

PLAYSPY



LEWSAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Loser's "White Leisure Suit")



LARRY LAFFER

HOME: Hollywood Hills, CA

AGE: 40

PROFESSION: Software Salesman, VP of Marketing, Videotape Eraser, Talent Scout

HOBBIES: Walking around, looking at things, picking up objects, trying to score (points) and doing Dan Quayle impersonations.

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Who, me?

MOST MEMORABLE BOOKS: *The Klutz's Guide to Committing Suicide* by Ima Goner; *The Illustrated Guide to Polyester Fabrics* from the Editors of Gentlenerds Quarterly; *How to Say No When You Really Mean Yes...Well, Maybe* by N. D. Sysiv

QUOTE: "It's truly an honor to be asked to come up with a pithy quote for your advertisement, sir."

PROFILE: A man of many contradictions...in fact, all of them. Exuding an aura of cheap sleaze, slick without being classy, he sees himself as the consummate ladies' man, yet only rarely does he manage to consummate anything at all. He's affable and easy-going, eager to please, loyal, affectionate, and obnoxiously talkative; in fact, he has just about all the same qualities as a Pekingese.

SCOTCH: No, Californian.

TM designates a trademark of Sierra On-Line, Inc.
© is a registered trademark of, or licensed to, Sierra On-Line, Inc.
© 1991 Sierra On-Line, Inc.. All Rights Reserved. Printed in the U.S.A.
002311010



PLAYSPY



**For everything you do at the office
that has nothing to do with work!**

It's MONDAY...

You need a joke, want to send a funny fax, or just don't know where to go to lunch - and all your computer wants to do is **WORK!**

WAIT! Don't throw that expensive PC away! Now you can unleash its entertainment abilities with the **LAFFER UTILITIES!**

How much would YOU pay for an interactive joke data base with a variable filth-o-meter? Would you pay \$50? **DON'T.** Cuz it's included with the amazing **LAFFER UTILITIES!** But **WAIT** - there's more!

You'd expect to pay hundreds of dollars for funny FAX cover sheets, humorous office forms, or programs that manage party sign-up sheets, **BUT YOU GET IT ALL** with the astounding **LAFFER UTILITIES.** But **WAIT** - there's more!

Stop throwing away thousands of dollars on funny sound effects, humorous screen savers, automatic birthday reminders, and those messy office betting pools, cuz **EVERYTHING YOU NEED IS INCLUDED IN THE UNBELIEVABLE LAFFER UTILITIES!**

The absolutely unbeatable **LAFFER UTILITIES** even tackles the **TOUGHEST** office dilemma - **WHERE TO GO FOR LUNCH!**

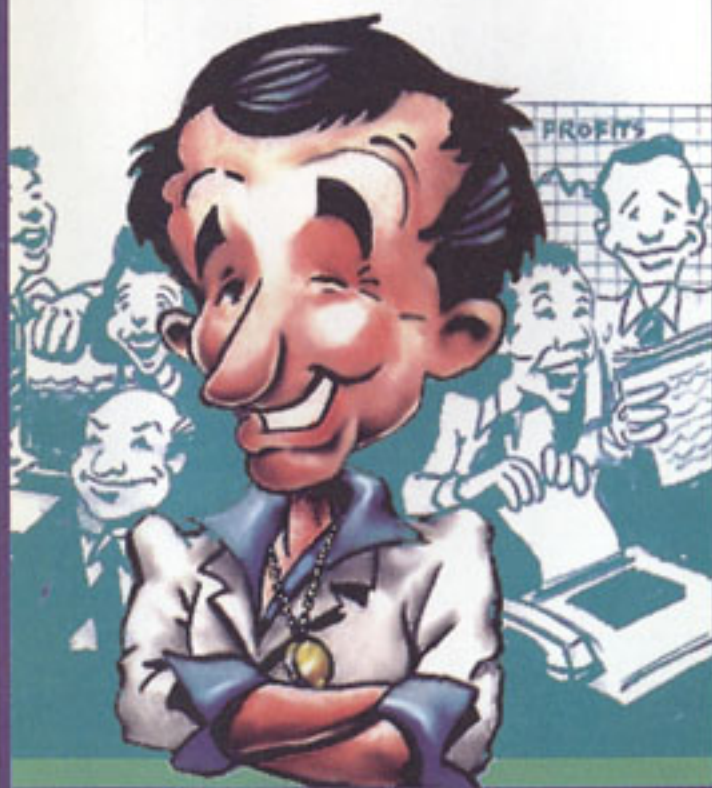
NOW how much would you pay for the **LAFFER UTILITIES?** \$2 million? \$3 million? Your government did! But **YOU** can get the amazing **LAFFER UTILITIES** for the unbearably low suggested retail price of just

\$34.95.

RUSH OUT IN A BUYING FRENZY NOW!

THE LAFFER UTILITIES

**America's first
non-productivity tool.**



PLAYSPY

vol. xx, no. x - october

THE OFFICIAL HOUSE ORGAN OF THE FBI

THE GIRLS OF THE MAFIA - Pictorial.....2

Beautiful but deadly, these ladies can put a hit on us any time they want.

TIGHT SECURITY - Pictorial.....4

Meet Supersleuth Passionate Patti, our Center Spread for October.

THE PLAYSPY INTERVIEW.....9

This Month:

Silas Scruemall, President of PornProdCorp.

COLDFINGER (THE SPY WHO GLOVED ME) - Fiction.....10

Necking for your country isn't just patriotic, it's a great way to make a little extra on the side!

COMPANY SHOP - Technology.....12

Our friends at the CIA reveal 5 hot new gadgets and gimcracks to help you out of tight spots...or into them!

PLAYSPY (ISNT 11743) is published monthly or whenever a new *LEISURE SUIT LARRY 5* version is released (in other words, once in your lifetime IF you're lucky) by Josh Mandel, Kurt Busch, Terry Robinson, Bridget McKenna and Al Lowe, working strictly undercover for Sierra On-Line, Inc., a wholly owned subsidiary of Dynamix...or maybe it's the other way around, it's so confidential we can't say, P.O. Box 485, Coarsegold, CA 93614. Ken Williams, President. Second-class postage unnecessary in Oakhurst, where Postmistress Velma will deliver anything for free if you'll simply whisper the words "Your place or mine, hotcakes?" in her ear, particularly on a Friday afternoon when she's been standing around on her dogs all day and hasn't heard a pleasant word from anybody all week long. U.S. Subscriptions unavailable, but show us the color of your money and we'll strongly consider it. Hell, send us a million bucks right now and we'll get down on our knees and give you a big ol' "Thank You," corporate-style. Send all problems concerning subscriptions or content to: Santa Claus, The North Pole, The Arctic.

Girls of the MAFIA

Da Vinci's Mona Lisa. Venus de Milo. All women of classical beauty, shrouded in mystery, all wearing the same sign: Don't Touch. So it is with our Girls of the Mafia. Our photographer, Len Scap (whom we now refer to around the office as "Three Fingers") learned the hard way that as sexy as these ladies are, they're dedicated to remaining chaste until the knot is tied. And judging from the way they look, they're chaste all over the place!

Luciana Bananas

Lucky Luciana insists that there IS no Mafia. We'd like to say, "We'll show you our evidence if you'll show us yours!" As you can see, she obliged, and we must admit that her evidence is eye-popping. Even so, if she does threaten to put out a contract on us...whatta way to go!



Francesca Alfredo

Hubba, hubba! This hot dish comes to us all the way from Sicily, where she says she's involved in family counseling. We're sure that's "Family" with a capital "F." She loves horses (or parts of them, anyway), parties and preparing gourmet cuisine. We promise to eat everything she puts in front of us...we'll even lick the platter clean.



Pia Priapus

"I was always my Godfather's favorite," says Pia of her illustrious and infamous family patriarch. "I remember sitting on his knee when I was a little girl, and all my uncles and cousins and brothers would come in and ask for favors. Sometimes he wouldn't say anything, he'd just kiss them goodbye when they left. I guess we're a very affectionate family...too bad about all those accidents." We wouldn't mind bouncing you on OUR knee, Pia...ho ho ho!



Isabella Pepper

Spicy Isabella was born in Southern Italy and claims to be 100% American, but no matter how hard she tries to cover it up, her Naples keeps poking through. She loves water skiing, sailing, swimming, and Italian seamen. We're jealous; we wouldn't mind getting into some hot water ourselves with this Mafi-oh-so-fine!



Sophia Carbonara

Saucy Sophia may be part of a rather large and important family, but she insists she's just a poor, unspoiled young woman...in fact, she adds, "Don't be misled by appearances. My parents are poor, my brothers are poor, the butler is poor, the maid is poor, the chauffeur is poor, the groundskeeper is poor, the bodyguards are poor...we're all very, very poor and unspoiled." We wouldn't mind spoiling Sophia just a little bit!



Passionate Patti

knows glamour from the inside-out. Part-time undercover agent, part-time jetsetting entertainer, Patti has a leglock on two of the three most glamorous jobs in the world according to a recent Tenfoot Poll. (The only position of the top three that Patti can't lay claim to is 'Software Designer.') Is it any wonder that we chose this leggy, brilliant, multi-talented agent to grace our centerfold this month?



We found Patti to be as mysterious as she is beautiful, as enigmatic as she is sexy, as concubitant as she is sesquipedalian. (Her words, not ours!) She's currently single — good news, men! — but made several veiled references to a man she called "Larry," who clearly means, or meant, a great deal to her. (Fair warning, boys, that there may be a little competition here!) The relationship is detailed in computerized form in an expose with the unlikely title *Leisure Suit Larry 4: The Missing Floppies*, but Patti refused to tell us where we could locate this compu-parable, and not a single software store we contacted had any knowledge of the game. In any case, there were certainly no floppies anywhere to be seen around Patti, who eschews the label "Passionate" even though her sensuality pours forth like milk from a ripe coconut.

As a performer, Patti is a multifaceted one-person lounge act: she sings, she plays piano, she jokes with the crowd. Having entertained in lounges all across the northern hemisphere, Patti's act goes over as well with the tourists as it does with the natives. Her act was particularly well-received by the owners of a luxurious casino-hotel in the South Seas islands (the fabulous Nontoonyt Resort), where she met her former beau in a torrid tale of danger and romance known as *Leisure Suit Larry 3: Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals*. Prior to that, Patti tickled the ivories in the private lounge of the evil Dr. Nonookee, whom some agents will remember as having connections with the KGB before being defeated by an unknown amateur agent.

This earlier connection to the KGB was cause for concern to our Fearless Leaders in HQ before it was determined that Patti had been completely uninvolved in Dr. Nonookee's secret doings. (For those interested in reviewing the facts of the case, reference *Leisure Suit Larry 2: Looking for Love in Several Wrong Places*. Personally, we prefer to go over Patti's dossier over and over again, just to remind ourselves of her outstanding points.)

Her induction to the Bureau is a relatively new development in Patti's life. Her established musical career and her well-documented previous ties to organized crime give her a perfect cover. At the moment, she's working to help us eradicate corruption in the music industry in a sting operation bound to make the headlines. (For the time being, boys, keep this operation under wraps. 'Nuff said?) Meanwhile, she's made headlines around the PLAYSPY offices as one of the sexiest babes ever to grace our Centerfold.

We salute you, Patti!



SPYMATE DATA SHEET

Name: PASSIONATE PATTIBust: YES, HADN'T YOU NOTICED?Waist: 21 Hips: 2 Weight: 122 Height: 5'8"Birth Date: YEAH, RIGHT...NICE TRY!Birthplace: WHAT, AND ENDANGER THE LIVES OF MY PARENTS CARL AND EDIE, MY BROTHERS PETER AND DICK, AND EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD IN PETALUMA? WHOOPS! (SORRY, GUYS!)Ambitions: TO ACHIEVE HAPPINESS AS A FAMOUS ENTERTAINER, INTERNATIONAL SPY, CHAMPION OF THE AMERICAN WAY, MILLIONAIRE BY AGE 40, MOTHER TO TWIN GENIUSES, GOURMET COOK, LOVER TO A FABULOUS GUY (WHO MUST NATURALLY BE AS SUCCESSFUL AS I AM), AND TO REMAIN TOTALLY STRESS-FREE FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE.Turn-Ons: LOUNGE LIZARDS, ASPARAGUS TIPS WITH MELTED BUTTER, BANANAS, SNAKES, TRAIN RIDES THROUGH TUNNELS, WATCHING ROCKETS TAKE OFF, WASHINGTON MONUMENT, PEOPLE WHO BUY ME REALLY EXPENSIVE GIFTS.Turn-Offs: OVERLY AMBITIOUS PEOPLE, SUBMISSIVE MEN, COOKING ON CAR ENGINES, GOING TO BRIDES, PEOPLE WHO BUY ME REALLY EXPENSIVE GIFTS AND THEN EXPECT THANK-YOU CARDS.Favorite Movies: BRUNCH OF THE LIVING DEAD; MY DINNER WITH ERNEST; BONZO GOES TO WASHINGTON; MY TWO LEFT FEET; STAR TREK VIII: THE WRATH OF CHAKA KHAN.Favorite Actors: RUE LALENSKA; CARMELITA POPE; CAROL MERRILL; BETTY FURNESSMy Moral Philosophy: "GENIUS IS 1% INSPIRATION, 90% PERSPIRATION, AND 15% MATHEMATICAL ABILITY."Special Thanks To: RAY KROC, A MAN WHO DEDICATED HIS LIFE TO SERVING PATTI.

PLAYSPY'S PARTY PUNCHLINES

"Surprise, surprise! That wasn't my finger, either!"
 "Head in Ditch. D-I-T-C-H."
 "Gee, most guys just ride the mule into town."
 "Boy, if that last engine goes out we'll be up here all day!"
 "And third: I'm a little short on cash. Can I pay you the \$50 next payday?"
 "You stupid horse! I said POSSE!"
 "Well, okay, but do you have to hit me with that stick?"
 "No thanks. If 12 won't kill the taste, nothing will."

PLAYSPY
INTERVIEW:

SILAS SCRUEMALL

The name Silas Scruemall has been familiar for years to pornography industry insiders, but only recently is it becoming known to the general public and to the Bureau. In his earlier years, he headed up the largest pornography syndicate in the world, and produced such unforgettable Triple-X features as *Willy's Wonka* and *the Chocolate Fantasy*, *Pervertigo*, *When Buns Collide*, *It's a Wanda-full Life*, and others (which you may have seen during our semi-annual Pornography Briefing Sessions). He was also responsible for publishing vast numbers of truly tasteless (but nicely bound) hardcore magazines, such as *Dog, Melon & Basket World*, *Twins on Fire*, *Redhot Mamas*, and *Redhot Twin Mamas on Fire*.

Nowadays, Scruemall has

gone legit. As head of PornProdCorp, Scruemall is out of the hardcore and into, of all things, network television. We found him in a small, dirty booth with a grimy little window in one of the stores that used to carry his products.

1.

PLAYSPY: What are these holes down here for?

SCRUEMALL: Midgits.

2.

PLAYSPY: Ah-ha. Tell us, why did you get out of the pornography industry?

SCRUEMALL: Money, basically. Y'know, I think people have this idea that pornographers are really wealthy, driving around in imported sports cars and throwing their money around. Nothing could be further from the truth. Pornographers are into it because they really love what they do, and because they feel it provides a valuable service to the community, or those people in the community who

prefer to live in their bathrobes with the shades pulled down and a hundred empty pizza boxes stacked on the floor.

3.

PLAYSPY: So why did you stop?

SCRUEMALL: Well, as much as I loved providing service to these people, it's a dead-end job, y'know? I mean, I hafta think of myself once in awhile.

4.

PLAYSPY: I think most people would be surprised to learn that there's no money in pornography. Our estimates say it's a multi-million-dollar industry.

SCRUEMALL: No, no, no, no, no, no. No.

5.

PLAYSPY: No?

SCRUEMALL: No. No, you see, it used to be a fairly big thing. But now along comes Cable TV, offering all this disgusting, prurient programming 24 hours a day for, what, pennies a day. I couldn't compete with that.

Continued on page 11



COLDFINGER

(The Spy Who Gloved Me)

A True Adventure by Mata Harakiri

I knew it was going to be one of those mornings when I broke a fingernail transmitter trying to pick the lock to the back door of the Guatemalan consulate. I had just finished hurling a string of obscenities in five languages at the offending lock when my compact rang. It was Tomlinson - my secretary and occasional dinner date.

"I thought I told you never to call me here!" I growled into the natural sponge cosmetic applicator.

"Sorry, Harakiri, but the Director wants to see you in his office right away. I think it might have something to do with the Tarantella investigation." I snapped the receiver shut and hurried over to headquarters.

The Director filled me in on the Tarantella case, but I hardly listened; I knew it all by heart anyway. Harry Tarantella was the most wanted gangster on the Director's list. He was up to his jockey shorts in every kind of crime, contamination and corruption this wonderful country of ours had to offer. He made a habit of killing a man every morning before breakfast just to keep in shape. Not only that, but he was 6 foot 2, 180 pounds of pure muscle, better-looking than Tom Selleck and, if rumors were to be believed, built like a brick pizzeria. However bad the Director wanted Harry Tarantella, it was a safe bet I wanted him worse.

"So what do you say, Harakiri? Do you want the job?"

"You want me to get close to Tarantella, is that it?"

"Not just close - real close." He winked as he passed the case files over to my side

of the desk. "It's an undercover operation, if you take my meaning."

Did I ever. "You know I'll do anything for my country, Mr. Director," I replied, picking up the case files from his desk. "Anything."

"That's the spirit, Harakiri. Stop by the Tech Department for a briefing before you go and see what kind of special gadgets Commander Twit's been cooking up for you."

"We're going to have you equipped with this miniaturized super-heterodyne, charge-coupled transceiver coil," Twit explained when I showed up for my tech briefing. "With this gadget in place, we'll be able to monitor everything Tarantella says while he's with you."

"Looks more like an I.U.D. to me," I replied. "So tell me, Twit, where does it go?"

(Continued on Page 198)

PLAYSPY INTERVIEW: SILAS SCRUEMALL (continued from page 9)

6.

PLAYSPY: So you went legit.
SCRUEMALL: I went legit. Didn't want to, you understand, but there it was. Filthy, nasty stuff on everybody's TV, in their face. And you know what galls me the most?

7.

PLAYSPY: You're going to tell us.
SCRUEMALL: You're damn right, guy. There is NO legislation currently under consideration to bring a halt to this sort of slime. You would think somebody would say, "Hey, we've gone a little too far." You'd think somebody would say, "Hey, let's take the pornography AWAY from the cable companies and TV networks, let's take it out of the faces of our children, let's stop spreading it across the airways, and give it back to the pornographers where it belongs." Keep the stuff on

videotapes and magazines where Joe Q. Congressman can buy it discreetly, don't give it away for free."

8.

PLAYSPY: But now you've got your own television production company, so aren't you sort of joining the ranks of those you blame for the downfall of legitimate pornography?
SCRUEMALL: <pause> I've surrendered. I'm not going to try and buck the system any more. I'm too old and feeble. Well, not feeble, but I'm too old to fight it. I figure, if you can't lick 'em, join 'em. So I formed *PornProdCorp*, and we're in the middle of producing what will undoubtedly be the highlight, the premiere, of next season's TV...once we find a network who'll buy off.

9.

PLAYSPY: Care to give us a sneak peak?
SCRUEMALL: I'd love to, but

you know how it is, right? If I tell you, I gotta tell everybody, and that would spoil the surprise. Let's just say it's gonna be the pinnacle of good taste and lighthearted entertainment, and it'll be all the more fun because it'll involve YOU, the viewer.

10.

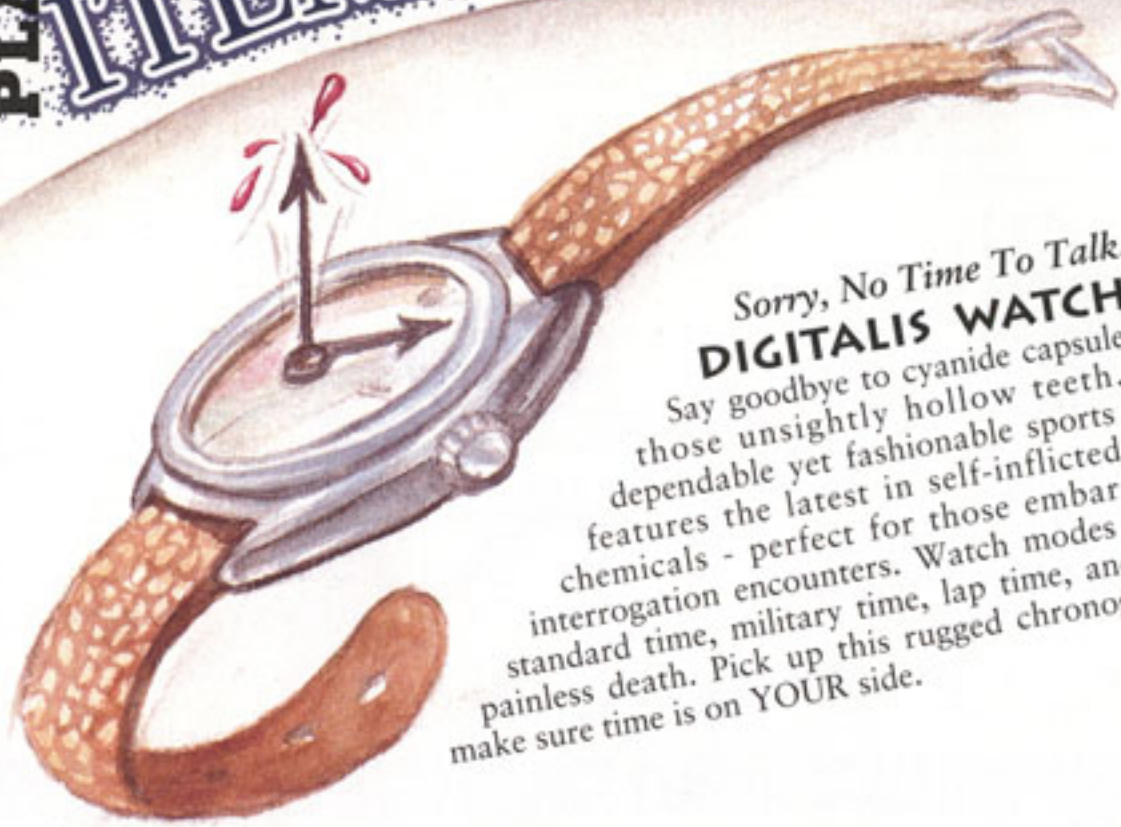
PLAYSPY: Sounds terrific, Silas.
SCRUEMALL: It will be.

11.

PLAYSPY: Thank you for taking the time to talk to *Playspy* about your upcoming project, and rest assured we'll all be pulling for you in front of our TV sets this fall.
SCRUEMALL: Perfect.



ITEMS FROM THE COMPANY STORE



Sorry, No Time To Talk.
DIGITALIS WATCH

Say goodbye to cyanide capsules and those unsightly hollow teeth. This dependable yet fashionable sports watch features the latest in self-inflicted lethal chemicals - perfect for those embarrassing interrogation encounters. Watch modes include standard time, military time, lap time, and quick, painless death. Pick up this rugged chronograph to make sure time is on YOUR side.



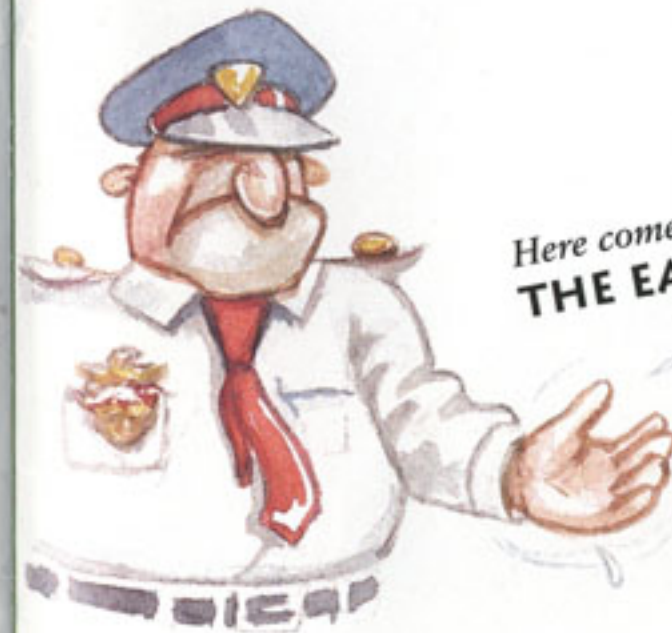
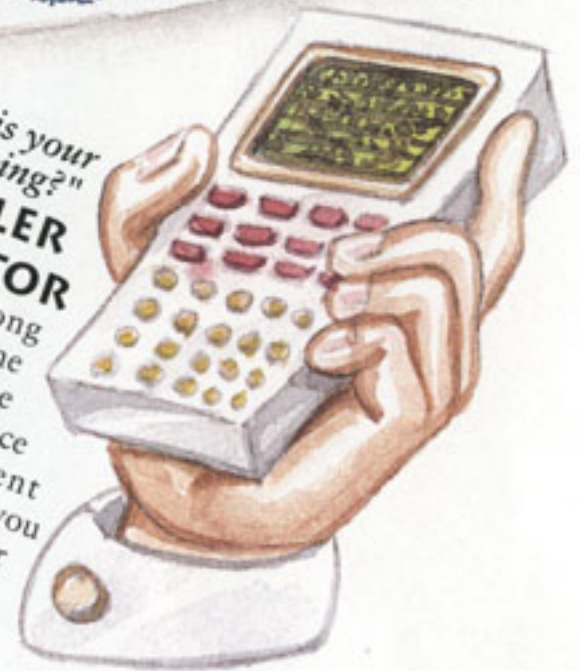
Pack a pair o' .38s!
**DOUBLE BARREL
HOOTER SHOOTER**

In the race for superior weaponry, you'll be way out in front. Give'em both barrels with this underwired side-by-side shotgun. It's a dangerous profession, so don't let your defenses sag. With the hooter shooter, you're more than a handful!

ITEMS FROM THE COMPANY STORE

"Hello, is your refrigerator running?"
**CRANK AUTO DIALER
TRANSLATOR**

Perfect for killing time on those long overseas stakeouts. Palm-sized machine randomly dials grocery stores all over the world and translates "Do you have Prince Albert in the can?" into 54 different languages. Add-on modules include "Do you have cotton balls?" and the ever-popular "Does Dr. Pepper come in a bottle?"



Here comes the bribe.
THE EASY GREASER

Do overseas officials cross their eyes when you cross their palms? Are your stoolies steamed by your paltry payola? Avoid those foreign finance faux pas. This pocket-sized data base will give you up-to-the-minute recommendations for government gratuities in most countries. Don't look bad when you put'em on the pad.

Is that a lens in your pocket
or are you just glad to see me?
**POCKET PROTECTOR
VIDEO CAMERA**

The pen-ultimate in concealed camcoders and a fountain of fun for filming friends and family. This clever video camera comes with a .5 lux lens for ball-point... er... pin-point accuracy and definition. Put a peeper in your pocket today!

