Larry would dial a number and whisper some nonsense into the phone. He would make the listener strain to hear what he was saying, then start banging the handset on the table or scream ‘fuck you’ at the top of his lungs.

Larry would dial a number and when someone answered he'd say 'Yeah, what do you want?' and spend the whole conversation insisting that he was the one the callee had called.

Larry often told people he was with the phone company and he needed them to dismantle their telephone handset to make a repair; he offered step by step instructions until the poor soul on the other end could no longer be heard and then hang up.

Larry often called a number and asked for Ralph. When told he dialed a wrong number he would insist on leaving a message anyway. He would dial the same number a few more times asking for Ralph, using a different accent with each call. The final call would be from Ralph asking if he had any messages.

Larry would call and say he was doing a study for a hospital and that the person would be compensated for his time. He would ask the person’s age, height, weight, etc. He then asked if the callee’s nose ran and if his feet smelled and would yell ‘Hey motherfucker, you must be built upside down!’

Larry posed as a radio show host playing **Name This Tune**and cued up such classics as Zappa's *Wowie Zowie* or the Fugs' *Boobs A Lot*- whatever the person guessed Larry would crow he won and rattle off all the wonderful gifts that soon to be delivered to the contestant.

He did the 'line work is required and do not answer the phone under any circumstance or the repairman will be electrocuted' bit, and then kept calling the number repeatedly until someone answered and then, making a buzzing voice, yell ‘Oh God!’ and drop a barbell weight to simulate someone falling off a telephone pole.

Larry once called me pretending to be his father (he could do a spot on Northern Irish accent), asking me increasing bizarre questions which I tried to respectfully answer until he finally starting laughing and said “It’s me, asshole!”.

The **James Brown: Man to Man** concert at Harlem’s Apollo Theater in March 1968 was filmed live and shown on WNEW-TV later that spring. Larry called the station the next day and in an irate cracker drawl thundered “How dare y’all make decent white folks watch some nigra jerkin’ round like a monkey on a hot griddle?”, punctuated with a rebel yell and then demanded to speak to the Metromedia president.