

Selection

'Why do you want to be a commercial employee?' 'Because I like that sort of job. 'Which line of business?' 'Soft furnishings.' 'Why precisely that?' 'Because I find the work light and clean.'

Another answer to the first question: 'Because I prefer a job that's not manual.'

Another answer again: 'I'd like to be in sales. 'Why don't you go for a craft?' 'I wouldn't like to work in a factory.'

With answers like this, boys and girls leaving school fill out questionnaires obtained from the career guidance department of the Zentralverband der Angestellten. The spelling is not always flawless, and the unruly grammar of colloquial speech often overlays the learned rules of written German. A year or two later and apprentices with their literary spurs will write confidently in their business letters: 'Most respectfully yours

A non-manual job, preferably in sales, work that's light and clean: the rosy dreams do not all come to fruition. At any rate, it is not enough to feel the call, you must also be chosen – chosen by the authorities driving forward the economic process that drives them.

In Dresden, shoemakers are said to have decided recently to employ only apprentices who have completed two years of secondary school. So a person may not even patch and sole just from an inner inclination. Such folly shows how ingrained the certification system is in our nature, as was observed with some resignation at the last trade-union congress. And if not in our nature, then still in the basis of our contemporary social system. We all know (or probably do not know) the various certificates whose magic influence alone opens certain spheres in the civil-service hierarchy. An advanced certificate is sought nowadays as a qualification for upper-middle civil servants – a requirement that Severing has fortunately

opposed.² Who, after the demise of the old class state, would not have predicted the same fate for these chinoiseries as for the ornaments on the Kurfürstendamm? Meanwhile, they flourish in the private sector too – and not just as arabesques. Big banks and many other commercial and industrial concerns restrict entry into the bliss of their clerical departments to young people with a certificate of secondary education, and they prefer those who have the advanced level. In Berlin, according to reliable information, out of a hundred commercial trainees, fifty might have gone on to complete the final year of secondary education. Of the fortunate certificate-holders, many remain confined throughout their lives to an activity that every ambitious former elementary-school pupil could perform just as well; a higher level of education by no means always ensures a higher salary; retrenchment measures, and other evils termed strokes of fate, hit qualified and unqualified alike. But since the powers-that-be view qualification certificates as talismans, everyone materially able to do so chases after them and seeks to enhance his own monopoly value as much as possible. The rush for further education surpasses the desire for knowledge, and technical employees turned out by vocational schools are now establishing graduate associations. Before long everyone will have a certificate for something. One member of the Deutsche Bankbeamtenverein, who in conversation with me could not hide his satisfaction at the thought that all bank employees were qualified, made the following comment with direct reference to this circumstance: 'Some of them come from good middle-class families. Their level is definitely not proletarian.' The comment is instructive in two respects. It expresses not merely an important aim of the qualification system, but also the fact that this aim is being achieved. If certain certificates may really be necessary, while others are to be explained by the shortage of lebensraum, the fact is that most people with either certificate of secondary schooling are of medium- or petit-bourgeois origin. Proletarian children must be very gifted to push beyond the eight years of elementary school, and once they have climbed sufficiently high, they often disappear from view like Indian fakirs. And since society mainly gives privileges to members of the middle class, who know from birth what is right, it creates for itself a kind of bodyguard in the enterprise. This is all the more reliable when it gets its hands on handsome weapons in the form of certificates and diplomas, with which it can cut a dash and grow rich. That bank

2. Carl Severing, former trade-union leader who served as SPD minister of the interior in the late 1920s.

The *Abitur* is a leaving examination at the end of grammar or senior-high schooling, i.e. after thirteen years' education, roughly equivalent to British A-levels. The *Einjährige* was a 'middle' certificate after ten years, roughly equivalent to GCSE.

Ick was truly singing his colleagues' praises when he said that their 'level' was definitely not proletarian. The guard may die, but it does not surrender to an outlawed attitude: so the system protects itself against disintegration.

Other examples will be presented to show how aware salaried employees are of their status. And if the associations combined in the Ma-Bund strive for the certification system to be abolished, that is merely a logical consequence of socialist trains of thought.

'Let everyone be employed at the job he is best capable of performing according to his abilities, his knowledge, his psychological and physical qualities: according, in short, to the specific character of his whole personality. The right person in the right place!' These phrases come originally from an O. and Partners management announcement at the end of 1927, and were intended to prepare the company's salaried staff for aptitude tests then being planned. Whole personality, right person and right place: the words drawn from the dictionary of a defunct idealist philosophy give the impression that what is involved

in the test procedures currently being implemented is a genuine selection of persons. Neither in O. and Partners nor in other firms, however, do the majority of employees carry out activities requiring a personality, let alone 'the specific character of a personality'. And forget about the 'right person'! Jobs are precisely not vocations tailored to so-called personalities, but jobs in the enterprise, created according to the needs of the production and distribution process. Only in the upper layers of the social hierarchy does the true personality begin: this, however, is no longer subject to the pressure of testing. So aptitude tests may at best determine whether employees are particularly adept at specific jobs. Telephone girl or shorthand typist – that is the question. A clarification not without importance since it means that such tests performed in the enterprise help its own interests more than they help the right person. A passage in the management announcement, intended to make any change in type of employment dependent upon test results, likewise speaks of this: 'An upwards or downwards alteration of pay occurs only if the employee in question receives a better or less good job. The luck of personality, then, possibly does not count for much.'

The same economic logic that ever more rationally moulds the enterprise also undoubtedly engenders the attempt fully to rationalize the former inchoate human mass. As its champion (albeit not wholly qualified in socio-political terms), Professor William Stern recently gave his views on the subject of tests for employees at an enlarged Afa

conference. He heads the Hamburg Society for Advocates of Applied Psychology, which has been involved in the O. and Partners tests.

The conclusion to be drawn from his explanations is that a commercial employee is something infinitely more complicated than a worker. Where a simple functional test is normally sufficient for the latter, the greater demands imposed by commercial occupations mean that the former can be fathomed only by a 'total view' – even if only qualities relevant to his work are to be crystallized out. They experiment with him: accounting tests, telephone tests, etc. They observe him: how does the candidate lay out the invoices he has to classify? They study him physiognomically and graphologically. In short, for occupational psychologists every least employee is a microcosm. Despite this high regard, gratifying in itself, for the life of the alien psyche, the union politicians present at the conference spoke out unanimously against the 'total view' practised here. With justification they question its absolute reliability; with equal justification they combat the threat character analysis poses of an encroachment into the private sphere; and finally they maintain that an at least unconscious link exists between the tester operating within the enterprise and the employer. The talents of employees, they consider, may be systematically ascertained if necessary upon entry into the job, but only in neutral locations.

Such locations are the job advice centres. The aptitude tester at one Berlin advice centre gave me an account of his own experience. It carries weight that even this man is convinced that tests have no business in the enterprise. 'Any big firm', he says, 'that needs an aptitude test in order to deploy its personnel, has poor staff supervision.' And, indeed, how little must the senior staff in an enterprise know about their juniors, if they can squeeze from them a confession of hidden talents only under scientific torture? The aptitude tester nevertheless proposes that large-scale enterprises should devise staff cards on which entries are made about their employees. The proposal, though certainly inspired by honest intentions, has hidden dangers. If the spirit of the enterprise is decent, fixed precipitates in a card-index are unnecessary; if it is poor, you will get good-conduct files whatever control mechanisms are introduced. The aptitude tester's experiences relate to shorthand typists, ledger-clerks, German- and foreign-language correspondence clerks and section managers. He loyally avoids all statements about the private individual and confines himself purely to occupational psychology. Thus on one occasion, for example, he delivers the judgement: 'In his work Herr X is a phoney.' So much for Herr X. Perhaps in private dealings with girls he inclines rather to bashfulness, but his work is all show. Should we carve the man into two halves? In order to allay my doubts, the aptitude tester informs me of

notable successes. One large firm approached him with a request for two gentlemen, both ready to be section managers but only one whom could fill the post that had fallen vacant. He provided an individual profile of both delinquents, in which one of them was credited with a better overview than the other. The large firm chose the better overview and is now extremely satisfied. Then the following

a boss sent the aptitude tester two girls, one with rickets and the other as pretty as a picture. The boss would have preferred, of course, to hire the pretty one but, as so often with girls, it was the one with rickets who was the jewel. The aptitude tester, in the guise of a latterday Paris, picked not the Aphrodite but the Athene (no Hera was present among the employees). He scored a triumph when the boss, after a certain time, engaged the rickety goddess in his private office. And even

a case 'with strings' science was victorious, with the favoured candidate being rejected because of his psychologically proven unfitness.

Finally the aptitude tester rounds things off by tracing my own profile, which he has put together unobtrusively during our conversation. He is a skilled observer, in whose wide-meshed web of categories certain structural features do get caught. In my case, they might suffice to classify me in an average earnings group.

Reliable experts like this are all the more important in view of the fact that aptitude tests are coming into vogue for salaried employees

One of the proprietors of a famous specialist company explains to me how his firm proceeds in the matter of new appointments. Every applicant has to fill out a questionnaire and is personally examined by the appropriate manager. Switchboard operators and candidates for the advertising department are regarded also as natural subjects for industrial psychology. In the case of qualified staff, graphological evidence is called for. The graphologist entrusted with such expertise penetrates the employees' souls like a government spy in hostile territory. Both are supposed by secret paths to procure from the enemy camp material of value to their principals. The growing use of methods of psychological exploration, made in the service of more intensive profitability, is thus not least also a sign of the estrangement imposed by the prevailing system between employers and numerous categories of employees. Where a total view is demanded, no one really looks at each other any more. Things will probably get better only if the prophetic words of the O. and Partners announcement come true and the right people reach the right places.

That girl with rickets who found her way to the private office thanks to the aptitude tester was exceptionally favoured by Providence. For

usually today outward appearance plays a decisive role, and in order to be rejected you need not even have rickets. 'With the huge supply of labour', writes the Social-Democrat deputy Dr Julius Moses, 'a certain physical "selection" inevitably occurs. Conspicuous bodily imperfections, though they may not in the least impair fitness for work, prematurely force socially vulnerable people out of work and into invalidity' (*Afa-Bundeszeitung*, February 1929). That this is so, and not just with employees who come into direct contact with the public, is confirmed from many sides. An official in a Berlin job centre explains to me how people with physical defects – people who limp, for instance, or even who write lefthanded – are regarded as disabled and are particularly hard to place. They are frequently retrained. The official makes no bones about the reduced marketability of wrinkles and grey hair. I try to learn from him what magical properties a person's appearance must possess in order to open the gates of the firm. The terms 'nice' and 'friendly' recur like stock phrases in his reply. Above all employers want to receive a nice impression. People who appear nice – and nice manners are naturally part of the appearance – are taken on even if their references are poor. The official says: 'We have to do things the same way as the Americans do. The man must have a friendly face.' In order to increase the man's friendliness, the job centre

ideally requires him to apply with shaven cheeks and in his best suit. The works-council chairman of one big firm likewise recommends employees to turn out in the martial trappings of their Sunday best when their boss is coming for a visit. One piece of information that I obtain in a well-known Berlin department store is particularly instructive: 'When taking on sales and office staff' says an influential gentleman from the personnel department, 'we attach most importance to a pleasant appearance. From a distance he looks a bit like Reinhold Schünzel in early films.³ I ask him what he understands by 'pleasant' saucy or pretty. 'Not exactly pretty. What's far more crucial is – oh, you know, a morally pink complexion.'

I do know. A morally pink complexion – this combination of concepts at a stroke renders transparent the everyday life that is fleshed out by window displays, salary-earners and illustrated papers. Its morality must have a pink hue, its pink a moral grounding. That is what the people responsible for selection want. They would like to cover life with a varnish concealing its far-from-rosy reality. But beware, if morality should penetrate beneath the skin, and the pink be not quite moral enough to prevent the eruption of desires! The gloom of unadorned

3. Reinhold Schünzel (1888–1954) specialized in portraying elegant villains on stage and screen; he was Tiger Brown in Pabst's 1931 *Dreigroschenoper*.

morality would bring as much danger to the prevailing order as a pink that began to flare up immorally. So that both may be neutralized, they are tied to one another. The same system that requires the aptitude test also produces this nice, friendly mixture; and the more rationalization progresses, the more the morally pink appearance gains ground. It is scarcely too hazardous to assert that in Berlin a salaried type is developing, standardized in the direction of the desired complexion. Speech, clothes, gestures and countenances become assimilated and the result of the process is that very same pleasant appearance, which with the help of photographs can be widely reproduced. A selective breeding that is carried out under the pressure of social relations, and that is necessarily supported by the economy through the arousal of 'corresponding consumer needs.'

Employees must join in, whether they want to or not. The rush to the numerous beauty salons springs partly from existential concerns, and the use of cosmetic products is not always a luxury. For fear of being withdrawn from use as obsolete, ladies and gentlemen dye their hair, while forty-year-olds take up sports to keep slim. 'How can I become beautiful?' runs the title of a booklet recently launched on to the market; the newspaper advertisements for it say that it shows ways 'to look young and beautiful both now and for ever' Fashion and economy work hand in hand. Most people, of course, are in no position to consult a specialist. They fall prey to quacks or have to make do with remedies as cheap as they are dubious. For some time now the above-mentioned deputy Dr Moses has been fighting in their interest in parliament, for incorporating proper provision for disfigurement into social security. The young Arbeitsgemeinschaft kosmetisch tätiger Ärzte Deutschlands [Working Community of Cosmetic Practitioners of Germany] has associated itself with this legitimate demand.

Short break for ventilation

The commercial director of a modern factory explains the business to me before my tour of inspection. 'The commercial operation of the work process', he says, 'is rationalized down to the last detail.' He points to diagrams whose colourful networks of lines illustrate the whole operation. The plans hang in frames on the walls of his room. On the other wall there are two peculiar cases that look a bit like children's abacuses. Within them little brightly coloured balls, arranged on vertical cords, rise in close formation to varying heights. One glance at them, and the director at once knows all about the firm's current situation. Every couple of days the little balls are repositioned by a statistics clerk. No sound penetrates the room, there are hardly any papers on the desk. This treetop calm seems to prevail everywhere in the higher spheres. One captain of industry I know lives in monastic seclusion in the midst of the giant enterprise over which he has to hold sway; and the boss of one important firm uses light signals to inform visitors waiting at the outer door of his private office whether they should enter, wait or move on. I recall the days of mobilization, when it was said that the minister of war, thanks to the organizational miracle of deployment plans prepared in advance, sat in his peaceful office with nothing to do while outside his troops were on the march. Admittedly, the war itself was then lost. 'Do you know what tour tickets look like?' the commercial director asked me. I nodded in astonishment. 'I'll show you our own tour tickets.' We enter a room whose iron shelves hold countless booklets that really do look just like tour tickets. They contain, folded together, all the dockets needed for carrying out the work process. The work process: i.e. the sum of functions to be performed from the arrival of the order to the dispatch of the commissioned goods. Once the order begins its journey, the route it has to follow is determined by means of the dockets; and certainly no concert agency could fix a virtuoso's tour in advance more precisely.

The equipment in the office of the manager, who has to supervise the entire tourist traffic, bears about the same resemblance to the freely invented office equipment in Fritz Lang's spy film as a fantastic sunset does to a genuine oleograph. A cupboard-like centrepiece studded with coloured light-bulbs forms the principal ornament of the real office. In general, the sole purpose today of red, yellow and green tints is to organize an enterprise more rationally. From the flashing and dimming of the tiny bulbs, the manager can at all times deduce the state of work in the individual departments. In the course of the tour through the offices that the commercial director makes with me, we gradually pace out the network of lines on the wall of his room. The marvellous thing is that the operation of the plan is set in motion by real people. A number of girls are evenly distributed about the room at Powers machines, punching cards and writing. The Powers (or Hollerich) machinery, used for bookkeeping and every kind of statistical purpose, performs by mechanical means feats whose accomplishment had previously required a never wholly reliable intellectual labour, as well as incomparably more time. The chosen instrument of machine processing is the punch-card covered with rows of figures, upon which operationally important items can be represented in numbers. Each card is perforated with the help of the punching machine and then contains the record file in perforation code. Once the cards are ready, they travel to the sorting and tabulating machines in the adjoining room. In a trice the former arrange the material according to the various items, while the latter write down the perforated numbers in the desired tabular form and add up the columns automatically. Gentlemen tend the heavy monsters, whose racket vastly surpasses the monotonous clatter of the punching girls. I ask the office manager about the machine-girls' work routine.

'The girls', he replies, 'punch for only six hours and during the remaining two hours are employed as office clerks. In this way we avoid overtaxing them. All this takes place in a predetermined cycle, so that each employee encounters all tasks. For hygienic reasons, moreover, from time to time we slip in short breaks for ventilation.'

What a scheme – even ventilation outlets are not forgotten.

'We worked for nine months on the whole system', the commercial director comments. The office manager holds a thick folio under my nose, in which the work plan applicable to the machine room is entered accurately to the minute.

'If ever, Heaven forbid, you suddenly fall ill', I said to the office manager, 'can someone else take your place at once and assume control with the help of this book?'

'Yes, of course.'

He feels tremendously flattered because his foresight in contriving to be replaceable at all times is recognized.

And after all it's just the same
If it's you or if it's me.

Then we move to the wages and personnel department, in which all kinds of pre-printed forms are fed through the accounting-machine.

The big banks and other big firms in which expensive investment pays have mainly gone over to proper mechanization. The commercial advantages of machine methods can hardly be overestimated; to take just one example, they enable the current-account departments of banks today to make up accounts in the shortest possible time and update them hourly. Thanks to the intellectual labour invested in the equipment, its handmaidens are spared the possession of knowledge; if attendance at commercial college were not compulsory, they would need to know nothing at all. The mysteries of the firm too are a closed book to them, since they deal only with figures. Just one thing is required of them: attention. This cannot wander free but is under the control of the apparatus it controls and – what with the noise in the machine-rooms – the less enticing the object at which it is to be directed, the more it must demand of the nerves. Some people complain about the insufficient allowance made for fatigue in the computation of tasks to be executed. There are others, of course, who commend this very strain as particularly delightful. One person, for example, writes triumphantly about the fact that machines work fast, then goes on: 'yet they cannot be operated absent-mindedly, but force their operatives to bring even their brains to an appropriate "frequency"' And that is the decisive thing: work thus acquires a tempo and therewith, in my view, that which endows even a monotonous job with charm. The enthusiasm becomes more understandable if you learn that it has been culled from a company newspaper known to sceptical employees as the 'Slime-Trumpet'. How arduous protracted mechanical activity really is may be deduced indirectly from the fact that several firms I know, like the one described above, confine it to a fraction of the working day and pay machine staff almost exclusively by means of special allowances. The fact that they are so fond of placing girls in charge of machines is due, among other things, to the innate dexterity of the young creatures – which natural gift is, however, too widely distributed, alas, to warrant a high rate of pay. When the middle classes were still in a state of prosperity, many girls who now punch cards used

to stumble through *études* at home on the pianoforte. Music at least has not entirely vanished from a process that the National Board for Economic Viability has defined as follows: 'Rationalization is the application of all means offered by technology and systematic organization to the raising of economic viability, and therewith to increasing the production of goods, reducing their cost and also improving them.' No, it has not quite gone. I know of one industrial plant that hires girls straight from high school with a salary and lets them be trained at the typewriter by a teacher of their own. The wily teacher winds up a gramophone and the pupils have to type in time with its tunes. When merry military marches ring out, they all march ahead twice as lightly. The rotation speed of the record is gradually increased, and without the girls really noticing it they tap faster and faster. In their training years they turn into speed typists – music has wrought the cheaply purchased miracle.

The National Board for Economic Viability's definition has no place for the term 'human beings'. Presumably it has been forgotten because it no longer plays any very important role. Yet employees are continually to be found who register its elimination as a loss. Not so much the young ones, who grow up – or perhaps grow smaller – in the modern firm, as the older ones who can remember the former state of affairs. The chief clerk of one bank, to be sure, tells me how one of his subordinates, who initially would not hear a word about rationalization, spontaneously changed his attitude after six months; but I also know of another case, where a bank employee who had been moved to a machine was up and away after two days without any apology. The works-council chairman of one big bank speaks to me with considerable resignation about the loss of what he calls the value of personality. His personality requirements are as laughable as they are modest. Today, he tells me, the keeper of an account has basically only to 'tick off', and with limited sources of error the time he takes can be verified precisely. Formerly things were different. Then a chief clerk was a man of experience, who often needed long days to balance accounts, and might take the opportunity if he liked for private leisure, without having to fear any surveillance. So, in the opinion of the works-council chairman, the value of personality actually consists in being able to stretch work by your own decision – a conception that at least compromises far less the idealistic concept of personality still lurking among us than do the convictions of university professor Kalveram. In an essay in the journal of the German association of bank officials, Professor Kalveram denies that mechanized office work carries the danger of dehumanization. He further maintains that tending a machine requires a person's full intellectual involvement, and then

explains: 'In the German view, work must lead to an unfolding and realization of one's own personality. It must be viewed as service to the great tasks of the national community to which we belong.' Nothing stands in sharper opposition to these ideologically biased impositions of Professor Kalveram than his own statement, made at another point in the same essay, that the field of activity of the masses employed in mechanized firms has been narrowed down. For many categories of employee, freedom of action has indeed been restricted as a result of rationalization. In one big bank, in which I am assured that responsibility does still lie with the chief clerk, the office manager is known nowadays as the 'corporal' – a jocular definition testifying to his diminished significance. A personnel manager is only expressing in his own way the change of functions when, in conversation with me, he says it does no harm if low- and middle-level employees specialize. The specialization process has happened in a whole number of sectors. Buyers, for instance, have had to surrender some of their independence because of increasing rationalization of the market, and supervisors once entrusted with technical management today perform precisely delimited functions in the production process. As one expert reports, the old supervisors look down on their new-style colleagues in the same way as a craftsman does on a worker. The diminution of their authority and their increased fungibility were responsible in no small measure for the fact that the supervisors' union in due course joined precisely the Afa-Bund. But what is the use of prating about personality, if work is increasingly becoming a fragmentary function?

Under these conditions it is hard to foster job satisfaction. An article in the journal of the Gewerkschaftsbund der Angestellten does indeed decree with enviable optimism: 'The science of psychology concerned with work and workers will have to seek and find paths to job satisfaction. However, science cannot in the end be made into an all-purpose handmaiden either. At one moment it is supposed to rationalize firms and at another to create the cheerful mood that it has rationalized away. This is definitely asking too much. More sensible are attempts to revive joy in work through better promotion prospects and higher salaries – even if Professor Kalveram holds the view that in no way does 'the question of pay alone determine the attitude of individuals to their work'. But, as will be noted later, narrow limits are placed today upon the implementation of such proposals. To ideologues among the employers, job satisfaction is primarily a matter of inner nature, of course. One of them becomes downright metaphysical on the theme. Every job, he tells me approximately, has its pleasures: a

roadsweeper, say, can make his activity into something quite unique. I reply that the roadsweeper takes pleasure in his uniqueness only if it gets the proper outward recognition. Even artists grow bitter if their genius remains unnoticed. That employer has a staunch ally in Professor Ludwig Heyde, the editor of *Social Praxis*, whose theory of the joys of monotony has no rival. It is simply unique, and since I see no possibility of helping any unique roadsweeper to well-earned reward and honour, I shall at least preserve this unique theory from extinction. It is designed for workers, but holds equally for many salaried employees.

Professor Heyde in one paper (included in the anthology *Strukturwandelungen der deutschen Volkswirtschaft* ['Structural changes in the German national economy']) recalls recent research into monotony which came to the conclusion that many people suffer greatly in monotonous work, whereas others feel quite all right in it. Professor Heyde writes here in conclusion:

One must not fail to appreciate, you see, that through the monotony of an unchanging activity thoughts are set free for other objects. Then the worker thinks of his class ideals, perhaps secretly calls all his enemies to account or worries about his wife and children. In the meantime, however, his work goes ahead. The female worker, especially so long as she still believes like a young girl that employment for her is only a transitory phenomenon, dreams during monotonous work of teenage novels, film dramas or betrothals; she is almost less susceptible to monotony even than the male.

One must not fail to appreciate, you see, that behind these pastoral meditations there undoubtedly lies the pipedream that workers might really think about their class ideals only in secret. How pleasant, in comparison with that professorial stuffiness, seem the candid remarks recently uttered by a factory director during a pay negotiation. The factory director told the representative of the employees' organization how he was convinced that the life of a commercial employee – a bookkeeper, say – was one of dreadful monotony, and how he himself would hardly be able to come to terms with such an existence. He did later add that those affected by monotony did not seem to find their lot so hard to bear, since he had nowhere found any numb despair. The fact that his disdain also served to belittle the demands directed to him does not invalidate his words.

Many leading figures in business and industry warn against exaggerated ideas about the usefulness of machinery, and many enterprises, especially small or medium ones, certainly refuse any violent rationalization. For the same reason, however, with growing concentration the mechanization of employees' work will make advances. How do

employees themselves judge this development? Even if (including their more radical unions) in the ideological sphere they often evade the situation that confronts them instead of analysing it, they will still not sweeten with the wisdom of university professors the pills they have to swallow. One little miss typist, working in an enterprise far too big for her, tells me boldly to my face that neither she nor her colleagues are exactly wedded to the clatter of machines. The various unions are anyway desirous of bringing the full benefits of rationalization to the employees, and they know from the history of social movements that nothing is more mistaken than machine-breaking. 'The machine', one works-council member tells me, 'must be an instrument of liberation.' He has probably often heard the phrase at meetings. Its triteness makes it all the more touching.