

# Preface

In the 1950s, as home and work chores became increasingly mechanized and as the electronics revolution hinted at an even more startling efficiency to come, futurists made a bold prediction: by the year 2000, the average person would work only 20 or 30 hours a week. There would be so much leisure time that most of us wouldn't know what to do with it.

We now know that these '50s oracles were wrong—very wrong. Electronics and automation have sped up life so greatly that, to keep up with the swift flood of tasks and info-bits, most of us work *more* than 40 hours, not fewer, and have seen our leisure time shrink away. The computer chip didn't free us. It forced us to produce at *its* speed.

So, we're on a responsibility overload. Faxes, Federal Express, and e-mail demand instant action. Computers and laser printers pour out 50 personalized letters in minutes—something that once took a secretary all day to do. Consequently, our mailboxes and in-bins overflow with all sorts of materials that clamor for our attention.

All this communication and the ease of travel mean that the network of people you deal with has grown exponentially. Indeed, you meet more people in one year than your grandparents did in a lifetime. No wonder so many of us have trouble remembering names.

To make matters worse, you may have turned to a book on time management for help before, one that argued (as most do) that you must erect great, logic-based ramparts to hold off the disorganized barbarians or super-efficient competitors out there. The author may have suggested that within those barriers you

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can reside in a cool, patterned, and neat little environment, practicing the one true religion of time management.

If only it were so easy or true. But you know better.

More often, you feel overwhelmed, exhausted, defeated. You probably even feel guilty taking the time to read one more book on time management—this one. *But there is hope.* That's what this book is all about.