

# The Visitor

While the grey city sleeps  
 A ghostly visitor  
 Creeping  
 With the stealth of a cat  
 Wreaths its unresisting victim  
 In grey.

From out of the gloom  
 A mournful wail  
 Diffused  
 In the murky darkness  
 A futile warning of the impending  
 Attack.

The lonely sound of the law  
 Footsteps  
 On the unfeeling face  
 Of the misty metropolis  
 Stifled by the approaching  
 Phantom.

Suddenly  
 Coarse laughter stabbing  
 At the overbearing intruder  
 Soaken sots stagger homeward  
 Unmindful  
 Watched by the uninvited  
 Guest.

The crest of a hill  
 Two dull beams  
 Cutting at the elusive enemy  
 A hiss of water  
 A spray of water  
 It passes on  
 In the mist.

Streaks on the horizon  
 The herald  
 Of the stealthy creature's exit.  
 He leaves  
 Swiftly, silently, scornfully  
 As he came,  
 While the grey city wakes.

## A Lawyer Replies:

# The Observer Observed

by BOB SCAMMELL

While the Observer was doing its observing, it was being watched itself. The Observer says that on seeing the lawyers it thought of Phillip Wylie's saying that the urine of an American mother would etch glass. It applied this to lawyers by saying the urine of a lawyer would etch armour plate.

On first seeing the Observer and its young friends at a nearby table, I thought of the old Micmac superstition that if a child is not weaned from its Mother's breast before the age of 18, it will revert to an idiot babyhood and be prone to convulsions and inward-rolling eyes.

Including the Observer, eight existing proofs of the Micmac superstition sat at the table near me. To a boy and girl, they were waging a futile war with puberty.

They were drinking milk. They were smoking filter tip cigarettes.

They were learning to inhale smoke through their noses.

Every man Jack and Jacqueline of them wore shaggy sweaters and immaculately scuffed teepee creepers.

Their heads and faces protruding through the necks of their furry, forest-tone sweaters looked like so many fungus-infested bumps on so many mossy logs.

Present were: two Student Christian Movers (assorted sexes) tickling each other's palm; a couple of washed-out DGDSers chewing Alka Seltzer with their milk; a duo of education students tatting doilies; and one couth culture-culture who

kept searching in his beard, crushing the life out of what he found there, and slyly wiping the juice off on the underside of his chair.

The observer was the eighth variable in this elegant equation.

What was the observer? It may even have been a lawyer. It doesn't matter because I deal here with the type of mind and body peculiar to observers; a student of anything can possess it, so can any sex.

The other seven were talking. I heard only disjointed fragments:—  
 "... What are you wearing to the regular impromptu SCM orgy Saturday? ... Honestly, this ice is the iciest ... Spot is Jane's new dog. Spot sees a red fire plug. Spot goes 'Arf, Arf.' Spot runs. Spot smells the fire plug. Spot goes ..."

"Bow, Wow," said the Observer.  
 "... Wonderful Town is wonderfully wonderful ... In the room the women come and go/ Talking of Michelangelo ... on the fire plug ... Really! ... Wunnerful, wunnerful ... fear of the Lord into her ... Winter is icumen in, Lhude sing ..."

"Bow Wow," said the Observer.

Observer was bored. It was amusing itself by snarling at the lawyers,

evesdribbling, and making notes in its Crimestopper's Textbook.

(Because I was an observer of lawyers back in the days when Cowboy Kings, loafers with pennies, and Ike Jackets were standard items of dress of every lawyer-watcher, I feel qualified to reconstruct what went on in Observer's skull.) It thought:

— My friends and I all have sweaters that differ as much as two tones in color. But those snob lawyers are dressed differently. They all look the same to me. Therefore they are knuckling under to authority and the mass-image of the lawyer.

Then its eyes rolled inward and fastened on its Rinso-white, unde-filed mind. (Virginal minds are a dime a dozen at Dalhousie.) It clasped Philip Wylie's whole **Generation of Vipers** to its breast. (They had their poison sacs removed). It had a real idea this time:

—On each side of any case, there is a lawyer arguing for Justice. But only one can win; one is always wrong. Therefore, 50% of lawyers argue for **Injustice**. It will fabricate some bright little anecdote to point this out.

—Lawyers are too concerned with law, facts, and logic. Anyone knows Justice exists in a vacuum. I also exist in a vacuum and am therefore closer to Justice than any lawyer.

—Because I know so much about Justice, I will bravely write an anonymous article on lawyers. I will accuse them and they won't know who is doing it. Hee! Hee! Hee! I'll give 'em Justice!

Then Observer felt funny. Observer felt small, slimy, squiggly. It felt as if someone had turned over its rock and let the light in. It felt like ... **WORMY**. Observer looked up and knew fear, for the lawyers were leaving and they looked like ... like **SNAKES!** (With poison sacs optional).

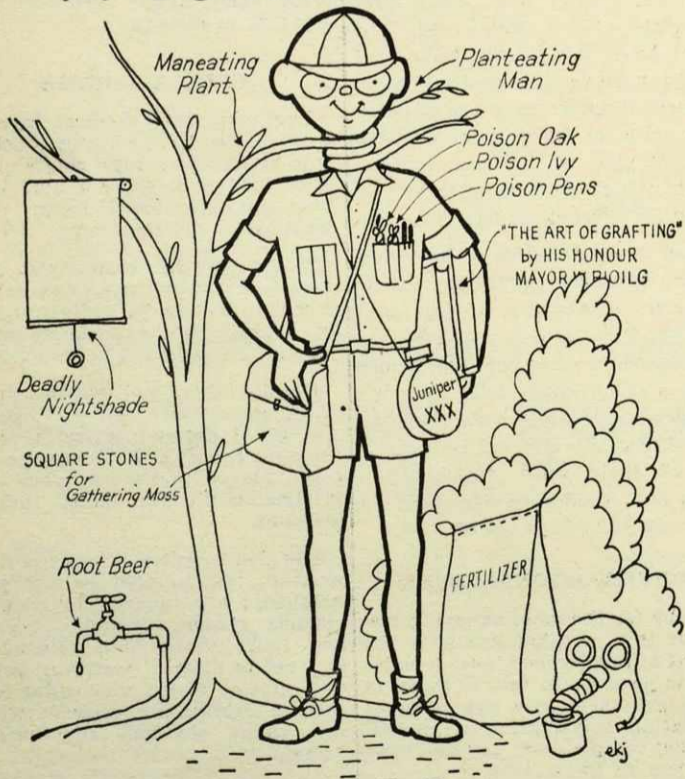
Observer laughed, reassured itself, and said aloud:

"It's nothing. Big worms just look like snakes to little worms, but I'll write the article anyhow."

In the **Gazette** office it still felt funny. It belched messily and moistly. It decided that it must have been the milk at breakfast. The milk had been too warm and Observer had been hastily improperly burped. Observer made a mental note to wean itself if Mother didn't cool down or smarten up, or both.

**LOST**  
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