

# Dial M for Moammar

I used a new Japanese electronic gizmo to tap into president Ronald Reagan's phone yesterday. As it turned out, he was on long distance with Libya's Moammar Khadafy.

"Hi, Moammar, it's Ron ... what ... yes, that's right, Ron Reagan. Listen, Moammar ... you remember about that, ah, unfortunate little problem ... right, yes ... when we ah dropped a few bombs on you ... oh you do! Ah, er, well ... listen, there seems to have been a sort of snafu here in Washington.

"Come on Moammar, you're not really still mad are you?

"Well, it seems that Nancy was talking to her astrologer, Mrs. Quigley, and Mrs. Quigley told Nancy that Jupiter was in an obtuse angle to Mars, and when you divide the angle by the square root of the length of the San Diego freeway ... are you with me Moammar? ... no, no, this has nothing to do with Star Wars ... no, it's what we call astrology ... you're kidding, you mean you have one too? Well, that's just dandy.

"What's your sign, Moammar? Golly! I get along great with Leos.

"Anyway, Moammar, so Mrs. Quigley told Nancy the stars were saying loud and clear that a Libra was going to cause trouble and should be taught a lesson.

"Now you know, Moammar, that I've got a bum ear. Remember a couple of years back that great big fuss over my cemetery visit to Bittsburg. That's right, the place where the German soldiers were buried and I gave a speech about forgetting and forgiving. Well, with my bad hearing, I thought my aides told me we were in Pittsburg, not Bittsburg.

"Right you are, Moammar, it happened again. Nancy told me over the phone to watch out for a Libra and my bum ear heard Libya.

"The next thing you know, the admiral who commands our Mediterranean Fleet called me up on the ship-to-shore to give me the latest star sightings. And guess what? I said to him, 'That Libya is a problem in my chart.'

ERIC  
MARGOLIS



"You know what these ship-to-shore phones are like. I guess he heard 'Blow Libya apart.'

"Anyhow, good buddy, it was all a terrible mistake, and I just wanted you to know. Nancy is very upset. Maybe we could send Jeanne Dixon over for a week to sort of make up?

"And I'll tell you what, Moammar, I'll even forget that you are sending your best tea leaf reader to help out that nasty General What's-his-name in ah, ah, Panaragua ... oh, yes, I mean Panama, er ... that's it ... Noriega!

"Mrs. Quigley warned me about that man ... he's a Sagittarius and you know what bad people they can be ... oh, hold on just a sec, Moammar, my tarot card reader, Madame Uspenskaya, is on the other line.

"Sorry, Moammar, Madame Uspenskaya and Nancy just did a reading and guess what? No, Moammar, we're not going to bomb you again ... no, the cards say we should ground the Strategic Air Command for the next 11 days because there are negative impulses coming from Tibet.

"By the way, Moammar, have you tried sitting under one of those pyramids? You know, the kind that put out a sort of force field? My friend Hosni Mubarak over in Egypt ... you know him? ... oh, he bombed you too? ... well, anyway, Hosni sits under one of his pyramids every day and told me to do the same.

"It sure does work, pal. How do you think I keep my hair so dark ... you should give it a go, I've noticed some grey hairs on your head, Moammar.

"No, no, Moammar, the CIA didn't tell me. Matter of fact, we don't have a CIA anymore. Don't need them. We've got a new super agency called the STAR — Special Terrestrial Astrology Reporting. It's all very hi-tech.

"We've put all our top people under one pyramid, ha, ha, ha ... Nancy tells me there are computerized Ouija boards, automatic handwriting, a special new facility for trance communication and even a state-of-the-art ectoplasmic concentration centre.

"Why, just last week our good friend Deng what's his name ... that's right ... the little guy who's the big eggroll in China ... well, he sent over some of his top I Ching experts to teach our boys how to roll those Chinese bones.

"Great results, Moammar. I sent George Bush off to the top of Mount Shasta to sit cross-legged and stare at the rising sun. The I Ching said it's the best way to balance the budget.

"Uh oh, drat. Sorry, Moammar, I have to run ... that Gorby fellow is threatening war over something ... Nancy, Nancy, quick, get Mrs. Quigley on the phone ... what, she's not ... well try her at the hairdresser's!"