

PSST! SOME INSIDE INFO FROM MY CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE

Now that the old geezer with the glazed eyes and stupid grin tottering around behind his walker has told us he is the infamous Deep Throat who helped bring down the Nixon White House, I have a confession to make. I, too, have a confidential source who shares a lot of important stuff with me and nobody else. My source has chosen to confide in me because he does not feel comfortable talking to Woodward and Bernstein. He thinks Woodward looks too much like has-been actor Robert Redford and that Bernstein has the personality of a jar of pickled pig's feet.

Of course, I am not at liberty to reveal my confidential source's name until he dies or fixes my garage door opener — whichever comes first. To protect his identity, I refer to him as Deep Doo, which is what he got me into when he convinced me there was no way Roy Barnes could possibly lose re-election as governor, given that Barnes' crack staff was spending the equivalent of the gross national product of Finland on television advertising. (What he forgot to tell me was that nobody paid any attention to the ads.)

Despite that rather serious hiccup, Deep Doo and I have continued to stay in touch. For one thing, nobody else will talk to him because he always wants to meet in a dumpster, which turns off a lot of newspaper types. Most reporters would rather meet at a fancy restaurant and have somebody pick up the check. That's the only way most reporters can get inside a fancy restaurant, by having somebody else pick up the check.

Despite coming home smelling like old lettuce and rotten fish, I still meet with Deep Doo in the dumpster, if for no other reason than when I go to cocktail parties and the talk gets around to politics, I wait for just the right moment and say in a condescending tone, "Well, that's not what my confidential source says." You can hear a pin drop, until some wiseacre reminds everybody in the room that my confidential source said that there was no way Roy Barnes could possibly lose his re-election as governor and that I smell like old lettuce and rotten fish. At that point I announce in a loud voice that I must leave, because I have received a message on my pager that I have an urgent call from UGA president Michael Adams, seeking my sage advice. That manages to confuse everybody since I don't have a pager and Adams never calls me about anything.

Recently, Deep Doo and I met in our favorite dumpster. He filled me in on the latest political scuttlebutt as I munched a piece of old lettuce. He says Gov. Sonny Perdue is a shoo-in for re-election, because he hasn't done enough in his first term to make anybody mad at him, except to neuter a dog. That upset a lot of dogs, but they don't vote.

Deep Doo says that Perdue's Democratic opposition will be either Lt. Gov. Mark Taylor — if he can break away from the awesome responsibilities of his office to campaign — or Cathy Cox, who is either (a) secretary of state or (b) state school superintendent (Deep Doo can't remember which). He tried to explain to me the logic of Taylor's political operatives referring to Cox as a "liberal" at the time their boss was attending a pro-abortion rally. That kind of thing confuses me. That is why I need confidential sources.

Deep Doo thinks the GOP will maintain its majority in both houses of the Legislature, but voters won't know for sure because Republicans plan to pass legislation in the next session making everything a secret in Georgia, including who won the election.

There is a lot more neat stuff I could tell you about my conversations with Deep Doo, but it will have to wait for another time. The rotten fish is making me queasy. Besides, I just got beeped on my pager. It is UGA president Michael Adams calling me for some sage advice. The guy just won't leave me alone.