

Down with COVID: Walking Eagle's a super spreader, absolutely tremendous, everybody's talking about it

We Told You So

Just as Phillipe and Jorge went to press, we learned that President Walking Eagle (he's so full of shit he can't fly) and his First Lady, Melorderbride, have tested positive for the coronavirus. Gosh, we immediately put on black snoods and worried our prayer beads. Walking Eagle has since flown to Walter Reed.

That the ignorance and arrogance of The Donald was put on full display and highlighted by COVID-19 was no surprise. He who called the COVID pandemic a hoax and refused to wear a mask despite all the best medical advice - even mocking his presidential election opponent Joe Biden for wearing one - and completely lying about his abysmal and ultimately fatal reaction to warnings about the coronavirus that has the US with ticking up to more than 200,000 deaths, now has the chickens coming home to roost.

The visual image of the Orange Orangutan that immediately comes to P&J's mind is that of him shuffling down a hospital corridor, naked under a backless johnnie, looking for a comb and some hair spray while alternately berating or trying to hit on the female nurses. *Tres presidential, n'est-ce pas?* How would you like to have this bloviating blowhard as your patient?

There are a number of reasons P&J can think of as to why this biological avenging angel struck our commander in chief:

- He didn't take the advice of the best healthcare professionals in the world
- He refused to wear a mask until he was publicly shamed into it, and allowed his staff and political appointees to play to his vanity by not wearing them either
- He brought together cheek-by-jowl crowds at his rallies in open defiance of the social distancing being put into force by any municipality or state with a leader who possessed an IQ over 50
- God just got fed up by sending all the warning signs anyone other than a self-centered idiot could figure out, and decided to smite him personally, muttering, "Get it *now*, asshole?"
- - Etc, etc, etc.

At least this overweight, 74-year-old insane stable genius who may as well have a target for COVID-19 painted on his back for becoming infected will now have an excuse for his daily mindless and knowingly misinformed comments and decisions. Meanwhile, the American public can just stand by and watch as Walking Eagle melts into a puddle *a la* the Wicked Witch of the West, shrieking, "I'll get you my pretties, I'll get you," leaving only whatever of his hair is actually a rug atop the mess.

We expect that if worse comes to worst (and of course P&J would never hope that The Donald pops his

clogs due to COVID-19), Fox News will have exclusive rights to his post-mortem events, with Sean Hannity presiding over his memorial service. And we assume all his enablers will be given day passes from whatever white-collar prisons they are in to attend. Wearing masks, thank you very much.

Sideshow Don Meets Joe B

Your superior correspondents, along with millions of others, dutifully tuned in to what was billed as a presidential debate on Tuesday evening, September 30. What we got instead was a childish display of ill temper by the sitting president of the United States, while Joe Biden and moderator Chris Wallace tried, but failed, to make things at least appear civil.

The “debate,” or whatever you would call the event that was televised from Cleveland that evening, would have been better suited to the moderator skills of the late Don Rickles than Chris Wallace. Subsequently, it was announced that Steve Scully from C-Span would moderate the next debate. What no one can apparently figure out, however, is how to control the behavior of the President of the United States in order to have the semblance of an actual debate. The suggestion of muting one’s mic while his opponent has the floor would be a good first step.

We would hope there are enough voting citizens out there watching this who are mentally stable enough to see that the current president is dangerously unstable and another four years of his lunacy will sink our country into further despair. (To that end, P&J will be wearing our official New Orleans-certified “Geaux Jeux” t-shirts right up to November 3.)

Wit Will Win Out

Prior to the Trump/COVID news, which will doubtless prompt a tsunami of editorials and op-eds about Walking Eagle’s getting what he deserves, the best column on Massa Trump came from Nicholas Kristof in the Sunday *New York Times* of September 27, titled “To Beat Trump, Mock Him.”

Bullies, impostors and liars hate to be exposed and tweaked by someone with a grin on their face. Yet Americans who are horrified by the thought of another four years of this dangerous clown play into his hands by rearing up on their hind legs and shouting back at him, while looking at the public and essentially blaming them with an undertone of “Why can’t you morons understand?” That’s no way to sway people to your cause.

Kristof hit the nail on its head by writing, “I suggest that Americans aghast at Trump absorb a lesson from abroad: Authoritarians are pompous creatures with monstrous egos and so tend to be particularly vulnerable to humor. They look mighty but are often balloons in need of a sharp pin.”

Kristof gives examples from Serbia to Malaysia about some of the slyly humorous public stunts pulled off by opponents of the corrupt and (sometimes murderous) dictators of their countries. There are no people more adept at this than the Brits, and we should follow suit. It was they who greeted Trump on his official visit to England with the famous Macy’s parade-style giant balloon accurately portraying The Donald whining and crying and wearing diapers. The Big Baby, which is exactly what our president is with his often-childish vocabulary and nicknaming penchant, had to piss him off more than someone screaming at him from beyond a barricade while wearing a t-shirt with a picture of Che Guevara on it.

P&J have attempted to take this road of death by a thousand absurd cuts for 40 years, with admittedly at times too-strident screams for justice from people to whom we – and you, boys and girls – are looked

upon with disdain and whose views matter not at all. Unless you stick them in the ribs with a stiletto rather than bash them on the head with a sledgehammer. So go for the funny bone, where you will find more effect. And as Kristof points out through a brilliant and inspiring 1945 quote from George Orwell: "Every joke is a tiny revolution."