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Valparaiso University School of Law

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Moskowitz to replace Bryce Drew

By Jerry Seinfeld
Editor

Who will ever forget Bryce Drew's last second three-pointer to beat Ole Miss in this year's NCAA tournament? This time next year it could be our very own Sy Moskowitz landing the buzzer-beater to win the game. That's the hope of the VU men's basketball team after they successfully recruited Professor Sy Moskowitz to be a starting guard next season.

Although Moskowitz graduated over thirty years ago, he still has some eligibility left. Just before his senior year, Moskowitz tore his ACL ligament (thus forever leaving him a knee- jerking liberal), and he had to sit out his final year.

The professor, affectionately known as "The Cobra", was once the terror of the Ivy League. He was dubbed "Captain Hook" for his effective use of the then-popular hook shot.

"The Cobra" was a name given to Moskowitz by the unsuspecting law students that were devoured by his students' youthfulness. His Socratic teaching methods.

Moskowitz sees his advantage in years as an asset. "I don't see myself as being older, just wiser and more experienced," says the ever-optimistic professor.

Crusaders' coach Homer Drew has been waiting until after the season ended to announce the signing of "The Cobra." Drew, hot off his whirlwind tour of the Sweet 16, told The Foreplay that he sees Moskowitz as the key to rebuilding his team next season.

"Sy is a guy that has impressed me from the very beginning. I met Sy a few years ago when he was playing one-on-one with Bryce at the ARC. He's got some serious athletic ability. Bryce and Jamie Sykes kinda took Sy under their wings this year to get him ready for next season. In fact, I had Sy scrimmage with the guys prior to the Rhode Island game. Both me and coach Harrick expect big things from Sy next season," said Drew.

Moskowitz is hoping some of the VU students' youthfulness will rub off on him as he plans to take some undergraduate classes, "just to make it official."

"If I were playing for Jerry Tarkanian (head coach of Fresno State), it would be another story. Tarkanian would find a way for me to play without all of the official requirement stuff," adds Moskowitz.

While it is doubtful that Moskowitz will break any of Bryce Drew's records at VU, he will break a record by being the oldest senior to play men's basketball in the NCAA. Good luck, Sy! See you in next year's Final Four.

Bodensteiner named Dean for life

By Ally McBeal
Staff Writer

It was the job that he didn't want. Now it's the job he wants to keep. Acting Dean Ivan Bodensteiner announced last week that he has asked the university to name him Dean Ad Infinitum. Why the change in heart for the longtime constitutional law professor?

"It was the taste of power, basically," said Bodensteiner. "It brought back the good old days when I controlled this law school with an iron fist." Bodensteiner was the dean of the law school in the late 1980's.

When asked about the incoming dean, Professor Jay Conison of the University of Oklahoma City Law School, Bodensteiner replied, "If you think I'm going to let some Okie take over my law school, you're #6&! crazy."

"You're not going to print that, are you," he added.

Bodensteiner compared the deanship to the Federal bench.

"They hand out life-time appointments to Federal judges, and I'm a hellava lot smarter than those clowns," said Bodensteiner. Most of the faculty seemed pleased with Bodensteiner's decision to stay on as permanent dean.

"Anything to keep him out of a classroom," said Professor Paul Brietzke.

"Was he the dean this year?" asked Professor Bruce Berner. "I didn't even notice.

Bodensteiner summed up the rationale for him to become Dean Ad Infinitum by saying, "When you have someone who is intelligent, responsible, compassionate, and a natural leader, you don't let that person slip through your fingers."

Geisinger quits!!

Elvis sighted!!

New classes offered!!

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Easy Classes, Easy Grades

By George Costanza
Staff Writer

The following classes are recommended for those who are looking for an easy class that doesn’t involve much work, i.e. reading or studying. Unless you’re brain dead, you can pass these classes!! The higher the number on the list, the higher the grade.

1. Environmental Law - Prof. Blomquist (Prepare for serious boredom, but it’s worth the price.)
2. International Law - Prof. Straube! (Don’t even bother to attend.)
3. Any Prof. Brietzke Class - (Just get a good outline.)
4. Any Prof. Sixth Class - (Reading doesn’t help, just write “Abortion is evil.”)
5. Fed. Tax Procedure - Prof. Van Wormer (Easy class. That’s what they tell me.)
6. Criminal Procedure - Berner (Class is all you need.)
7. Pre-Trial skills - Prof. Malkowski (She’s so nice. But class is a waste of time.)
8. Med. Malpractice (Easy class.)
9. Business Associations - Prof. Smoot (It’s self-explanatory for those with the real supplement)
10. Federal Estate and Gift Tax - Prof. Hart (The book was worthless.)
Geisinger resigns in protest

By Leonardo DiCaprio
Staff Writer

Assistant professor Alex Geisinger resigned Monday after his Secured Transaction class ended. Geisinger cited his students' lack of enthusiasm for the law as the reason for his departure.

"They just don't care," said Geisinger. "I come in here and bust my butt three hours a week, and for what? For you." Monday's Secured Transaction class began with Geisinger shouting "Yo!" and reminding students of his attendance policy. Geisinger then asked a question the obvious answer of which was "The Code." But instead of raised hands and answers, all the assistant professor received was silence. Even the ever-reliable Tony Pearson was mute. What followed was a scene reminiscent of Peter Finch's performance in the movie Network.

"Is there anybody out there? Has the Spring shut down all activity in the few brain cells you guys have left?" queried the assistant professor.

Geisinger continued.

"I'm not just doing this for kicks. I'm trying to get you guys to think like lawyers; that's my job, you know. You've got to revel in the ambiguities. You've got to synthesize this stuff, rub it together. This can be so much fun, if you'll only try-y-y it!"

When some students in class began to snicker at Geisinger's remarks, the pot that was Geisinger's temper boiled over.

"Do you think this is funny? Do I amuse you? Am I a clown to you? This is serious stuff, you guys. This is what you're going to be doing for the rest your lives. And professor Geisinger has [with the school]."

And as a word of warning, Bodensteiner concluded, "Don't think we won't remember this when tenure time rolls around."

Rothenberg possessed by Satan

Hello you gullible lot. This is your "President" once again. I put my title in quotes because I feel that is it time to come clean. You have all been taken for fools. You have been given a ride. You have had the wool pulled over your eyes. For the past year the man you thought of as Marc Rothenberg has been directing and dictating an image of friendly policy maker for your benefit. I feel that as in two weeks my term will be up, I should tell you the truth. I have been nothing more than a puppet of extraordinary interests. Now normally a politician is the puppet of a special interest. Why are the interests which control me extraordinary? The answer is simple. They are supernatural. Example one. The whole Barrister's Ball at the casino. That was not my idea. Beelzebub. Lucifer. The Prince of Darkness. Yes, I took a bribe from the devil. In exchange for leading the school to a world of sin, I got a new mountain bike with spoke reflectors and everything. I think it was a more then fair deal. I got a bike, and you all gave your souls to Mephistopheles for a few hours. You did not need that part of your soul anyway.

Example number two. The Halloween party. It was on a Thursday. Could it have been on a Friday? Sure, but it wasn't about to be with Aaron Burr's ghost lining my pockets. That's right, I got a gold pen from Aaron Burr's ghost in exchange for having the party on a Thursday. Why? Hey, I don't ask questions, I just take the goods. I have a pen, he had his party. Whooppee.

Example three. The smoking issue. Now there are lots of rumors as to why this happened. The truth? I was visited by strange subterranean dwelling creatures who gave me a magic rock, which, when I am 64 1/2 years old will lead me to a mysterious train station which will take me to the land of talking candy. Hey, the offers just keep getting better. Other things Computer problems, Davy Crockett's dog gave me a formula for time travel, Newspaper Rack, Albert Einstein's maid gave me plans for a nifty perpetual motion machine.

What can I tell you. I am corrupt. All I can say is that if it weren't for Mark Gum, I would have really gone over the edge. I feel better now that I have admitted to taking kickbacks, kickups, kickers, kicks, and kitchens. I am sorry and ashamed. I hope you find solace in whoever takes over for me.

Remember we love you,
Marc Rothenberg

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Beautiful View of Golf Course, Ponds and Fountains
Fact or Fiction?

By Andrea Welch

They say that fact is stranger than fiction. This seems to be very true in law, just read a few cases. Below are unbelievable facts from various cases. See if you can pick out which cases are real and which are fiction?

1. The Hog Bite Case:
   There once was a hog who had a problem with the next door neighbor. The hog never liked the neighbor and would go over to the neighbor’s home to express his feelings. The neighbor had notified the hog owner that his “The Hog has gone bad”. One day the neighbor aware of the hog’s antagonism peeked from his front door, seeing that no hog was around quickly ran to the outhouse. After taking care of business, he again peeked from the door and seeing no hog, felt secure that he could walk out safely. To the neighbors dismay the hog lying in wait behind the outhouse, chased after the man. The neighbor ran for his truck and before he could get in the hog bite his hand.

2. The Scary House:
   This is a case where to the plaintiffs’ horror, they discovered that the house they contracted to purchase was widely reputed to be possessed by poltergeists. The judge ruled in favor of the plaintiff under the doctrine of caveat emptor with the following quote from the opinion “from the perspective of a person in plaintiff’s position herein, a very practical problem arises with respect to the discovery of paranormal phenomenon.” “In the interest of avoiding such untenable consequences, the notion that a haunting is a condition which can and should be ascertained upon reasonable inspection of the premises is a hobgoblin which should be excised from the body of legal precedent and laid quietly to rest.” “It should be apparent, however that the most meticulous inspection and the search would not reveal the presence of poltergeist at the premises or unearth the property’s ghoulish reputation in the community.”

3. Getting Caught with your Pants Down:
   There is never a more humbling experience in one’s life as the time when your in close proximity to a porcelain bowl with your pants down and in the process of doing your business. All of a sudden, you and everything that you’re on, falls threw the floor boards and you realize you are in a big hole. Not only do you look up to find witnesses to your predicament but you also realize that now the only way out is up. And you have messed up your pants.

4. Ode to a Cow:
   When is a cow not a cow? When it is a cow as special as Rose 2d of Aberlone. In a Replevin for a cow, the main controversy was that Rose was thought to be probably barren. After the buyer and seller agreed to the terms of the sale and while waiting to be picked up by her new owner and complete the transaction. Rose had inspired a bull and proved that not only was she not barren but very selective. Now that Rose was with calf she was not just a cow and Rose’s owner did not want to give her up at the agreed upon price. The judge was so enamored of Rose 2d of Aberlone that she inspired him to a poetry.

Are you able to figure out if the facts from the above cases are fact or fiction?

If you get some time, access the following cites for the answer:
Sherwood v. Walker, 33 N.W. 919 (1887).
Whelan v. Atta, 383 S.W.2d 205 (1964).
Elvis sighted at VUSL; Smoot suspected

By Malini Manheim & Marianne Goel

Last week, the King of Rock and Roll, Elvis Presley, was sighted on the Valparaiso University Campus. Witnesses say they saw him sneak out of Wesemann Hall after hours in tight black polyester bell bottoms and characteristic sunglasses and sideburns. One witness says he saw Elvis in Professor Smoot’s office and he thinks Professor Smoot is actually Elvis reincarnated. Another witness, Jason Paradis, thinks that Elvis never died and is Professor Smoot in disguise. Paradis stated, “I spotted Professor Smoot eating fried peanut butter and banana sandwiches. At that point, I knew he was Elvis...I knew the King had come back,” he added.

When approached by school officials, Professor Smoot denied the allegation, and quickly hid his blue suede shoes in his office closet and took a quick swing of Boone’s Country Kwencher. Some are of the belief that Smoot has been ingesting questionable substances since he has been trying to convince his fellow faculty members to start a chapter of the Full Monty. Apparently, Smoot is more familiar with Jailhouse Rock than the others, who continue to refuse to lose their clothes.

Evidence suggests that Professor James Smoot could indeed be the real Elvis. Professor Smoot came to Valparaiso in 1993. Before that time, he lived in Memphis, Tennessee, the home of the King. Furthermore, since the Valparaiso community has started getting suspicious about Professor Smoot’s true identity, he has become uncomfortable and has announced his plans to return to Memphis. Many believe that Professor Smoot is trying to leave before people discover he is really the King. When asked to comment, Smoot said, “I ain’t nothin’ but a bound dog.” As a plea to the law school community to believe him, he added, “Don’t be cruel...just love me tender, love me true.” It’s also uncanny that James Smoot has a taste for fine autos, as did the King.

History has it that Elvis’s last concert was held in Indianapolis on June 26, 1977. He then disappeared on August 16, 1977. It is very likely that the King just stayed on in the Hoosier State and moved to the Valparaiso area. Nobody would find him in Valpo.

When asked why he is going back to Memphis after this semester ends, Smoot, “all shook up,” answered, “because my baby left me.”

Titanic Sequel

By Kate Winslet

Director James Cameron, fresh from the Oscars, announced he will immediately begin working on a sequel to the film that helped him to become a household name and possess eleven Oscar statues. When pressed to say what exactly the new film would cover, at first he replied, “why the hell does it matter?” He continued, “I will make billions by using the same lousy stars again and sticking them in a new boat that sinks”.

The part of the new captain of the ship, which will be named “The Maine”, will be played by Professor Smoot. Cameron plans to make the movie even more exciting than the last one. More people dying, more money to spend, an even longer movie, and more nude painting scenes. When asked if he would do any research on the history involved, he responded, “why bother? No one really cared about it the first time.”

Because the film will probably be about 12 hours long, he did not make a promise that Professor Smoot will survive the final cut, but he will definitely have the most important scene in the movie when he yells at Leonardo DiCaprio, “You can’t act, what gives you the right to tell me how to steer my Ship?” Finally, former Dean Gaffney was reportedly seen working on the ship as an extra in the final scene entitled “dead people floating”. Unfortunately, Gaffney almost got fired on the first day for fidgeting around too much. Good luck Mr. Cameron!
Annieversary of Mediocrity

Anniversary of Mediocrity

by Alec Palsgraff
columnist sans cause

Alas, it was one year ago today that this questionably prolific author made his dubious debut in the august pages of The Foreplay. It only seems like 365 1/4 days to me. Much has happened in the meantime, the lean time, and all the in-between time. Most notably the pending addition of the much ballyhooed Jay Conison to the law school administration.

Your columnist may be many things (most of them not printable), but punctual is not always one of them. I sought to write about Conison’s visit and open forum with students on March 26. However, I was tardy in my arrival. (I was five minutes late by the clock in the atrium which was probably 35 minutes late by the clock in the courtroom based on Einstein’s theory of relativity and the comparable effects of gravity on time in each of our separate classrooms. My theory is that the gravitational pull and its effects on time are proportional to the density of the students in the classroom which always seems to rise markedly when I walk in the door.)

Due to my tardiness, all of the pizza had been consumed and all of the seats taken. Using math no more dubious than that of a certain much bally-who’s-ed guru I shall arbitrarily name L.S. Ayres, I figure 2/3 of the current VUSL students (give or take a factor of volatility in recidivist enrollment tendencies which is high enough to give all of us a “put option” on tuition payment) had a vested interest (with no remainder to be sure, but hardly large enough to support the interest that there should have been in this special opportunity to gain an audience with Mr. Conison.

Perhaps THEY (yes, the infamous and amorphous THEY once again rear their many horned, conspiratorial heads) thought that the new dean might feel like Rocky in a meat locker should the meeting be held in Tabor on what was quite clearly the most beautiful day of 1998 to date. Alternatively, perhaps THEY reserved an inadequate number of seats for students to be able to show support for their school. Yeah, right Alec, like that ever happens. It seems that seeing one’s own dear should not be as difficultly competitive as obtaining seats to a Sweet 16 game.

I mean its not like THEY were opportunistically gouging us like a bookstore when a University team has a successful season. That would be silly, I mean, that would be the equivalent of looting one’s own town after winning. Oh, wait. Would it be ridiculously idealistic or hopelessly paranoid to find it curious that a certain student organization here at the law school can make a

New classes offered for Fall

By Kosmo Kraemer
Staff Writer

The Registrar announced several new courses that will be offered in the Fall of 1998, including:

Dodge Ball - Professor Moskowitz
This class will provide a refreshing physical alternative to the typical law school curriculum. Students will sit in their seats and attempt to dodge the professor’s repeated attempts to nail them with a rubber ball.

Not-So-Intellectual Property - Professor Yonover
This course covers property that cannot rightly be called “intellectual”, through no fault of its own. It’s unclear what exactly this means, but hey, there’s no final exam!

Conventional Dispute Resolution - Professor Vance
This course covers the time-honored methods of resolving disputes, such as dueling, arson, and assassination.

Why Abortion is Immoral (formerly called Jurisprudence, Criminal Law, and American Legal History) - Professor Stith
This bold new course combines jurisprudence, criminal law, and American legal history themes and uses them to illustrate the professor’s own agenda.

Illegal Writing - Professor Straubel
This course teaches students how to improve their writing skills that may help them when they cannot get a job after graduation. The importance of writing clear, non-legalese stick-up notes, blackmail letters, and forged deeds and checks will be stressed.

Sexual Harassment - TBA
This course instructs students on the loopholes of federal and state sexual harassment laws, to enable them to improve on those skills. Guest lecturers may include Bill Clinton.

Meditation - TBA
This course teaches students how to resolve legal problems, not by looking at the case law or statutes, but by using New Age methods to search within themselves for the answers. Limited to five students.

fundraiser out of a race in which $8 covers the cost of a T-shirt and raises funds for the organization, but a hypothetical University couldn’t seem to charge less than $15 for a t-shirt, when it holds the rights to the hypothetical University’s name and logo? Hypothetically speaking of course. Perhaps things would actually be more efficient were the inmates running the asylum, as it were. I regret the eventuality that many who have been ardent whoopers and hollovers would end up the proverbial last in line only to receive the shaft of the gold mine of holop and hype.

You are probably called to this writer’s satire and occasional cynicism, but then again, so am I. You’re lucky. You don’t have to live with me everyday, much less listen to these incessant voices in my head. Some readers, I understand, have challenged me for not ‘naming names” in my criticisms. I have a number of responses to this charge. 1) I am a chicken. 2) I can’t repeat the names I sometimes use colloquially. 3) I aspire not to seek laughs at another named individual’s expense like some noted and aforealludedto (I love literary license to constructulate new words) gurus. I prefer to simply point to everyday foibles that occur anywhere a number of people have to work together. It’s the nature of the beast and, don’t look now, but we’re the beasts. I would plea for us to stop the insanity, but then, what would we have left?

Tallia

Quality Clothing
with
Same Day Alterations
Top 10 ways to find job of your dreams

By George Costanza
Staff Writer

Well, it’s that time of year again, when our 3Ls get ready to leave us as they begin their lives as attorneys. As graduation and the bar examination get closer, I would like to give some suggestions on how to find the perfect career:

1. **Work on your networking skills.** Remember, all law students from all law schools are trying to network at conventional affairs, such as bar association functions, lectures, and job fairs. So catch people when they are not so busy and can devote their attention to you. Call or visit them at home late at night or on weekends, or invite yourself to their family parties. Alternatively, meet them in court and talk to them while they are in the middle of a trial. This way, you will stand out and they will remember you when you later send them your resume.

2. **Recommendations.** Obtain letters of recommendations from prominent judges and politicians. Remember that these people are very busy so you will be doing them a favor by simply writing the letters yourself and signing their names to them. If you don’t even know these people, that’s O.K. too since the potential employers probably also don’t know them. Phone calls from these people to prospective employers are also effective, but since they are very busy you may have to improvise by having your friends make the calls and say that they are the people.

3. **Start your own practice.** This is a lucrative possibility for the bold few. Get clients by calling up or visiting survivors of accident victims. Stir up litigation in your community. Bribe the police to give you DUI or misdemeanor leads. Mass e-mailing prospective clients, several times a day, will ensure that they remember you. Everyone loves lawyers so this conduct will get you off to a great start.

4. **Alter your interview style.** Having lots of first interviews but no call-backs? Your personality must really suck, but don’t worry, there is hope. For females, Frederick’s of Hollywood provides alternative “interviewing clothes.” If that’s not your style, remember that it’s legal to carry handguns in Indiana. Employers love assertive job candidates!

5. **Improve your resume.** How will a prospective employer really know that you weren’t the editor of law review, or that you really didn’t clerk for Justice Scalia last summer? Be creative and invent a new image for yourself. Law firms will be impressed with your ability to enhance the truth.

6. **Relocate to a less congested market.** Let’s face it folks, there are a lot of attorneys here in Valpo, and the market is saturated. Relocating to a less crowded environment might give you an advantage since you won’t be competing with graduates from a dozen other law schools. Alternative locations for your skills could include exotic places like Iraq, Bosnia, and Algeria. You will find a higher demand for legal services and much less competition. Remember to leave VUSL in your will.

7. **Blackmail.** So you insist on pursuing the dream job at a huge metropolitan law firm? One way to land such a job is to go through the hiring partner’s garbage cans and discover information that can be used against him/her unless the firm hires you. If this doesn’t appeal to you, hiring a private investigator is also a good investment.

8. **Nepotism.** This should be fairly self-explanatory. Take advantage of any family members who have clout to get you a job. Don’t worry if your grades are unremarkable and you have no experience.

9. **Consider non-legal alternatives.** Much has been said about non-law related career options for attorneys, but not enough attention has been drawn to more contemporary possibilities. Selling drugs is a good way to pay back student loans, and robbing banks provides an exciting and always-changing career. Always keep your options open. Remember to leave VUSL in your will.

10. **Think about pro bono work.** Not! Well you can think about it, don’t actually do it. We just talk about it to sound nice. VUSL would rather you make lots of money so that you can send some back to the school.

Whatever you decide to do, remember to maintain the high Standard of professionalism that VUSL has instilled in each of you. And of course, remember your law school every year.

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THE FOOD DUDETTE

RESTAURANT NAME: Burger King
RESTAURANT ADDRESS: Valparaiso, IN
RESTAURANT PHONE #: 219/465-5555
OVERALL RATING: D
FOOD QUALITY: D-
VALUE FOR $: C-
ATMOSPHERE: D-
SERVICE: F
AVERAGE ENTR EE PRICE: $1-3

COMMENTS: The first observation you may make when entering this “meat and potatoes” establishment is the lack of prompt service. We waited for over two hours to be seated, and then we were “waited on” by a uniformed gentleman who advised us to “buy something or quit loitering.” The nerve! The signature dish, a “Whopper,” reminded me of a big hamburger with a lot of toppings. At for atmosphere, there is not even a piano player, but you may be lucky to find a group of teenagers with a radio on crowded days. The wine list was seriously lacking in California reds. Valet parking is uncommonly sluggish; we gave our car keys to the valet and we still haven’t gotten the car back yet, and it was several weeks ago.

RESTAURANT NAME: La Spooof
RESTAURANT ADDRESS: 2065 Kalia Rd., Waikiki, Hawaii
RESTAURANT PHONE #: 808/923-2598
OVERALL RATING: A
FOOD QUALITY: A+
VALUE FOR $: B+
ATMOSPHERE: A
SERVICE: A
AVERAGE ENTR EE PRICE: $220-300

COMMENTS: This warm French restaurant is well worth the trivial 8-hour flight across the Pacific. The atmosphere is superb; an open-air dining room that breathes elegance, with a spectacular view. You can’t beat the seafood – try the lobster with cognac sauce, or the mahi-mahi. The grilled rack of lamb is also a good option. What the heck, try everything on the menu. You only live once. Service is cordial, and the menu offers a wide range of delicacies. La Spooof’s wine list is longer than the average Jurisprudence reading assignment (and much more practical). Save room for one of the marvelous desserts, or perhaps four.
Appalled. Flabbergasted. Mfitlicted with astonishment. A month and a half ago I was informed of the passing of one of the great ones, The Flash. When confronted with such disturbing news I did a little snooping a la Hong Kong Phooey. I found out two things. (1) The Flash was nothing more than a fraud. (2) The Flash is not really dead. Let me tackle the first part of my discovery now. In investigating the Flash’s death, I was lead to the great city, Metropolis. There, I met with the big man, the Man of Steel, Superman.

Now let me preface this next part with the following disclaimer - I have always held Superman in the highest regard. And until I met him, I considered him to be the epitome of America and brotherhood. I was wrong. Instead of finding a superhero, I found a hard drinking, womanizing, foul mouthed braggart, who could not stop talking about himself to save his life.

All I can hope is that Superman suffers from Turret’s syndrome, which can be controlled with some radioactive medication. From him I learned little or nothing, and I knew I had to move elsewhere.

So from Metropolis, I flew to Gotham, home of the Dynamic Duo, Batman and Robin. As I stood outside stately Wayne Manor, my mind reeled, remembering all of those adventures which began right here, with Bruce Wayne picking up that flashing red phone. As I waited, time began to grow, and I realized that no one was home. But being the lucky guy I am I found a mailman who was working the street. He informed me that Batman and Robin were out of town on a South Pacific vacation. When asked about the Flash, the mailman gave me the following response.

“That guy? I used to deliver mail to his house. He used to get a lot of magazines, he had lifetime subscriptions to Soldier of Fortune, Circus, and High Society if I remember correctly. Yeah, he was really whacked out. But you know he really had no super powers, he just claimed he did, but I don’t feel right talking about him, maybe you should go see his psychologist, Dr. Strange.”

I thanked the mailman and I made arrangements to go see Dr. Strange. The trip was expensive because Dr. Strange is a Marvel hero, not a D.C. hero, and the journey required me to transverse universes.

When I arrived at the doctors house, I found him smoking a long pipe and reading an old volume of Keats. I then began to question him about his patient, the Flash.

“Well, he was the most fascinating case I ever saw, a paranoid megalomaniac. But any super powers? Since he is dead, I don’t see any harm in telling you - it was all uppers. Amphetamines. Red Hots. Flash was addicted to speed. That’s what made him so fast. It wasn’t some accident involving radiation, it was crank. Don’t be surprised, you think Aquaman could naturally speak to the fish? Nope, it was a side effect from all the acid he took back in the 60’s.

Yes, I am sorry to say that the Superfriends are, in reality, just a horrible offshoot of the drug culture.”

The Dr.’s words sank into my heart. I was shaken and stunned. “I myself, am a product of many, many trips to Central America,” he said. As I left the mansion I began thinking, maybe superheroes are not the way to go on this one. I then decided to look to another source for my information, the Flash’s ex-cleaning lady/lover. (For the purpose of anonymity she will remain anonymous.)

She told me something very interesting. She told me that the Flash was working at a bowling alley named “Ted’s Ten Pins” in Boca Raton, Florida. I flew down the next day, skipping Trusts and Estates. When I arrived at the alley, I saw him. Sure he tried to change his appearance, he no longer wore a red suit, he grew 5 inches taller, and gained about 400lbs, and became Hawaiian in ethnicity, but it was him. By his bowling shirt his new name was “Art”. He also wore an anarchy headband. But it was him, I was never so sure of anything in my life, it was the Flash. We talked that night, mostly about Vietnam and meat processing, and I never did get him to admit his true identity, but I knew who I was talking to. Yes, Virginia, the Flash is alive. Don’t worry, while he may be on sabbatical, he is alive. Even though he is a junky, a fraud, and a libertarian, I feel safe knowing that the Flash is out there, somewhere, doing good.

‘The Flash’ recognizes his adoring fans at a public appearance at the ‘Blue Chip’ casino.