

Many years ago a talented young man wrote and recorded an interesting, and commercially successful, song *This is How Doves Cry*.

Today I saw how barristers at law cry. In fact, more accurately, I heard a particular barrister cry. I shall not give Gav's full name here, let's call him SPD (Serious Professional Denizen-of-the-depths), and today he cried out of view; he was hiding behind a curtain.

I thought his, no doubt professional, decision to deprive us of his physical person behind three thick blue curtains to be inappropriate. In my honest opinion the (allegedly) learned (ditto) gentleman should have hidden under a rock. It would have been a positive encouragement to the rapid propagation of slime. It would have added to our planet's bivalve population. SPD's only, provable, positive contribution in greening the planet is that he contributes to tree growth.

But, in the interest of fairness, it's worth remembering that we all exhale carbon dioxide.

It was rather disappointing, though, that his (no doubt professional) self-concealment in the Court of Law at a particular South Coast resort famous for a Pavilion, meant that I am unable to comment on his disrespect for our Courts and Judges. Imagine a member of the public going into court dressed as a common or garden scruff. In other words "I don't give a tinker's cuss about you, judge; or your court." Ask yourself whether you would take the occasion seriously and dress accordingly.

This particular member of the Bar has, perhaps, adopted the, fictional, character Rumpole of the Bailey as some sort of icon or role model. But I feel unable to apply the sobriquet "Rumpled of the Br.....n xxxxxx Court" because he had tucked himself away behind three thick curtains, out of view.

However, in early November, I had the, dubious, pleasure of seeing the person in wig and gown as Advocate in the High Court of Justice at London. The unwashed, un-ironed and stain-dotted gown were an insult to everyone who saw the seriousness of the matter.

Worse still was the wig which, to judge by the *gentleman's* itching and scratching of his scalp, appears to have missed one or two applications that substance which we use on our cats and dogs; I mean flea-powder.

As I said at the start of this review, these are simply my honest opinions. There are some things that are actually offensive, not just to the Court but to us all. I will only add, for the record, that this member of the Bar would certainly not place in his mouth the product of his scalp scratchings and it would be ridiculous to imagine him doing it in an open. Public Court of Law.

#### Marks out of 10

Courtesy; n/a

Integrity: n/a

An unusual ability to cry (behind three thick blue curtains) in Court whilst not being a dove: 100%

Honesty: n/a

Skill in getting his wrongful financial claims treated as a "Trivial Error": 100%

Sartorial correctness: -100 [Editor- to the power 10]

Honi Soit Qui Mal Y Pense

*A queen of England when her garter slipped and was identified by a Lord of that time as being the Seal of the Head witch of England ensured the man's silence and complicity by forming the Order of The Garter there and then. She made this Lord the first member with the immortal words, above.*

*These words are entwined in the Courts' Heraldic shield with the other phrase, Latin this time, Dieu et Mon Droit. An interesting combo, loosely translated as "You got me but sshh and join the club. By the way I have God's permission to re-write history, etc, etc; actually, anything I want."*

*What's changed?*