

## Armed and dangerous

Her resumé looked good, although 640 words per minute sounded pretty darn fast, even using Inkwel. But her long curriculum vitae included all the software and hardware skills I was looking for, so I set up an interview.

When she walked into my office and sat down across from me, I had to catch my breath.

Now, I'm not against women wearing skirts that show off their legs, and I suppose a little jewelry *does* compliment the outfit. However—notwithstanding the rich multicultural diversity we now enjoy—I was taken aback just slightly by the fifty skulls hanging around her neck and the elaborate jewel-encrusted gold tiara on her head. I had to ask if this was her every day officewear. She smiled demurely and said, yes.

So we got down to business, and I took another quick scan of her previous employment history. Her experience with desktop software of every description seemed quite extensive. We discussed the pros and cons of various page layout, web design and creative imaging applications. I mentioned that we were running a review of Macromedia Dreamweaver MX (on page 36, *Dreams do come true* by Simon Conlin), and she grew quite animated.

Her resumé said she was comfortable working on any platform, which was good. Certainly she seemed smart, knowledgeable and willing to learn. And she had a mysterious Oriental demeanour that made me think there was something much deeper lingering beneath the surface.

But now there was one question that I had been holding back until I had a better sense of her qualifications. At last, I decided to broach the subject.

“Pardon me for bringing this up, but I couldn't help but notice that you have two extra pairs of arms,” I said as tactfully as I could manage. “Do you find that they increase your general productivity, or are they just for show?”

As I waited for her reply, I watched her fold her arms across her chest—and then do it again, and again. Then she gave me one of those looks that all but said, *What do you think, stupid?*



There was an awkward pause. But since I had raised the topic, I carried on.

“And does that mean you can work on more than one job at a time?”

Her tone was very matter-of-fact as she asked whether I'd like to watch her shoot and edit video while doing a page layout, but I could see her eyes narrow slightly. It was beginning to get warm in the room. I attempted to maintain control by asking, “What do you think of the new Panasonic 24p DV camera?”

Peter Dudar had just finished off a comprehensive piece on the merits of the AG-DVX100 (see page 40, *Much more than just 'progressive'*), so this seemed like a good way to escape gracefully. But I caught a note of disdain as she dismissed my question with a curt wave of her left-handed triumvirate. *Much better technology is yet to come*, was the only comment I could elicit.

I sensed that she was growing impatient with my mundane line of conversation, so I tried a different approach, casually enquiring where she'd found the interesting necklace. I couldn't ever recall having seen anything quite like it in the stores I had frequented.

She explained that the fifty skulls repre-

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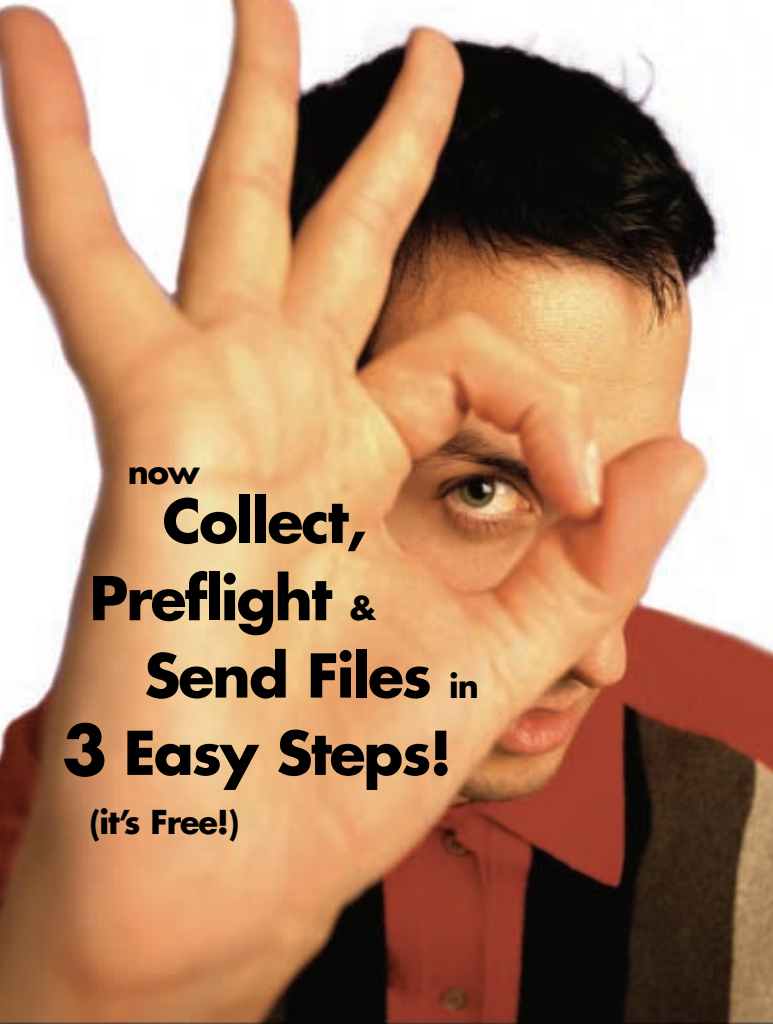


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## PUBLISHER'S NOTES

sented the first 50 letters in a Sanskrit OpenType font, raising her eyebrow as if to say, *What did you expect?*

Hurriedly, I said, "Oh, that's great! I didn't realize you were bilingual!" I immediately felt like an idiot.

It was now clear that she was quickly losing interest in our dialogue, so I began remarking that developments in digital still photography were moving even faster than a seasoned observer like me would have ever expected, and I started to give her a brief overview of things like the new 14-megapixel Kodak DCS Pro 14n digital camera, CMOS sensor technology, Adobe's new RAW/JPEG 2000 Photoshop plug-in, and other topics that Ron Giddings would be covering in *Dig It 2* on page 11 of this issue. But she cut me off before I could finish.

*Is this position available or not?*, she demanded icily.

I was feeling more than a little nervous. Sure, her credentials were impeccable. And with three times the normal allotment of limbs, she looked capable of handling a multiplicity of responsibilities. But there was still something that made me uneasy.

"Well, your resumé *is* impressive," I responded carefully, "And, what with your familiarity with the software and your...special attributes...I think you could be a definite asset to our production team. However, there's one other applicant who I planned to see before I make my final..."

Before I could get the last few words out, she had jumped to her feet, delivering what sounded like an oath in a *very* foreign dialect. From a sheath hidden inside her skirt she pulled out a fearsome looking sword, and I could see what looked like fresh blood dripping off it. Her face wore a terrifying scowl, and her tongue was now lolling out of her mouth, so that I could barely understand her cries: *Don't you get it? This is my fourth durgan job interview today!*

As one hand brandished her weapon above her head, she used another to whip out an object from under her skirt. Much to my dismay, I realized it was a human head! From the short haircut and glasses, I suspected it had belonged to her last prospective employer. I had to think fast, or soon she'd be wearing parts of *me* around her neck.

Quickly I turned the PowerBook on my desk so she could view the screen, and clicked on an icon. Instantly the screen was filled with a presentation done in the new version of Acrobat. She paused to watch an embedded QuickTime begin to play inside a PDF...then she looked at me with a curious expression.

"See?" I said hastily. "What I *really* meant was that...well, with your incredible talents, you should be doing *everything*—producing all our rich media. Read Bob Connolly's article *And now presenting*—page 18... please!" By now, I was practically begging.

As quickly as her wrath had erupted, it subsided. Quietly I slipped out of the room in search of a place where I could get my heart beating normally again. As I left, I glanced back and saw six hands busily working away on the keyboard.

She'll do just fine in this business, I thought. 🍌