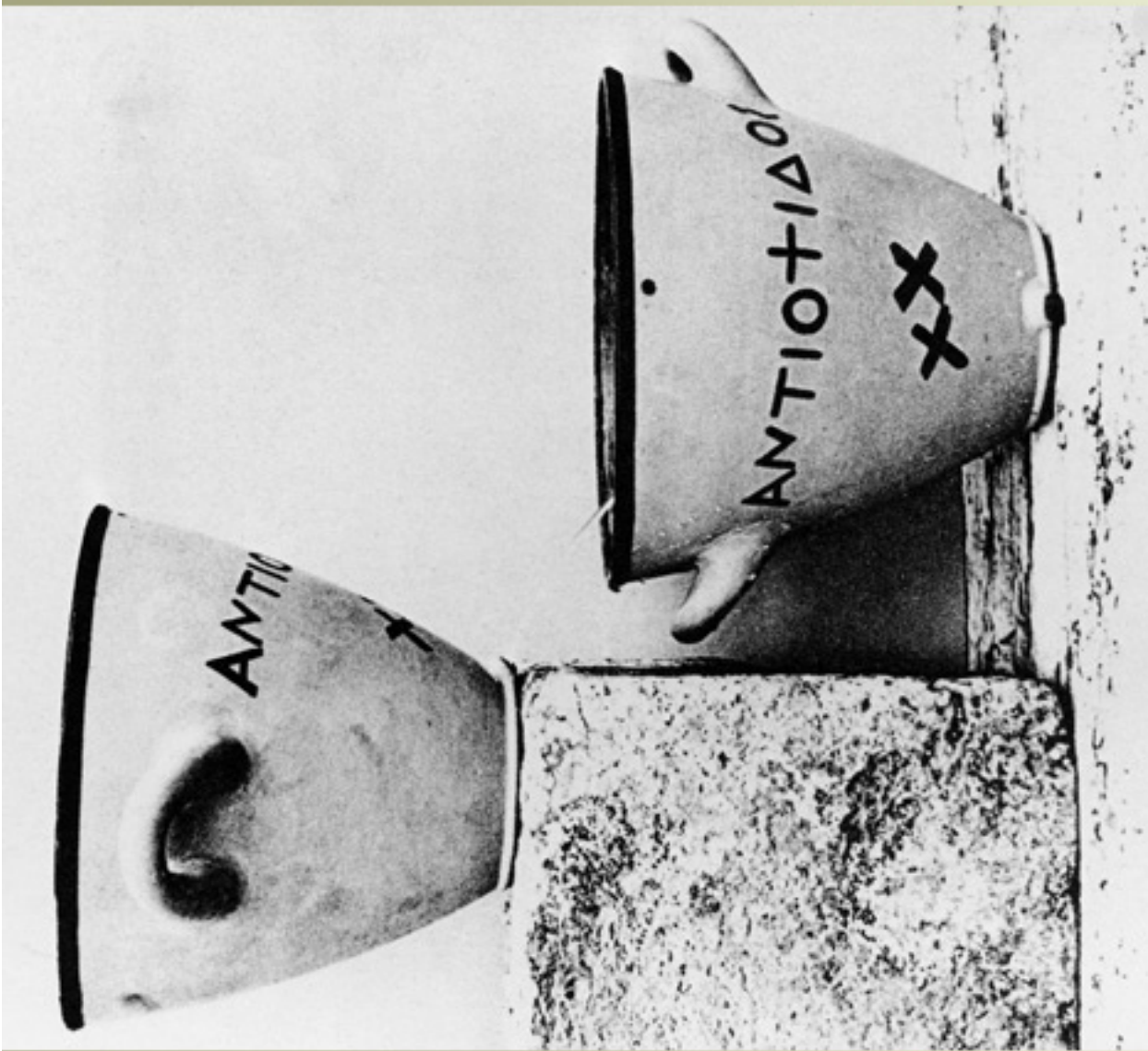
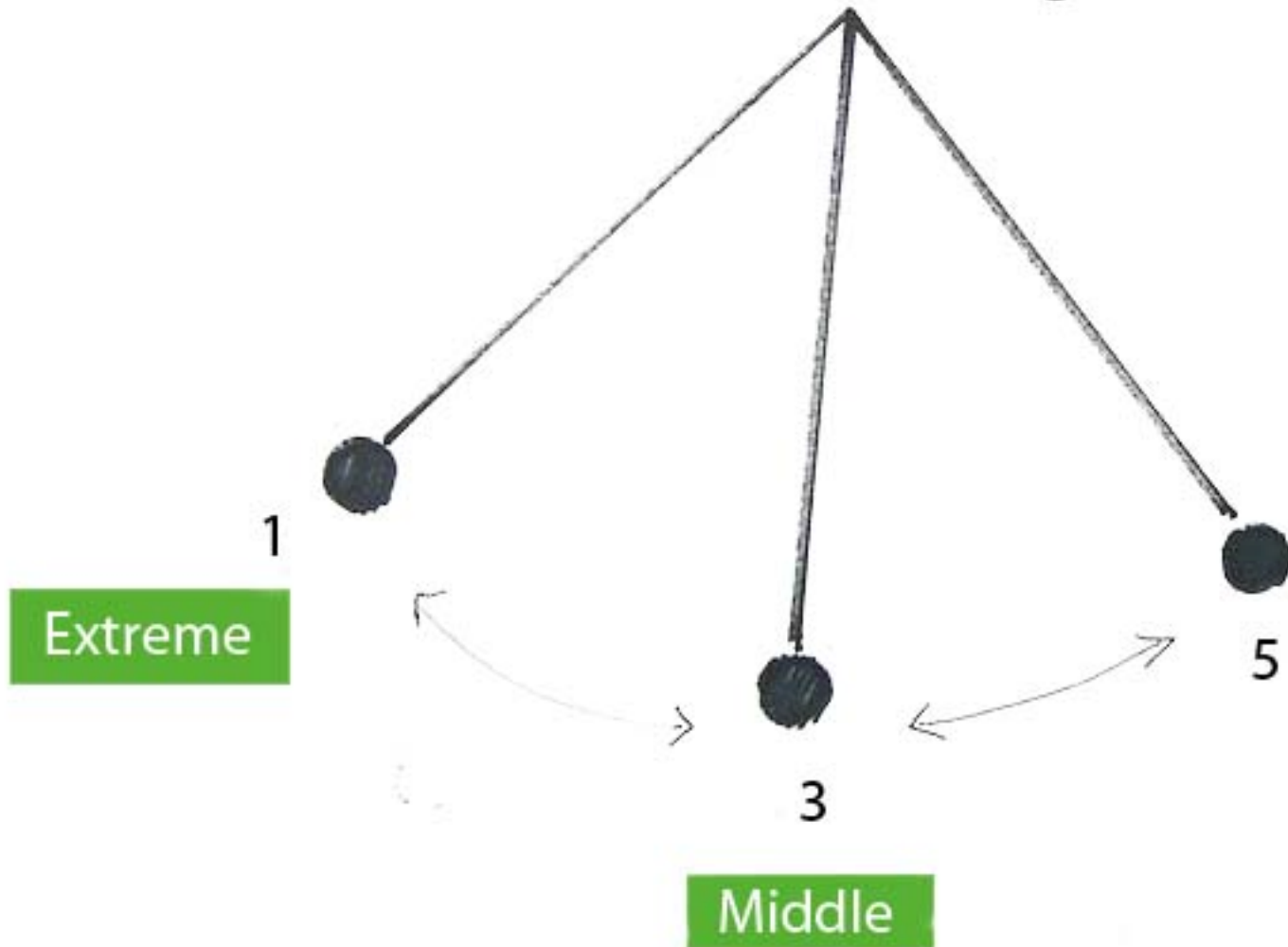
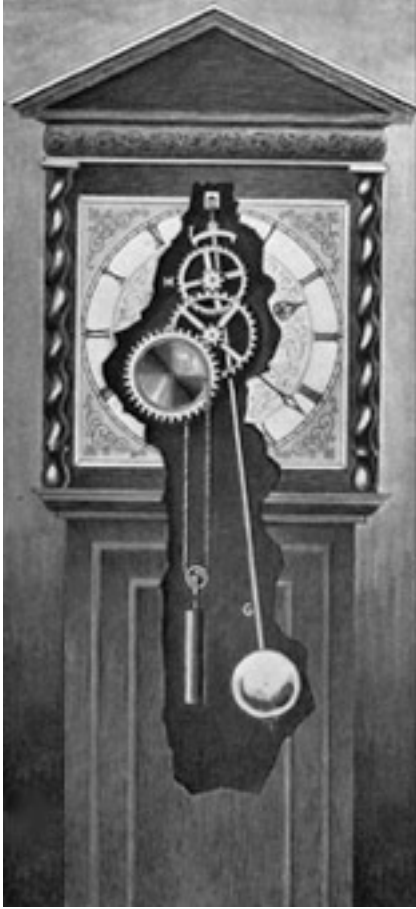


Shadow clock.



Pendulum Swing









Parallel of
Thule

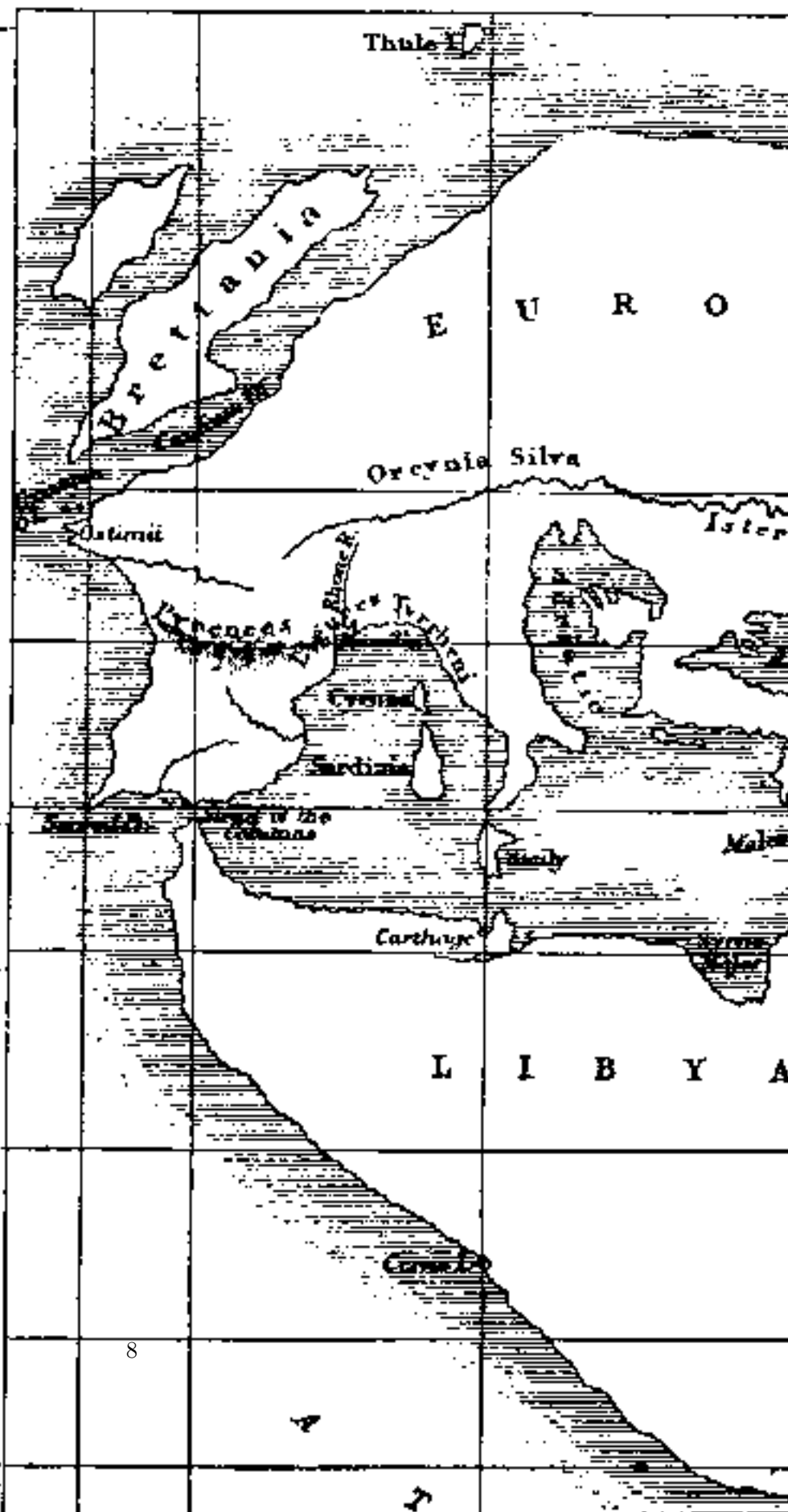
Parallel of
Rhodus

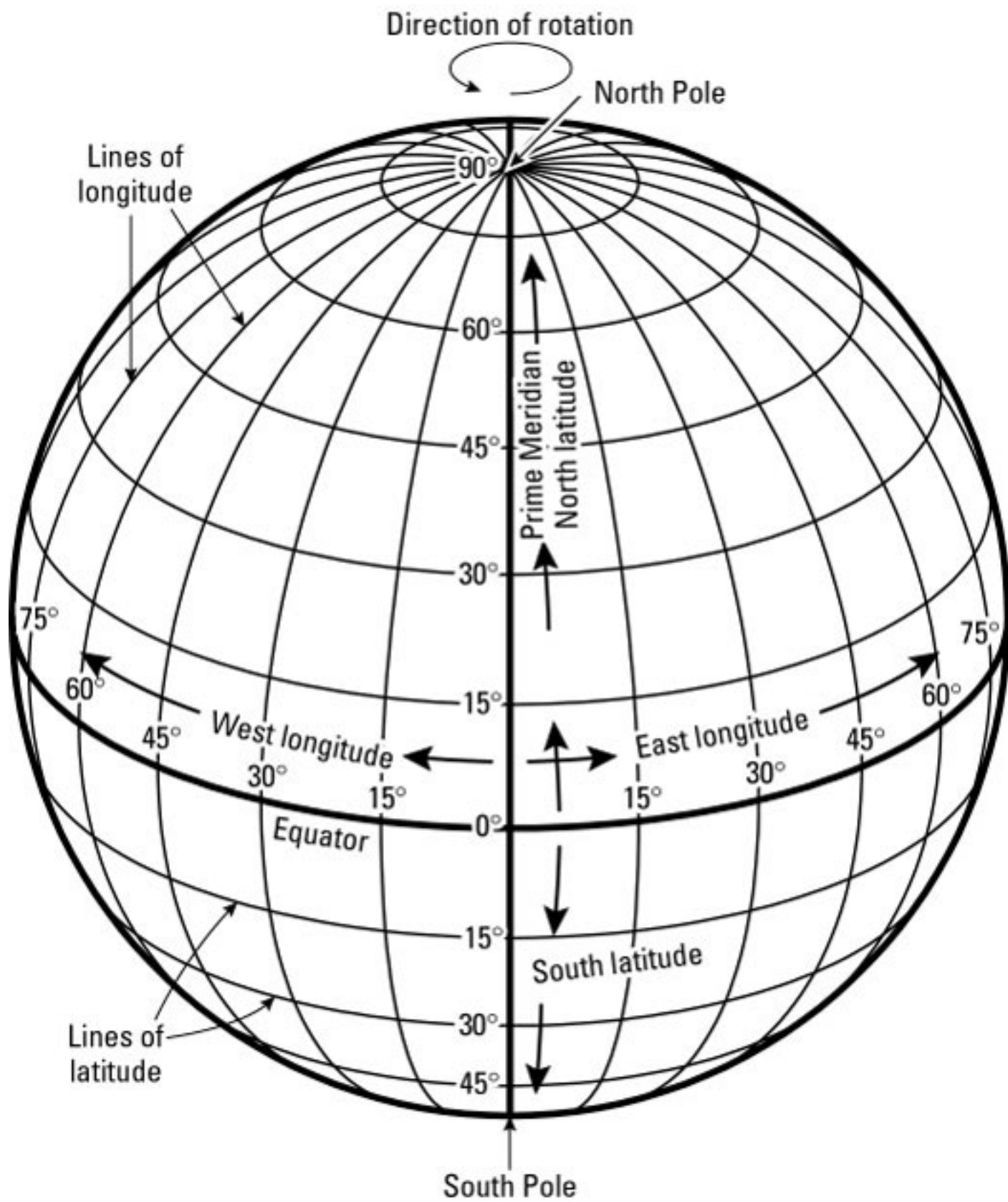
Parallel of
Alexandria

Tropic

Parallel of
Acroë

Southern limit
of Known World





Taylorism

A time chart from the Systems and Procedures Association of America, for example, suggests target times for activities like these: open and close file drawer, no selection = .04 seconds; desk, open center drawer = .026 seconds; close center drawer = .027 seconds; close side drawer = .015 seconds; get up from chair = .033 seconds; sit down in chair = .033 seconds; turn in swivel chair = .009 seconds; move in chair to adjoining desk or file (4 ft. max.) = .050 seconds.(Levin, 'The Geography of Time', p.71)

Objections

These are taken from 'A Geography of Time', p.73:

- The New York Herald in 1883 observed that standard time “goes beyond the public pursuits of men and enters into their private lives as part of themselves.”
- “Let us keep our own noon,” demanded the prestigious Boston Evening Transcript.
- The Louisville Courier Journal referred to standardization as “a monstrous fraud,” “a compulsory lie,” and “a swindle.”
- A letter to that newspaper asked, “if anyone has the authority and right to change the city time without the consent of the people, and what benefit Louisville can derive from it?”
- The editors responded that no such authority ruled, and no benefit seemed likely from what was “only a disguised step towards centralization ...a stab in the dark at our cherished State’s rights.
- After they get all our watches and clocks ticking together,” the editors asked in reflexive alarm, “will there not be a further move to merge the zone states into districts or provinces?”

Is Time a fictional master?

When I was alive, I believed—as you do—that time was at least as real and solid as myself, and probably more so. I said “one o’clock” as though I could see it, and “Monday” as though I could find it on a map ... Like everyone else, I lived in a house bricked up with seconds and minutes, weekends and New Years Days, and I never went outside until I died, because there was no other door. Now I know that I could have walked through the walls. (Peter Beagle, 'The Last Unicorn')