

A Trinity of Big Lies in the "Foley Diddles, Denny Fiddles" Follies

(1) *Fag-abetting Democrats*

(2) *Endangered kiddies, and a*

(3) *Poor victimized, molested drunk*

by Terry Michael, October 4, 2006

The possibilities for a New York Post headline were endless, but I'd have gone with, "Foley Diddles, Denny Fiddles."

More than a little reminiscent of the disaster that rocked that other gay-hating defender of family values, the Roman Catholic church, this Republican made-for-cable sex scandal has spawned an unholy trinity of big lies.

Let's start with the most outrageous, courtesy of Newt Gingrich. What a waste of talent is the former speaker. A big picture guy, capable of so much more, he resorted to throwing red meat to the GOP's embarrassed Taliban wing, when he offered the over-the-top observation that Democrats would have charged gay-bashing had the Republican leadership aggressively gone after Congressman Foley when the first emails surfaced months ago. What a slimy sound-bite crock!

In fact, Democrats would have done exactly what they're doing now, which brings us to the second big fib: playing the "Our Endangered Kiddies" card.

During the cold war, you could get attention for any ill-conceived public policy pronouncement if you connected it to the commies. Now, the late-parenting baby boom generation of mommy-party liberal Democrats, engaged in political pandering by press release, reacts in mock outrage at daddy-party conservative Republican leaders placing our precious children at risk.

I've never been a parent, thank god, but I was once 16. And by the time I was a sophomore in high school, I'm sure I would have recognized a creepy old man, gay or straight, when I saw one, as did the teenage pages who got unwanted cyber-attention from the honorable, what-are-you-wearing Mr. Foley.

So now, in the Oprah-ized world of arm chair TV psychology, we are confronted hourly by an endless array of Childrens' Advocates, seeking their 15 minutes on every poorly-rated cable babble outlet, offering advice on how to save our babies. Sixteen ain't an adult, but at the beginning of the sex-sophisticated 21st Century, these kids are not babes-in-the-cradle either. They were perfectly capable of taking care of themselves, which they obviously did.

Last, but certainly not least, there's Mr. Foley's big lie. His initial contrition was pretty straight-forward. But after he had the "benefit" of legal counsel, it didn't take 24 hours before he entered alcohol re-hab, followed in the next news cycle – surprise, surprise! – by the revelation that he was a victim of child molestation.

In the world of modern trial law, it appears that nobody is ultimately responsible for his own actions. It couldn't simply have been bad judgment by a jerk. It had to have been the demon rum, or some demonic priest that made him do it. Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, this man is also a victim; show him a little compassion, please.

What it really was is really simple: a sexually repressed middle-aged man, spending a career colluding with the anti-gay bigotry countenanced by the national Republican Party, finally crashing and burning.

You play with fire, you may end up in hell.