

# The Statler-Waldorf Debate

## “ZOMBIES COME TO MIND”

by [Joseph DeMaio](#), ©2020



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(Mar. 16, 2020) — OK, against my better judgment, but committed to trying to save the nation with my repeated warning, *i.e.*, that the Democrats have forfeited any claim of right or competence to govern a free people in a constitutional republic such as ours..., your humble servant watched the Biden/Sanders “debate” tonight. To note that it was a painful ordeal would be a massive understatement.

One was reminded of the exchanges between Statler and Waldorf, the two “angry old curmudgeons” from the [Muppets Show](#). The problem, of course, is that Biden and Sanders are not animated fictional characters on a children’s show: they are the Democrat Party’s leading contenders in the evaporating cluster of people vying for the right to be decimated by President Trump this November. The only question was: who was Statler and who was Waldorf?

After enduring the entirety of this, the *eleventh* confrontation between and among the past and present contenders, rest assured, your faithful servant’s warnings are only further fortified. After spending the first, maybe, twenty minutes bashing President Trump for his administration’s handling of the Chinese Wuhan (there... I said it...) / coronavirus pandemic and how each of them was adhering to stringent sanitary protocols, both candidates continued to touch their respective faces, foreheads, chins, ears and noses (Sanders even targeting his left nostril once) as they lectured all of us in TV-land (there was no live audience) on what to do on a personal level to combat the spread of the disease. Do as I say..., not as I do.

While tempted to turn channels to re-runs of the real Statler and Waldorf on PBS, I decided to continue watching the CNN propaganda broadcast. Bad choice. The debate

will have changed no minds and only provided yet another platform for the trashing and denigration of President Trump, this after the president had specifically requested everyone to set aside partisan political animus and mobilize for the common good: fighting the Wuhan virus.

Fat chance. Taking to heart the advice of former Obama Chief of Staff Rahm Emanuel to “never let a crisis go to waste,” both Biden and Sanders used every opportunity they could to politicize the pandemic contagion and slam President Trump for (here, dear reader, insert \_\_\_\_\_ whatever notable accomplishment you believe the administration has thus far achieved in fighting the disease).

Neither Biden nor Sanders came close to proving that they are prepared to take on President Trump. In fact, the only thing they proved is that, as many are now suggesting, the only hope the Democrats have of beating President Trump in November is if one or the other of them – or someone oozing out of a brokered convention in Milwaukee in July – has as a vice-presidential running mate resembling the one painted on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Stated otherwise: it ain’t gonna happen. The 2020 election Democrats are toast. They are dead men, dead women, and dead what-ers walking, as yet unaware of their status and condition. Zombies come to mind.

Bottom-line memo to the electorate: if you value your sanity and worth as an American, vote every single Democrat up for election or re-election in Congress or the Executive out... of... office... in November. No exceptions. You owe it to yourself, to your kids, to your grandkids and to the nation at large. Trust me: I channeled the Founders right after the “debate” and, to a man (yes, Virginia, they were of that XY chromosome variety of person), they agreed. Unanimously.