



Written by [Becky Akers](#) on June 8, 2011

## Grilling Weiner

“And another one gone, and another one gone  
gone — Another one bites the dust...”

— Queen, Another One Bites the Dust

Yet another rat in the nest of 'em we call Congress has exposed his true colors. On Monday, Rep. Anthony Weiner (D-NY) lost the pious, patriotic façade these rodents assume as his virtual adultery grabbed headlines. He joins a horrifically long list of federal sleaze:

[Ted Kennedy](#), [Wilbur Mills](#), [Barney Frank](#), [Bob Packwood](#), [Wayne Hays](#), [Gerry Studds](#), [Mark Foley](#), [Larry Craig](#) ... *ad infinitum*, *ad nauseam*.

"[Hottttt Dog](#)" has always been a philanderer, "[with a long and glamorous list of exes](#)." For sure, power is the greatest aphrodisiac because aside his office, wimpy Weiner has nothing to recommend him.



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Nonetheless, he finally found someone dumb enough to marry him last year; you probably won't be surprised to learn that she's "[a top aide to Secretary of State \[Hillary\] Clinton](#)" who "[went to work](#)" for Her Majesty "in 1996 ... and has been by her side ever since." But wait, the stupidity compounds: "[Former president Clinton officiated at \[the aide's\] wedding to Weiner on July 10\[ 2010\]](#)." Kinda like asking Jack Keivorkian to officiate at your appendectomy, isn't it? Omens don't come much worse. And boy, wouldn't you love to hear the discussions between these two betrayed wives right about now! Here's hoping the verb "Bobbittize" looms large in their conversations...

Before and during this dubious union, the Hottttt Dog continued his graphic online flirtations with at least six women. One such liaison resulted after "[a 26-year-old single mother from Texas](#)," Meagan Broussard, "[liked a YouTube clip of one of Weiner's speeches](#) that had been posted to his Facebook page. She also commented — 'hottttt' — on the link, which is still publicly visible on Weiner's page... Weiner 'almost immediately' added Broussard as a Facebook friend... According to Broussard, the two immediately began messaging..., eventually exchanging 'hundreds of messages,' many of a sexual nature."

Ms. Broussard may be a trollop, but she asks penetrating questions all the same: how could the Hottttt Dog "[be elected to Congress](#) and sit there all day on Facebook and chatting?" Hey, that's better than his usual activity in the House. Indeed, Ms. Broussard ought to win a Purple Heart since every moment the Hottttt Dog was texting her means one less spent [legislating against us](#). Besides, does duty come any more hazardous than reading and responding to a congresscritter's smut?

Turns out Hottttt Dog is a photographer as well as a twit-sorry, Twitterer. This recently married lout



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intended to send a self-portrait of himself in his underwear to a co-ed – excuse me, I’ve got to go wash my hands – to a co-ed in Seattle; instead, he mistakenly posted it “[on his public Twitter feed on May 27.](#)” (There is no sacrifice Your Intrepid Reporter won’t make while researching an article. Yep, I clicked on the notorious “[crotch shot.](#)” And yep, I advise against your doing so. Yuk.)

Hottttt Dog relied on tried and true political strategy when his error hit the news: he lied, claiming someone had hacked his account. Indeed, “[a spokesman says Mr. Weiner](#) [such an unfortunate name] has asked a lawyer to look into the matter and determine if civil or criminal actions against a hacker should be taken.” You’d think a guy who lies for a living could invent a more credible whopper than that. No matter: Hottttt Dog stuck to this easily disproved story for ten days.

Confronted with records of phone calls and Tweets, he finally ‘fessed up earlier this week: “...I [Twitted a photograph of myself](#) that I intended to send as a direct message as part of a joke to a woman in Seattle. Once I realized I posted to Twitter I panicked, I took it down and said that I had been hacked. ... To be clear, the picture was of me and I sent it.”

To be clear, the guy is a louse. Which ordinarily wouldn’t concern me or you: a man’s priapic pictures, filthy Tweets, and infidelity are between him, his wife, and the Lord.

But we aren’t talking about a man: we’re talking about one of the sociopaths who rule us. These smug, arrogant bozos micromanage our lives to the tiniest detail – they demand that we light our homes with the bulbs they decree, drink the milk they approve, educate our children where and how they specify, watch broadcasts they regulate – yet they miserably fail at running their own affairs, so to speak. Is there a more dysfunctional set of fools anywhere than Congress? OK, yes: the average bureaucracy. Why do we listen to either, let alone pay their bills and kowtow to their every whim?

Tragically, most Americans accept government’s grossly inflated, outrageously vainglorious opinion of itself. They buy the lie that “experts” are more qualified to decide questions fundamental to their lives and well-being than they are — and that political office instantly transmutes a salacious playboy like Hottttt Dog into a wise and knowledgeable authority. When he shows himself for a mere mortal, albeit far more depraved than the rest of us, they trot out government’s other Big Lie: that if only we can find and then elect or appoint “good” people, government will finally “work” to produce heaven on earth.

This is an utter impossibility, as history and common sense both prove. “Governing” consists of nothing more nor less than forcing your will on those without the power to resist — in a word, bullying. No wonder it overwhelmingly attracts trash like Hottttt Dog.

The sort of person eager to intimidate others is hardly “good”; if he doesn’t wind up in politics, look for him in jail. We aren’t shocked when free-lance thieves and murderers lie, fornicate, rape, or otherwise behave according to type: why are we when official thieves and murderers do?

Meanwhile, Hottttt Dog insists that though he is “[deeply regretting what I have done](#), ...I am not resigning.” Few share his optimism: [many political pundits](#) think his concupiscence has finished his criminal career — at least in politics. “...[\[C\]olleagues say until](#) Weiner does a better job of explaining ..., he risks being reduced to a scatological [sic for salacious?] sideshow, not a legislator.”

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