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# Megatheriums for Breakfast

## 3

A fanzine published for the February 1992  
ANZAPA and others by none other than...

David R Grigg, 1556 Main Road,  
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Good grief, another year is upon us! And I hadn't even finished with the old one yet! You know, I reckon it's about time we had a moratorium on New Years. There's a sort of hyper-inflation happening with them; years don't last anywhere near as long as they used to. Why, when I was a lad, you could have explored the whole of Africa, written two major novels, invented a cure for the common cold and become a world-famous concert pianist inside of a year. Now, there's hardly time to turn the calendar pages over. It must be Paul Keating's fault.

And with this new year, an approaching ANZAPA deadline. I suppose I'm going to have to get used to this. I must say I enjoyed receiving the last issue, and the signs that the sample mailing I was sent by our efficient OBE (October 1991) was perhaps not a typical example of ANZAPA's size in recent years.

I note that ANZAPA is looking for a new OBE, and I wonder rather hesitantly (because of my very recent return to these hallowed halls) whether it would be presumptuous to put my own name forward. I would only be willing to take on the task if no-one else can be found to carry on the great work, but I would not want the Glorious Antipodean Apa to founder for want of an OBE. ("For want of an OBE the Apa was lost, for want of an Apa the fanac was lost...")

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Well, what have the Grigg family been up to recently? Well, Christmas is a pretty busy time for us; Katie had her 10th birthday two days before Christmas and Sue had her birthday two days after Christmas. This makes Christmas for us a five-day flurry of presents, parties and assorted celebrations. I, of course, had the good sense to be born at the other end of the year, in July.

Pre-Christmas had a few traumas. I mentioned last issue that my father had been struck with "severe angina". Well, about ten days before Christmas he had a relatively mild heart attack and was hospitalised (largely against his own wishes, but my mother and the doctor managed to twist his arm between them).

In hospital, they discovered that he had actually had a fairly severe heart attack

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several months previously. On that occasion, which both Mum and Dad remember well, he had been working hard in the garden and had come in feeling very ill; Mum said that he had gone completely grey in the face. But she had not been able to convince him to go to the doctor's for several days afterward. So the "severe angina" had been in fact the effects of the first heart attack.

However, he was only in hospital for a few days, and seems to be doing pretty well. On the whole, he seems fairly cheerful, and resigned to the fact that he is never going to be quite as fit as he used to be ever again.

And now my mother has just been diagnosed as a diabetic. Not serious enough to require insulin injections, but worrying nonetheless.

On the employment front, you will no doubt be aware that the company for which I work (David Syme & Co Limited, part of John Fairfax) has now been bought by the Tourang consortium. At least Kerry Packer is no longer directly concerned with the consortium, and Conrad Black seems to be making gentle soothing noises towards the staff for the moment. It will be interesting to see how long that lasts for (and therefore how long my current job is likely to last).

One of the gentler ironies of the current situation is that, because of the resignation of a colleague of mine, I now have a *company car*! Brand new Commodore, air-conditioned. Free petrol, free maintenance. I can't believe my luck. But I'm still treating it as though I have a hire car for a few weeks - if my job goes, so does the car! Indeed, I've delayed selling my own slightly decrepit Camira until the job situation becomes a little clearer. Still, I'm enjoying driving this lovely new car on a day-to-day basis.

I note that I haven't actually described in any detail just what it is that I do in my job. It's a little difficult to encapsulate in a short paragraph. Perhaps I'll write at length about my job next issue. For the present perhaps it will suffice to say that we are involved in "interactive multimedia", to use the current buzzwords, and that I work with computers, touch-screens and laser videodisc players a good deal.

This week, while I went back to work, Sue and Katie have been attending the 12th Suzuki Summer School. Katie is learning Suzuki violin, and the summer school is a chance to attend special classes, renew enthusiasm, and generally work hard but enjoy oneself. It's all enough to make me wonder whether it is worth me going back to learning piano (after a 20 year gap!).

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## The Joy of Cycling

Competitive sport has never appealed to me. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that I have never appealed to it. As a short, weedy, bespectacled kid I was rarely if ever picked to be in team sports; and on those rare occasions when I was involved in cricket or soccer I managed to disgrace myself pretty quickly (I kicked an "own goal" once...).

Mind you, I wasn't emotionally traumatised by this; in general I preferred to be able to carry on my exercise in less potentially embarrassing pursuits. My ideal occupation, of course, was reading. But if I were forced to be involved in some sort of activity, I would pick cross-country running (which, out of sight of the masters, quickly degenerated into cross-country walking).

But out of school hours, there was one physical activity which I did enjoy greatly, and one which I have re-discovered in the last few years - riding a bike.

When I was about 10, living in the North of England, I had a red bike. It was called a D'Artagnan for some obscure reason (from *The Three Musketeers*, of course, but why?), with Sturmey Archer 3-speed gears. These gears, for those who remember them, were of very little use; the lowest speed would only barely assist you in getting up even the gentlest of hills.

On this machine, however, I travelled to school and back every day; and on weekends I often went on long expeditions with my friends.

We not infrequently went on rides from my home town, on the outskirts of Bradford, to a town called Skipton; a round-trip journey

of around 50 miles (80 km). More frequently, however, we used to climb (mostly pushing the bikes) up to the top of the moors above Shipley. It took hours to get to the top; we'd ride (or more likely push) past people flying model aeroplanes, going rock climbing, and other such pursuits, right to the peak. From there, eager with anticipation, we sped down on a delicious free-wheel for about 5 or 6 miles, down on the other side of the moor to a town called Bingley. The free-wheel probably lasted only about 15 minutes, but it well repaid the agony of the climb. I'd hate to think what speeds we reached, all without a safety helmet, but we never seemed to come to any harm. (I do remember, however, that one of my cousins spent several weeks in a coma after coming off his bike doing something similar).

I couldn't do the same thing now; for a start I'd never be able to make the climb; but over the last few years I've certainly re-discovered the joy of cycling.

It started a couple of years ago, when my brother told me that he was selling his bike. He's a policeman who spends most of his time driving around in a squad car; he bought the bike to try to improve his fitness, then never used it.

But, remembrance of times past flooding into my mind, I volunteered to buy it off him; and I'm very pleased that I did.

Now, I have to say right away that I am not one of these cycling jocks; I met a couple of these characters at Bike User Group meetings in Eltham; they are the cycling equivalent of the Arnold Schwartzneggers of weight-lifting, or the James Fixx's of jogging, or the Jane Fondas of aerobics. You know the type: the "no gain without pain" freaks, the ones in the \$500 runners and the bright pink or green lurex shorts. These guys at the meeting were spouting endlessly about how you couldn't buy a decent bike for less than \$2000, bitching about the way car drivers treated them, boasting about the 1 in 5 grade hills they had powered up without changing gears. When I mentioned that I never cycled on roads and so avoided the problems of mixing it with cars, the disdain was tangible. "You ride on *bike paths*...!!!"

I failed to make my point with these characters; but I will make it to you. I hate cycling on roads; it's dangerous, and it's boring. But I love bike paths, and Melbourne is now extremely well-served with a fantastic network of paths, largely courtesy of the Board of Works and a number of local councils (of which Eltham is one).

The jocks would never be seen dead on a bike path, of course. For a start, it doesn't show off their lurex pants to greatest advantage; secondly they can't do very high speeds; thirdly there aren't enough agonisingly steep hill climbs; and fourthly they wouldn't be able to bitch about cars they way they do now.

But to me, joy is an overcast but not cold day, and an unexplored bike path in front of me. Bike paths are interesting because they are the converse of why roads are boring: they don't go straight for long stretches; you can't see what's around the next bend; and they are full of obstacles and challenges. You have to keep your wits about you and be prepared to take evasive action. You need to be prepared to swing sharply around corners, lift off the seat to cope with sudden bumps and holes, dodge your head under an overhanging tree branch. And - bliss - there aren't any cars.

The Board of Works (now the insipidly named Melbourne Water) has done a splendid job in building what it calls "trails" through its existing parks, and making major efforts to link these trails together into a continuous network. The Main Yarra Trail is now almost complete from Spencer Street in the city out to Templestowe, and many other trails link with it along the way. This represents an end-to-end distance measured along the trail of some 45 kilometres.

I haven't actually done the full journey yet (though I am keen to do so), but I could now cycle from almost right outside my house all the way into the city without ever having to travel on a major road. I reckon that when I do it, it will take me around 4 hours. (A cycling jock, if he could be brought to condescend to try it, would probably do the whole thing in an hour and a half). I've certainly done the whole length in a series of segments tackled on different days.

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Let me take you on this journey, and describe some of the highlights.

I get on my bike in Research, carrying a small day pack on my back. In here is a carefully assembled set of useful items: a windcheater for if the weather turns cold or if I get wet; a balaclava ditto and because my ears are very sensitive to cold; an old cap for being in the sun without my helmet on; bike tools and puncture repair stuff (unchanged over 30 years, this); a set of photocopied and reduced Melway maps, with bike paths marked in red; a short bike pump; a spare handkerchief; sun blockout cream; and a small container of water.

Thus equipped, I set off. I can reach the Research to Eltham bike path simply by going down my drive, crossing the road to the kindergarten, and then crossing another road, two minutes at most.

The bike path slopes downhill past the vet's, then levels out. It follows the course of the Research Creek, now running in an underground culvert. Above ground, there is the equivalent of a linear park running for about 4 km parallel to the main road, with trees planted by the council now starting to reach medium height. Past the new Eltham Gateway motel, watching carefully as I cross various minor roads along the way (generally ignoring the hated "dismount" signs).

Once into Eltham, I cross the railway, then along around Eltham Town Park (dedicated to Alistair Knox, this), under the railway bridge and along a beautiful stretch down by the Diamond Creek.

Eventually I get to the Eltham Lower Park (scene of long-ago rocketry experiments). Climbing an incredibly steep but thankfully short stretch up Homestead Road (where Carey Handfield's parents live), I reach a path which takes me over the newly-widened bridge over the Yarra and into Westerfold Park. There is an extensive network of bike paths through this, now connecting with a new footbridge over the Yarra to the path which runs on the northern side of the river, past Odyssey House (a drug rehabilitation centre, now no longer as isolated as it used to be), for about 7 kilometres until I reach Heidelberg. There's a bad kilometre or so in this which

is marked as "Temporary Route": all that the authorities seem to have done is take down a couple of fences and mowed a stretch through a paddock. It has patches of mud and worse, dried mud with rock-hard ruts.

From Heidelberg, I cycle through the Yarra Flats park on a rotten track of loose sandy gravel (asphalt or concrete is much to be preferred), reaching a newish footbridge where Burke Road crosses the river. A good asphalt path then leads up to a thankfully short stretch along the side of the Eastern Freeway, separated from cars whizzing in the opposite direction at 110 km per hour by an all-too-flimsy cyclone wire fence. After this, I pass through Willsmere Park and enter a pleasant run to the south of the Yarra and alongside the LaTrobe Golf Club.

Past the National Guide Dog centre and over the Chandler Highway, I meet the first set of *stairs*. Yes, stairs, and steep they are, too. This is where the cyclist and walker parts company with anyone in a wheelchair. You have to push the bike up the stairs by placing its wheels in a sort of gutter alongside the steps. No fun.

If I haven't had a heart attack by then, I proceed along the footpath of the Yarra Boulevard until I find a path which descends quickly down to the pipe bridge over the Yarra to the Fairfield Boat House. The bridge is where I part company with anyone who (like Sue) cannot take heights. It's quite safe, but the bridge *is* at a fair height...

I then do a sort of loop up and around the Fairfield Hospital, and coast down an open stretch of parkland alongside the Merri Creek. On the other side of the creek you can see the Merri Creek bike path, which goes up to Coburg and beyond. One day I may explore this one.

I then whizz under the Eastern Freeway and come out at Dights Falls. The path is supposed to follow the river here, but the path is very close to the water, and it has been closed for most of the last year because some idiot went cycling when the river was in flood and went in. So I have to do a few kilometres of the back streets of Collingwood. Interesting in its own way, though.

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I then rejoin the path proper at a footbridge at the end of Gipps Street, which leads over the Yarra to the Yarra Bend Park. This is an unpleasant stretch, not because of the scenery, which is pretty ordinary, but because there is a long slow uphill climb, and by now I am rather tired! Then I get to a short downhill stretch, over another footbridge to the south side of the Yarra in Abbotsford.

Down some more stairs, and then along a quite good stretch of the path, through Hawthorn, and then Richmond. All of the latter part is the very long established bikepath. It's also very long in distance, as it closely follows the loops and bends of the river; but it is fairly flat, and if there is no headwind it isn't too much of a hassle. There are some less than great stretches over wooden boards, but nothing too bad.

After a long, long ride I come in sight of Princes Bridge. At this stage I will be close to complete and utter collapse through exhaustion. I'll buy a drink, mooch around a bit, but being drenched in sweat means you aren't too welcome in any shops, etc. So then I would buy a train ticket and go back home the easy way!

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## Recent Reading

Well, not a lot of recent reading, really, considering it has been the holidays.

I read Penelope Fitzgerald's *Gate of Angels* on Jean Kitson's advice, but wasn't really sure what to make of it. A very short novel, very English, set in 1911 in Cambridge and London. There's a sort of love story, and a hair-raising ghost story in the middle, and a feeling that it was all meant to mean something significant, but what it was escaped me. I think maybe my brain is starting to clog up. Nevertheless, I quite enjoyed the book, just found it a bit puzzling. Perhaps I need to read some of the author's other works. (This one was short-listed for the Booker Prize, so somebody must have understood it!).

I also read Dorothy Dunnett's *Race of Scorpions*. This is the third novel in her House of Niccolo series, set in the 15th

century and revolving around a character deeply involved in trade and mercenary armies. I am still very greatly enamoured of her six Lymond books, and Niccolo comes very close. But again, I think my brain is slowing down, because I find it very hard to catch the subtleties of what is going on between the characters, who are all quite complex creations, Niccolo especially. I think I will probably enjoy this more on re-reading it - I found the same with the first two books in this series. In fact I think best of all will be to wait until she completes the series, and then go back and read the whole lot in one stretch. Let's hope the author does keep going - she's now in her seventies.

On the non-fiction side, I've read *Does God Play Dice?* by Ian Stewart. This is a sort of complementary volume to James Gleick's *Chaos*, which I discussed last month, but focussing more on the mathematical side. There's a little duplication, but I think it's probably worth having both of these books if you are interested in chaos and fractals, as I am.

Still on mathematics, I also very much enjoyed *Journey Through Genius* by William Dunham. This was a study of the history of mathematics by concentrating on a series of "Great Theorems" by various major figures. I should rush at once to say that mathematics is something which I have no great facility with, but I found that this book was the first such text I've read which made me feel that I understood what the mathematics in these theorems was about.

Isaac Asimov said something along the lines of "I love mathematics more than she loves me", and that's roughly how I feel. Mathematics fascinates me, but I don't understand it. I would recommend this book to anyone prepared to stretch their brain just a little.

This book is also (perhaps mainly) a very interesting historical study of human characters and culture. Mathematicians through the ages have all been very human characters, not robots. Look at Galois (who almost single-handedly invented the important field of Group Theory), who died fighting a duel over some love affair...

I'm currently reading Barbara Vine's novel *House of Stairs*, but it is too early for me to

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comment. Barbara Vine is the pseudonym of Ruth Rendell. She seems to have adopted this writing name for a particular style of crime novel which departs even more from the standard thriller than her other books, and approaches, and quite possibly reaches, high literary quality. Has anyone out there also read her *Talking to Strange Men*? I found this very very good; about a group of teenage boys who adopt the language and culture of espionage, initially as a game, but then the game becomes an end in itself, and the stakes more and more bitter.

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## Recent Computing

I'm still spending too much time with Fractint, looking at increasingly bizarre fractal images. I even became so fond of playing with this stuff that I went out and bought a math co-processor for this computer, so that I could generate fractals faster.

Fractint falls into the category of ultimate intellectual toy, I think. Not only can you generate these incredible images, but you can turn them into three-dimensional landscapes, spherically project them... and there are a zillion numerical "knobs" to twist and adjust to vary the images you see.

Life is probably too short for Fractint.

Another program I would just love to have but haven't yet convinced myself to spend the money is called *Dance of the Planets*. This is a complete, detailed, working simulation of the solar system, complete with all planets, almost all of the moons, 4000 asteroids and comets, and a star background with over 6000 objects in it. You can run the simulation at any date in the past several thousand years, or the equivalent into the future, and watch what happens. Drool, drool...

If I eventually cave in and buy it (it costs \$195 in US dollars), I'll report on my explorations here.

I also made the slight mistake of buying Sue and Katie an obsessive game called *Lemmings*, which has to be the funniest computer game I've yet encountered. It was

a mistake, of course, because now it's even harder to get to the computer myself, unless I stay up (like now) into the wee small hours.

But I have also done some serious work with the computer. I've at last started seriously to teach myself C++ programming, and have built my first few programs and had them run. It took a while, not because of problems of learning the syntax (this is pretty mechanical), but in getting used to the way that C and C++ programs are built, how the compiler and linker work, and so on.

The main problem is that I am now programming in C++ at home, and in Pascal at work (where I have a huge volume of material already in that language), and it's a bit like trying to switch between driving a manual and an automatic car; you keep fumbling for the clutch pedal when it isn't there, or else stall at the lights because you forgot you were in the manual car.

(In this analogy, I guess Pascal is the automatic - nice and easy to drive, and C the manual - harder to drive, but you have much more control).

Still, I'm now convinced that C++ is the way to go. Sooner or later, I'll try writing some programs for Microsoft Windows. C++ has some nice tools to make that easier.

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## Recent Listening

Again, nothing very exciting to report, except that I found a treasure trove at JB's HiFi: a shelf of un-boxed CDs, that is, CDs not in the standard jewel boxes but in plastic sleeves. I thought at first that these were singles, but they turned out to be full-length classical CDs at incredible prices. Like Beethoven's 9th Symphony for \$3.99, like Tchaikovsky's 5th Symphony for 99c! I should have bought more, but I thought 8 CDs at one purchase was probably enough!

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## AND NOW... THE MAILING COMMENTS SHOW!

*Ditmar Award  
Nomination Form*

Fascinating to see how much Australian science fiction is published these days. It's certainly quite different from when I was trying to write the stuff. I have read precisely none of it, so I shall refrain from voting.

*Something in Russian  
which I can't reproduce*  
Roger Weddall

Hi, Roger! You seem to have become quite a different person from the Roger Weddall I used to know, or didn't I ever really know you?

Yes, I too have some doubts about "facilitated communication". In fact, I seem to recall writing on this very subject in Anzapa many years ago, when the Rosemary Crossley case first came up. Not that I think there is any deliberate fraud going on; I just feel that, tragically, the possibilities of self-deception are too great.

Glad to hear that you are happy in your redundancy. Can't say as I'm looking forward to mine, should it happen. Too many debts and responsibilities to make the prospect other than threatening.

I also think you are right about "doing nothing" time. I would call it "time to myself", but would often fill it with nothing very productive. Yet, as you say, it is vital to the spirit.

*Fanatic 25*  
Lyn McConchie

You mention your "farming poems". Could we get to see some? Do you read our Les Murray, who seems to write just that kind of poem, with great effect?

Weather in New Zealand sounds about as crazy as ours. Normally at this time of year it's hot and in the 30s, but so far this year it's been cold and rainy, breaking all sorts of records. Today is the first day this summer that the temperature has gone over 30 degrees Celsius. The Greenhouse Effect? Chaos in the climate? Who knows.

Liked your story about the man who carried your bags and the boorish attitude of the guy in uniform. Particularly liked your response and the defiant shaking of hands. Well done!

*Q76*  
Family Hryckiewicz

Sorry to hear that Susan lost her job. There often doesn't seem to be much logic in dismissals and redundancies these days. But maybe she will now find some employer who will really appreciate her efforts. Hope so, anyway.

*Module 92*  
Michael O'Brien

Boy, you really get the prize for consistency of apazine title, don't you, Mike? Are you going to publish a special retrospective, 500 page edition for Module 100? I like changing titles at least once every year or so. Mind you, the first *Megatheriums for Breakfast* was published 7 years ago, so who am I to talk?

Hope the ups in your life dominate over the downs in the coming year, and "hear, hear!" to your prayer for the future. You know, when you think about it, the last hundred years of human progress have been a series of ups and downs, with some awfully crashing downs.

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But somehow, despite ourselves (you would probably say due to a guiding hand from above), the ups tend to just predominate over the downs. Here we are with the Cold War over, having escaped nuclear war for 50 years (a very remarkable thing, when you consider human nature), still with tremendous global problems, but just, just, seeming as though we might start to get on top of them. Perhaps there's a moral or a metaphor in all that, I don't know.

*Illegitimi Non  
Carborundum*  
Linnette Horne

I quite liked your article on the Edwin Fox, but would have liked a more extensive treatment, if that were possible, dealing with the people who would have travelled on or crewed the ship. Perhaps this kind of material is no longer available. My own research skills are very poor, so I know how hard this kind of thing is; but I just felt the story of the ship was a bit too "clinical", and needed to be rounded out by a more human-oriented treatment.

Sorry if the above is a bit negative. I would really truly like to hear more from you about your genealogical researches. I've done a little on my own family history, but have really only scratched the surface. Maybe one Anzapa I'll try to put some of it in here.

*Serious Predictions*  
Whoever

As they say in the movies, "Don't call us, we'll call you."

*Lone Wolf*  
Lin Wolfe

Well, when Sue and I were renting a house, she always told everyone she lived at 44 Lewisham Road, Windsor, and I told everyone that we lived at 44 Lewisham Road, Prahran. Never lost any mail, though (I guess that mail sorters rely on the postcode rather than the suburb).

Your academic career sounds a little like the start of mine. Somewhere lying around here is a little account of my time at Melbourne Uni, I'll publish it one of these days. I think that the problem is that when you are in the midst of a course which is just *wrong* for you, all rational thought tends to flee and despair sets in. That's my excuse, anyway.

Good to see that Aussiecon II had *some* beneficial effects, anyway. (Recruiting you to fandom, that is).

*You really know you're  
home when you find a  
wombat in your bed*  
#18  
Cath Ortlieb

Enjoyed your account of learning to swim very much. Sue has been taking some lessons recently and is now fairly confident in the water. But I think she gets annoyed with the teaching style of one of the tutors - she's only really interested in water confidence and not drowning, but the tutor keeps trying to get her to adopt Olympic-style swimming strokes.

I have to say that although I am fairly confident in the water, and have been able to swim since I was quite young, I have a totally untutored style, and can really only manage the breast-stroke. I do like swimming underwater, though, and wore contact lenses for a while which made it possible for me to actually *see* something down there! But I was never particularly comfortable with the lenses, which didn't in any case correct for my quite severe astigmatism, and so stopped using them. I like your idea of prescription goggles.



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*Land of 10<sup>4</sup>Looms*  
Jeanne Mealy

I enjoyed reading all of this, but you know how it is, couldn't find any great comment hooks - the curse of all mailing commenters. Except perhaps to say that I enjoy 10-pin bowling too (I take it that this is the variety you are referring to). Not that I am any good at it, just that I quite enjoy it. But at least in Australia, bowling seems to have become rather unfashionable, and there aren't many alleys still left open now.

Ohmighod, there are two issues of this! Let's see, surely there's something I can say... Maybe the problem is, there aren't any comments to *me*, which is hardly to be expected.

Well, a bleeper is something that makes a bleeping sound, isn't that obvious?

*Ytterbium 18*  
Alan Stewart

Sounds like a most unlikely isotope to me...

Your account of the running of an auction was fascinating, and probably enough to discourage the rest of us lazy people from ever wanting to run one, even though you didn't seem to hit any crises.

I dunno, I didn't think all that much of *Guards, Guards*, despite having much enjoyed the rest of Terry Pratchett's Discworld stuff. Somehow this one was too... well, too serious, I guess, a little bit down rather than completely over the top. My favourite in the series is *Mort*, I think, where Death takes on an apprentice. I saw the latest book in the series (whose name I forget), but it appears to be very brief, printed in largish type; looks like a novella they have tried to cash in on rather than a genuine novel.

*Fluffy #10*  
Clive Newall

The contempt with which television stations treat their audiences is one good reason why I now watch so little TV. The raw fact is, as far as the station is concerned, you as a viewer barely exist, except as a ratings statistic. The advertising agencies are their real audience.

*Various*  
Terry Frost

Well... what do I say to all this? Sounds like your life has been through a fairly complicated stage. It was curious reading this whole series in one hit.

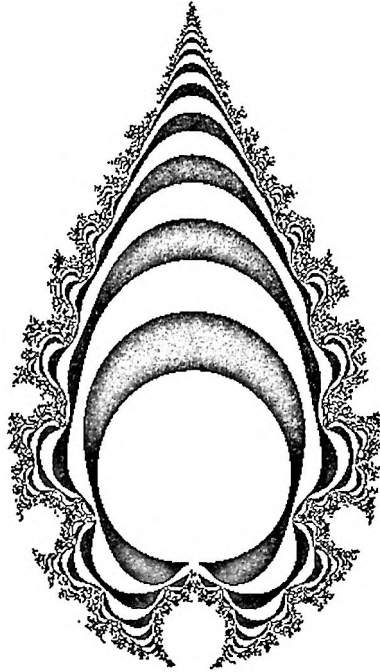
I've always thought that the trouble with anarchists is that they just never got themselves *organised*. Have you read G.K.Chesterton's *The Man Who Was Thursday*? It pokes some light-hearted fun at anarchists, but perhaps you wouldn't appreciate it (anarchists in general seem to lack a sense of humour).

Actually, I would have thought that *fandom* was a prime example of an "anarchic mutual support system". The International Post System operates by heaps of formalised rules and regulations decided between governments, hardly what I think of as the stuff of anarchism.

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A fractal for your delectation...

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This was *Megatheriums for Breakfast* 3.

I've spent 404 minutes working on this issue, it comprises 34085 characters and 5970 words, I started work on it on 02/01/92 and printed it out on 22/01/92. Why do you need to know this? Why do I put it in? These are cosmic questions worthy of Deep Thought.

From David R Grigg, 1556 Main Road, Renssarch, Victoria 3095, Australia.