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Fire Eater! Editor

City of Fallen Angels

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What city in the American empire would you vote as most antithetical to Southern culture and values? Boston comes to mind, as the recent leftist "convention" proved. Perhaps New York? Chicago?

Not even close.

I had just returned from God's Country, from a business trip in Dixie. One day's rest, and my wife, Nancy, and I hopped aboard a plane to Los Angeles to visit with friends and relatives. Just a four-day stay, nothing much...yass.

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For those who have not been subjected to the cruel and unusual punishment of setting foot in the City of Fallen Angels, you may be tempted to think my words rather extreme. "Surely, LA cant be all that bad," you will say.

Alas, even worse than you could imagine.

LA traffic jams. They are legendary, even outside the stew of misery known as Los Angeles. My wife and I were caught in several, even on a Sunday morning.

Caught in one of those chockablock vehicular nightmares, Nancy turned to me and said, "How do people live here?"

She was serious. Why, she reasoned, would any sane person subject himeself to a life lived largely inside a vehicle? (And for those LA-agnostic readers, the denisens of LA spend a massive amount of their lives driving or sitting in their automobiles. Scary.) Why indeed?

To answer the question, one must know why the 3,694,320 citisens of LA proper, or the 10,000,000 people who comprise "greater Los Angeles" (which, of course, begs the question of aboriginal "greatness") think that the Pit of Despair into which they have, apparently, been cast by an angry God, is worthy of the name "home".

After all, there is more to the seamy story of LA than

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traffic jams. Unrelenting smog comes to mind. The crime rate is staggering. The national murder rate per 100,000 people is about 6 murders. In LA, the rate is about 17 murders per 100,000 people. What about robbery? For the City of Fallen Angels, the robbery rate is about 449 per 100,000 people, more than triple the rate for the rest of the empire, at 146. (Source: *losangeles.areaconnect.com*)

But it is not the traffic jams themselves that render the city (if such an appellation could be applied to the place) abhorent. It is what those traffic jams imply; for what they are, in effect, is a metaphor. A metaphor for several millions of lives lived out in going nowhere, in living for nothing, adumbrated always by the secularist and politically correct propaganda that rules the lives of Los Angelenos.

Statistics reveal little. To understand LA, if one should choose that less than compelling task, you must understand its culture. Of course, some would argue there is no such thing as understanding the culture of LA, but, nonetheless, I shall make the attempt.

To begin, it is imperative to grasp that LA does not have a single culture at all. It has many different cultures, each of which clash with each other. There is the homosexual culture of Hollywood and the Silverlake District, for example. (Oh, excuse me, the "gay community": neither gay nor a community.) Hollywood Boulevard, where Nancy and I were treated to the sight of a real Southern Belle! Walking down the street in a lil' ol' white dress with a white parasol, smiling at the adoring masses.

My daughter, who was riding with us, quickly pointed out that this "Southern Belle" was a man.

Then there is the gang culture, which by now has become inextricably painted over all of LA (and beyond. It is, to say the least, a culture of thugs, by thugs and for thugs. A culture that preys upon itself as well as outsiders.

Then there is the Hispanic culture which is actually, despite what the leftist media bleat, a Mexican culture not a Spanish culture. This Mexican culture has its own values, which mesh not well with the Anglo and Asian cultures. In brief, the Mexican culture resents its have-not status, while the haves regard it as a source of cheap labour.

One might also mention the glaringly obvious LA "hip" culture. This one is a strange amalgam of privileged white kids pretending to be black, tattoo artists, "clubbers", movie-industry insiders, the usual desperate aspiring actors and actresses who live in the shabby little apartment dwellings on the numbingly bland streets of Burbank, Sherman Oaks, Studio City, and Hollywood.

Take all the disparate cultures, shake thoroughly, and toss. Out. For what is produced from this slagheap of competing cultures is perhaps the most immoral, evil "culture" the world has ever seen (and I'm even throwing in good ol' decadent Rome in its heyday).

I wonder what the good people of Bug Tussle, Oklahoma, would think about our testosterone-laden

"Southern Belle" parading down its quiet streets? Or the good folks down in the little towns of Mississippi? Well, we pretty much know what they would think, don't we? What is fascinating, however, is what the LA-LAs think, for their opinion of their quaint concrete domicile is quite different from the Southern perspective. The LA-LAs believe that they live in the land of milk and honey, the golden paradise at the western edge of the land. A place where freethinkers, by God, can think and do what they please. A place where homosexual "marriage" is considered normal, and normal marriage under attack. A place where men wear dresses and women shave their heads but not their legs. As they say in LA, "It's all good in the hood."

Of course, there is little that is good in the hood. See the crime statistics above for one. Beyond crime, though, LA's real purpose in life seems to be as a perpetual engine of immorality, anti-Christian venom, Hollywood propaganda, and, in general, human refuse.

But you already knew that, you say. Here's what you don't know.

The flesh circus of Los Angeles is coming to your town. It may already be camped out there. For LA is, above all, a city of greed and power. There is no tinsel in Tinseltown. There is only the rush to wealth and power. All else is secondary. The word "respect" in LA does not refer to one's moral character, but to one's bank account (or sphere of power). Further, this culture of greed has become more important than the actual people promoting it. And LA exports its rank culture throughout the world, primarily through its media control.

It is difficult to explain to people fortunate enough never to have visited Los Angeles the blanket of despair that lies over the place. It is almost palpable. You see it in the faces; a kind of lost look encrusted beneath the hip exterior. The poverty in Hollywood, for example, would surprise outsiders. Down off Hollywood Boulevard and Santa Monica Boulevard are the thousands of Armenians who now make up yet another LA culture: Little Armenia. (The historic Hollywood Cemetery on Santa Monica Boulevard, where Rudolph Valentino, Cecil B. DeMille, and others like them are buried is fast overtaken by a sea of Armenian gravestones, with their computer-generated portraits of the decesased producing an eerie family-album feeling to the place.) Besides the Armenians, there are the tiny, hot apartments housing the desperate millions, baking in the LA smog. These make up the true face, be there one, of LA.

It is a city where most people never achieve wealth, though that ambition is grafted onto their psyches like Spanish moss onto magnolias. A city where most people never achieve fame, though that too is the Great Promise. A city where people live beside what once was a beautiful ocean, but now a sewage dump for 10,000,000 people. Keep in mind that most people can't get to the ocean anyway. Too much traffic.

The South has its problems (Atlanta springs to mind), but she would do well to consider the fate of the City of Fallen Angels. For me, I'd choose Providence, Rhode Island, a yankee mob-ruled city, over LA were I forced to such doom. Why?

Los Angeles is the city whose collective values are the most inimical to those of the South. Funnily, those heroic freeway warriors of LA think of the South as a quaint, little, backwards, unhip, and racist place located somewhere east of the San Gabriel mountains. These are the people who live in overtly segregated neighbourhoods, subject to the Gestapo known as the LAPD, and whose highest form of spirituality is an occasional visit to Forest Lawn Cemetery, with its Death-as-Disney face squinting from the hills of Glendale out through the smog.

Do I exxagerate? Yes and no.

Yes, I'm sure there are good people in LA. Heck, I even know some of them. But no, the place is openly evil, openly immoral, and ultimately tragic. Tragic? I can think of no better word for the millions whose lives circumscribe the ambits of Los Angeles. They live in a sea of endless asphalt, sourrounded by hellish consumer dreams that could never come true, with a billboard sexuality forever teasing them as they drive by in their air-conditioned Volvos, and the promise of a better life forever beyond reach, for life in LA couldn't possibly approach "good", let alone "better".

We used to fear that Los Angeles would drop off into the Pacific Ocean in an earthquake. Now we pray for that earthquake.

So, good citisens of Bug Tussle, Oklahoma and Grenada, Mississppi, enjoy your despised status as inferiors to those Enlightened Few in the City of Lost Angels. At least you don't have men in dresses strutting down Main Street.

And your God is not Mammon.