

July 24, 2018

"Hue-ZA and Creme-brulee" I hear you crying out. Where, oh where has Tom been? Well my fine ferocious friends, I have been mostly right here, homesteading. Well, at least anchoring DOWN the homestead. The studio is in utter disarray, the office not much better. I now have so many fingers in so many pies, I hesitate to taste a-one. Still, hope swings eternal, like the muse of a cat. We must all soldier on, tally ho, wot wot. Wot wot, to wit:

I am currently in the throes of reconnecting with my gum-backed friends, the postage stamp. Oh my yes, the typewriter community is indeed better off with the forward batallion of digital media. But even moreso I must admit, the lowly pstage stamp is recognized even more across the ones and zeros that consume us all. I really did think that my typewriter folks were the most vehement, but no! These stamp people are nuckin futz!

I suspect that there are a few or more typewriter enthusiasts who also collect stamps. To my mind, the two are simpatico. If you are like me, you write a fair amount of letters. Well, I like Forever stamps as much as the next gal/guy -- but you just can't beat the ol' "lick 'em and stick 'em" critters. Perforated. Fold and tear. Well now, that should appeal to the tactile crowd, right? And all those zany commemeratives. And then you've got that postal history. Wow! Those folks have been making it up as they go along right up to today! Ya just GOTTA respect that kinda tenacity.

So now I find myself knee deep in tiny glassine envelopes, cancelled postage (still on the paper- who has time to soak?), and first-day covers from my in-laws. You thought it was tough taking in orphan typewriters and storing them? Take in 2 or 3 orphaned stamp "collections" (READ: Stamp Clumps). You'll break 2 pair of tongs per week if you keep this up. Your life partner will find you buried under crammed stamp albums supressing your ability to breathe. God forbid they resuscitate. You'll awaken, scrabbling for the current edition of the Scott's Catalog, weeping~~g~~ inconsolably.

That is where I've been.

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