

Project #1

Interface Poetry

Gufeng Huang

Inspirations

Do Not Go Gentle into That Good Night

by Dylan Thomas

Interstellar

by Christopher Nolan

galaxia.co



Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.

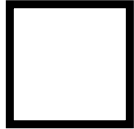


Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Gufeng Huang

Experience

Space Travel between Galaxy

Color:   

Key Element:      

Questions:

How to range these icons?

How to guide the user?

How to create a sense of jumping from one space to another?

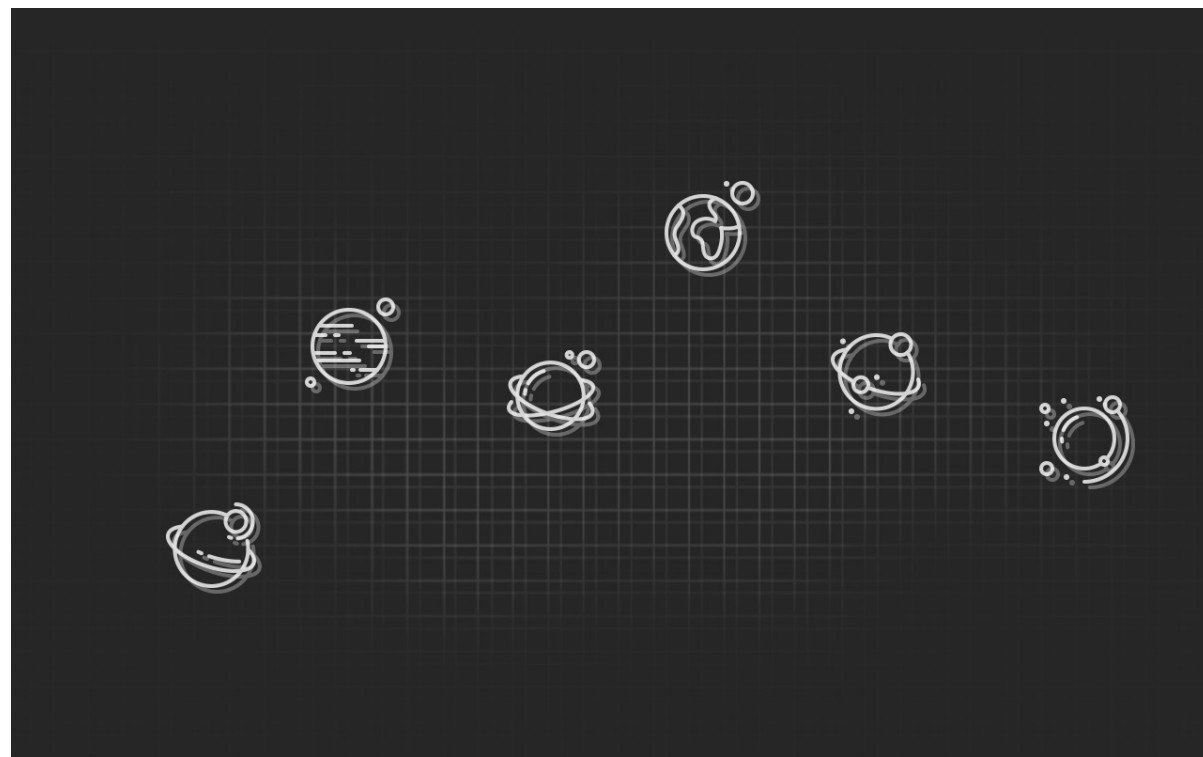
How to make user better understand the poem when browsing?

Objectives

feel orientated when in "the travel of space"

better understand the poem after "the travel"

Interfaces



	Do not go gentle into that good night, Old age should burn and rave at close of day; Rage, rage against the dying of the light.
	Though wise men at their end know dark is right, Because their words had forked no lightning they Do not go gentle into that good night.
	Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay, Rage, rage against the dying of the light.
	Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight, And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way, Do not go gentle into that good night.
	Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay, Rage, rage against the dying of the light.
	And you, my father, there on the sad height, Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray. Do not go gentle into that good night. Rage, rage against the dying of the light.