It was alleged the poor bugger had contracted some sort of wog - not the red tubercular spherical variety one hopes - and was temorarily hors de combat. No matter, BOUNCING CZECH & SMALL CHANGE, assisted by the usual bunch of upland suspects put on a typically good show.

When do we ever suffer a bad one? In an aside from his sickbed, the wretched MIGHTJAR mouned that he had been misrepresented by WHITHER INTERHASH WHORATOR as having sported a white silk suit at THE DOG in KL '80. Never wore a silk suit in my life said he, white linen maybe or could have been ducks. And he never did make a bid in Sydney '8h, having been deserted by all those stateless individuals whose travel permite he had sedulously obtained especially for the event, and thus being unsupported deferred to MAGIC who hosted us at Pattaya '86. We all know what happened next, so no need to go on about it.

A terrible catastrophe in the garden of late. Remember the bulbuls nesting in the curry-leaf (TRASH April 10)? At regular intervals came the macacque who would sit in the crotch of the big-coled trifurcated pawpaw but a few feet distant, chewing his purloined fronds. Soon the nest was abandoned, and I'm positive the miscreant nicked also the eggs. The bulbuls - pretty sure the same pair - cast about for another site. Most confidingly, they elected to build in the impenetrable scragely bougainvillaca bush growing in the forecourt a few feet away from my bedroom door. It was well shielded this time. Two eggs - the usual clutch of this species - were duly hatched, and you could see and hear the beseeching red gapes being attended by the adult birds. Thursday last week 19.30 Scrabble fest and rain pissing down. A sudden crunch as the bush collapsed, nest and all with it. Nothing could be done in the wet and inky blackness. Early following day, I saw the slinky gray cat from next door creeping thro the ruin. Mary sign of gaping squab. Cats: Don't you hate the fuckers, kill everything, wantonly.