

MOFO GOES HOME

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**TELLER
& PENN**



HAPPY
HOLIDAYS



MOFO's Nose



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THE MOVIE ISSUE

A MESSAGE FROM PIE

Greetings,

Hope all of you who had the opportunity to see PENN & TELLER GET KILLED, ran out and did so. I think anyone who gets the chance to see it will enjoy it. I know that everytime I saw it, the audience came away loving it. Everyone had a good time, and felt that they had seen something new. Something that's not like every other movie that's out there. The one thing you can say about PENN & TELLER GET KILLED is that it's different... Funny and different... Funny, different and... Well, I shouldn't have limited myself by trying to say ONE thing. PENN & TELLER GET KILLED, is many things on many levels. See it if you can.

That should be the new slogan! While most studios would tempt you by saying, "SEE IT IF YOU DARE!" We are forced to say, PENN & TELLER GET KILLED... SEE IT IF YOU CAN!"

By the way, all the critics, each and everyone of them, mentioned you! Yes you! You reading this newsletter right now! Every critic said, "Penn & Teller FANS will LOVE this movie. It will become a cult favorite at midnight showings." I think this is the first time I ever read anything the critics have written and thought, "Hey, the critics are right!"

We just had a copy made for the office on 3/4 inch video. Now I can make 1/2 inch copies for all the people who have been asking about the movie. Which reminds me, I need to send a copy over to Letterman. He ask for his own copy. "No problem Dave!"

Till next time, hope you all have some pretty happy holidays, and a good new year. It's a new decade! See you in the 90's

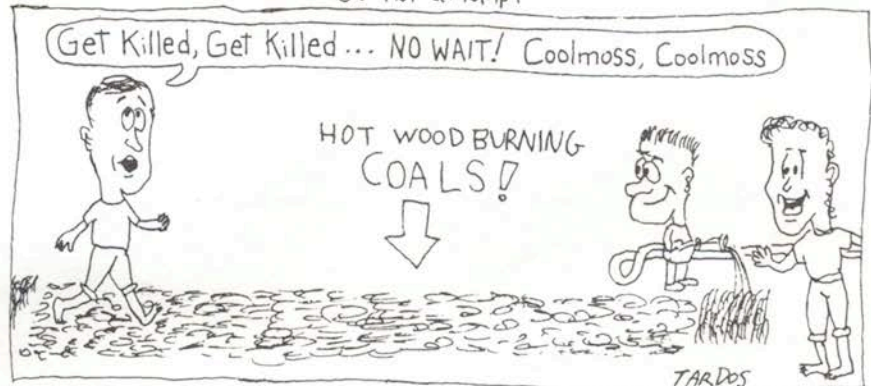
PIE

The winner of the "ASK TELLER & PENN A QUESTION" contest left no return address on his/her entry. The question posed was, "What does MOFO stand for?" The answer, given by Penn: "It's an abbreviation for a derogatory street slang term." The clown would've received bountiful gifts and a trip to New York. Sorry, Salvador.

HOW TO FIREWALK - WITH CREDIT TO ANTHONY ROBBINS



FIRE WALKING - do not attempt



I (Aaron) did "magic" this

summer by walking across a bed of hot coals.

AN INTERVIEW BY SPENCER

I recently interviewed two people who had seen Teller and Penn's new movie, "Penn and Teller Get Killed." Their names have been left out in the interest of protecting the innocent, but you'll probably guess who one of them is right away.

Q: Why did you go to see "Penn and Teller Get Killed"?

X: I had already seen Teller and Penn's live show and enjoyed it very much. I was thoroughly amused and chuckled at every available moment, so I decided to give my funny bone another whack by seeing their film.

Y: I felt it was my obligation. After all, I am the illustrator of this newsletter. Besides, I knew everyone would be asking me about it. I wanted to be prepared.

Q: Once inside, what were the prices at the refreshment stand?

X: I didn't notice. I was too busy being enthralled with the girl behind the counter. Her figure was incredible.

Y: Three times as much as the store across the street. The sodas were flat, but the girl behind the counter sure wasn't.

Q: Were the bathrooms in clean and working order?

X: Yes, but the fellow ahead of me in the stall took too long and I had an accident.

Y: The bathroom itself was fine, but some guy was pounding on the door, trying to hurry me up. He yelled something about having an accident, and the next thing I knew the floor started to flood.

Q: How many times did the guy in back of you kick your seat?

X: Constantly. I asked him at one point if he would mind not kicking my seat so harshly, and he grabbed my nose and yanked it.

Y: Every time Teller spoke.

Q: So what did you really think of the movie?

X: I laughed. I cried. It was much better than "Cats". I'm going to see it again and again. Freddie is THE nightmare. John Travolta can really dance.

Y: It made me laugh. Really laugh. Belly stuff. The cabdriver deserves an Academy Award. Too much MOFO, not enough T&P. Michael Jackson's appearance in the third scene was a real treat.

Q: Are you to be trusted?

X: Yes! Most certainly. Now leave me alone. I've never lied.

Y: No. There are two kinds of people in this world: T&P fans and suckers...

Q: After the film was over, how many people left at the appropriate time and how many stayed to watch the credits?

X: One slender fellow stayed to watch the credits, shouting loudly, "Where are we?! Where are we?!" The rest of us left while the ushers came in to clean the goopy candy off the floor.

Y: I stayed to watch the credits, hoping to see my name along with Spencer's on the screen. I was disappointed.

Q: Would you buy T&P paraphernalia now that you have seen their film?

X: Oh yes. I'm going to buy a MOFO hat, a MOFO shirt, and a T&P videotape. Everyone's buying them, aren't they?

Y: The only piece of paraphernalia I would buy is a subscription to the fan club newsletter (cough).

Q: May we sign you up to be on Montgomery Ward's mailing list?

X: NO! NO! Anything but that! Get away from me!

Y: Uh, gee... um, I don't know... uh, hey... Is it me or is it getting warm in here?

SPENCER



A MESSAGE FROM PENN

S'up?

This is Penn riding on a train to Greenfield, Massachusetts to see my Mom on her 80th birthday. I'm writing this on a Zenith Supersport laptop which I used to think was perfect but since I've seen Teller's Z88 is seeming too big. For my Mom's birthday, I bought her a 6 foot tall, 80 pound, blue, cigar store Indian. My mom has a collection of artistic representations of Native Americans and I think she'll dig this. It's big and goofy. It'll remind her of me.

Normally we leave all the writing in this rag to Spence and Aaron but our man - Pie, the famous Pie (as Lou Reed said, out of context, about this man, "Yeah, what about Sweetie Pie?"). Pie said we should write something ourselves and we do what he says.

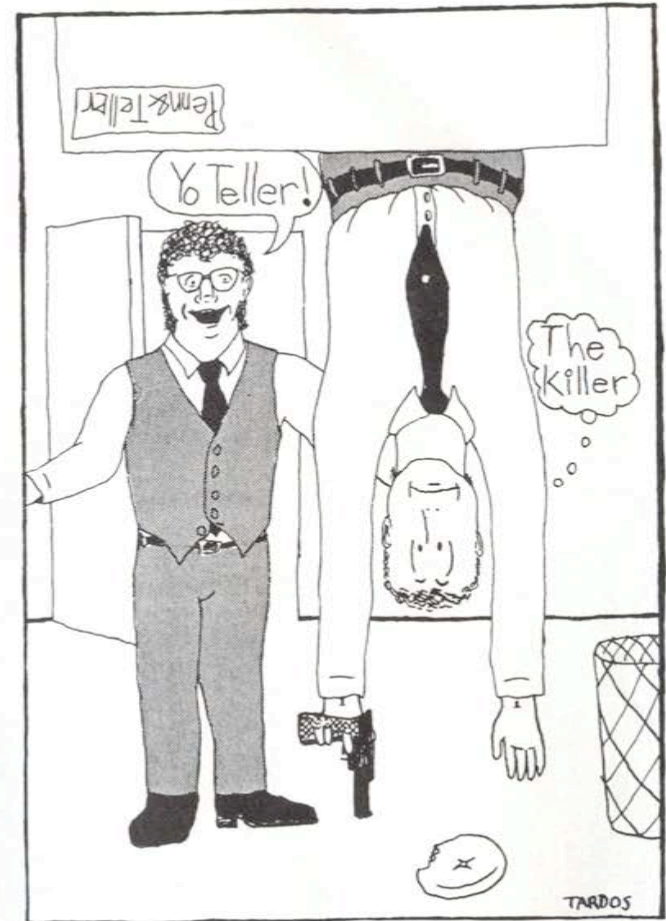
Let me tell you: If you ever make a movie and the studio you made it for gets bought by a bigger studio and the head of the new studio is a practicing Catholic and the head of the new studio sees your movie and says, "It's morally reprehensible." Well, if that happens to you -- you can kiss the academy award goodbye and give up hope the damn thing will ever even play your home town. "Penn & Teller Get Killed" was the best thing the little Rude boy and I have done and most of you will have to wait until it hits video to see it (we have a copy). We made a mistake. We made a

great Arthur Penn film and the studio wanted "Uncle Buck". And I will tell you proudly that we made a movie for smart people and the studio crushed us like a pair of insects in grey suits. But those of you Teller-and-Penners that saw it, took the time to write to us and tell us you dug it. And we made it for you -- so Warners can go whistle. We're going to get weirder and smarter. Wait 'till you see next year's live show. We're going out where the busses don't stop. Beaucoup Dinky Dow!

We're on vacation now but I hosted the CMJ rock awards with Lou Reed, and NRBQ and, even though that's too much talent for one stage, you can throw in the Red Hot Chili Peppers and Big Daddy Kane as well. In the dressing room I sang "La Bamba" in Hebrew for Ofra Haza and heard the real story behind "Full on Kevin's Mom" by Soundgarden. It's a good story.

Mr. Elk and Mr. Seal, the other two B's of "Bongos, Bass and Bob" are kicking ass and taking names around town and I joined them on stage for a few 3 B's numbers at "Catch a Rising Star" and that went great. It was a debut of the 3B's theme. -- "We're not the young generation, we got nothing to say."

Another wacky thing is we worked with David Copperfield. How's that for hypocritical? Hey, don't believe the hype, we lie about everything. Hey what do you want? He's got a smoke AND a wind machine. He thought it would be funny to kill a guy (and that alone makes him a-okay) but he likes his good-guy image. So we were called in as the show biz SWAT team. Human life is cheap to Teller and Penn. We pushed his cameraman off the ledge of a high rise for a laugh. Killing is a big thing to Dave but prime time senseless death is old hat to us, (check out the Houdini special years ago.) He wanted to do it with illusion, we wanted to just do it for real. He's always been more of a real



magician than we. The tape of us is in his live show every night now and it'll be in his next special. It runs a full 30 seconds, that's how much he trusts us.

There really is only one piece of real news: I got a new 'do, a new helmet, a brand new hair look. I call it "urban samurai", Teller calls it "Early American" but it's a new thang living on my head.

That's all for now.

Hint - Check out a Spanish artist named Antonio Tapies...

PENN



A MESSAGE FROM TELLER

Perhaps you're wondering what became of the movie we finished over a year ago. Here's the inside scoop:

We made the movie financed by a wacky Hollywood dinosaur named Bernie Brillstein, a sort of cross between Santa Claus, Satan, and Herman Munster. Brillstein was John BeLushi's manager. He ran Lorimar Studios, and he was totally on the Get Killed boat. He knew we were making a wild, rule-breaking comedy that made fun of those sacred box-office cows: the happy ending and the sequel. He loved it. He beamed proudly after our first screening, saying, "The first comedy of the 90s!" This was in 1988. Then, BAM!, Warner Brothers bought the whole Lorimar company with all its films, and suddenly our toddling Munster infant found itself in the Father Knows Best household, with everybody staring appalled at the strange baby with fur and fangs.

Resisting the offers of Orion Classics, a cool little company that wanted to distribute the movie in a smart, hip way, Warners realized that they could make a sure-fire buck off the thing by selling it to HBO. All they had to do was play it in a certain minimum number of cities for a certain minimum number of weeks and their sale was guaranteed. So that's what they did. They sneaked it in to cities, spent next to nothing for advertising (to maximize their long-range profits), left it for a week or two, and took it right out.

Everywhere they gave the press the impression that this was a movie to be avoided ("eek! it's Eddie Munster"), in some cities, not even inviting reviewers. Kind of a bad mind set to put critics in, eh? So, while fans raved the movie as "Like being hit with a baseball bat!" critics called the attitude "rude" and "nihilistic". Warners even had the nerve to sit stodgy, conservative critics in empty rooms and screen the movie without a hip audience to clue them in to where the jokes were.

So, if you ever get a chance to see it in a theatre, don't delay. Run and catch it before it vanishes. It's a mighty pretty thing on the big screen. And watch for it on cable and in video stores. Don't worry. It'll be there. Standing on the shelf about halfway between "Henry" and "Killer Klowns from Outer Space." Proudly.

TELLER

