nail" around and around in a continuous spiral fashion until you reach within one-half inch of the opposite end. Don't make too many turns. About

three is right. Let the cigarette dry, and keep it on hand for the next request.

The result? Nothing for the first few puffs. Then, when the spark touches the beginning of the painted spiral line, a much faster spark begins to travel the prepared route with the paper coming apart in a curved strip and the tobacco falling at random with freedom. It is all very disconcerting to the man with the cigarette in his mouth.



# ELLIOTT ELYSIUM

Did you ever hear of camouflaged thread? All of us either have seen a thread against a magician's background or experimented no end for complete invisibility of that "means" to a trick. Black against black is bad, in this case, and the best solution has been a black thread against a somber plaid or lined backing. Try this. Take a spool of white thread (of the required weight) and, with pen and ink, black out every other half-inch. For use on a stage the broken line effect masks itself against almost any backdrop. For closer work cut the spaces to  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. It takes a bit of experimenting to fit your needs, but it works beautifully. --- It is a weird idea for someone interested in such things to perfect. We speak of a "silent" dog whistle, silent to the human ear but audible to animals. A very high pitch is the secret, and, it occurs to us that a "medium" might wear a set of "phones" tuned to fifty or sixty thousand (whatever it may be) cycles. It would be simple to hear thusly the whistle blowings of an out-of-sight assistant. We understand that a hound, a city block distant, will respond to a lusty puff on the pipe, while a human being at three feet will not be aware of an untoward noise. Perhaps the idea will get into magic catalogues yet.



# ELLIOTT RESEARCH



To the left of this paragraph is a reproduction from The New Yorker magazine. When first we read the quaint oddity it came to mind that mystery artists in general could make fine use of such material. Our idea is to have the entire outlined section reproduced upon a part of your next folder and prospectus soliciting engagements. It has been within our province to learn that such a "space filler" is an "attention getter", for recipients of a circular containing matter of this sort will "settle back" and read it through. We might suggest, also, a line, above or below, reading, "Herewith are described 41 strange processes, each of importance in the life of a mystery man. Mr. ----- entertains his audiences through adeptness at the 42nd method."

## ROGET 511

OR, HOW TO FIND OUT ABOUT THINGS  
AND WATCH OUT FOR PEOPLE

Oracles<sup>1</sup> and stars<sup>2</sup> and ghosts,<sup>3</sup>  
Spirits seen in magic lens,<sup>4</sup>  
Shadows,<sup>5</sup> and appearances  
In the meteors<sup>6</sup> and winds,<sup>7</sup>

Entrails (human,<sup>8</sup> beast,<sup>9</sup> or fish<sup>10</sup>),  
Sacrificial fire<sup>11</sup> or smoke,<sup>12</sup>  
Mice,<sup>13</sup> and aromatic herbs,<sup>14</sup>  
Bird,<sup>15</sup> and mistletoe and oak,<sup>16</sup>

Running water,<sup>17</sup> wand,<sup>18</sup> or cake,<sup>19</sup>  
Die<sup>20</sup> and dart,<sup>21</sup> or salt<sup>22</sup> and meal,<sup>23</sup>  
Balanced sieve,<sup>24</sup> suspended ring,<sup>25</sup>  
Hatchet poised,<sup>26</sup> or turning wheel,<sup>27</sup>

Dots at random on the page,<sup>28</sup>  
Precious stones,<sup>29</sup> or nails that shine,<sup>30</sup>  
Pebbles, loose<sup>31</sup> or in a heap,<sup>32</sup>  
Numbers<sup>33</sup> (seven, three, or nine),

Wrinkled palm,<sup>34</sup> or looking glass,<sup>35</sup>  
Letters forming someone's name,<sup>36</sup>  
Scribbled ashes,<sup>37</sup> and, of course,  
Almost any kind of dream,<sup>38</sup>

By the way a woman laughs<sup>39</sup>  
Or a man goes walking round,<sup>40</sup>  
By the way a cock picks up<sup>41</sup>  
Corn or millet from the ground—

By all these we prophesy,  
Ominate, forebode, premise;  
Augur, warn, vaticinate,  
Soothsay, lower, and advise.

—ROLFE HUMPHRIES

1. Theomancy 2. Sideromancy 3. Psychomancy 4. Chrystallomancy
5. Sciomancy 6. Meteoromancy 7. Austroromancy 8. Anthropomancy
9. Hieromancy 10. Ichthyomancy 11. Pyromancy 12. Capnomancy
13. Myomancy 14. Botanomancy 15. Ornithomancy 16. Dendromancy
17. Hydromancy 18. Rhabdomancy 19. Crithomancy 20. Cleromancy
21. Belomancy 22. Halomancy 23. Aleuromancy 24. Coscinomancy
25. Dactyliomancy 26. Axinomancy 27. Cyclomancy 28. Geomancy
29. Lithomancy 30. Onychomancy 31. Pessomancy 32. Psephomancy
33. Arithmancy 34. Chiromancy 35. Catoptromancy 36. Nomancy
37. Tephramancy 38. Oneiromancy 39. Geloscopy 40. Gyromancy
41. Alectryomancy or Alectoromancy

## ~ EDITORIAL ~

Magical doings have been more or less quiet the last few days. Can it be the lull before a big event to come -- such as the 40th Anniversary number of The Sphinx (\$1)? We've heard, even from Miss Dorothy Wolff, that it will be a prize issue from all angles. It's a happy thought about that venerable mag meeting its 40th birthday. Something would be lacking if our first bought magic paper didn't exist any more. Eighteen years have frittered by since that event in our life. We may have a difference in views as regards the present policy and manipulation of the journal, but never will it be said that we've neglected to bow in reverence at the thought of such a monument built by respectful worshippers of our art, and still being added to, brick by brick.

Genii, the publication high in favor, at the moment, did one of those peculiar acrobatic feats, where all is either legs or arms, when, in the February issue, the editor apologized for a trick which appeared in the December number. The regrets were properly in form, for the published "production" was a not so publishable effect in a periodical carrying a "Junior" page, but the complicated nip-up in double tempo made us chortle. This came about because the same issue carried an advertisement (all ads are guaranteed by the publisher) for a book called "Clean Dirt", with the stipulation "Not sold to minors under 21." Regardless of that redundancy, we got upset upon turning to the "Genii Juniors" sec. where it says "A page for junior magicians (under eighteen years of age)." It just doesn't sound cricket to us. But aren't acrobats wonderful?

Fred Keating will M.C. the Heckscher Theatre (N.Y.) show on Feb. 22. Lloyd Nevada will present an honest-to-goodness black art act of the type too rare these days when real visual mystery acts are at an audience's premium. Jay Palmer will do his "what drink do you want" from a kettle; Roy Benson undoubtedly will add to his laurels as a modern suave magus plus a terrifically dry sense of humor when applied to magic, which he does with a manner; the Five Elgins will juggle; and somebody said there is to be an illusion wherein a person's head does a revolution, not on a horizontal plane (as does Al Baker's dummy when it starts looking for the voice), but on a flat plane towards the audience, something like a spinning wheel. Jud Cole is slated to close the show, not with an egg and handkerchief, but with one of the few illusionary productions ever to be a feature part of a metropolitan musical comedy. Somewhere in the program will come a dazzling spark. A Chinese character will take a few rings of the "linking" type and prove that trickery doesn't necessarily enter into the age old effect. It is rumored that behind the mask of an oriental might be found the features of Dai Vernon. At any rate, that's the menu up until a week ago. The other planned acts probably have O.K.'d the date by now.

It was a long paragraph for us to devote to a coming magic show, but 'twas for a reason. Its last curtain will inaugurate for us a reviewing system, which, we hope, will start a genuine feeling against the usual "soft soap" and "oily" printings about public performances by magi in our trade journals. It may sop John Doe's vanity when he reads of his performance being "subtle" and "highly diverting and mystifying", but it doesn't do him any good, and it doesn't, by a long shot, make up for his

dropped balls, fumbled cards, and general demeanor. And, here's a thought, the ones who slap him on the back and commend him, instead of saying, firmly, "The trick was good, but you did a couple of inexcusable things which had better be corrected", are only hurting their own hobby or profession (You won't find many professionals backslapping. They'll just leave. Ed.) by letting a bad operator run around loose.

Our cross-country lineup of reviewers is practically complete. There are "paid for" (we will review nothing nohow unless tickets are sold to the public) shows continuously being held somewhere, and we should be able to make the reviewing column a pretty steady thing.

The radio beside our desk is becoming more and more precious. Keith Clark did an "interview" last night (Feb. 12) over WJZ, was a part of Bill Stern's Sport Broadcast, mentioned his book (Encyclopedia of Cigarette Tricks), and admitted that his best trick is to dive into a pool, come out, and immediately produce a lighted cigarette. Then, for scoffers, he does a duplicate dive into the water, and repeats the seeming miracle. The evening waned, and we were still at the typewriter, when, at 3:40 A.M. there did issue from the muffled machine an announcement that one Mystic Craig, a magician, had wired in for a song to be played on an all night record broadcasting station. We listened for the tune. Its title was "When I Lost You". True, it might have been sentimental, but, in that case, need he have mentioned being a magician, or sign with the "Mystic" business? And, if it was just a gesture, why pick such a titled piece? A "mystic", true to his craft, could have selected "I've Got You In The Palm Of My Hand." Or would that be an exposure? Or would I have been happier (You and how many others? Ed.) had the subject remained dormant? Don't tell me those acrobats are back again!

The one trick in Dai Vernon's recently published "Select Secrets" which could command a catalogue price of five times the cost of the entire collection is "Snow Storm In China." The subtle machinations all are described from beginning to end, and, like the finest made gears, every move and action meshes into the next. I wonder how many readers will appreciate the time and thought put into this single trick, one of ten items in the book? Privately sold by Dai Vernon, 566 Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y., it is as neat a brochure of cultured deception as might be desired. -- There's a neat little advertising note pad gadget being circulated which uses Norman Ashworth's Jinx No. 32 trick, "Before Your Eyes", as its principle. Dealers are contemplating their issuance for whomever wants to imprint them with his own name. Long ago we made a vow, (it started after Vernon's Brain Wave Deck in issue #49 was pirated here and there) that Jinx contributors would be protected against a dealer's holiday if their idea happened to "hit" the market. Since Jinx #50 we've held by that, and should a dealer wish to offer for sale something described within these pages, he contacts us, and any/all benefits from such a deal go to the contributor. We want nothing. After all, we get scoop rights on the trick, and the inventor is entitled to all else. In this case, our "burn" is because of a dealer's smug advice to one person, in effect, "Send him (me) a letter with \$1.00 for the privilege of using the trick (pad) to sell the dealers." Mr. Ashworth has been informed of the details set to the \$1.00 tune. It can't happen again, though, we'll bet. Gabbatha!!

*Theo Annemann*