

**Rob Walker Films Presents**

# The Pneumatic Tube



No. 6

*"The Check is in the Mail!"*

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Memorial Day



Soldiers are citizens of death's grey land,

Drawing no dividend from time's to-morrows.

In the great hour of destiny they stand,

Each with his feuds, and jealousies, and sorrows.

Soldiers are sworn to action; they must win

Some flaming, fatal climax with their lives.

Soldiers are dreamers; when the guns begin

They think of firelit homes, clean beds, and wives.

I see them in foul dug-outs, gnawed by rats,

And in the ruined trenches, lashed with rain,

Dreaming of things they did with balls and bats,

And mocked by hopeless longing to regain

Bank-holidays, and picture shows, and spats,

And going to the office in the train.

[-Siegfried Sassoon](#)

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**This Meme**



I love this new meme



taaake onnn  
meeee



The meme is  
classist garbage



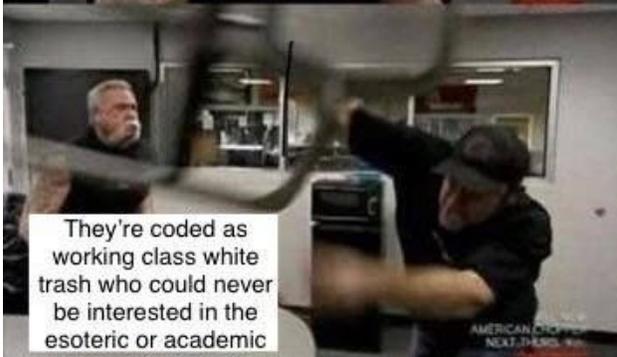
((take on me))



These men are obscenely rich!  
How can it be classist?



taaake meeee  
onnn



They're coded as  
working class white  
trash who could never  
be interested in the  
esoteric or academic



((take on me))



The crux of the  
meme is  
compassion and  
empathy, not  
mockerv



I'll beee gone

**Mummy Penises!**



*When Lord Snigglebottom hosts an evening of dinner, drinking and other events, one of his party guests has trouble appreciating some of the party's "special" activities. Watch the episode [HERE](#)*

See more Victorian Cut-out Theatre [HERE](#)

### **The Swim Reaper**



This instagram account is nothing but pictures of the personification of death on the beach. As a waxen-skinned ghoul myself, who is more of an “autumn”, these pictures get me. Look at them [HERE](#).

### **REJECTED JOKES!**

Explanation: I've been submitting humor pieces to publications steadily for over a year now, which means that I'm sitting on a ton of material that never made it to print. I continue to polish and submit these rejected pieces, but as it stands they do not have a home. Below is one of my (many) rejected pieces. Enjoy and remember that one person's trash is another person's treasure.



### **10 Facts About the Huntsman Spider**

1) The huntsman spider is so large, you can hear it clear its throat from a foot away.

2) Because it doesn't use webs, the huntsman spider instead prefers to scabble across the terrain on foot, stalking its prey while slowly humming "[In the Hall of the Mountain King](#)".

3) The huntsman is known for its speed. It can usually cover a distance of one yard per second on foot, or five yards per second if traveling on a human face.

4) The huntsman spider is venomous, administering its venom in one of two ways: 1) Through its strong bite. 2) Via a hypodermic needle when your back is turned.

5) While the huntsman is usually found under loose tree bark in the wild, it is notorious for appearing in cars, houses and any other place you think you might be safe from horrors of nature.

6) The huntsman spider excels at sexual stamina. The mating ritual for the species can last for several hours and includes eye contact, sharing a meal, and sensual caressing while listening to Blackstreet's "[No Diggity](#)" on vinyl.

7) After mating, the female huntsman can lay up to 200 eggs, many of them in your pillow, sink drain, or bedroom slippers probably.

8) The mother huntsman spider will guard her eggs furiously, occasionally carrying them in a sack under her body. Scientists call this sack a "Bjorn". Everyone else calls it a "Terror Satchel".

9) Upon birthing, a mother huntsman will assist her young in breaking open the egg sack. The release of the spiderlings is accompanied by hissing, skittering, and human screaming.

10) The huntsman spider can live up to two years in the wild but forever in our nightmares.



### ***Les Machines de l'île***

Oh. My. God. I need to go [HERE](#). Nantes, France is home to this extraordinary art installation filled with steampunky automatons. Their website has this to say:

*Some strange machines came to populate the Île de Nantes. After the Grand éléphant, this is now the turn of a Manta Ray, a Sea Snake and of all kinds of incredible boats to take possession of the banks of the Loire River in the Carrousel des Mondes Marins. These uncommon machines were born from the hands of the constructors of the company La Machine and came to life in between those of Les Machines de l'île before the public's eyes. Their backwards and forwards between the building workshop and the Galerie des Machines give impetus to the movement at the heart of the former Dubigeon warehouses. They convey a mysterious reality to this island just like the time when vessels were launched there for all the trips of the world.*

I am a giant fan steampunk aesthetic but also of participatory art and it looks like Les Machines de l'île delivers in spades.

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Well, that's it for now. I hope you guys enjoyed this issue of *The Pneumatic Tube* or at least found parts of it useful. If you have any questions or recommendations for me, you can reach me at robwalkerfilms[at]gmail[DOT]com 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](http://Robwalkerfilms.com)

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Or you can drop me a line at robwalkerfilms[at]gmail[DOT]com

Take care,

-Rob

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*"There are going to be a lot of grisly deaths before we finally get sex-bots right." - Elon Musk*

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