

# OPINION

## The Small Picture

by Kurt Hildebrand

editor

Oh boy, it's primary time again. And the Democratic party is looking to New York to provide it with a front-runner, a leader, yes, someone who can beat George Bush in November.

Dukakis looks good for the position right now. He is from the Northeast, he has got Cuomo in his pocket and Koch out of it.

I don't know if I would want Mayor Ed Koch to endorse me if I were running — surely no one in New York still pays the slightest attention to him anymore, and to the rest of the country he is a sort of epitome of what is

wrong with New York and why there are so many people who live there who want to live someplace else.

If I were a candidate, I would be very pleased at some endorsements and a little frightened by others.

For instance; if, say Lee Iacocca were to endorse me, I would be pretty pleased with myself. Along the same lines, I would consider an endorsement by, say Ivan Boeski, to be the kiss of death.

In politics, I would really appreciate Tip O'Neill's endorsement as a Democrat, but I don't think I could muster up the same level of appreciation

for the same endorsement as a Republican. The same goes for Walter Mondale.

If I were Tip O'Neill, I would go out on the campaign trail next week and heartily endorse George Bush for President and keep doing it until George finally found the time to get a court injunction against me to make me stop.

If I were Al Gore, I think I might appreciate an endorsement from Crosby, Stills and Nash, but I think I would probably burst a blood vessel upon picking up the *Washington Post* and finding that Twisted Sister (where ever that group may have gone after being plunged into the obscurity it so richly deserved), Frank Zappa and Ozzie Osbourne had

all gone on record as thinking I was the best thing since Slang Dictionaries.

I know if I were Tipper, I would divorce Al on the spot and begin my own campaign.

As a candidate, I don't think I would be too thrilled by an endorsement from the Ayatollah Khomeini or Muammar Khadafi or Daniel Ortega. But, I probably wouldn't mind an endorsement from Mikail Gorbechev (I would consider him for my running mate, but only if California was a key state).

In the late eighties movie stars are big endorsers of candidates. I see the current favorites as being Clint Eastwood or Eddie Murphy. I think I would probably avoid

Jane Fonda or Robert Redford — they are kind of behind the times.

I would not seek Sean Penn's endorsement, but Madonna would be all right (though I personally would not have anything further to do with her, at least nothing which could be mentioned in a family newspaper).

One thing I would seek endorsementwise would be a newsman, preferably a network anchor, preferably the one with the highest rating at the time. Failing that (and I would be willing to use money, drugs, threats, carrying out of threats, torture and hypnosis on any of the big three) I would ask Walter Cronkite. Better an old newsman than no newsman at all.

## Art Buchwald

The only thing you see when world leaders meet is their exit. The only things you hear are pallid declarations as the leaders face the microphones.

"We had a very fruitful exchange which will eventually lead to mutual understanding," the premier says.

The U.S. secretary of state then speaks. "The discussions were frank and open and we hope someday they will produce positive results for the entire region."

Diplomacy demands the two people make such statements. But you have to read between the lines to get the real meaning.

This is what the premier really wished to say when he described the talks as fruitful. "When the secretary of state tried to blackmail me by threatening to cut off ground-to-air missile deliveries, I had no choice but to throw the fruit bowl at him."

While the secretary of state really wanted to say, "What can you expect from a man who has devoted his entire life to

being short?"

And so it goes. Here is the dialogue — and what the leaders were really thinking:

The premier speaks into the mikes, "We had sharp exchanges but now we can move forward." ("The secretary wants peace and he wants the Russians at the table. How can he have both? The trouble with the American is he plays too

much tennis and the sun gets to his head.")

The secretary, not to be outdone, asserts, "I intend to come back and continue the discussions we have had today, because only by talking across the table will we be able to reach solutions to knotty problems that confront the premier and myself." ("Even if he agreed to everything I could not accept the terms because I did not understand a word he was saying.")

World leaders always

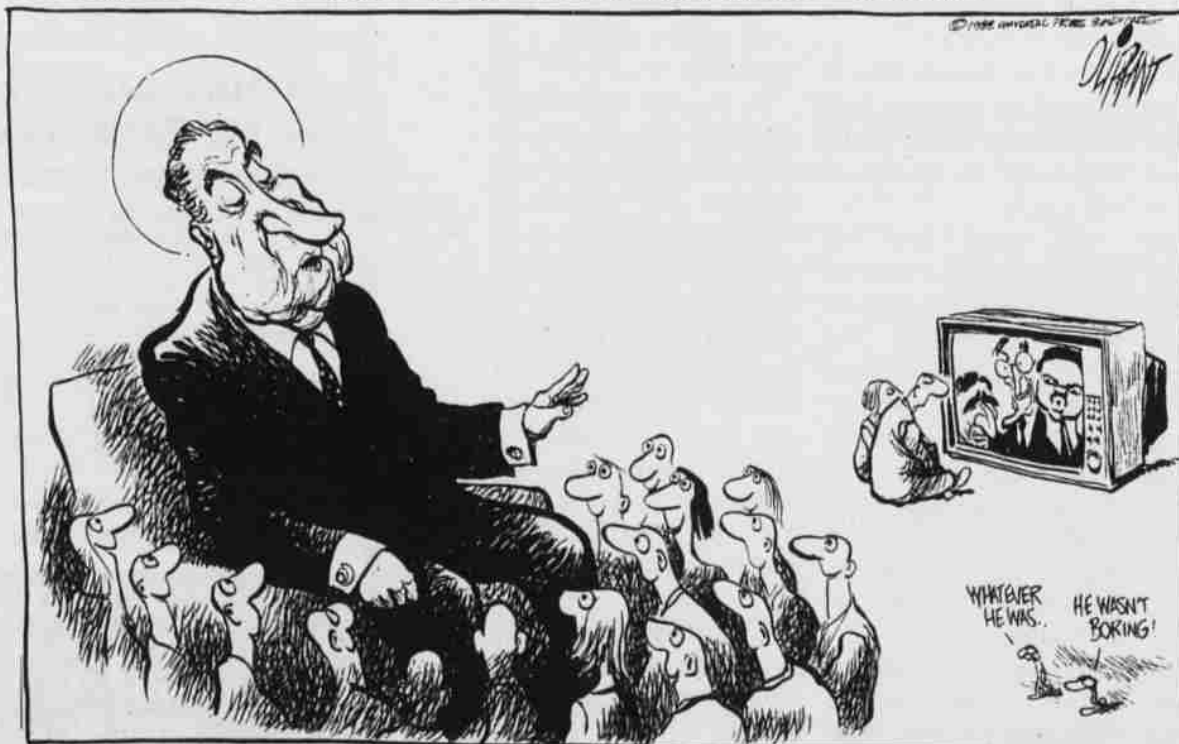
know their remarks will be shown on television and sent around the world. That's why they don't want to look like losers.

The premier has a lot going on in his head when he is speaking into the mikes, but he knows it is wise not to let on what it is — such as, "If we didn't need the new F-16s I would have spilled water all over his pants."

The secretary of state always bites his tongue so he won't blurt, "The premier is stubborn and obsti-

nate and doesn't know up from down. All he wants is war, and if he keeps doing what he's doing he's going to get one. Not only do I disagree with him diplomatically, I don't even like him as a person."

the premier looks at the microphones and declares, "We are now going to have a friendly lunch." But what he says to himself is, "Inviting him to lunch was a mistake. He'll continue to talk and it will just give me another headache."



AT A TIME OF GREAT NATIONAL BOREDOM, THE PEOPLE SEARCH FOR REASSURANCE...

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