

# ON BEGINNINGS

A ENTERTAINING EXPERIENCE TO  
CREATE POEMS, WHILE  
UNDERSTANDING THEIR  
COMPLEXITY ON BEGINNINGS

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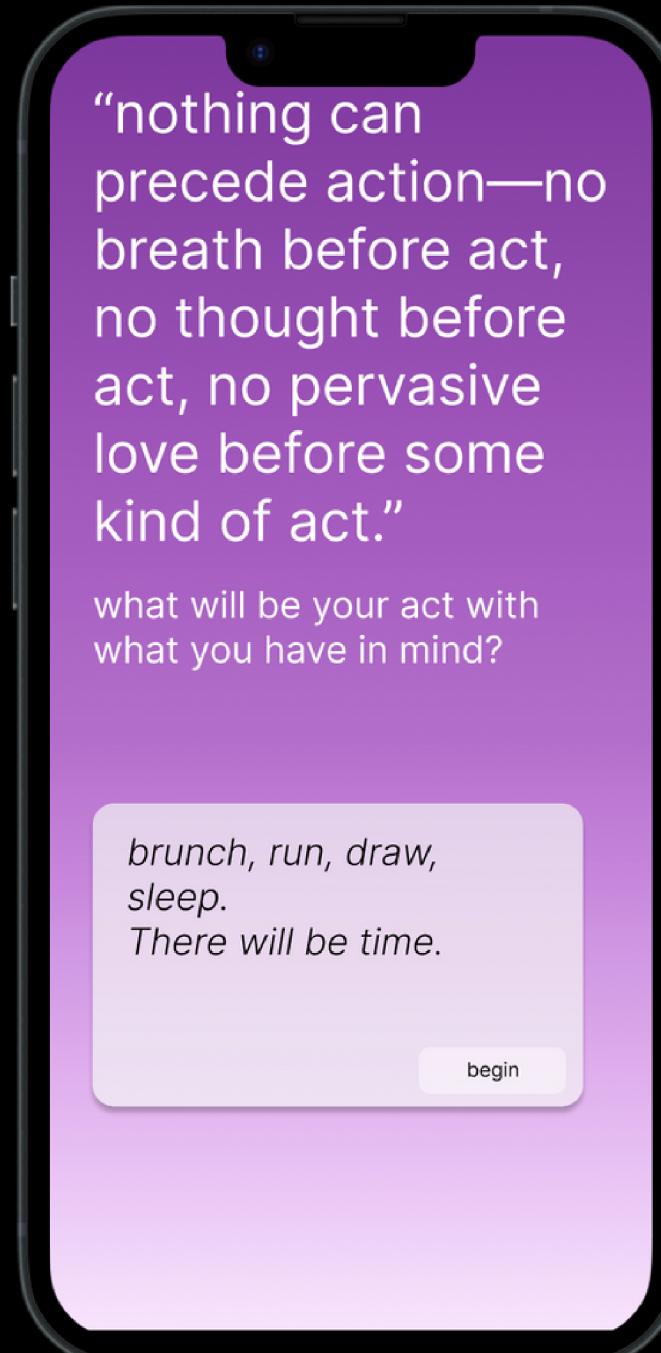
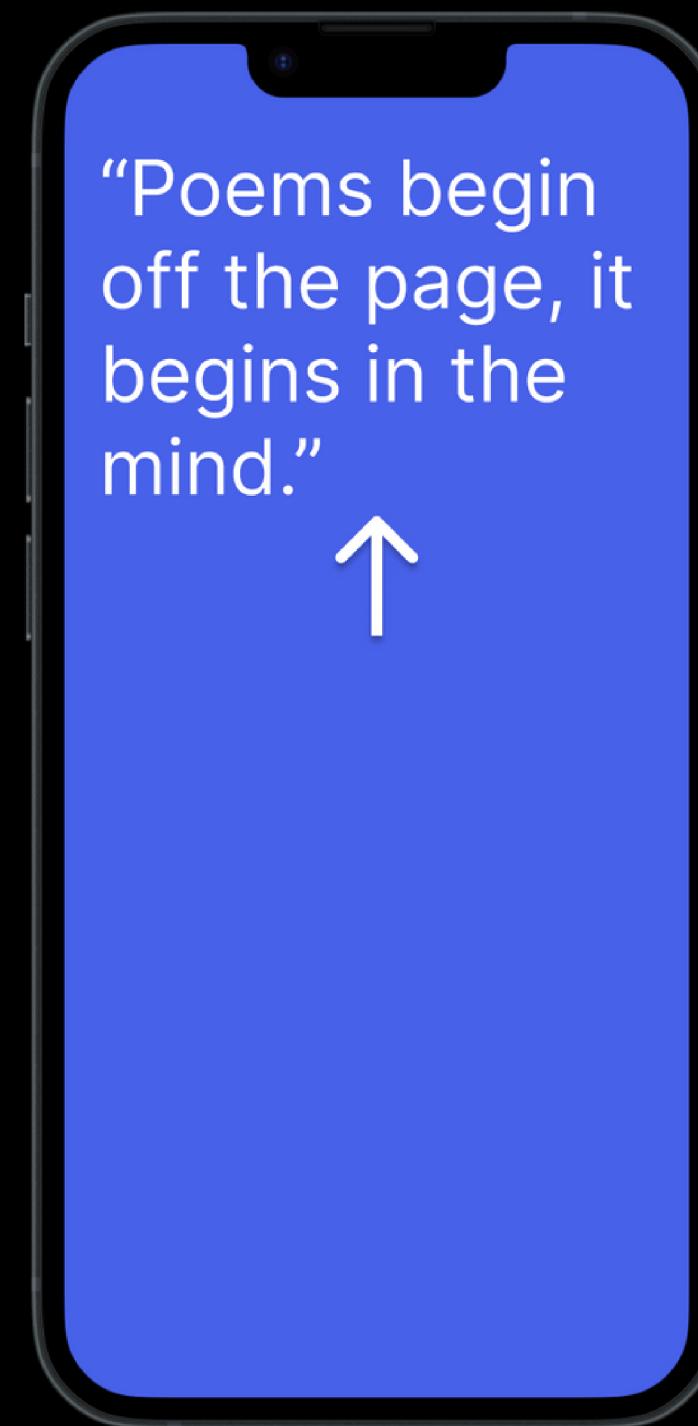
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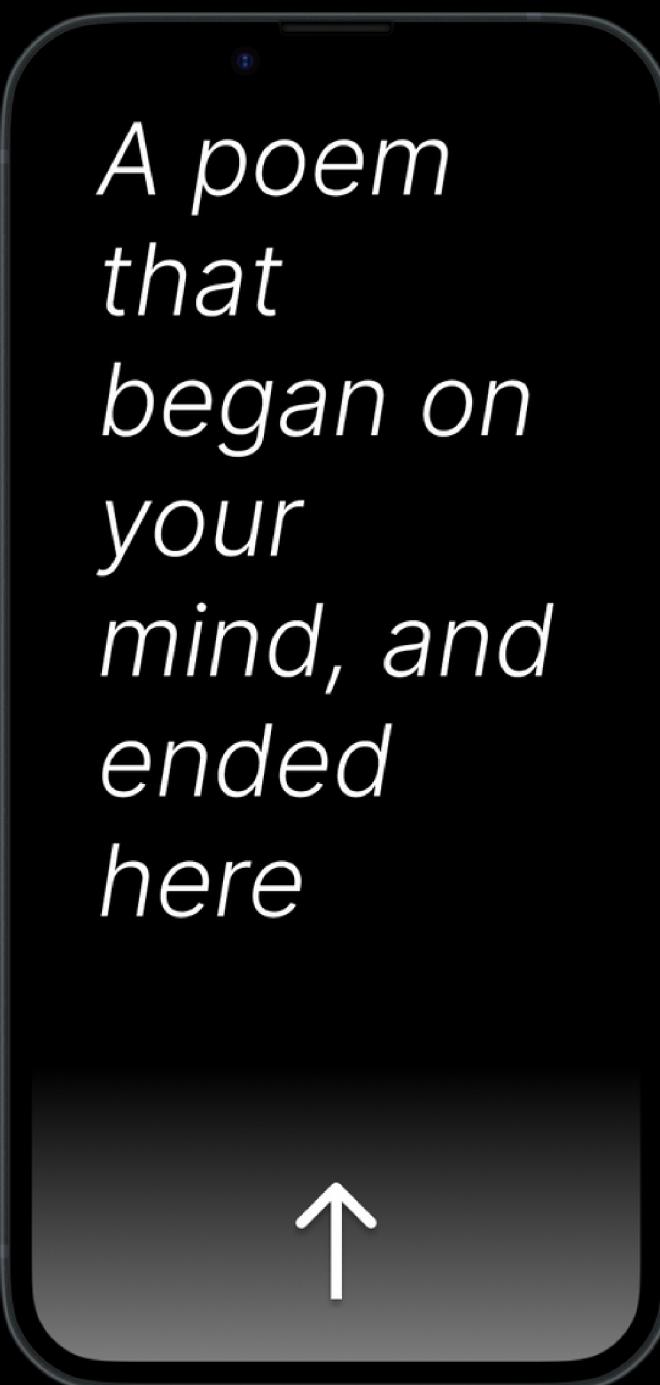
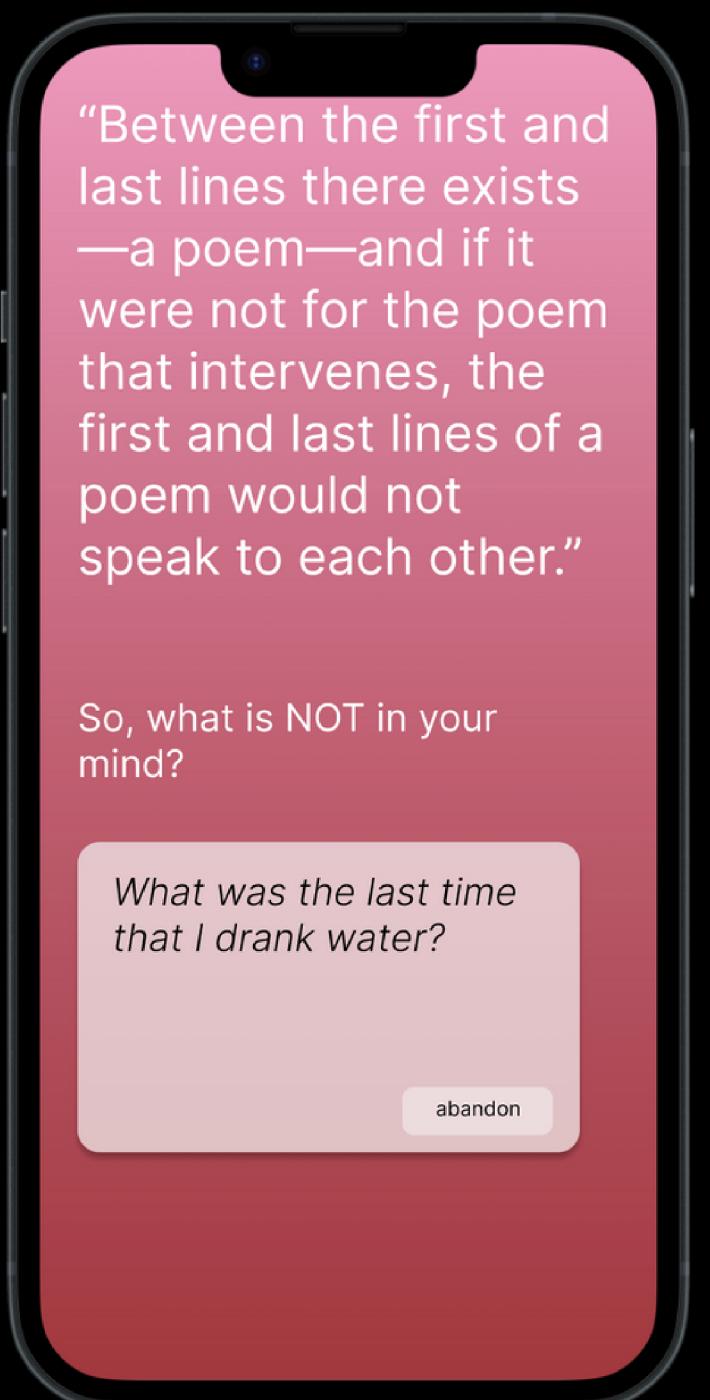
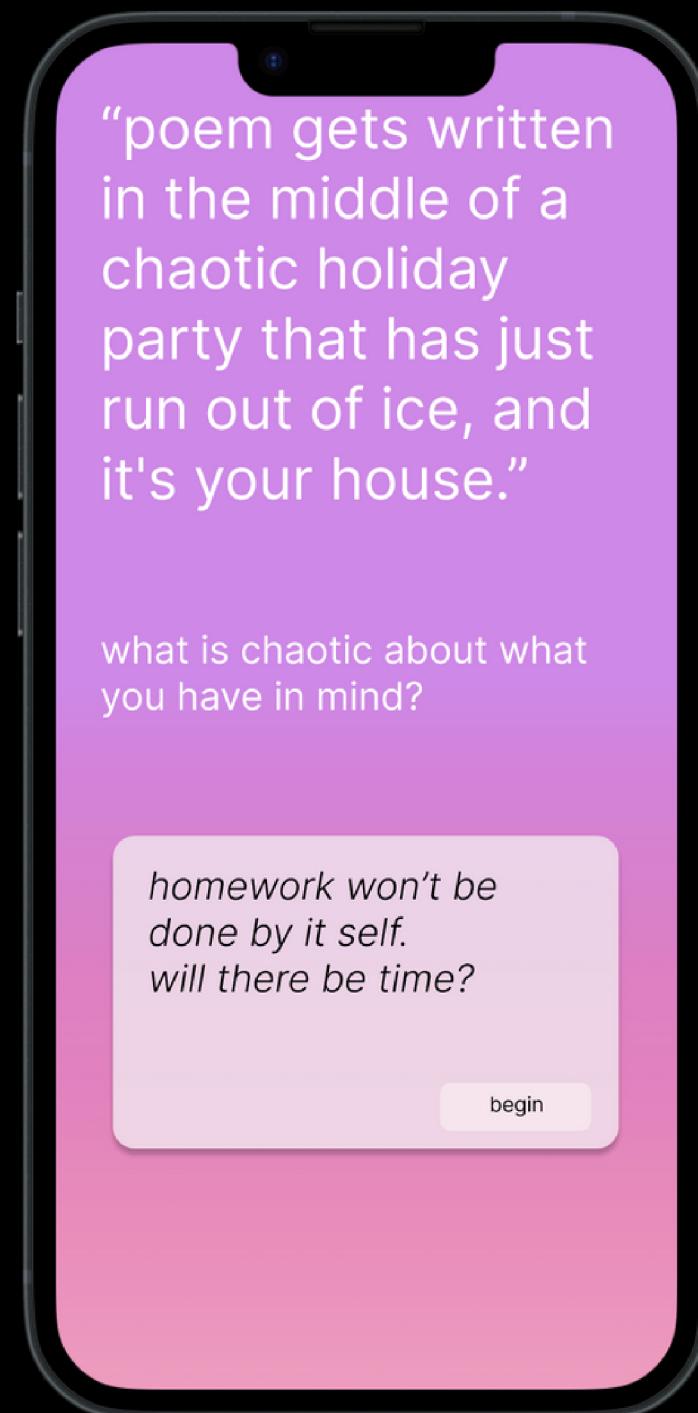
F R O M   Y O U R  
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E N D

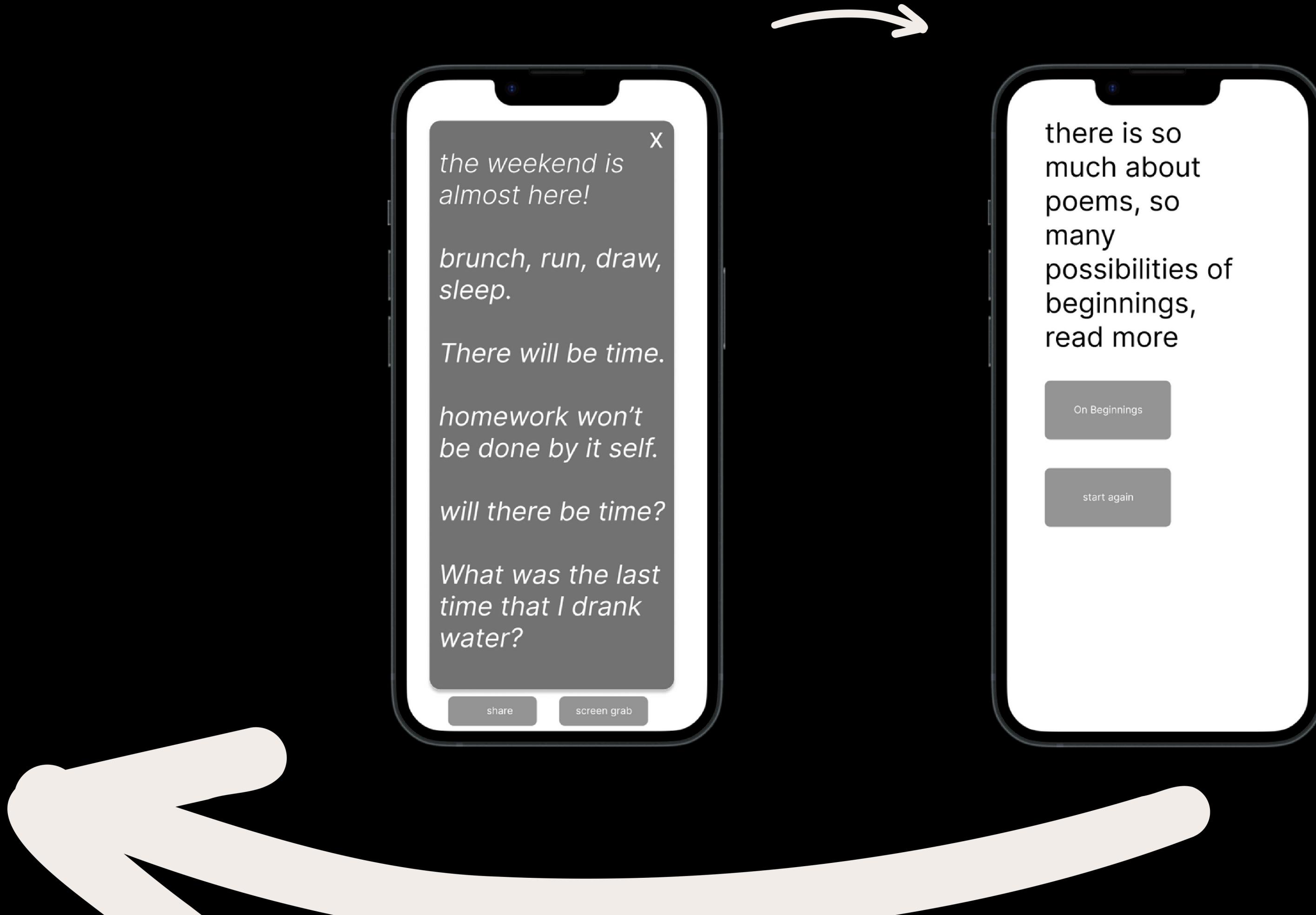
CREATING BEGINNINGS

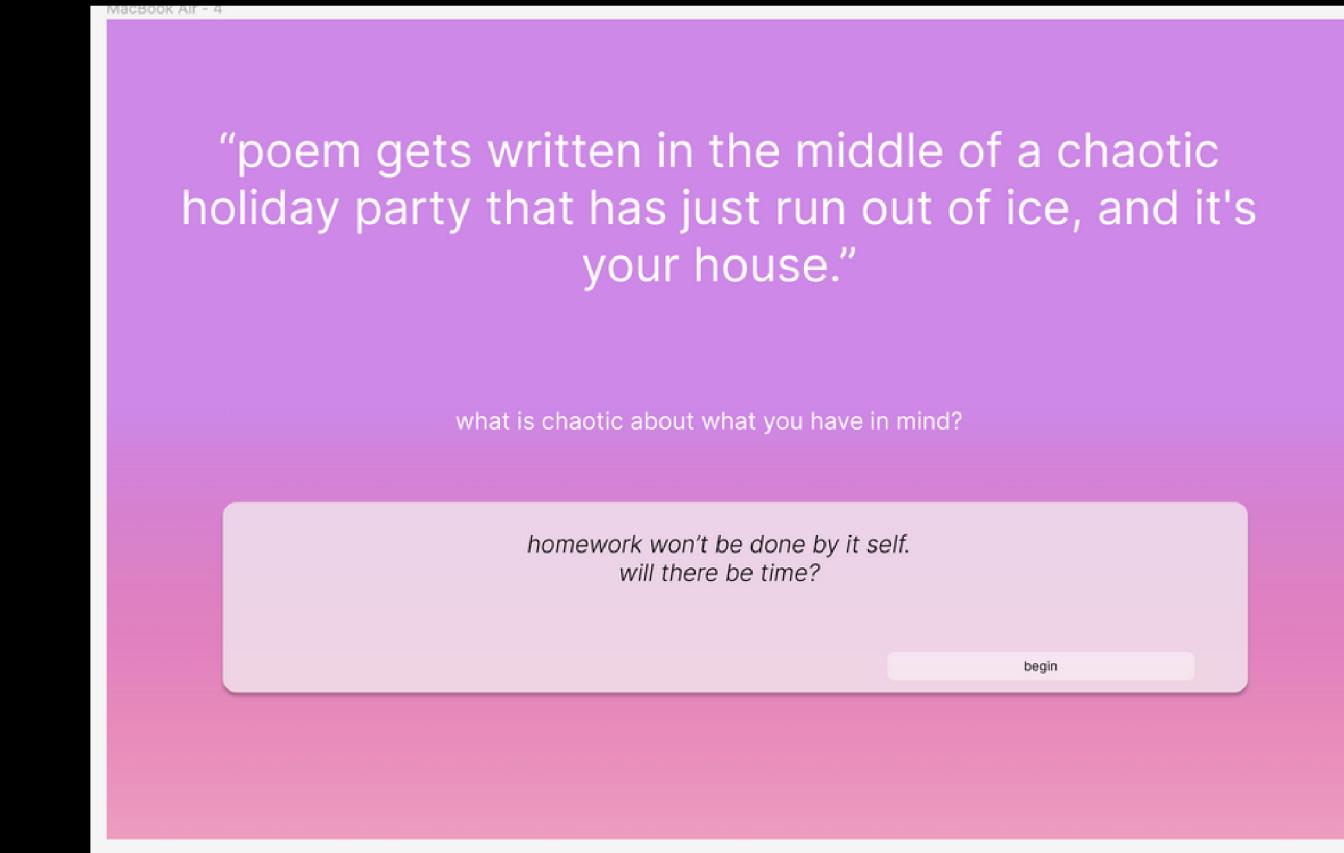
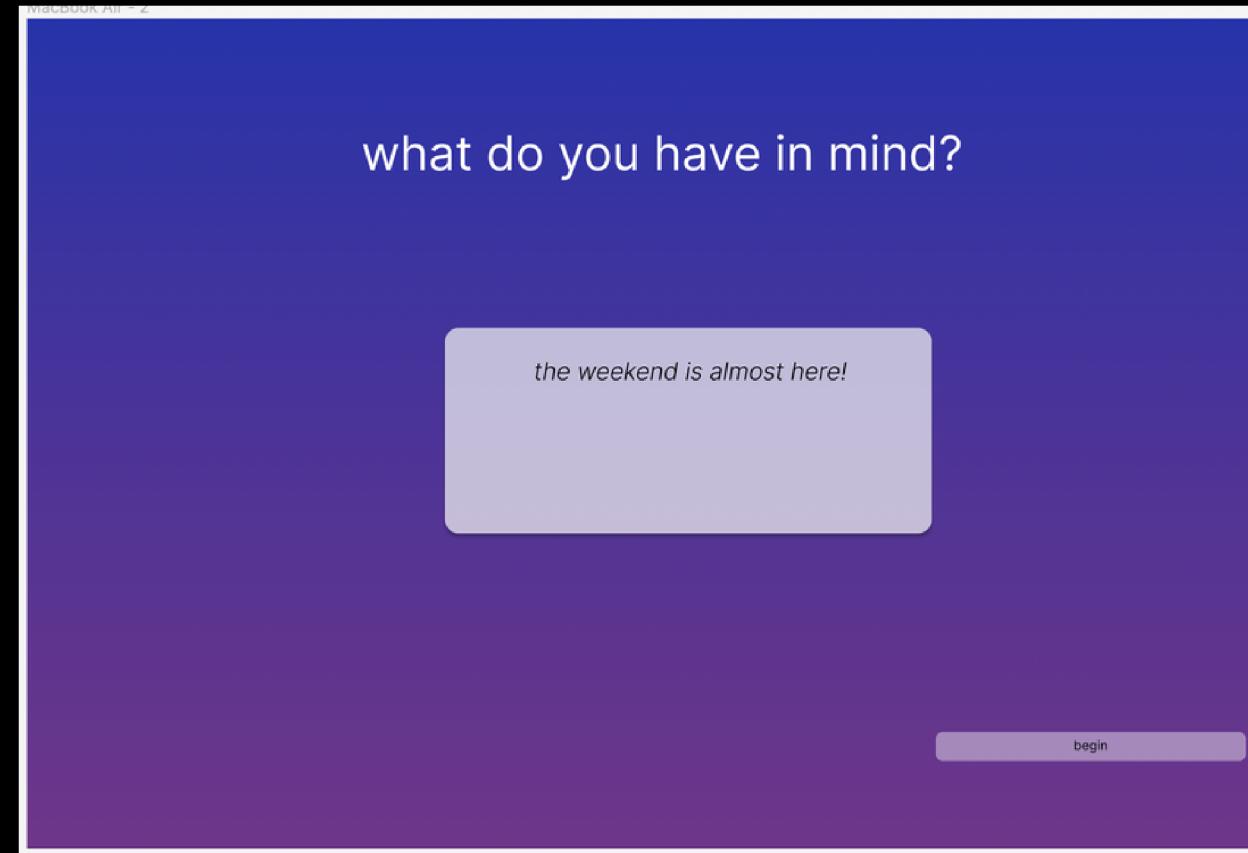
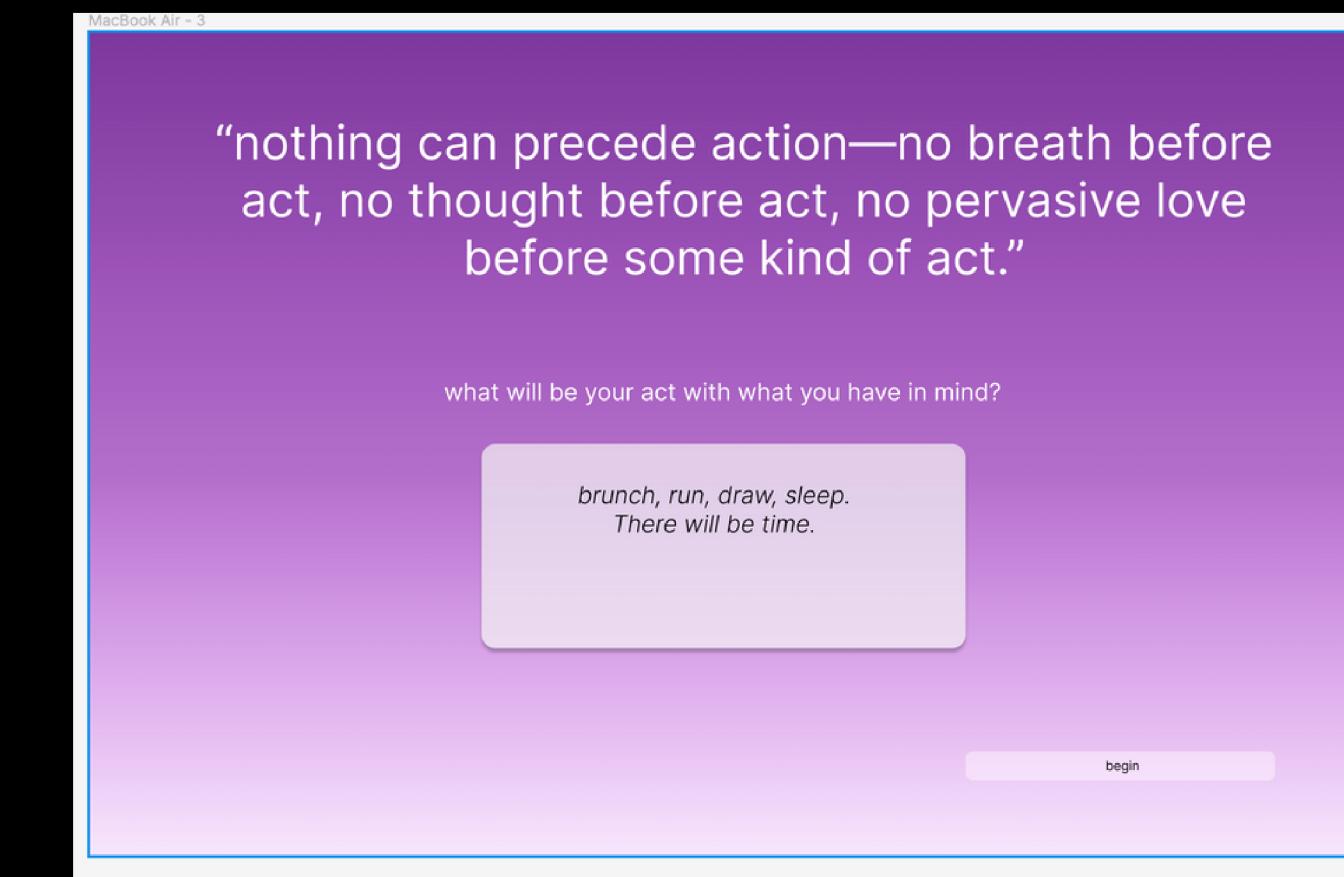
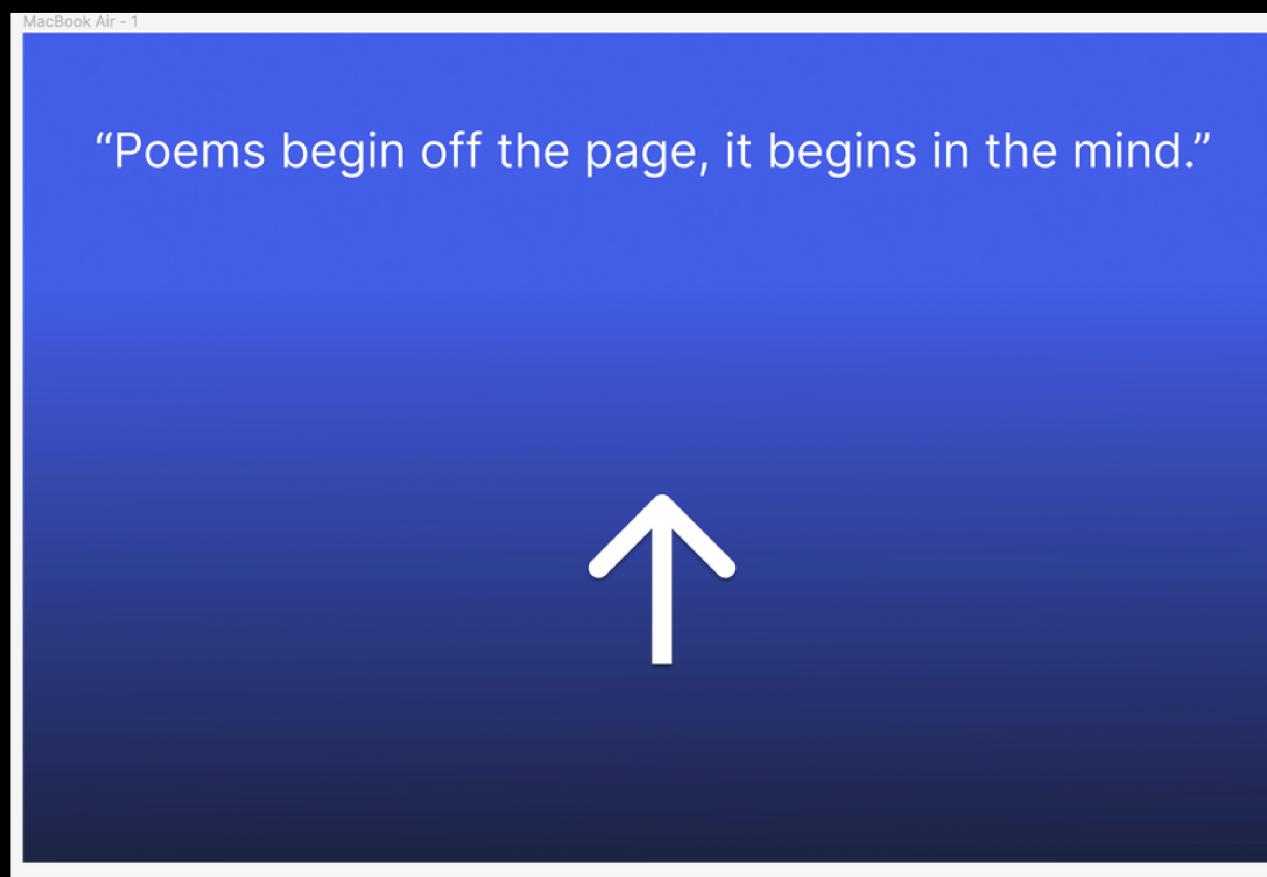
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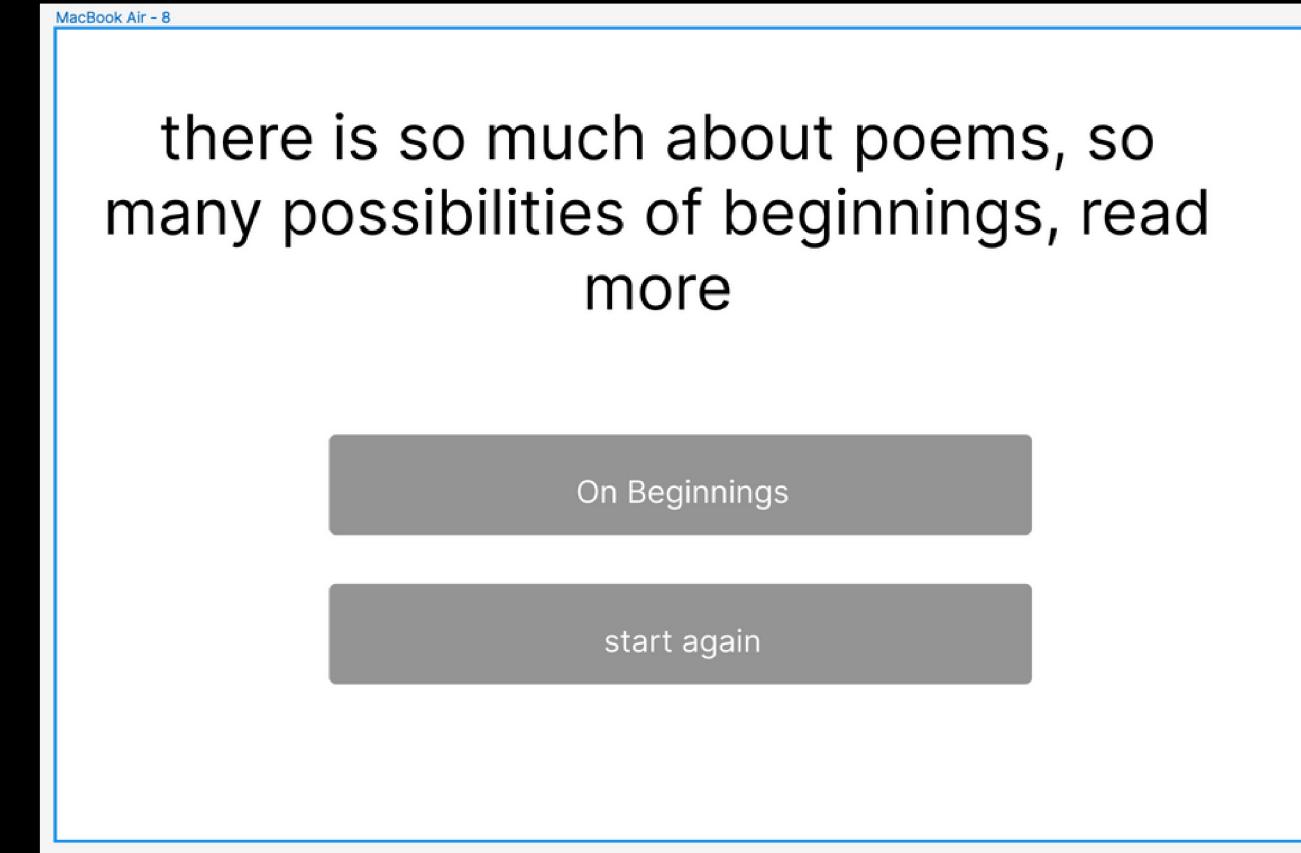
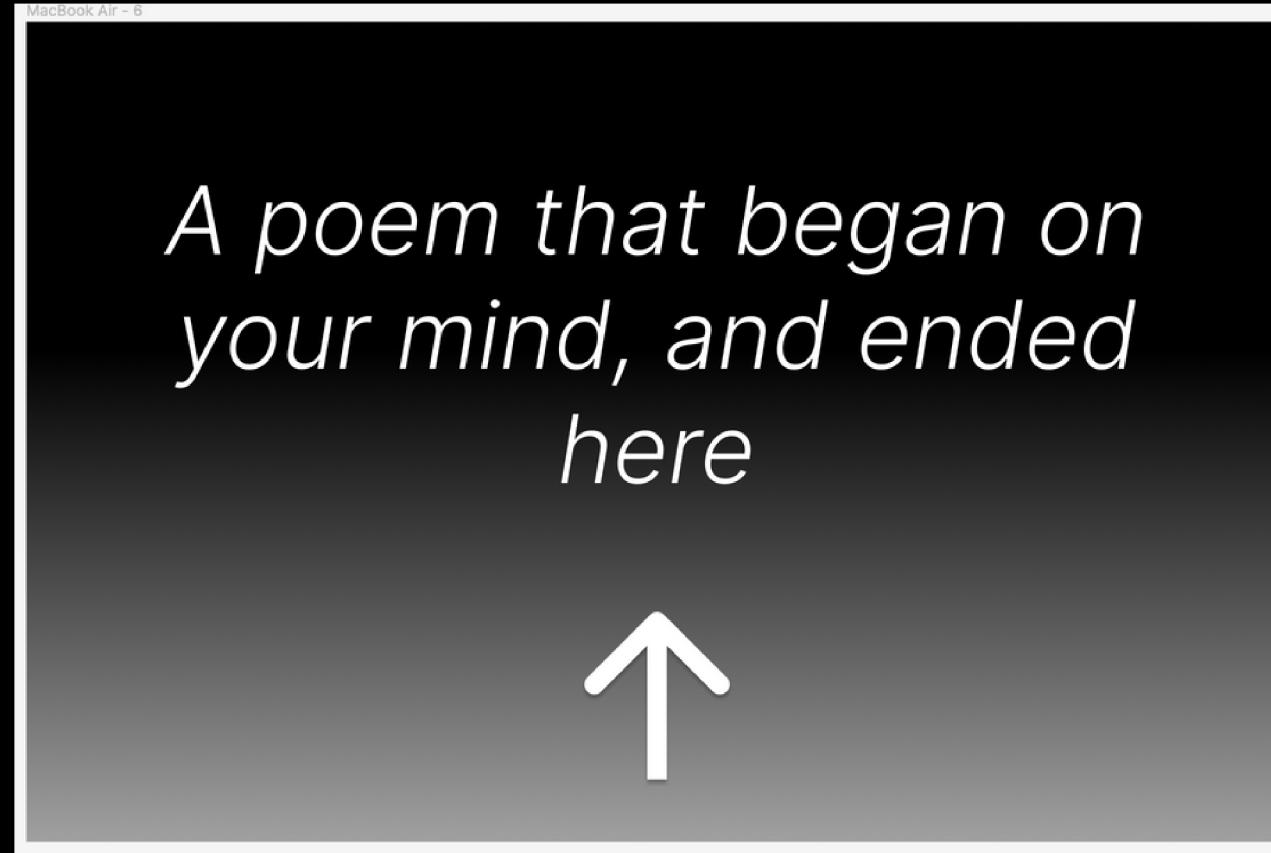
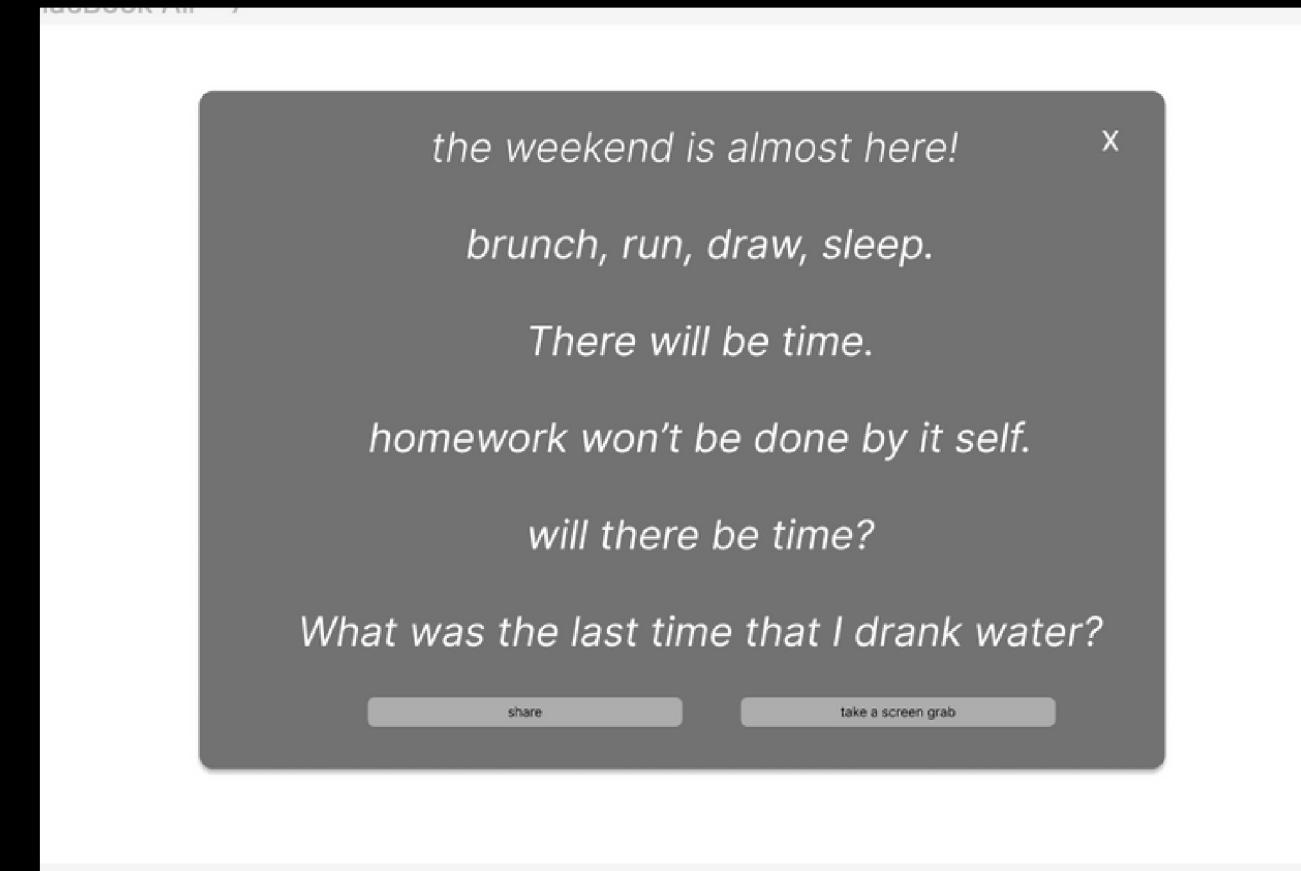
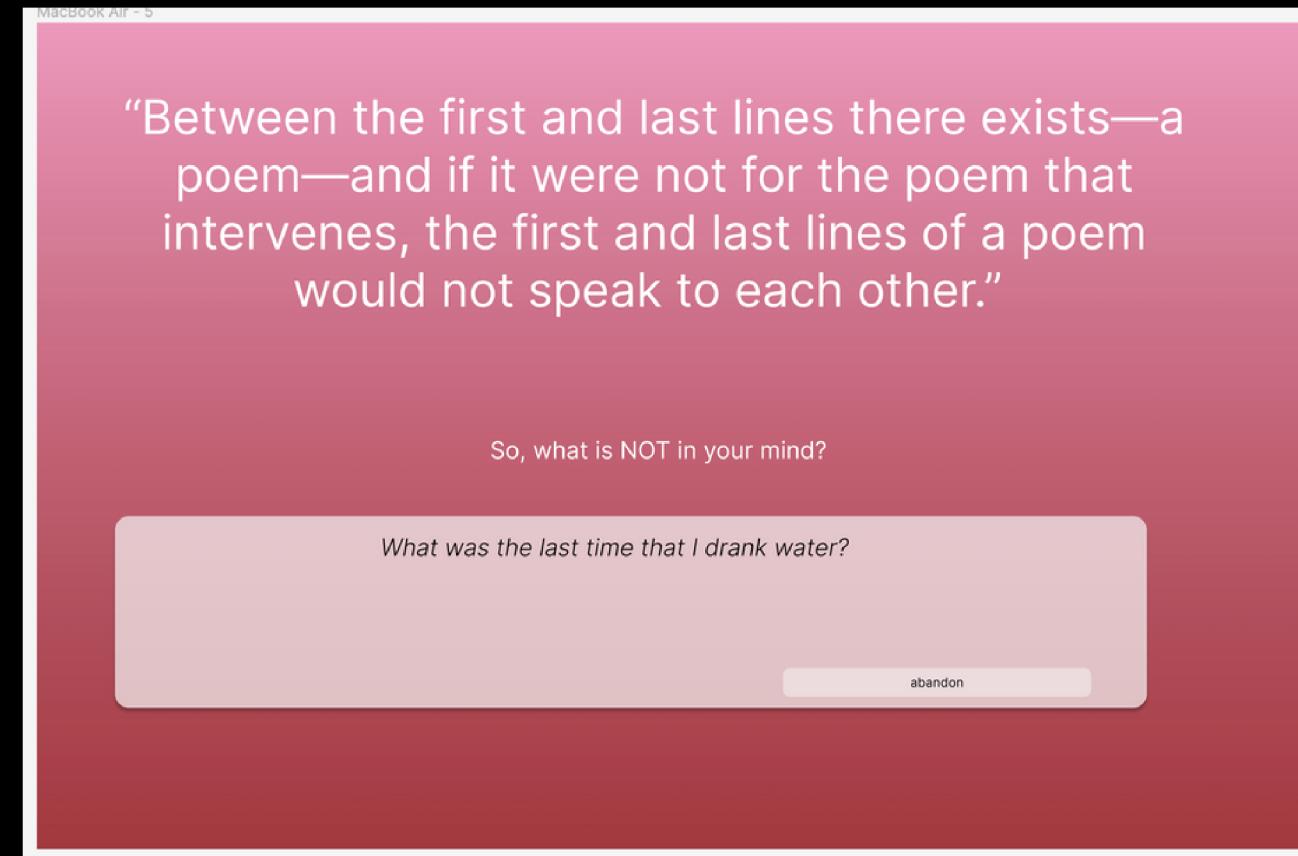
In this path the user has the power of shaping their experience creating infinite ways of writing poems based on prompts related to the text “On beginnings”

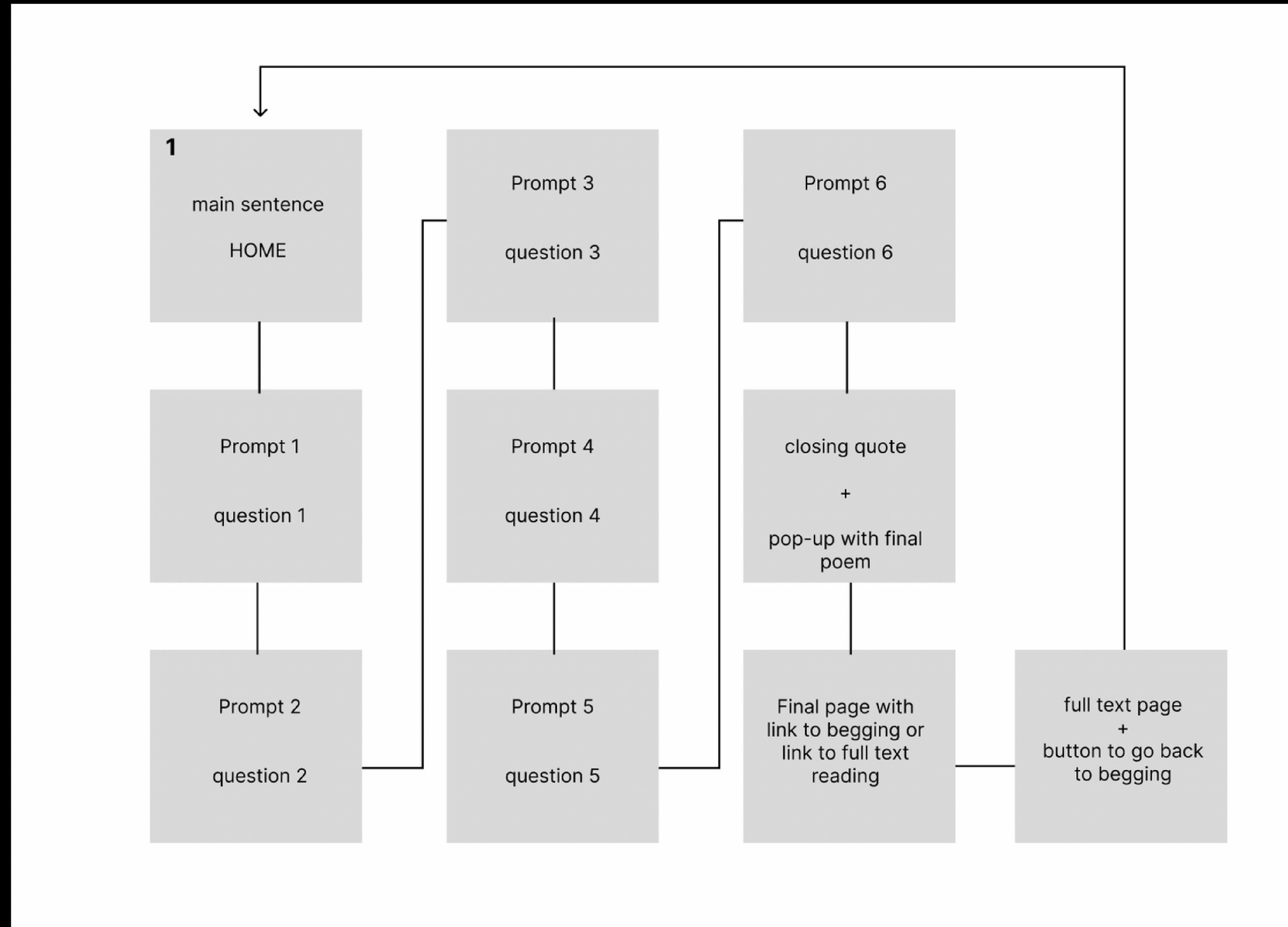












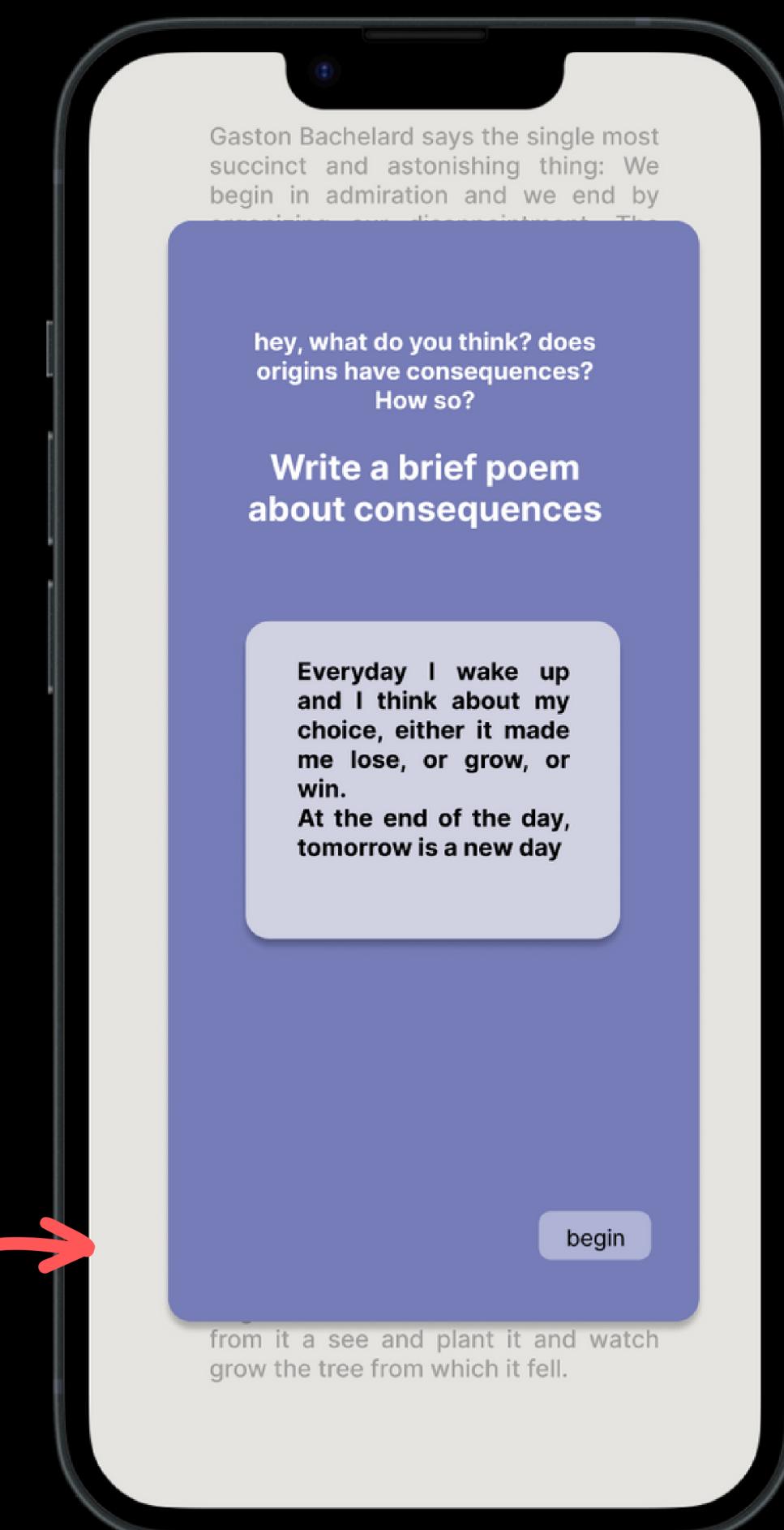
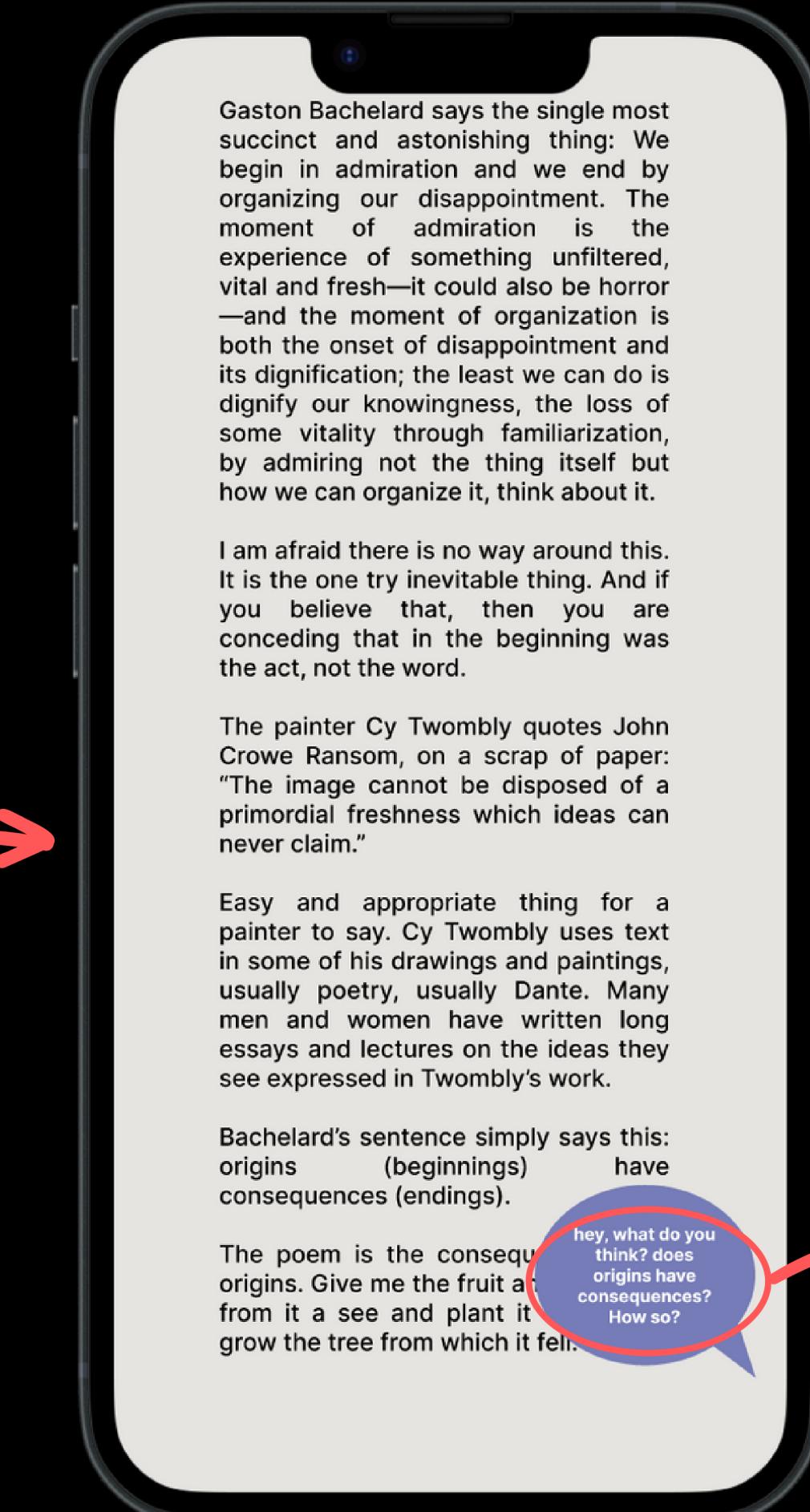
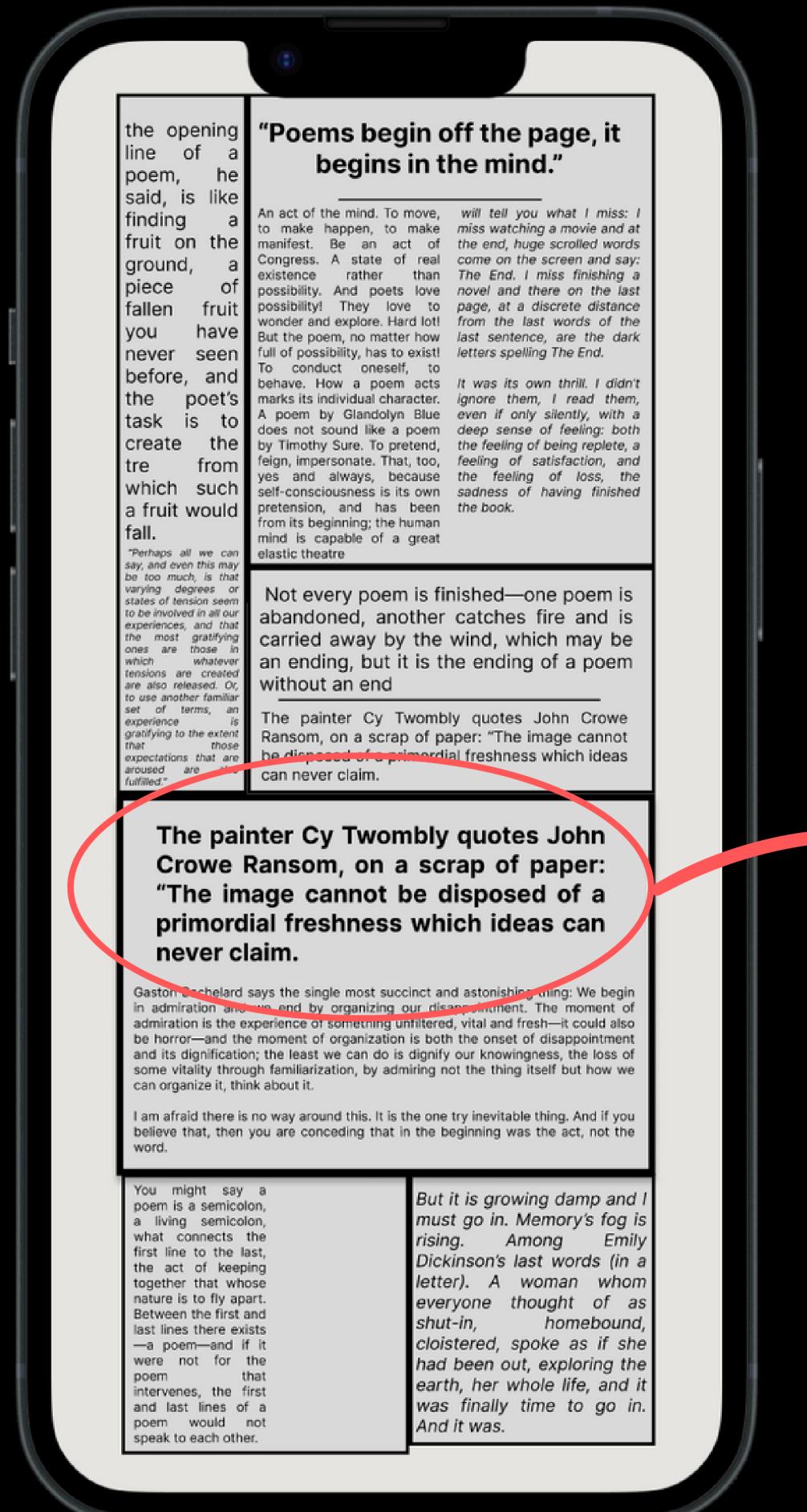
## TAKE AWAYS

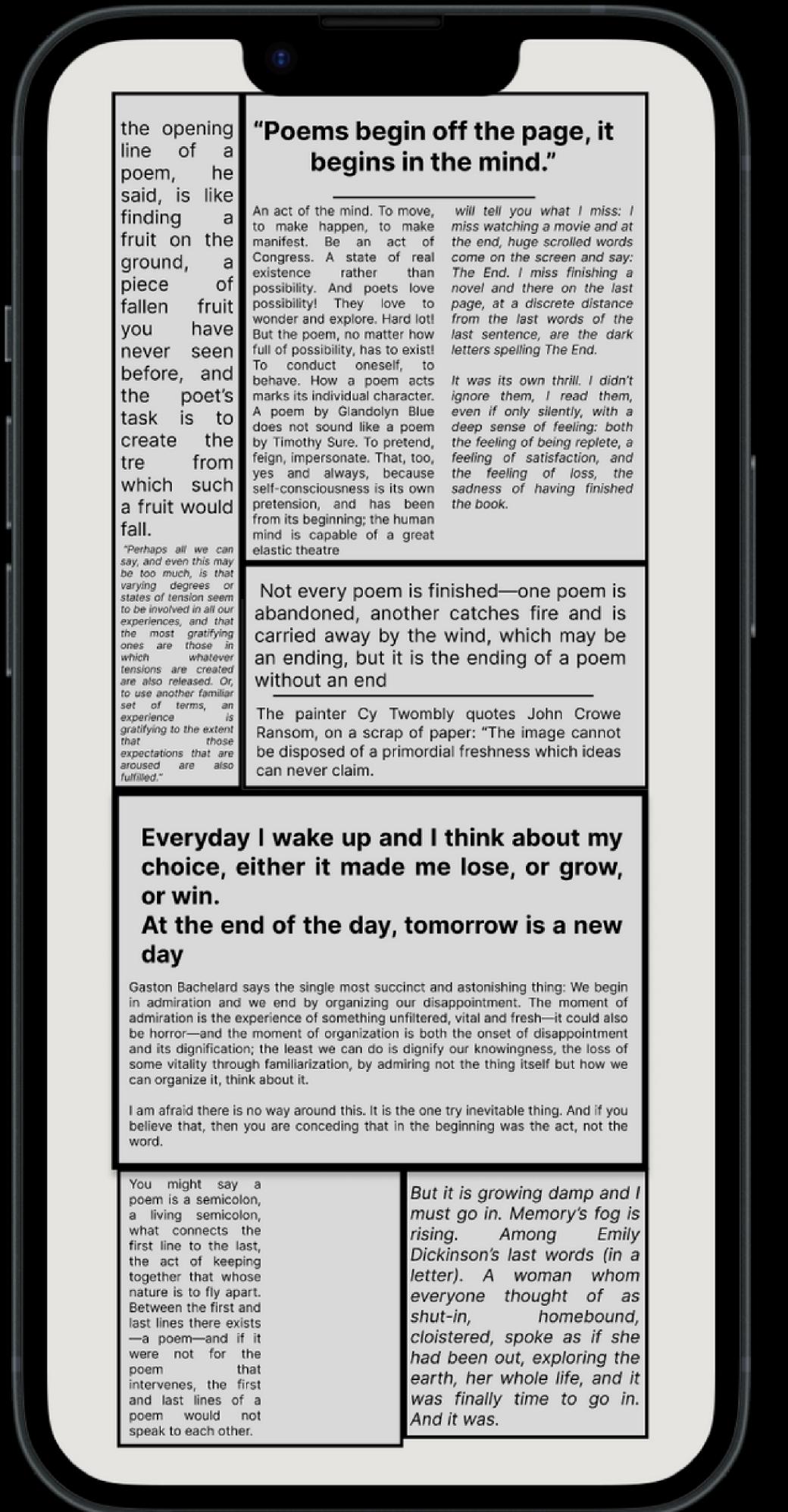
- color choice: imaginary vibe, inspires creativity, mysterious;
- scroll down the page for next part. (unlock next part);
- collaborative, you can share your creations;
- different experience each time;
- you inspire the user to get involve with the text in the end by showing them the infinity possibilities and joy of creating poems.

O N   N E W S  
B E G I N N I N G S

## CONCEPT

In this path, the user will read different parts of the text and create quotes, reflections, headlines and poems based on the text they just read. and the final take away can be fun, inspirational, personal and cool.





the opening line of a poem, he said, is like finding a fruit on the ground, a piece of fallen fruit you have never seen before, and the poet's task is to create the tree from which such a fruit would fall.

"Perhaps all we can say, and even this may be too much, is that varying degrees or states of tension seem to be involved in all our experiences, and that the most gratifying ones are those in which whatever tensions are created are also released. Or, to use another familiar set of terms, an experience is gratifying to the extent that those expectations that are aroused are also fulfilled."

## "Poems begin off the page, it begins in the mind."

An act of the mind. To move, to make happen, to make manifest. Be an act of Congress. A state of real existence rather than possibility. And poets love possibility! They love to wonder and explore. Hard lot! But the poem, no matter how full of possibility, has to exist! To conduct oneself, to behave. How a poem acts marks its individual character. A poem by Gwendolyn Brooks does not sound like a poem by Timothy Suren. To pretend, feign, impersonate. That, too, yes and always, because self-consciousness is its own pretension, and has been from its beginning; the human mind is capable of a great elastic theatre

will tell you what I miss: I miss watching a movie and at the end, huge scrolled words come on the screen and say: The End. I miss finishing a novel and there on the last page, at a discrete distance from the last words of the last sentence, are the dark letters spelling The End.

it was its own thrill. I didn't ignore them, I read them, even if only silently, with a deep sense of feeling: both the feeling of being replete, a feeling of satisfaction, and the feeling of loss, the sadness of having finished the book.

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

The painter Cy Twombly quotes John Crowe Ransom, on a scrap of paper: "The image cannot be disposed of a primordial freshness which ideas can never claim."

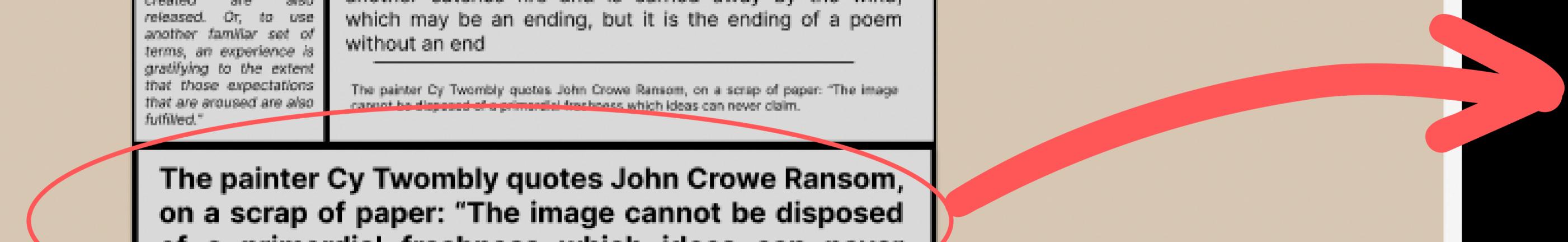
### The painter Cy Twombly quotes John Crowe Ransom, on a scrap of paper: "The image cannot be disposed of a primordial freshness which ideas can never claim."

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 truly inevitable thing. And if you believe that, then you are conceding that in the beginning was the act, not the word.

You might say a poem is a "The poem is an semicolon, a living interpretation of weird semicolon, what connects the first line to the last, the act of keeping together that whose nature is to fly apart. Between the first and last lines there exists—a poem—and if it were not for the poem that intervenes, the first and last lines of a poem would not speak to each other,

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.



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Easy and appropriate thing for a painter to say. Cy Twombly uses text in some of his drawings and paintings, usually poetry, usually Dante. Many men and women have written long essays and lectures on the ideas they see expressed in Twombly's work.

Bachelard's sentence simply says this: origins (beginnings) have consequences (endings).

The poem is the consequence of its origins. Give me the fruit and I will take from it a seed and plant it and watch grow the tree from which it fell.

hey, what do you think? does origins have consequences? How so?

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

hey, what do you think? does origins have consequences? How so?

**Write a brief poem about consequences**

Everyday I wake up and I think about my choice, either it made me lose, or grow, or win.  
At the end of the day, tomorrow is a new day

begin

the opening line of a poem, he said, is like finding a fruit on the ground, a piece of fallen fruit you have never seen before, and the poet's task is to create the tree from which such a fruit would fall.

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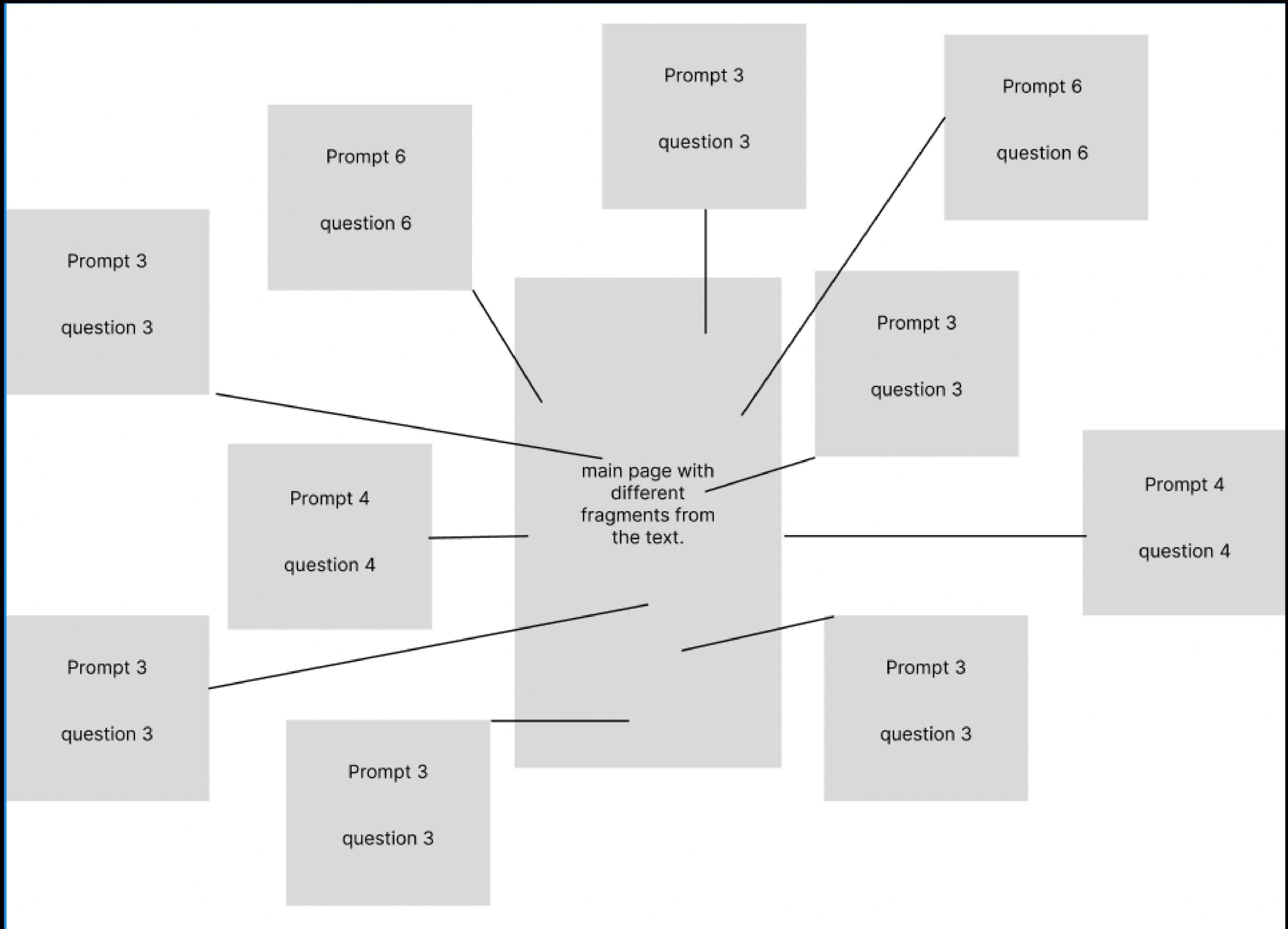
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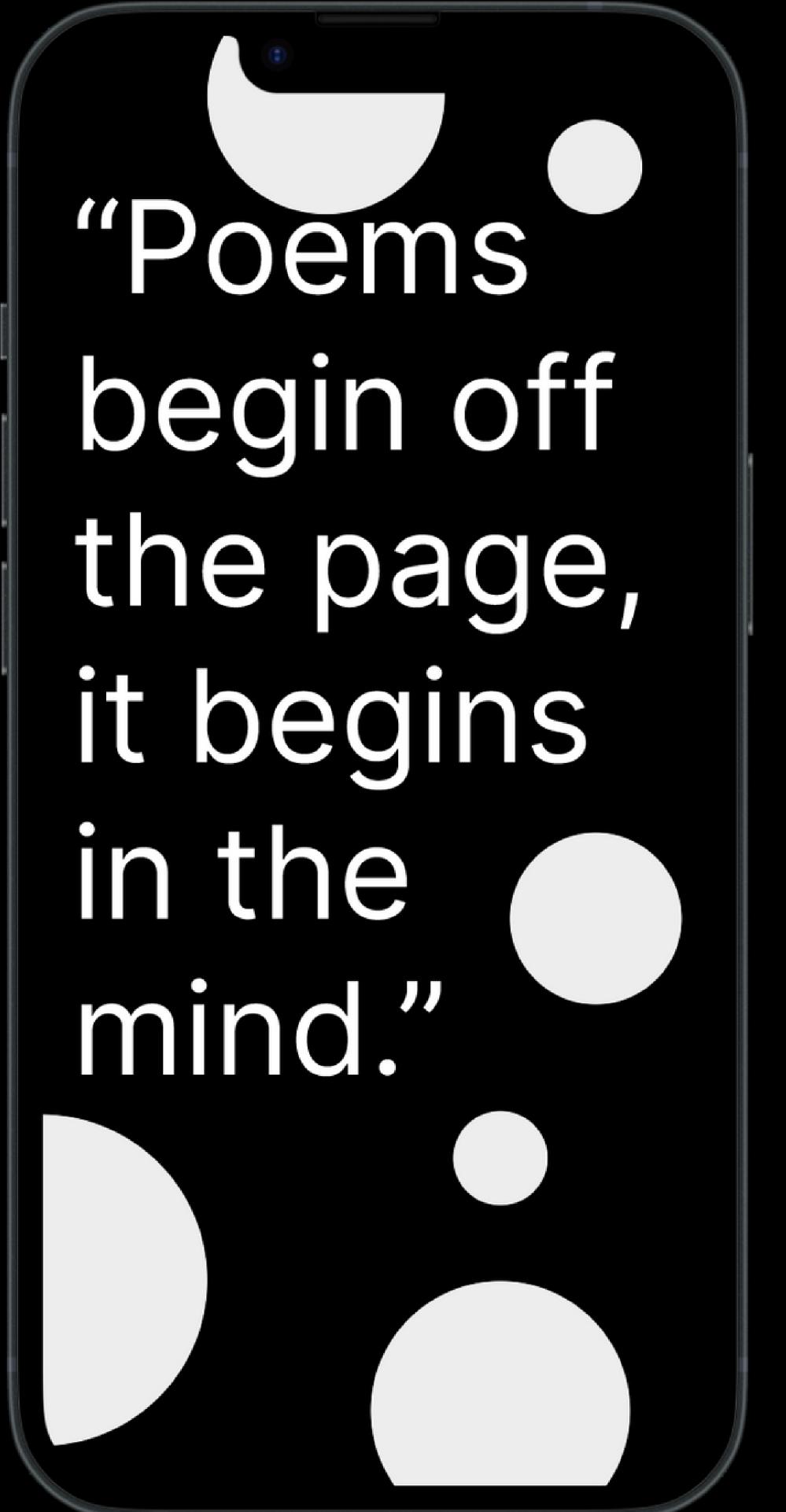
## TAKE AWAYS

- style choice: I miss reading paper books, I miss my dad arriving at home on Sunday mornings with the newspaper.
- each way comes back to the main page, where is the end? is there an end?
- make the reader curious about the text with the quotes from main page
- in the end you have an newspaper writting by you!

D R A G I N G   O N  
B E G I N N I N G S

## C O N C E P T

In this path, the user will experience a hunting game to be able to achieve the next “phase”/ page of the website. The clue for the next page is related to what is writing in at the page.



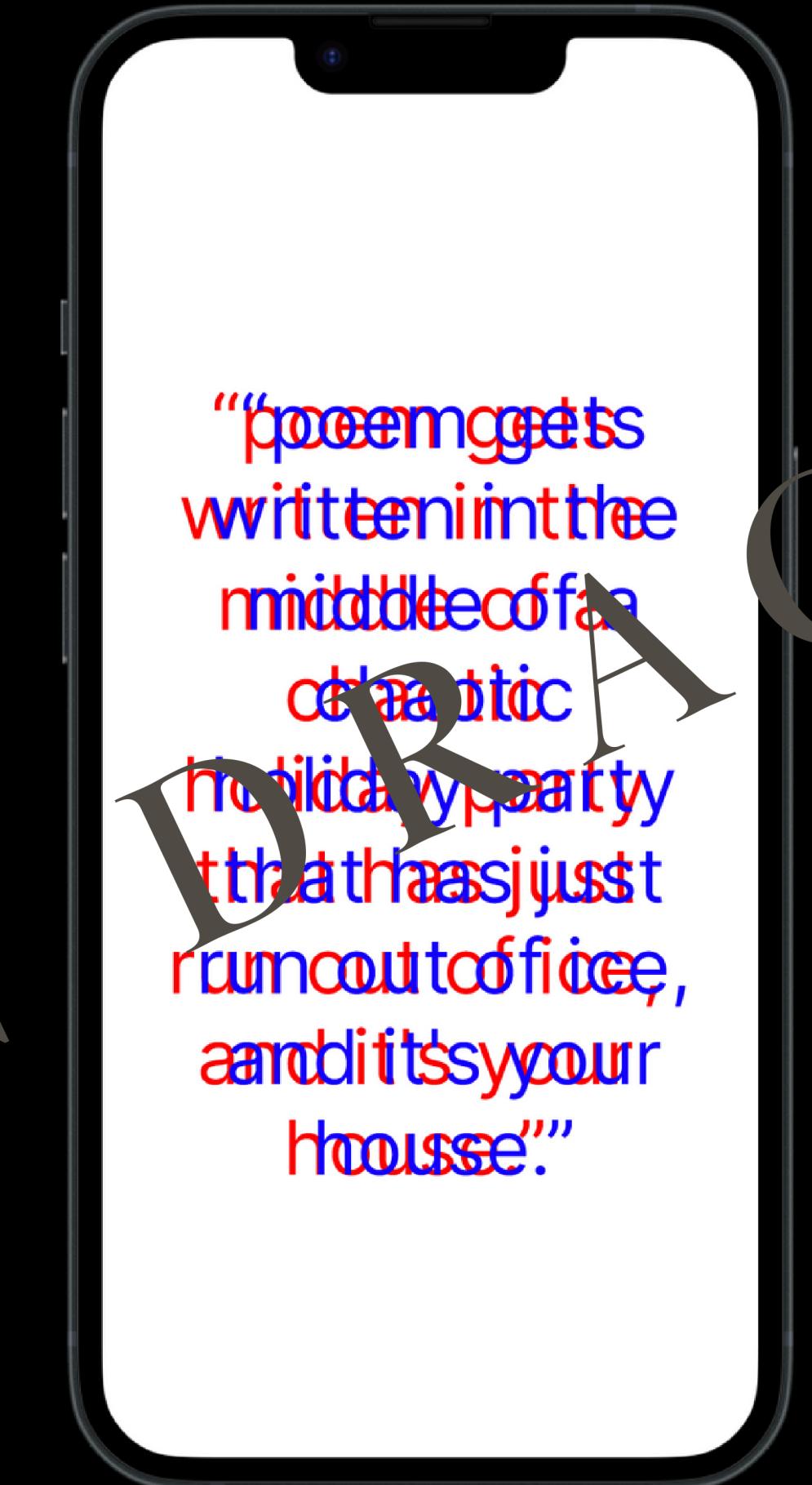
“Poems  
begin off  
the page,  
it begins  
in the  
mind.”

ON



CK!

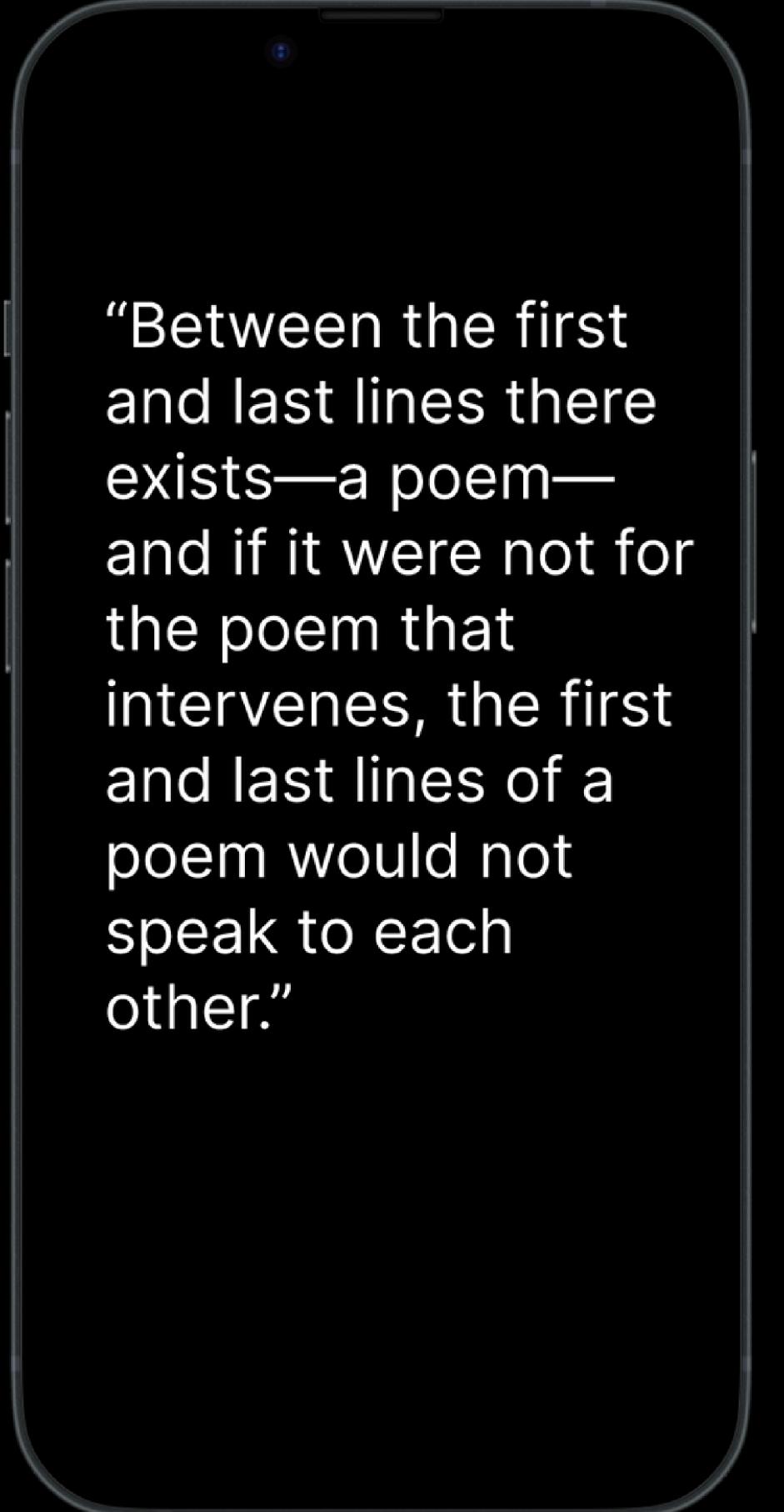
WHEN



“poem gets  
written in the  
middle of a  
chaotic  
holiday party  
that has just  
run out of office,  
and it’s your  
house.”

AGING

written in the  
middle of a  
chaotic  
holiday party  
“poem gets  
written in the  
run out of ice,  
and it's your  
middle of a  
chaotic  
house!”  
holiday party  
that has just  
run out of ice,  
and it's your  
house.”



“Between the first and last lines there exists—a poem—and if it were not for the poem that intervenes, the first and last lines of a poem would not speak to each other.”

WHEN SAYING

"Between the first  
and last lines there  
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the poem that  
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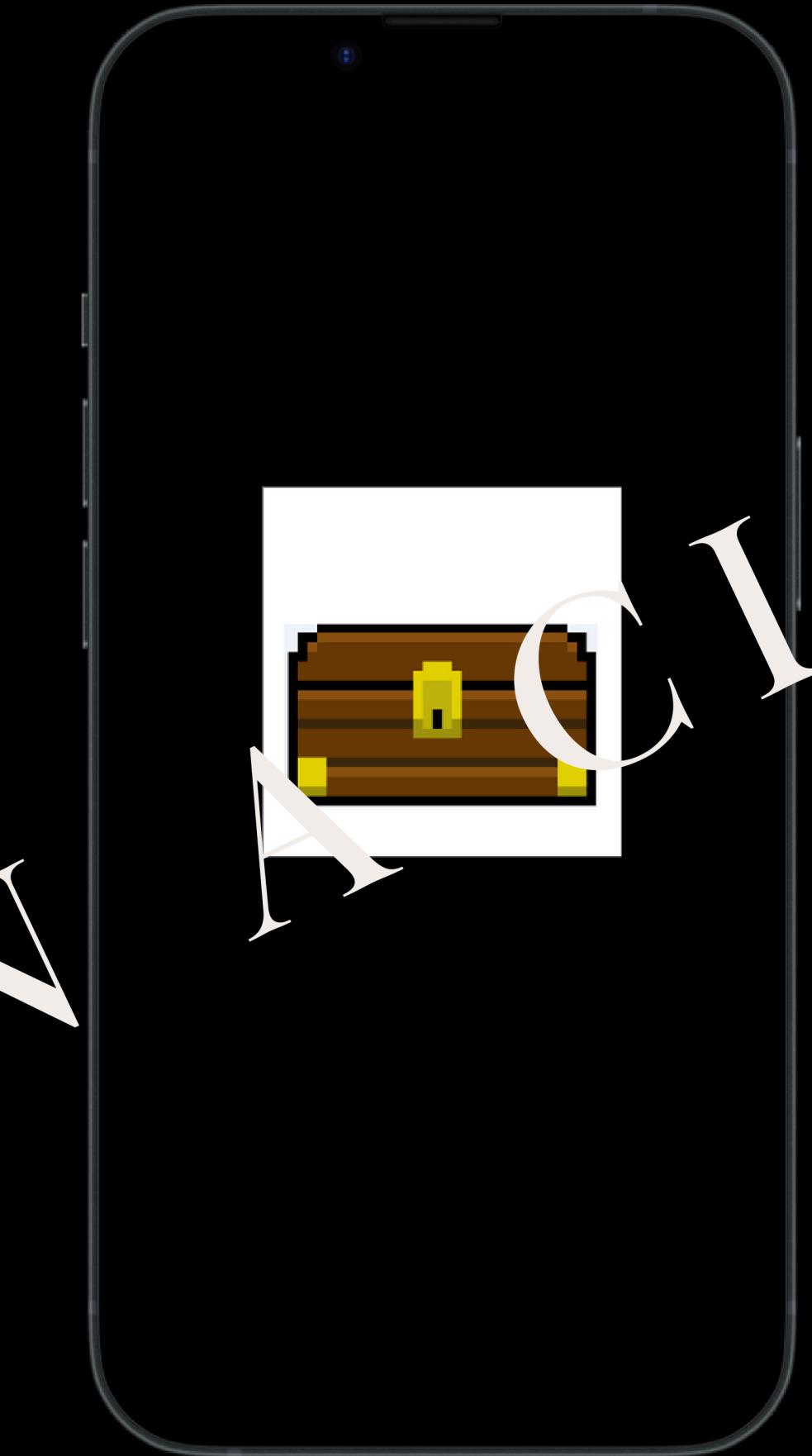
As the poet Ralph Angel puts it, "The poem is an interpretation of weird theatrical shit." The weird theatrical shit is what goes on around us every day of our lives; an animal of only instinct, Johnny Ferret, has in his actions drama, but no theater; theater requires that you draw a circle around the action and observe it from outside the circle; in other words, self-consciousness is theatre

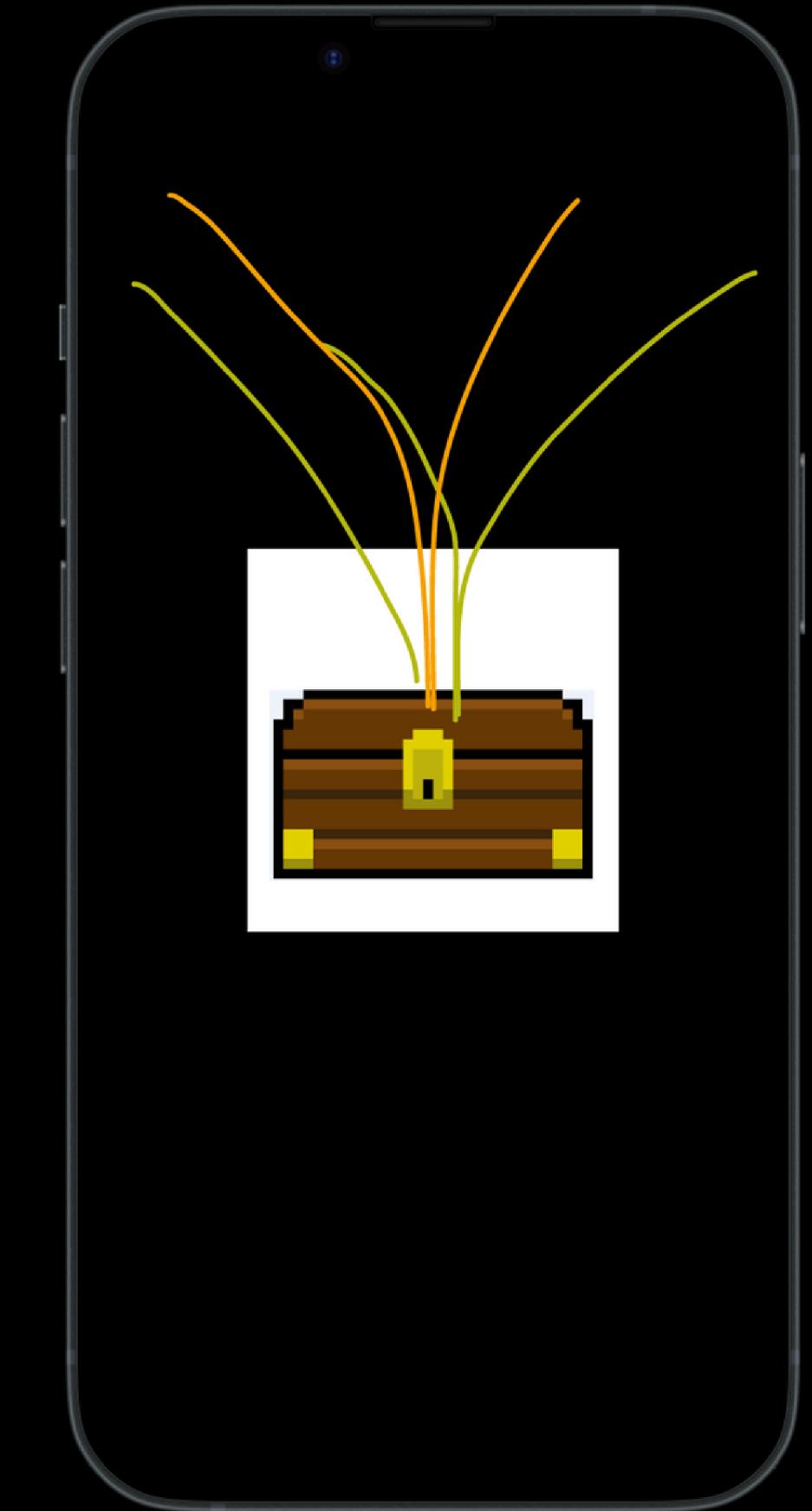
BY CIRCLE

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AT ING

ON A CLICK





## On Beginnings

X

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.

Paul Valéry, the French poet and thinker, once said that no poem is ever ended, that every poem is merely abandoned. This saying is also attributed to Stéphane Mallarmé, for where quotations begin is in a cloud.

Paul Valéry also described his perception of first lines so vividly, and to my mind so accurately, that I have never forgotten it: the opening line of a poem, he said, is like finding a fruit on the ground, a piece of fallen fruit you have never seen before, and the poet's task is to create the tree from which such a fruit would fall.

In the beginning was the Word. Western civilization rests upon those words. And yet there is a lively group of thinkers who believe that in the beginning was the Act. that nothing can precede action—no breath before act, no thought before act, no pervasive love before some kind of act.

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

“~~poem gets written in the  
middle of a chaotic holiday  
party that has just run out of  
ice, and it’s your house.”~~

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BETWEEN THE FIRST AND LAST LINES THERE EXISTS

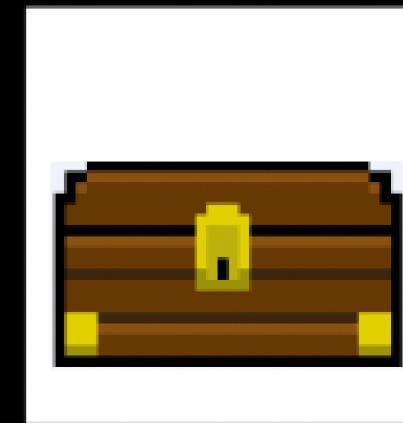
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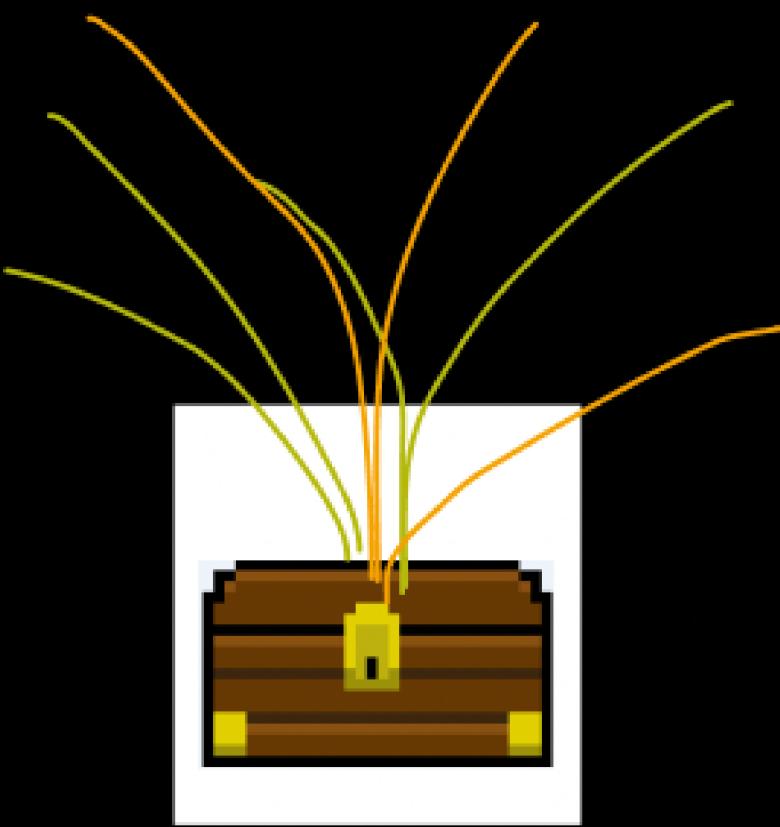
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MacBook Air - 21



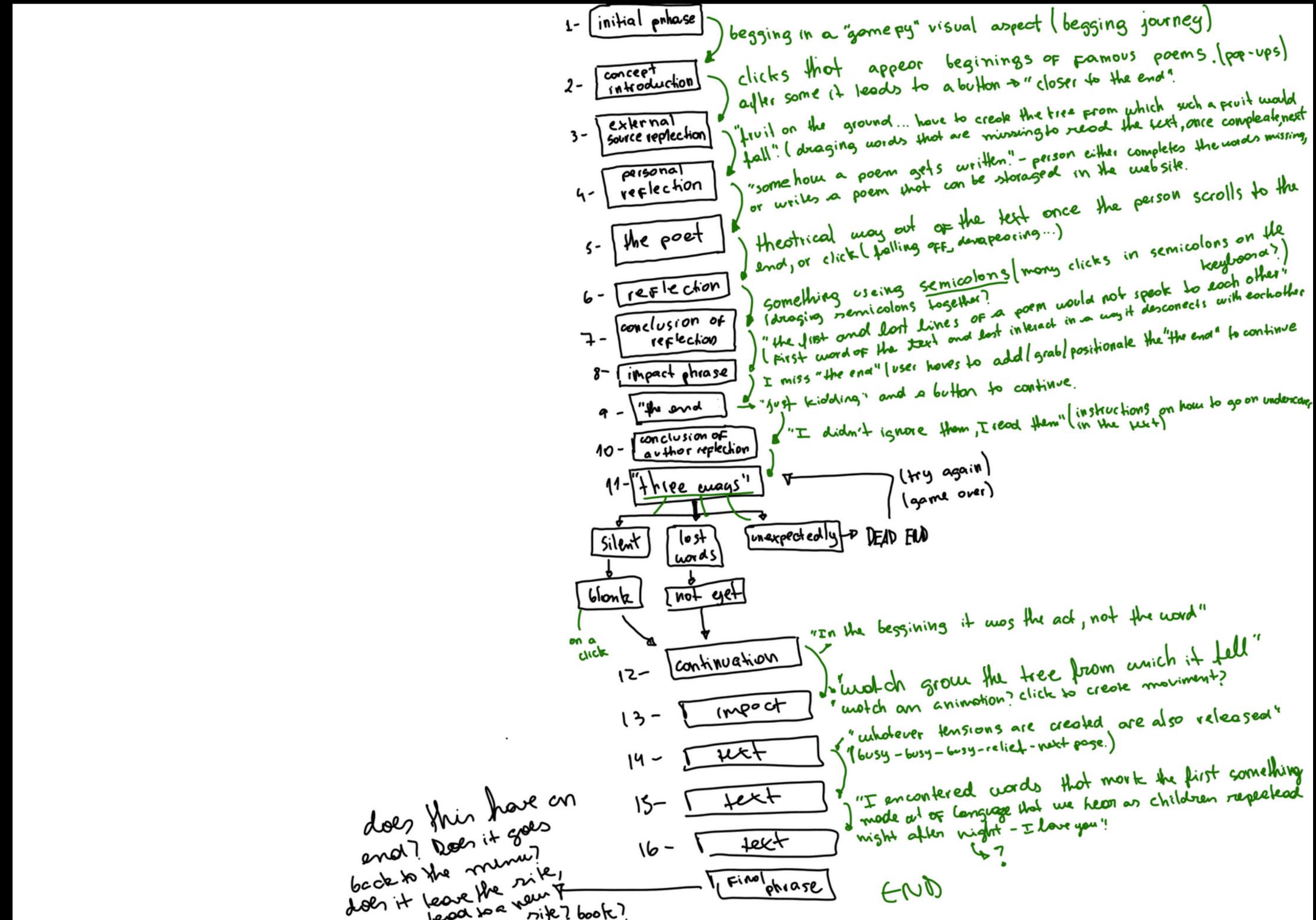
X

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## TAKE AWAYS

- style choice: very typographical, minimalistic. Maybe only primary colors?
- Fun experience!
- the text aa a prize!
- poem love to explore