

MOFO GOES HOME

Mofu Knows
4132 S. Rainbow Blvd., Suite 377
Las Vegas, NV 89103

Change of Address Requested

If you ask me, I say, "Don't start
a record company." —Penn.



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GARNERING PRAISE

When I went over to the Wiltern Theatre in L. A. to perform at the NASCAR 50th Anniversary show in May, they said, "You can wait backstage or in the green room." Backstage looked crowded and dark, so I picked the green room. The green room is in the basement. James Garner was in the green room.

He had on tinted glasses and looked very dashing. I walked in and he got up to shake my hand and to tell me what a fan he is. I can't tell you how that gave me shivers.

He asked where Penn was and I told him I guessed Penn was upstairs chatting with half-naked dancing girls. A reasonable guess, right?

After Penn and I performed, I went back to the green room, and James Garner started a round of applause for us.

I like show business. —Teller.

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From Joe Teller's pennandtellerana comes an original 1983 Penn & Teller business card.

Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas

I'm in *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*. I have a VERY small part—2 lines. Well— No one says anything between them, it's just stage directions between them, so I guess it's actually one line. I play a carny talker, which they had ignorantly called "Fairground Barker." I lobbied hard to get it changed to "Carny Talker."

I'm in the scene where "Duke" and "Dr. Gonzo" are on every drug staggering through Vegas's "Circus Circus" as seen from their point of view. It is clearly a Terry Gilliam film. There are cripples on crutches, very fat people, dwarfs, and all sorts of weirdos. There are carny booths that include throwing hypodermic needles at spinning addicts and throwing rings around the nipples of women. The women thought they were going to be made glamorous but they were just made to look grotesque. I, of course, love the way they look. There are lots of old fat guys. I fit

right in. I'm wearing a full union suit that is covered with bones. I have a fringe David Crosby vest and fluorescent yellow chaps that are too small. I have many bolo ties and belts and lots of jewelry. I have a 10-gallon hat that's about 2-feet high over my head. They rented every big "cowboy" thing they could find and they're using it all. I've never looked weirder (well, hardly ever).

A smoking orangutan is my co-star. His name is Jethro and he works at Universal. I, of course, stayed away from him. The trainer came over and told Johnny Depp and Terry Gilliam that they couldn't play with Jethro because he had to work. Terry and Johnny were really bummed. Jethro is in a doctor's outfit trying to entice "marks" into throwing vital human organs at works of art. Jethro gives a raspberry and then I stick my face in the camera. I'm selling a chance to have your voice and your picture 200-foot-tall pro-

jected over downtown Las Vegas for 99-cents. I look right into the camera and then Johnny and Benny [Benecio Del Torro] come staggering in and I grab them and pitch to them. I did seven takes in a row perfectly and Terry kept saying, "Would you PLEASE do something a little wrong? You're hurting morale." On the eighth take, I flubbed a word, and Terry starting screaming, "Ha ha, he's human and what's even better is it's the first take the monkey has done right! It's not useable JUST because of you!" He's a little nutty. We did a couple more takes and I was dead-on and so was the monkey and so they wrapped me early.

Man, I would love it if it wasn't about drugs. I know that's all it's about, but I really mean it. I think it would be great if that kind of energy was there without the drugs. I should become the drug-free Hunter S. Thompson. — Penn.

MOFO SEES

**Fear and even loathe Penn & Teller in Las Vegas
every night at Bally's Las Vegas
from July 2 through July 29.**

ROBERT GOULET PANTS

Ages ago, we did the *Merv Griffin Show* on a day when Robert Goulet was also on. Before the taping, I was chatting with the wardrobe lady who told me that Goulet does that old-showbiz thing of not donning his pants until just before he goes on stage. That way he doesn't sit and

wrinkle them. A few months ago, looking at myself in a mirror as I was dressing for a show, I decided I'd start doing that last-minute-pants thing.

One night recently Penn and I were sitting in our dressing rooms behind the Wiltern Theatre in Los Angeles, waiting to go on. We were fully dressed, save for our

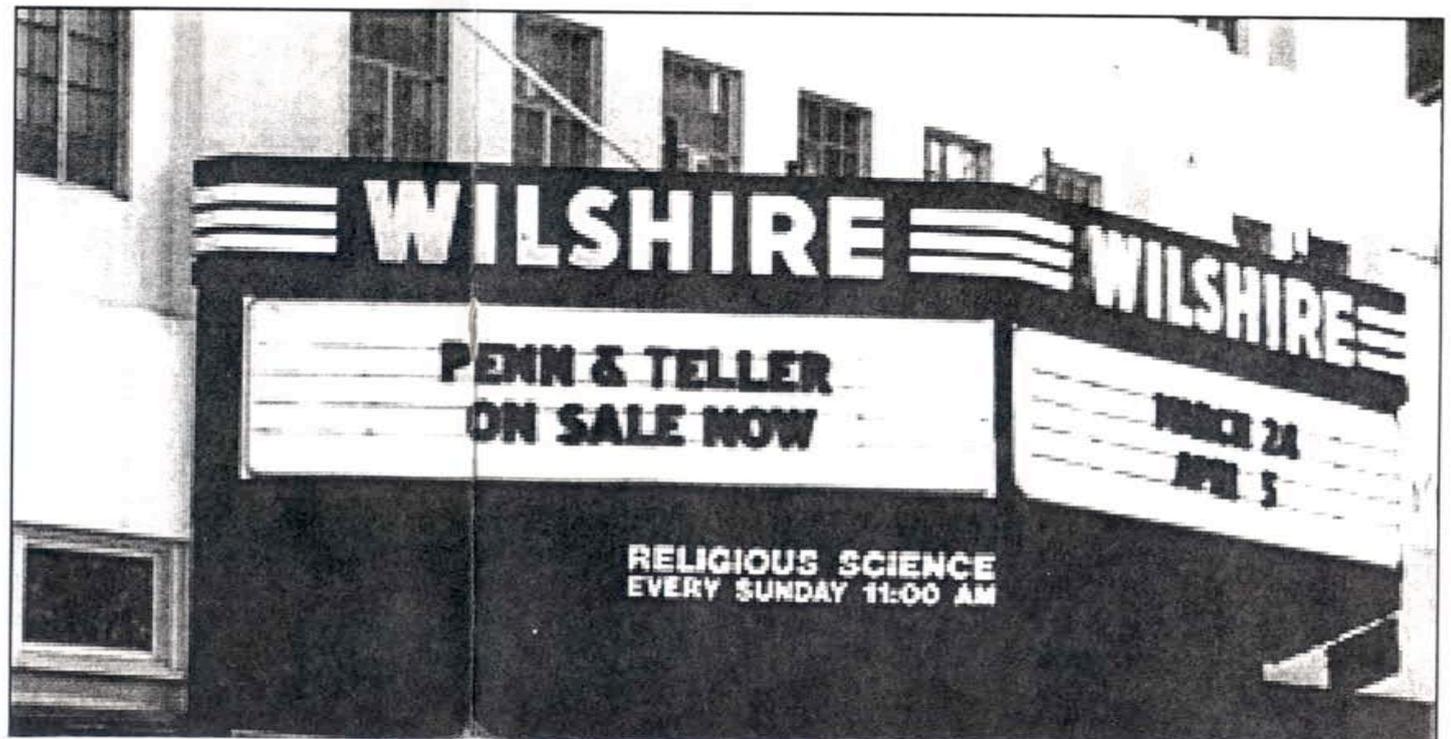
trousers. Suddenly a voice boomed at the door. It was Robert Goulet saying hello to Penn and complimenting his legs. Goulet stuck his head in my doorway and saw me in my shorts. He was in full tuxedo. I pointed to my bare legs. "We learned this from you," I said, and reminded him about the show with Merv. Goulet laughed with

his light-operatic voice.

"Wait a minute," said a female voice from outside the dressing room. "I want to see his legs, too." An evening-gowned woman stuck her head in and looked at my legs. "Very nice!" she exclaimed.

Goulet said, "Guys, I'd like you to meet my wife." —*Teller.*

After our recent opening night in Los Angeles, we had a party at Planet Hollywood. We gave them Teller's wet suit from *Penn & Teller Get Killed*. At the party a newspaper reviewer started to give me a lecture on the blasphemy in our show. I told her that it was on purpose and she said I really shouldn't do that. I told her that xian singers bring god into their shows, and we're fine bringing science into ours. She said, "God cured my cancer." I said, "No he didn't—and when you say stuff like that, you just sound stupid." Her friend started quoting the bible:



about how only fools don't believe in god. I'm guessing we didn't get a good review from that paper. —Penn.

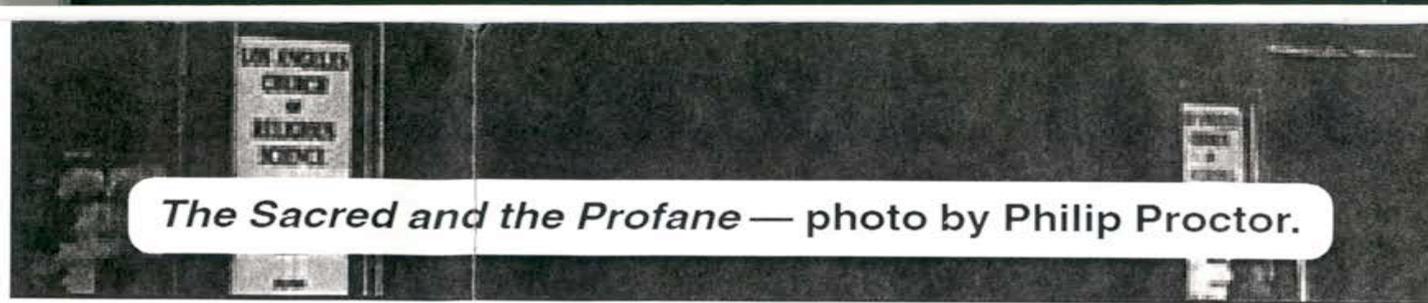


There are those who argue that the bible is literature. I don't buy that, but the bible sure is part of the culture and some would argue that that's important. I have nothing against kids studying that much violence, but if it's taught as real—well, I don't know. —Penn.

MOFO KNOWS
is
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There's more of this stuff at
www.sincity.com



The Sacred and the Profane — photo by Philip Proctor.

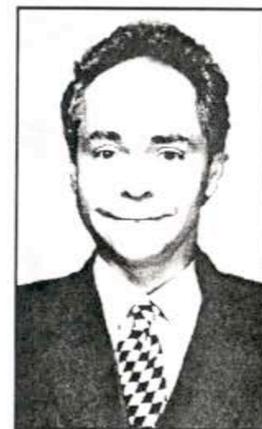
We did a press event to announce the beginning of construction of "Magicopolis," a magic theater owned and run by Steve Spill in Santa Monica, California. Teller and I burst through a fake wall, and then put our hands and feet in cement. We'd never done that before and it was pretty cool and fun. —Penn.

If you ever get to put your feet in cement, don't lean your body weight on your foot, or you'll have a REALLY deep footprint that looks lousy. They had to trowel over my first attempt and have me re-do it. When I put my hands in, I crossed my fingers. People will have to take a minute to figure out what that strange imprint is. —Teller.

You May Look at This

I find it very hard not to read things that are in front of me. I try to never read what's not addressed to me. I find it very hard not to read people's computer screens or the addresses on the mail on their desk. But, I REALLY try. I'm made very uncomfortable when someone comments on what's on my computer screen. The hardest challenge I've had was when I was at a museum

and there was a guy with his full painting outfit set up in front of a painting on the wall. I guess he was copying it. If I didn't know professional artists, I would have gone over and looked at the guy's painting. But, professional artists taught me that that's rude, so I tried to look only at the painting that had been done years before. I'm proud to say, I don't know what was on his easel. —Penn.



On opening night in L.A., an older woman came up to me after the show and said, "I love the way you move. I haven't seen anyone move that well since Charlie Chaplin." I thanked her politely (not being a huge fan of Chaplin's style) and then she said, "I'm Onna White." The name rang a bell, but I couldn't place it.

Coming backstage afterwards, the wardrobe man Fred said, "Did you see Onna White? You know, the choreographer. She did *Oliver!*, *The Music Man*..."

Changed the way I saw that compliment, let me tell you.—Teller.