

At about 2 AM this morning Cindy and the doctor decided she and I shd troop on down to Lenox Hill Hospital.

FIRST BORN #186

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Some five hours later we acquired new titles and position in life -- mother and daddy...

At 7:09 AM, Friday, October 6, 1967, Wendy Fawn Van Arnam came the rest of the way into this world, statistically 6 lbs 8 oz, 19", and aesthetically quite beautiful. This last I had not expected, having seen a fair number of children at approximately the same age (about 15 minutes old, I shd estimate, when I got to see her). Of course I'm prejudiced.

No, that's not quite accurate. I didn't make that judgement pre seeing her. But I am nitpicking -- babbling, even, it might be. After all, I've been going about 29 hours without sleep now, and this is not my idea of a creative regimen. (I'm not even sure I can spell, any more.)

Thirty seconds of looking at one's small girlchild for the first time, especially under stress & fatigue conditions, isn't conducive to the higher flights of perceptive philosophical insights this fanzine has long been noted for.

Wendy will, I hope, grow up in a world grown a little saner than it is now -- it'll have to be saner, or it won't be around that much longer -- and perhaps she will give me that final incentive to go ahead and do my thing, whatever it turns out to be, to help make it saner. Whether things like my LOST IN SPACE novelization (which, he slips in slyly, he picked up in Bookmasters less than two hours after first setting sight on his daughter) qualify as sane-making is the sort of question which might well make me more uneasy if I weren't too tired to worry about such things right now. I did the book as best I cd, however, and seeing it in print for the first time seems to be showing me that there are times, points, things in the book which are sane rather than schlock. It's not a bad book, I see. And considering that I signed my first book contract two and a half years ago and am finally seeing words of mine in print only today, I think such a restrained statement is not inappropriate.

I am trying to discover what sanity is (and it is not writing a fanzine after 30 sleepless hours, the birth of a child, and the first sight of a first book). I hope to keep to this effort. I think that even if the stories I am currently working on are in one way fundamentally shallow (and, being basically adventure fiction, most people wd think this so), still, there is still some reality-perception in them that is my own. My own vision, I might even say; and whether my own vision will get more dangerous (to what?) as I go on, it will be mine. I think there are some good things in LOST IN SPACE.

Why does this comfort me? Why is it relevant to Wendy Fawn? I shaped the book, and by and large it pleases me for what I attempted in it. There is something in the book at times that is genuine, I think.

People shd be genuine too. And one's children, I shd think, might well serve eventually to indicate whether one is, onself, genuine. All the treasures of the world are not equal to that. But this is all uncentered words to me now. I'm going home and get some sleep before the Fanoclasts. Hoping you are the sane...

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-- dgv