

## MCKINNEY RETURNS TO EARTH WITH A BANG — AND A SLAP

Our Ambassador to Outer Space Cynthia McKinney has made a brief landing on earth, and now there is hell to pay. Usually the Ambassador is with us mortals only during the State of the Union address, where she parks herself on the aisle in the House of Representatives in order to plant a wet kiss on whichever unfortunate president of the United States happens to be coming to deliver the State of the Union address. Beyond that, she and her brain are usually orbiting Pluto.

For reasons unknown, she recently returned to earth long enough to slap a police officer who didn't recognize her when she went around the security checkpoint in one of the congressional office buildings. Most of the 435 members of Congress wear a pin that identifies them, but not McKinney. Sources tell me the pin interferes with the antenna she wears in order to stay in touch with the Martians. They could invade us at any moment, you know.

McKinney is not only nuttier than a pecan grove in Houston County and a bigger joke than the entire nation of France, she can make a racial issue out of a doorknob. The guard stopping her happened to be a white male, and she was quick to let us know that she is "a female, black congresswoman" — in case you hadn't noticed. I think her inference is that had a white guy walked around the security checkpoint, all the guards would have just smiled and waved and hoped he didn't shoot anybody.

After the incident, the ambassador flew her saucer down to Howard University to hold a news conference, replete with little kids from Coffee County holding up signs saying "Is Cynthia a target"? You can't start racial paranoia too early, you know. At the news conference she surrounded herself with the usual suspects, including the National Organization of Women, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and the Intergalactic Space Aliens Booster Club. Even Harry "Banana Boat" Belafonte showed up and brought the crowd to its feet with an impassioned speech. Belafonte told the assembled throng, "Day-O, Day-O. Daylight come and me wan' go home." The kids from Coffee County held up signs saying, "What is a Day-O"? I am told there wasn't a dry eye in the house.

I saw McKinney pull the same stunt she pulled at the Capitol, up close and personal. During the run-up to the 1996 Olympics, then-Vice President Al Gore came to Atlanta to make a speech. Gore was the man responsible for coordinating the federal government's involvement in the Games. We invited a number of VIPs, including members of congress to attend. ACOG's CEO Billy Payne and I were at the door to greet our visitors. Payne either didn't see or didn't recognize McKinney, who launched into a tirade not unlike what must have happened with the Capitol police. I thought she might have a hissy fit right on the spot. Of all times not to have a pacifier. But at least she didn't slap us. Be grateful for all small favors.

Back home in the 4th District, her clueless supporters have bought into her racism charge. That is appropriate. They and the Ambassador royally deserve each other. She hasn't done squat in Congress beyond smooching the president and abusing a police officer who was just doing his job. Name one single piece of significant — or insignificant — legislation that she has gotten through Congress since she has been there (not counting her efforts to have Uranus put in her district). If the voters of the 4th District want a loudmouth, do-nothing congressperson, they got one of the best.

I am relieved that our Ambassador to Outer Space dropped by earth just long enough to make a horse's hiney out of herself. Frankly, I had begun to wonder if she had decided to take up permanent residence on Jupiter. But don't look for her to be here too long. Outer space awaits. Let's just hope she returns in time to wet kiss the president next January on national television. That is always a very special Day-O.