

THE JINX



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I was over at the Professor's house helping him get lined up for his September session. While we were resting he told me to take up a new deck of cards from off the desk and shuffle them while he went to the kitchenette to make a sandwich. I finished doing that and yelled, "what about it?" Between rattling knives and the banging of the refrigerator door he directed me --

"All shuffled? O.K. Now turn over the top card and lay it face up on the desk. If it's a picture card, discard it. They drag the problem out too much. It isn't? Now look at the numerical

number of that card, deal that many cards face down on each side of it. If it's a three, deal three cards on each side. If it's an eight spot, then deal two piles of eight cards on each side. When you've finished, take a good look at the face up card between those piles. That's your destiny card.

"Turn it face down and deal nine cards on top of it. Nine is a number of great portent. Then pick up the middle pile and give the cards a good rough-house shuffle." I had to yell for him to quit banging dishes around so that I could hear what he was saying.

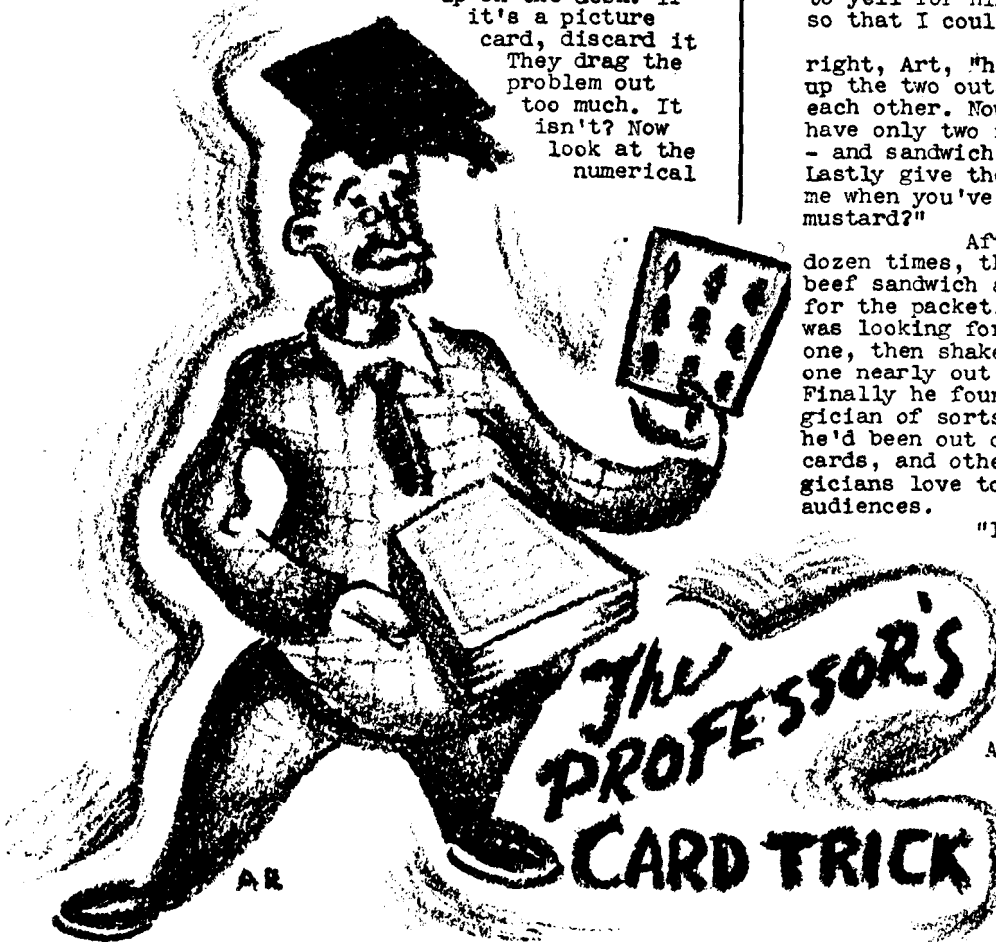
"All right, Art," he replied, "I'll go slowly. Take up the two outside piles and shuffle them into each other. Now cut either of the piles - you have only two now - and you may cut either one - and sandwich the other in the middle of it. Lastly give the whole business a cut and tell me when you've finished. Where in blazes is the mustard?"

After I'd cut the packet at least a dozen times, the Professor came in with a roast beef sandwich as big as a football. He gestured for the packet. He fanned it slowly. Plainly he was looking for one card. He'd stop often at one, then shake his head and go on. Once he took one nearly out and pushed it back with a frown. Finally he found my card, and since I'm a magician of sorts he spared me the build-up of how he'd been out of the room, hadn't touched the cards, and other such obvious features which magicians love to dwell upon ad nauseum before lay audiences.

"I got the working directions, after bribing him with a fresh cigarette. The first part, it seems, works out for itself, all the mixing and cutting being just a sham to throw the bloodhounds off the scent.

"The Professor then takes the assembled packet and apparently looks for my card. Actually, he is counting the cards, and doing it in a manner, as I have described, to give the impression that he is hard at work on a tough problem.

He then deducts 10 from the total and halves the remainder. This tells him the value of my card.



Thus, if I gave him 18 cards, he would subtract 10 and divide the remainder by 2. He would know, therefore that my card was a four-spot. The second time he looked the cards over he would look for "fours". If one only was amongst the group, that would be that. If two fours were present he'd cut one to the top and one to the bottom. I'd name my card and he'd show the correct one. If three - one would go on top, one on bottom, and one face up in the middle. If that last card happened to be the one, a spread of the deck could reveal it. If four, by long chance, happened to be in the packet, he'd just group them on top, note their order of suits, put the deck behind his back, ask for the card's name, and produce it, saying that sometimes it was better to take a guess selection when he couldn't fathom it by thought.

"I told him that I liked it. He said that it was very simple compared to some of his real hard problems. Then he asked me to have a bite of sandwich, and, so help me, as certain as my name is KENT ARTHUR, I couldn't eat. I wanted to get away and show the stunt to one of my "wise-guy" friends who thinks he knows all about everything."

TIN CAN TRICKSTER

I remember, when as a kid in short pants with his first few magic mags and catalogues, the trouble and terrific (to me, then) expense of making my own apparatus. One source of trouble was tin tubes for the many effects which use such coverings.

In the five and ten-cent emporiums to-day there is a gadget which will go into your vest pocket. It's called "Safety-Roll, Jr." It's a can-opener for kitchen use. The instruction card, upon which the device is stapled, says, "Sold the world over."

It opens all sizes and shapes of cans quite miraculously and turns down the cut edge so that the lid is removable, leaving an open can whose edge cannot cut any exploring finger. By using the thing on both ends of a can, and soaking off the label, a perfect tube is the result.

During the several weeks while we've had it we've easily found five differently sized cans (in circumference) which nest within each other. Our grocer stocks a few other delicacies (?) which could give us a nest of seven or eight perfect tin tubes.

Here, therefore, is a supply of tubes, and covers, for one end can be left in place, which should delight the hearts of magical strategists on the home front. The cans available also are of varied heights. We can recall our labor in building tubes out of cardboard for the exquisite Okito Vanishing Glass trick, and saving nickles and dimes for the metal tubes we finally treasured. This required three nesting tubes each a little shorter than the other.

For decorating one can go back to the original label process by roughing the tin with very coarse sandpaper and wrapping the cover or cylinder with colored paper to which has been applied glue - not paste. The 1/8th inch rolled "collar" at each end of the can-tube will form a protection against any catching or tearing during manoeuvres. This way of covering the tin is exceptionally good be-

cause the magician can paste on holiday designs to suit the occasion.

For those who want a lasting job of decoration we advise the cleaned and dried tin be painted with a quick drying enamel, and after it has set well, cover with a coat of transparent shellac. Any added designs, should, of course, be put on before this last process.

I hope that not a few of the Jinx readers will be gracious enough to let us print effects they conjure up from these until now wasted containers of commodities.

----- Contributed by Theo. Annemann

THE NEW HALF AND HALF L. VOSBURGH LYONS

(Editor's note: This is the first time that we have featured an improvement on a previous Jinx trick. Heretofore any variations and improvements have been part of a page devoted to such. But, as we noted with "Half and Half's" original appearance, few would take advantage of the ingenious Stewart James Idea. Now Voz Lyons has what we think is a step-up in the words and general working. I hope that the stunt won't go begging this time as much as it did the first.)

In Jinx No. 134 there appeared a Stewart James' miracle of close-up effectiveness. Here is my developed version after using his method and realising how actually impossible the effect seemed to onlookers and participants.

The performer selects a subject and throws a typed-on card down before him. (The small replica on next page.) No particular reference is made to it, but it can be seen that it contains a column of figures and a list of the ends of words. The performer then throws down, slightly to one side of the card, a narrow strip with its blank side up.

Three dice are given the assistant to test by a few rolls. Then he is asked to hold them tightly in his left hand. The performer tears a piece of paper into halves. On one piece he writes what he calls a prediction. This is put in a conspicuous position and NOT TOUCHED AGAIN. Then the assistant throws the three dice for a final total number.

Whatever it may be, from 3 to 18 inclusive, he looks at the card first put down, and then writes upon the other half of the torn paper the final letters of the word which appears opposite his number. This writing preferably should be in printed capital letters so "no trouble will be had in deciphering handwriting".

The magician picks up and hands the narrow slip of card to the person. He is told to match the two lists in order to determine what the whole word is. And he also is asked to read some of the other completed words to convince himself and others that all are quite different, any of which might have been chosen by chance.

Finally the spectator is asked to match the pieces of torn paper together and read aloud. It is the same word! And remember, the performer hasn't again touched his written on paper, which matches the other torn half, since he put it down BEFORE the dice were thrown for a free selection of 16 different words!

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number 11 piece, putting it writing side down on table at a noticeable distance from the first card.

The assistant really does toss the dice around with freedom and fairness. Then you tear any piece in two and write upon one half, the letters PER. Fold and be sure to put this paper in a spot where everyone will remember you don't approach again.

Now comes the important throw of the dice. You can have both hands in pockets as it is made. You know the total as quickly as the assistant and have ample time, while he looks up the end of the word next to his result and then writes it on the other half of the torn paper.

- ICENT --- 1
- IFOLD --- 2
- ISH ---- 3
- CUSSION - 4
- JURY ---- 5
- SPIRATION 6
- IMETER -- 7
- CH ----- 8
- ISPHERE - 9
- SIST --- 10
- COLATE - 11
- SON ---- 12
- PECT --- 13
- FORM --- 14
- TAIN --- 15
- IL ----- 16
- PLEX --- 17
- CEPTION 18

In preparation you must type the 16 lists on a card flexible enough for clear typewriter work. Then cut the lists into strips, remembering that their number values run from 3 through 18. Numbers 1 and 2 cannot be made when using three dice. Make two pocket indexes for eight strips apiece so that you can reach into either trousers pocket and secure the one you might want.

In action you proceed as has been described with the first list thrown down, but for the second, narrow strip, you take from your pocket the

That ample time is for securing the proper strip from one of your pockets. It is finger-palmed along the second finger of the hand that gets it. Pick up the tabled narrow strip with your empty hand when the person starts to write. Have him put paper down and then hand him the strip, but you've switched, and had more time with no attention on you than you'll ever get on any other trick. Now he compares the strip and card in alignment and discovers the word he won. Then you ask that your prophecy paper, and stress that you wrote it BEFORE the dice made the story, be compared with its other half upon which the spectator has written his selection. The word MUST come out correctly. Of course, if the dice total 11, and we suggested that number simply because 10 and 11 are tops on percentage with 3 dice, you have a super miracle for magicians because no switch of strips is necessary. But that's more than most of us can hope for, leading the lives we do.

CARD VOICE BY ANNEMANN

The mystic shuffles a deck and asks three of his audience to step forward. They stand to the left of the performer's table, facing the audience, and in line. The deck is spread in a fan face down across the table. The man on the far end is requested to come over, take any card he may wish, and put it in his right side coat pocket. He is told not to look at it, because, as the performer then tells his audience, this will not be a case of mindreading, but an experiment of new relations between animate and inanimate things.

When the selector retakes his place, the performer scoops up and again shuffles the pack, spreading it once more for a like picking by the middle person. After another shuffle and spread the person nearest the performer repeats the process.

"No one living as we live could know the identity of those cards you have pocketed," says the performer. "And I am not pretending that I must go into another world of those who have passed away to get the information which will now come to me."

"It all is accomplished by the cards themselves and I'm lucky enough to have discovered their language," he continues. "In a small town everyone knows almost everything about everyone else. There is always one person who has little to do except keep watch of neighbors. This applies to a pack of cards because they live so close together. You are skeptical?"

"In my deck the --- of ----- is what some people call a snoopy per-

son. It knows all about those who come and go." The performer looks through and removes the card he has named from the deck. He puts the deck back upon the table and, holding the card in his left hand, puts it into the nearest person's pocket and holds his hand there for a moment. Then he withdraws the card and holds it to his ear. He listens. Then he mentions the name of a card to this person and says, "Remember that."

The performer passes to the middle person. He does the same thing over again. "Remember that." And on to the last person he goes and does the same thing for the last time. "Remember that." Then the magician steps forward and offers the card he holds to a spectator in the audience.

"Keep this as a souvenir", he says, "the --- of ----- can tell you many of the vicissitudes of life if you treat it right." Then he turns back and asks the first person in line nearest him, "What did I tell you that I heard from the --- of -----?" The person names a card. He is asked to show that in his pocket. It is the same! And this question is repeated with the other two people -- the same result.

Over twenty years ago Charles T. Jordan invented this general effect and he called it "The Sagacious Joker" when he sold it for fifty cents. There have been a number of variations conceived since, but invariably they depended upon a force of one card, top changes, and none made any pretense of presentation before fair size audiences.

EDITRIVIA

As of September 5, 1941 -----

Undoubtedly what I now record will be a madman's pecking at his typewriter, to most of you who read these lines. We met an unusual person a few weeks ago, and, among other weird ideas propounded, he told us how he had developed his senses of sight, hearing, and touch, to an extremely sensitive degree. His actions were based on the known fact that a loss of one sense results in making one's remaining senses proportionately more acute.

First he stuffed up his ears for a week. His sense of sight gave him perception of things about him he'd never noticed. The next week he had a Johnson bandage applied to his head. It's the accepted thing for no light to the eyes. For seven days he went about his apartment and was helped through the streets without seeing. His sense of hearing and touch had their days and he loved it, knowing that he would be able to see again, and having an experience which was replete with new sensations. The third week he saw and heard, but did not speak. His wants had to be made known by gestures. After three days of this he began to notice how many deaf and dumb afflictions are around and he craved to learn their alphabetic way of finger-conversation. But he was on a schedule. The fourth week combined the first two. He could talk but could not hear or see. Now only the sense of feeling and the strange sound of his voice in his head kept him in contact with the world. The fifth and last week was a complete blackout - no hearing, no sight, no speech. He was utterly helpless except for the sensation of touch. We have talked with him since he broke his schedule - there is a sixth week. But he wants a couple of weeks on earth again before trying it. With arms and legs comfortably secured in wrappings to prevent motion, with hearing gone, with sight gone, with speech gone, he wants to be a living corpse with only his thoughts to thrill or torment him. I'm supposed to drop around at his apartment house tomb and try to let him know it's me, what day it is, the time, and, I presume, what Hitler and Roosevelt are doing. I'm only afraid that he may try a 7th test and stop breathing for seven days. That ought to teach him something.

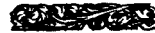
Mail box: Sid Fleischman writes from the West Coast that he does a gruesome little effect, dreamed up for the amusement (?) of trick-hardened magicians at a club meeting. He suggests that it be kept from lay audiences because "it is a satire". You show a white handkerchief folded and knotted into a sack with an unknown object within. Some gentleman holds it while the inevitable card is selected and returned to its deck.

The card then is found missing from among the others. The spectator opens his bundle - hang on now - to find himself with a beautiful set of false teeth and the selected card securely clamped between them! Mr. Fleischman reveals that the card merely is a duplicate of the one forced and then palmed from the pack. He also suggests that the torn-corner feature might be applied, but we'll lay him one further. Why not do the stunt before lay audiences, and have a molar-minus person indignantly rush forward to reclaim the mouth-choppers, saying, with a stamp of his left foot, "There's such a thing as carrying a trick too far", as he clicks the stuff back in place, minus the card, of course. We'd call that a biting remark to any magician with nerve enough to do it.

Now tell me in all honesty. Isn't that an example of why all magic papers should be edited to the hilt? After a contribution of that sort I welcome opening an envelope to find a bill - even when it's from my dentist!

Joe Berg's new sponge ball quickie is a cutie. When it's poked into the fist, which action makes it go inside out, the thing changes into a rabbit. --- How a "blindfold auto drive" can thrill Britons in this era of Stukas and Molotoff "bread-basket" bombs is beyond us, but a Rev. Wm. J. Haig-Brown, Curate of Thames Ditton, recently did just that for Englanders to good publicity in the name of "National Savings". What magic news that trickles through proves that hobbies, in war time, can become morale builders, with the art of entertaining in the No. 1 spot. --- The material cut Editrivia short this issue, but we'd like to remind that armless men can perform greater feats with their feet than some magi who try to perform feats with their hands. Maybe it's because they have to practise in order to live.

Theo. Ammann



CARD VOICE (continued from last page)

At one time this was my own version as a club trick. On parties it was used as a finale to stacked deck tricks, for it uses a stacked deck, need I mention your favorite arrangement? The important part of the gag is that the three spectators stand in line at your left and use their right side coat pockets. And, while the far man selects first, middle man next, and nearest man last, you use your left hand for the operation and work back (in reverse) along that line. There is no lost motion or confusion.

You shuffle the deck at all times. The first time it necessarily must be false. When the card is removed from the spread you pick up the cards in group scoops, cutting deck at the break of removal. A glance, as you start to genuinely shuffle, gives you the bottom card and, "count one", you know the identity of that picked.

The remaining two choices are fair, with a real mixing between each. Now tell your tale and mention as your "snoop" card the one you know the far man has pocketed. Look through the deck, AS YOU ARE TALKING, and make a good effort of looking for it. Take it out (any damned card) with right fingers, lay deck down with left hand, transfer card to left, and speak to your nearest subject, "You don't know your card, do you?" Then plunge your left hand with card into his pocket. As you stand, your fingers must go between the card there and his body. Your card goes along. You lift your head, concentrate for a count (mentally) of three, and then tell him the name of the card you inserted, immediately withdrawing the other card already there. Pass to the middle person and plunge again. In this slight interval and short trip you have glimpsed the new card you now hold. That one is left in the middle man's pocket and a new one taken out.

The same thing happens with the last man, but now you have in your hand the very card you first named as your "tattle-tale" card but never did show because of your manoeuvres and acting. This you give to a ringside spectator as a souvenir to be cherished and catered to.

Lastly the three stooges say their pieces and show their cards. You act gratified that the "snoop" card did its bit, and thank your assistants for their time, and for the use of their pockets.