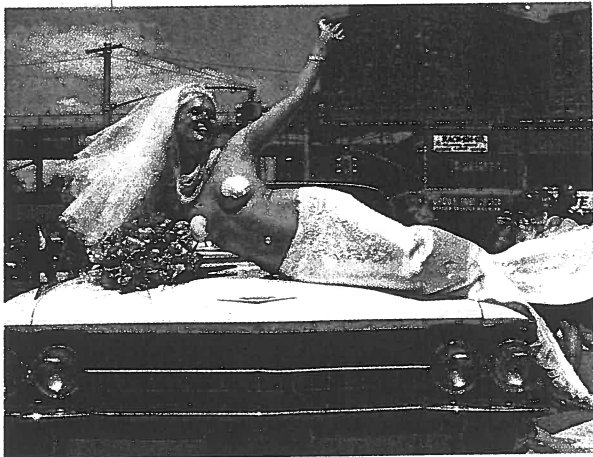


## Fish Story

A Coney Island mermaid marries the motorcycle man of her dreams.

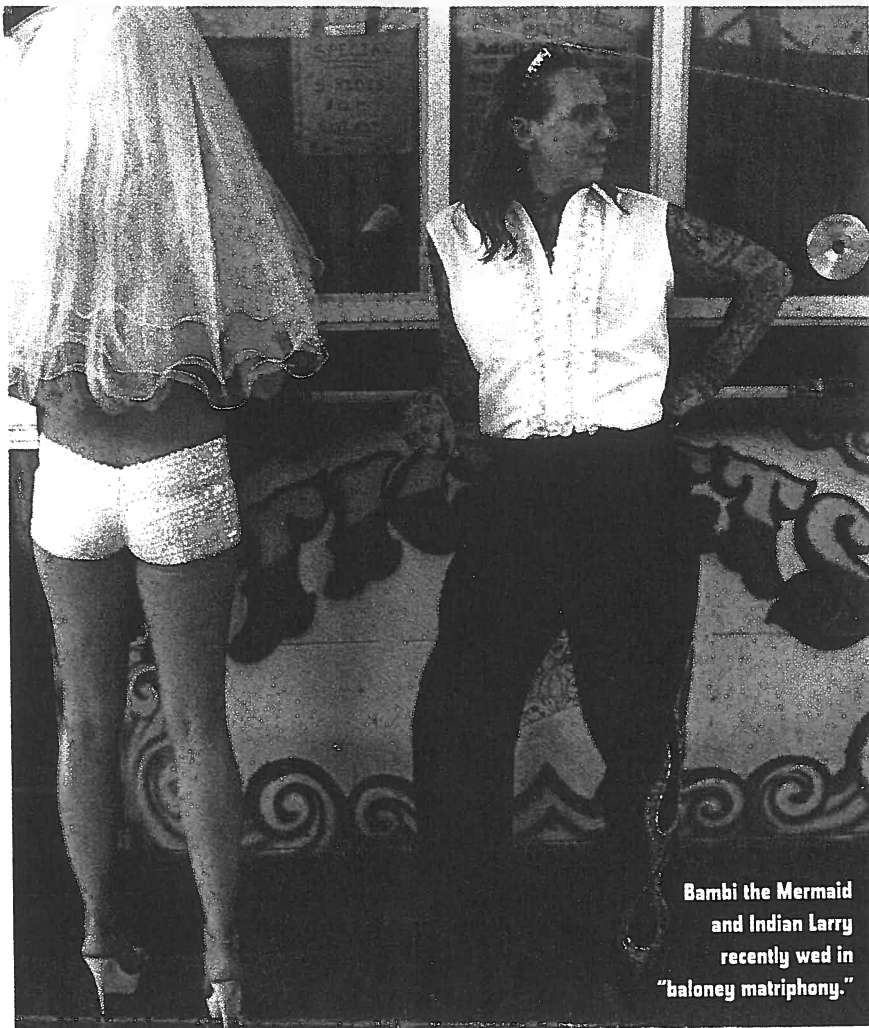
**G**urgle now or forever hold your bubbles," barked Minister Dick Zigun, President of the Coney Island Side Show, officiating over the wedding of two of his stars, Bambi the Mermaid and Indian Larry, a stunt man, Coney Island Polar Bear and part-time motorcycle designer. "It's a fairy-tale wedding," said one leather-clad guest at the event. "No pun on the tail intended."

**What the bride wore:** Six-inch heels from Frederick's of Hollywood, a white veil and a white hip-hugging shift that rode several inches below



her belly button. Except for a dozen strands of pearls and scallop-shell pasties, she was topless.

**What the groom wore:** Black trousers embroidered with flames and a sleeveless tuxedo shirt with an open collar. Various tattoos on the arms, neck and throat were visible, including one that read VENGEANCE IS MINE SAYETH THE LORD.



Bambi the Mermaid and Indian Larry recently wed in "baloney matrimony."

**How they met:** The bride first ran into Indian Larry at a biker bar in the East Village in 1995. "She's been talking about him for years," says Mistress Venus, the self-appointed Mother of the Bride. "She'd say, 'Indian Larry—I just love that old biker. He's soooo for me. Ummmmm.'" Occasionally they met at a bar and made out, but that was it. The turning point came when Larry hired Bambi to go-go dance at a friend's bachelor party and he, not the groom, jumped up to lick the whipped cream off Bambi's nipples. Months later, on a birthday getaway, Larry lifted up his shirt to show the bride her present: He'd had BAMBIE tattooed in circus letters over his heart, the only uninked spot on his chest.

"He told me that you only get one girl's name tattooed over your heart and mine was it," the bride explains. "I mean, it was every girl's dream."

**The love life:** "Average' may not be the right word but we don't do anything

perverse," says Bambi. "It's sweet, not raunchy. We're both playful people, but not *too* much when it comes to sex. It's just good-old great fucking. I don't need to do the mermaid thing at home. He just loves my pussy and I just love the way he loves it."

As for the fifty-one-year-old groom, who has performed the "escape from straitjacket" act at the Side Show, he says their connection is as strong as the sex. "Our relationship is more mainstream middle America than you'd think," he confides. "You go to work—we're both intensely absorbed in our careers as performing artists. You come home. Spend some time together. Go to bed. Get up and do it again."

But he is indeed his mermaid's captive. "I always felt all of my relationships were doomed. You meet someone. It's showtime. But then the show is over and it's time to leave the theater. It's not like that with her. Right now at least, I can't see a day when the show will end." —WILLIAM MCGOWAN