



"Copperfield is a nice man who does nice tricks. We are evil men who do evil tricks. That's progress."
—TELLER



CHANGE OF ADDRESS REQUESTED

MOFO KNOWS
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MOFO KNOWS

DEC 10, 1993

ISSUE 13

THE BAD BOYS OF NINTENDO?

Unable to keep a secret from their psychic gorilla, Mofo Knows has discovered that Penn and Teller have spent the summer in covert meetings designing their own video game. It seems the guys were just holding out for a company that was willing to give them full creative reign, and Absolute Entertainment got the job. Barry Marx, Director of Marketing at Absolute and one of the creative keystones in this project said, "It's been an unbelievable collaboration. It's the best thing I've done professionally."

Exactly what the twisted team was cooking up was difficult to know. "We're still in the last stages of design," said Marx, "a few details are still being worked out."

Even the guys were reluctant to give us a taste. Finally they broke down and let us lick the bowl a little. "We've just seen our 'sprites,'" said Teller, "They're cool and look amazingly like us. Mine's smaller."

Penn's eats fire and mine scurries around on all fours a lot."

The cartridge will also be jam packed with scams, global adventures, creepy crawlies, and cheesy magicians. Beware, it also contains a segment considered to be the world's worst video game, sure to be a cult classic. Perhaps one of the most intriguing developments to be born of this electronic love child is the invention of a new technique called Thermo-graphics™. This technique produces graphics that are so intense, they radiate enough heat to actually burn the screen if the player isn't careful. Safety measures are still being approved. That's just the melting tip of the iceberg.

The game, which has not been titled as of yet, should be available in stores by the fall of '94—first for Sega Genesis Systems, then for the Super Nintendo System. A Sega CD release is also possible. "It's really fun to imagine," says Teller, "in a hundred years, people will be picking up our game like an old 8-track cassette and saying, 'Who the hell were THESE nuts?'"

MOFO SEES

DEC. 28-JAN.2
Bally's Las Vegas Casino Resort

Jan. 7
"Unpleasant World of Penn & Teller" Airs in the UK

BUT AN HOUR LATER THEY'RE VISIBLE AGAIN...

by Teller

In its "Wok on the Wild Side" department, MAD magazine published (October, 1993 issue) a gag Chinese menu for The Belching Dragon restaurant, featuring such dishes as New Shoe Pork, Beef with Bad News, Lemon Pledge Chicken, and Eggs Neil Young. Under POULTRY is the listing:

Moo Goo Guy Pan & Teller
In Disappearing Sauce...\$4.50

POULTRY	
常菜 椒鹽	San Diego Chicken with Pine Tar.....6.25
常菜 椒鹽	Battering Ram Chicken.....6.25
常菜 椒鹽	Peeking Daffy Duck.....7.50
四川 椒鹽	Lemon Pledge Chicken.....6.25
四季 椒鹽	Amazing Talking Chicken.....8.75
什錦 椒鹽	Tongue Licked Duck.....7.50
豆豉 椒鹽	Chicken & Grief.....6.25
十樣 椒鹽	Duck Edwing Prepared in Questionable Taste.....6.25
常菜 椒鹽	Chicken Escaping With Wings.....7.75
椒鹽 雞	Mocked Duck.....7.25
椒鹽 雞	General Schwarzkopf Chicken.....6.75
椒鹽 雞	Cooly Grinning Chicken.....6.25
椒鹽 雞	Innocent Bystander Chicken.....8.75
什錦 椒鹽	Moo Goo Guy Williams.....8.25
什錦 椒鹽	Moo Goo Guy Molinari.....8.25
什錦 椒鹽	Moo Goo Guy Pan & Teller In Disappearing Sauce.....4.50

FOUR BUCK\$ FOR PENN'S HOBBY

by Penn Jillette

This little newsletter is for Penn & Teller stuff. The taste of this newsletter is Penn & Teller and if you like Penn & Teller—you'll like the stuff in the newsletter—at least that's the idea.

People that like Penn & Teller don't necessarily like all of Penn AND Teller - why would ya? We do just too much stuff in too many forms.

But for those of you that like the stuff that I do with alternative music (like my old band "Bongos, Bass and Bob"), you should at least be told that I have a single that has just come out. It's by my new band, Captain Howdy (the name is the same name the devil uses when he first appears to Linda Blair on the Ouija board in "The Exorcist"). My partner in the band is Kramer (I have a thing for one-named partners) and he has been in SHOCKABILLY, THE FUGS, HALF JAPANESE, B.A.L.L., BONGWATER, WEEN, THE BUTTHOLE SURFERS, and now CAPTAIN HOWDY. He's produced KING MISSILE, GALAXIE 500, GWAR, DANIEL JOHNSTON, LUNA, and lots more. Even if you haven't heard any of the above bands, their names should give you an idea of the sound of Captain Howdy (Kramer

did the music, I did the words). The music is "alternative." It would be considered "college music" by Beavis and Butthead and have many too many words for them, but it would be considered noise to many others.

Our first single is coming out on Shimmy Disc and it is "The Best Song Ever Written" b/w "Dino's Head." "The Best Song Ever Written" is just that and "Dino's Head" is a long monologue over music about Penn & Teller playing Vegas for the first time and me being excited over having Dean Martin's dressing room and shower head and then turning into a red-headed actress. I'm really proud of it. I think it's way funny and way cool.

I'm getting a bunch of the singles and if anyone that reads this wants one and doesn't want to go to a scary record store, you can send me 4 bucks (I'll make that cover shipping and everything) and I'll have someone send one to you. (You can order more than one if you want.)

It's a cool vinyl single and one of the cover photos is by Teller. It also has different obscenity for those who want a change from the P&T constant "Goddamn."

Hey, it ain't Penn & Teller, but it answers part of the question. "What do those creeps do when they're not working?"



**IMELDA,
EAT
YOUR
HEART
OUT**

An article in FOOTWEAR NEWS on the new Allen-Edmonds shoe store, at 44th Street and Madison Avenue in Manhattan, boasts that it attracts an international star clientele "from Bishop Desmond Tutu to comic magician Teller."

DID PENN GO TO HIGH SCHOOL WITH YOKO?

by Penn

A guy I went to Junior High with helped Yoko Ono out of a snowbank while she was skiing.

When he recognized her he asked her if she knew Penn. "Jillette?" she said, "Sure." Goddamn, what a world.

AMAZING RANDI UPDATE

Some of you may have been fortunate enough to catch the October 19 broadcast of NOVA on PBS, entitled "Secrets of the Psychics," which featured our friend and spiritual leader James "The Amazing" Randi.

If you missed it, contact your local PBS affiliate to purchase a copy of the videotape—it's a great hour of Randi's globe-trotting, psychic-busting adventures. Meanwhile, back on June 4 we received some good news about Randi, in the form of the following press release:

A federal jury (in Baltimore, Maryland) today exonerated James Randi from claims made by parapsychologist Eldon Byrd for more than thirty million dollars in damages. Byrd had claimed injuries to his reputation and community standing, humiliation, mental anguish and suffering. The suit stemmed from statements made by Mr. Randi in response to a heckler at a 1988 meeting of the New York Skeptics, and in an interview published in the

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WHAT ELSE WE DID ON OUR SUMMER VACATION

TELLER:

"Krasher, as stage manager, finally put his foot down and told us that unless I stopped drenching my grey suit with rabbit blood every time I did the Vanishing Bunny trick (the one that uses a chipper-shredder), the bit would cost us a grand a performance for wardrobe. So Penn and I went shopping at industrial supply shops in Vancouver, and picked me up a waterproof jumpsuit and a hardhat with a face guard. Now Krasher can hose me down after the bit."

PENN:

"Penn has Tom Waits/Lou Reed's/Laurie Anderson's bass player, Greg Cohen, who has written a "noir" bass line to go behind Teller's cigarette routine in a total remake of the "P&T GO PUBLIC" bit "Looks Simple, Doesn't it."

After writing it, Greg (who's a monster and a machine) has been teaching it to Penn. He can play all the notes at the right time while talking but he now needs to make it musical. That may take a while.

But the good news is, he's making Teller chip in half on a brand new bass (most likely a bright white Philip Kubicki XFactor with a low string that goes down to D with a flip of the thumb) so there is an upside.

Also, very important - Penn has decided to write about his "Looks Simple" bass playing in the third person for this flash."

Yun the guys are working on some new bits. Stay tuned during the coming weeks for reports on the all new for '95 "P&T20". To keep an eye on MOFO SEES and maybe you'll get to see these accidents waiting to happen in a theatre near you.

now-defunct Twilight Zone Magazine.

Though the jury of thirteen found that Mr. Randi's statements regarding Mr. Byrd were defamatory, they emphatically declined to award Mr. Byrd any compensation whatsoever.

Testimony adduced at the trial revealed that, in fact, Mr. Byrd had not been convicted of the crime of child molestation as suggested by Mr. Randi, but instead had been arrested for possession with intent to distribute obscene materials involving children, and had pled guilty to a reduced charge of possession with intent to distribute obscene materials.

In addition, Byrd admitted during the eleven-day trial in Baltimore Federal court to having had a sexual relationship with a minor of whom he was legal guardian. Testimony also revealed that Mr. Byrd was a long-time associate of Uri Geller, a self-proclaimed "psychic" now living in England. In 1975, Mr. Randi wrote a book in which he showed that scientific tests of Mr. Geller's "psychic abilities" were not done as originally reported, and that Geller's claims were thus unproven. Mr. Geller has also brought several suits against Mr.

Randi, one of which is still outstanding.

James Randi is the author of nine books, the latest being "Conjuring," a comprehensive history of the art of magic. His other books deal mostly with paranormal, supernatural and occult subjects, of which he is today's leading critic.

AND FURTHERMORE...

Randi's next book will be a personalized Encyclopedia of the Occult; we'll keep you further informed when it's released. In the meantime, Randi's legal troubles, while improving, are still far from over. If you'd like to help contribute to truth, justice, the American way, and the general misery of psychics and other pseudo-science types the world over, please send your contributions to the **James Randi Legal Defense Fund**, at its new address:

c/o K. LEWIS
142 WEST 49TH STREET
NEW YORK, NY 10019



T A T T O O

ALL PAIN—NO GAIN

by Penn

This appeared in the New York Times Sunday Magazine "Endpaper" on July 18, 1993. We are giving our fans the unedited version to make them feel cool and to not have to make Penn write something else.

I've always wanted to get a temporary tattoo. Most people think of a temporary tattoo as a decal that is put on with water and stays for a few days or maybe even a week (depending on hygiene). Yup, that is a temporary tattoo but that misses too much of the tattoo experience for my taste. With a decal tattoo, all you experience is the art and (to a lesser degree as people learn that temporary tattoos exist) the identification with those who really have tattoos (a very changing group, it used to mean you were a sailor, carny, or biker, but it's starting to mean you're a kid who goes to a mall).

You also miss all the decision making and self examination (for those who are sober) that goes with making a lifelong decision and you don't experience the pain (again, for those who are sober). You have to make the decision to have a needle stuck into your skin about an 1/8th of an inch deep many many times. An 1/8th of an inch isn't very deep but it's deep enough to get those pain receptors saying "howdy." On new tattoos, the swelling and blood of the repeatedly pierced skin overwhelms the inks that are used. I've always thought that the tattoos shown in the flash books (the loose leafed notebooks at tattoo parlors with plastic pages of snapshots that you browse through looking for sexy body parts while you're checking out the work) were wonderful. The skin looks really beat up, it doesn't look like the proud owner is displaying art, it looks like forensics shots of an art attack victim.

So, there are at least two questions that people with decals haven't addressed:

you're as rich as Johnny Depp (or if Billary has tax payers pick up the tab), you're probably going to have to just cover up "Winona" with a black iron cross tat or a lot of Band-aids.

2. How much did it hurt?

I've wrestled with question #1 and I can't make a decision. I like the commitment, I like saying to the world that my body is mine and doesn't belong to nature, a god or a government (tattooing is still illegal in places). But I don't trust fashion. What would happen if I went out and got the perfect tattoo on my arm and three years later Jon Bonjovi and Joe Piscopo had a copy of it on their arm? There have been many band-wagons that I was riding happily until the wrong people boarded.

Even if the wrong people didn't cop my art, maybe I wouldn't like the art in a while — maybe I would become morally opposed to the art - - hey, I've been wrong before (I didn't REALLY believe Clinton could be worse than Bush). Those are the real reasons but I have a cop out reason as well, I'm in show-biz and maybe some day I'll want to act (I had parts before, but it didn't seem I wanted to act). I wouldn't want to have to cover up a tattoo with makeup every day (wow, is that a lame reason, I should have just stuck with the Bonjovi/Piscopo reason).

Question #2 really interests me. I like the idea of deciding something is going to hurt and doing it to find out how much. I don't like accidents much and I hate illness but I enjoyed having a tiny amount of dental work done to see what it was like without Novocain. It was nice to know a little of the real deal. I always think being in pain for glory is a fun thing. Pain without injury fascinates me. Pain without fear is just another sensation. I could go on, but you already know too much about me.

June 6th, I was covering the 90th anniversary party for Harley Davidson in Milwaukee for Showtime. Bobcat Goldthwait, Paul Provenza, Richard Belzer, Stephanie Hodge, Judy Tenuda and I were walking around the grounds with camera crews making fun of bikers while making sure that it was very clear to the bikers that we weren't making fun of them. I told Jerry, the producer, that I should get a tattoo on camera but I didn't want anything permanent. Paul had worn a fake nose-ring for one shot and the crew were all wearing decals and that wasn't what I wanted. I told him I wanted a tattoo done with needle but without ink. All the pain of a tattoo but nothing to show for it. Jerry liked the idea. He went to a tattoo trailer to set it up. He came back and said it was a done deal, they would do the tattoo with blood red ink but no needle, it would look like I was being tattooed but I wouldn't be. With no needle, the red ink would wipe right off.

"That's not what I want, Jerry. I want a NEEDLE

for more than several weeks. I heal quickly, (that's one of my best character traits) so I was ready. We got a few cameras and I went over to talk to the tattoo artist, Bubba. I talked to him before we went on camera and then asked him the same questions on camera: Yes, he used clean needles. Yes, it would hurt more without the ink to lubricate. After a couple genital jokes, he told me the chest hurts the most. I didn't want to show my chest (hey, maybe if I get on a pain and body modification roll, I'll get implants, and then I'll show them to everyone - but right now, no), he said the forearm also hurt really bad. I have a attractive forearm so I decided to use my forearm. I told him I wanted it all freehand, no stencil. I didn't want the stencil ink to get into the wound and give me an accidental half-assed tattoo.

A crowd was gathering and the cameras were rolling. He brought the needle out of the little sealed packet and Bubba (did I mention his name was Bubba?) got to work. He asked me what I wanted. I said it didn't matter. He asked me if I liked skulls. Who doesn't like skulls? It would be a freehand skull. Bobcat stood behind him as he brought down the needle and gave a Bobcat scream to startle him at the moment of contact. Bobcat had to make jokes, I was just staring at the needle. The needle went in, it went in many times. The bikers were impressed, not that I was taking the pain, but that I was taking the pain for no reason. They got it. I asked Bubba if it would hurt less if I loosened up my muscle and he said yes. I couldn't loosen the muscle, it hurt too much. The blood was really flowing. It was art being made of my blood. I watched and I liked it. The crowd was yelling that I was crazy. Having that collection of pots call me black was one of the prouder moments in this kettle's life.

How much did it hurt? That's the question I wanted to answer. It hurt about as much as putting a couple cigarettes out on my skin (don't ask). It was a burn. But it was pain without injury, pain without fear. It was a good hurt. It didn't take long, a line drawn skull about the size of a quarter. It looked like it was drawn in red ink but it was my blood. It was running down my arm and doing a nice job for the camera. The bit should have been over but Bobcat thought I should have cross-bones. He also thought I should have the full skeletal system, a Harley and a road going up over my shoulders with lush scenery but I drew the line after cross-bones. It wasn't Bubba's best work. Another artist said it was "strictly jailhouse" but Bubba was working without a stencil and there was the pressure of a crowd and TV. I wouldn't let him put a bandage on it. I wanted the opportunity to show it off and talk about it. I have to put Neo Sporin on it for about a week and they say it'll be gone in about 5 weeks. It's been about 7 hours and it still hurts a bit but not badly at all. The blood has started to change color and the head of the skull is now the color of flesh around day-old stitches.

I'm kind of hoping there's a little bit of a scar there



THE HAY-ROOB The Full Story

As a result of etymological gaps, the history of the "hay-roob" is somewhat enigmatic. According to Teller, "When we were getting ready for our first national tour, Penn proposed the idea of designing a logo consisting of our name, with a reversed-out box in the middle which would appear to be an abstract design. Together we laid out the details of it, then passed it on to a graphic artist, who polished up a nice version for us."

"Penn's concept, if I remember correctly, was that the reversed middle-section should be blown up to the size where it could serve as a backdrop, a sort of giant abstract painting. He wanted it to seem as though we cut the middle out of a huge billboard of our name and hung it up behind the show. We tried it in many colors and designs, but couldn't get it to work as a backdrop. Still, we really loved the look of it, especially in black-and-white, and we proposed the full version (showing the name) as an advertisement design. Our producer felt it would be too hard to read, and it was relegated to the covers of programs."

Soon after the design was completed, a seven page letter was received from Dr. Arthur Eichelberger. Attached to the letter was a photocopy of an early Sumerian symbol known as the "Hay-Roob." It looked exactly like Penn and Teller's new logo. As relayed by Teller, "It signified 'robbery by subterfuge,' and was first unearthed in the form of a small iron used to brand the scalps of convicted rip-off artists."

"The Hieroglyph shows two figures joined at the spine, symbolizing teamwork. The larger figure on the left, with the distinctive headgear, is the Frah-Zsher or 'big yeller' who holds the mark's attention in an animated and compelling manner, while the figure on the right, the Rood-Raih or 'small skulker,' sneaks silently away, his arms laden with the mark's bulging purse."

"Dr. Eichelberger was struck by how, if the symbol were set on its side and were constructed as a negative or ground, the let-

1. How did you decide to modify your body permanently? They can be removed but unless

and no INK, that'll work too won't it?" Jerry checked and the guy said that a "dry needle" would hurt a bit more than a regular tattoo but it wouldn't leave a mark

to remind me of the needle. I'm about to reinvent the tattoo.

ters of the words 'PENN & TELLER' seemed to fit right in." [See below.]

HOUDINI UNDER ICE The true story

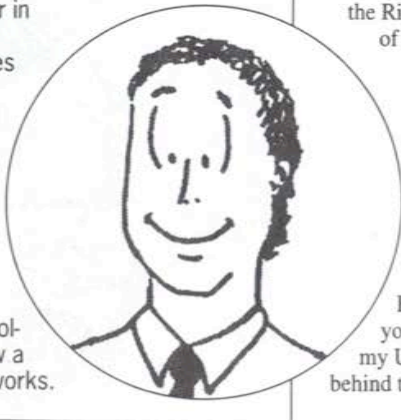
by Teller

Last issue I mentioned that I learned from Randi and Sugar's book, HOUDINI: HIS LIFE AND ART, that the story of Houdini under the ice was one of Houdini's press fables. I recently spoke to the man who made the discovery, Bob Lund, a magician, historian, and owner of the American Museum of Magic in Marshall, Michigan.

In the late 1950's, Lund tracked down the original press materials from Houdini's famous appearance at the Detroit River, and sent them to William Lindsay Gresham for his HOUDINI, THE MAN WHO WALKED THROUGH WALLS biography. Lund found original press clippings telling that not only was the river not frozen over, but Houdini was escaping not from leg-irons and heavy chains, but from just two pairs of handcuffs. The bridge was comparatively low and he was attached to it by a long safety rope and had a lifeboat standing by to watch over the proceedings.

Lund actually rented a canoe and took it out on the river to see how bad the undertow was — he reports that if Houdini had been under any ice, he could never have made it back to a hole, but would have been swept to the Canadian side of the river in short order.

This all makes Houdini so much cooler. I love knowing that he took a safety-conscious jock stunt and transformed it into a piece of American mythology. That's how a real magician works.



MY MOM, BRIDE OF DRACULA

by Teller

This is the complete, unedited draft (can you STAND how cool you are, getting to read this stuff?) of a piece that ran in the New York Times on October 30 in honor of our favorite religious holiday.

Some kids pined all year for Christmas. Others longed for their birthdays. For me, the climax of the year was Halloween, and it was a family event. My parents "helped me make" (i.e. made for me) a creepy disguise we hoped would baffle the neighbors. We'd do anything to fool them. I once went out as a Witch. No one expected an eight-year-old in drag.

When kids came to my house, my mother intoned, "Enter," then beckoned the tykes into the darkened hallway, whose floor I littered with rags and tennis balls for them to trip on (in 1956 neighbors didn't sue for stubbed toes). Once the visitors were trapped inside, Ma slammed the heavy front door behind them and let out a primal scream. She still claims she was embarrassed to do such an unlady-like thing, but I don't buy it. Scaring children is just good fun.

When the trembling trick-or-treaters reached the candlelit kitchen, they saw a large figure (my father) sitting underneath a sheet and groaning as he handed out Mars Bars with a rubber monster-hand. It was effective. There were actually kids on my block who used to delegate their parents to pick up the goodies from 1510 Summer Street, which made me proud.

By the time I was in high school, however, my favorite holiday had lost its glow. My friends now dressed up for Halloween to look sexy or to offend their parents, not for the fun of playing scary. They drank liquor and gave my neighbors real, not make-believe, worries by doing so-called mischief, i.e. witless property damage. And now my friends are middle-aged and there's no hope left at all. Nothing is more depressing than sagging adults in novelty costumes (unless they happen to be Shriners, whom I worship).

But although nowadays I steer clear of Halloween and get my noir-kicks on stage, I know there are many decent folks who still like to dress up and go out. To them I say, have a good time, but out of respect for the spirit of the holiday, please:

1. Be scary, not cute. This is your chance to be someone you hate and dread. Go as Jack (or Jill) the Ripper, Vlad Tepes, The Red Death, Hitler. There's a chuckle and a thrill in being the villain of your own nightmare.
2. Don't let your face hang out of your bat suit. Disguise yourself. You're not going to be scary if they know it's just you in that cape.
3. If you are in show business, stay home. Your regular job is pretending to be somebody else. Don't spoil it for the amateurs by showing off your years of training under Tom Savini. Remember, this is the one chance a year a longshoreman has to put on a house dress and run around with a kitchen knife. Don't make him feel cheap.

But if you're a normal human, go ahead: Stalk the night in Satanic satin, and when, as Death, you come to my house and threaten to tear out my soul, I'll know by your shoes you are really my Uncle Bob, and buy you off with a candy bar. Come on in, but beware the dark and the lady behind the door.



Upon hearing the term "hay-roob" out loud, it was Penn who noticed how much it sounded like the lesser known American phrase "Hey, Rube!" which he then went on to describe as "carny talk for 'There's big trouble, grab a baseball bat right now and start hitting anyone who's not a carny over the head with it.' It's a big emergency signal."

Whether "Hey, Rube!" was derived from "Hay-Roob" was never proven, due to the fact that Dr. Eichelberger's hut, in what was previously ancient Sumer (now Iraq), was struck by lightning in a violent electrical storm. The Doctor and all of his findings were tragically burned to ash. All that superseded his existence was the singular letter that was sent to his favorite tricksters.

Penn continues, "We decided to adopt it years ago and our producer wouldn't let us. He thought it was too obtuse. Now, we own everything ourselves. We have become bigger fish in a smaller pond and we do whatever the hell we please."

"We have revived it in the last two or three years" says Teller, "and used it as a poster and a logo, and the hay-roob has appeared on our show t-shirts and our lighting designer's tattooed forearm."

Penn confirms, "Our lighting designer Stewart Wagner is one of the coolest motherf---ers I have ever met. If you come to our live show, look for a self described 'tatted, hippie, redneck, biker stage hand' hanging out by the light board. Scope his wrist, it's there."

As for anybody else, a hay-roob tattoo is cause for thanks. The concept of marketing temporary hay-roob tattoos was also taken into consideration to accompany a tattoo card trick. But Penn, who is apprehensive about the idea says, "They might be a little too trendy right now."

And so you have it, the hay-roob, from all sides.

PENN & TELLER