

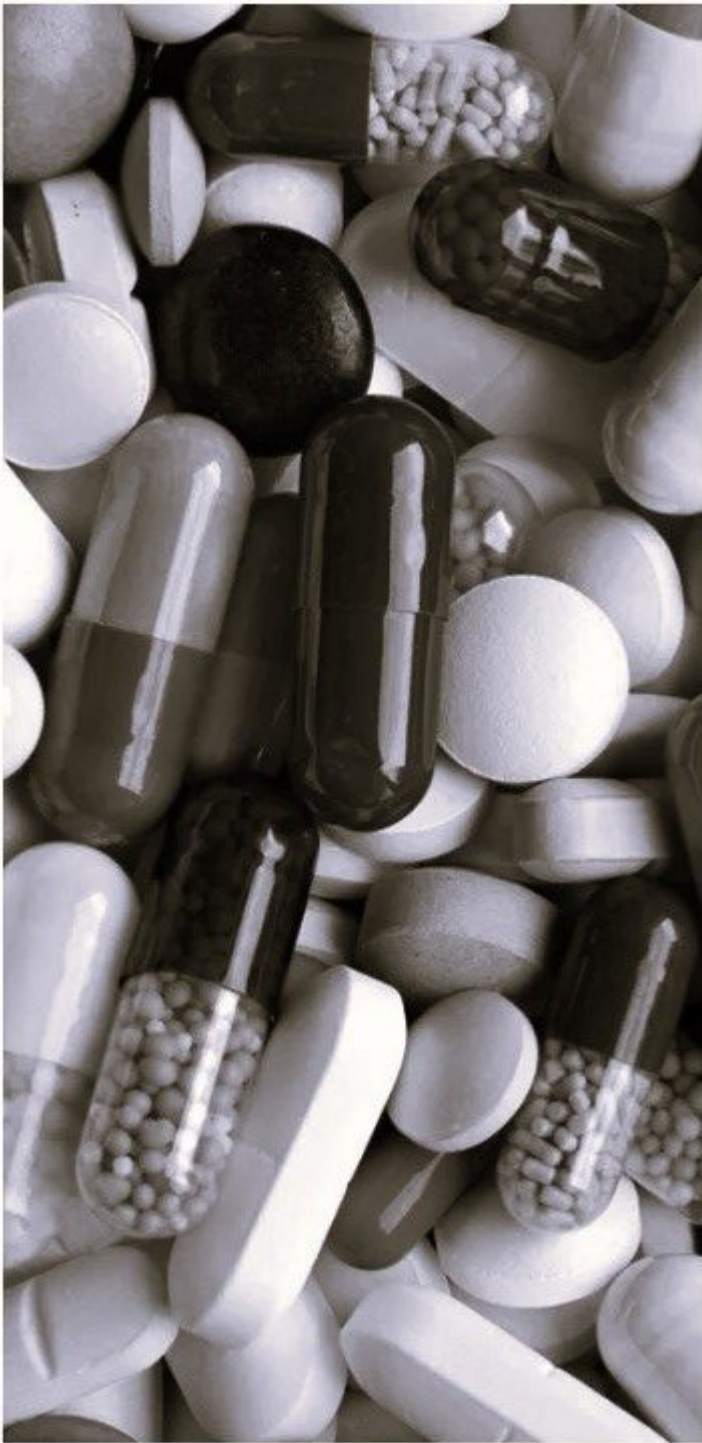
The Drugs of Joe Biden

By Ehud Neor

The craziest thing in all this craziness is not how some unelected and secret tribunal has managed to uphold Joe Biden as the President of the United States for so long, rather, it is the uncontestable fact that for every “Bumblin’ Joe” clip out there, there is another clip that is even more frightening, showing the same Biden speaking cogently and convincingly for extended periods of time. Who are we to believe? Our lyin’ eyes or our lyin’ eyes?

Things are not supposed to be this way at the top of the Western Totem Pole. There should be a mostly esteemed figure that can easily be imagined as a statue on the quad...after that figure retires or passes away. Certainly not in the middle of a speech or while climbing the steps of Marine One. Statues are for afterwards, though with all the recent defiling and toppling of statues, statue-bound figures may be making changes to their wills as we speak to prevent anyone from erecting a monument in their honor. Who wants their memory spat upon?

Where was I? Oh, the shooter on the sloped roof. No, not that. It was the deactivation of a President in the modern equivalent of an execution by guillotine. Send him to a debate with the wrong drugs, or, as it seems in this case, drugs with a finely orchestrated change in dosage to receive the desired result. What was the desired result? That you the viewer, the voter, would respond to the debate in a way that would seem to evince that you yourself received the dosage. How so?



I have a unique perspective on this. I opened my computer after the debate was over, so that on my way to find the actual clip of the debate, I had to sift through seas of lock-step commentary declaring the debate a total disaster for Joe Biden. I almost felt that there was no need to see the actual hours-long debate. But what could I do? I am a son of our times. I thought that there had to be some real doozies in there to receive such global condemnation, and I just had to see them for myself.

There were no doozies. There was no sense—as there is in his worst clips—that regardless of the words coming out of his mouth what we were hearing was: “Where am I? What am I doing here?” His performance could easily have been blamed—at worst—on him having a “bad day.” Biden’s opponents were ecstatic. If Biden’s handlers were declaring a disaster, nobody among Trump’s supporters was going to object. I challenge you, dear reader. Listen to the entire debate. Is

there anything there that is remotely similar to the worst we have seen of Biden? Far from it. He performed reasonably for hours. He wasn't in the street fight that Trump was in, but his performance was reasonable. Why was he so cruelly disowned by his supporters? Those supporters would have us entertain a vision of a sitting President, holding his decapitated head under his arm, that head mouthing on an endless loop: "Where am I? What am I doing here? Did I win? Why do I feel so short?" I repeat: that was not the debate that I saw. This is base cruelty.

One tries to take a step back, to escape, if only for a moment, this dystopian reality and to make some sense out of it, only to be bombarded with the next scene in this surreal production. Sloped roofs anyone? One gets the feeling that in the eyes of whoever is orchestrating this Keystone town band, those listening to the music are lower than dupes, lower than dopes. The conductor, the creator of this great cacophony, is deviously and not-so-gently urging us towards a promised resolution. He knows what is best for us. He points to the glimmering fields of grain in the distance. He has the solution. He's got the dope. He wants us to want it.

I'm afraid we already do.