

ART AGAINST CONSCRIPTION

JAANTJIE KOM HUIS TOE (or how to become a Cape Coloured Corpse)

Some extracts for a letter sent by a friend in Stellenbosch

Tonight SATV screened "Jaantjie Kom Huis Toe", a propaganda feature film about a "coloured" gent who joins the Cape Corps...

"Jaantjie" is a pro-conscription movie and a love story, and its a little difficult to decide which element of the plot takes precedence. The two themes are so entirely inter-woven — no, now that I come to think about it for a while longer, the conscription theme and the love story are exactly the same. Jaantjie wins his love by conscription; well actually, at this stage, by volunteering for the Cape Coloured Corps.

The lady in question is extremely "attractive", that is to say very white in appearance,

and she eventually rejects the "upward mobility" she has managed to achieve as a dress designer in favour of a life with Jaantjie. Jaantjie of the Cape Corps who clearly has more "moral fibre" than the very rich and cultured owner of the dress shop she's been working in, (and who had somehow managed to get her to agree to marry him).

A very primitive plot — Riegaard van den Bergh clearly felt much more constraint with the "Coloured" community than with intellectual whites (as in "Die Rooi Komplot"). Real pussy-footing — not a single real community issue raised. The overall message, (spelt out in one bit of dialogue and hinted at in lots of little scenarios), is that if your life lacks meaning and direction you should sign up with the SADF. There you will be provided with discipline and stability, as well as being given the chance to let your humanity and compassion, not

to mention your manhood, flourish. The sleaziness of the worlds of others will not touch you, your parents will be proud of you, and most importantly, you will become most desirable to the elusive girl of your dreams

There is also a scooter and medal reward thrown in if you save a helpless white family from desperate terrorists, who hold them hostage on their simple, godly, farm-on-the-border. And you get to shoot these terrorists *really* dead. Drill them from head to toe as you grit your teeth and think of...

Do our cultural masters really believe that scores of "coloured" youth will be queuing outside the offices of the Cape Corps (or more popularly, Cape Corpse) after this rubbish? How long do we have to tolerate our national resources being squandered on such reactionary, culturally-backward and poor quality television productions?



Boetie, hy gaan border toe.

Boetie saves by Barclays Bank
Boetie drives a Datsun tank
Boetie shaves with Wilkinsons
Boetie's on our TV screens.

Boetie veg die Kommuniste
Boetie skiet die terroriste
Boetie veg vir God en land
Boetie sterf . . . in 'n pad ongeluk.

Poor boy

I'm just a poor boy, off to join the army
They told me if I join up a good salary will be mine
Did they tell you that you're cannon fodder, that you're in the frontline?
They told me of their pension scheme and other fringe benefits
Did they tell you that you might die young from AK47 bullets?
They told me its the right thing to defend the nation
Did they tell you of apartheid and exploitation?



A scene from Mike van Graan's play, Minutes of Silence, for the End Conscription Campaign. Art of this nature is burgeoning in our communities.