

THE DAILY RECORD

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Arthur Miller, K.S.M. and Bayh's finger

Just when I think we have a chance, that civilization just maybe might continue its existence and the world just possibly is not coming to an end, the thought evaporates into a cloud of vapor, in less time than it takes Fox news to make stuff up.

There I was, in my sublime "Alice in Wonderland"-type world, where reality is upside down — not unlike the planet where Bizarro Superman lives — and poof! Instantly, our country's first man-whore is being interviewed on television. In the interview he explains he's just like Rosa Parks and Gandhi. Gandhi and Parks waited for justice for years and, apparently because of this enlightening interview, I'm supposed to suddenly see justice in the vapor, and finally understand why Gandhi and Rosa risked their lives. This could be the best argument for euthanasia I've ever seen.

I've been trying to get worked up for this column for the last two weeks. I asked my wife what I should write about. "Honey," I asked, "how about 'justice delayed is justice denied?'"

This is a woman who never fails me, a woman who has always been there by my side, through thick and thin, unwavering in her support.

"It's your column," she snapped.

Maybe the only approach to this one is the "random thoughts" approach. You know the one a writer (i.e., me) takes, when all else fails, pretending to cleverly amass a variety of different topics as if the end result was an intended and well reasoned composition, a column that desperately attempts the subterfuge required to fool the reader (you) into thinking there has been some semblance of order in (my) mind. It's a cop-out because, alas, there is only chaos. Still, it just might work.

Back to justice delayed: I realized that we can kill several birds with one stone. The stone is called "get rid of the national deficit and a terrorist threat at the same time." For a small amount of money, in a few weeks we should rent the Olympic Luge in Vancouver. Not the shortened sissy one, mind you. No, we must insist on the one with the extra nine stories in the first 600 feet.

Then we hold a raffle. The winner gets to shove the unsuspecting lugee off at the very top of the run. That one's a big ticket and will get us all a lot of money, with which we can start to pay down the national deficit. The rest we'll pay off with the tickets we sell to the spectators.

Now, for the brilliant part: Instead of the security risks, time,

and expense inherent in a federal District Court jury trial in Manhattan, we'll let the lucky raffle winner shove Khalid Shaikh Mohammed down the luge run. No delay in justice there, because it wouldn't take long at all — I think about 23 seconds from opening argument to verdict would suffice.

Imagine anyone from the Democrats or the Republicans objecting to that one. Besides, they are so busy resigning from office they won't have time to even formulate a decent press release.

Even the people in Congress can't stand the people in Congress. They're starting to trample each other to death as they head for the exits. They're running faster than a Congress full of real Supermen after hearing an official announcement on the PA explaining that the Capitol dome is made of kryptonite.

Bayh's finger is the last thing you see as he scampers out the door. Pick a party, any party. One is worse than the other. Just try to pick out the worse one and you'll wind up in an endless loop in the space-time continuum only Einstein or Stephen Hawking could get you out of.

Sometimes only a good line from an old movie will fill the bill. As Slim Pickens said in "Blazing Saddles": "I am depressed."

Now for a complete non-sequitor: Mark Cuddy will be on our radio show this Sunday, when Bill Brongo and I will discuss estates and anything else our callers ask about. With Cuddy, we also will discuss the Arthur Miller play "The Price."

As Mark and I have been e-mailing back and forth, he reminded me that Miller's play is about inheritance issues. The story involves two brothers dealing with their life-long animosity while deciding what to do with their father's possessions. Cuddy is a brilliant director and I am honored to have him on the show. How incredible is that! I watched Cuddy's "Frost/Nixon" just after I'd seen it done on Broadway. Cuddy's was far superior.

Not to seem too far out of my league, I decided I needed a classic quote from an old movie to write an appropriate e-mail reply to Cuddy, who innocently asked when we would record the upcoming show.

My response? And this is verbatim: "What Time are we recording? We don't need no stupid recording!"

"Recording? You kidding me?"

"What are you in films? No — there is a reason you're not in

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films!

“We are live, just like the stage. Live is interaction — live is what you produce.

“I won't ask you to do films-just don't ask me to record.

“It is a call-in show, so be prepared for reality.

“Any Sunday morning 8 a.m. you want — but if you open on the 23rd, we'd better do it soon.”

Then I gave him a polite out, adding: “AUTHORS MESSAGE: If that really, really, really doesn't work for you, I'll record it ... but if we do, you'll regret it, maybe not today, but soon, and for

the rest of your life.”

Cuddy wrote back that he'd be ready this Sunday morning. I'm thrilled.

Now, back to the deficit: Who else can we invite to go down that luge? The Gandhi man-whore?

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