

## DREAM SEQUENCE

MATTHEW K. FRANKLIN  
Stanford, California

I had the strangest dream last night. I dreamt that I was flying over Washington, D.C. toward the White House. As I passed the front gates, I could see a line of picketers pacing back and forth, back and forth, back and forth. The pacing got me so dizzy that I could hardly tell which way was back and which was forth! They were shouting something about the Attorney General, who was refusing to leave office despite mounting evidence against him and continuing calls for his resignation. I caught a glimpse of one of their signs as I flew by them:

ON LIVES MEESE - SEEMS EVIL, NO?

When I got up to the White House, I flew through an open window into the Oval Office. There was the President meeting with his advisors! Elliott Abrams was briefing Reagan about the situation in Panama. Apparently, Manuel Noriega was not succumbing to U.S. economic and legal pressure, arrogantly and stubbornly holding onto power. Secretary of State George Shultz broke in and said we ought to kidnap the General and bring him to trial in this country on drug charges. Shultz got quite animated about this, banging the tabletop and crying:

MR. ASSURED? NUTS! IF NORIEGA CAN IDLE, HELD IN A CAGE,  
IRON FIST UNDER US'S ARM...

I remember looking at the President then. He sat smiling, only half-listening to George's tirade. I started thinking about the Iran-Contra scandal, and how Reagan seemed so unaffected by it all. I mean, here you had Special Prosecutor Lawrence Walsh holed up with his team of lawyers for months and months, looking for clues. Meanwhile, there were reports of free security equipment for Ollie North, and a secret government-within-a-government run by old Bill Casey and the CIA. Moreover, ex-CIA chief George Bush (who may have been up to his elbows in it all the time) was running for the Presidency! The more I thought about it (in the dream), and about the public's apathy and disinterest, the angrier I got. I flew down onto the table, standing right over the President's jelly-bean jar, and voiced my outrage:

NORTH GIFT? CASEY ERA? CIA'S OR BUSH'S LAW? WALSH SUB ROSA?  
I CARE, YES! ACT, FIGHT RON!

That proved to be too much for me, and I woke up in a cold sweat. My wife said that I'd been tossing and turning all night. I believed her. It had been that kind of a dream!