

“The Jobless Blues”
or “Settling in with Jerry Springer and the Software Tutorials”
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After being asked if I'd like to write a piece on my situation in this job market, I decided to pull myself in from the window ledge and think about it. Had the devastation of the job market devastated me? Well lets see now.

Originally from London (some think I'm from Brooklyn and just faking the accent), I hopped over the pond to work at Lowe NY as a Senior Art Director. Next, San Francisco. To GMO, and then Y&R. Now with a Senior Vice President title, my mother thought I was in line for the White House. My group decided to move to Irvine CA. Irvine? Time to quit.

Now a freelancer I got a gig jet setting off to Rome, Ireland and Japan. This was the life, and thanks very much too. You know who you are. I was just coming up to 12 years of my American dream when, WHACK, I was suddenly wide awake in a really stinking job market.

I checked the ringer on the phone, it was definitely on. I stared at the answering machine, but just couldn't influence that little red message light to flash. Oh no, I'd have to start cold calling again. All I got were the woes of sorry we have full timers sitting around doing nothing. Actually we just laid off people. That number has been disconnected. So I sent out a mailer. It got basically the same response, but with we'll keep your work on file for when things pick up, thrown in at the end.

I was going to be playing the waiting game. I didn't want to travel, after all I might miss an opportunity. Yeah right, I should have taken the first plane out. What on earth should I do with all this free time?

All my friends were working. And hard at it too. 9pm and you're going home? Bring sandwiches tomorrow and make a full day of it. Don't agree with the management? Thinking out of their box could lead to packing one. I hear you don't like your new assignment. What, I love working on headlines for those little plastic urinal floaters. Yes fear had set in. It's not so great being employed in these times either.

I was on my own in a new life of day time TV. After a while, instead of just watching Jerry Springer I thought I might be turning into the perfect guest. Thinking back, Irvine wasn't so bad was it? Had I gone crazy? A British sausage I shouldn't have eaten perhaps. Dear oh dear.

Anyway, I decided to brush up on my computer skills and bought a Mac with all the gear to go with it. Five minutes in and I was crying out for the IT guy. Oh that's right, I suppose that's me. Welcome to Hell. Days of scouring the web help pages, even more days trying to figure them out. It only looks like English you know. With every day a weekend it wasn't long however before I learnt a little animation and created a self promo Quicktime movie. It's just a bit of a laugh, but watch out, now I'm in your e-mail.

With large agencies here now just large buildings, doors closing not just on me but for good, how long before things turn around? And what will it be like? Good people are now seeking jobs at agencies they once wouldn't have looked twice at. By next year will their brains have turned to mushy peas? Or will they be ironing their tuxedos? And can I wait around to find out? Probably not. As things have gotten worse, some things have gotten better though. There are now so many more people around to have lunch with.

Written years ago, but still seems to apply!