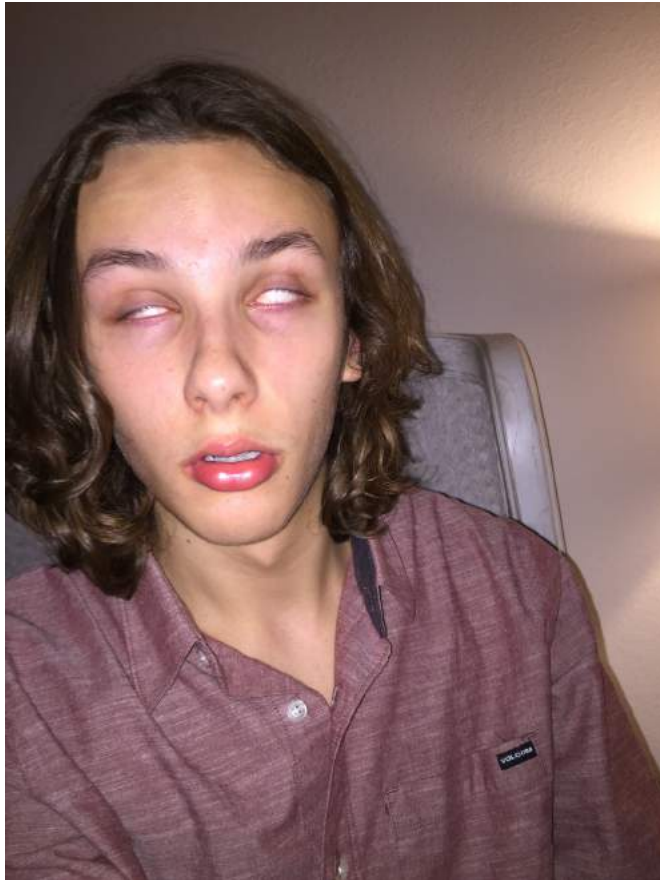




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Carl
Karlsson

?: If the fate of human kind would depend on one flourish, yours or someone else's, which flourish would you choose?

!: Pandora. Just pandora. Pandora. Pandora.

?: If you could transform one of your flourishes into a woman, with the prospect of maybe sleeping with her, which flourish would it be?

!: Pandora isn't my own flourish, but it reminds me of a sexy long-legged MILF with a ton of experience. So, if I could transform any flourish into a woman, it would be "*Pandora*". BUT, since we are talking about transforming one of my own flourishes into a woman, it would probably be "*hippie wave*" (click name for performance).

I don't know what it would look like as a woman, but if *Pandora* is a sexy long-legged lady, then the slightly more compact *hippie wave* would probably be a midget BBW. I can't really imagine any other of my flourishes that would look good as a woman... perhaps my display "Scissorhands" (click name) would look like Johnny Depp who plays Edward Scissorhands in the movie with the same name, and he's hot as fuck, so that's my final answer. Scissorhands.

?: You receive \$1000 to invest in a single video (props, gimmicks, artists, etc). What do you do with it?

!: 1000 dollars isn't a lot of money so I would rent a Lamborghini or some other super-car for a day, film some stuff in it and at the same time experience how it feels like to be a pussy-magnet.

?: You know the phrase "last line before you die"? Well, what would your last flourish before you die be?

!: J5^∞

?: If you could have a super-power, what would it be and how would you use it to evolve your flourishes?

!: I would choose invisibility. Then I could perform cardistry while secretly sneaking in to the women's locker room and jerking off. Would be such a creativity boost.

?: What flourish do you think has the biggest dick in the community? Exclude "Anaconda" or "Worm".

!: Albatross??

?: For a performance, I want you to take one of your flourishes and make a gay version of it.

!: Hippie Wave is named after all of the waves of hippies and shit after the supreme court legalized gay marriage back in June. So, that flourish is gay as fuck really.

?: I want you to try and use a flourish name (choose one from the well-known moves) as a swear, in a context. I am full aware that High School is long gone, but let's give this syntax challenge a shot.

!: *Stubs toe on the edge of the table* "GOD FUCKING SICK AND TWISTED WINGS OF THE MOCKINGBIRD"

?: Last, but not least, I do not think you are familiar with the movie "Bad Johnson". Basically, the guy's dick detaches from his owner and is transformed into a real human being. Feel free to youtube a trailer in order to understand better what I am talking about. Now, on that accord, if your flourishes would "detach" themselves from you, if all your repertoire would just vanish from your mind and transform itself into a human being, animal, insect or flower, what would it be, how it would look like, how would it smell and so on? Try and be as precise as possible.

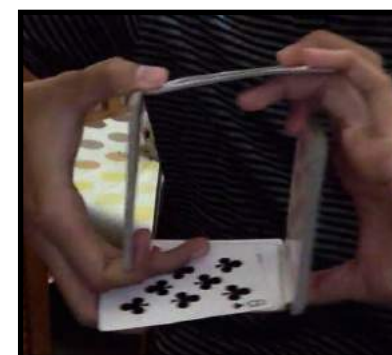
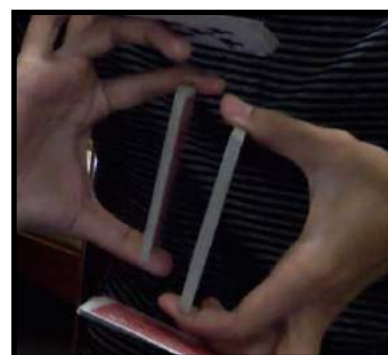
!: I name a lot of my flourishes after people- for example, I have Sawyer (from Lost), Spencer Reid (from Criminal Minds), Edward Scissorhands and more. So, I would like to think that if they would "detach" themselves from me, that's what they would look like. Hmmm, I should name one Lisa Ann.

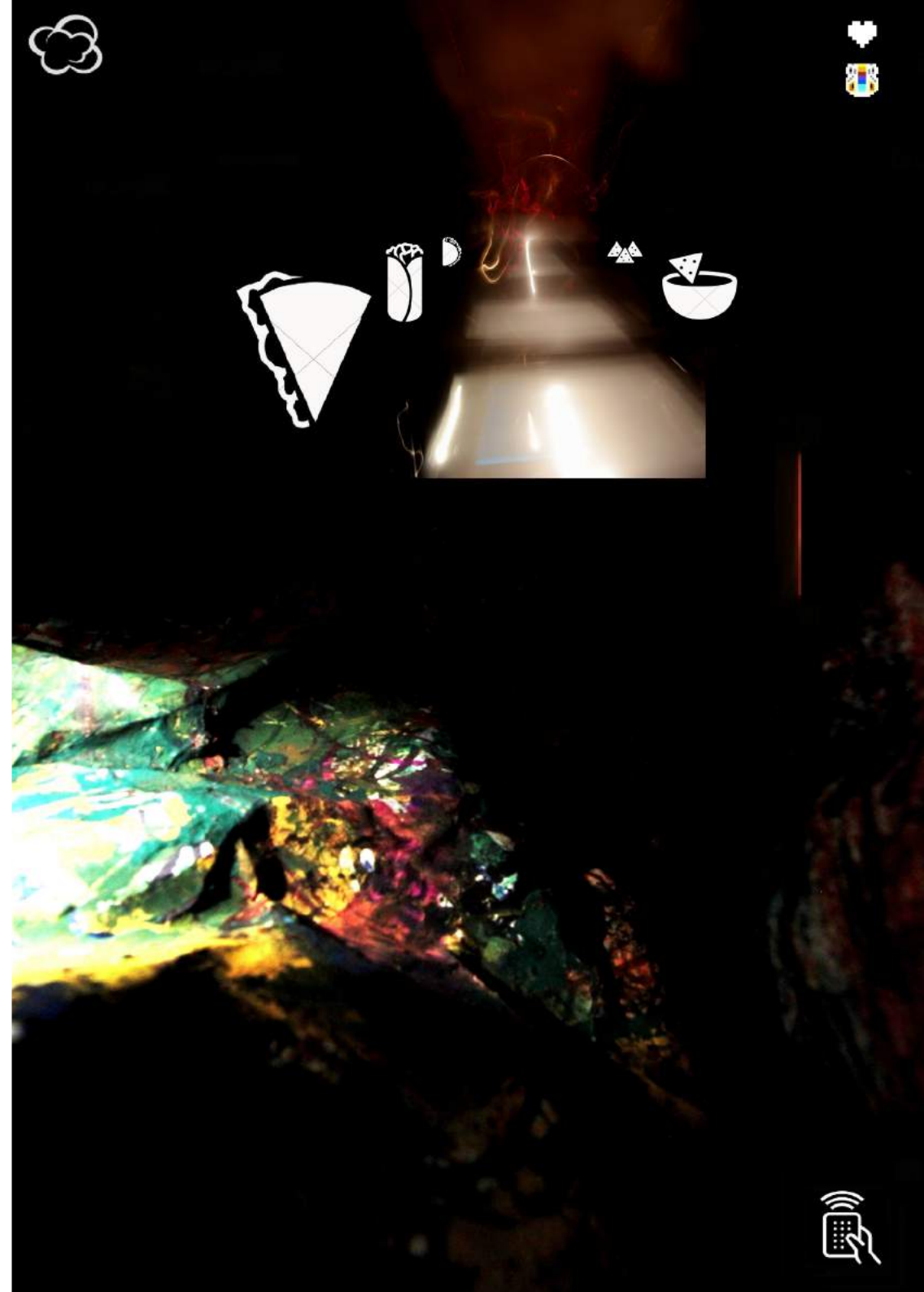
The Grip: Ring finger curled on top of the deck, pinky and middle finger on the top edge, index finger minding his business. Each thumb goes on one short edge of the deck (Pic 1)

Break the packet using your thumbs into a modified Z Grip (Pic 2). The middle packet is resting on You can now use your pinky, middle and ring finger to raise the 2 packets in the air (Pic 3,4)

Your first finger and thumb are now on each short edge of the deck. Repeat Step 2 and break the deck in half (Pic 5).

Rotate your hands and display the square (Pic 6). Rama does this back and forth three times before closing it.





First ever Human Deck of Cards

Biz:

What? WHAT? WE HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF THEM AS WELL?

Günther

Well, it did say on the box. "Real human beings. Please take care."
So I suppose, yes.

Andrew

Don't they have like a "Robot edition" or something?

Günther

They did, but they got sold out fast. These are rare, guys!
You know I only get the best stuff.
And plus, the robot edition doesn't bend like these. They're too mechanical.

Andrew

You do realise we're talking about 52 real human beings?
They're not cards, Günther.

Günther

But, they're the size of regular playing cards.
And look, if they stand hugged. GUYS, HUG!

(elves quickly hug each other)

Günther

See? Now you have a 3 packet deck.
And if you teach them things- my friend, listen to me.
Do you realise the potential behind having real life human being cards?
This is monumental! It will shake the art world!

Biz

Günther, I think you should get off your high horse and
return the little elves back to Santa Clause...

Little Elf

'Hey! I'm not an elf. I'm Jewish.'

Biz

and go to sleep. It looks like you haven't seen Mr. Pillow for a while now.

Günther

Man, just shut up and keep playing with them.
You're good with them people and you know it.

(someone starts playing with the small people. they appear to be rather pleased)

Günther

See what I mean!
Look how happy they are. AND listen to those sounds they're making!
Feels like you're in an Asian Kung-Fu movie.

Andrew

Doesn't it hurt them?

Günther

They look and think like humans, and all the other mumbo jumbo,
but they have the metaphysical properties of playing cards.
Just be carefull when you bend them,
cause they might crease and then you'll bruise them all over.

Biz

What do you mean? Can I tear one, then?

Günther

I suppose so.
I'm really curious if they die, though. Hmmm, you wanna give it a try?

Andrew

How many we have left?

Günther

I got three editions.

(everybody pauses for a second. the little people wait)

Andrew/Biz/ Günther

Yeah, let's do it.

Chotu - Jazz Dis.

Dimitri would love to use his Poop Deck for this haha. For real though, this works with a Poop Deck mostly.

Follow pictures 1,2,3. Now pull the card until it breaks free from the top of the bottom packets. Next, push the two packets forward (Pic 4,5,6). Move your hands to the side of the deck, so your index fingers come in contact with the bottom of the outjogged packets. This will allow you to extend them once your thumbs level the top packets (Pic)

Chotu ends in a splendor manner by closing in the fingers, separating the two chunks of cards and squaring up the mess into a new furball of cards.





Manuela Rud

?: If the fate of human kind would depend on one flourish, yours or someone else's, which flourish would you choose?

!: You know I completely love my work, because I consider I work with passion. However, if the fate of humanity depend on one flourish, I wouldn't choose one of mine because it's a lot of responsibility.

One of my all time favorite flourishes is "Jaspas Display", especially when Franco Pascali performs it; I'm in love with the mechanics and how it flows. To my mind it looks perfect, so I will choose that.

?: If you could transform one of your flourishes into a man, with the prospect of maybe sleeping with her, which flourish would it be and why?

!: I've a move called "Alía" that's so beautiful- it's one of my first creations. Why I choose that? Easy. That move has a long display, so if I've to sleep with someone (my own flourish) I want to have fun, so that guy/flourish would probably turn out to be a best friend. Of course if I created it, then he's perfect for me.

?: You receive \$1000 to invest in a single video (props, gimmicks, artists, etc). What do you do with it?

!: If I received \$1000 to make a cardistry video, I would probably invite Noel to be in the video; but I won't let him to do any flourish. Why? Because we all know that he is completely awesome, obviously better than me, so if I appear in the video, nobody will like my work. Filming the video will not take longer than an hour, so I can spend the rest of the day with him flourishing, doing magic, and spending money in a stupid way.

I would probably film in a public zoo (yes, public, I will not spend money on that). We all know that cute animals have a lot of views on YouTube.

?: You know the phrase "last line before you die" ? Well, what would your last flourish before you die be?

!: Before I die I want to perform a good skater cut (not much).

?: If you could have a super-power, what would it be and how would you use it to evolve your flourishes?

!: This question it's really interesting. I always dream about having Takumi Nishijō's superpower. Basically, your hallucinations come true. Sometimes my head comes up with some really crazy ideas, but I forget or just can't perform them- I always need more fingers.

?: What flourish do you think has the biggest dick in the community? Exclude "Anaconda" or "Worm".

!: Hmm, any flourish by Oliver; let's say Maverick. Everybody says that if you're tall and got big hands, you've probably got a nice third leg. So, I'll choose any flourish by him.

?: For a performance, I want you to take one of your flourishes and make a gay version of it.

!: I actually don't know what to answer in this question.

?: I want you to try and use a flourish name (choose one from the well-known moves) as a swear, in a context. I am full aware that High School is long gone, but let's give this syntax challenge a shot.

!: I'm not good with puns. Could be, I don't give a transfix about that.

?: ... if your flourishes would "detach" themselves from you, if all your repertoire would just vanish from your mind and transform itself into a human being, animal, insect or flower, what would it be, how it would look like, how would it smell and so on? Try and be as precise as possible.

!: If all my flourishes disappeared from my mind, I would like them to become human because I definitely want to meet them, Johnny Depp would be a perfect example. That person may smell like gold or roses (I'm not sure enough).

...makes money. love makes butterflies.

Does it look like I can buy a house with them butterflies, you shmuck? You think my wife will fuck me if I come back home and put butterflies on the table? Cut your wings and start walking, kid.

why should I cut them? I can walk perfectly fine with them as well.

You know what I meant! Don't be arrogant. Stop dreaming and start being realistic.

I wasn't being anything, well, except horny, maybe, but I think my dreams are as realistic as the fuck you had this morning with that unsatisfied wife of yours. I mean, if my girlfriend would come at the end of the day and put butterflies on the table, I'd get up and hug her with all my damn might. have you ever tried catching any butterflies, you unnecessarily angry adult? how about 100 of them? cause if it's a meal we're talking about, one ain't satisfying my belly.



injected. smoked. sniffed. fucked and married.
it's in the air. it's the air.
it's air. it is. it's not.
time. time. time.
and jazz. jazz. jizz.
chaos met music and made order.
cheated with time and made life.

as irresponsible as the needle jumping in the haystack.

who sows anything in a barn, anyway?
I guess sowing next to cow shit beats dealing with your husband.
maybe she was trying to sow a hay-sweater for the cows.

let them eat each other.



Follow the pictures the continue with the text.

Chris says “execute a single Snap Change” (after the last picture). Which, I suppose means you will have to break your fingers in an attempt to Tenkay Palm a card. Will you do it? ARE you able to pull this up? ARE YOU ENTERTAINED?

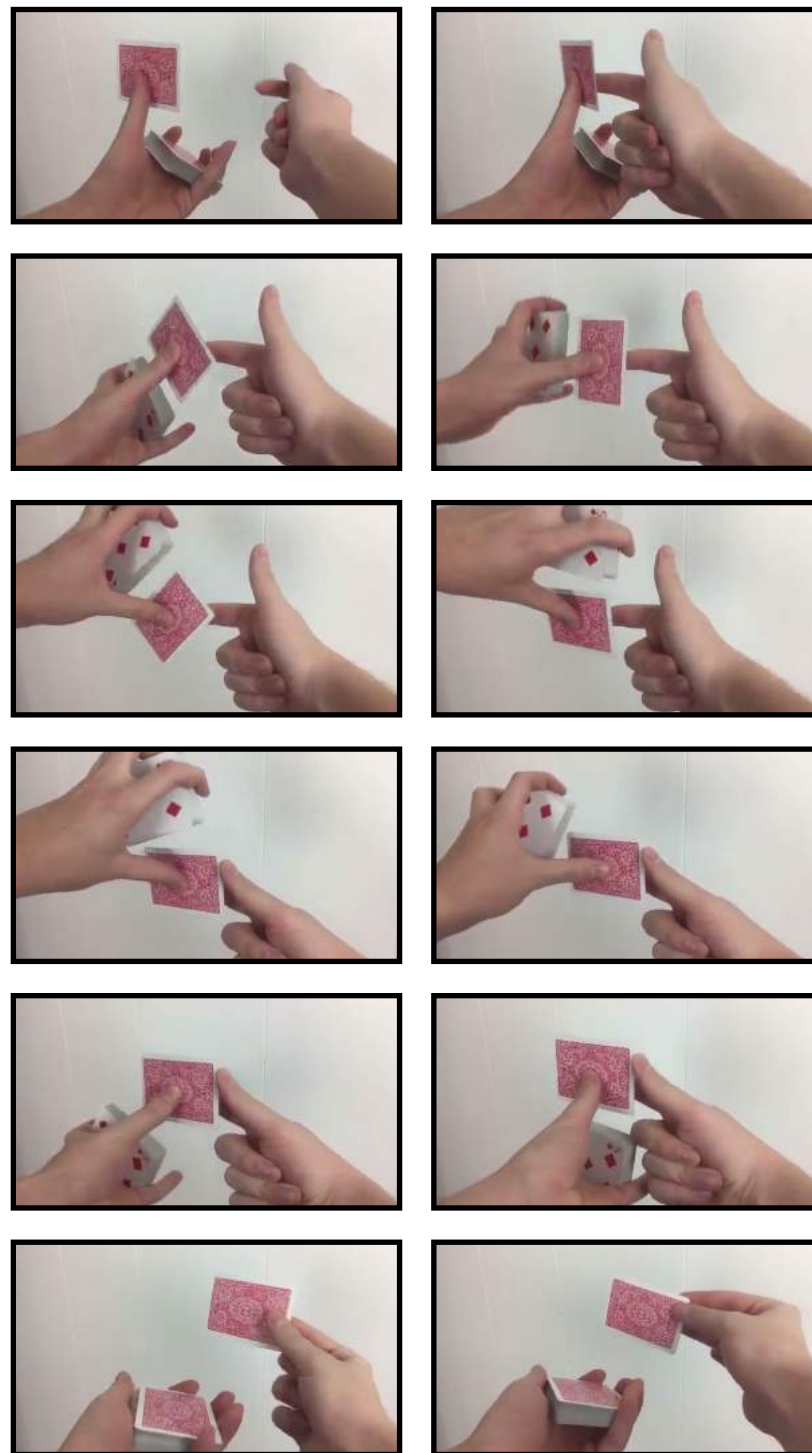
(coughs in an attempt to eliminate silence)

At the same time as you Tenkay the single card, *Angel* another card with your left thumb. This won't only change the playing card, but it will boost your ego over 9000. You should find yourself in the same position shown in Pic. 2, minus the thumbs up.

Repeat the process shown in the pictures and ditch the palmed card afterwards. I will leave this to you, since I, Biz, do not think you should ditch the palmed card so fast. You are in a perfect position to repeat the change and stack up playing cards in Tenkay. The more the merrier!

I can easily muster a 4 Card Production with just one Tenkay-ed card. All you have to do is push down with your thumb on the palmed card and it will pop behind the shown card, creating an L. From here, you reverse-pop a card from the top of the deck with your left hand and you have yourself the famous square display which you can bring up to your face and commence to lick the hole created.

These two are just examples of the potential Chris here has shared with us. Be a magician or a flourisher, this move plays on a lot of fields (one of them clearly being the ability to transform a playing card into any given object, as long as you can hide behind the deck and angel the bottom “card”).





I: What is your philosophy monkey?

M: give me a banana and I'll tell you afterwards.

I: (hands him a banana) You want a deck as well?

M: (while munching) no, of course I have one on me.

I: How can you satisfy your life with just eating bananas?

M: well, you see, every time I open a new banana, the feel of its skin is different than the one I had touched merely seconds before. The taste, the smell, how my teeth mawl onto its flesh.

I: We are still talking about card magic, just to clarify...

M: of course, of course. You see, there's an entire cocaine-like feeling behind the entire process of creating and developing "a banana", a sleight/ an utility move/ a color change, nurturing it and standing by it until it's ready to blossom in other people's hands.

I: I think I understand...

M: here. people ask me if I can do different moves of mine, some which I discovered years before. Some times, when I'm not lazy, I would turn around, practice it a few times and then show it to him. But most of the times I just dismiss myself as not being able to reproduce it anymore. You could say it's kind of a veil one hides under when he is too lazy to practice.

I: Read somewhere on the internet the phrase, and I thought it to be funny, "I am productive in my laziness."

M: haha, exactly that. Only I channel all of it in my imagination. Imagining things takes a lot of stillness.

I: I agree. (brushes his hair backwards) Let's go back to my initial question. What is your philosophy?

M: give me a banana and I'll tell you afterwards.

I: (hands him two bananas) One for afterwards.

M: (while peeling) honestly, I don't know where you get them from, but I really do appreciate the food. I really oughta eat better.

I: That's what my mom always says.

I: That's what all moms say.

M: Haha, true.

(a pause breaks in...)

I: So, shall we keep on...

M: Please.

I: Next question would be if you have any question of yours you'd like for us to answer.

M: Yeah, how did you make those bananas appear.

I: Next question.

M: Do you have more?

I: Next question.

M: Can I show you some magic?

I: Next question.

M: Ummm....Mirror, mirror, tell me, who is the best cardist in the world?

I: De'vo.

M: Ever met him?

I: Next question.

M: What is the difference between yellow and brown?

I: Why does it matter?

M: Wasn't I asking the questions?

I: Next question.

M: What is the difference between brown and yellow?

I: Why did you change their order?

M: Did I...Yes, I did. Wasn't I the one asking the questions?

I: Next question.

M: So, once again, what is the- you know what, I don't care anymore. Do YOU have any more questions?

I: Next question.

M: Well, will the interview just end then?

I: Next question.

M: You're joking, right?

You tell me you will answer my questions and then you- no, actually, you just asked me if I had any. You didn't ask me if I could go ahead and ask you some. I excuse myself for interrupting your interview.

I: It's ok.

Nonetheless, how is it you developed these moves? These "bananas", as you call them.

M: Here's the thing with peeling a banana.

When you grip it for the first time in your hands, you don't think about how it will taste, you don't think about how you will peel it- you already have those things at the back of your head (that's what differences a good monkey from a bad monkey). you see, a bad monkey chipping a banana, or eating it entirely, having all that skin between his teeth- jeez; when you are peeling a banana, you are completely-

I: (interrupting him) Excuse me.

M: Yes, I excuse you. Toilet?

I. No.

Could we please cut off the "banana" metaphore thing. My readears are more serious than 13 year old youngsters.

M: Well, what was the first question you asked me?

I: ...Next question.

M: Weren't you the one asking the questions?

Actually, no, don't answer. I'll go on. The point is not to think about creating as a complex process.



When my friend and I went through Greece selling origami and performing magic on the street, we got drunk in one of the cities while holding our thingy, so my friend had the idea of selling food and towels in romanian to the passing watchers. Since none of them knew what we were saying, i assume they thought he was talking about the swan he was holding in his hand while enthusiastically yelling on the street "This is the fluffiest and most refreshing towel you wil ever own. The material is made out of 100% rice. Your mom doesn't cook like this.



"my parents used to question me in my sleep. they'd ask me something when I was awake (used to wake up with my mom holding a stick in her hand). „Who started the fight?“ „I don't know“, I would like, then they'd ask me in my sleep, „who started the fight?“ „it was william“. I couldn't lie while being asleep. so I'd get a second beating when I'd wake up. my mom was an alcoholic, you see. she's not my real mom, though. my girlfriends used to question me as well „did you sleep with another woman?“ „no...never" then I'd wake up in the morning „I love you. „ hahaha, yeah, I suppose there was a good side to it as well. yeah, there's always a ying and a yang. „I love you" she'd say. „yeah,yeah, just let me fucking wake up."



If you limit the space in which you express your creativity, your imagination will have a smaller spot to develop into, becoming much more enchanced, much more concentrated- are you still following?

I: Of course.

M: good, monkey. Now, for example, I take a motion: let's say cutting a deck- more specifically, tacking the bottom half and placing it on top- motion which is being done with your left hand. Then I think: 'what can I do inside this motion? Can I palm a card? If I have a card palmed, can I move it somewhere, can I switch the top card with the bottom one? Or maybe I'll control a card to the top of bottom.'

the idea is to give yourself an action, and install inside it updates- by updates, I mean "things" that don't impact the action, making it unnatural, but rather go underneath it and pass unseen.

I:...You might have lost me.

M: Don't worry, I lose many people. They forgive me eventually.

I: You are a weird person.

M: This is a weird interview.

I: This is not an interview.

M: No? Then what is it?

I: ...next question.

M: May I ask?

I: ...Yes.

M: I want to ask you if you could do me the favor of letting me go through your hair?

I: ...That is. (ponders the question) Ok. Go ahead.

M: (person gets up and starts massaging the interviewer's head) (after a few seconds) thank you.

I: Why'd you do that for?

M: I wanted to see if you had any bananas behind your back, or if there was any kind of trapdoor there (gesturing), behind you.

I:
(starring blankly)

M:
I'm not joking. Nonetheless, you have any more bananas?

I:
(hands him a banana)
So, can we get back to the first question?

M:
(whispering) how does HE do it...?
about the banana philosophy, right?

I:
Exactly.

M:
Well, let's see...
AHHH, I remember. You're talking about it's connection to magic.
Well, you see, there's this term "Move-Monkey", which reffers to
someone who learns moves just for the kicks of it.
Even though I don't claim to be one myself...

I:
(talking over)
But you are.

M:
...that doesn't mean I can't do bussiness with the monkeys.
You have to teach them first, then lead them.

I:
Are you calling people monkeys?

M:
Next question.

I:
Hey! That's my line.

M:
Not anymore.

I:
Anyway, can we go back to- wait,
do you want another banana?

M: no, I'm ok.

I: Mind if I have one?

M: Please, go ahead.

I: (while peeling a banana)So,
this banana philosophy theory, it's all about you apologizing to
the magic community for the weird lie you had going this Spring?

M: Not really. I don't have anything to apologize for.

I: How come? Don't you care that others worry?

M: Much greater the happiness when they find out I'm still
healthy, alive and creating.

I: Not saying it's not true, but you have to clear it out for me:
what did you have to win from all of it?

M: Making people mad.

I: I don't understand.

M: You see, I like to dig a hole for myself
in order to have something out of which to climb.
With exams going on and having to make portfolios for
college interviews, I knew I couldn't be so active with magic
anymore. And because of the state I was in, I couldn't
just announce that I was going to take a break.
I needed to end it in a way which would make me not even consider
signing on facebook- which I didn't do, for like 3 months.

I: I see, I see. (pausing) Nope, I don't see the point of it.

M: Don't worry, you'll eventually do.

I: Hurts a bit though.

M: You'll get used to it.
The banana backs off once you get your eyes sown.

I: I see- actually, I can't anymore,
but you get the expression.

M: Next topic.

So, I've been working on this palm "pop" for a while, mostly because I'm obsessed with being able to insert a palmed card inside a spread. Problem is, I just can't get it to be silent, I can't get it consistent, I just can't get it down smooth.

BUT THEN, what does NICK VLOW do? He sends me a tutorial for his "Bow Revelation"; and not only does he do it with one card, BUT with TWO CARDS as well.
That son-of-a-gun.



Follow the pictures, dum-dum.



Clipping number 3 with ring finger and thumb



pushing with index finger

pushing with index finger



the right thumb is going back, let number 2 flipped



the grip with left thumb should be loosen enough to make the display



Click for the last sequence



should be fall down this way

when I flourish...

when I flourish, I'm not a god anymore.
the act of getting down on my knees for
every cummed card on the floor, for every
mistake pill on the ground, my knees
bowing down to scratch defeat and kiss it
gently on its cheek; you have to seduce
Error if you want to make love to Perfection.

when I flourish, I fill notebooks with ideas, so many, I remember none of them by the
end; but I keep watching. I keep watching my hands, knowingly aware of the
miracles they just pulled off and which I, turned to my mortal state, am unable to
procreate once again. tick, tock, tick, tock, the starting of a world in which I am my
own rival.

when I
flourish, my
feet become
jealous.
#Cestkowski

when I flourish, "please
begin", I ask my
golden wings and spray
them with vaginal
liquid, so I get the illusion
it's pussy
I'm playing around with and
not raping the
replay button on my own
Insta' for the
30th time. #Noel

when I flourish I fantasize about the girl next door and how I'd mesmerize her tits with
my Cobra Cut, how I'd slap her ass with my Anaconda, heed her bird with my Worm.
after she'd mistaken my lips with her mouth, I'd flicker the Ho out of her with all my
dog damn migh-MOM. WTF? DO YOU NOT KNOW HOW TO KNOCK? I just wanted to
ask if I could watch. WHAT? MOM, THAT'S DISGUSTING! GET OUT! okok, sheesh.
kids these days. you can't use their fanning powder without having them think it's
cocaine you're hiding in there. of course it's cocaine you're hiding in there, but they
don't have to know that for sure. I mean, what better spot that this, right?

when I flourish I like to think mountains
come clashing in rivers of fans- and no,
I ain't talking about groupies or those
tight ass clean shaved cuts you kept
fantasizing about when your hands hit
puberty. I'm referring my dirty mouth to
those full bush flower fans I keep
fingering about in my videos, to those
screaming houses of joy or sacred
geometrical sculptures,

when I flourish, I don't. my hands move
but my head is deep throating yet
another one of Birger's stuffed chicken
sandwiches, seasoned with chilly and
mayo sauce, burning my tongue to a
degree where I am unable of yelling out
TUTORIAL after every dish he serves.
my hands move but my eyes stare down
the void to such an awkward silence,
Oliver breaks into a million pieces of
plastic. I stick each piece back so I can
wear his skin as a sleeping bag.



tales of suits



when the light shines I shall find escape into the shadow of my
cards, where the wind purrs, I shall fade in outside silence
and into its roar. where I can't see stars, I shall bread
behind me tracks so the angels can find way back to their
Heart.

it's soft, comforting, a finger gently pushing my lips
together as if hushing them into loud thinking. a third
person's view grazes sight of the image and decides to shoot
an instagram of it. Noel watches it 1000 times before
detesting the track of ti so much he diggs it into it's own
dirt. someone shoots a Vine of the entire thing. Harapan
posts a pun on Facebook. Kevin hires a few hookers and fucks
them Human Centipede style into a chair, sits on it while
replying to Zach's message concerning the reschedulinh and
reprogramming, the altering and switching of the monotonous,
though professionally edited, videos of the lonely duck trip
dancing to the soft fly of a snowflake sliding down alongside
the right angle of a blue blacked Fontaine card, flicking out
of a girl's mouth as she reaches for her mouth-spray pen
tucked inside the black leather spaced inside of her
Copperfield bag; she finds nothing inside but she pretends to
keep on looking so she won't have to mouth feed this weird
guy's ego into oblivion and beyond, into the stars and above,
to the crumbs and below, 15 seconds pass, a single pigeon
dies of cancer at the end of a flourisher's hands, fiddling
in front of the dentist while the doctor's trying to operate
on his crooked teeth. 'Stand straight and stop showing
your Anaconda to the cute doctor's assistant. She's
obviously married to someone tem times the man you think
you are. I mean, have you looked at the size of that
Diamond?'



Ok. So let's get into it. Grip as shown in the first picture. You should be able to easily extend the packet.

Perform a Scissors Cut (Pic 3,4).

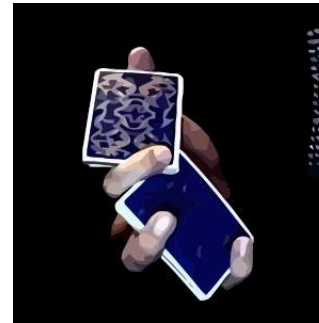
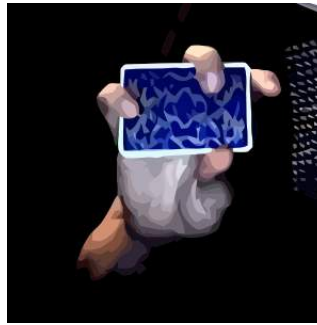
Due to the grip you have over the bottom packet, it is easy to move it from your index finger to your thumb. That's Phase 1 (Pic 5,6).

Phase 2 is allowing the top packet to fall down to your pinky finger. This is where the relaxed ring finger comes into play (Pic 7,8).

Now reverse all actions and the move is done.

(after 20 minutes of losing myself in practice)

Ok, this move is too addictive. I've been trying to come up with a technique so the motion never ends. I'm onto something. It's crushing my muscles, but I'll get it down.



Jonas, I see, begins by having the inner right corner of the deck clipped in between his pinky and middle finger (on top) and ring finger (underneath). He then uses his thumb to riffle half of the deck then pulls the top packet towards the exterior with his index finger.

(after 1 minute of practicing)

While practicing this I notice that my ring finger's knuckle keeps pressing upwards, causing the top packet to break away from the fragile grip my pinky has on it. I realise the pressure I apply upwards with my ring finger from the bottom of the deck, needs to be done from the knuckle closest to my nail. This will also allow the top deck to fall easier during the second phase.

(after 3 minutes of practicing)

Wow, I see it's really important to know when to relax your ring finger and when to apply pressure with it. This is where the fluidity of the flourish lies.

Oliver is Cloned?

The following sketch will make use of the previous device (from Issue #0.2).

This story is about a boy who earns his living by performing cardistry on the street, from within this “Cardistry Vending Machine” box.

One morning, upon his arrival at his usual spot, our character finds a second box next to his space, a box which promises people magic to be performed upon request. Basically, a “Magic Vending Machine”.

During the day, Oliver notices that all of his clients choose to go to the 2nd box instead of his.

Tension builds up over the day inside Oliver, which ultimately culminates in him summoning the magician out of the box, in order to “discuss” with him (a.k.a. beat the shit out of him).

The moment comes for him to meet his rival, but when “this guy” comes out of the box, it is no other than Oliver himself. Well, it looks exactly like him.

‘What the fuck is this?’ Original Oliver asks.

‘What do you want, man? You got a problem?’ Magician Oliver replies.
(startled) ‘You...you look exactly like me!’
(not a bit amazed) ‘Yeah, so what? All of us do.’

Confused by the casualness of the reply and by the bizarreness of the entire situation, original Oliver takes his stuff and starts walking towards his house.

On his way home, for the first time, he pays attention to the other “box-artists” performing on the street. They ALL look like HIM!

Oliver panics, Oliver shuffles, Oliver takes a deep breath of air and runs home to his bed in search of an answer to the entire ruse. He settles with the idea that everything might be a dream; that if he’ll go to sleep, everything will turn back to normal in the morning.

Of course, when he goes in the morning to his spot, the other box is there already. As he weighs his pro’s and con’s, he once again summons the person inside the box. It is, again, himself.

The scene here continues with a bit of dialogue, then fades out to reveal a larger box on the street. The two have decided to team up and provide both services (Magic and Cardistry), from ONE SINGLE BOX!

As the night falls so dearly over our scene, the two are shown to collaborate in an enriching and respectful manner.

The last sequence of the movie shows how original Oliver turns around for a second to get something from his bag, and upon returning his glance over to magician Oliver, this one appears to have vanished. Somehow amazed by the feat, somehow not so much, Oliver shrugs off everything as he seems to have realized something. As our character is seen leaving the scene with everything packed, reaching out from his bag the viewer can see the presence of juggling pins, sticks and other apparatus.

Basically, Oliver of ours was indeed every artist performing on the street. His problem was accepting the fact that he was not only a cardist, but also a magician, a juggler, an entertainer; Oliver had a problem accepting that he was an artist.

This issue manifested itself through a metaphor, and as Oliver slowly accepts this second Oliver, all sides of him merge back in order to form the full Oliver.

The sketch also takes into discussion the fact that everyone calls cardistry, ‘juggling’, ‘magic’, or some other terms. Through Oliver’s actions of accepting his other self and deciding to work together on a mutual box, you are basically sending the message that it does not matter how you call it, since in the end it’s all art and we’re all artists.

Time of Sketch: 3-5 minutes.

Patrick Kun - My Biggest Fan

The scene is set, a simple wonder, Patrick pulls his deck of thunder. Kun is nowhere one can see, the production sure will be; in this world he lives like danger, fighting crime just like a ranger. This production, so he'll teach, from a friend of his in reach, variation so he says, so we find him in this place: in the background we can see, planes and people walk and be, he's the ranger lone alone, magic in his flesh and bone, he's the ranger of the day, and he tells our readears 'Hey :) !'

Setup: One card face up, 2 face down and one is on the bottom.

First you execute a one handed swing cut.

With your right hand (where the bottom king is) execute a fan.

Palm face up, pinky towards the back. Make sure your pinky is positioned closer to you (bent inwards, not forwards - meaning, it's closer to your dick and not to the spectator's front).

After saying something like this, I have to take a pause and make it clear that almost none of the people who submit material to this project ever write the explanations themselves. So, all of the jokes are on me. That being said...

Push the top card of the left packet in between your pinky and ring finger (pinky on top). Clip it (Pic 2), then sharply turn your right hand face down to produce the first card.

Close the fan, but don't square it on top of the deck. Instead, square the cards and regrip them in Biddle Grip, with your index finger resting on top.

Now, two things are going to happen at once. Your left hand is going to pop the bottom card of the deck by pulling it forward while your right hand index finger applies pressure on the face of the card and drags it up until it breaks free from the bottom of the deck (Pic 3, 4).

Clean up by throwing the cards towards the spectator and expecting the deck to vanish in their tits. If it does not happen, proceed to clean cards from tits. Win - Win situation.



- Grab a packet in modified biddle grip, with only the ring finger and thumb holding the packet .

- Push one card with your index & middle finger until it clears from your ring finger. It is important that the two fingers mentioned are contacting the upper half part of the card (Pic. 1).

- Push the card forward with your middle finger until it goes halfway around the front edge of the packet, tilting the card up (Pic. 2).

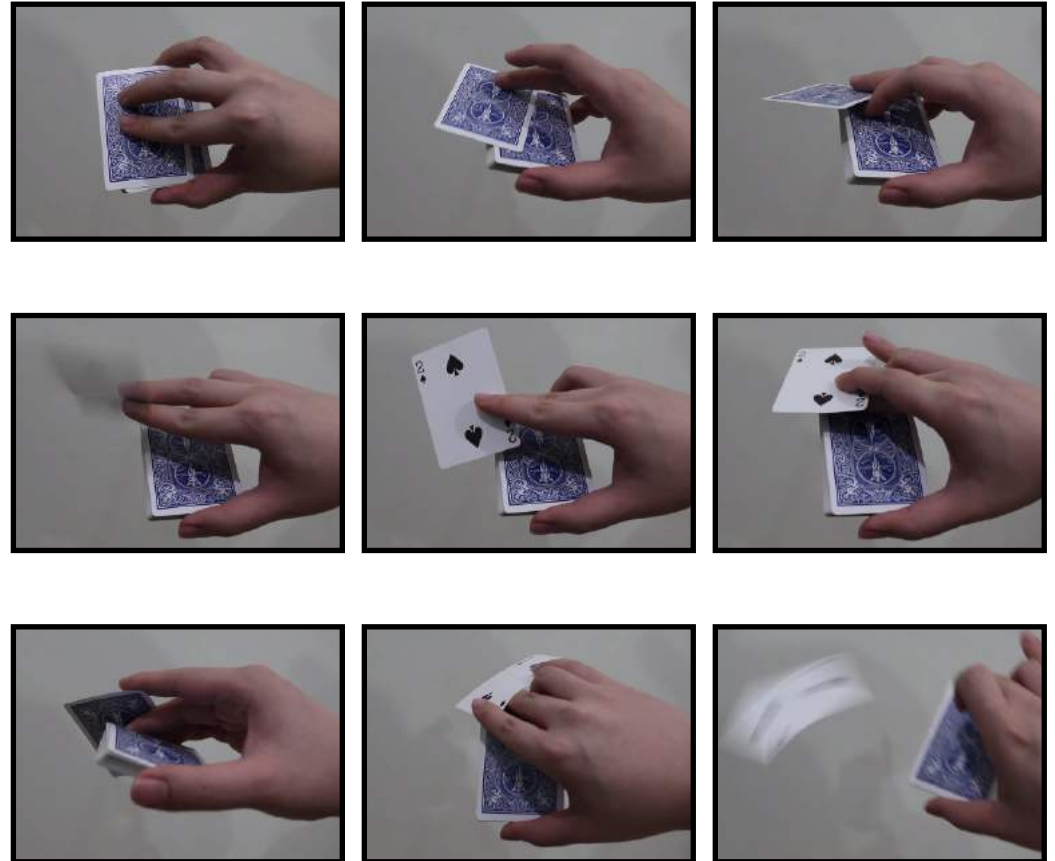
- Insert your index finger under the tilted card, and pinch the card with your index and middle finger (Pic. 3).

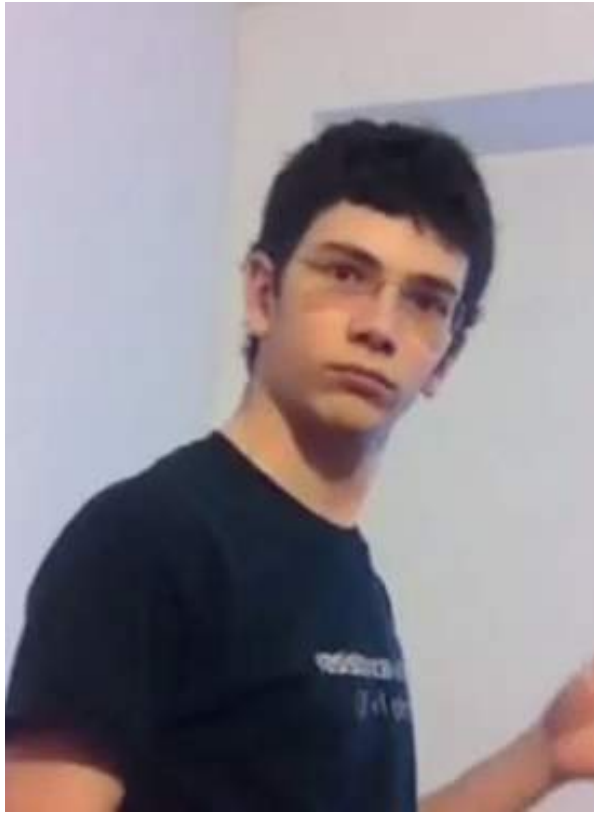
- Cross your index and middle finger so that the middle finger is now on top of the index. Then, quickly reverse the cross so that the index finger is now on top of the middle finger (Pic. 4, 5).

- Reach for the bottom right corner of the card with your pinky and grab it (Pic. 6). The card is now clipped with the index finger and pinky on top, and middle and ring finger on the bottom.

- Release pressure on your index finger, and slide the finger until it touches the top right corner of the card (Pic. 7).

- You're now in position for the shot. To do the shot, press down with your index finger and release pressure on your pinky. The card should fly out and spin, ready to be caught (Pic 8, 9).





Matthew Beaudouin

?: If the fate of human kind would depend on one flourish, yours or someone else's, which flourish would you choose?

!: Probably the spring. I imagine the fate of humanity would depend on a mad scientist launching his nuclear weapons. He'd probably be a layman, so a spring might distract him enough for me or someone else to make a move.

?: If you could transform one of your flourishes into a woman, with the prospect of maybe sleeping with her, which flourish would it be and why?

!: This (click for video).

?: You receive \$1000 to invest in a single video (props, gimmicks, artists, etc). What do you do with it?

!: I'd love to do something with a quadcopter to get crazy aerial shots. Otherwise, I imagine famous actors owe favors to random people, so I bet I could hire one of those people to make that actor be part of my video. If they ask for more than \$1000, I can go deeper and find someone who owes them a favor.

?: You know the phrase "last line before you die" ? Well, what would your last flourish before you die be?

!: Spook (click name).

?: If you could have a super-power, what would it be and how would you use it to evolve your flourishes?

!: Levitate things. Then I could do *orbital flickershots* (click name), but with the full deck. I could also perform two sets of flourishes, by levitating another deck of cards. I suppose I'd basically be Gambit.

?: What flourish do you think has the biggest dick in the community? Exclude "Anaconda" or "Worm".

!: Jackson 5. It's pretty long. Though, I guess the analogy breaks down because it's cooler to execute it as quickly as possible.

?: For a performance, I want you to take one of your flourishes and make a gay version of it.

!:

?: I want you to try and use a flourish name (choose one from the well-known moves) as a swear, in a context. I am full aware that High School is long gone, but let's give this syntax challenge a shot.

!: I could take a page from the Matrix Reloaded: "Nom de dieu de putain de bordel de merde de saloperie de Squall de connard d'enculé de ta mère." Flows right off your tongue.

?: ... if your flourishes would "detach" themselves from you, if all your repertoire would just vanish from your mind and transform itself into a human being, animal, insect or flower, what would it be, how it would look like, how would it smell and so on? Try and be as precise as possible.

!: Hm. Probably someone like a mathematician. I always try to make my flourishes follow a logical suite of events, which would reflect in that person. Though, they'd probably be a really bad mathematician, bullshitting proofs for things like the pythagorean theorem. Just all around, not the sharpest tool in the shed. He'd probably say really obvious things thinking they're cute observations. Though, every once in a while, he'd do something smart, most likely by accident.

Begin as shown in the first picture. Breathe some fresh air. How does it feel, eh? Feels nice outside the box, ain't that right?

Place your left thumb close to the lower left corner of the deck. In a moment, you will have the cards rotating around the thumb.

Retain the top and bottom card of the deck while allowing the rest to fall down and rotate around the thumb (Pic 1-3). Your left fingers will facilitate the rotation of the cards around the thumb (Pic 4,5,6,7). Notice the ending point. From here, you start rotating the cards counter-clockwise (Pic 8,9,10). I swear, I would give you more insight, but there's not much to go about explaining. The pictures are really enough for one to get the mechanics behind this.

Once again, retain the top and bottom card by sliding them upwards (Pic 11) while allowing the deck to fall into Dealers Grip. The two cards are spun around the left thumb until they break free from it (Pic 12-15). I swear, if this had more pictures, it would remind me of my creeping days in the neighbourhood.

Continue spinning the cards around the thumb (Pic 16) until you can grab the top one with your left thumb and index finger (Pic 16-18). I shall assume for a moment that you know what a Half Pass is. Well, that's what you gotta do with the deck. Just let it fall onto your middle, ring and pinky finger (Pic 19). Don't forget to keep spinning the 2nd Card around the left thumb. The two actions (the deck dropping and the cards rotating) happen simultaneously.

Place the 1st card on the bottom of the deck (Pic 20) while still rotating the 2nd card around the left thumb (Pic 21).

To finish the flourish, spin the remaining card clockwise on top of the deck (Pic 21-24).

1-4



5-8



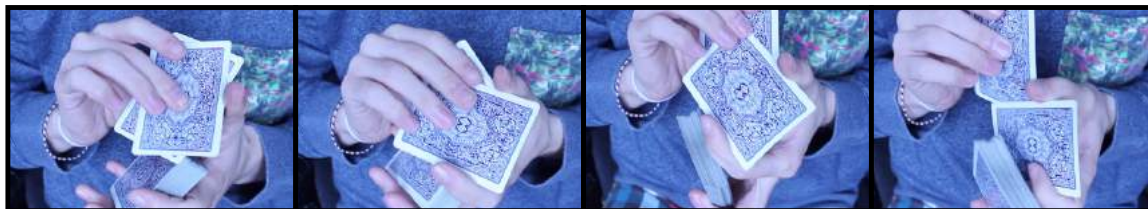
9-12



13-16



17-20



21-24



Ryuji - Charlie



Ryuji - Charlie

Ryuji - Charlie

Ryuji - Charlie

WHO SHUFFLES LIKE THAT?

“There’s a Norwegian word, “kunst”, which basically means “art”. My piano teacher once told me about the old German pianists and how great their skill was, compared to the rest of the European pianists. He told me how they interpreted “kunst” in the meaning of the word it derived from, the Dutch “kunnen”, which basically means “to be able to”. But, despite not allowing for mistakes or imperfections, all of these musicians ended up sounding the same.”

When it comes to creating cuts, I try not to eliminate what is ugly or uncomfortable in the earliest stages of the creative process to see if it can open the gates to some real gold.” (Henrik Forberg)

“...look inside the box for things that are neglected. Whatever the meaning of the quote, it leads into the focus of this article, which is to explore, exploit, and employ basic moves as an engine of creativity.” (Andrew Avila)

Sometimes, working different is better than working harder. These days, people seem to be obsessed with only following certain trends in cardistry — this isn’t necessarily a bad thing, but I feel that it has made people complacent and unwilling to venture outside of their comfort zones, like I mentioned in the intro. (Shivraj Morzaria)

“To summarize, if you want to become a recognizable artist and generate a loyal following, YOU NEED YOUR OWN STYLE. You have to give people more than enough reason to care about you. As an artist, take pride in your own approach. Don’t worry about not having a style as a beginner — nobody expects you to have one. In the beginning, all you have to do is borrow a combination of styles from the artists that you think are the best in the community. Your style will subsequently manifest as a result of all the styles you chose to emulate.” (Patrick Varnavas)

All these quotes I’ve extracted from different *WhoShufflesLikeThat* articles have something in common: “fear”.

While developing different ways of accomplishing a Flower Fan, at the beginning, I was slightly worried about how I was destroying the deck in the process. It took me a while to realise that,

I would like to first quote something from Alchemy here “Equivelent, Exchange”- meaning, what you put into something you get out of it (which I’m sure is another quote from someone else);

as soon as I sacrificed something for the sake of my art, I was paying more attention to it. I was involving myself more in the process so I could give the best outcome.

This also has a direct connection to why I make so many projects. Deadlines and knowing that there will be an audience to view my material are reasons which pressure me into putting out quality.

While these fellow artists touch on material and development of style, I would like to remind you that your comfort zone stretches much further than a good Instagram or a dope Youtube video. Start a stop-watch, hit record and under one minute you have to create a new cut. Do this every day for a week and you have a small project out of which you can make something. Put a notebook next to your shitter and make a drawing of a flourish you’ve developed while taking a dump. After a month or so you can compile the drawings and writing and put out a free e-book for the community. Contact other people and you can make a collab.

Fuck the comfort zone, fuck the un-comfortable zone, fuck you all if you doubt me. I’m a piece of white trash shit and I say it proudly. Fuck this post, I don’t wanna write, I’m outtie. Here- tell these people something they don’t know about ‘ye.



I have decided to make this a monthly release.
If you wish to submit material, send me an e-mail at
bcardician@yahoo.com
Merry Christmas to you and your loved ones. See you in January.