Introducing Macintosh.
For the rest of us.

In the olden days, before 1984, not very many people used computers. For a very good reason.

Some particularly bright engineers.

Not very many people knew how.

And not very many people wanted to learn.

After all, in those days, it meant listening to your stomach growl through computer seminars. Falling asleep over computer manuals. And staying awake nights to memorize commands so complicated you'd have to be a computer to understand them.

Then, on a particularly bright day in Cupertino, California, some particularly bright engineers had a particularly bright idea: since computers are so smart, wouldn't it make more sense to teach computers about people, instead of teaching people about computers?

So it was that those very engineers worked long days and late nights and a few legal holidays, teaching tiny silicon chips all about people. How they make mistakes and change their minds. How they refer to file folders and save old phone numbers. How they labor for their livelihoods, and doodle in their spare time.

For the first time in recorded computer history, hardware engineers actually talked to software engineers in moderate tones of voice, and both were united by a common goal: to build the most powerful, most portable, most flexible, most versatile computer not-very-much-money could buy.

And when the engineers were finally finished, they introduced us to a personal computer so personable, it can practically shake hands.

And so easy to use, most people already know how.

They didn't call it the QZ190, or the Zipchip 5000.

They called it Macintosh.™

And now we'd like to introduce it to you.

Macintosh

hello.