

Graphic Exchange

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PUBLISHER'S NOTES

Am I the master of my game?

PLAY A GAME WITH NO RULES, EXCEPT THOSE WHICH I DRAW ON A PAGE. THE POINTS BY WHICH my margin of victory or defeat can be measured are not the kind that can be read on a flashing scoreboard. As I hack and slash my way through flaky software releases and recalcitrant hardware, foisted upon me by conniving developers and diabolical manufacturers, I leave behind me the guts and gore of countless savage encounters.

I am a digital warrior, a bloodthirsty warlord of pixelated mayhem.

I will seek out my elusive enemy and I will smite him down with my cunning and patience and perseverance. For I am a mighty and valiant hero of desktop.

Ye who would challenge me, beware my trusty sword and shield: cutting edge desktop knowledge that can slice through any technocharlatan who dares to cross my path, and the thick armour of digital experience to blunt the wicked blows of any technological affront.

But the challenges with which we knights of the silicon must contend come at us from all directions. Will it be a DVD broadside? Our gallant multimedia gladiator, Bob Connolly, has met his foe at close quarters, and his recounting of DVD RULES! on page 8 stands brave and true.

Might we fall prey to the monitor Minotaur? Lorne Cherry (jousting of countless boxes) spins his tale about MAKING A LIVING ON THE BIG SCREEN on page 22.

The chronicles of valiant prepress swashbucklers John Korchok and Shane Steinman reveal, respectively, the secrets of *Photoshop* masking plug-ins (page 45) and Epson's new large format scanner (page 40), while on page 43 design stalwart Peter Dudar describes his confrontation with Macromedia's new *Dreamweaver*.

Worthy challengers, all.

But more dangerous pitfalls are in store on page 32. What of COLOR MANAGEMENT WITHOUT COST, Stephen Herron's hair-raising saga of his battle to tame the ColorSync beast? Or Lynda Weinman's account of the nefarious WEB FILE FORMATS on page 26?

Yes, monsters and demons lie in wait for us everywhere, but none so graphic as those uncovered by Dinah Tolton, and displayed in all their frightening ferocity in YES, MY LORD, beginning on page 16.

But perhaps the grisliest sight to be seen in these pages is at the very end, where Gary Shilling, that FoolProof beacon of Macintosh purity, raises his fist in the air and declares STEVE JOBS! STOP POLISHING APPLES AND KISS MY BUTT!

For in this titanic struggle between the forces of good PostScript and bad PostScript, it's every combatant for himself.

Thus, as I play my life-and-death game of desktop dragons and dungeons, I must beware the potential subterfuge of every technology I meet. I must not waste all my lives before I find the highest level. I must search for hidden treasures among the tools and tips I confront throughout the digital maze. And as I eliminate the spellbinders and timewasters that slow my march towards a golden workflow, as I tread ever closer to the last prize in this desktop odyssey, one haunting question continues to burn in my soul like the eyes of the Minotaur:

Am I the real master of my game?

Yes! comes my reply. *And one day I will triumph!*

Dork! laughs the Minotaur. *Don't you know this game never ends? **

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