

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 mealimeal, 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

with a Traditional School such as the Transkei, a Classical School such as the PACostan (nothing to do with Indian Border disputes) on Robben Island, a Surrealist School (the Weatherstan on Marion Island), a decadent School (Immorality Act-breakerstans in various "trunks"), a Futurist School (Policeostans in Saracen armoured cars), a Beatnik School (lunaticstans in the Houses of Parliament) and even a Wild West School (Women in the Free State).

But these all have a tenuous connection with geography, if not with reality (any connection with this factor immediately disqualifies a stan). New ground altogether has been broken with the introduction of the Dream-o-stan, which has not the remotest connection with anything at all. The scope is enormous. No territorial tracts are required, no industries, no politicians, no organising—just an acre or two for a University and hordes of Government officials which provide jobs for your pals (if you have any—if not any otherwise unemployable White man will do) and keeps the country booming—for the officials, that is, of course; the rest are provided with the priceless wealth of a Dream-o-Stan which are specially created for every possible group of any sort.

These are people's images of themselves which I have already created to further the cause of South African Unity.

A Scottish insurance man selling his wares would in his mind be firmly convinced that he was tossing the caber, swigging heather ale and comparing notes with Englishman and Irishmen.

An Anglican Bishop quietly preparing his sermon would be most surprised if you told him that he wasn't cutting his wives' heads off and eating pigs whole.

The German farmer ploughing his mealie lands would all the time believe incontrovertibly that he was in the act of roaring lieder in a Biergarten in between colossal gulps of sauerkraut and duels with Bismarck.

AL CAPONE

The Irish bricklayer's far-away expression would be due to his undeniable feeling that he

was a policeman in New York and that the bricks were bribes from Al Capone which he was quietly storing away in a potato sack.

The Englishman's harassed look over his morning paper might betray the fact that he was under the distinct impression that he was being chased all over the Free State by General de Wet, shot at Majuba, and burning babies at Slaughter's Nek.

The Jew's furtive manner while giving his bus fare to the conductor would be attributable to his feeling that he was killing Christ, slandering Hitler and chiselling honest farmers on the Platteland.

The Roman Catholic's somewhat puzzled expression as he sat at his office desk would be the result of his deep conviction that he was worshipping the telephone as an idol and insulting the true God with the rabid sensuality of his cigarette smoke.

As for the Bantu, the Asiatic and the Coloured, our Department is really working on those. Man, they've got to be good!

KEPT HAPPY

In this way the entire population of the country is kept happy building on their own traditions—which have their place, of course—though, thank God, they are not ours, and developing all that is best in their heritage, all that is uniquely theirs. In this way we will have unity in diversity with every group knowing their place.

For while they are going about the occupations which keep the country going for us, the members of each group will be under the belief that they are doing those things best suited to themselves.

Why—I do believe I've even sold **myself** a Dream-o-Stan.