

Fear and loathing in the Biden Crime Family

-Howie Carr, The Boston Herald

“I have no response.”

That was Dementia Joe Biden’s response Friday when he was finally asked about the devastating expose of his son Hunter’s emails and so much more.

Those revelations included the crack-addled Hunter whining to one of his daughters that he has to pay 50% of all the cash he collects to “Pop,” and that as part of a shady Chinese deal, the so-called “remuneration package” would include “10 held by H for the Big Guy.”

“I have no response,” the Big Guy told a CBS reporter. “It’s another smear campaign, right up your alley.”

But he didn’t deny it. Biden — or more precisely, his keepers — haven’t disputed the veracity of the Biden Crime Family documents, or that they are from Hunter’s laptop. They were obtained legally, after an “inebriated” Hunter abandoned the computer at a repair shop, according to the New York Post.

The usual alt-left suspects — the AP, NBC “News,” Rep. Adam Schiff — went through the tired motions of trying to blame it all on, who else, the Russians. But seriously, how many times can these hacks cry wolf, even to Wolf Blitzer?

Dementia Joe’s keepers have always understood that Hunter was capable of getting Pop into this kind of a jam. That’s how far gone Hunter Biden is.

Which is why last year they commissioned one of their Democrat stenographers with a press pass to try to inoculate the campaign. The Bidens ordered up a sob story about Hunter in one of their party organs called The New Yorker.

At the beginning, the obsequious scribe engaged in that Democrat tradition of projection, accusing the Republicans of everything he was up to, “promoting, without evidence, the dubious narrative that Biden used the office of the Vice-President to advance and protect his son’s interests.”

Dubious? Again, Biden hasn’t denied anything. Without evidence? Ditto. And as we know now, it’s not just his son’s interests “Pop” is protecting — Hunter told his own kid he’s kicking up half to the old man.

In mob parlance, Hunter’s an “earner.”

Actually, in the context of the modern-day Ministry of Truth that the alt-left media has become, the Hunter Biden Agonistes are somewhat amusing.

Consider that he shares a first name with Hunter S. Thompson, the so-called gonzo journalist who was, like Hunter Biden, an alcoholic and a drug addict.

In one of his more famous books, Thompson recounts driving a rented car through the Nevada desert while on drugs.

“And suddenly there was a terrible roar all around us and the sky was full of what looked like huge bats, all swooning and screeching and diving around the car.”

Forty years later, Hunter Biden was in a rented car (in which he would later leave a crack pipe) out on the same desert at night, stoned out of his own mind.

“A large barn owl flew over the hood of the car and seemed to follow him ... He said that he has no idea whether the owl was real or a hallucination.”

What is Hunter’s background, you ask? How could he get himself into such a situation, with his father’s political opponents in possession of damning evidence of corruption, not to mention apparent pornography. (The subpoena for Hunter’s hard drive was signed by an FBI agent who has been described in the press as a specialist in crimes involving child pornography.)

Hunter seems to have spent time in half the high-end rehab centers in the U.S. Here’s a selection, from last year’s puff piece in *The New Yorker*:

“(He) soon admitted himself to Crossroads Centre Antigua for a month ... he returned to Crossroads Centre ... In July 2014, he went to a clinic in Tijuana that provided a treatment using ibogaine, a psychoactive alkaloid ... which is illegal in America.”

Ibogaine — another link to Hunter S. Thompson. In 1972, Thompson introduced the drug to America by falsely accusing another Democrat presidential candidate, Ed Muskie, a colleague of Joe Biden’s, of going berserk on the campaign trail after overdosing on ibogaine.

“He looked out at the crowd and saw gila monsters instead of people.”

Back to Hunter Biden’s curriculum vitae: “He enrolled as an outpatient at the Charles O’Brien Center for Addiction Treatment at the University of Pennsylvania.”

That’s where his father falsely claims to be a professor, you may recall.

“He then enrolled in an inpatient program for executives at Caron Treatment Centers, where he used the pseudonym Hunter Smith. ... In February 2016 he enrolled in yet another addiction-

treatment program, run by the Kolmac Outpatient Recovery Center. ... That fall Hunter made plans to go to the Grace Grove Lifestyle Center in Sedona, AZ.”

You can see why all these foreign oligarchs would be falling all over themselves to offer such an extinguished, I mean distinguished, person such outlandish sums — \$1 million a year from Burisma, \$10 million a year from a Chinese company “just for introductions,” another “850” for Hunter, not to mention, of course, the 10 for “the Big Guy.”

In The New Yorker piece last year, Hunter tells his adoring hagiographer, “I’ve pretty much always lived paycheck to paycheck.”

Of course he has. In her divorce petition, his first wife said Hunter was “spending extravagantly on his own interests (including drugs, alcohol, prostitutes, strip clubs and gifts for women with whom he has sexual relations) while leaving the family with no funds to pay legitimate bills.”

There’s more, so much more, and it’ll be all coming out this week, with many more references to “Pop.” And what can Pop say beyond, “I have no response.”

Somebody pass the ibogaine.