For everything you do at the office
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You need a joke, want to send a funny fax, or
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WAIT! Don't throw that expensive PC away!
Now you can unleash its entertainment abilities
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filth-o-meter? Would you pay $50? DON'T.
Cuz it's included with the amazing LAFFER
UTILITIES! But WAIT - there's more!

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forms, or programs that manage party sign-up
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there's more!

Stop throwing away thousands of dollars on
different sound effects, humorous screen
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doesn't that mean that the LAFFER UTILITIES
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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 unbelievably low
suggested retail price of

$34.95.

RUSH OUT IN A BUYING FRENZY NOW!

PLAYSPY

The Official House Organ of the FBI

Vol. XX, No. X - October

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

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it's a great way to make a little extra
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of tight spots...or into them!

PLAYSPY (ISSN 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, Corte Madera, CA 94925. Ken Williams, President. Second-class
postage paid at Corte Madera, where Postmistress Velma will deliver anything for free if you simply whisper the
words "Your place or mine, hotcakes?" in her ear, particularly on a Friday afternoon when she's been standing around
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content to: Santa Claus, The North Pole, The Arctic.
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 Seap (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 shun us yours!" As you can see, she obilged, 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!

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 seaman. We're jealous; we wouldn't mind getting into some hot water ourselves with this Melt-Oh-So-Fine!

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.

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 conciliant 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 commum-plicable, and not a single software store we contacted had any knowledge of the game. In any case, there were certainly no floppy disks 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 ever 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 Nontoony 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 Pulchritudinous. Prior to that, Patti tickled the ivories in the private lounge of the evil Dr. Nonookiee, 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. Nonookiee’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 PLAYSPLY offices as one of the sexiest babes ever to grace our Centerfold.

We salute you, Patti!
### SPYMATE DATA SHEET

**Name:** PASSIONATE PATI

**Bust:** YES, HADN'T YOU NOTICED?

**Waist:** 21

**Hips:** 2

**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 PETAULMA? 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 TOTALY STRESS-FREE FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE.

**Turn-Ons:** LOUNGE LIZARDS, ASPARAGUS TIPS WITH MELTED BUTTER, BANANAS, SNACKS, TRAIN RIDES THROUGH TUNNELS, WATCHING ROCKETTAKE-OFFS, WASHINGTON MONUMENT, PEOPLE WHO BUY ME REALY EXPENSIVE GIFTS.

**Turn-Offs:** OVERLY AMBITIOUS PEOPLE, SUBMISSIVE MEN, COOKING ON CAR ENGINES, GOING TO BRISSES, PEOPLE WHO BUY ME REALY EXPENSIVE GIFTS AND THEN EXPECT THANK-YOU CARDS.

**Favorite Movies:** BRUNCH OF THE LIVING DEAD, MY DINNER WITH ERNEST, BONZO GOES TO WASHINGTON, MY LEFT FOOT, STAR WARS, THE WRATH OF CHAKA KHAN.

**Favorite Actors:** BRENDAS NELSON, CARMELITA POPE, CAROL MERRILL, BETTY FURNESS.

**My Moral Philosophy:** “GENIUS IS 1% INSPIRATION, 90% PERSEVERATION, AND 15% MATHEMATICAL ABILITY.”

**Special Thanks To:** BAY KROC, A MAN WHO DEDICATED HIS LIFE TO SERVING PATTI.

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### 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 Work and the Chocolate Fantasy, Pervertigo, When Bums Colide. 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:** Midges.

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 in 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 bathrooms 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, 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, puritannical programming 24 hours a day, for what, pennies a day. I couldn’t compete with that.

(Continued on page 11)
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 miniature 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 188)
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.

---

"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?"

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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.

---

Here comes the bribe.

**THE EASY GREASER**

Do overseas officials cross their eyes when you cross their palms? Are your stooges 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 penultimate in concealed camcorders and a fountain of fun for friends and family. This clever video camera comes with a 5 lux lens for ball-point pin-point accuracy and definition. Put a peeper in your pocket today!
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 Gentlemen’s 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.