

MOFO GOES HOME

Mofo Knows

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Las Vegas, NV 89103

Change of Address Requested

I'm horrified by the fact that Mennen has stopped making Speed Spray deodorant in the little plastic squeeze bottles. I've been using that stuff since college. It doesn't stain and isn't perfumy. I'm doomed. —Teller.



Issue 25

November / December 1997



THE FIFTH DIMENSION

I was looking up a ZIP code in the post office in Philadelphia when the cap to my ceramic ballpoint pen disappeared. The pen I was holding in my hand no longer had a cap. I looked on the counter. I looked in every pocket. I looked on my shirt. I looked in the trash. I looked among the envelopes. I thought I would go absolutely crazy. I walked out of the building, then back in and looked through the trash again. I started talking to myself.

I went to my next stop, an art store. Then I decided to have a decaf latte to make me feel better. Then I went to a hardware store, looking for a roasting pan for my mother (they didn't have it). Then a woman on the street recognized me and recommended I go to Kitchen Kapers for my roasting pan. I did. They said, Try upstairs. I went upstairs. They didn't have the pan I was looking for.

Suddenly PING! the cap of my ceramic pen hit the floor by my feet. I picked it up. I put it on the pen and was very happy.

Where had it gone? Had it got caught on my clothes, then fell off in Kitchen Kapers? That's all I can think of, unless there really is a fifth dimension and things get sucked in and spat out at random. If so, and I could document it, I'd be able to collect Randi's \$1.2 million and build a REALLY cool house in Las Vegas. —Teller.

Teller finds beauty among the Mütter Museum's tumors in the October issue of *Travel & Leisure* magazine **ON SALE NOW!**

Teller witnesses the return of Enoch Soames in the November issue of *Atlantic Monthly* magazine **ON SALE SOON!**

Journalist Pamela Miller tackles Teller in the December issue of *Philadelphia* magazine **ON SALE EVENTUALLY!**



MOFO SEES



Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
October 19 Tennessee Performing Arts Center NASHVILLE, TN	October 20 Blumenthal Performing Arts Center CHARLOTTE, NC	October 21 Book Signing Barnes & Noble NEW YORK, NY	October 22	October 23 Michigan Theater ANN ARBOR, MI	October 24 Western Hall MACOMB, IL	October 25 Western Hall MACOMB, IL
October 26	October 27	October 28	October 29 Wharton Center EAST LANSING, MI	October 30 E. J. Thomas Performing Arts Hall AKRON, OH	October 31 Patriot Center George Mason University FAIRFAX, VA	November 1 Franklin and Marshall College LANCASTER, PA
November 2 Byham Theater PITTSBURGH, PA	November 3	November 4 Centre in the Square KITCHENER, ONT. CANADA	November 5 Hammers on Hall MISSISSAUGA, ONT. CANADA	November 6 Hammers on Hall MISSISSAUGA, ONT. CANADA	November 7 Hammers on Hall MISSISSAUGA, ONT. CANADA	November 8
November 9 National Arts Center OTTAWA, ONT. CANADA	November 10	November 11 <i>Pen & Telles Home Invasion ABC</i>	November 12	November 13 Bally's Las Vegas LAS VEGAS, NV	November 14 Bally's Las Vegas LAS VEGAS, NV	November 15 Bally's Las Vegas LAS VEGAS, NV
November 16 Bally's Las Vegas LAS VEGAS, NV	November 17 Bally's Las Vegas LAS VEGAS, NV	November 18 Bally's Las Vegas LAS VEGAS, NV	November 19 Bally's Las Vegas LAS VEGAS, NV	November 20	November 21	November 22
November 23	November 24	November 25 Moore Theater SEATTLE, WA	November 26 Moore Theater SEATTLE, WA	November 27 Thanksgiving	November 28 Moore Theater SEATTLE, WA	November 29 Moore Theater SEATTLE, WA
November 30 Moore Theater SEATTLE, WA	December 1	December 2	December 3	December 4	December 5	December 6 <i>Schedule subject to change</i>

DERBY'S WHIPPING BOY?



Two days before this year's Franklin County Fair Demolition Derby, the front page of the *Greenfield Recorder* read, "JILLETTE DERBY'S WHIPPING BOY?" right below "WORLD MOURNS LOSS OF MOTHER TERESA."

My car was a white 1983 Chrysler Le Baron. It was very beat up. Very beat up. It was all pink and covered with "DIE MAGICBOY," "666," "LITTLE PINK DEATH," a big picture on each door of a Smokin' Monkey, plus the names of everyone who helped. It had over 1,000 signatures, old girlfriends, teachers, everyone, and most of them wishing well. Mom and my sister signed it. Very nice. Chris Miller, my mechanic, welded the doors and filled the sides with padding. He said he thought he saw me on TV once.

I said, "I figure I'll last about a minute and a half." Chris said, "I'd say 30 seconds. All those drivers know you're driving. I've had a couple of them call me and

there long."

Before the race, the car looked great, all pink with all the signatures and Teller's big wreath that said "R.I.P." Of all the drivers, I have the most teeth. Even scarier, I'm the best looking. Frank Roberts, the son of the guy who pretty much invented the demo derby, explained to us that this was "show business" and our job was to smash up cars and get the crowd excited. He said in reference to me, "I've never seen any other star that wanted to hang out with people like us, and I think it takes a lot of guts to come out here as a first time driver. Now, if you want to shake his hand, you do it now, because if he wins you'll be too embarrassed to ever be near him again." He asked me if I was scared. I had to tell him honestly that, well, it was nothing compared to being on *Letterman* or *Saturday Night Live*.

I put on my helmet, which was old and funky. It said "Penn" on it and had a lot of characters from *Scooby Doo*. I

announced, I was the only one with TV credits. I drove in with great confidence. The crowd went wild. The announcer introduced my mom, and they said she waved and looked great. The other drivers drove in and I saw them beside me. Then it hit me: Man, it's just showbiz and I'm good at showbiz. I started getting that White Light/White Heat of showbiz. Everything became very clear.

The crowd counted down from five. When they yelled, "One!" I punched it. I put it in reverse and I was going for my first hit. And I hit. I was told later that that first hit took out a guy. It was hard and solid and he was out. I took out two cars. Every time I hit, my car would stall and I'd ram it back into "park" and start it up. But then I went to start it and it wouldn't start. I gave it gas like crazy. Nope, it wouldn't start. My battery was in the seat beside me and I checked the terminals. They were both on. I kept trying. Nothing. No soap. I was dead. I sat there and got hit

out of the window, and jumped onto the track. I had practiced this maneuver.

Chris, my mechanic, ran over and said, "What did you do, man, why wouldn't it start?" I shrugged. He jumped in the car. I guess the idea was he would start it up and I would really look like a fool. It wouldn't start. I was VERY relieved. He said the fuses had fallen out. You're supposed to tape the fuses in, and he had forgotten to. After he pushed the fuses back in and jumped it, it started.

I walked up to the grandstand and my mom said, "Why didn't you start it up again and get in there and bang them?"

I went on stage and Frank gave me a trophy as Ambassador of the Demolition Derby. They had to put guards around the car to stop souvenir hunters. They're going to put in on display and then fix it up for next year. I had a little talk with Frank Roberts

say, 'You're working the car for that guy? Well, do a good job,' and you can tell by the way they say it— Well, you know. I don't think you're going to be out

don't know, it's Greenfield). I climbed into my car. The helmet immediately fogged up and I had to breathe down to get it to clear up. When the drivers were

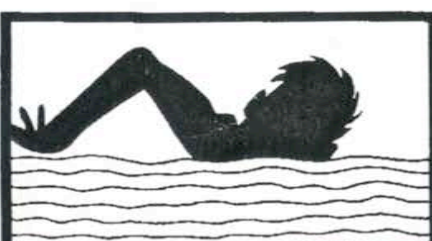
a few times.

I stayed in the derby for 2 minutes and 32 seconds. The announcer announced me and I whipped off my helmet, crawled

about doing something at the fair next year, and I brought up doing a demo derby with fancy cars. —Penn.

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I'm way into this swimming thing. I've got props that I like. Recently I took the final step to really looking like a nut. I have a pink bathing cap to keep my hair out of my eyes. So, now, I swim naked save for Silly Putty in my ears, a bright pink bathing cap, and a lap-counting ring. And I'm dragging my huge self through the water fast. Boy, I must look like a nut. I saw myself in the mirror, and OUT of the water I look like a nut. In the water...well, I've crossed a line. —Penn.

Starting at 2:00 p.m. on Sunday, October 19, Penn & Teller will sign copies of their new book, *Penn & Teller's How to Play in Traffic*, at the Davis-Kidd book store at 4007 Hillsboro Pike in Nashville, TN.

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FROM THE BESTSELLING AUTHORS OF *HOW TO PLAY WITH YOUR FOOD*

PENN & TELLER'S HOW TO PLAY IN TRAFFIC

Teller
Last Name

Penn
First Name

&
Middle Name

12'8" Height

445 lbs Weight

Blue Faced Black Blood Hair

Ripoff Artistes Occupation

PLANE PRANKS
To Justify the Fear of Flying

INCREDIBLE STUNTS
YOU CAN DO WITH

- Road Maps • Laptops
- NASA Space Lunches
- Gideon Bibles • Room Keys
- Airport Security

PHOTO PHANTASMS
PHOTO POSITIVE OF FRONT FACIATION MIRACLES

HOTEL HOAXES
To Give Room Service a whole new meaning

TRAVELERS' TALES
Kenda True Stories to Keep You on the Edge

ETERNAL CARD RICK

CAR

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Starting at 7:30 p.m. on Tuesday, October 21, Penn & Teller will sign copies of *Penn & Teller's How to Play in Traffic* at the Barnes and Noble book store at 675 Sixth Avenue in New York City.

TV ALERT

On Wednesday, October 15, you can start your day with Penn & Teller (they'll be on *Live with Regis and Kathie Lee*) and end your day with Penn & Teller (they'll be on *Late Night with Conan O'Brien* on NBC TV).

Check your local listings.



If you're male and would like some nifty pain flashes, try sitting naked on the lid of a toilet seat, and happening to push it slightly askew, so it slides off the little rubber nubs that distance it from the seat. Make sure your scrotum is positioned so that a nice piece of it is pinched between the lid and the seat. Now relax and put all your weight on top of it, so that you pinch so hard you draw blood. Let me tell you, it's a surprise. —Teller.