

the fairest flower that blows

Ah, what a time, what a time was the Restoration, the Restoration which gave us Rochester and Wycherley and Congreve and Cundum. Ah, Cundum, thou hero unsung save by Rochester, thou gay one, thou who changed the face of the earth more than all our Fords and Pasteurs and Krupps, yet whose fame lies buried in a single panegyric poem, thou who gavest us the fairest flower that blows.

The beget-me-not when Sergeant Cundum first dangled it before the envious eyes of his fellow Guardsmen of His Most Sacred Majesty King Charles II Rex et Ind. Imp. was a gutta-percha matter to be hung at the belt, tied gaily with red and blue ribbons. Then with the first curious glances of His Majesty's Guards ended the ecobolic era of offspring limitation, and a new day dawned. Ah, most gay Sergeant, would that Rabelais had been alive to see thee then. He would have told you where your little bedecked toy was going to land our civilisation.

Sergeant, I salute thee. Messrs. Huxley, Cabell, and Mencken, those naughty aesthetic lookers into deep wells, know thee not. Since Rochester thy fame has been buried, and I must be the ghoul after two hundred years.

Saint Cyr, that noble smirker, tells an anecdote which is considered by most to be apocryphal, concerning this humanistic warrior. When one of the Sergeants sons was taken up by the watch for too vociferously reciting Omar Kyam in the small hours, Judge Jeffries, the hangigng judge, let him go and instead, sentenced his father to three days in jail. He charged that the son was not responsible, and committed the Sergeant instead "for procreating a disturbance." St. Cyr's thesis is that this was the stimulus which prompted the Sergeant to design his toy, so that he would not lay himself open to such a charge in the future.

If I have perhaps been a little injudiciously enthusiastic in my Evoes it is only because the buried image of the Sergeant laughing in his easy chair has haunted me, and because I feel that merit should not go so long unrecognised. The changes which Malthusianism has wrought in our civilisation are too deep to be forgotten. I had almost said Cundumism. but I am not sure whether that can be a drawing-room word. If the name of the Sergeant is more widely known than I think, I retract all the preceding paragraphs and signify my desire to replace them with an essay on Solipsistic Philosophy, which any of my readers can obtain upon application. I have no desire to offend good taste,

and if the name of my hero is more widely sung than I suppose, I resipisce and apologise. I merely wish to see justice done, and for this reason I am endeavouring to bring his name before the public as one of mankind's benefactors. If the public already knows his name, then I freely admit that this note is a eulogistic supererogation, and was quite unnecessary. If it does not, then I have done my duty, than which which no man can do more, except to go to bed, as it is now 11.03 p.m. Dixi, I have spoken. Sic fiat.

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parnassus on skids

From Hamilton, Ontario, comes a disquisition of "Art, Insanity and the Ha-the Yogi." It is rather too long for full reproduction and, in addition, the editors cannot decide whether or not the writer is pulling their legs. He discusses the placing of oneself in a mental condition suitable for the production of Art. After suggesting alcohol, he continues to drugs:-

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"Hashish, and its Mexican form, Cannabis Americana, chiefly affects the visual sides of the subconscious and is therefore useful to painters and sculptors. In literature it is responsible for such productions as the following, written by a young man of no talent, in his first and probably last endeavour.

* * *

Press the cerebellum
Into phantom
Moulds of idealism

* * *

And no matter
What ocular
and intellectual contact with pheno-
mena

occur—
Grey matter
Is added forever.

* * *

Ova accepts Christ (sic)
As the sacrificial
Prototype
of the laboriously elect
sect.

* * *

Notwithstanding — — — —
that the maternal Christian
is inflicting
Him upon her
as a spiritual bludgeon
— — — threatening.

* * *

What effect it may have upon talent-
ed persons may be conjectured.

* * *

Are we victims of a hoax or are we miserable Philistines? Are we laughing at sterling merit or is the poet a monumental leg-puller? You dope it out.