

"It's not like it used to be, Mr. Friedenthal. Times've changed. The war's been over a long time . . . that's all forgotten."

"But I can't do it. It's costing me more than I'm selling for. Work it out for yourself. There's my material, trimmings, and you know what labour costs. There's my overheads. I've got to meet my bills; there's my shippers. And I've got to live; I can't do it."

"Listen Friedenthal, old man, it's the production you need. After all we're not small people. We're not buying a coupla dozen. It's hundreds, maybe thousands. Look what we've bought from you already."

"And look what it's cost me."

"We'll increase the order. After all, we're ready to help. You need us, we need you. From us you get cash. You deliver the goods and we pay. Delivery when ready . . . and by the way, five percent for cash." . . .

Machines to be fed, workers to be paid; drafts overdue and five percent for cash . . . Death on delivery. The bastards. Should never let them know you need 'em.

"Money's not everything, Mr. Friedenthal . . . you've got your health." That's a lie. They've taken that too. They take everything down there.

End Street rises. The crocodiles' pantry is full.

TELEPHONES RING IN Market Street. Telephones always ring in Market Street. Taking orders, cancelling orders, giving orders. Calls to shippers, calls to brokers, calls to lawyers; there's always litigation in Market Street. And sometimes the clanging of a fire engine—fires too

in Market Street, fire bells, burglar alarms: Bells in Market Street . . . tolling.

"Have you heard?"

"Good God . . . when?"

"An hour ago."

"Yes, from Future Building."

"They say he was in trouble."

"Always was."

"How much did he catch you for?"

"Enough . . . and you?"

"Tst'Tst!"

Bells in President Street way down to Diagonal.

"Halloh, hast Du von Friedenthal gehört?"

"He might have told me."

". . . um Gotteswillen!"

". . . schrecklich!"

"I told him he was crazy to cut the price."

"I told him it didn't pay to make for cheap."

"When's the funeral?"

"The man was a fool."

"Did he have to undercut?"

"He ruined the business for others."

"And look where he landed."

"Cheap they wanted so he gave them, and it never pays." Rock bottom . . . and how much for cash?

Clothes, rags, schmattetz, lines, dresses, garments, models. A thousand names for a thin, outer covering . . . a top layer of skin. Cotton and rayon, silk and spun, wools and wovens, threads and stitching. The labour of a world. The Drums, the Drummers and the Drummed . . .

Words

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DENNIS BRUTUS'S rather sharp remarks about Noni Jabavu in one of our early issues are well known, though in South Africa no one may quote them in print, and Insight Publications is not allowed even to sell this particular back number because it contains the writings of a banned person. Her second book, *The Ochre People*, will be reviewed here shortly. At a glance, it looks a meaty follow-up, closely resembling *Drawn in Colour*—even the sprinkling of titled and other English worthies in the acknowledgements (exactly what "crucial help"

would people like "Baroness Ravensdale of Kedleston" or "Viscount Dunluce and his parents the Earl and Countess of Antrim" be to Miss Jabavu in writing her "scenes from a South African life"?) The same glance shows the same fascination in her picture of Ciskeian life and conversation as *Drawn in Colour* yielded, however blurred the object lessons on African development she so unnecessarily and faultily drew.

EARL ATTLEE found it "absorbingly interesting", Jonathan Cape, (the publisher's) blurb-writer hails it "remarkably well-written and deeply moving", this "story of the extraordinary game of cat-and-mouse (the autobiographer) was forced to play with the Nationalists, of his escape from arrest and imprisonment, and of his continuing underground activities in exile." Yes, it's Ronald Segal, who has called his autobiography (due here in April) *Into Exile*, and we suspect, has at least touched up his own blurb (in a full-page advertisement in *The Bookseller*), with haunting sentences like

'Then came "persecution"

SOUTH AFRICA'S overseas propaganda has become too clever by half, in spite of Mr. Waring's translation to the portfolio of Information. Perhaps he will reintroduce that note of farce it used to have, and which its Portuguese equivalent has happily never lost. *Portugal, An Informative Review* headlines its columns with a variety of quaint thoughts—from the sublime "Portuguese India under Foreign Domination" to the gorbimey "Fatima has Europe's largest organ." The grandiloquence of its fustian text echoes the words which inspired the name of this feature. James Duffy's *Portuguese Africa* quotes Mousinho de Albuquerque's description of Moçambique which starts "the administrative processes by which our colonies have been governed, or rather disgraced, may be summed up as conventions and fictions", and ends "And on top of all this majors and colonels and commanders, endless officers, bulky reports, countless laws, many decrees, a hundred unworkable regulations. Words, words, words."