



THE BUZZ

AMSTERDAM MAGIC SOCIETY

Peter Samelson
lecture, live at Café
De Buurvrouw.
Wednesday October
2 @ 8.00 PM



Oktober
2024

ISSUE 10

1/ FRITZ WITH A Z

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3 p.



4 p.

2/ PETER SAMELSON LECTURE



Speakeasy Magick, the highly acclaimed New York performance experience, is a venue where audiences experience incredible Magic at close quarters. Peter will share the 13 minute set he performs there, teach the material and explore some of the underlying thinking and theory.

3/ MARKUS TERVO LECTURE FRANS DE GROOT

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8 p.



4/

6 p.

AMS DISCORD

EVAN KASTOR



Toward the end of my BuzzTalk this week, I mentioned several NLP seminars that might interest the magic community. I think one of these surely caught your attention...I might be mind-reading here, but was it "Sleight of Mouth?"

This magazine is a production of the Amsterdam Magic Society. If you like to contribute, send this to our editor & designer, Frans de Groot: amsterdammagicsociety@gmail.com

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DEAR READER

As I write this, we're excited to have hosted our first lecture outside of our regular Society meetings. Looking ahead, October will feature a special lecture by Peter Samelson (more on him in this issue), and in November, we're thrilled to welcome Giancarlo Scalia to share his magic with us. These events are open to both members and non-members, so be sure to check our social media for more details!

In other news, we're hosting our first online Society meeting on Sunday, September 29, specifically for our members abroad. This initial meeting will be open to everyone, offering a taste of what's to come. With new content from our members every month, international membership might be something worth considering if you're located outside of the country.

We're also approaching the Dutch National Championships, and we wish all our competing members the very best of luck!

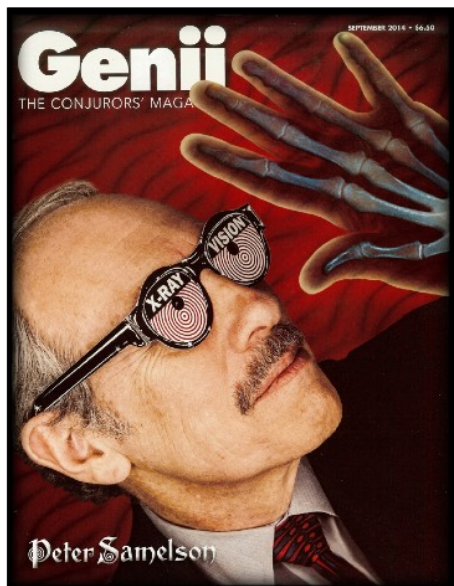
As we bid farewell to summer, I can't help but reflect on how much I love the sun—though performing outdoors in the heat can be a challenge. I've learned to adapt my magic to suit the warmer weather, and here are a few tips to help you prepare your own summer performance outfit for next year:

- Opt for short-sleeved, cotton shirts to stay cool.
- Wear a vest with at least two pockets to carry your props.
- Use multifunctional magic props that pack small.
- Stay hydrated during your performances.
- Always keep deodorant and/or cologne on hand.

In this issue, you'll find an in-depth feature on Peter Samelson, the second part of our Ricky Jay article, a review of Markus Tervo's recent lecture, and much more.

Enjoy reading!

Fritz with a Z



Peter Samelson

Amsterdam Magic Society lecture at De Buurvrouw Wednesday October 2, @ 8.00 PM



Speakeasy Magick, the highly acclaimed New York performance experience, is a venue where audiences experience incredible Magic at close quarters. Peter will share the 13 minute set he performs there, teach the material and explore some of the underlying thinking and theory. Practical, working material with thoughtful commentary and explanations. The Phoenix, Body Snatchers, and Ring, Rope and Rose - bonuses if there is time.

The Speakeasy Set

Practical material from the repertoire of a pro. This is the exact set Peter performs at Speakeasy Magick in New York, 13 minutes of solid magic, demonstrated, taught in detail and considered. Based around 3 routines, The Phoenix, Body Snatchers, and Ring, Rope & Rose.

10 QUESTIONS

Peter Samelson

1) Most memorable show you performed at?

Wow, a difficult question to begin with... Was it performing in Paris (for the elite group including, Princess Stephanie, Billy Gibbons of ZZ Top, and Nicky Lauda) or standing on the Great Wall of China doing the rings, impromptu, or performing with Penn and Teller at the table for Fool Us, just last month doing original close-up work on a stage in China in front of 2,000 ... or at a private dinner for Nobel Laureates at an ISEF.

2) What is one of your hobbies?

At this point cooking and baking, which intensified during COVID. The other stand outs are travel, computers and 3D printing

3) Favorite city?

Wherever I am ...

4) We can wake you up in the middle of the night for...

Anything important - I wake myself up almost every night - to pee

5) Who inspires you as a magician?

Original deep inspiration was Tony Slydini. Currently Derren (and Andy), Arthur Trace, Jafo, while close to home, Asi Wind and among really close friends Steve Bedwell and Jamy Ian Swiss

6) One magic item you cannot live without?

My black secret stuff.

7) What trick or routine are you working at the moment?

I'm fine tuning my show (written at The Chicago Magic Lounge) called Magic, Love, Mystery (a cold case story of two star-crossed lovers who risk it all on along con, that does not go so well.) Yes, it is a magic show, where each routing moves the story forward with insight or clues. writing this show meant learning 40 minutes of new or re-written material ... I usually have at least half a dozen things I'm working on.

8) Eugene Burger or Rob Zabrecky?

Close to Eugene with the dance energy of Zabrecky

9) What country would you like to visit?

Vietnam

10) One piece of advice you give to somebody who wants to get better at theatrical magic.

Study Improvisation

FRITZ WITH A Z





SLEIGHT OF MOUTH & INTERNATIONAL CLUB NIGHTS

Toward the end of my BuzzTalk this week, I mentioned several NLP seminars that might interest the magic community. I think one of these surely caught your attention...

I might be mind-reading here, but was it "Sleight of Mouth?"

Sleight of Mouth is a set of language techniques found in the NLP world, and it takes its name from the similarly titled 'Sleight-of-Hand' concept from the magic world. They are both terms which encompass a wide variety of different patterns and skills.

I want to invite all my fellow members for two things. The first is the inaugural International Club Night for the Amsterdam Magic Society.

Starting September 29th, we will meet as a Society on Discord the last Sunday of every month.

These meetings are in addition to our usual in-person meetings at Mascini.

At these international meetings, you can join via video, voice, or text chat and spend time with each other anywhere in the world. We will offer a programme, Q&A, and time to chat freely or show off tricks via your webcam.

Loshayden plans to share a new original magical creation from the US every month.

The library and shop are always open, so it is also an excellent time to connect with the other members about items that might pique your interest.

The second invitation is to a workshop about 'Sleight of Mouth' techniques. As you may have gathered, it is the first programme for the International Club Nights.

I'll be going over some of the more valuable patterns for magicians. I will answer any questions regarding these or anything else NLP - including your results from the experiment I suggested at the end of my talk on the 9th.

For this first one, we are happy to welcome your magician friends even if they have yet to become members of the Society.

We'll start at 20:00 (8:00 pm) Amsterdam time and replay my talk for those who missed it.

The Sleight of Mouth programme will begin around 20:30 (8:30 pm), and we should wrap up around 22:00 (10:00 pm).

Bring drinks, snacks, and whatever else you may enjoy. Several international members of the Society and guests are already excited to join, so why not add it to your agenda now?

To join the online server, visit discord.amsterdammagicsociety.com, and you will be directed to download the discord app if you do not already have it.

When creating a user name for our server, please use your performing name so everyone knows who you are.

The server is open to everyone, including non-members. Feel free to send me a message once you have joined the server, and I will add you to the member's areas.



AMSTERDAM MAGIC SOCIETY

Discord

JOIN OUR DISCORD SERVER AND GET READY FOR THE NEW
WAYS WE ARE BUILDING UP THE SOCIETY FOR YOU!!

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SOON, WE'LL START HOSTING INTERNATIONAL CLUB NIGHTS
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Markus Tervo Lecture

On September 4th, I had the pleasure of watching Markus Tervo, a young magician from Finland, lecture at our clubhouse, Mascini, which was filled with members of The Society.

For Markus, this was the first time he had given this lecture outside Finland, so we were the first to see this young creative performer.



The day before, he had performed with great success in the Amsterdam Magic show and explained some of the tricks in the lecture.

Do we all buy a magic prop or gimmick, use it for a while, and then leave it in the bottom drawer as the excitement wanes? In this lecture, Markus shared fresh and practical routines for both close-up and stage performances, using magic props we probably already have in our cupboards!

He asked himself the following questions about ideas and tricks he encountered.

How would I do it?

How would my heroes do it?

What story could I tell with it?

What are the problems with it?

What is something new I could do with it?

He succeeds in his mission, and so we had an inspiring evening. I think we all have some



ideas for examining our tricks and devising a fresh approach to performing them.



He also had some book recommendations for us.

Magic related:

Designing Miracles, Darwin Ortiz

The Magic Rainbow, Juan Tamariz

My Magic Live, David Devant

Non-Magic Related:

The Power of Now, Eckhart Tolle

The War of Art, Steven Pressfield

Automatic Habits, James Clear

My advice for bookers of magic events is don't hesitate to book Markus, and you never regret that you do it.

Photo's and Text

FRANS DE GROOT



Secrets of the Magus

Ricky Jay does closeup magic that flouts reality

Part 2

A guy comes up and starts telling me he's a fan," he recalls. "I say thank you, that's nice to hear. He says he used to see me perform in Boulder, Colorado. That's nice, too, I say. Then he starts talking about this wonderful piece I did with a mechanical monkey—really one of the most bizarre routines I ever worked out—and I thank him, and he says, 'Yeah, I get a tremendous response when I do that. Audiences just love it.' And I say, 'Let me ask you something. Suppose I invite you over to my house for dinner. We have a pleasant meal, we talk about magic, it's an enjoyable evening. Then, as you're about to leave, you walk into my living room and you pick up my television and walk out with it. You steal my television set. Would you do that?' He says, 'Of course not.' And I say, 'But you already did.' He says, 'What are you talking about?' I

say, 'You stole my television!' He says, 'How can you say that? I've never even been to your house.' This guy doesn't even know what a metaphor is. People ask me why I don't do lectures at magic conventions, and I say, 'Because I'm still learning.' Meanwhile, you've got people who have been doing magic for ten months and they are actually out there pontificating. It's absurd."

T. A. Waters, a mentalist and writer, who is the librarian at the Magic Castle, told me, "Some magicians, once they learn how to do "A guy comes up and starts telling me he's a fan," he recalls. "I say thank you, that's nice to hear. He says he used to see me perform in Boulder, Colorado. That's nice, too, I say. Then he starts talking about this wonderful piece I did with a mechanical monkey—really one of the most

bizarre routines I ever worked out—and I thank him, and he says, ‘Yeah, I get a tremendous response when I do that. Audiences just love it.’ And I say, ‘Let me ask you something. Suppose I invite you over to my house for dinner. We have a pleasant meal, we talk about magic, it’s an enjoyable evening. Then, as you’re about to leave, you walk into my living room and you pick up my television and walk out. The playwright David Mamet and the theatre director Gregory Mosher affirm that many years ago, late one night in the bar of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in Chicago, this happened:

Ricky Jay, who is perhaps the most gifted sleight-of-hand artist alive, was performing magic with a deck of cards. Also present was a friend of Mamet and Mosher’s named Christ Nogulich, the director of food and beverage at the hotel. After twenty minutes of disbelief-suspending manipulations, Jay spread the deck face up on the bar counter and asked Nogulich to concentrate on a specific card but not to reveal it. Jay then assembled the deck face down, shuffled, cut it into two piles, and asked Nogulich to point to one of the piles and name his card. “Three of clubs,” Nogulich said, and he was then instructed to turn over the top card.

He turned over the three of clubs.

Mosher, in what could be interpreted as a passive-aggressive act, quietly announced, “Ricky, you know, I also concentrated on a card.”

After an interval of silence, Jay said, “That’s interesting, Gregory, but I only do this for one person at a time.”

Mosher persisted: “Well, Ricky, I really was thinking of a card.”

Jay paused, frowned, stared at Mosher, and said, “This is a distinct change of procedure.” A longer pause. “All right—what was the card?” “Two of spades.”

Jay nodded, and gestured toward the other pile, and Mosher turned over its top card. The deuce of spades.

A small riot ensued.

Deborah Baron, a screenwriter in Los Angeles, where Jay lives, once invited him to a New Year’s Eve dinner party at her home. About a dozen other people attended. Well past midnight, everyone gathered around a coffee table as Jay, at Baron’s request, did closeup card magic. When he had performed several dazzling illusions and seemed ready to retire, a guest named Mort said, “Come on, Ricky. Why don’t you do something truly amazing?” Baron recalls that at that moment “the look in Ricky’s eyes was, like, ‘Mort—you have just fucked with the wrong person.’ ”

Jay told Mort to name a card, any card. Mort said, “The three of hearts.” After shuffling, Jay gripped the deck in the palm of his right hand and sprung it, cascading all fifty-two cards so that they travelled the length of the table and pelted an open wine bottle.

“O.K., Mort, what was your card again?”

“The three of hearts.”

“Look inside the bottle.”

Mort discovered, curled inside the neck, the three of hearts. The party broke up immediately.

One morning last December, a few days before Christmas, Jay came to see me in my office. He wore a dark-gray suit and a black shirt that was open at the collar, and the colors seemed to match his mood. The most uplifting magic, Jay believes, has a spontaneous, improvisational vigor. Nevertheless, because he happened to be in New York we had made a date to get together, and I, invoking a journalistic imperative, had specifically requested that he come by my office and do some magic while I took notes. He hemmed and hawed and then, reluctantly, consented. Though I had no idea what was in store, I anticipated being completely fooled. At that point, I had known Jay for two years, during which we had discussed his theories of magic, his relationships with and opinions of other practitioners of the art, his rigid opposition to public revelations of the techniques of magic, and his relentless passion

for collecting rare books and manuscripts, art, and other artifacts connected to the history of magic, gambling, unusual entertainments, and frauds and confidence games. He has a skeptically friendly, mildly ironic conversational manner and a droll, filigreed prose style. Jay's collection functions as a working research library. He is the author of dozens of scholarly articles and also of two diverting and richly informative books, "Cards as Weapons" (1977) and "Learned Pigs & Fireproof Women" (1986). For the past several years, he has devoted his energies mainly to scholarship and to acting in and consulting on motion pictures. Though he loves to perform, he is extremely selective about venues and audiences. I've attended lectures and demonstrations by him before gatherings of East Coast undergraduates, West Coast students of the history of magic, and Midwestern bunco-squad detectives. Studying videotapes of him and observing at first hand some of his serendipitous microbursts of legerdemain have taught me how inappropriate it is to say that "Ricky Jay does card tricks"—a characterization as inadequate as "Sonny Rollins plays tenor saxophone" or "Darci Kistler dances." None of my scrutinizing has yielded a shred of insight into how he does what he does. Every routine appears seamless, unparsable, simply magical.

Before getting down to business in my office, we chatted about this and that: water spouters and armless origami artists and equestrian bee trainers, all subjects that Jay has written about. As we were talking, an editor friend and two other colleagues dropped by. I had introduced Jay and the editor once before and—presumptuously, it turned out—had mentioned earlier that morning that he would be coming by for a private performance. Politely but firmly, Jay made it plain that an audience of one was what he had in mind. There was an awkward moment after the others left. I apologized for the intrusion, and he apologized for not being more accommodating. He reassured me that he still had something to show me. My cluttered office didn't feel right, however, so we headed upstairs to a lunchroom, found that

it was unoccupied, and seated ourselves in a corner booth, facing each other. He unzipped a black leather clutch that he had brought with him and removed a deck of red Bee playing cards imprinted with the logo of Harrah's Casino.

In "Cards as Weapons" Jay refers to Dai Vernon, who died last year, at ninety-eight, as "the greatest living contributor to the magical art," and he quotes Vernon's belief that "cards are like living, breathing human beings and should be treated accordingly." I was reminded of Vernon's dictum as Jay caressed the deck, as gently as if it were a newly hatched chick. He has small hands—just large enough so that a playing card fits within the plane of his palm. There is a slightly raised pad of flesh on the underside of the first joint of each finger. "Not the hands of a man who has done a lot of hard labor," Jay said—a completely disingenuous line, to which he added, "One of the best sleight-of-hand guys I know is a plumber."

Jay's hands seem out of scale with the rest of him. He is of average height but has a hefty, imposing build. During the seventies, he regularly toured with various rock groups as an opening act and could easily have passed as foreman of the road crew; at the time, he had dark-brown hair that reached the middle of his back, and a dense, flowing beard. He now keeps his hair and beard neatly trimmed. He has a fleshy face, a high forehead, and dark eyes. His eyes light up and then crinkle when he laughs—a burst of what might or might not indicate pleasure, followed by a dry, wise-sounding chuckle that could mean anything. His inflection is New York with a Flatbush edge. In three of Mamet's films—"House of Games," "Things Change," and "Homicide"—Jay has been cast to type as a confidence man, a gangster, and an Israeli terrorist, respectively. In one scene of the play within a play of "House of Games," he portrays a menacing professional gambler.

"I'm always saying there's no correlation between gambling and magic," Jay said as he shuffle-cut the cards. "But this is a routine of actual gamblers' techniques within the context of a theatrical magic presentation."

He noticed me watching him shuffling, and asked softly, with deadpan sincerity, "Does that look fair?"

When I said it looked fair, he dealt two hands of five-card draw and told me to lay down my cards. Two pair. Then he laid down his. A straight.

"Was that fair?" he said. "I don't think so. Let's discuss the reason why that wasn't fair. Even though I shuffled openly and honestly, I didn't let you cut the cards. So let's do it again, and this time I'll let you cut the cards."

He shuffled again, I cut the cards, he dealt, and this time I had three tens.

"Ready to turn them over?"

My three-of-a-kind compared unfavorably with his diamond flush.

"Is that fair?" he said again. "I don't think so. Let's talk about why that might not be fair. Even though I shuffled the cards"—he was now reshuffling the deck—"and you cut the cards, you saw me pick up the cards after you cut them, and maybe you think there was some way for me to nullify the cut by sleight of hand. So this time I'll shuffle the cards and you shuffle the cards."

Jay shuffled the deck, I riffle-shuffled the deck and handed it back to him, and he said, "And I'll deal six hands of poker—one for myself and five for you. I'll let you choose any one of the five. And I'll beat you."

He dealt six hands. Instead of revealing only one of my five hands, I turned them all face up. "Oh, oh," he said. "I see you want to turn them all over. I only intended for you to pick one—but, well, no, that's all right."

The best of my five hands was two pair.

Jay said, "Now, did that seem fair?"

I said yes.

Jay said, "I don't think so," and showed me his cards—four kings.

I rested my elbows on the table and massaged my forehead.

"Now, why might that be unfair?" he continued. "I'll tell you why. Because, even though you shuffled, I dealt the cards. That time, I also shuffled the cards. Now, this time you shuffle the cards and you deal the cards. And you pick the number of players. And you

designate any hand for me and any hand for you."

After shuffling, I dealt four hands, arranged as the points of a square. I chose a hand for myself and selected one for him. My cards added up to nothing—king-high nothing.

"Is that fair?" Jay said, picking up his cards, waiting a beat, and returning them to the table, one by one—the coup de grâce. "I. Don't. Think. So." One, two, three, four aces.

Jay has an anomalous memory, extraordinarily retentive but riddled with hard-to-account-for gaps. "I'm becoming quite worried about my memory," he said not long ago. "New information doesn't stay. I wonder if it's the NutraSweet." As a child, he read avidly and could summon the title and the author of every book that had passed through his hands.

Now he gets lost driving in his own neighborhood, where he has lived for several years—he has no idea how many. He once had a summer job tending bar and doing magic at a place called the Royal Palm, in Ithaca, New York. On a bet, he accepted a mnemonic challenge from a group of friendly patrons. A numbered list of a hundred arbitrary objects was drawn up: No. 3 was "paintbrush," No. 18 was "plush ottoman," No. 25 was "roaring lion," and so on. "Ricky! Sixty-five!" someone would demand, and he had ten seconds to respond correctly or lose a buck. He always won, and, to this day, still would. He is capable of leaving the house wearing his suit jacket but forgetting his pants. He can recite verbatim the rapid-fire spiel he delivered a quarter of a century ago, when he was briefly employed as a carnival barker: "See the magician; the fire 'manipulator'; the girl with the yellow e-e-elastic tissue. See Adam and Eve, boy and girl, brother and sister, all in one, one of the world's three living 'morphrodites.' And the e-e-electrode lady..." He can quote verse after verse of nineteenth-century Cockney rhyming slang. He says he cannot remember what age he was when his family moved from Brooklyn to the New Jersey suburbs. He cannot recall the year he entered college or the year he left. "If you ask me for specific dates, we're in trouble," he says.

Michael Weber, a fellow-magician and close friend, has said, “Basically, Ricky remembers nothing that happened after 1900.”

Jay has many loyal friends, a protective circle that includes a lot of people with show-business and antiquarian-book-collecting connections and remarkably few with magic-world connections.

Marcus McCorison, a former president of the American Antiquarian Society, where Jay has lectured and performed, describes him as “a deeply serious scholar—I think he knows more about the history of American conjuring than anyone else.”

Nicolas Barker, who recently retired as one of the deputy keepers of the British Library, says, “Ricky would say you can’t be a good conjurer without knowing the history of your profession, because there are no new tricks under the sun, only variations. He’s a superbly gifted conjurer, and he’s an immensely scholarly person whose knowledge in his chosen field is gigantic, in a class by itself. And, like any other scholarly person, he has a very good working knowledge of fields outside his own.”

The actor Steve Martin said not long ago, “I sort of think of Ricky as the intellectual *élite* of magicians. I’ve had experience with magicians my whole life. He’s expertly able to perform and yet he knows the theory, history, literature of the field. Ricky’s a master of his craft. You know how there are those teachers of creative writing who can’t necessarily write but can teach? Well, Ricky can actually do everything.”

A collector named Michael Zinman says, “He’s instantly reachable, up to a limit.” Those most familiar with his idiosyncrasies realize that there are at least three Ricky Jays: a public persona, a private persona, and a private persona within the private persona. Jay can remember his age—somewhere in his forties—but says that it is irrelevant. It is also irrelevant that Jay was not his surname at birth; it was his middle name. Janus Cercone, who wrote the screenplay for “Leap of Faith,” a recent film that stars Steve Martin as a flimflam faith healer and credits Jay as the “Cons and Frauds Consultant,” told me, “I talk to Ricky three

times a day. Other than my husband, he’s my best friend. I think I know him as well as just about anyone does, and I know less about his background and his childhood than about those of anyone else I know.”

Mamet and Jay have been friends for several years—a bond rooted, in part, in their shared fascination with the language, science, and art of cons and frauds.

“I’ll call Ricky on the phone,” Mamet says. “I’ll ask him—say, for something I’m writing—‘A guy’s wandering through upstate New York in 1802 and he comes to a tavern and there’s some sort of mountebank. What would the mountebank be doing?’ And Ricky goes to his library and then sends me an entire description of what the mountebank would be doing. Or I’ll tell him I’m having a Fourth of July party and I want to do some sort of disappearance in the middle of the woods. He says, ‘That’s the most bizarre request I’ve ever heard. You want to do a disappearing effect in the woods? There’s nothing like that in the literature. I mean, there’s this one 1760 pamphlet—“Jokes, Tricks, Ghosts and Diversions by Woodland, Stream and Campfire.” But, other than that, I can’t think of a thing.’ He’s unbelievably generous. Ricky’s one of the world’s great people. He’s my hero. I’ve never seen anybody better at what he does.”

I once asked Mamet whether Jay had ever shared with him details of his childhood. Mamet replied, “I can’t remember.”

I said, “You can’t remember whether you discussed it or you can’t remember the details?”

He said, “I can’t remember whether or not I know a better way to dissuade you from your reiteration of that question without seeming impolite.”

Jay’s condensed version of his early life goes like this: “I grew up like Athena—covered with playing cards instead of armor—and, at the age of seven, materialized on a TV show, doing magic.” Confronted with questions about his parents, he suggests a different topic. Whatever injuries were inflicted, his mother and his father were apparently equally guilty. Any enthusiasm he ever expressed they

managed not to share. “I’m probably the only kid in history whose parents made him stop taking music lessons,” he says. “They made me stop studying the accordion. And, I suppose, thank God.” He loved to play basketball. There was a backboard above the garage of the family house, which had aluminum siding. “Don’t dent the house!” his mother routinely warned. His father oiled his hair with Brylcreem and brushed his teeth with Colgate. “He kept his toothpaste in the medicine cabinet and the Brylcreem in a closet about a foot away,” Jay recalls. “Once, when I was ten, I switched the tubes. All you need to know about my father is that after he brushed his teeth with Brylcreem he put the toothpaste in his hair.”

Though Jay first performed in public at the age of four, he rejects the notion that magic—or, in any case, his mature style of magic—is suitable entertainment for children. Nor does he apologize for his lack of susceptibility to the charms of children themselves. I once drove with him from central Massachusetts to my home, near New York City. We had to catch a plane together the next day, and I had invited him to spend the night in a spare room, on a floor above and beyond earshot of my three sons. While acknowledging that they were Ricky Jay fans, I promised him that they would all be in bed by the time we arrived and off to school before he awoke the next morning. As it turned out, we had no sooner entered the house than I heard one of my six-year-old twins announce “I think Ricky’s here!” Before he could remove his coat, the three of them, all in their pajamas, had him cornered in the kitchen.

My eleven-year-old son handed him a deck of cards. The other boys began parroting the monologue from one of his television appearances—patter from a stunt in which he tosses a playing card like a boomerang and during its return flight bisects it with a pair of giant scissors. Jay gave me the same look I imagine he gave Mort, the unfortunate New Year’s Eve party guest. I immediately reached for the phone directory and found the number of a nearby motel.

Just as resolutely as he avoids children, Jay declines opportunities to perform for other magicians. This habit has earned him a reputation for aloofness, to which he pleads guilty-with-an-explanation. According to

Michael Weber, he has a particular aversion to the “magic lumpen”—hoi polloi who congregate in magic clubs and at conventions, where they unabashedly seek to expropriate each other’s secrets, meanwhile failing to grasp the critical distinction between doing tricks and creating a sense of wonder. One guy in a tuxedo producing doves can be magic, ten guys producing doves is a travesty. “Ricky won’t perform for magicians at magic shows, because they’re interested in things,” Weber says. “They don’t get it. They won’t watch him and be inspired to make magic of their own. They’ll be inspired to do that trick that belongs to Ricky. Magic is not about someone else sharing the newest secret. Magic is about working hard to discover a secret and making something out of it. You start with some small principle and you build a theatrical presentation out of it. You do something that’s technically artistic that creates a small drama. There are two ways you can expand your knowledge—through books and by gaining the confidence of fellow-magicians who will explain these things. Ricky to a large degree gets his information from books—old books—and then when he performs for magicians they want to know, ‘Where did that come from?’ And he’s appalled that they haven’t read this stuff. So there’s this large body of magic lumpen who really don’t understand Ricky’s legacy—his contribution to the art, his place in the art, his technical proficiency and creativity. They think he’s an elitist and a snob.”

BY MARK SINGER

APRIL 5, 1993

(To be continued)

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AGENDA

September 18 - [Amsterdam Bar Magic Show](#) | Cafe De Buurvrouw

September 20-22 - [Magic Festival](#)
Dreamfactory, Degersheim, Switzerland.

September 27 - [About last Night](#) Theater
De Vaillant, The Hague

September 27-29 - [New York Magic Conference](#) in Callicoon, New York (the Catskills).

September 29 - [Amsterdam Magic Society Discord](#)

October 3 - 6, [57eme Congrès Français de L'illusion FFAP](#) au Touquet (France)

October 5-6 | [Irish Magic-Fest](#), Dublin, Ireland

October 5-6 - [Dutch Championships NMU](#), Zeist Netherlands

October 8 [Amsterdam Magic Society](#)
Mascini, Amsterdam

October 9 [Sips & Sorcery](#) Cafe Backstage
Amsterdam

October 9-12 - "[MAGICA](#) - The German Championship of Magic Art" and "Nordic Nobel", Lübeck, Germany.

October 12-13 - [South Tyneside International Magic Festival](#) in South
Sheilds, England

October 16 [Double the Magic](#) Mascini
Amsterdam

October 23 [Amsterdam Bar Magic Show](#)
Cafe De Buurvrouw Amsterdam

October 31 [The Rose Seance Experiment](#) | Boom Chicago Amsterdam





THE
ROSE SÉANCE
EXPERIMENT

OCTOBER 31



ABOUT LAST NIGHT

ENGLISH MAGIC EVENING
DEN HAAG

September 27, 2024

20:00-22:00

(19:30 doors open)



presenting
magicians:

**ORVILLE SMALL
ELIS TUDOR
ZIPO GUO**

magic.orvillesmal@gmail.com

TICKET PURCHASE

DEVAILLANT.NL/AGENDA/ABOUTLASTNIGHT



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