After all, as recently as twenty years ago we did not even know what the highest animals on Earth were like, and we were very surprised ourselves to discover that humans there resemble us so closely. The number of higher types that can attain the fullest degree of development is evidently limited. Even on planets as similar as ours and under nearly identical conditions, nature was able to evolve this maximum of life in only one way."

"Also," Menni remarked, "the highest type, the one which masters the planet, is the one which most fully reflects the entire sum of its conditions. The intermediate stages, on the other hand, are capable of embracing only a part of their environment. Consequently, their reflection of these conditions is also only partial and one-sided. Thus given the enormous similarity between the respective sets of conditions as a whole, the highest types will coincide to a greater degree than will the intermediate ones, whose very one-sidedness allows them to develop greater variations."

I recalled that while I was yet a university student the same notion of the limited number of possible higher types had occurred to me in quite a different context. Octopuses, marine Cephalopoda that represent the highest organisms of an entire branch of evolution, have eyes which are unusually similar to those of the animals on our branch, the vertebrates. Yet the origin and development of the eyes of the vertebrates are completely different—so different that even the order of the corresponding layers of tissue in the optic apparatus of the mollusks is exactly opposite ours.

As to historical times and the first phases of human life on Mars, here there were also many similarities to Earth. The forms of tribal life were the same on both planets, individual communities detached themselves in the same way, and the same exchange of commodities led to the establishment of very similar intercommunal ties. Beyond that, however, a distinction began to emerge, although it concerned the style and character of the development more than its basic direction. The course of history on Mars was in certain respects gentler and simpler than that on Earth. Naturally there were wars between different tribes and peoples, and there was also a class struggle. However, the wars played a relatively minor role in Martian history and ceased altogether rather early, while the class struggle resulted in far fewer and much less violent clashes of brute force than on Earth. None of this was stated in so many words in the book I was reading, but it was evident to me from the entire context. Slavery was entirely unknown on Mars. There was very little militarism in their feudalism, while their capitalism surmounted the division into nation-states at a very early stage and produced nothing comparable to our modern armies.

I was forced to seek the explanation of these facts on my own. The

Martians, even Menni, had only begun to study the history of mankind on Earth and had not yet made a comparative investigation of our respective pasts. I recalled one of my earlier conversations with Menni as I was preparing to study the language spoken by my fellow passengers. I inquired whether it was the most widespread of the languages on Mars. Menni explained that it was the only literary and spoken language of all Martians.

"At one time," he added, "peoples from different countries on Mars could not understand each other either. Long ago, however, several centuries before the socialist revolution, all the various dialects drew closer to one another and merged in a single common language. This occurred freely and spontaneously. No one tried to bring it about or even gave it much thought. Certain local pecularities survived for quite some time, so there existed something akin to individual dialects, but these were fairly comprehensible to everyone. The development of literature finally eliminated them as well."

"I can only find one explanation for this phenomenon," I said. "From the very beginning, communication among people on your planet must have been much broader, easier, and more intimate than it was on Earth."

"That is quite correct," replied Menni. "Mars lacks your vast oceans and impassable mountain ranges. Our seas are not large, nor do they at any point completely separate continents from one another. Except for certain individual peaks, our mountains are not high. The entire surface area of our planet is only one-fourth that of Earth; at the same time the force of gravity is two and one-half times less, making our bodies so light that we can move about quite rapidly even without man-made means of transportation. We can run at the same speed that you ride on horseback, and it does not tire us the more. Nature has erected far fewer walls and barriers between our peoples than she has between yours."

This, then, was the main factor that had prevented Martian humanity from splitting into different nations and races, and such unity in turn inhibited the development of militarism, wars, and systems of mass destruction. Due to its inherent contradictions, capitalism probably still would have evolved all these distinguishing characteristics of advanced civilization, but even the development of capitalism followed a unique course which created new conditions for the political unification of all the tribes and peoples of Mars. In agriculture, for example, the small peasants were crowded out at a very early stage by large-scale capitalist farming, and the land was totally nationalized soon after. The reason for this development lay in the increasing aridity of the soil, which the smallholders were unable to remedy. The crust of the planet soaked up the surface water and did not yield it up again. This was a continuation of the natural process by which the once existing oceans on Mars shrank to

become relatively small inland seas. The same process of absorption has also begun on Earth, but there it has not yet progressed very far. On Mars, which is twice as old as Earth, the situation had already become critical a thousand years ago, since as the oceans shrank there was naturally a parallel decrease in cloud cover and precipitation, which meant in turn that the rivers and streams also began to dry up. Artificial irrigation became a necessity in most places. What could independent small farmers do in such a situation?

In some instances they were simply ruined, and their land fell to the large regional holders with enough capital to finance irrigation. In other cases the peasants formed large cooperative associations and pooled their assets in the interest of the common cause. Sooner or later, however, these associations were bound to suffer a lack of pecuniary resources. The deficiency seemed only temporary at first, but as soon as the first loans were concluded with the powerful capitalists the cooperatives rapidly began to deteriorate. High rates of interest on the loans increased outlays, it then became necessary to seek new loans, and so it went. The associations fell under the economic control of their creditors, who eventually ruined them and took over the holdings of hundreds and thousands of peasants in a single sweep.

Thus all cultivated land was transferred to a few thousand powerful agricultural capitalists. In the interior of the continents, however, there still remained vast deserts which the individual capitalists could not afford to irrigate. When the by then thoroughly democratic state was forced to involve itself in the project in order to absorb the growing surplus of the proletariat and aid the remnants of the dying peasantry, it turned out that even it did not possess the kind of resources necessary to build the gigantic canals. The capitalist syndicates wanted to take charge of the enterprise, but the entire people rose in protest, realizing that this would give the syndicates complete control over the state. After a long struggle in which the agricultural capitalists put up desperate resistance, a progressive tax on profits from the land was introduced. The revenues obtained through this tax went into a fund to finance the enormous project of building the canals. The power of the landlords was broken, and soon the land was nationalized. The last remnants of the small peasantry disappeared in the process, because in its own interests the state leased land only to the big capitalists, and the agricultural concerns became vaster than ever. Thus the famous canals served as a powerful stimulus to economic development at the same time as they firmly reinforced the political unity of all mankind.

When I finished reading all this I could not refrain from telling Menni how surprised I was at the fact that human hands had built water routes so gigantic that they could even be seen from Earth with our weak telescopes.

"That is not altogether correct," said Menni. "The canals are indeed immense, but they are not dozens of kilometers wide, as they would in fact have to be for your astronomers to be able to see them. What they see are the broad bands of forest we have planted along the canals in order to maintain an even level of humidity in the air and prevent the water from evaporating too rapidly. Some of your scientists seem to have guessed as much."

The epoch of the digging of the canals was a time of great prosperity in all areas of industry and a period of profound calm in the class struggle. The demand for labor was tremendous, and unemployment disappeared. But when the Great Project was finished, bringing to completion the capitalist colonization of the former wastelands, an industrial crisis soon broke out which disrupted the "social peace." The result was a social revolution, but once again the course of events was relatively peaceful. Strikes were the workers' main weapon, while the rare uprisings that occurred were restricted to a few, almost exclusively agricultural regions. The owners retreated step by step before the inevitable, and even when the government fell into the hands of the workers' party, the vanquished did not attempt to assert their interests by force.

When the means of production were socialized, there was no compensation in the true sense of the word. At first, however, the capitalists were pensioned off. Many of them later played an important role in the organization of state-owned enterprises. It proved very difficult to distribute labor resources in accordance with the vocational training of the workers. Except for the capitalists on pension, for about a century there was an obligatory working day of six hours at first, which was successively shortened. Technical progress and the exact computation of available labor, however, finally helped to eliminate even these last vestiges of the old system.

I could not help feeling a certain envy as I viewed this picture of steady social evolution free from the fire and blood of our own history. I mentioned it to Netti as we were finishing the book.

"I don't know," he said thoughtfully, "but I think that you are wrong. True, the conflicts on Earth have been more acute than ours, and the natural environment has always shown a greater tendency to retaliate with death and destruction. But perhaps this is due to the fact that Earth is so much more richly endowed with natural resources and the life-giving energy of the sun. Look how much older our planet is, yet our humanity arose only a few tens of thousands of years before yours and is at present a mere two or three hundred years ahead of you in development. I tend to think of our two humanities as brothers. The elder one has a calm and balanced temperament, while the younger one is stormy and impetuous. The younger one is more wasteful with his resources, and prone to serious errors. His childhood was sickly and turbulent, and as he now approaches

adolescence he often suffers from convulsive growing pains. But might he not become a greater and more powerful artist and creator than his elder brother? And in that case, will he not eventually be able to adorn our great Universe even better and more richly? I cannot be certain, but it seems to me that this is what may happen."

PART II

1. Menni's Apartment

During the first period of my stay I moved in with Menni in a factory settlement—that is to say, a planned complex of industry and residences—whose physical center and economic base was a large chemical laboratory located far below ground. The part of the settlement above ground was spread through a park covering about ten square kilometers and consisted of several hundred apartment buildings for the laboratory workers, a large meeting hall, the Cooperative Depot, which was something on the order of a large department store, and the Communications Center, which connects the settlement with the rest of the world. Menni

was the factory supervisor and lived not far from the community buildings right next to the main descent to the laboratory.

What first surprised me about nature on Mars, and the thing I found most difficult to get used to, was the red vegetation. The substance which gives it this color is similar in chemical composition to the chlorophyll of plants on Earth and performs a parallel function in their life processes, building tissues from the carbon dioxide in the air and the energy of the sun. Netti thoughtfully suggested that I wear protective glasses to prevent irritation of the eyes, but I refused.

"Red is the color of our socialist banner," I said, "so I shall simply have to get used to your socialist vegetation."

"In that case you must also recognize the presence of socialism in the plants on Earth," Menni remarked. "Their leaves also possess a red hue, but it is concealed by the stronger green color. If you were to don a pair of glasses which completely absorb the green waves of light but admit the red ones, you would see that your forests and fields are as red as ours."

I lack the time and space to describe the peculiar Martian flora and fauna, nor can I devote much attention to the atmosphere of the planet, which is pure and clear, relatively thin, but rich in oxygen. The sky is a deep, dark green, and the most prominent celestial bodies are the sun—much smaller than it appears on Earth—the two tiny moons, and two bright evening or morning stars, Venus and Earth. All of this was strange and foreign to me then and seems splendid and precious to me now as I look back upon it, but it is not essential to the purpose of my narrative. The people and their relationships are what concern me most, and they were the most fantastic and mysterious of all the wonders of this fairy-tale world.

Menni lived in a small two-story house that was indistinguishable architecturally from all the rest. The most original feature of this architecture was the transparent roof made of several huge sheets of blue glass. The bedroom and a parlor for receiving guests were located directly beneath it. Because of its soothing effect, the Martians prefer blue light during their leisure time. The color of the human face in this light does not strike them as gloomy. All of the work rooms—the study, Menni's home laboratory, the communications room—were on the ground floor, whose large windows freely admitted the restless red light reflected from the foliage of the trees in the park. This light made me uneasy and absentminded at first, but the Martians are used to it and find it has a stimulating effect on work.

Menni's study was full of books and writing implements, from ordinary pencils to a phonotype, a complex mechanism in which a phonograph recording of clearly enunciated speech activated the keys of a typewriter which accurately translated it into the written alphabet. Play-

ing the phonogram did not erase it, so that one could use either it or the printed translation, whichever happened to be more convenient.

Above Menni's desk hung a portrait of a middle-aged Martian. He resembled Menni, although his almost sinister expression of grim energy and cold resolve was alien to Menni, whose face merely reflected a tranquil and resolute will. Menni told me the story of this man's life.

He was one of Menni's ancestors, a great engineer* who lived long before the social revolution, during the epoch of the Great Canals. It was he who planned, organized, and supervised that grandiose project. His first assistant envied his fame and power and launched a conspiracy against him. Several hundred thousand men were employed on the construction of one of the main canals, which passed through a swampy, disease-infested region. Thousands perished, and great discontent spread among the survivors. While the chief engineer was busy negotiating with the central government of Mars about pensions for the families of the dead and the incapacitated, his assistant was secretly rousing the dissatisfied workers against him, inciting them to strike and demand transfers to other regions. This was impossible, as it would have disrupted the entire plan of the Great Project, but he also urged them to call for the resignation of the chief engineer, which, of course, was quite feasible. When the latter learned of all this he summoned his assistant for an explanation and killed him on the spot. The engineer declined to defend himself at his trial, declaring that he considered his behavior just and necessary. He was sentenced to a long prison term.

Soon, however, it became obvious that none of his successors was capable of running the gigantic undertaking. Misunderstandings, embezzlement, and disorders followed. The entire mechanism of the project broke down; expenses increased by hundreds of millions, and the acute discontent of the workers threatened to end in open revolt. The central government hastenend to address an appeal to the chief engineer, offering to pardon him in full and reinstate him in his former position. He refused the pardon, but consented to head the project from prison. The inspectors he appointed quickly got to the bottom of things at the various construction sites. Thousands of engineers and contractors were put on trial. Wages were raised, the system by which the workers were supplied with food, clothing, and tools was reorganized from top to bottom, work plans were reviewed and revised. Order was soon fully restored, and once again the enormous mechanism began functioning rapidly and smoothly like an obedient tool in the hands of a real master.

The master, however, not only supervised the entire project but also planned its continuation in the years to come, grooming a certain

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*Engineer Menni, the main character in the following novel.

energetic and talented engineer from a working-class background to be his successor. By the time his prison term had expired, everything had been so well prepared that the great master was confident the project could be safely entrusted to others. The very moment the prime minister of the central government arrived at the prison to release him, the engineer committed suicide. As Menni was telling me all this his face underwent a peculiar transformation, taking on an expression of inflexible severity that gave him a striking resemblance to his ancestor. I sensed that he understood and sympathized with this man who had died hundreds of years before he was born.

The communications room was at the center of the ground floor. It contained telephones attached to visual devices which transmitted an image of everything that passed in front of them at any distance. One of these apparatuses connected Menni's house with the Communications Center, which was in turn joined to all the cities of the planet. Other devices provided communication with the underground laboratory which Menni headed. These were in continuous function: several finely gridded screens showed a reduced image of illuminated rooms full of large metal machines and glass equipment attended by hundreds of workers. I asked Menni to take me on a tour of the laboratory.

"That would be ill-advised," he answered. "The substances handled there are unstable, and although we take considerable precautions, there is always a slight risk of explosion or of poisoning by invisible rays. You must not expose yourself to such dangers. Being the only one of your kind we have, you are irreplaceable."

Menni's home laboratory contained only the materials and equipment relevant to the research he was doing at a given moment. Near the ceiling of the corridor on the ground floor hung an aero-gondola that was always ready to take us wherever we might want to go.

"Where does Netti live?" I asked Menni.

"In a large city about two hour's flying time from here. A big engineering works employing tens of thousands of workers is located there, so Netti has ample material for medical research. We have another doctor at our enterprise."

"Surely I would be permitted to inspect that factory sometime?"

"Of course. There is nothing particularly dangerous there. We can visit it tomorrow if you like."

We decided to do so.

2. The Factory

We covered approximately 500 kilometers in two hours. That is the speed of a plummeting falcon, and so far not even our electric trains have been able to match it. Unfamiliar landscapes unfurled below us in rapid

succession. At times we were overtaken by strange birds flying even faster than we. The blue roofs of houses and the giant yellow domes of buildings I did not recognize glittered in the sunlight. The rivers and canals flashed like ribbons of steel. My eyes lingered on them, for they were the same as on Earth. In the distance appeared a hugh city spread out around a small lake and transversed by a canal. The gondola slowed down and landed gently near a small and pretty house that proved to be Netti's. Netti was at home and glad to see us. He got into our gondola and we set off for the factory, which was located a few kilometers away on the other side of the lake.

It consisted of five huge buildings arranged in the form of a cross. They were all identically designed, each of them having a transparent glass vault supported by several dozen dark columns in a slightly elongated ellipse. The walls between the columns were made of alternating sheets of transparent and frosted glass. We stopped by the central building, also the largest, whose gates were about 10 meters wide and 12 meters high, filling the entire space between two columns. The ceiling of the first floor transected the gates at the middle. Several pairs of rails ran through the gates and disappeared into the interior of the building.

We ascended in the gondola to the upper half of the gates and, amid the deafening roar of the machines, flew directly into the second story. Actually, the floors of the factory were not stories as we understand them. At each level there were gigantic machines of a construction unfamiliar to me, surrounded by a network of suspended glass-parquet footbridges girded by beams of gridded steel. Interconnected by a multitude of stairways and elevators, these networks ascended toward the top of the factory in five progressively smaller tiers.

The factory was completely free from smoke, soot, odors, and fine dust. The machines, flooded in a light that illuminated everything yet was by no means harsh, operated steadily and methodically in the clean fresh air, cutting, sawing, planing, and drilling huge pieces of iron, aluminum, nickel, and copper. Levers rose and fell smoothly and evenly like giant steel hands. Huge platforms moved back and forth with automatic precision. The wheels and transmission belts seemed immobile. The soul of this formidable mechanism was not the crude force of fire and steam, but the fine yet even mightier power of electricity. When the ear had become somewhat accustomed to it, the noise of the machines began to seem almost melodious, except, that is, when the several-thousand-ton hammer would fall and everything would shudder from the thunderous blow.

Hundreds of workers moved confidently among the machines, their footsteps and voices drowned in a sea of sound. There was not a trace of tense anxiety on their faces, whose only expression was one of quiet concentration. They seem to be inquisitive, learned observers who had no real part in all that was going on around them. It was as if they simply

found it interesting to watch how the enormous chunks of metal glided out beneath the transparent dome on moving platforms and fell into the steely embrace of dark monsters, where after a cruel game in which they were cracked open by powerful jaws, mauled by hard, heavy paws, and planed and drilled by sharp, flashing claws, small electric railway cars bore them off from the other side of the building in the form of elegant and finely fashioned machine parts whose purpose was a mystery to me. It seemed altogether natural that the steel monsters should not harm the small, big-eyed spectators strolling confidently among them: the giants simply scorned the frail humans as a quarry unworthy of their awesome might. To an outsider the threads connecting the delicate brains of the men with the indestructible organs of the machines were subtle and invisible.

When we finally emerged from the building, the engineer acting as our guide asked us whether we would rather go on immediately to the other buildings and auxiliary shops or take a rest. I voted for a break.

"Now I have seen the machines and the workers," I said, "but I have no idea whatever of how production is organized, and I wonder whether you could tell me something about that."

Instead of answering, the engineer took us to a small cubical building between the central factory and one of the corner edifices. There were three more such structures, all of them arranged in the same way. Their black walls were covered with rows of shiny white signs showing tables of production statistics. I knew the Martian language well enough to be able to decipher them. On the first of them, which was marked with the number one, was the following:

"The machine-building industry has a surplus of 968,757 man-hours daily, of which 11,325 hours are of skilled labor. The surplus at this factory is 753 hours, of which 29 hours are of skilled labor.

"There is no labor shortage in the following industries: agriculture, chemicals, excavations, mining," and so on, in a long alphabetical list of various branches of industry.

Table number two read:

"The clothing industry has a shortage of 392,685 man-hours daily, of which 21,380 hours require experienced repairmen for special machines and 7,852 hours require organization experts."

"The footwear industry lacks 79,360 hours, of which . . ." and so on.

"The Institute of Statistics—3,078 hours . . ." and so on.

There were similar figures on the third and fourth tables, which covered occupations such as preschool education, primary and secondary education, medicine in rural areas, and medicine in urban areas.

"Why is it that a surplus of labor is indicated with precision only for the machine-building industry, whereas it is the shortages everywhere else that are noted in such detail?" I asked.

"It is quite logical," replied Menni. "The tables are meant to affect the distribution of labor. If they are to do that, everyone must be able to see where there is a labor shortage and just how big it is. Assuming that an individual has the same or an approximately equal aptitude for two vocations, he can then choose the one with the greater shortage. As to labor surpluses, exact data on them need be indicated only where such a surplus actually exists, so that each worker in that branch can take into consideration both the size of the surplus and his own inclination to change vocations."

As we were talking I suddenly noticed that certain figures on the table had disappeared and been replaced by others. I asked what that meant.

"The figures change every hour," Menni explained. "In the course of an hour several thousand workers announce that they want to change jobs. The central statistical apparatus takes constant note of this, transmitting the data hourly to all branches of industry."

"But how does the central apparatus arrive at its figures on surpluses and shortages?"

"The Institute of Statistics has agencies everywhere which keep track of the flow of goods into and out of the stockpiles and monitor the productivity of all enterprises and the changes in their work forces. In that way it can be calculated what and how much must be produced for any given period and the number of man-hours required for the task. The Institute then computes the difference between the existing and the desired situation for each vocational area and communicates the result to all places of employment. Equilibrium is soon established by a stream of volunteers."

"But are there no restrictions on the consumption of goods?"

"None whatsoever. Everyone takes whatever he needs in whatever quantities he wants."

"Do you mean that you can do all this without money, documents certifying that a certain amount of labor has been performed, pledges to perform labor, or anything at all of that sort?"

"Nothing at all. There is never any shortage of voluntary labor—work is a natural need for the mature member of our society, and all overt or disguised compulsion is quite superfluous."

"But if consumption is entirely uncontrolled, there must be sharp fluctuations which upset all your statistical compilations."

"Not at all. A single individual may suddenly eat two or three times his normal portion of a given food or decide to change ten suits in ten days, but a society of billions of people is not subject to such fluctuations. In a population of that size deviations in any given direction are neutralized, and averages change very slowly and with the strictest continuity."

"In other words your statistics work almost automatically—they are calculations pure and simple?"

"No, not really, for there are great difficulties involved in the process. The Institute of Statistics must be alert to new inventions and changes in environmental conditions which may affect industry. The introduction of a new machine, for example, immediately requires a transfer of labor in the field in which it is employed, in the machine-building industry, and sometimes also in the production of materials for both branches. If a given ore is exhausted or if new mineral fields are discovered there will again be a transfer of labor in a number of industries—mining, railroad construction, and so on. All of these factors must be calculated from the very beginning, if not with absolute precision then at least with an adequate degree of approximation. And until firsthand data become available, that is no easy task."

"Considering such difficulties," I remarked, "I suppose you must constantly have a certain surplus labor reserve."

"Precisely, and this is the main strength of our system. Two hundred years ago, when collective labor just barely managed to satisfy the needs of society, statistics had to be very exact, and labor could not be distributed with complete freedom. There was an obligatory working day, and within those bounds it was not always or fully possible to take the vocational training of the workers into account. However, although each new invention caused statistical problems, it also contributed to solving the main difficulty, namely the transition to a system in which each individual is perfectly free to choose his own occupation. First the working day was shortened, and then, when a surplus arose in all branches, the obligation was dropped altogether. Note that the labor shortages indicated for the various industries are almost negligible, amounting to mere thousands, tens or hundreds of thousands of man-hours out of the millions and tens of millions of hours presently expended by those same industries."

"But shortages of labor do still exist," I objected. "Yet I suppose that they are covered by later surpluses, are they not?"

"Not only by later surpluses. In reality, necessary labor is computed by adding a certain quantity to the basic figures. In the most vital branches of industry—the production of food, clothing, buildings, machines, and so on—this margin can be as high as 5 percent, whereas in less important areas it is about 1.2 percent. Thus generally speaking, the figures in these tables indicating shortages express merely a relative deficiency, not an absolute one."

"How long is the average working day—at this factory, for example?"

"From an hour and a half to two and a half hours," replied the guide, "but there are those who work both more and less. Take, for example, the comrade operating the main hammer. He is so fascinated by his job that he refuses to be relieved during the entire six hours daily the factory is in production."

I mentally translated these figures from the Martian system of

reckoning into our own. On Mars a day and night together are a little longer than on Earth and are divided into ten of their hours. This means that the average working day is from four to six Earth-hours, and the longest operational day is about fifteen hours, which is approximately the same as in our most intensely run enterprises.

"But isn't it harmful for that comrade at the hammer to work so much?" I asked.

"Not for the time being," Netti replied. "He can permit himself such a luxury for another six months or so. But of course I have warned him of the dangers to which his enthusiasm exposes him. One such risk is the possibility of a convulsive fit of madness that may irresistibly draw him under the hammer. Last year something like that happened at this very factory to another operator who was likewise fascinated by powerful sensations. It was only by a lucky chance that we managed to stop the hammer in time and avert the involuntary suicide. An appetite for strong sensations is in itself no disease, but it can easily become perverted if the nervous system is thrown ever so little off-balance by exhaustion, emotional disturbances, or an occasional illness. Of course I try to keep an eye on those workers who become overly engrossed in any sort of monotonous work."

"Shouldn't this man you mentioned have cut down his labor, considering that there is a surplus in the machine-building industry?"

"Of course not," Menni laughed. "Why should just he take it upon himself to restore the equilibrium? The statistics oblige no one to do that. Everyone takes these figures into consideration when making their own plans, but they cannot be guided by them alone. If you were to want to begin working at this factory you would probably find a job; the surplus figure in the central statistics would rise by one or two hours, and that would be that. The statistics continually affect *mass* transfers of labor, but each individual is free to do as he chooses."

We had time to rest up during our conversation, and everyone except Menni, who was forced to leave by a call from his laboratory, continued the excursion through the factory. I decided to spend the night at Netti's, as he promised to take me to the Children's Colony, where his mother was working as an educator.