

Rob Walker Films Presents

The Pneumatic Tube



No. 4

"Hell is empty. And the Devils are Here"

I was recently reminded that...



Five years ago, my wife and I went to Los Angeles to find an apartment. We went there so that I might get a better foothold into writing for TV and Film. I had spent the previous year talking with a former professor of mine who told me that I “needed to get to LA because writing remotely is nearly impossible”. So we planned a week-long trip to the west coast in order to find a place to live.

I hit up several friends who already lived in LA about how to find a place and while they all wanted to help and offered encouraging words, many of them had moved out as single people without a pot to piss in or a window to throw it out of, so they could not tell me how to navigate this situation as a married man with two ill-tempered cats, searching the preposterous (to me)* California rental market. We did find some leads and actually filled out an application for a small studio at \$900 per month in Glendale. The apartment manager was charming and had several cats he was taking care of, so he told us that cats wouldn’t be a problem (wink). After a week of anxiety, I was actually starting to get excited. We were doing this. We had a place to live.

We were just past Barstow when my wife said: "I want to tell you something, but I don't want you to get mad." I was terrified. "Okay," I said. Then it all poured out and she was powerless to stop it.

"IfuckinghateLosAngesthisplaceisashitholeandwehavetoliveinaboxandIcan'tstandthisItwouldbe onethingifyouhadajobtherebutwe'rejustgoingoutthereblindandnoonecantelluswhattodoandIjust wanttobewithyouandhavebabiesandifyouwanttodothisI'lldoitbutIwon'tlikeitIjustwanttobeinColor adoclosetofamily!"

We pulled off the side of the road in the desert next to a pile of shredded tires and talked. I told her that if she didn't want to move to LA I wasn't going to make her and that other people had carved out livings in entertainment from places other than LA, and that I could too. It was strange because up until that point I had been the resistant one and she had been so gung-ho about moving west. I told her that we could stay in Colorado and I would still search for jobs and do my best to get my name out there from where we were. Part of me was relieved. Part of me was terrified. Part of me was angry. I had been told that I had to move to Los Angeles if I was going to be taken seriously and I wasn't sure how to proceed from here. The whole point of moving in April was to be in town in time for my University's Student Showcase in May, where my former professor told me that he could introduce me to important well-connected people and pass my writing packet around. What was I going to do now?

In May we went back to LA for the Student Showcase. It was a humbling experience which I will never forget. I was greeted by many wonderful friends who told me they were excited that I was finally coming to the West coast and I had to eat a spoonful of shit every time, and tell each of them that I wasn't going to make it; That I was there because I was told that I could pass my work around and hopefully make connections and that I would definitely fly out for meetings if people were interested. They all nodded and said encouraging things and then we watched the performances. Afterward, I caught up with my former professor in hopes that he could tell me what the next steps were and he said "Mr. Walker, what are you doing here? You don't live here."

"Um...well, sir. I know that but you told me that if I made it to town for the Showcase, I might be able to meet some folks who would be interested in my writing." I stammered.

"I passed your packet onto some friends of mine and they liked it, but since you don't live here, I didn't know what to tell them."

"Well, sir, I would be happy to fly out for meetings." Blood drained from my face.

"I didn't know that. Well, let's chat when we both get back to Colorado. Sending out work and making connections remotely is difficult but not impossible. We'll see what we can do."

"...Thank you, sir." I can't remember if I was sweating and clenching my teeth, but probably.

I slinked away defeated. This whole thing had fallen apart and then I was standing there in the lobby of the Garry Marshall Theatre while everyone around me was greeting each other, making connections, laughing and planning their futures.

"What did he say?" My wife asked.

"Let's go home," I answered.

On our way out, I saw the Zoltar fortune telling machine from the movie *BIG*. You know, the one that turns a 12-year-old boy into an adult Tom Hanks? I think it may have actually been the one used in the movie since Garry's sister Penny directed *BIG*. As I stared into the automaton's lifeless eyes, feeling lonely, confused and worthless, I thought to myself "This moment is probably a metaphor."

The above picture was shown to me on Facebook and it made this entire situation come flooding back.

**and everyone else*

Onward and upward!

The Kromsby Show



Since Bill Cosby has recently been found guilty on three counts of aggravated indecent assault, actually since accusations of his actions have surfaced in fervor over the past several years, reruns of *The Cosby Show* have been pulled from syndication. I don't know about you, but I don't think I could ever watch another episode of *The Cosby Show* without these revelations rattling around in my head. Well, writer/producer John Friedman has found a possible way to save *The Cosby Show*-remove Bill Cosby and replace him with a green animated alien Bol Kromsby. You can watch the clips he's put together [HERE](#). I would definitely watch this show.

99% Invisible - Flags



99% *Invisible* is a podcast all about the intersection of design and the world around us. I first became aware of the program with host Roman Mars' TED talk about flag designs. Before that, I never knew that city flags existed let alone that many of them were complete eyesores. You should watch the video [HERE](#) 99% *Invisible* has opened my eyes to how design affects our lives. Design can be useful, beautiful and something to be proud of. Design can also be...[a bandaid for larger issues](#).



1985 Sinclair C5 Transport

I have a thing for retro-futurism. 50s and 60s futurist design are classic and when someone sees the mid-century design of a toy rocket ship there's no mistaking the era. However, I've recently fallen in love with the boxy futurism of 1980s design through sites like [We Are the Mutants](#) who recently featured an article on the 1985 Sinclair C5 Transport catalog. This thing looks like something Professor Charles Xavier would have ridden around in during the Lee/Claremont years. I want one so bad! Though I would prefer if the top speed was a little bit higher than 15 MPH. We Are the Mutants has this to say:

Sinclair Vehicles' mission was the development of electric personal transportation, a field in which Sinclair had been interested since the early 1970s, and the C5 aimed to exploit then-recent UK legislation that permitted anyone over the age of 13 to drive electrically-powered two- and three-wheel vehicles with a maximum speed of 15 mph on British public highways.

Read more about this relic of the 1980s [HERE](#).



Alfonso Ribeiro's Breakin' and Poppin'

Most people know Alfonso Ribeiro as Carlton Banks in the 90s hit show *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air*. However, Ribeiro is actually an accomplished dancer, beginning his career on Broadway in *The Tap Dance Kid* and continuing to show off his talents in places like [THIS PEPSI AD WITH MICHAEL JACKSON](#). Ribeiro also had his own book and infomercial in 1985 called *Breakin' and Poppin'* guaranteed to make you the hit of the block party. If you buy *Breakin' and Poppin'* you can learn the moonwalk, the centipede, AND The King Tut. Treat yourself by watching the short video [HERE](#). It is hilarious and adorable. Long live the Carlton!



Well, that's it for now. I hope you guys enjoyed this issue of the *The Pneumatic Tube* or at least found parts of it useful. Be sure to tell your friends about it and if you want to reach me elsewhere, you can find me at these spaces below.

Robwalkerfilms.com

[Cinevore Studios](#)

[Patreon](#)

[YouTube](#)

[Facebook](#) (for now)

Or you can drop me a line at [robwalkerfilms\[at\]gmail\[DOT\]com](mailto:robwalkerfilms@gmail.com)

Take care,

-Rob

"I don't want to belong to any club that would have me as a member." - Groucho Marx

© Rob Walker Films