

MOFO GOES HOME

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MOFO'S NOSE



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INTRODUCTION

Hey-ho, gang! It's another issue of Mofo's Nose! Had enough yet? Didn't think so. We've got some really dynamite stuff for y'all to take a gander at. Our articles deal with quasi-serious issues, such as weather-induced catastrophes, rude interruptions, cruel but exquisite swindling techniques, and some other stuff which I forget. Go ahead. Blame my poor memory on my parents. I was only a zygote when I inherited their genes.

See that drawing? Aaron did that (no duh, he's the graphic artist). The head art teacher at George Washington High School, John Soares, regards Aaron as the best artist in school. I don't know about you, but I sure as hell am impressed.



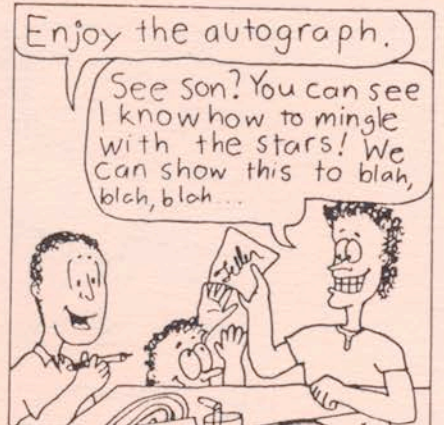
I forget the great man who said it, but feedback is a key ingredient of any good magazine or newsletter. On behalf of the entire Teller and Penn staff, I want to thank EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU who has sent a letter to our offices. Despite the extremely large amount of mail we have received, Aaron and I have personally been able to respond to EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU. Yes, it did take some extra long nights and a couple pots of coffee, but we did it. Thanks for all your support, and we'll continue to send a response EVERY time we receive a letter. Keep 'em coming in!

In our preliminary chats, I recall Teller and Penn both saying that I would write whatever I damn well want. It is in this spirit that I formally declare my love for a young woman named Margaret Teichert. She is one of the most wonderful people the world has ever seen, as well as being my girlfriend.

Enjoy the newsletter!

P.S. - Thank you, Teller and Penn, for this gracious license you have granted me.

WHAT TELLER SAYS



WHAT HE'S THINKING



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Lenn & Teller

Scott Kim

THE BLISTER SWINDLE

Welcome to a step-by-step instruction on how to swindle your friends and other not-too-bright characters. As Penn put it, "All you need is a key, and no morals." If this is clear, then away we go!

1. Obtain a key with a hole in its head. (No, your cousin Herman will not suffice. Must be a key.) Place it in your pocket.
2. Find some people who are really into this new age Shirley MacClain healing through crystals stuff, and get ready to do some acting!
3. Stage a situation so it looks like you've burned yourself. This works best at mealtime when you're likely to be near a stove or other hot things.
4. Begin to howl and scream such phrases as "Yikes! I burned myself!" or "Ooh! That's painful!" While jumping up and down in apparent anguish, press the key hold hard onto your thumb. (Remember, this is the part of the trick that you don't want them to see! Careful! Oh!)
5. As your friends gather around you, hold your thumb out for them to see. It looks like you have a blister! A chorus of "Ohhhhh!" will come from your friends, and then say to them, "No, no. Never mind. I've got the magic healing crystals of the (pause for dramatic effect) Shamas! Then take out some salt crystals from your pocket (which you had placed there before the swindle began), and proceed to sprinkle your thumb with a few of them. Then rub your fingers over your fake wound, and Presto! The blister is gone!
6. As your new age friends go "Ooh" and "Aah", one of them is bound to ask for some "magic crystals" to heal his or her own ailments. Refuse at first, saying they are too rare to part with. They will offer to buy them from you. Hold out until you are getting AT LEASE forty bucks for a pinch of (he he) "Magic Crystals."
7. Take the money and spend it, you crafty devil, you! Enjoy the money and disregard the guilt. It's their own fault for believing in crystals and past lives as an iguana.



Happy Swindling

OLD NEWS AND POINTLESS TIDBITS

- o I recently caught a Nina Hartley flick in my Colorado hotel room. Surprisingly enough, I wasn't overly impressed. Sorry if I disappointed you, Penn.
- o Here's a contest for all you T&P fans. Send in one question that you would like to ask Teller or Penn. Aaron and I will select the best from the questions and their responses will be printed in a future issue. We'll have to decide on prizes later. In case you were wondering, this is a really CASUAL contest.
- o Teller and Penn took a train to see David Copperfield for lunch and a viewing of some video tapes. I asked Aaron if he knew what the tapes were of, and he shrugged his shoulders and made a funny lip expression. Anyone have any naughty ideas?
- o A Teller Tidbit: For maximum earplug effect, stuff your ears with wads o' cotton and then seal them with Vaseline (be sure to pronounce that with a heave "z" sound). This is for all you crazy campers who enjoy dunking your entire BODIES in water tanks.
- o This has nothing to do with anything except that it's my opinion: I don't like Roseanne Barr's TV show, and if it never has received a bad review before, here is the crack in the show's record. I think she's lousy.

DISASTER STRIKES



It was brought to my attention recently that a natural disaster struck the office of Buggs and Rudy in Manhattan. Actually, one might go so far as to say that it was an unnatural disaster, considering the bizarre circumstances under which it occurred. Read on, and see if you can think of a stranger thing to happen. I know I can't.

Manhattan has been experiencing some rough weather, namely excessive humidity and bountiful rainstorms. As a result of the rainstorms, and annoying leak had formed and was dripping water onto one of the desks, ruining all the papers which lay on

top of it. The staff at the office snapped into action immediately. Roof repairmen were called in and the leak was soon fixed. It was grueling, sweat-producing work, but those mastermind repairmen got the job done.

Well, from this you might say, "Let's erect a monument and dedicate it to these men for their brilliant work!" Ho-ho! Not so fast! One of those idiots left a plastic garbage bag on the roof, covering up the drainpipe. In a dry season, this would have been a minor matter to deal with, but during a series of rainstorms, this seemingly harmless bag became, to quote a much disliked person I know, "a real doozy".

The roof filled up like a swimming pool, inviting many a bird to come and take a dip. Before I proceed further, I must explain something. The building in which the office resides is an old structure. This means that when originally built, the style that was common then was of high ceilings. Rooms are more difficult to heat when the ceilings are higher, so somewhere along the line the landlord (I assume it was he or she who did so) had a lower ceiling built, keeping the upper ceiling intact. By doing thus, the room was made easier to heat. ANYWAY, the water that had collected on top of the roof had somehow seeped into the space between the two ceilings. Of course, none of this was discovered until it was too late.

When entering the office one seemingly joyous morn, S. Pie and Elliot discovered that the ceiling had caved in! They stood there in the doorway with their mouths agape, taking the full time to let what happened sink in. They saw that debris lay everywhere, the clouds of dust were

ling around the office. After the period of shock was over, S. Pie took a step forward and felt his foot sink into a puddle of water. Elliot was heard to have said, "It's like God sent us a fax."

The "death toll" was great. The legendary Jungle Lord pinball machine was ruined, as well as numerous awards and other significant items, some of which were irreplaceable. Needless to say -- well, I guess I won't say it then.

Teller and Penn got a chance to see the office when it was still in a state of chaos. Upon arrival, they both took a look at the place and their first reactions were of similar nature. They both assumed renovation was underway. They soon found that that was far from the truth.

As if all that had happened wasn't enough, the humidity was at 100% for quite some time, meaning that nothing dried. Every wet spot in the office stayed just as wet as when the roof initially caved in. On the plus side, this enabled photographers to take several shots of the office in ruin, something I'm sure we'll all want to look back and laugh at in years to come. Yeah, right. Ha ha.

On a somewhat happy note, insurance will cover just about all the repairs necessary. It will not, however, replace the pinball and other special things that were damaged. Although, two good things did come out of this disaster: 1. Elliot was able to have a picture taken of him buried beneath the debris in such a way that it looks as if his hand has been severed, and 2. This whole event has been excellent in terms of story material.



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