

# El Joe



by Ehud Neor

The stage is not all the world. True, it is hard to say where the real world ends and the play-acting begins, but we know where the play-acting ends: right at the top, with a propped-up US President. But it doesn't really end there, does it? It continues right into the Walter Mitty world that is the realm of the President's brain. "I'm the first black...female...Vice President...combat pilot...World Series champion...oh, you know the deal. Here's the deal." It's a delightful vision for the Western world, isn't it? In order to cling to power, those behind the scenes need to cling to the pole propping the President up. It is a replay of El Cid. I'm expecting shocked faces in the crowd of the Democrats' convention, who were

expecting the worse, when they see their beloved leader, stiffly walking to the podium, shining under the effect of some wonder drug and stage lights, wave and smile down at them. Suddenly, a single delegate shouts out: "It is the Joe! It is the Joe!" and all the other delegates join in.

Here's the deal. Deal with it.