

MAINSTREAM

... the #2 issue of a personalzine from Suzanne Tompkins and Jerry Kaufman. Mainstream is the fanzine that asks the musical question, "If there's no sun in Seattle, where did I get this beautiful burn?" One of our readers wrote to us recently at Loren MacGregor's house, saying he received and read Mainstream #1. He must have been a pretty bad reader if he didn't notice that the purpose of that issue was to alert you all to our new address, 303 16th Avenue East, Seattle, WA 98112. (Our phone number is 206/329-6282. If you insist, the number is the same as DAWNCUB.) This fanzine is sent on whim, to loved ones, liked ones, and People Who Count... or maybe for some other reason. We don't trade, we don't take money, and we don't want to be reviewed. Not even in Amor...but then, we've never heard of it. We deny everything. This colophon, being too cute to be true, is at an end. July 23, 1978.

Hullo. It's Suzle, who is cleverly typing this at work on her IBM Correcting Selectric II. And since I want to intersperse Jerry's comments and mine instead of having sections, I've decided to use two different type faces. Unfortunately, the only 12 pitch elements we have in the office are this script and dual gothic, two of my least favorites. Putting aside personal prejudices, I'll be doing me in script and Jerry in the dual gothic. Onward.....

Suzle and I are both movie fans, enough so that we both took film courses in college, and I went so far as to make several short films in 1970-71. So, we were excited when our friend Patty Quinn said that she was in the middle of shooting a film, a short study of art and artists, with Mike Acker's work the focus of the film. (Mike and Patty live in a large Capitol Hill house with John Berry, editor; Paul Novitski, writer and designer; Virginia (I forget her last name and she's in Port Townsend anyway), weaver; and Theodore and Marilyn, cats.) How could we help, we said. Well, I'm going to do a gallery scene, she answered.

Patty called us over for shooting about a month later. We arrived to find Virginia's loom moved out of the small front room, replaced by several powerful flood lamps on stands, several more clipped to the tops of doorways, and a large white canvas on a frame suspended between that room and the living room, where the camera was set up. The idea was that our shadows would appear through the canvas, and our feet beneath it, as though seen through a canvas in a gallery."

The lights weren't quite strong enough, so Patty spent some time rearranging them until she got an acceptable light reading. Then we discovered that everyone except Suzle had poor-hippie shoes: work boots, Frye boots (well scuffed), sandals, sneakers. (And Paul Novitski wore the only thing that resembled a skirt.) We decided we'd just have to mill a lot, and feature Suzle's trim black shoes in several shots.

Incidents abounded: During one shot I stood close to the suspended canvas and found myself catching it as the thin twine snapped. (We used wire after that.) John Smith and I talked meaningfully about the solids in Oo-cello, and Patrick (the very French architect) and I talked animatedly about Patti Smith. (Sorry about

the way I keep popping up, but I don't remember anyone else's incidents.) After we finished, we talked, finished the champagne Patty provided, and listened to her worry about her light exposure.

A week or so later, Patty decided that everything was underexposed and called everyone back for retakes. A somewhat different crowd assembled, including several men Patty knew through work, natty dressers, but Sonics fans. (The Sonics are Seattle's basketball team. I hope you don't feel insulted that I'm telling you this; I didn't know that until they were half-way through the season.) This meant they didn't arrive until about midnight. The session went well despite the late hour.

After another week, John Smith, Suzle and myself returned to Patty's to join Mike, John Berry and her to record the soundtrack for the scene, admiring paintings being "painterly," remarking on the "solids in Ucello," comparing Rauschenberg and Motherwell, and saying, "I know a lot about art, but I don't know what I like..." (And I got to help redo some monolog, ruined by a passing airplane, for another of Patty's movies.) Patty intended to mix our bits and pieces with background chatter recorded at Jessica Amanda Salmonson's apartment warming.

Now all that remains is the work Patty must do by herself: editing, sound mixing, etc. We really have no idea what the entire film will look like, though we are pretty sure what our scene will be: the usual bunch of posturing fools who turn out for gallery openings. Sounds exciting? Actually, yes. I can hardly wait.

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Well, as I write this, it's my 30th birthday (June 8). (Reminds me of a line from Close Encounters, when Richard Dreyfuss drags his family out to see what he'd seen and, at one point, his wife says, "Don't you think I'm taking this rather well.")

I am remaining perfectly calm; maybe the panic won't set in until tomorrow... You know, the "here I am 30 and I haven't done anything yet" blues. I mean, I know people who have done lots of things and are successful and all (although perhaps not at what they started out to do), and feel this way. At this point, I am still working as a secretary and not doing anything vaguely resembling "what I wanted to do." I know this is common, but it's still upsetting.

Enough of that... I'm still getting the hang of writing a "letter-substitute", so bear with me; I keep thinking "editorial."

Oh, yes, I have a permanent job at Group Health Cooperative with an office in a remodeled old house about a block from the apartment. It's a pretty good job as this sort of thing goes. I got it by rather peculiar means -- Jerry had a Kelly ~~BL~~ Services job in this office, although he was working for a different department, noticed them interviewing for a secretary and checked the particulars. I checked into it and through a series of interviews, etc., got the job. Since I hate job hunting (I blew the typing test for this one, too. Maybe I made it on my recommendations.), I would probably still be working for Kelly and being paid quite a bit less. It was fate, Or something.

Since our last "issue" (she jokingly calls it), we have acquired some furniture, a stereo receiver, some pots and pans, a color TV, a wall of bookcases, plants, and had a very nice housewarming. I have also travelled a bit - to Vancouver, three times -- and have found it to be the second most beautiful city I've ever seen. I highly recommended it, over Seattle even, if any of you are planning to be anywhere near the Pacific Northwest. On a clear day the view is spectacular. (Courtesy - Vancouver Chamber of Commerce...)

Acquiring the TV and receiver was a remarkable experience, all accomplished in one day. In fact, for a while, we had acquired two receivers, but that's another (annoying and embarrassing) story. Spending that much money all at one time was quite amazing. After we had the receiver (Jerry is replacing, piece by piece, the system we've borrowed from Paul Novitski), I started doing something I haven't done in years -- buy records. I have browsed through record shops on occasion (Mostly with someone else - I've seen a lot of bookstores that way, too.), but since I haven't had the use of a stereo for about three years, with big gaps before that, too, I have lost track of current music to a great extent. I stop back somewhere about 1968-69. ("It was a grand year, 1968...") Anyway, Jerry and I were looking about in a good record store (He's continued to buy records with or without something to play them on.), where we really looked at the cover of the Wings album, Band on the Run. I had seen it in many a store window, a few year ago, but had never really looked closely at it. Have you? "My God, that's James Coburn!", one of us said. "And, look, next to him is Christopher Lee!", etc. etc. Anyway, I decided to finally break down and buy the album -- you'll note I didn't go completely radical in my choice, of course -- even selecting the more expensive, but possibly better, British edition. As the clerk was ringing up our purchases, I mentioned to Jerry that this must be the first record I'd bought in, oh, maybe, 6 or 7 years. (I have been given quite a number of records during this time, though.) The clerk was looking down and continued to do so for a while, until, I think, what I had said sunk in. He looked up at me with this incredulous look which sort of examined me - rather as though to see if I looked as if I had recently been released from a mental institution or returned from a trip to Jupiter. I sort of stammered an explanation for my obviously bizarre, irrational statement, and we exited hastily.

I've since been buying records at a slow but steady rate. Mostly traditional, British and European music from as far back (i.e., 13th century) as I can get it. But I'm keeping my mouth shut in record shops.



A MAE STRELKOV STORY...

This is either the story of Mae Strelkov's surprise trip to Seattle, or the story of the most expensive fanzine in the world. Either way, we're right in the middle of it, so we get to tell it in somewhat greater detail than Mike Glyer did in File 770.

The beginning is shrouded in mystery, like all good legends. Mae informed Susan Wood (who in turn informed us) that her relatives were flying her to the US for the month of June. But Mae would have to spend the month with the family; no gallivanting around to visit those bizarre science fiction fans. Mae was recuperating from an operation, and the rest would be good for her. But Mae wanted to visit her fan-friends, at least a few of them. What could be done?

We didn't think there was anything. Time seemed too short for an organized fund.

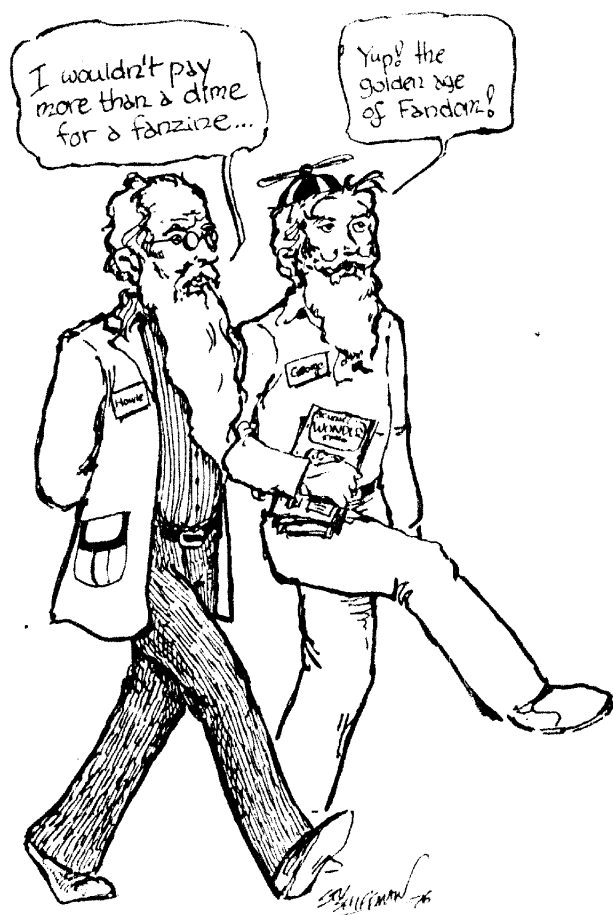
But the next thing we knew, Susan, in Seattle for a weekend, was saying, "Could you please book tickets for Mae? It's too expensive to book them from Canada."

Let me point out a complication or two, just for amusement. Mae would be in Atlanta all of June. Her ticket was extended to July 15. She would arrive in Seattle July 1 or so. Susan would be in San Francisco from June 26 to July 31. So when booking the tickets, I had to throw in a trip to San Francisco and then to Atlanta. In the end, I got tickets that would allow Mae a week here, and about four days in the Bay Area. (It took three lunch hours to arrange the bookings, but it was worth it, as the tickets were \$80 cheaper than they would have been booked from Canada.)

If there wasn't time for an organized fund, then we'd have a disorganized one... for which I found myself collector. Every dollar collected was a dollar off the check Susan would give me to cover the Master Charge bill I'd be getting for the tickets. I was to finish the collection at the Nameless meeting and turn the money over to Susan later that weekend.

Around this time, Suzle and I were sorting through our fanzine collections, weeding out grotty fanzines and duplicates of good ones. We decided to sell the castoffs at the Nameless meeting and donate the proceeds to the Fund. At the meeting, someone picked up a copy of Granfalloon 5 (I believe it was Martin Williams), and said, "How much do you want for this one?"

"Oh, a quarter, I guess. Of course, you realize it's jammed with good stuff. Like this: 'I've Had No Sleep and I Must Giggle.' It's Ginjer Buchanan's Baycon report and parody of Ellison's 'I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream.' It's valid either way." And, in my usual lovable way (I love to read aloud), I began to read: "Limp, the body of Nancy Lambert lay at my feet..." and, attracting a small audience (all laughing in the right places), went on to the end.



When I finished, Susan said, "I don't have that! How much should I give you for it?"

I did some rapid mental calculations. "About \$320 should do it."

When we added up the money collected, and subtracted the sum from the price of the tickets, Susan made me out a check for \$308. (She already had the copy of Granny in her possession.) Thanks to sudden whimsy, Granfalloon 5 now holds the record for fanzine prices. It's certainly more than Granny is worth, but that \$308 doesn't even begin to measure the worth of a friend like Mae.

Mae is here in Seattle as I write, staying at F.M. & Elinor Busby's. There was a party for her, yesterday afternoon, the 4th of July. It was a delight to see her again, and I hope she has as much pleasure from the trip as her old and new friends. Knowing Mae, I'm sure she will.

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There are some "official" matters left over from Span. Inq. (There always seems to be something left over, doesn't there?) -- Jerry and I must thank all of you who nominated us for the Faan Award again this year. (For those of you not into this, the Fanzine Activity Achievement Award nominations have come out and Span. Inq. #10 was nominated for best single issue of last year.) We very much thank all of our contributors, without whom...etc.etc. And speaking of Span. Inq. #10, if any of you were wondering what happened to the letters that someone was supposed to be editing, well -- I had decided that since we got quite a number of interesting letters, that I would put out a one-shot Sheep in the Wainscotting. But, somehow, I don't know, I couldn't do it before I left New York (I was in shock for about a month before I actually left and couldn't manage anything...besides I sold my mimeo...), and then I was travelling and since I've been out here, it's been one damned thing after the other.....Anywho, if anyone is still interested in what are by now year-old letters, let me know; I might do something yet.

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Just a word or two of other things: I'm working as a clerk typist for an insurance company, at a job which will run out in August. I expect to set out for Phoenix and the Worldcon by a circuitous route: first to Denver to visit my sister and brother-in-law and to become acquainted with that reputedly charming city, then to San Francisco for the Whole Earth Jamboree (a worldcon for environmentalists, techno-freaks and other strange people). That event lasts two days, and I expect to light out for Phoenix from there. Other exciting upcoming trips: a weekend on the Olympic Peninsula, and a return trip to Vancouver for their Folk Music Festival. (We like Vancouver, and have been discovering more and more of it. I think Suzle has a few words on the subject.)

Pacific Northwest Review of Books is still chugging along. I am still the Subscription Manager and subscriptions are coming in. I am still writing for it. (I've now had two reviews and a poem printed in its pages.) Expenses are unfortunately rising faster than income, but we are trying to work out ways of cutting costs and increasing ads, subscriptions and other income (i.e., grants: anyone have any good grant ideas?).

Thanks to Stewart Brand and Ted Nelson (no, they're not sf fans), I'm getting interested in home computing, but who knows if anything will come of this enthusiasm. If anything else gets interesting, I'll let you know at Worldcon.

-- JAK

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Speaking of Worldcon, things are slowly creeping up. I am very much looking forward to this one, since I haven't been to a Worldcon since 1974. Primarily, I want to see old friends I haven't seen in much too long. I have heard that a number of people aren't planning to attend this year, especially from the East Coast. However, we should have enough old WPSFANS there for our (well, Ginjer Buchanan's and Genie DiModica's) Baycon Reunion Party. You don't necessarily have to have gone to Baycon to attend. If you remember Baycon, then you're party material. Details aren't worked out yet, but somewhere at Iggycon will be our Baycon Reunion Party. Watch for it.

There's lots of other things to go into, but I think this is all for now. I am trying very hard to not sound like a travelogue for this area but it does have the most beautiful scenery I have ever seen. You'll just have to see for yourselves.

--SVT

Kaufman/Tompkins
303 16th Avenue East
Seattle, WA 98112

TO:

FIRST CLASS MAIL