

Mike Sullivan Bio
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I was born in 1945 on a Navy base in Jacksonville, Florida. My first big break in show business (aside from wearing a tree suit in kindergarten) was being in the peanut gallery of the Howdy Doody show on WNBC-TV. The rest of my early theatrical youth was relegated to playing various flowers and shrubs in school plays.

I started shooting 8mm movies, lurid gangster epics where everybody got killed, about 1959. In the summers of 10th and 11th grade I was an apprentice in a summer stock company in North Conway, New Hampshire. The flop sweat of mounting a show in five days inspired fearless performances. Davy Marlin Jones was the director.

The next summer I attended the Great Lakes Shakespeare Company in Lakewood, Ohio. In high season, I got murdered on stage 6 or 7 times a week depending on the order of repertory. I played one of the inconvenient princes snuffed out in the tower in both *Henry VI* and *Richard III*.

By this time I was shooting 16mm films and showing them in NY underground screenings. I went to college at NYU where my Dad taught psychology.

A group of my artist and writer friends who had worked on an NYU magazine formed Cloud Studio, a downtown graphic design studio. We did book, magazine and album covers. I shot some photo-novellas for the National Lampoon.

In 1968 I met Bob Downey, the director of *'Pound,'* when I made some angel wings for his movie. Zoom to 1971 and I was asked to read for a part in *'Greasers Palace,'* Downey's next picture. While I was waiting to read, they were measuring me for a costume and then we're out in the New Mexico desert shooting a wacky western.

After that I art directed some comedy porno movies in New York and Los Angeles. I was getting composite magazine cover assignments so I taught myself optical photo-compositing. I also started making model flying saucers and photographing them for composites that were used as a UFO series of greeting cards that wound up in the Smithsonian Museum.

In 1981, I shot an album cover for Chris Rush, a NY comic, where he was playing to an audience of aliens and robots. These were the first model robots in what was to become my next major fixation.

That same year I started model-making for Peter Wallach's animation studio in NYC, and I've been working with Pete ever since. I've worked on break away *'Godzilla'* cities, a pirate ship deck gun, a few *'Transformer'* commercials and Payday candy and Lazy Boy ads. I was the Animation Unit D.P. on *'Star Trek V'* and did the lighting and camera setups on Peter Gabriel's *'Big Time'* video.

I continued to work on my robots and wanted to animate them for a stop-motion movie. I managed to make some armatures out of steel, sculpey and 'kit bashed' plastic parts although I don't have a machining background. Three more robot armatures followed. I had no script, just a vague idea about a digital vs analog robot war.

The war idea turned out to be impractical for shooting on a tabletop at home, so I slapped on some penises and animated some robot sex scenes. It turned out that they weren't very sexy. Next, I tried making sexier robots with 1/6 scale fashion dolls & action figure parts. Still not very sexy and harder to animate, but better than steel armatures for conveying a bio-mechanical look. While carving and sculpting dolls, I developed many different methods depending on the construction of each doll.

The unwritten plot of my movie thickened. The baby factory scene was invented. Robot baby daycare prison came next. Lots of sperm collecting and depositing machines were invented. The plot became more abstract and less traditionally sexy. I built sets and robot parts for a scene depicting the internal voyage of sperm and the insemination of eggs.

One of my writer friends, Richard Skidmore, cut a 3 minute demo disc of my film, *'The Sex Life of Robots.'* It was put up on YouTube and a year later thrown off. By then the film had been picked up by *Wired* and other sites that I've never heard of. The Tribeca Film Festival screened *'The Sex Life of Robots'* a few times and other festivals followed. The Sex Museum on 5th Ave in NYC asked me to build an installation, *'The Iron Hole Porno Theater,'* that is still on exhibit. A few collectors started buying my robots. I have a website, www.robomike.com, and collecting my robots has become an international 'artsy' thing.

I haven't animated in years, but I dream of oiling up the Mitchell movie camera to continue my stop-motion film, *'The Sex Life of Robots.'* These days I comb the New York flea markets for dolls, toys and mechanical things and discover what could be robot parts in a wide variety of objects. Animating a robot movie reminds me of when I was ten-years-old and playing with little figures of cowboys, pirates and army men while contriving inane plot twists and wacko characters based on Loony Toons, Mad Magazine and weird puppet shows that I saw on TV.