

TOM , THANKS FOR CALIFORNIA TYPEWRITER

Dear Tom,

I hope this finds you well; well, as I've wished you for these eternal weeks. Indeed I've wished you the same soulful wellness you've brought us since before the year my typewriter was manufactured (,82 if I'm not mistaken). How are you at receiving compliments? Here's one; To be both Tom Hanks and uneasy about compliments would surely be an impossible existence. It's meant as the utmost compliment that I've been journeying through your wonderful films one by one, in no particular order, and blogging about them as I go. Up to now, I've checked 27 boxes, and they've been among the greatest pleasures of my year. This has been so much more than entertainment - you have been so much more than an entertainer - and for I owe you gratitude. Tom, thanks.

It's been a unique time to focus so closely on you in particular. Not because of your personal (and public) association with the virus, but because this project is based on the spiritual comfort your work is known to inspire. I needed some of that when I started writing, and I still need it now, but for new reasons. The TIME OF THE VIRUS has also been an opportune occasion for meditating on California Typewriter, as our personal fixations and our relationships to "touch" have become magnified. Suddenly, a world that celebrated the digital, the ethereal, the intangible, has become dependent upon it. And the permanence of things, and the company of things, are but romantic memories. At first I was a little disappointed to realize you weren't at the centre of this entire film, but the breadth of perspectives turned out to be quite compelling. There's much talk of the new-age enthusiasm for typewriters - as novelties. Why do you think this is? Does this newfound fondness come from a wistful longing, or reluctant worry? Maybe these ideas are the same.

I admit, I never thought one way or another about vintage typewriters, but then I had one given to me. This is my Classic 12. As you can see, its not especially great shape. If my research serves me, Smith Corona tinkered with this line for several decades, and by the time this one was released, the coals had cooled on typewriters. It was a mechanically insignificant machine at the Genesis of word-processing conquer, and you can tell by its state it wasnt special to whomever owned it. That is, until Becky bought it for me. Shes an Olympic-level gift giver, Tom, to the degree that it was to her, only a tack-on to another gift she considered better - a sweet doo-dad to amuse my writerly sensibility I instantly sat it on my kitchen table, and its remained a central fixture of our several homes since. It is without question among the most wonderful gifts Ive ever received. Ive matched Beckys gifting only with the engagement ring I bought her last year - the proposal note was wound into this here rig. In terms of its importance to the owner, this typewriter has never seen better days, but from a maintenance standpoint, its another story. Its not yet in decay, but the care required extends # beyonds my instinct. As such, it sticks and splotches - like a word-processor never could.

Perhaps it deserves my elbow grease - Ill be careful. A can of compressed air and a gentle cloth might do a world of good. I want it to last forever, and isnt that the point of flowing these things? They make the stuff # that lasts forever. I guess its the great irony of the typewriters deep distance behind laptops and smartphones - the purveyors of permanence, abandoned for the replaceable. I venture to say its permanence we chase, Tom, and what better way is there to live forever than to write words and appear in movies? I even think its a # noble pursuit, just as ## long as we dont strive to be but a lesser thing - stashed on a rack of junk in the basement, or panting along, a facsimile of the former self. I think if we aim to write personal things (stories and scripts and letters and blogs), its not in vain. Whether or not you did it consciously, youve led a life in service of permanence - of creating that which will last. And beyond the work itself, the gratitude I have for the soulful wellness and spiritual comfort you inspire

(inspire) will just as well spring eternal. You are the real virus, pal, and we are all happily infected.

Do you hate receiving compliments yet?

My generation has developed a reputation for accessorizing old things, and no doubt there are some who confuse having a Sony Walkman or a Casio Calculator Watch for being an individual. The vinyl resurgence created this standard by which one could purport to be self-actualized by owning a re-pressing of Blonde On Blonde. I'm guilty of it too because I display a Smith Corona in my home and have never taken the time to properly care for it - and I could earn the right to display it by simply caring for it. The thing about vinyl is that music is a translatable way to understand ones self.

But typewriters are different because they dont come with the art already made. We have to do that part ourselves. Thats why I think youre struggling to jumpstart your typing revolution: not just because its hard to write things, but because its harder to write things not intended for a broad audience. A blog, by definition is meant for a broad audience, but to reach people personally is the only true way to be permanent. So, this weekits just for you, and with it I wish you well - sculfully and otherwise. Attached, I hope youll find my tremendous gratitude.

As always, Tom... Thx.

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