

### What can be done?

Politically, very little. The opposition parties will be dead or underground before long. The United Party will die by itself, the others will have to be forcibly killed. Strangulation is already being tried on the Liberal Party.

### SOMETHING TO KILL

Possibly the most important thing is to make sure that there is something to kill.

The Liberal Party should put up candidates in the next election, in the Coloured seats, and even in the Free State, to go down with the flag flying.

But above all, what is most important, it should continue its work of political education, and make an all out effort to disseminate its policies and ideas as widely as possible.

It should make a maximum effort to persuade as many people as possible to accept these ideas, by holding meetings where questions can be asked by those who doubt or disagree.

In, this way the party can ensure that, though the Nats may destroy the Liberal Party, they will never destroy the idea of freedom, which may one day emerge from the chaos intact to play a part in shaping the new South Africa.

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### JAMES BOND

## 007's LAST RIDE

Agent 007 glanced at his watch, but it was no use, he couldn't tell what the time was. It was too dark in the bush in which he was sitting. The luminous points were no good to him because he could never tell which one was at the top, from which to start counting. There was a streetlight near the bush to his right, so he cautiously stuck his hand out through the leaves into the light. But—something was still wrong—he still couldn't see the time. Then, in flash, it came to him—he realised that the rest of him was still totally enclosed by foliage, so he could not see the dial! Slowly and soundlessly, 007 raised himself up, so that his head gradually emerged through the leaves. It seemed to take an age. At last sweating with strain, he was in a position to see his wrist.

"Haai, nee man. Vervlaks!"

He had stuck out the wrong arm.

Gradually, silently, 007 submerged like a U-Boat into the bush again. The latest Order from the Minister, which was "Never let your right hand know what your left hand is doing", had its drawbacks, thought 007; but then he censured himself for thinking this: "Voetsak is always right", he muttered to himself, repeating another Order. But what was he to do? His position was desperate. A team of Government scientists had been working for years to ascertain at what precise time people were deepest asleep, and thus would be most intimidated and discomforted when awoken. They found that this was at exactly 4 a.m. (with one minority opinion of 3 minutes past 4 being sent to Robben Island). A minute before or after this precise time and some of the effect of his visitation would be lost. 007 sweated anew when he thought of the responsibility which lay on his shoulders. People of his own skin colour were relying on him not to let this happen!

And his left, wristwatch arm was on the side of the bush opposite the streetlight—outside of which lay an area of Stygian darkness.

"Wat gaan ek nou maak?" muttered 007. He laid his hand on the regulation copy of Mein Kampf in the pocket over his heart and mumbled a prayer. This book had saved his life on one occasion when he had stood too near the dartboard in the canteen.

### VOICES?

007's meditations came to an abrupt halt when he heard voices approaching the bush. He froze and listened, his ears tingling. Suddenly his blood chilled, then it boiled, curdled, fizzed, bubbled and turned to vodka. (Unfortunately, it did not clot.) The voices were speaking Sotho! Bantoe!

007 galumphed out of the bush like a runaway jabberwock.

"Haai, you Kaffers!" he screamed in a falsetto that was delirious with rage. "What are you does-ing yere at night now, hey?" (007 always spoke English to Kaffers.) "I arrest you for contempt of court." With split-second timing he punched them both simultaneously in the face and handcuffed them. He then battered them senseless and left them

there. He felt a glow of happiness spread through him—this work had its compensations. He then noticed that the house he had been watching was ablaze with light. Oh, well—they still had five minutes to go to sleep again.

Five minutes later, 4 a.m. op die kop (the lights went out just in time) Agent 007 knocked at the door. This was a job he really enjoyed. He battered away with both fists until they were sore. He was only really at home when he was battering at someone else's door. It satisfied his soul.

### 007 FOOLED ?

The door was opened by a man in pyjamas and dressing gown.

"You are a blabby disgrace to your own skin," 007 told him. "I arrest you for crime and injuria." He noticed a suspicious bulge in the man's pocket. "Trying to be clever, hey?" he said. "What is that?" The man showed him a strange metal object that looked like a pineapple.

"I'll take that," said 007. "Oh, no you doesn't—and that too. Trying to fool me, hey?" He had noticed the man removing a pinlike rod from the object. 007 put the object in his one trouser pocket and the pin in the other pocket, for safe-keeping. "Go and pack your clothes," said 007, and began to search the hatstand for subversive literature—or, even perhaps, bombs. You never knew with these Communists.

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They got the man in the dressing gown all right—for sabotage. Blowing up his own house.

As for 007, they eventually put him down as "missing"—which in the canteen was tacitly (and sympathetically) understood to mean having fled the country or committed suicide after contravening the Immorality Act.

# A MASTER PLAN FOR UNITY

by ALICE

I believe that a women's organisation in the Free State once put forward the suggestion that there should be two types of money—one for Whites and the other for non-Whites. Apart from being glad to hear that there were women in the Free State (glad for the sakes of the Free Staters, that is) and apart from the vague thought that these two types of money did already exist, the one type buying Chevrolet Impalas and the other type mealiemeal, I found this a fascinating suggestion.

Particularly fascinating in view of the recent great strides made in the sphere of separate development, Bantustans, Zulustans, etc., which have some claim to the possibility of existence have become *passé*. The latest thing is have Dream-o-stans, like the Coloureds and Indians are getting. This is the type where you should have a stan but you don't. You are beautifully separately developed on paper with Coloured education and Indian education, getting your Ph.D. in curry and rice making, etc., but you don't actually have a stan at all. It's all in your mind, put there by education and various racial authorities. This is the Dream-o-Stan, whereby every man carries his own stan around with him inside his head. Much cheaper, and portable; more lebensraum for the Free State, where all those Women are.

And for concocting all these Dream-o-stans, Government officials, policemen and other refugees from the Free State Women get paid top salaries. In preparation for National Dream-o-stan Week, where the winner gains as prize the Directorate of Dream-o-stan services and a free excursion ticket on a baton charge, I have whiled away the idle hours preparing my entries.

### ART FORM

And I have found that we in South Africa have stumbled on a new Art Form. Our Government have already laid the foundations