

Mofu Knows
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Change of Address Requested

The big chatty one is Penn—he keeps you laughing while the little sneaky guy works the tricks. The little guy actually talks, but he doesn't want to screw up the act with TWO guys talking. See, then it wouldn't work. —Tony Fitzpatrick's dad, Jim.



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MOFO GOES HOME



Fantasia 2000

This past September, Disney (the company, not the dead guy) called us and said they want us to introduce "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" in *Fantasia 2000*. This seems like a good thing for us to do.

They said Walt's idea was for *Fantasia* to be like a yearly concert and always changing, but it's taken them 60 years to do the second version. They're doing 3 old bits and 6 new ones. It's going to be huge with a live orchestra in 4 major cities in the world and a big opening on December 31, 1999. They want us to introduce one of the most famous hunks of the thing.

Man, they do some things right. They had fruit and cookies at the meeting and that made us happy. They said they had some rough ideas. They were very hesitant about it. They were afraid we wouldn't like it. They showed us a video of storyboards, like a slideshow, with GREAT pictures of us, and a guy doing my voice. It was way our style. They really have us down. We were flabbergasted. We loved it and then brainstormed with them and made it better. It was so cool. It's going to be great: a one-day shoot and it's going to be huge. More people will see us in that than have ever seen us before. We really feel honored. We really feel like we're becoming an institution. —Penn.

Trick or UNICEF

We did a shoot for UNICEF's fundraising campaign. They put a lot of time and money into the spot and I think it'll be shown on TNT around Halloween. It was pretty fun and I think it'll look good. Watch for it. —Penn.



Walking through a Cow

I recently had one of the happiest days of my career.

I was there in our sweltering work shop in Las Vegas with Penn, Nate, Burt, Rich, Wiley, Bobby, Christie, Jamy, Goudeau, Colman, a boom box, and the Eight Deadly Sin dancers and Tiger the choreographer from *Penn & Teller's Sin City Spectacular*.

For the first two hours we worked with Wiley's gorgeous Styrofoam cow, trying to create the illusion of me "Walking through a Cow." We went through the bit over and over, making the tiny adjustments that make the difference between something fake and that almost-realness of a good magic trick.

By the time Caffey the real cow and her two trainers arrived at 3:00 p.m., the rest of us were ready. For the next hour and forty-five minutes, we ran Caffey through her paces: out of the barn, onto her marks, still in place for the trick, and back to the barn. We did it

dozens of times.

I can't help it. I like the cow. I know she's as dumb as mud, but, with her trainers, we got her hitting her mark and standing patiently time after time after time. The last time she had been in the shop, she had been endlessly fidgety. This time we held her interest.

We discussed what we should do if the cow should take a long time to get into position. Penn argued that he should be prepared with material to cover the delay. He said, pointedly, "A cow can't vamp." I believe that in all probability that sentence had never before been uttered since the beginning of human language. No matter what the killjoys say, there ARE new things under the sun.

Everybody contributed to the refinement of the bit: Penn with big-picture concepts, Jamy with delicate details, Wiley with cool observations, Nate and Bobby learning to do the secret stuff with subtle precision, Tiger trying test

runs, using his movement-trained body to stand in for mine and invent nuances for me to try out, the animal trainers teaching us and putting the cow at ease, Caffey cooperating in a matter-of-fact cow way, and everybody else communally directing, suggesting, reacting. It was one of the most focussed, harmonious, creative group sessions I have ever experienced.

At the end of the rehearsal, Caffey peed about two gallons on the shop floor, a celebratory libation, I presume, to some bovine theater god.

I left the shop feeling that this extremely difficult trick was conquered. I was walking on air, full of the joy of collaboration and the

artistic
"birth in
beauty"
Plato con-
siders per-
fect love. —
Teller.



My mother likes *Penn & Teller's Sin City Spectacular*, but confesses she has no critique because "I'm your mother, so of course I like it all." —Teller.

Wayne and I were grocery shopping one night in Lewisville, Texas. Wayne was hunting for the *Cap'n Crunch*. I was next to him eyeballing a magazine. I was sporting one of my well-worn P&T shirts. Suddenly, this older lady, probably in her 60s, comes up and tugs on my shirt and says, "Turn around. I HAVE to read this!" She read the big joke about the "Hay-Roob," then started yapping all about how much she loves Penn & Teller, and eventually walked off laughing very loud. So, looks like P & T should extend their demographics to include 60-year-old women in Lewisville, Texas. —Georgia Maher.

ONE SERGIO ATTACK

Teller and I got these new suits from Zegna. These are serious suits designed for us. They seem to fit really well, they're comfortable, and people say they look good. We're not getting the suits for free, but we're not paying money for them, either. We agreed to plug Zegna on *Penn & Teller's Sin City Spectacular* and do a photo shoot in *GQ* and who knows what else we'll have to do (you have to be careful; it's most often better to buy things).

Anyway, I dread photo shoots, but Teller said the *GQ* shoot would be fun. It happened in Zegna's big old offices in Manhattan. Remember, these guys are charging multiple thousands for suits, so they have to have big airy showrooms with private rooms and bottled water. Yeah, we were in that kind of atmosphere. Tom, our connection at Zegna, is there looking perfect, with his ponytail (yeah, I know) and his perfect suit with garters on his

socks and the whole deal. While the photographer and his assistant set up, Teller did a phone interview and I was trying to stay out of the way.

It comes this very cute guy, I guess about 25. He was wearing shorts and a t-shirt, but he didn't look like I was looking in my shorts and t-shirt. He had his fashionable knapsack and he was very serious. He announced to me that he was Sergio and he was make-up. He announced this in a heavy Italian (I think) accent. I won't write what he said in accent, but you should read it with a very heavy accent:

"I am Sergio, I do make up."

"My name is Penn." I shook his hand.

"Ben?"

"No, Penn, like Pennsylvania."

"Okay, Penn, who do I make up?"

Tom, the Zegna guy, said to Sergio, "Penn."

Sergio apparently took this

to mean, "You better ask Penn," and so he looked bored and said to me, "Who do I make up?"

"I guess me."

He looked at me like I was something that had stuck to the bottom of his shoe after he had used the donikers at Circus Vargas. He made eye contact, wrinkled his nose, and said with disgusted disbelief, "YOU are the model?" (You really have to get the pronunciation of "model" right). It was amazing. I had the power in the room, but he had SO MUCH attitude.

I started stuttering and apologizing. I couldn't even get a joke out. And he was just shaking his head. Then he went on, "I was told two. Who is the other one?" You could hear the comma followed by some example in his head like "Quasimodo?"

I pointed at Teller through the glass, and Sergio said with disgust, "The one with the bat on his shirt?" (Teller was wearing a

Flying by Foy t-shirt with Tinkerbell on it).

"Yeah, I guess."

The poor man was being asked to draw the Mona Lisa on a Big Mac.

I had to take my shirt off for make-up and that didn't please him. So, there I was, sitting with shorts and no shirt doing phoners in these classy glass rooms while Sergio did my make-up.

I'm not a good-looking guy, and I'm being put in a magazine that's about looks. It's a goofy joke and it's good for Teller and me, but we shouldn't forget that by being in *GQ*, we are not cool, we are the butt of a joke. And that's fine. But, man, I got all the disgust of the readership in one Sergio attack. It was a little nightmare for him.
—Penn.



LOGS

Zegna is an Italian menswear company. The suits Penn & Teller got are suave and graceful, dark and softly majestic. I think we both look very handsome individually and, as a set, curiously beautiful. We posed in our new Zegna suits for *GQ* magazine on a 17th-floor terrace overlooking 5th Avenue in New York City.

Afterwards, I spent about an hour with Tom Mastronardi, our Zegna contact, and ordered a few things for my private wardrobe: A tuxedo. A luxurious, unwrinklable, soft sport coat to travel with. A waterproof, hooded jacket for winter touring. A gray, Cary Grant suit. An electric-blue suit for when I want to be ostentatious.

As a kid I despised fuss over clothes, but over the past few years I've started to take some delight in a beautiful wardrobe. I guess other kids discover dressing up when they're teenagers and get day-glo green mohawks and wear kilts. Me,

I'm glad I saved it till I'm fifty, just about the age when the kids who were glamorous in adolescence no longer care what they wear. —
Teller.



See Penn & Teller's Sin City Spectacular every Monday night at 9 E/P on FX Television.

Log onto P & T at www.sincity.com

Party with P & T till it's 1999 at the
**Mystic Lake Casino in Prior Lake, Minnesota,
on New Year's Eve, Thursday, December 31, 1998.**

MOFO SEES

Wednesday, November 4
TUCSON, AZ
Centennial Hall
7:30 p.m.

Thursday, November 5
SCOTTSDALE, AZ
Scottsdale Center for the Arts
8 p.m.

Friday, November 6
SCOTTSDALE, AZ
Scottsdale Center for the Arts
8 p.m.

Saturday, November 7
SCOTTSDALE, AZ
Scottsdale Center for the Arts
5 p.m. / 9 p.m.

Thursday, November 12
through
Wednesday, November 18
LAS VEGAS, NV
Bally's Las Vegas
9 p.m.



Tuesday, December 1
LA JOLLA, CA
La Jolla Playhouse
8 p.m.

Wednesday, December 2
LA JOLLA, CA
La Jolla Playhouse
8 p.m.

Thursday, December 3
LA JOLLA, CA
La Jolla Playhouse
8 p.m.

Friday, December 4
LA JOLLA, CA
La Jolla Playhouse
8 p.m.

Saturday, December 5
LA JOLLA, CA
La Jolla Playhouse
2 p.m. / 6 p.m. / 9:30 p.m.

Sunday, December 6
LA JOLLA, CA
La Jolla Playhouse
2 p.m.



SQUARES

We just taped a week's worth of shows for the new *Hollywood Squares*. We're on with Martin Mull, Carolyn Rea, Bernadette Peters, David Crosby, George Wallace (the live one), some situation comedy star, this really cool writer named Bruce, and Whoopi Goldberg. Whoopi is SO nice and so wonderful off-stage that it just ain't fair.

It's a hard set to work. I had to almost crawl to our seat in the "square" and you can't see the other celebrities (except the ones in your row) and it was very hard for me to hear. Teller and I went on in our new Zegna suits and not wearing pants. That was fun.

They give you the questions and a joke and a bluff for each (I guess they can't legally give you the right answers). We always gave the right answers and told the contestants we were giving them the right answers. I thought that was funny. I was very tired and that put me in an odd mood. I tried a little too hard, and I took a while to hit the groove. Glenn told me to smile more and that helped a lot. I think we could get good at this. It's not really P&T, but it's something we have to learn to do. This is showbiz. —*Penn.*