

A Perfect Justice



Arthur Hoppe

"EXCUSE ME, Mr. President, but there's a lady out here in a long, white robe carrying a set of scales. She says her name is Justice."

"Justice, eh? That certainly sounds familiar. Well, Bob, send her in. Ah, here we are. Miss Justice, is it?"

"Plain Justice is sufficient, sir, thank you."

"Well, Justice, what can I do for you?"

"Whenever there is a vacancy on the Supreme Court, sir, I appear before the President to seek the appointment."

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"OH, A JOB SEEKER. Well, you're a woman. That's sure a point in your favor. Betty'll skin me alive if I don't name a woman. Too bad you're not black."

"Color is in the eye of the beholder, sir. And, speaking of that, perhaps I should point out that I am blind."

"Don't worry, I believe in hiring the handicapped. You don't happen to be Jewish, do you? That would be a plus. We haven't had a Jewish Justice on the Court in years."

"No, I suppose you would call me ecumenical."

"Some of my best friends are ecumenicals. Say, you don't just happen to be a Republican, do you?"

"No, I'm sorry. I'm an independent."

"I was afraid of that. You wouldn't believe how hard it is to find a Republican these days. I don't know how appointing an independent would sit with the National Committee. I

guess it sure beats naming a Democrat. Not, of course, that politics enter into these things."

"Of course not."

"But would you describe yourself as a fiscal conservative?"

"No, I would say I was a moderate in all things."

"Hmmm, that's too bad. I mean some of my best friends used to be moderates, but I have to think, of course, of the challenge from the right in the primaries. I don't want them accusing me of unbalancing the Court in the direction of moderation."

"You certainly seem to have a problem there, sir."

"Tell me, Justice, are you working now?"

"Oh, off and on, here and there. But generally I'm unemployed. People say I'm often quite poetic, though."

"Well, I'm sure for reducing unemployment. And you have my highest admiration. If there's anything I can do for you . . . But don't call us; we'll call you."

"How odd. That's what you Presidents always say."

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"IS SHE GONE? Why did you ever let her in, Bob? Can you imagine the Senate approving a blind, unemployed, hippie poetess to sit on the Supreme Court?"

"Sorry, Mr. President."

"No more oddballs, Bob. Remember, what we need is a black, female, Southern, Republican, conservative, distinguished jurist with . . . Say! Sammy Davis Jr., doesn't happen to be married to a judge, does he?"