

The Lost Feeling of Discovering Magic

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“Always make it a point to surround your act with mystery... leave them guessing.”

Those words were written in 1921 by a magician named La Vellma.

More than a hundred years later, I sometimes wonder if modern magic forgot part of that lesson.

Not because magic disappeared.

If anything, magic is everywhere now.

It lives on YouTube.

TikTok.

Instagram reels.

Television specials.

Streaming platforms.

Tutorial channels.

Exposure videos.

Reaction clips.

Today, a person can learn a trick in less than sixty seconds.

But for many of us who discovered magic before the internet fully took over, there was once another feeling attached to illusion. A slower feeling. A deeper feeling.

A feeling that is becoming harder to find.

I call it “the lost feeling of discovering magic.”

I grew up during the VHS era of magic. Back then, learning illusion felt like searching for hidden treasure. There were no instant tutorials waiting online. No social media algorithms feeding secrets into your hands before you even asked for them.

If you wanted to learn magic, you had to look for it.

Sometimes that search began at a bookstore. Sometimes through a magic catalog hidden in the back pages of a magazine. Sometimes through late-night television specials recorded onto worn VHS tapes that would be watched over and over again until the tracking lines nearly destroyed the picture.

And somehow, that difficulty made the experience more meaningful.

I still remember recording magic shows directly from television onto VHS tapes. David Copperfield specials. Magicians appearing on variety programs. Anything related to illusion felt important enough to preserve. In many ways, those recordings became personal libraries of wonder.

You could not simply search for a performance later online.

If you missed it, it was gone.

So when you finally captured a special on tape, it mattered.

You watched it repeatedly. You studied every movement. Every pause. Every reaction from the audience. Sometimes the image quality was terrible. VHS tracking was one of the most frustrating parts of that era. The screen would shake with static lines, and you would sit there adjusting the tracking controls up and down, trying to make the magician visible again.

Younger generations who grew up with perfect digital video may never fully understand that experience. But strangely enough, those imperfections became part of the memory itself.

The mystery survived because access was limited.

Even learning a single trick could feel like an adventure.

I remember buying one of my first VHS magic tapes expecting something life-changing. The trick was the famous Balducci levitation. Like many beginners at the time, I was amazed by the advertisement. The promise of floating seemed impossible.

Then I watched the explanation.

Part of me felt disappointed. Not because the trick was bad, but because I realized an important truth about magic: sometimes the imagination surrounding the illusion is stronger than the secret itself.

That realization stayed with me.

Soon after, I ordered another trick from an advertisement. This time it was a small metal gimmick that attached inside the shoe to create a levitation effect. Waiting for magic props to arrive by mail was its own kind of excitement. Days felt longer. Anticipation became part of the performance before the box even arrived.

That waiting is something modern magic audiences rarely experience anymore.

Today, information moves so quickly that mystery barely has time to breathe.

A trick appears online.

Someone explains it.

A reaction video follows.

Then another magician recreates it.

Within hours, the sense of impossibility disappears.

The internet gave magic incredible opportunities. It connected magicians across countries and generations. It allowed creators to share ideas faster than ever before.

But it also changed the emotional rhythm of discovery.

The process became shorter.

Patience disappeared.

Wonder slowly became content.

In the older days, discovering magic felt personal. You earned moments slowly. Sometimes you spent weeks searching for a single explanation hidden in a book or catalog. Sometimes you practiced one sleight for months because there was nobody instantly correcting every movement online.

That slow journey built imagination.

It also built respect for the art.

Many older magic books did not simply teach tricks. They taught atmosphere, presentation, storytelling, and mystery. They understood that illusion was never only about fooling people. It was about creating a feeling.

That feeling is what first pulled many of us into magic.

Not the secret.

The feeling.

As life moved forward, I realized something else: magic does not always survive the same way in every environment. In some cultures and communities, pursuing illusion professionally can become difficult to explain or difficult to sustain. What once felt like a dream slowly becomes complicated by expectations, responsibilities, and reality itself.

Over time, my own path changed.

Then life changed physically too.

In 2022, I began dialysis treatments. Three times a week, life slowed down in ways I never expected. Long hours connected to machines gave me time to think about many things: time, memory, purpose, and the strange relationship between illusion and reality.

For a while, I thought maybe magic had become only a memory from another chapter of my life.

But strangely enough, dialysis also brought me back toward reflection and storytelling.

I may not perform magic the same way I once imagined when I was younger, but I realized something important: magic was never only about standing on stage.

Magic was also about wonder.

About imagination.

About giving people a feeling they could not fully explain.

That realization eventually led me toward writing and podcasting. Through books, stories, and conversations on my podcast *Beyond the Illusion with D-R'TisT-O*, I found another way to keep that feeling alive.

Not by exposing secrets.

But by talking about why magic mattered in the first place.

Even today, I still believe magic is much larger than people realize.

How large is magic?

Imagine a jar the size of a small school bus, filled completely with grains of sand. Every grain represents a trick, a secret, an illusion, a forgotten method, or a story passed from one magician to another through generations.

One grain may seem small by itself. But together, they create something impossible to fully count.

That is how vast the world of magic truly is.

And perhaps that is why mystery still matters.

Because mystery allows imagination to breathe.

Without mystery, magic becomes only information.

But with mystery, magic becomes memory.

Especially now.

Because somewhere between VHS tapes, worn-out tracking lines, late-night television specials, dusty magic books, dialysis sessions, and long waits for tricks arriving in the mail, I realized something important:

Magic never completely disappeared from my life.

It simply transformed into another form of storytelling.

And once you truly experience wonder, part of you spends the rest of your life trying to find that feeling again.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Osaid M.".

D-R'TisT-O