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McBride, with sleeves pushed up, extrudes card after card from the air. Cards sprout from every fingertip like cabalistic tentacles, then pour from his mouth, as if a full deck had been sequestered inside his cheeks. In another sequence--best not to try this at home--live embers peek from behind his teeth, then burst into flame on his tongue. Sand turns to milk as it's poured. A gold feather is transformed into a wand. Graceful and illuminating passages punctuate the jaw-droppers. Flower petals become butterfly wings that flutter in the draft of a paper fan. There is nothing naïve about McBride's physical control--or the stirring concentration required to maintain it.



Jeff McBride at the Ballroom