

MAINSTREAM 1

brought to you by Suzanne Tompkins and Jerry Kaufman and possibly by occasional members of the Capitol Hill Mob from 303 16th Avenue East, #102, Seattle, WA 98112. With a phone number of 206/329-6282. Available only at our whim, not for trade or money. Don't Review This. (We're starting an unofficial association with Susan Wood.) (4-2-78)

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Jerry here: As most of you know, I left New York at the end of September, 1977, stopped over at Pghlange and Windycon, and visited many Midwestern friends before arriving in Seattle to live for the next four months with Loren MacGregor and Jeff Frane. I took work with Olsten's Temporary Services, an outfit similar to Kelly Services, and am still finding temporary office work through them. I'm beginning to look for permanent work, since the idea of a regular paycheck is enticing, though the prospect of work is not. At least not regular employment as it is known.

Regular employment as it is not known, that's what I like. So, following a bit of advice from a Pogo strip ("If you want to get into newspaper work, attach yourself to the staff."), I attached myself to the staff of a new magazine, The Pacific Northwest Review of Books. If you check the colophon, you'll find me listed as the subscription manager. It was easy to attach myself to Loren MacGregor, publisher and John Berry, editor, and so far, it has been easy to fulfil my duties: they aren't many, and, so far, neither are the suscribers. But the subs are beginning to roll in as the mag begins to roll out. Now all we have to do is make enough money to give me a salary!

I've done a bit of writing for it as well, which pleases me no end. On other creative fronts, I've taken a mime class, which taught me a few useful illusions and perhaps a little more awareness of my body, and I've joined the Seattle Film Society.

As for fanac, well, this is it. Mainstream will be short and as frequent as we feel necessary. It'll have a bit of art and perhaps a little writing by others, but mostly it'll be our personalzine/letter-substitute. This issue is mostly intended as a COA.

Oh, yes, I no longer live at Loren's. In February, Loren, Jessica Salmonson, Ole Kvern, Denys Howard and I drove to Wiscon in Madison, WI. One reason I went was to bring Suzle back to Seattle with us. It didn't quite work out; Suzle flew to Seattle, while the rest of us drove back. After I recovered from the drive, Suzle and I began looking for our own apartment. Obviously, we found it. Now it's time to hear from Suzle about this and other startling developments.

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This is Suzle now: Startling? I don't know. I made it to Seattle after a 2 month trip from New York City during the height of this wretched winter, where I was snowed in four times along the way and it may surprise you to hear that none of the entrapments occurred in either Madison, WI or Minneapolis, the furthest northern cities I visited and in which I ended up spending a great deal of time -- on two separate occasions, in fact. Somehow after Jerry arrived in Madison for the Wiscon, we managed to backtrack east as far as Chicago. Or, as I say, Oops! It was cold up there, but no real snow.

The trip was great -- but I didn't get to see much more of Indianapolis than the inside of Sandra & John Miesel's beautiful home since it snowed just about continuously from the time I arrived until it lifted just long enough for me to get to Chicago. I discovered that Chicago is really quite nice; it just has bad press. It is easy to get around on public transportation and the El seems quite efficient if there isn't a cow on the tracks. However, it did snow there -- more snow than I recall seeing all at one time before. Eventually, I made it to Madison, which seemed more cosmopolitan than would be expected

with some surprisingly rare and interesting shops. Minneapolis was both surprising and not surprising as I did know quite a bit about the place and its inhabitants from various vestiges of Crazy Minneapolis Fandom whom I have know for many years. And I found that what they had been telling me was all true. (I will refrain from commenting on the fact that the state bird of Minnesota is the Common Loon. Surely, this is co-incident.) Most interesting new thing there -- the skyways that connect most of the major buildings in the downtown area and in which you can wander for days without ever having to go out to the frozen streets. I was duly impressed. Likewise, I was impressed with the fans I met there. Shocked, in some instances. Like, they all seem to sing, and on key, too. I mean, I don't want to get into the realm of 'intimate, personal writing' right now, but I just about came unglued at a large party given the night I arrived, just from the atmosphere of those around me. It was marvelous and to some extent I felt that I had really found 'my people', or something, but I had 55 boxes, luggage and all my clothes (except those I left in New York by mistake, but that's another story) in Seattle, so I eventually flew in (the 1600 miles drive seeming impossible after 2 mos. of traveling) and voila.

J & I have found a carpeted, slightly small but attractive and comfortable apt. just a few blocks from Loren's, in what I think is a marvelous neighborhood. Of course, we have no furniture to speak of but are slowly acquiring those little things (like chairs) that make an empty apt. a home. We almost have a view of the Cascade Mountains, have a terrific building manager (that's super to you New Yorkers) who seems like something out of a dream after NYC, and are generally spending too much money fixing it up. It's a first floor, sunny place and we are obviously right for it since we never notice the noise of passing traffic and the like. (Maybe one can live in New York too long; Loren and Jeff were astounded when, a few days after I arrived, J & I both slept through what was apparently a 157 alarm fire a few doors down the street and about a week later through an earthquake.) Please give us a call and come to visit. You may have to sit on the floor, but it's a rather nice floor.

What do I think of Seattle (I hear you cry...)? I don't know if I really know yet. I moved here blind but don't regret doing so now. Its sheer physical beauty is amazing. And I'm sorry, but IT DOES REMIND ME OF PITTSBURGH -- I CAN'T HELP IT -- IT REALLY DOES! I think I shall wait to comment further until I've been here longer.

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Finally, we have set a date for our housewarming and you are all invited. It's Saturday, May 13th, 8:00 ish. (P.M., that is...). Please come ~~and bring a chair~~.

JAK/SVT

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