

BEFORE WE GO ANY FURTHER

LET'S GET A COUPLE

OF THINGS STRAIGHT:

I am a southerner, though I ~~was~~<sup>was</sup> was an accidental born in Los Angeles, but I do not propose to herein capture everything that makes the south what it is. Put ten southerners<sup>to</sup> around a table and ask them what the south is and you will soon be in the middle of an enormous bar room brawl. The south is not quits, but there are a lot of quits. The south is not rednecks, but there are a lot of rednecks in the south. The south is not the KKK nor does it have anything to do with the so-called confederate flag. (which actually was never the flag of confederacy, it was <sup>incident</sup> a battle flag flown only once at the battle of ~~—~~. Those that think it represents something southern are not southerners — they're racist rednecks best put to an early grave or at the very least avoided like the plague). Yes there are racists and bigots in the south. But have you ever been to ~~the~~<sup>New England old money</sup> cocktail party or hollywood political fundraiser? Racism and stupidity are everywhere.

FURTHERMORE:

This is not a book about the south. It is a book about one small town in the south — Athens GA. Athens represents the epitome of southern achievement and is in many ways a tiny oasis in the midst of <sup>horrible</sup> <sup>swamp</sup> nightmarish culture. Go ahead drive through lower Alabama, the Florida panhandle, central Mississippi — I dare you with your northern and western license plates. Mock all you want, the fact of matter is you are ~~not~~ ~~not~~ foreign. You are from the outside and you can never get past that.