

Market Street House HALLOWEEN 1995

It was rough. Mark had called earlier from Petaluma, very upset, and rightly so...

When I got off the phone, I turned to the door just as a soaking wet princess and her lovely consort staggered into the living room. UH-OH was all I could think. Not even the Good Fairy is gonna be able to save this one! On my way out the door I tripped on the foot of a dark haired Buddha rubbing his belly in sensual delight, staggering into a Chaplinesque business woman twirling her painted 'stache. "Out of my way!" I screamed. "I'm melting!"

A battle was being waged in the Autumn night. But it wasn't the battle between Good and Evil that we had slowly built and erected over the previous months. It was a battle between Halloween night and the weather, and it appeared



The rain starts falling and meltdown commences.

that Halloween was about to tuck its tail between its legs and run yelping down the road. I was running around like a water-logged chicken head shaking my fists in frustration at the heavens as the first celestial urination of the year took place directly on and in my mental commode. In other words, it started to rain for the first time that year on Halloween, a year when the weather pundits were predicting another drought. Well, let me just say that I love



Why so scared? It's just a little rain!



Just before the deluge! The Eternal Battle Between Good and Evil is being waged. Both sides have a pre-recorded soundtrack dispensing good and bad advice to the Trick or Treaters.

the rain. I wait out the whole rest of the year for the Winter. But, C'mon Dude!

The Blue Angel with her tender flock of cherubs fell from the clouds with a water soaked cardboard groan within hours. The flames that surrounded the Devil were enough to keep him standing for the evening, but his minion were not so fortunate. They too, succumbed to the torrent. What amazed me was the way they both managed to continue to dispense advice to the bedraggled Halloween revelers, Good and Bad advice, in equal measure...

The many faces of Cob spun valiantly

The devil was a real trooper! The morning after revealed him still on his feet, as happy as a god damn clam!



through most of the night, and then, spitting wet electricity, quickly ground to an ignominious stop.

After a few hours, Halloween was called for rain. One of the highlights of the rest of that evening was when the folks from Watsonville showed up at the darkened house. It was a blast to fire the whole shebang up for a few brief moments for those longtime fans of the Market Street Halloween. They're the coolest!

In the end, it was the intense and admirable Halloween Spirit of all those present

that night that I will remember the most. Lots of laughter going on, and that's the best..

It was very strange to walk out later that night, about midnight. The clouds were slowly disappearing and a large moon shown down upon the heaps of cardboard and electric wire. It didn't rain again for over six weeks. Go figure...

Thanks to Leslie for her perseverance under arduous conditions in chronicling that evening in film, and to Greg for the final mix...



Cob holds court with a few of the many excellent pumpkins on display.



The many faces of Cob. It spun around, and when strobed, appeared to be a floating apparition who couldn't decide whether to laugh or cry, be surprised or bored! I received a bad electric shock trying to keep this thing going all night.

