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Welcome To Pivot

A More Delightful App Discovery Experience

The TouchPad you're holding represents a giant leap forward from the first tablet computer, born in 1888 when a Quaker engineer patented an electrical stylus that could capture handwriting. He could never have foreseen this nimble assembly of engineering and imagination.

Like all of today's boldest digital devices, the TouchPad is helping rearrange the old analog order. But its more transcendent value lies in its ability to liberate your life, morphing instantly from utilitarian business tool to sublime lifestyle toy. In this way the TouchPad acts as a transformative instrument, and the tools that empower this freedom are apps.

Enter *Pivot*, a new kind of publication, exclusively available on the TouchPad, designed to amplify your mobile experience.

As a complement to the HP App Catalog, *Pivot* organizes, curates and presents apps in ways that fit into your life, making the exploration process informed and satisfying.

Each month we'll feature detailed app reviews, front-of-book articles and short interviews, covering everything from blue-chip developers to garage-based homebrewers. These will be anchored by first-person columns and reported features, where notable writers will share their perspectives on digital culture.

In this, the premiere issue, we take you from the Khan Academy's educational lab in Northern California to the wilds of Brooklyn's Prospect Park, where a seasoned journalist re-discovers an urban oasis using a TouchPad.

You'll feel the deft touch of novelist Colson Whitehead. And you'll discover the front-of-book fare and app reviews, which reveal that apps are a new form of digital art whose inspired inventor-creators improve our lives with each swipe.

Showcasing these innovators and bringing their work to you is the mission of *Pivot*.

Enjoy the experience. And if you have questions or comments send a note to Pivot@hp.com

The webOS App Catalog Team



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By Maccabee Montandon. Photographs by Corey Eisenstein

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Lost and Found



The author navigates, tablet style

Discovering the world by staying close to home

By Maccabee Montandon
Photographs by Corey Eisenstein

To the outside world New York City rattles and hums like a riotous concrete jungle. And while this clichéd reputation rests on partial truths, longtime residents know where to find the peaceful oases. For me, the wooded ravines of Brooklyn’s Prospect Park provide such a sanctuary, where my body and spirit can run wild, like a jackrabbit darting between the English oaks, sweetgum trees and American elms that populate the park, the borough’s last natural forest.

For years I’ve lived within walking distance, and my regular forays through this refined frontier, built by Frederick Olmsted in 1867, never fail to leave me feeling mystified. It is, at the same time, close to home yet so far removed.



How so? To give one example, in the winter, it's rare to see even a few dozen varieties of bird, but on this June morning, as the relentless grip of summer approaches, the park morphs into a tourist town for birds, a sort of avian Cape Cod, with more than 100 species stopping over as part of their Atlantic migratory flyway. They warble and squawk and chirp, creating a symphony that scores the morning walk I've decided to take with my wife, Catherine, and our two daughters (Oona, who is seven, and Daphne, nearly five).

But the tune rings mostly unfamiliar. Sure, I can recognize the songs of the sparrows, and Daphne can identify, from a distance, the chirpings of a red-breasted robin. But what about the others? Is that a brown-headed nuthatch, or a kingfisher? The shaggy group of dedicated bird watchers

standing nearby, binoculars pointed skyward, probably don't need the **Audubon Birds** app to answer that question. But we do.

"Daddy, look, Orioles!" Oona shouts, her nimble little fingers tapping the TouchPad as she identifies the bird that happens to be the mascot of my hapless hometown big league baseball team. She focuses to get a closer look. Daphne grabs the tablet and is soon distracted by colorful photos of a snowy owl she has called up with the app, marveling at the noble, wise creature she knows so well from the Harry Potter books.

The fact that she found the owls was potentially troubling. Earlier in the morning my wife and I instructed her to leave her dog-eared copy of *The Deathly Hallows* at



home. She wasn't too pleased. There are easier things in the world to deal with than a pouty five-year-old girl, but we ignored her pleading and eventually she forgot about the book. But the snowy owl was a glaring reminder.

“The shaggy group of dedicated bird watchers standing nearby, binoculars pointed skyward, probably don't need the Audubon Birds app to answer that question. But we do.”

So I devised a plan.

“What if I could magically conjure up some of your favorite books right now?” I asked, doing my best Dumbledore. She folded her arms and looked at me suspiciously.

“How could you do that, daddy?” she asked.

“The question isn't how,” I answered, rubbing my palms together in a wizard-like fashion. “It's how many?”

I swiped the tablet's screen and tapped on the **ScrollMotion: Curious George** app, bringing forth a selection of the long-standing and wildly popular children's

book titles; then, as if by wand, we were suddenly transported to the kid's section of the New York Public Library, if the library were on a park bench and didn't charge late fees.

Oona and Daphne scanned the selections, choosing an adventure that took Curious George to the beach, where he raided a picnic basket and helped a little girl learn to swim. With the kids distracted discussing George's backstroke technique, my wife and I had that rarest of commodities among married couples with young offspring: time for unimpeded conversation.

Catherine recently began writing a book about French culture and parenting, so I called up a few French newspapers on the **PressReader** app, which provides access to nearly 2,000 international periodicals. Soon she was paging through a copy of *Aujourd'hui*, a French daily.



Catherine read aloud from the paper, teasing out funny facts: how the French take pride in the fact that they've earned more Nobel Prizes for literature than any other nationality; how the white wedding dress originated with Anne of Brittany, in 1499, when she married Louis XII.

After scanning additional copies, Catherine's French returned to its high school AP-level glory days. But we soon

traded Gallic revelry for the Middle Kingdom. It was time for dinner, and the girls were clamoring for takeout. We exited the park and began walking the crowded twilight streets of Park Slope, our destination a mystery to our daughters. Eventually we arrived at a Sichuan restaurant they had never been to.

Our order came quickly, which was a good thing, because the girls were getting



tired. Fifteen minutes later we were sitting around our dining room table, eating General Tso's chicken and discussing the day's journey, when a realization came into clear focus: the world had revealed itself while we were in the park. Birdsong had become familiar (the kingfisher, for the record, sounds like an electric typewriter chewing on a piece of Jersey corn); the girls went to the seaside with a famous monkey; and a domestic couple had traveled to France. As I stood over the table,

tablet in hand, I announced that exploration was about experiencing with fresh eyes and ears. But looking around I saw that sleep had overcome my daughters, and my wife seemed to be fading as well. My fellow adventurers were retiring, but not before leading me back to where the best explorations always end—home. **P**

Maccabee Montandon has written for The New York Times, New York, and Salon. He is the author of Jetpack Dreams: One Man's Up and Down (But Mostly Down) Search For the Greatest Invention That Never Was. He lives in Brooklyn, NY.

Apps In Lost and Found



Audubon Birds
Green Mountain Digital

Launch



PressReader
Newspaper Direct, Inc.



N/A



ScrollMotion:
Curious George
ScrollMotion



\$1.99