

"A Time to Kill"

An Incitement to Kill White Southerners and their Culture

Produced by Arnon Milchan. Directed by Joel Schumacher.

Based on the book by John Grisham.

Reviewed by Michael A. Hoffman II

Not a great deal needs to be said about this despicable hate propaganda film among those who know a scintilla of American history. Yet something must be said for the benefit of the vast herd that knows next to nothing.

This is a movie about a black father who does the undeniably Biblical thing and executes two white rapists who beat and raped his ten year old daughter. No Christian, no Confederate and indeed, truth demands that we add, precious few Ku Klux Klansmen would have any problems with this father's vigilante justice, nor would they ever seek any vengeance against such a black man for executing Biblical justice upon rapists.



But in this twisted movie, facts and history need not apply. This is the cinema of political correctness in its debased conservative variant. It advances the cause of anti-white hate, white self-hate and Orwellian rewriting of history, with a patina of Bob Dole-style Republicanism.

But the fact that the black man's white defense attorney is not a death penalty

abolitionist, but a pistol-weilder, and that the NAACP is shown to be opportunistic and a local black preacher avaricious, does not, by a country mile, make up for the boatload of pernicious libel against an entire traditional way of life in the white Christian South, which this movie represents.

In "A Time to Kill" the usual Hollywood suspects (Milchan and Schumacher) are hell-bent on a hate campaign against Christianity and traditional white Christian culture. A wicked Klan kidnapper is depicted wearing a Christian cross around his neck. The movie's pro-rapist, fantasy-Klan, recruits only "God-fearing whites." Ad nauseum. The

Confederate battle flag insignia is made into a veritable sigil for the reign of rapists. Whenever it is shown the scene is one of absolute evil.

Local White people are depicted—in 1996!—as exhibiting monolithic support on racial grounds for two dead white rapists and certain to convict a noble black father who justifiably executed them.

That the Confederacy arose in part to defend all women from rape, is as far from this stupid script as Mississippi is from the moon. This is a movie that can only be given credence when the audience is a gaggle of public-school-miseducated, TV-spectating fools.

That black males are the chief rapists in this nation and white women and children the main victims, is inexcusably absent from Grisham's hallucination. In fact, the most notorious child-rape case in recent memory, was the rape three black soldiers perpetrated against a 12 year old Okinawan girl. This crime created an international incident and the people of Okinawa have voted to ban American troops from their island, as a result. This is the reality, but Hollywood is not about reality, it's about making enormous profits by splashing buckets of lying filth upon our people.

Shortly before this movie was released, a young white father in Carolina, Michael Westerman, was gunned down by a carload of black youths who no doubt learned their homicidal, anti-white prejudice, in part from films like this one. The white Carolina youth was killed because he had a Confederate flag sticker on his truck.

Now enter John Grisham—supposed upholder of “old-fashioned values and morals”—with assistance from the Milchan and Schumacher duo—furnishing yet another flick which incites the murder of white southerners who adhere to their traditional culture, a culture which abominated precisely the kind of rape depicted in this film—be it black or white.

Lenin would have been proud of Grisham and Co. That this filth is shown in theaters without crowds of pickets and vehement protest by the various “Sons of the South” groups, is perhaps the sorriest datum in this whole sorry scenario. Where is the kind of militant street activism which should confront this incredibly insulting smear of the South wherever it appears in theaters?

The Money Men would never dare finance this hate-Southern-whitey garbage if there was a financial penalty attached to it. But obviously there isn't. We've become numb to our own destruction. We've retired Captain Boycott to the closet.

The class element is also painfully transparent in “A Time to Kill.” With the exception of one maimed white deputy sheriff, the good guys are all either blacks or upper class whites, while the white working men (“redneck assholes” as the “righteous black sheriff” terms them), are all repulsive monsters.

Of the many idiocies in this racist schlock, one of the most revealing is the scene in which one of the white bad guys uses the "N word" and then immediately apologies for doing so. No such apologies are ever tendered during the innumerable scenes when the "R word (Redneck) is tossed about. Offending white people is pro forma here, as it will be whenever any people's tolerance level has been pushed by their phoney, "Christian" luhv preachers, to the suicidal.

I remain in absolute, flabbergasted awe at the march of time and its irony, whereby we witness one of the most gallant societies on earth—the white Christian Southland—besmirched to such a degree that an entire traditional culture is reduced to a piece of mass media toilet paper, for the benefit of bucks for Hollywood and the satisfaction of the entertainment appetite of an increasingly jaded and degenerate audience.

I only pray that Grisham and his co-conspirators will one day themselves have a midnight street encounter with the very African forces they have herein so irresponsibly incited.

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