

Technological marvels gave us control over accepted reality. Objects and images—visually magnified, distorted, shown inside out—presented new insights, changing forever how we saw and thought about the tangible real world.

Machines took over our household chores—leaving us extra, discretionary time.

We could *phone* the doctor—more efficient.

Machine-made, mass-produced goods gave us what we needed or wanted—fast. Goods that were anonymous—and just like everyone else's.

The world got smaller for us, courtesy of unseen hands delivering more services. Mechanically.

We became a "massed society."

The new watchword was quantity, not quality.

Product, not process or substance.

The what—not the how.

Little wonder that television would evolve. It filled so many of our newfound needs.

- Instant gratification.
- Pleasure without personal effort.
- Understanding just enough without wasting time.
- Group consensus about lifestyles and values.
- Getting what we need to know to keep pace.

That's the key word—*pace*.

The rhythm of life has changed forever. With that change have gone our old abilities to live life in longer phrases, seeing longer segments. The mailroom boy who worked at the same shop for thirty years, investing in the single, slow rise to the presidency, is now a charming antique fable. We who once were willing to trek across the country, or the ocean, with the hope of a brighter day-after-tomorrow, want it *now*. No waiting.

We used to let time be an active partner and pacesetter. Knowing how to invest and spend it, our activities and our pleasures reflected that. But since we've harnessed most of the means to give us a brighter day right now, the skills that required waiting began to dry up, seeming redundant and unnecessary. And of all of these, telling, listening, and reading top the list.

You see, it takes too long to tell and listen—to wait till you get to the end of a paragraph for me to get the idea.