

MOFO GOES HOME

MOFO
P.O. BOX 1196
NEW YORK, NY 10185-0010

CHANGE OF ADDRESS REQUESTED



EDITED BY KRASHER • WRITTEN BY PENN, TELLER, ROBBIE LIBBON, KRASHER AND SEAL BOY • CARTOONS BY AARON TARDOS • PHOTOS BY ANTHONY LOEW AND CO RENTMEESTER • PHOTO RETOUCHING, LOGOS, AND DESIGN BY SEAL BOY



MOFO KNOWS

ISSUE # 8

SUMMER '91

You now hold in your hot little hands the latest *Mofo Knows* (formerly *Mofo's Nose*—soon to be *Mofo Snows*?... Got a title? Send it in. If we use it, we'll give you a million bucks (not really, but it's a good gimmick, eh?).

This month's issue is a whopper. Inside, you'll find updates from our deranged duo, a spit story, a rodent recount, a fire fable, a superhero social call, a Mofo move, and a coupla media quotes—plus a chance to buy Teller & Penn videos and books cheap!

Editor's Note: Teller & Penn's show has 57 "Goddamn"s in it, and no other profanity. This newsletter will carry on in that tradition. Herein, the word "Goddamn," in italics, will be substituted for any other profanity.

UPDATE: Teller & Penn have taken MOFO and the rest of the show slightly off-Broadway. Find them opening July 30th at the Houseman Theatre on 42nd St. for an open-ended run.

NEWS FLASH!



MARVEL COMICS SUPERHERO, THE AMAZING SPIDERMAN, VISITS THE REFRIGERATOR TOUR!

On Broadway, the web-slinger showed up at the show in full costume, to prod MOFO to include Marvel action figures in his attache case. In a letter from Marvel President Terry Stewart, Terry wrote, "Spidey, Cap, Hulk, Daredevil, Punisher, Wolverine and Silver Surfer would all love to get into the act." Believe it or not!

© 1991 Marvel

MOFO EX MACHINA—Now find the bitchingest BBS in the jungle on Delphi Systems. Got a modem? Call 1-800-695-4002. Hit Enter twice and type the password MOFO.

TELLER & PENN AT A KIDDIE PARTY

BURNIN', BURNIN', BURNIN' HUNK O' LOVE

SEAL BOY: This was your idea, Krasher, what'd you have in mind?

It's Wednesday, and we're a coupla doors down from the Eugene O'Neill Theatre ready to have lunch. An intimate affair, just the three of us: a fire-eating model, a conscientious coffee dog, and a tape recorder-touting long-hair, referred to of late, by the name of a circus freak.

KRASHER: I just wanted to get some quotes. Like, the rug burn quote'll go in there.

CAROL: Oh yeah, that's my Mom's favorite. She's really happy about that.

WAITER: I have specials if anyone wants to hear them.

CAROL [to Seal Boy]: Do you want to turn that [recorder] off?

SEAL BOY: No, let's just soak up the atmosphere.

CAROL: I just would like Pasta Fagioli and a Caesar Salad

SEAL BOY [to Krasher in hushed tones]: That'll go in there.

We'll put what she ate for lunch in the story.

CAROL: Wait, what's your soup?

WAITER: Hot carrot soup.

CAROL: Oh! Carrot, carrot. Forget the pasta.

KRASHER: I'll have the Caesar's Salad

CAROL: Oh good, I hate to eat alone.

With that done, it was time to sit on some brass tacks.

SEAL BOY: So how did these guys talk you into drinking gasoline and setting your face on fire?

CAROL: They were desperate. They called me up and tried to get me to pimp out girls for this, so I got on that celebrity hotline and called up all these gorgeous model/actress-types for them 'cause they wanted someone really famous and beautiful and talented. I tried to help the best I could but these guys just didn't come through for 'em.

Then, as their last all-time resort they said, "Oh Carol'd probably do it." So they called me up and said, "We're desperate. Will you try and learn the part as an understudy? We're not hiring you, we just wanna see if you can try it."

See, [Penn] had been doing it with Robbie for a week—making out with him on the couch. Eeeewww! And they wanted to see what it was like with a real female—someone with a real vagina.

SEAL BOY: Someone who looked better in a black dress.

CAROL: Yeah, so I threw on my black dress and ran over there, and I learned it. [Penn] taught me how to do it, and I just



CAROL ("HOT LIPS") PERKINS

PHOTO BY CO. RENTMEESTER

did it. It's been a real groove, it's been a real pleasure.

SEAL BOY: So, how much gasoline have you swallowed?

CAROL: Oh, liters. Nah, it's not about swallowing, I don't spit fire, that's advanced. I'm at basic, 101—first-grade fire.

SEAL BOY: Is the taste like siphoning gas from a car?

CAROL: Yeah.

KRASHER [incredulously to Carol]: Do you siphon much gas?

People magazine: "Blisters, says Carol Perkins, "are something you're proud of—like rug burns after wild sex. It's good pain."

CAROL: We've all had 'em, right?

SEAL BOY: The carpet in the back of a station wagon. . .

CAROL: Tile floors, countertops. . .

SEAL BOY: Wood.

CAROL: Ow! wood—and bad sheet burn! That's really bad.

SEAL BOY: Sheet burn is bad, yeah.

CAROL: Cheepy hotels,

SEAL BOY: Really starched sheets.

CAROL: Really starched sheets. That hurts, man, that's bad.

SEAL BOY: Did *People* censor that quote?

CAROL: They wanted more dirt. I only talked five minutes of trash, and the rest was like very deep, existential philosophy.

We really bonded. A week later they called and they wanted more and more trash, and then they turned it into this, like, relationship interview about boyfriend/girlfriend [Goddamn].

SEAL BOY: Who's your favorite existentialist?

CAROL: Oh, probably Sartre—Camus, maybe.

SEAL BOY: How have they changed your life?

CAROL: They took me out of magical thinking and made a very harsh reality about the world. I need to be more centered and present in my universe, and I think they've helped me focus on reality more than fantasy life. That's why Penn & Teller are perfect for my philosophical and mental outlook on life.

Robert Fripp once said that Brian Eno's record label didn't want him to work with Fripp for fear of the association hurting the commercial potential of Eno's "pop" albums. So would Revlon want a fire-eating cohort of blasphemous gore-hounds—even one as beautiful as our heroine—representing their product? Carol assures us there's no immediate danger to her career. What's next? Feature films?

SEAL BOY: Ever been in a music video—a Bon Jovi extra?

CAROL: No, but [mockingly] I'm dying to like, get greased-up and wear a wet t-shirt and slide on top of the hood of a car or something, and squeal like a pig. No, no, no, I'm too old for that. I'm like middle-aged, I'm semi-retired.

SEAL BOY: What're you gonna do when you retire?

CAROL: Read books; have a lot of fun, get laid whenever I want. [Goddamn], eat, read, do volunteer work, start a women's shelter, be a big fundraiser. . .

SEAL BOY: Are you going to become independently wealthy?

CAROL: I already am independently wealthy.

SEAL BOY: Oooh, can I interest you in an investment?

You know how these power lunches are. When you get right down to the financial data it can get pretty dry. We'll skip a bit, brother. I see an opportunity to end this thing. . .

SEAL BOY: What advice do you have for all the fire-eating models out there that wanna make it to the big time?

CAROL: Get a part-time job.

—Seal Boy and Krasher

**PENN & TELLER
GET KILLED**

What more do you want?

LORIMAR FILM ENTERTAINMENT presents PENN & TELLER
A. ARTHUR R. PENN • PENN & TELLER GET KILLED • CATHEN CLARKE
Produced by JEFFREY WOLF Edited by JOHN ARMOUR
Directed by JIM WENIGER Music by JIM CHIHARA
Costume Designer PENN & TELLER
Starring PENN & TELLER

AVAILABLE NOW—T&P VIDEOS AND BOOKS!

As a member of the Teller & Penn fan club you can purchase your own copy of the movie *PENN & TELLER GET KILLED* at the very low price of just \$20.00! This video sells for \$89.95 in stores!!! We think that's ridiculous, so we've got this scam going with Warner Home Video which allows us to sell it to you (members of our fan club) way below market value. This movie was directed by Arthur Penn. This is the movie that Lou Reed called "La creme de la cool."

ALSO: *PENN & TELLER'S CRUEL TRICKS FOR DEAR FRIENDS*

- video \$20.00—practice swindles with a VCR accomplice.
- book \$20.00—entirely different! No hardware required.

AND: *King of Animal Traps* Flip Book \$5.00

WRITE TO: MOFO • P.O. BOX 1196 • NY, NY 10185-0010

MEDIA QUOTES: from "Penn & Teller—Hustlers Of The Great White Way", an eight-page interview in *Reflex* magazine, August 1991. At newsstands now.

"[Today's magicians] venerate the antique past to the point where it gets in the way of creativity. I venerate the antique past, too, I just don't try to do things the same way that people in the antique past did. If I were writing a poem today, I wouldn't try to write it in classical Greek."—Teller

"Bob Dylan didn't get good until every folk singer hated him. And then he got good. It was taking the people he worked with and pissing them off—that was the best idea Dylan ever had." . . . "We should just do our own little Newport Folk Festival, and just start pissing off magicians."—Penn

Penn & Teller's
**CRUEL
TRICKS**
for dear friends

LORIMAR



WHAT'S UP WITH PENN 5-21-91

We're happy on Broadway. We're doing well. We're not sold out every show but no one is—except Miss Saigon, and what do two cheesy swindlers have to offer compared to a plywood helicopter and laytex eyelids? We have no complaints—we're making a

couple-two-three dollars and I'm living at home with my laser disk player, my huge screen TV and all my computers. Home is where the tech is and it's the good life.

This show is a little different than the one we did on the road: We're doing the sex fire-eating from "Don't Try This at Home." We took a beautiful Ford model and burned her face for TV and now we're doing it every night. Carol the fire-eater has been doing lots of hype so you may have seen things on *Jane Pauley*, and *E.T.* and in the *Times* and *People*. In *People* she compares her mouth burns to rug burns from wild sex. And speaking of sex, I am dating Carol. We tried to keep this quiet before reviews came out so they wouldn't lump the bit into the one-of-the-guy's-stupid-girl-friend category that was so well established by John Lennon and Paul McCartney (I, for one really like Yoko but I agree completely on Linda. Did you here the bootleg of her background vocals on "Hey Jude?" What do you call a slug with wings?) Carol is great in the bit and there wasn't a chance of them thinking that—but I worry about everything.

Teller is playing the grand-piano in the fire-eating (which is called "Burnin' Love") on Broadway and doing an amazing job. He practiced like a nut and still practices and there are no clams from the rude boy on the stage of the Eugene O'Neill.

I'm still writing for *PC Computing* magazine and if you pick up an issue and like my column drop them a line and tell them. Some of the readers think I'm too weird and those kill-joys sure write letters. Speaking of too weird, Teller and I got a great idea for a weekly TV show and we pitched it to FOX. It was too out for them but we haven't given up. We're going to try the other networks, cable and syndication. We can't talk about it yet but I'll give you one big hint: It's a game show. I think it'll be great. We hate game shows even more

A nice little story for all of you—I got spit on last night.

A week or two ago we did some PSA about 3 Card Monte—the basic "Don't play, it's a ripoff" thing.

Last night, I was walking through Times Square with the *MovieNight* gang. I was talking to Ron from Bell Labs. Sal, the *MovieNight* dentist, and Rich from *Reflex* were walking behind. The *MovieNight* kid was right beside me. Sal and Rich heard four or so guys talking loudly about whether I was me. It seemed a little

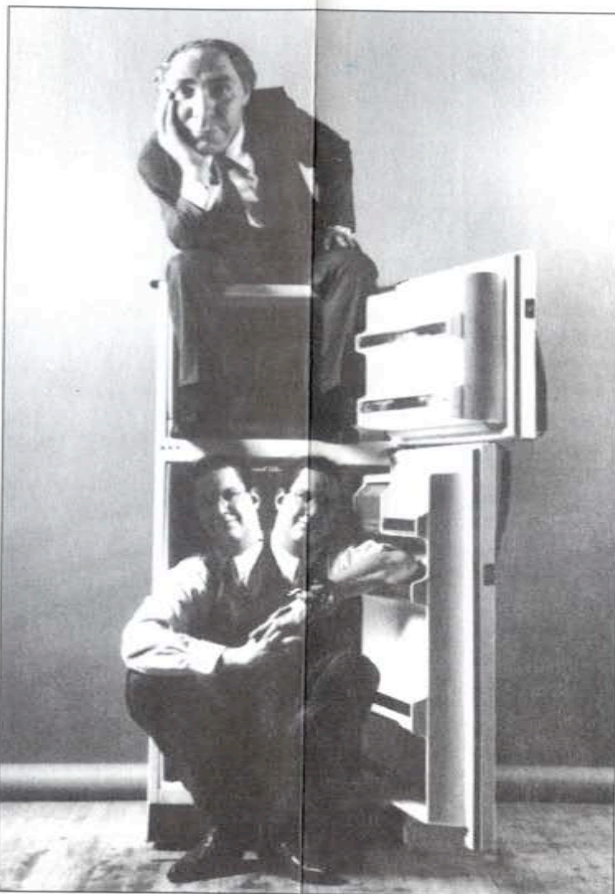
than we hate magic. It's perfect for us.

Our show would not exist in its present form without Amazing Randi. The man that taught the world that skepticism is fun. Our good friend and hero Randi is now being sued by a so-called-that's-what-he-says-yeah-sure "psychic" named Uri Geller. It's a court case so I can't talk about it because I'm sure I'd end up over my head and in court, but suffice to say that we are completely behind Randi and as soon as the defense fund is established some of our Broadway money will go there. There may also be some special T&P benefit projects to raise money for Randi's defense so keep your eyes open.

If you care about freedom of speech and truth you might want to drop us a line and we'll tell you how you can help Randi.

This Randi thing is not leaving you on a down note. It's an up note, we all now have a chance to really help Randi kick ass and take names. And the really fun part is we're on the side of truth. You find Teller and Penn in the wackiest places.

—Penn



Magicomedifreaks, Penn (crisper) and Teller (freezer)

PHOTO BY ANTHONY LOEW
DISTORTED BY THE GODDAMN SEAL BOY

A TERRITORIAL DISPUTE

Part one of a two-part story chronicling the battle of Human vs. Vermin. Part two appears next issue...

In New York, man and rodent live uncomfortably side-by-side, and politely overlook each other's existence. The only time they meet regularly is in the subway, where waiting commuters pass the time away counting rats scurrying among the tracks. The people on the platform point and smile, and forget how terrified they would be if the rats were running around their legs, not five feet below them. The rest of the time, rat and man know each other only by certain tell-tale signs. A rat leaves droppings, and a man leaves garbage.

Once in a while, circumstances force the two together. On 49th street, where the Eugene O'Neill Theatre is located, local rats have been evicted from their favorite haunts by two distressing events: the closing of a luncheonette on one side of the theatre, and the demolition of an apartment building on the other. The rats, having been deprived of food and shelter, have sought refuge in the theatre.

There is much to recommend this theater to a homeless rat: numerous dark, dusty corners; old bagel crumbs; left-over playbills with which to build nests. The residents change frequently these days, minimizing the rats' chances of discovery. The only people likely to notice that the rats have moved in are the stagehands employed full-time at the theater, and they lack the speed necessary to pose any kind of real threat.

But rats and man have one thing in common, and that is arrogance. The new tenants took up residence at the O'Neill in much the same way as the Germans moved into Belgium a few wars back. Rather than be content with foraging during the hours when the theater was unoccupied, they flaunted their presence during showtimes—crawling in and out of garbage cans during set changes, running up and down the stairs backstage, and curling up to sleep inside props. The house manager, no doubt concerned that soon the rats would start using the house phone, called in the specialists.

Soon, rat traps appeared throughout the theater—snap traps, glue traps, box traps, all strategically placed in main rodent thoroughfares. At first they caught more members of the crew than actual rats, and glue traps became a kind of faddish footwear among the technical staff. But soon the tide turned, and seeing a carpenter gagging at the sight of a crushed rat became commonplace.

Within a few weeks, the rats dropped out of sight completely, and it was believed that they had relocated, probably to the Walter Kerr.

But one rat remained behind. He had discovered a safe haven inside the Eugene O'Neill Theatre: my prop room. It is located at stage level, off right, and is off limits to all personnel except me. Thus, no trapper had ever set foot inside it. I had never seen a rat, but I had never seen a rat

MovieNight kid was right beside me. Sal and Rich heard four or so guys talking loudly about whether I was me. It seemed a little weird but they couldn't really get my attention.

As I walked on the West side of 7th between 49th and 50th, the guys caught up with me. A guy in a "leather neck" Marines T-shirt, in his 20s said something like, "Why did you say that about the game? Why did you say 3 Card Monte is a ripoff?"

I said, very nicely that I felt it was a game.

It was a game, he said.

I said, nicely, I thought it was a ripoff.

He said he had seen people win.

I said they were shills.

He said it was a game.

I said, "Okay play it."

He said again, louder, that it was a game.

I said, still nicely, "Okay, play it."

He said "You shouldn't give away the game to the whole world. You shouldn't give it away to the whole world."

I took a breath to say, again, he was welcome to play it and he spun up onto his toes (he was a lot shorter than me) and spit hard in my face. His friends had come around, as he was getting louder to back him, and when he spit, they ran. The second he spit he took off like a [Goddamn].

At the moment it happened it bothered me less than I would have expected. I wiped my glasses and face on my shirt and spit a lot to get it away from my mouth. People who spit in your face don't have the kind of hygiene that would make you want them to spit in your face. When I got to the theater I washed up like a rape victim, crawling into the sink and washing over and over.

Now it's over 9 hours later and I'm still bothered. It's really disgusting. A few thoughts come to mind. I think he was looking for a fight. I think the fact that I'm always nice to fans, no matter how they act, saved me from getting hit—he couldn't find a way to do that. I also think the fact that it never crossed my mind to touch him, or push him, or raise my voice or do any of that macho [Goddamn] really stopped it from escalating.

But it didn't stop me from lying in bed and thinking that if I had a gun I would have blown his [Goddamn] human [Goddamn] brains out as he ran away.

It didn't stop me from thinking that I wish Sal or Rich had tripped him as he ran away.

It didn't stop me from thinking that I wished the cop that hangs out at the theater had seen the whole thing.

It didn't stop me from thinking that if Robbie were there he probably could have caught him.

Oh well, I guess this guy must have been part of a Monte team. And the only thing that makes me feel good is the chance that maybe he didn't see it on TV but maybe people who saw it on TV are saying things about it on the street.

I guess we're making enough difference in the world that one guy thinks I'm worth spitting on. Of course people who aren't on TV at all get their faces slashed so that doesn't make me much of a hero.

I'm glad I'm polite and nonviolent. I'm glad we tell some truth on TV.

I really didn't like getting spit on. It still makes me sick to think about it.

I'm a little nervous about Times Square now.

There's no business like show business.

—Penn



A TONY STORY

Our Broadway producer asked us to take part in the Tony Awards show—a glorified YMCA awards banquet where they give awards for stuff like, "Best Supporting Actor in A Musical" (I'm not kidding; that's an actual category). It's Broadway's annual ploy to grab some national television publicity, and they do their best to make it AT LEAST as tedious as the Oscars.

They put all the winners' names in little white envelopes with big silver seals engraved with the profile of a fat lady (Antoinette "Tony" Perry—a patron of the theatre.) So we decided to do a gag where we would switch in OUR show for the awards we were supposed to be delivering (sets, lights, costume). It seemed poetic justice, since OUR show was not ELIGIBLE for a Tony Award—we're not a "real play" they claim; we're just a couple ripoff artistes who do flashy stunts and yap. Incidentally, they tried to make us wear tuxedos like the rest of the cast, but we hung tough and said if we couldn't wear our suits the way we wanted, we would walk. They backed down; we were working for free and the show was not exactly a laugh riot, so they pretty much needed us.

Well, we did our bit and it went over fine, especially when you consider the stuffed shirts in the audience. We were finished about halfway through the show, and decided to go to the party afterwards. But the party didn't start until after the show; so we waited around and ate the snacks. They had ham and cookies and dry little sandwiches and gooey chocolate pastry lumps. Not a bad feed. But there was one drawback. Shirley MacLaine was on the show, so every time she wandered into the snack room with a nutty look in her eye and a red, spangled dress to get attention, we suddenly lost our appetite and walked out. When people are as far up on the nut scale as she is, they're not fun even to fight with. So our valor went heavy on the discretion end.

It ended up being a pretty fun evening. I happened to have a Svengali forcing deck with me (I bought it during the dinner break from a first-rate pitchman working the street in Times Square) and fell into conversation with Robert Morse, an older comedian who recently made a big hit with a one-man show about Truman Capote, showed him a few tricks and gave him the deck. Penn and I shared a dressing room with Keith Carradine who is playing Will Rogers on Broadway. He's really thin and has a lot of teeth. I served coffee to Joel Grey, who's not only really thin but REALLY short. He's very friendly. Joan Collins was there with very black hair and pale makeup which gives her a cold hard look on camera, but which, in the snack room made her look like a mummy dipped in flour.

My favorite moment in the evening came when Anthony Quinn was announcing one of the less important awards, and suddenly started reading out the award for Best Play. Everybody instantly figured there had been a mixup in the cards, and somebody had slipped in the wrong one.

All of a sudden all the people in the snack room were staring at Penn and me. We looked at each other with our big, smug smiles. That made them sure it was us. We hadn't switched it in, really. As it turned out some blockhead tried to save cardboard by writing the info on the back of a dummy card that had been used in rehearsal, and Anthony Quinn was too vain to wear his glasses, or he would have seen that the old info had been crossed out in pencil. But did we deny it? Hell no.

We have a reputation to uphold.

—Teller

personnel except me. Thus, no trapper had ever set foot inside it. I had never seen a rat there, nor any evidence of a rat, and I believed it a kind of demilitarized zone in the war between man and rodent.

This enterprising rat had discovered both the absence of traps, and the presence of food. I keep bread in my room, bread which is used in one of the bits in the show. One night, after I had locked up and turned the lights out, the rat made himself to home and had a ball.

The next afternoon, when I turned the lights on, I saw the remains of this stupendous binge: my bread—or, rather, what was left of it—was scattered throughout the room. Little pieces of crust everywhere. Props tipped over. Pieces of paper torn up. Chairs moved. I felt violated. I began to frantically clean up, anxious to remove all trace of this heinous crime.

As I brushed against one of the tables in the room, the rat suddenly ran through my legs and into the closet. He had probably been enjoying a post-prandial nap. I uttered a strangled cry, jumped, and shivered for a good five minutes, thanking my lucky stars there was no one there to witness my embarrassing fear.

I took a heavy box and pushed it up against the closet door. The rat was trapped inside. I finished cleaning up, lit a cigarette, and looked at the door. I tried to remember what was in the closet besides the rat, because whatever it was, I was going to have to live without it. I was never going to open that door again.

A few hours later, I reconsidered my position. It was ridiculous, I said to myself, that something so small would keep something so big from going about his business. It was just a furry little thing, after all, and no match for me. I had brains, and size, and reason on my side. All it had was its innate ratness.

I found a long stick and began pounding on the door, calling out: "Hey, rat! You in there? Rat!" I heard no response. I finally realized that the rat had probably run into the closet not because he had concluded that it was the best place to hide, but because that was where he had come from. I moved the box and opened the door.

The closet was empty. In the corner, I saw a hole next to a few pipes that ran from upstairs to the basement. The rat had fled. I closed the door, pushed the box up against it, and went about my work. The rat would learn that entry to the room was now denied, and bother me no more.

That was the last time I will underestimate the resources of a rat. The next afternoon, when I opened my room, I found a freshly-dug hole in the carpet that ran up to the closet door, and a little ball of carpet fuzz next to it. My rat had chewed his way under the door and into my room. My new loaf of bread was destroyed. Determined not to be surprised again, I took my rat stick and tapped madly about the room. There was no sign of him; he had eaten his fill and gone home.

It was time for combat.

To be continued. . .

—Robbie Libbon