



Zine #4 - 37 - Political Phreaking

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Political Phreaking

by Desaster Area

Since Desaster Area has members in the CIA, they have free access to the tape-recordings of earlier Transatlantic Phone Calls. This time they publish a call on the Hot Line between Bonn and Washington. Acting persons: Ronald Reagan (RR), and aide (A), Helmut Kohl (K) and Hannelore Kohl (HK). Have fun...

RR: (to A): Get me that guy in Germany on the phone.

A : Which one, east or west, Helmy or Honny?

RR: Our guy, of course, what's his name? ... aaah ... Bismarck?

A : Kohl, Helmut.

RR: Okay, get me Helmut on the phone.

A : But it is three o'clock in Germany now, three o'clock in the morning. You will wake him up?

RR: So what? I am the boss in the West. We won the war.

A : Okay, here's the phone. toot - toot - toot ...

K : Ja, Adenauer hier, aeh Helmut Kohl, der erfolgreichste Kanzler von Big Fat West Dschoermaenie. Welscher Idiot weckt misch?

A : He does not speak English.

RR: Listen, Helmut, this is Ronnie Reagan.

K : (jumps out of the bed and stands to attention): Jawoll, Herr President, wot kaen Ai du for yu?

RR: Hi Helmut, we have a problem, the Russians have just marched into Germany.

K : Wot? I mast tell the BILD-Zeitung.

RR: Yeah, and we begin to bomb you in five minutes.

K : Bomm as? Bat warum?

RR: Well, we must kill the goddamn Russians who are marching into Germany, because if we bomb the Russian in Russia they will bomb us, so we decided to bomb only the Russian in West Germany, then they will not bomb us.

K : Ai anderst £nd, bat yu kaennot kill as tuh, wie ahr yur freunds, wie lahf yu.

RR: That's why we must bomb you, because if we don't, you'll all become communists.

K : Bat Ronnie...

RR: That's the only way to save you from communism, you said to me: better dead than red.

K : Okay, Herr President, Ai understaend. Pliehs bomm us. Guhd bai, Herr President. Yu ahr a truh freund of se dschoermaen piepel. Saenk yu for ewrising yu haef dan for as. Nau Ai mast sing "Deutschland •ber alles" biefor Ai gan tu haeven.

RR: Hahaha, I was only joking, hahaha. (to A): This idiot thought I was serious.



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K : Bat Ronnie, hau matsch angst yu meid mieh. Yu haef satsch a gud hjuumor, Herr President - aend saenk yu werry matsch saet yu as not bomm!

RR: That's all right, maybe next time. How's your wife Tusnelda?

A : Hannelore, Mr. President.

RR: Ah, Hannelore?

K : Mein Weib? Jawoll Herr President, Ai weck schieh sofort. Lorchen, aufwacken, Amerika on si apparat! Schie kams, Herr President.

RR: Yeah, great, how's the weather in Kabul?

A : Bonn, Mr. President.

RR: Ah, Bonn.

K : Melde gehorsamst, se weser is hau Herr President wisch.

RR: (to A): That's how I like my partners. (to K): And how are you Erich?

A : Helmut, Mr. President.

RR: Ah, Helmut.

K : Sehr haeply tu spiek wis yu, Herr President.

RR: Good, I make you an honorary American.

K : Ouh saenk yu, Herr President.

RR: I'll make you my chief cowboy on my ranch in California.

K : Ouh Herr President ... bat hier kams mai waif. Shie kaen Englisch tuh.

HK: Hallo, Mr. President, Frau Bundeskanzler at your service...

RR: Hi Maggie!

A : Hannelore, Mr. President.

RR: Ah, Hannelore.

HK: Very happy to hear your voice. I was just dreaming of you. What can I do for you?

RR: Listen, Nancy is just cooking dinner, she wants to know how much ketchup you put into an apfelshtroodle for two persons.

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