

THE IOS 6 EDITION



Athene

*An appreciation of the earlier iPads,
one page at a time.*

WELCOME INSIDE

A NOTE FROM THE MAKER

Every detail, on purpose.



Athene lives on the newest iPhones and iPads too. This edition is for the earlier iPads, the ones the App Store left behind. It is not a consolation prize for old hardware; it is an appreciation of it. These machines are still lovely to read on, and they deserved a reader that feels like it belongs to them.

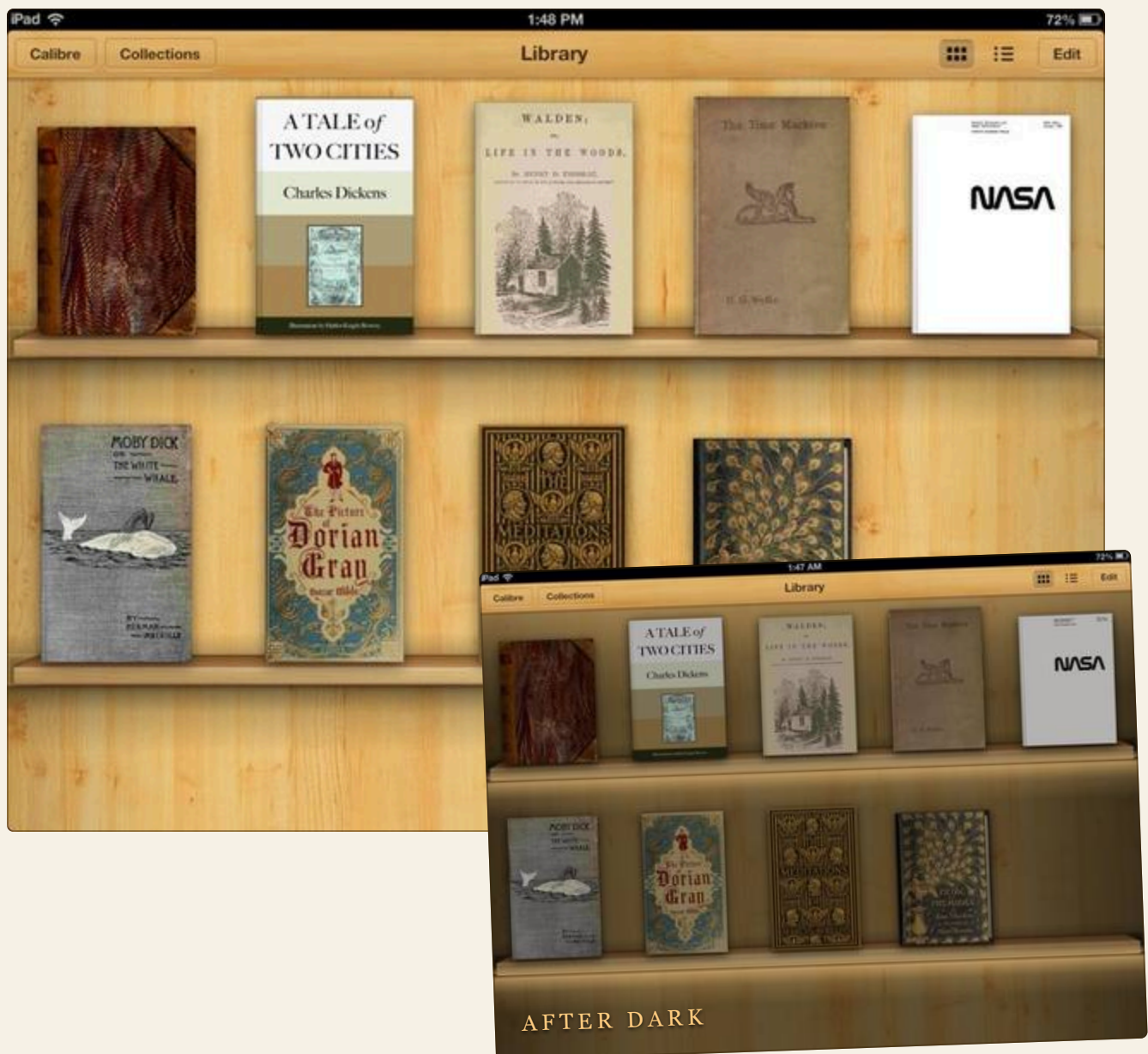
I spent most of the time on the parts you are not supposed to notice. The shelf is wood, and its lamps come on after dark. Pages curl from the corner the way paper does. Buttons press, ribbons tuck, popovers sit on real paper with a real shadow.

Skeuomorphism gets called nostalgia. To me it is a promise: when things look like the objects they stand for, every detail has to earn its place — and when it does, the whole thing becomes a small pleasure to hold. I built it that way for myself, first. I hope it reads that way on yours too.

Enjoy the book. — Aditya

A bookcase that lights its own lamps.

Your books stand on wood, covers out. Sort them into collections, switch to a list when the shelf gets full, and after dark the bookcase turns its own reading lamps on.



The studio was filled with the rich odour of roses, and when the light summer wind stirred amidst the trees of the garden, there came through the open door the heavy scent of the lilac, or the more delicate perfume of the pink-flowering thorn.

From the corner of the divan of Persian saddle-bags on which he was lying, smoking, as was his custom, innumerable cigarettes, Lord Henry Wotton could just catch the gleam of the honey-sweet and honey-coloured blossoms of a laburnum, whose tremulous branches seemed hardly able to bear the burden of a beauty so flamelike as theirs; and now and then the fantastic shadows of birds in flight flitted across the long tussore-silk curtains that were stretched in front of the huge window, producing a kind of momentary Japanese effect, and making him think of those pallid, jade-faced painters of Tokyo who, through the medium of an art that is necessarily immobile, seek to convey the sense of swiftness and motion. The sullen murmur of the bees shuddering their way through the long unmown grass, or circling with monotonous insistence round the dusty gilt horns of the straggling woodbine, seemed to make the stillness more oppressive. The dim roar of London was like the bourdon note of a distant organ.

In the centre of the room, clamped to an upright easel, stood the full-length portrait of a young man of extraordinary personal beauty, and in front of it, some little distance away, was sitting the artist himself, Basil Hallward, whose sudden disappearance some years ago caused, at the time, such public excitement and gave rise to so many

strange conjectures.

As the painter looked at the gracious and had so skilfully mirrored in his art, a passed across his face, and seemed about But he suddenly started up, and closing his fingers upon the lids, as though he sought in his brain some curious dream that might awake.

"It is your best work, Basil," said Lord Henry languidly. "I shall see it next year to the Grosvenor Gallery. It is too vulgar. Whenever I have seen other people than you, they are either too common or too mysterious, which was dreadful. I have never been able to see anything else. Grosvenor is really the best place."

"I don't think I shall show it," said Lord Henry, raising his head back and looking at his friends laughingly. "It is where it belongs."

Lord Henry's amazement was expressed by a curled upper lip and a tainted smile. "Why? Is it not perfect?" he asked. "Are! I am so used to it that I can sit at my feet, and without dreaming of victory, they live as we do, and without dreaming of defeat, they live as we do."

Lord Henry laughed. "You never do a wrong thing. Your cynicism"

Your rank and my art, whatever it may be—we shall all look after ourselves terribly."

Lord Henry, walking towards the door, told it to you."

people immensely, I never surrendering a part of myself. It seems to be the one mysterious or marvellous thing if one only hides it. All my people where I am pleasure. It is a silly habit, to bring a great deal of romance to me awfully foolish

Henry, "not at all, my dear Harry, I am married, and the one makes a life of deception absolute. I never know where my wife is. She knows what I am doing. When we dine out together, we tell each other the most absurd serious faces. My wife is very different from me, than I am. She never gets angry and I always do. But when she does not now at all. I sometimes wish she laughs at me."

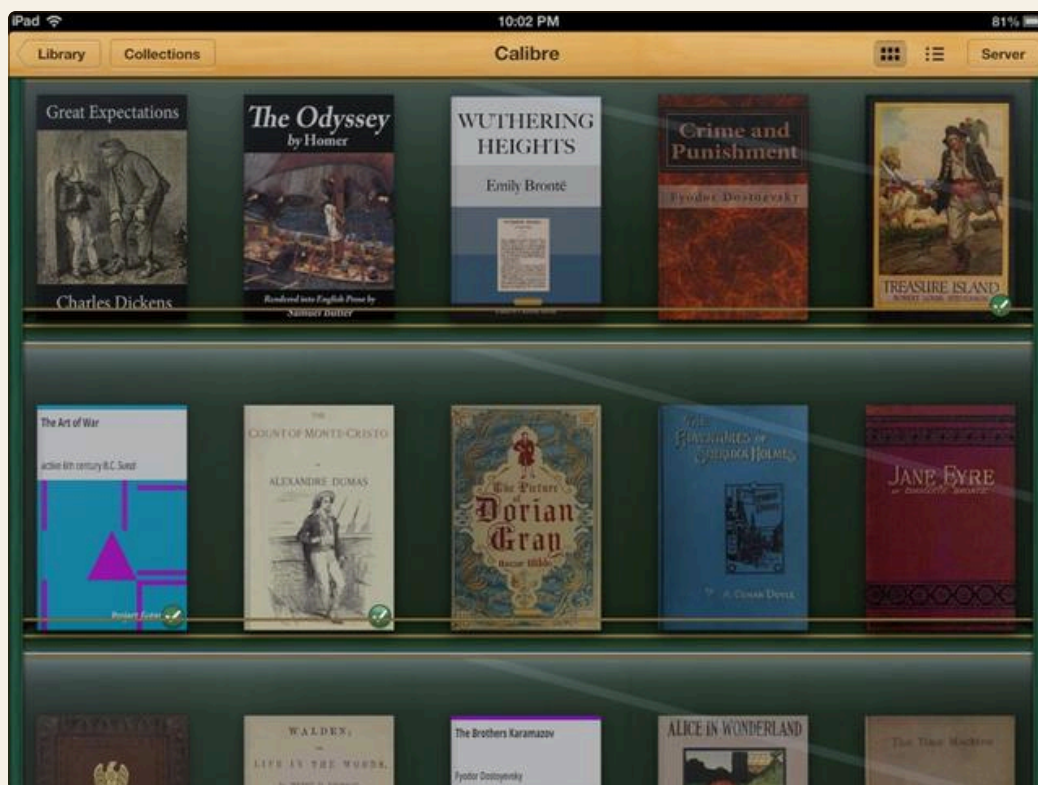
"Talk about your married life, Harry," said Lord Henry, strolling towards the door that led into the garden. "You are really a very good husband. You are thoroughly ashamed of your own extraordinary fellow. You never say a word that you never do a wrong thing. Your cynicism"

4 of 14 in this chapter

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Three ways to fill the shelf.

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