

**EXTRA!!!      APRIL 1, 2023 - SPECIAL EDITION      EXTRA!!!**

**Deanna Morse Takes Oscar Ceremonies By Storm!**

**F**rom her suite of complimentary rooms at the Hollywood Roosevelt, ASIFA International president Deanna Morse was whisked by a champagne colored limo to the champagne colored carpet and given a well deserved royal treatment. Academy spokesperson Anna Clark-Gables said, “Its only fitting - every film released in the past three years has been completely animated anyway, so we might as well just acknowledge the fact and celebrate it properly!”

**ASIFA International President Gets Choice of Over 300 Chairs at Ceremony**

**F**rom champagne carpet to champagne seating - Ms. Morse had her choice of any 300 unassigned seats. “I just couldn’t decide, so I hopped around to each of them in the course of the evening. They let me keep all the gift bags I found under the seats.” Others joined in the excitement. Quipped Lady Gaga, “I was having so much fun playing musical chairs that before I knew it, I was getting signaled for my own performance. I just threw on whatever I found in Hugh Grant’s dressing room and ran onstage.”

**“Best Animated Feature” Moved into First Category in Deanna Morse’s Honor**

**G**enerally relegated to the later parts of the program, or during commercial breaks, the award for “Best Animated Feature” was pushed to the start of the program in recognition of Ms. Morse’s presence. Holographic image Jimmy Kimmel fell from the sky and went through the stage floor to introduce the opening segment. Thirty wrestlers held back representatives of Pixar and Dreamworks so the award could be presented to Guillermo del Toro for the stop motion *Pinocchio*, which was, ironically, far less wooden than the Disney remake.



Deanna Morse with her special Statuette, Reportedly the Next Mayor of Grants Pass, Oregon

**Academy Plans Annual Celebration In Grants Pass, Oregon**

**E**ggs-Actly what we needed,” said Academy spokesperson G. Lordon Giddy, in a carefully worded statement.

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April 2023

## ASIFA INTERNATIONAL PRESIDENT DEANNA MORSE BRINGS PANACHE & DIGNITY TO THE 95<sup>TH</sup> ACADEMY AWARDS

### *The ASIFA Central Board*

*Volunteers all, gleefully promoting the best of all possible worlds*

President

*Julie Goldstein*

Vice President

*Christopher Sagovac*

Treasurer and International IAD Coordinator

*Briana Yarhouse*

Social Media Coordinator and Chapter Ambassador:

*Tracy Miller-Robbins*

Secretary, Yr Hmbl Typst, and Perpetually Perplexed Membership Coordinator

*Jim Middleton*

With Free-Range Board Members

*Deanna Morse (Madame President to All ASIFAnians!)*

*Gretchen Vinnedge*

*Stephen Leeper*

*Michael Long*

*Bob Swieringa*


*Charles Wilson*



*Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. America from border to border and coast to coast and all the ships at sea. Let's go to the movies!*

Dateline HOLLYWOOD, California...

FLASH!

 Deanna Morse took advantage of her proximity in Oregon to attend this year's 95<sup>th</sup> Celebration of the Oscar, witnessing the on-site excitement as a member of 300 carefully chosen mobile audience, making certain the auditorium maintained its full-house dazzle with a minimum of razzle.

The parties! The food! The animals! The carefully honed humor of Jimmy Kimmel! The interviews! The photo-ops! The hob-nobbing that lasted to the wee hours of Monday morning! She provided us with her visual impressions...



This fellow stalked the ASIFA International President the entire evening.



Jimmy Kimmel and friend



Participants brought their own snacks

## More Moments with Ms. Morse at the 95<sup>th</sup> Academy Awards



**AND A GOOD TIME WAS HAD BY ALL!**

*ASIFA Central Newsletter (cc) April, 2023, a quarterly-ish publication of ASIFA Central - see the updated website with more announcements and an ever expanding newsletter archive for ASIFA Central at - <https://asifa.org>*

### **ANIMATION UNITES US**

*ASIFA Central On INSTAGRAM! Woot Woot! Make sure to check our Instagram site: <https://www.instagram.com/asifacentral/>*

### **ANIMATION UNITES US**

*And then dive into more digital fun at <https://www.facebook.com/groups/asifacentral> and for ASIFA International - <https://asifa.net> - be sure to check out the Facebook page on ANIZOOMATION*


### **ANIMATION UNITES US**

*As usual, send any suggestions, comments, or recipes for zucchini meatloaf, along with the usual castigations to yr hmb1 typist, at [jim.middletonrx@gmail.com](mailto:jim.middletonrx@gmail.com) or, for dull bloggery, <https://animatingapothecary.blogspot.com>*

### **ANIMATION UNITES US**

*Opinions expressed in this newsletter are those of the hmb1 typst and do not necessarily reflect the thoughts, opinions, or policies of anyone anywhere else, and especially at ASIFA Central, which is a completely volunteer-run, non-profit gathering of very busy and frantic members moving at 24fps on a slow day, where shooting on twos is considered a vacation..*

## The Salon Sextette of March 19, 2023

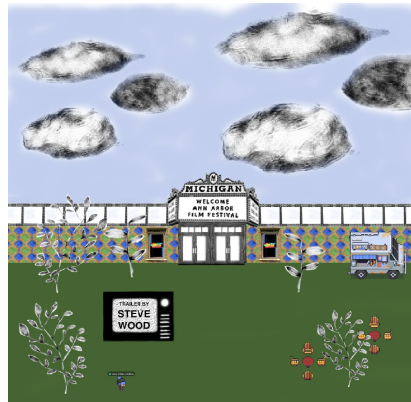
 quick update on the ASIFA Central membership works-in-progress afforded an entertaining and informative opportunity to see how everyone's projects have been going and discuss challenges and changes in techniques and technologies. It was a wonderful way to bid adieu to winter.

Julie Goldstein warmed things up with the setting from her recent vacation to Puerto Vallarta, and Michael Long showed his remembrance of things simian with the nearly-complete *Gorilla Tactics*. Tracy Miller-Robbins provided a welcome revisit to her paean to the Goddess Caffaina with her *Morning Coffee* (and a glimpse of her Ann Arbor Film Festival Gather layout), David Thrasher gave us a taste for the real cause of the Titanic Disaster (icebergs make terrible projection screens - you just have to get too close!), and Jim Middleton provided a glimpse at a throwback projection style with *Presented in Sfumatoscope!*

AI and technology are in the news, and the continuous changes in teaching strategy are moving educational goals to be less about "getting a job" and more about "learning to be human." The



Design - Michael Long



Tracy designed the AAFF settings for their Gather town experience this year

metaphorically rich and rewarding *Hero's Path* of Joseph Campbell remains a timeless approach for a fulfilling life.

David Thrasher provided this information about using OpenToonz and Blender, two open-source (and free) 2D and 3D animation systems, but with technical requirements that aren't always properly anticipated:

OpenToonz: OpenToonz <https://opentoonz.github.io/>

– available for both Windows and Macintosh and a version that someone had ported to Linux

<https://flathub.org/apps/details/io.github.OpenToonz>

Here's one about using an armature to move a character: (Opentoonz Tutorial) Simple Puppet Animation

<https://youtu.be/bQEqCMYH1VY>

– OpenToonz can work on your system as it looks like it can do just about everything - the exception being combining 3D

animated objects with your 2D animation.

– current version of Blender system requirements:

<https://www.blender.org/download/requirements>

PRESENTED IN

# SFUMATOSCOPE™

**C**entons ago, I would watch the family Admiral radio-phonograph go through its paces while playing a gray labeled Columbia LP that my parents had received when joining a record club. Mozart's 40th.

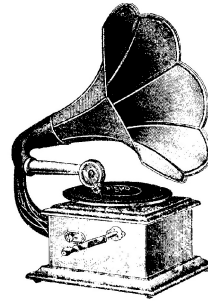


existed as that groove. The needle fell upon me, and I came to life, just as that voice came to life at my grandfather's house. I could be heard! I could be experienced! I was alive!

The tone arm would lift, retreat to the right ever so slightly, there'd be an audible "click," and the record would drop onto the musty turntable, much smaller than the record itself, and the tone arm would hover over the start of the record, and only when it landed onto the turning disk, would the sound happen.

The needle wore me away every time it played the record. I thought in the dream, I cannot let myself get played too often, unless I would be worn away.

I stared at the record as the needle tracked through the first movement, watching it move closer and closer to the center. It was all in a single groove. The needle was pulling sound out of a plastic disk, and while leaning over the phonograph, I could feel the vibrations of the sound making a literal, visceral connection with my stomach.



I woke and read what I could understand - a lot of it was based on electronic theory, and my seven year-old brain wasn't quite wired at that point - but I found that people, alive in the 1890s, made recordings of themselves, one-of-a-kind, and that, somewhere in museums, they could still be able to talk to us now.



I later leaned my face into the side of my metal lunch box, painted to look like a school bus, only packed with Disney characters, and when humming, I felt the vibration through the lunch box.

And later, museums and libraries were getting rid of these recordings, just as casually as someone discarding a gum wrapper, and I was horrified.

But, being seven, with a ten cent weekly allowance, I couldn't do a thing about it.

At recess, we took turns humming near the pipe that served to support the teeter-totter and tried to find how far away we could move and still feel the vibration.

But I always remembered that ghostly sounding voice singing to me from nearly another century.

Then I went back and looked at the gray labeled LP, really looked into it, got out a tiny plastic magnifier from my mom's sewing kit, and saw the waves in the grooves. Sound was a wave.

And so, whenever I could, starting at ten, when my weekly allowance was increased to a pair of quarters from the fireplace mantle, I would buy some of these cast-offs.

The grooves held the sound.  
The needle brought the sound back.

And I helped keep those grooves alive for just a bit more.

My grandfather had a mechanical phonograph, run by a spring, along with very old records that his father had owned - and when I looked at the grooves, they were there, larger, rather dusty, but I figured grandfather could be a bit dusty, too, so that was a natural thing.



Each move since has resulted in some of these records being broken, and I mourn not the material loss, but the loss of an artifact of someone's being.

So, whenever I can, I share, send, remaster, and perpetuate these voices, sounds, and music - if the music was intended to be a working experience, I try to keep its mission going, in a way to straddle the past to the present.

He played the record on his machine, and the muffled, distant voice came through the wooden horn, as if it were attached back, far, far, back behind the machine, reaching into the past - and that voice was calling ahead to now, like a ghost.

If the voices have a soft, distant, spooky sound to them, well, that's the past talking to us.

That night I dreamt I was a sound.

So -  
that's why I do this.

A wave.



A groove on a record. A long line, wrapped counter-clockwise moving to the center. My entire being

It keeps the Admiral happy.