

On Beginnings

NOT ENDINGS

by Lui

“Poems begin off the page, it begins in the mind.”

I want the audience to interact with the site before it starts showing the text. (a click, a slide...) as the idea of the mind would drive the user to interact with the website.



IN GENERAL TERMS

I want the website to have different aesthetics on each page, as experimentation for the user. Just like poems can be mysterious, on this website, you never know how the next page will be.

for that, the text will be displayed after the user can find it, or after the user can read it, or something like that. the reading should be fun.



I D E A

middle of a chaotic place = there is a poem (or part of the text)

In life, the number of beginnings is exactly equal to the number of endings: no one has yet to begin a life who will not end it.

In poetry, the number of beginnings so far exceeds the number of endings that we cannot even conceive of it. Not every poem is finished—one poem is abandoned, another catches fire and is carried away by the wind, which may be an ending, but it is the ending of a poem without an end.



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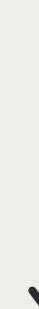
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POETS LOVE POSSIBILITY!

what if you could change the course of a poem, or the text with a click?

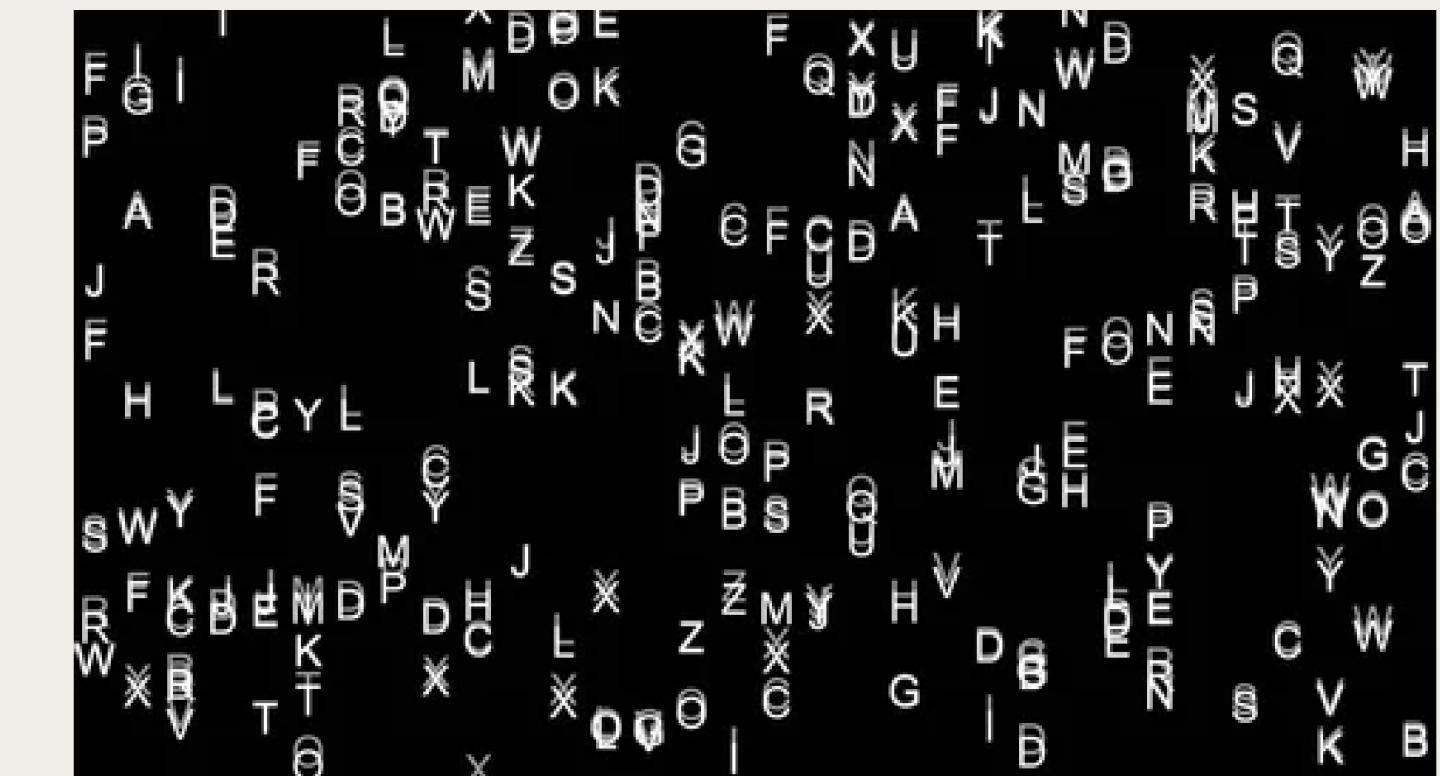
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THE POEM IS AN INTERPRETATION OF WEIRD THEATRICAL SHIT.

text interacting with the screen in dramatic (maximalist) ways such as falling from the upper part of the screen, or desapearing after some moments...



THE LINES OF A POEM ARE SPEAKING TO EACH OTHER, NOT TO YOU

text columns can be different from the expectation, forming a visual that looks like there is a conversation happening.

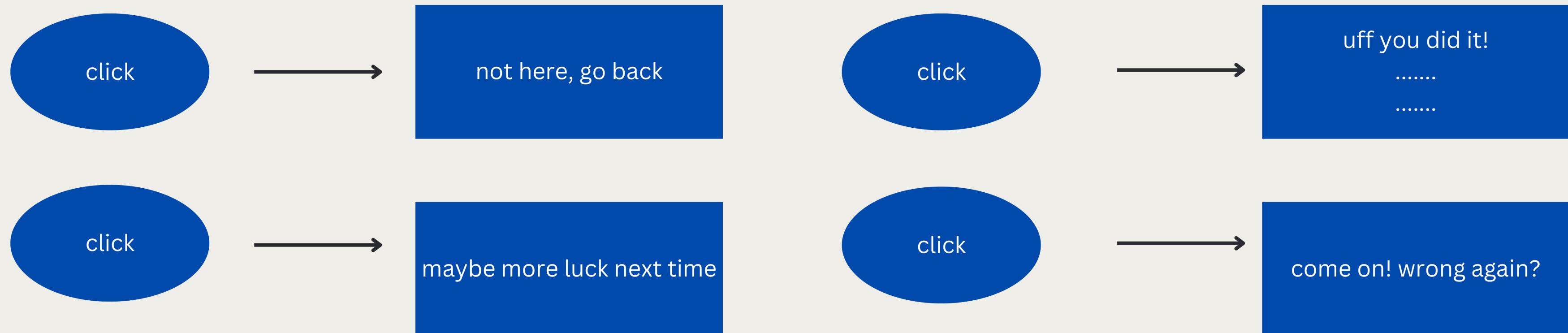
Roland Barthes suggests there are three ways to finish any piece of writing: the ending will have the last word or the ending will be silent or the ending will execute a pirouette, do something unexpectedly incongruent.

Gaston Bachelard says the single most succinct and astonishing thing: We begin in admiration and we end by organizing our disappointment. The moment of admiration is the experience of something unfiltered, vital, and fresh — it could also be horror — and the moment of organization is both the onset of disappointment and its dignification; the least we can do is dignify our knowingness, the loss of some vitality through familiarization, by admiring not the thing itself but how we can organize it, think about it.

I am afraid there is no way around this. It is the one try inevitable thing. And if you believe that, then you are conceding that in the beginning was the act, not the word.

ORIGINS (BEGINNINGS) HAVE CONSEQUENCES (ENDINGS).

website shouldn't have dead ends, but poems might. following the idea of exploration with the poems, I wanted to make a page where you have to “guess” which way to go to continue the reading, otherwise, you would have to go back and try finding the right button.



DOES THE TEXT FINISHED IN THE WEBSITE? MAYBE IT IS MISSING A FINAL LETTER.

B t it is gr wing d p and I must go in.

Memory's fog is rising. ng Emily

Dickinson's last words (in a letter). A woman
who eryone thought of as shut-in,

homebound, cloi ed, spoke as had
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and it was finally time to And it was.

DOES THE TEXT FINISHED IN THE WEBSITE? MAYBE IT IS MISSING A FINAL LETTER.

But it is growing damp and I must go in.
Memory's fog is rising. Among Emily Dickinson's last words (in a letter). A woman whom everyone thought of as shut-in, homebound, cloistered, spoke as if she had been out, exploring the earth, her whole life, and it was finally time to go in. And it was.