Strands

UI Design, Stroyboard, Spacail Design

11.08.17

Poetry is one of the worlds least appreciated forms of art

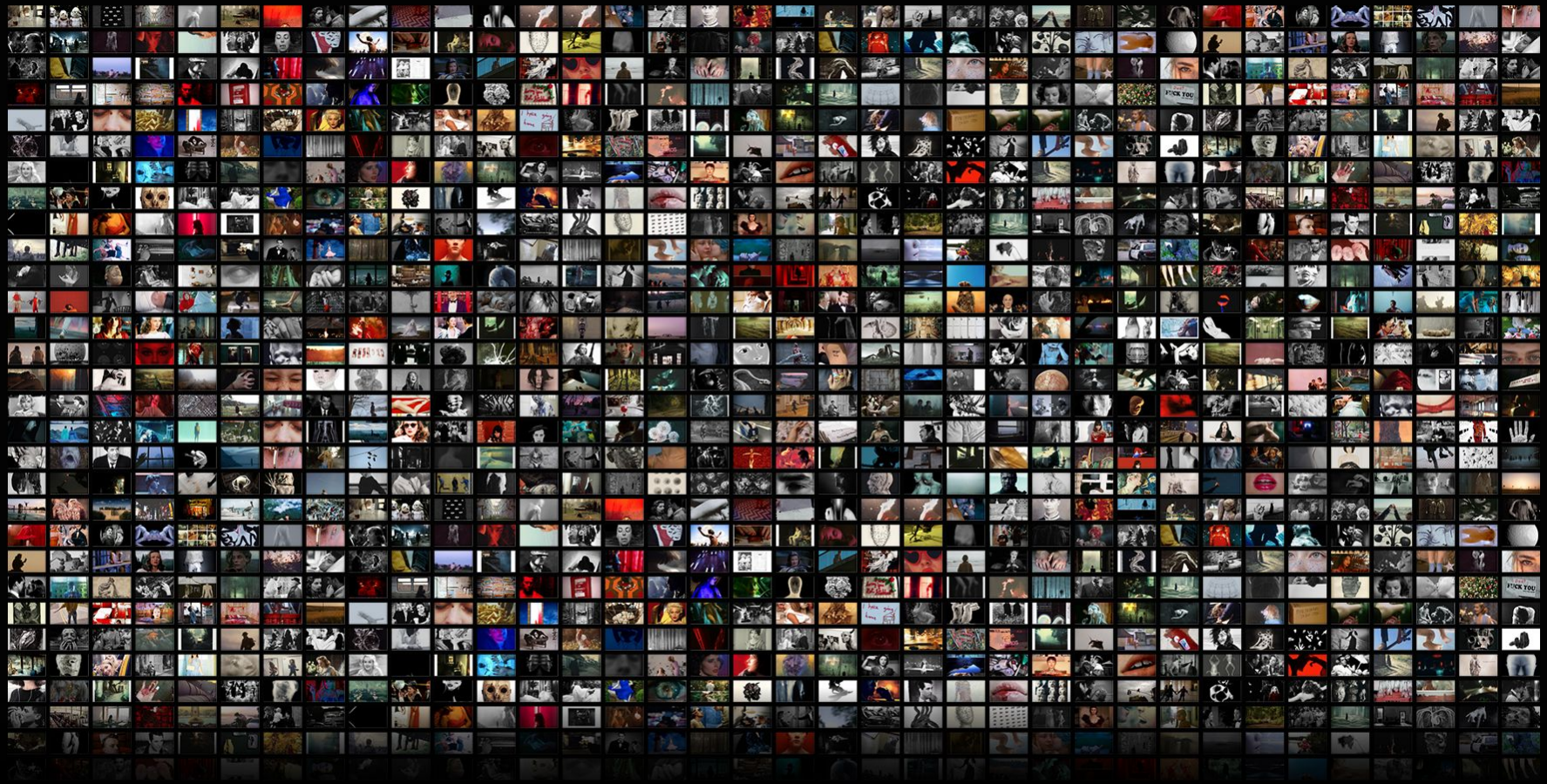
Strands is an installation that analyzes thousands lines from great poems and translates them to gifs.

The Goal *is to inspire viewers to fall in love with poetry.*

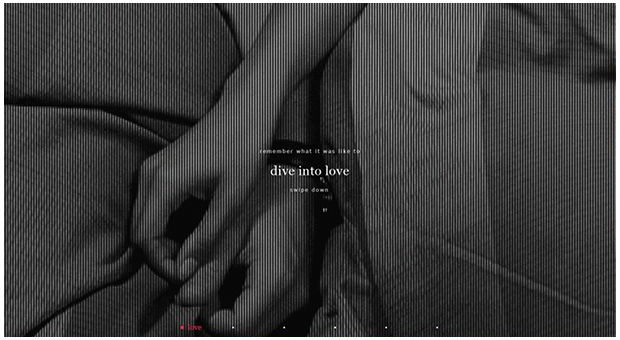
Will feel like going to a library and getting lost in the stacks.

UI Design

Each line in a poem is a figment of emotion and memory.

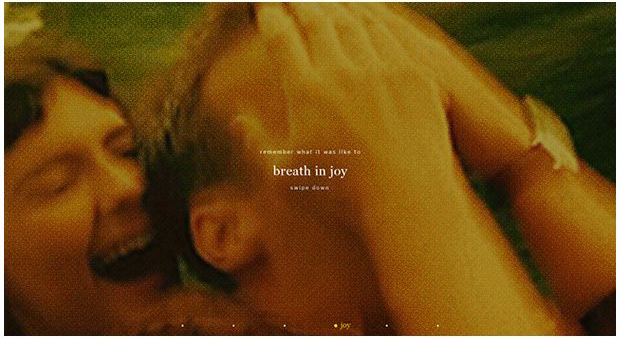

FUCK YOU
FUCK YOU

remember what it was like to
fall into sorrow
swipe down
sadness


remember what it was like to
dive into love
swipe down
love

remember what it was like to
experience the new
swipe down
surprise

remember what it was like to
let out your rage
swipe down
anger


remember what it was like to
breath in joy
swipe down
joy

remember what it was like to
fall into sorrow
swipe down
sadness

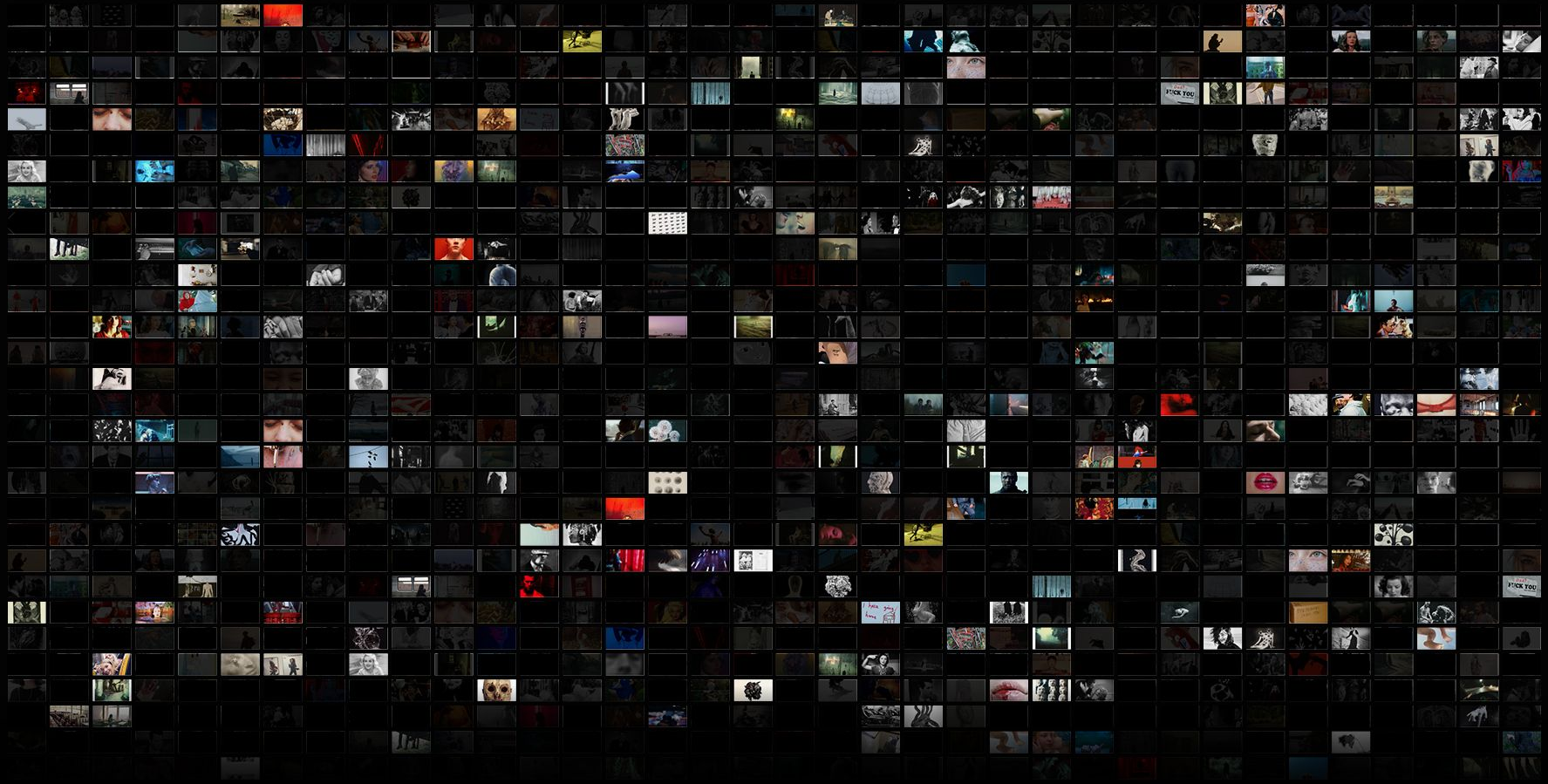
remember what it was like to
succumb to fear
swipe down

remember what it was like to
dive into love
swipe down
• love

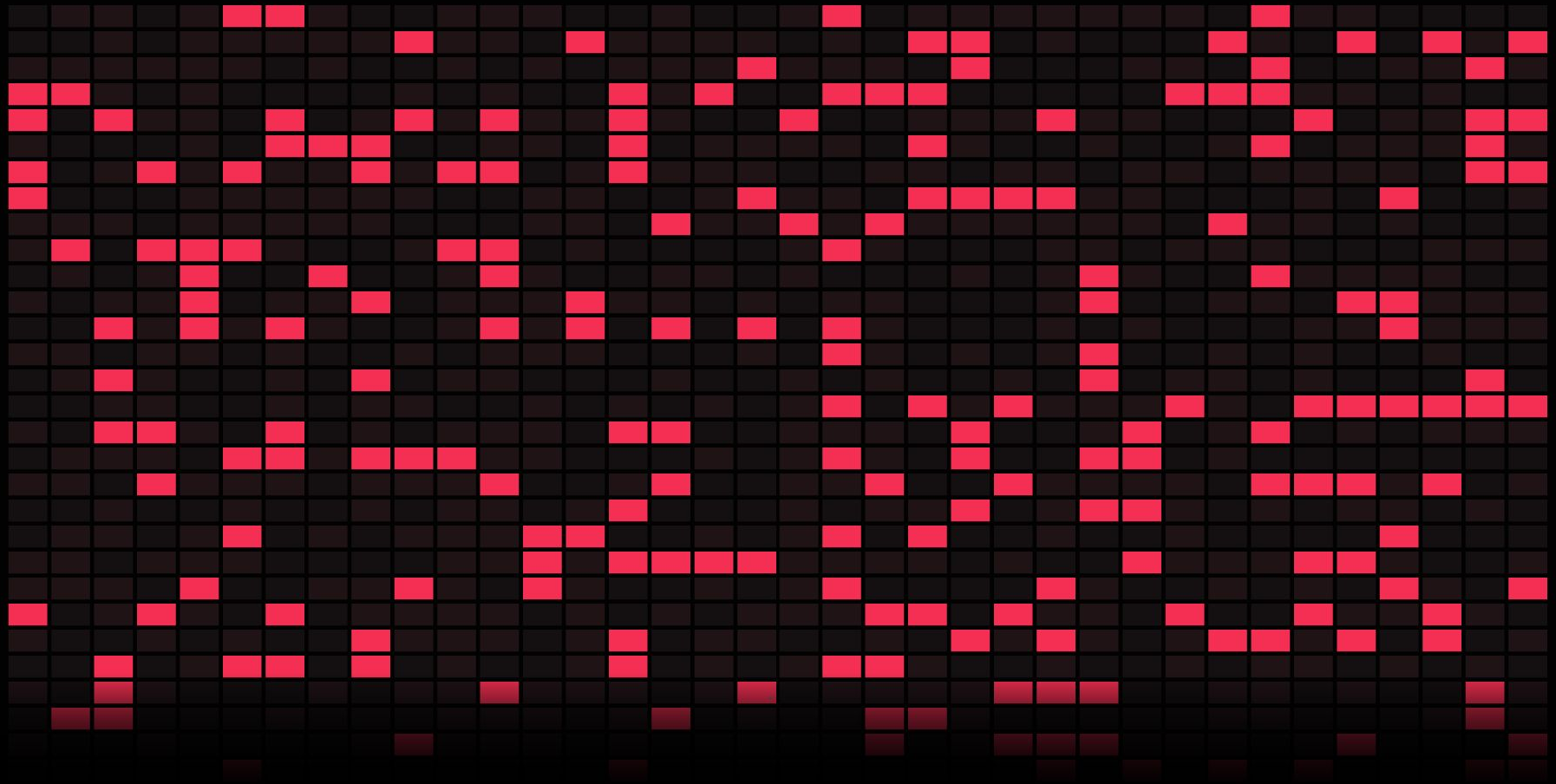
"close with my dreams"

• love • • • • • •

swipe up



love poems 12.27.1633 to 12.27.1899

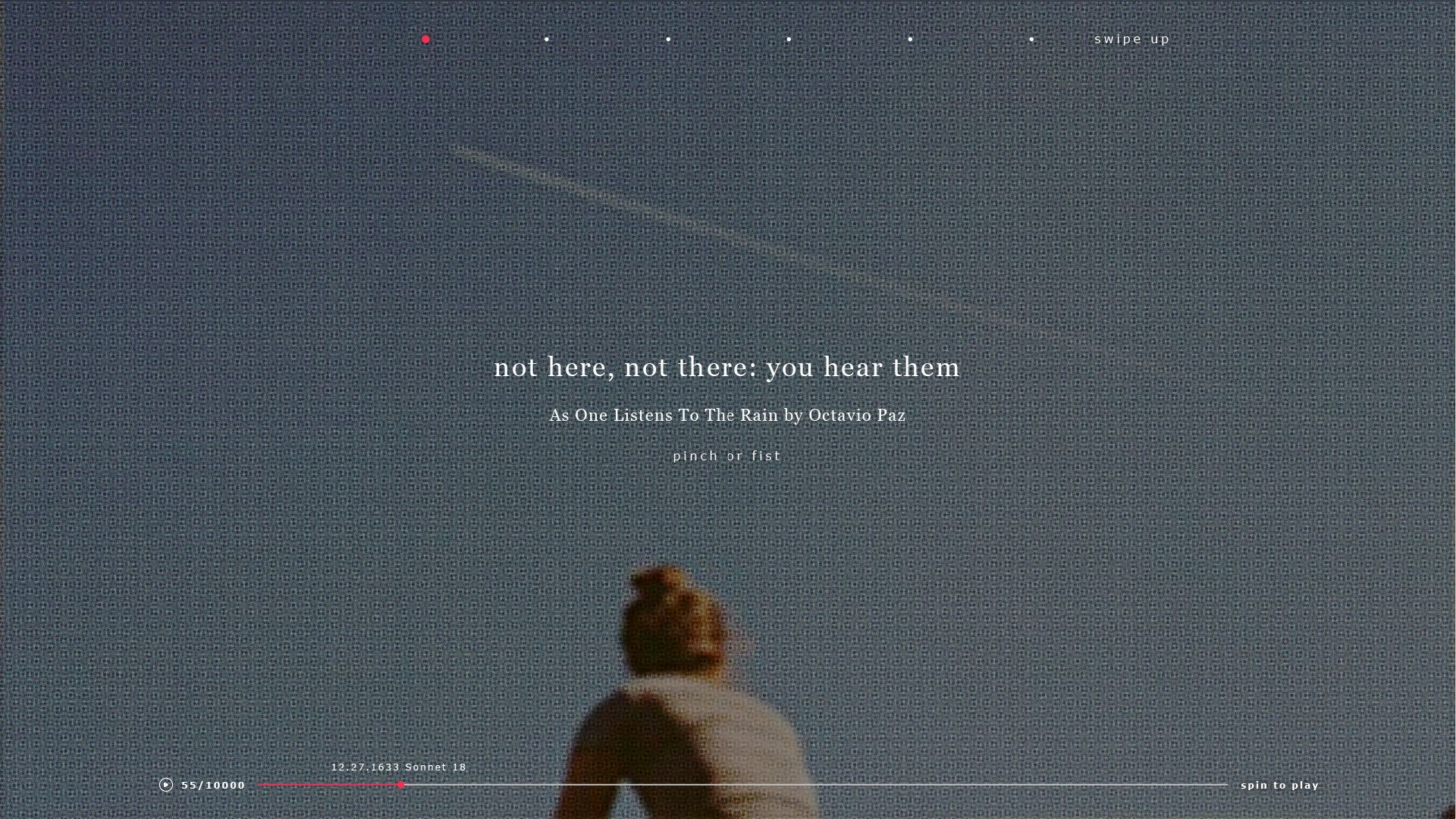


swipe up

not here, not there: you hear them

As One Listens To The Rain by Octavio Paz

pinch or fist



12.27.1633 Sonnet 18

55/10000

spin to play

not here, not there: you hear them

As One Listens To The Rain by Octavio Paz

not here, not there: you hear them

As One Listens To The Rain by Octavio Paz

not here, not there: you hear them

As One Listens To The Rain by Octavio Paz

pinch to read

not here, not there: you hear them

As One Listens To The Rain by Octavio Paz

not here, not there: you hear them

As One Listens To The Rain by Octavio Paz

As One Listens To The Rain

by Octavia Paz

Listen to me as one listens to the rain,
not attentive, not distracted,
light footsteps, thin drizzle,
water that is air, air that is time,
the day is still leaving,
the night has yet to arrive,
figurations of mist
at the turn of the corner,
figurations of time
at the bend in this pause,
listen to me as one listens to the rain,
without listening, hear what I say
with eyes open inward, asleep
with all five senses awake,
it's raining, light footsteps, a murmur of syllables,
air and water, words with no weight:
what we are and are,
the days and years, this moment,
weightless time and heavy sorrow,
listen to me as one listens to the rain,
wet asphalt is shining,
steam rises and walks away,
night unfolds and looks at me

As One Listens To The Rain

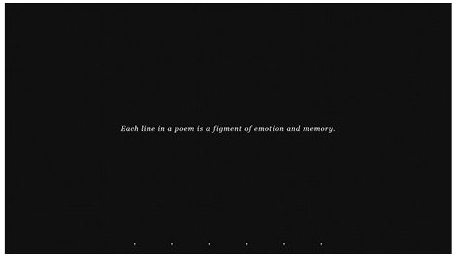
by Octavia Paz

wave left for previous

wave right for next

55/10000

spin to play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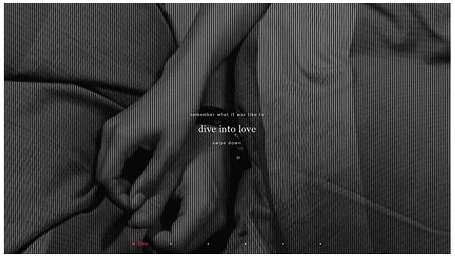
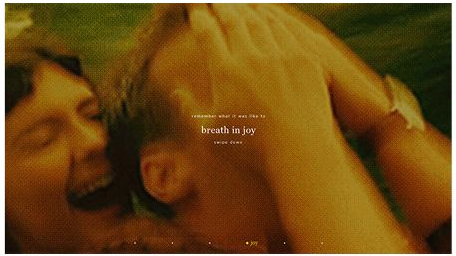
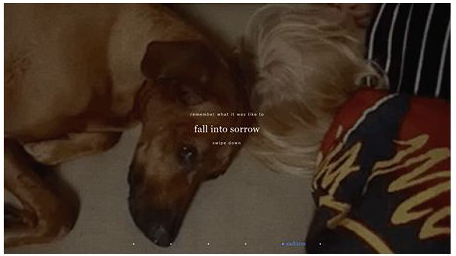
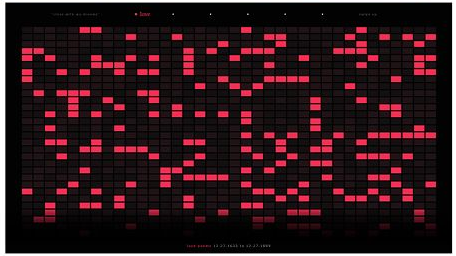
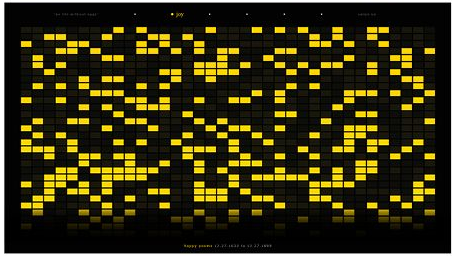

remember what it was like to
dive into love
swipe down

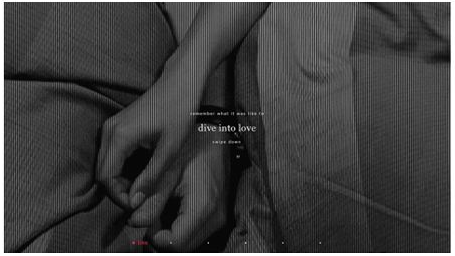

remember what it was like to
breath in joy
swipe down


remember what it was like to
fall into sorrow
swipe down





swipe up
not here, not there: you hear them
An One Listens To The Rain by Octavio Paz
pinch to fist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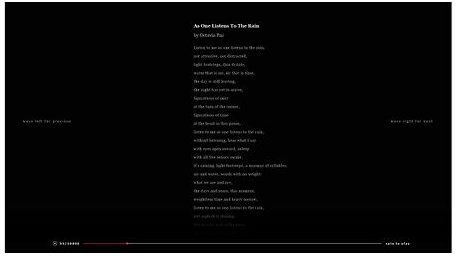
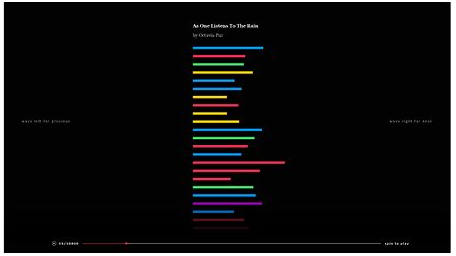

An One Listens To The Rain
by Octavio Paz
wave left for previous
wave right for next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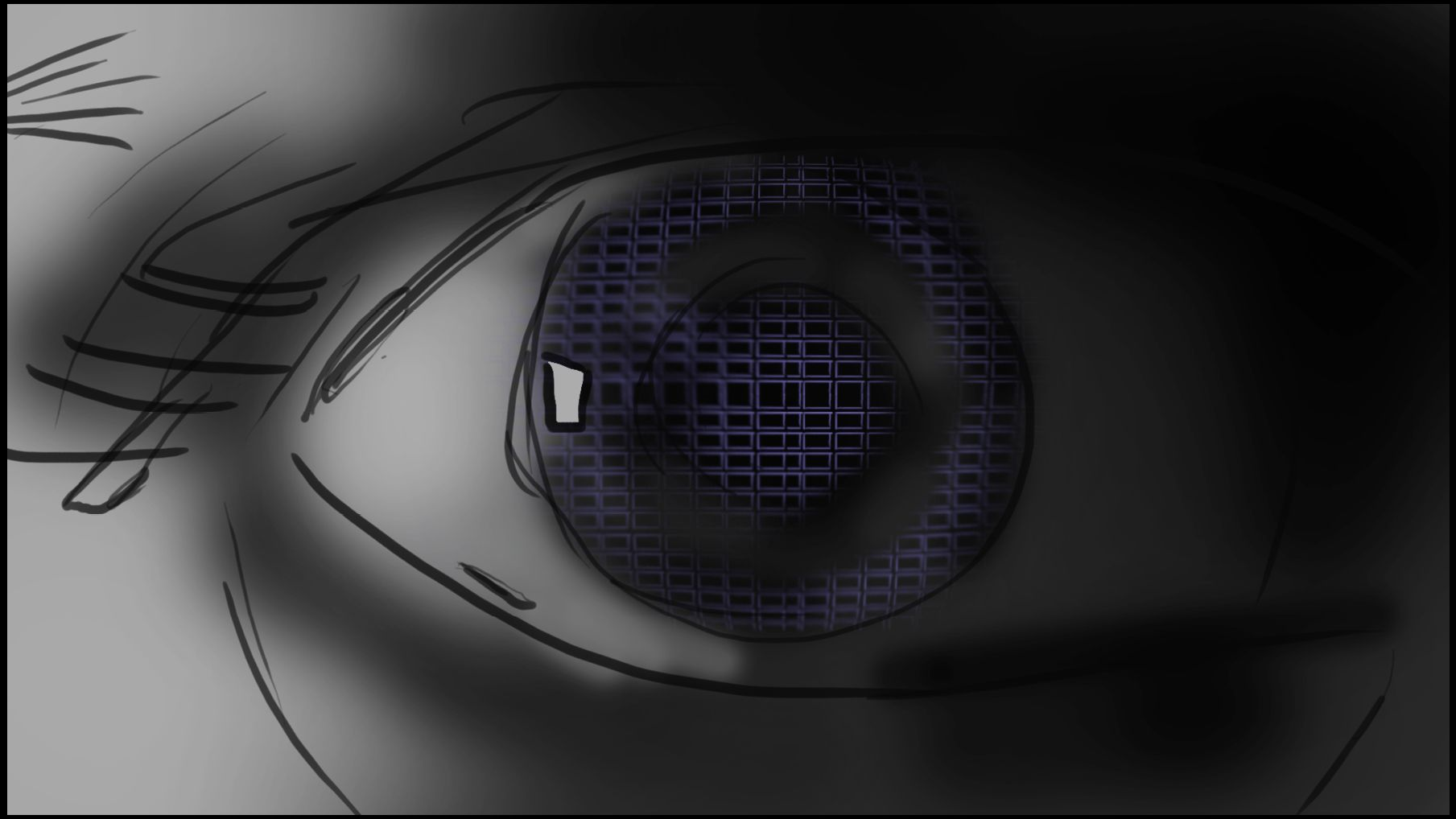
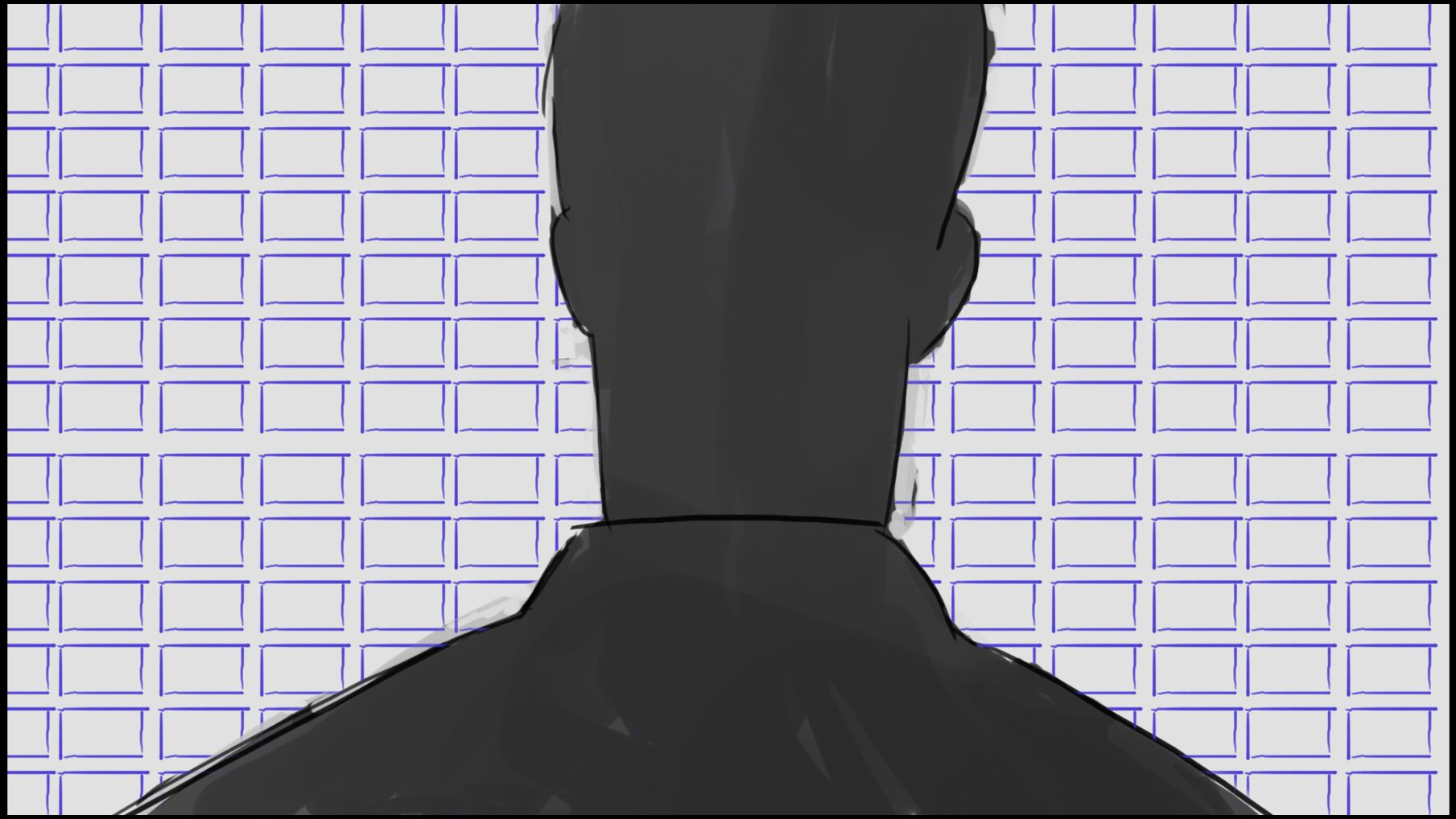
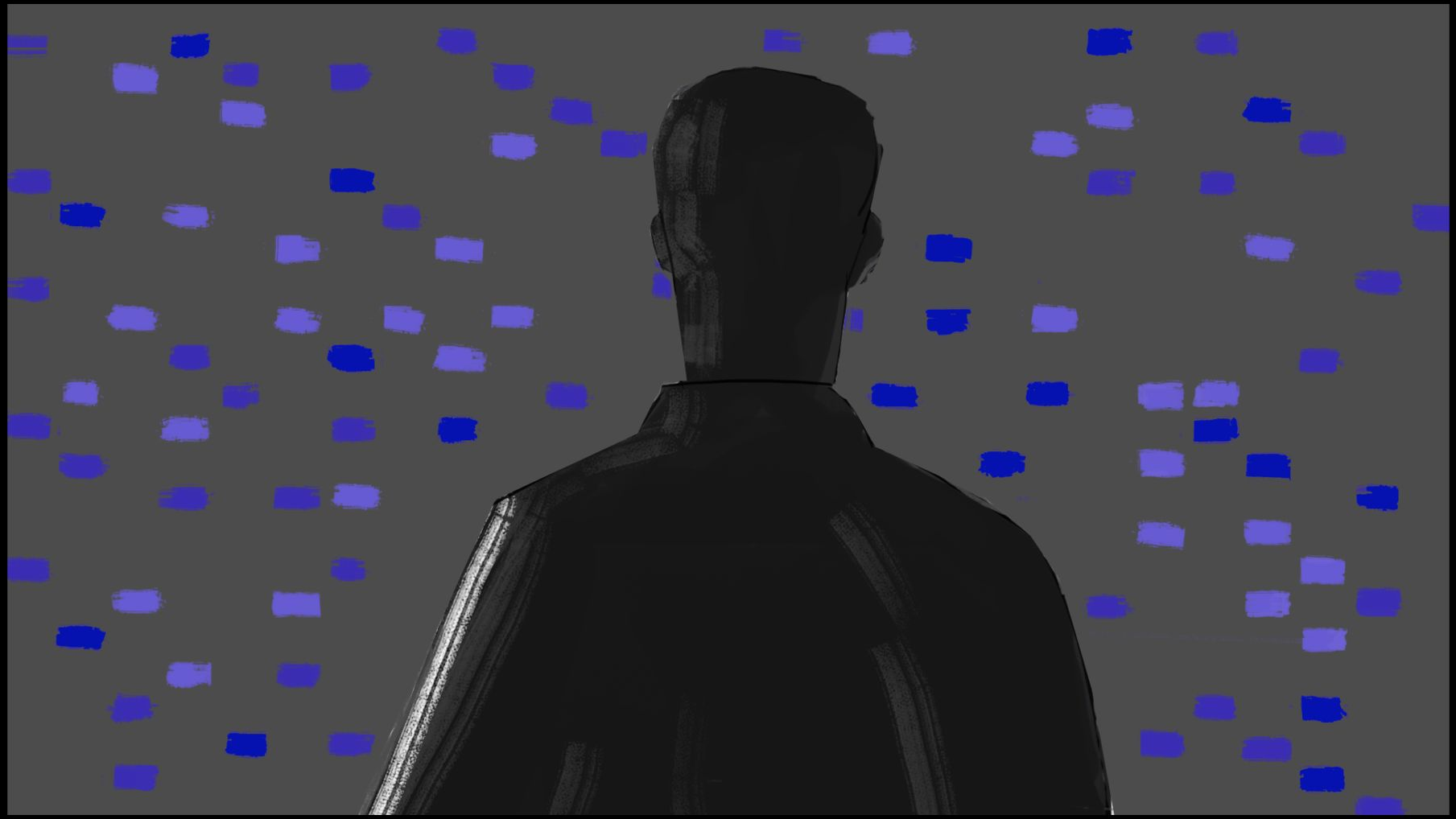
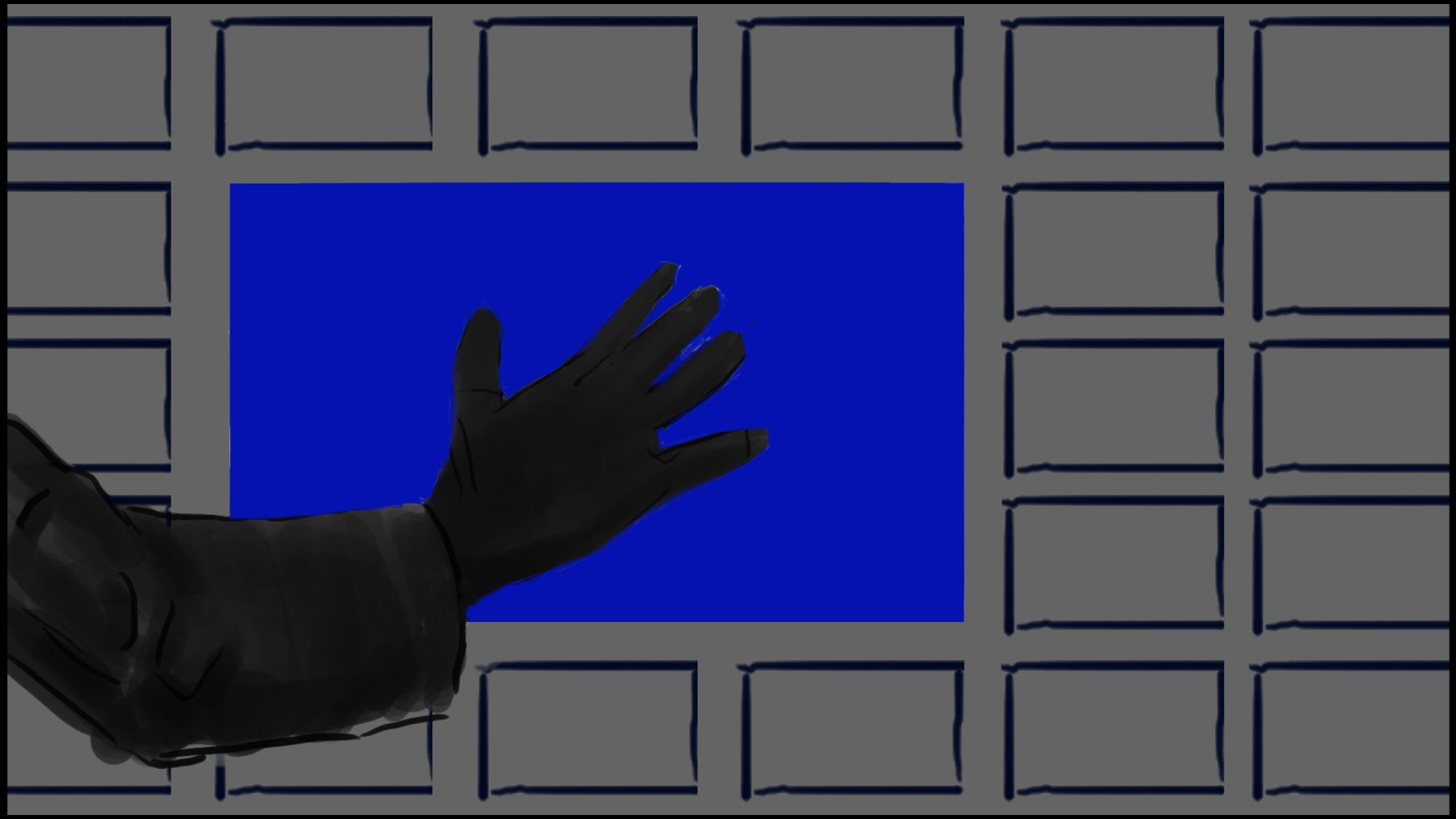
Storyboard

Pitch to a museum & get funding for the idea





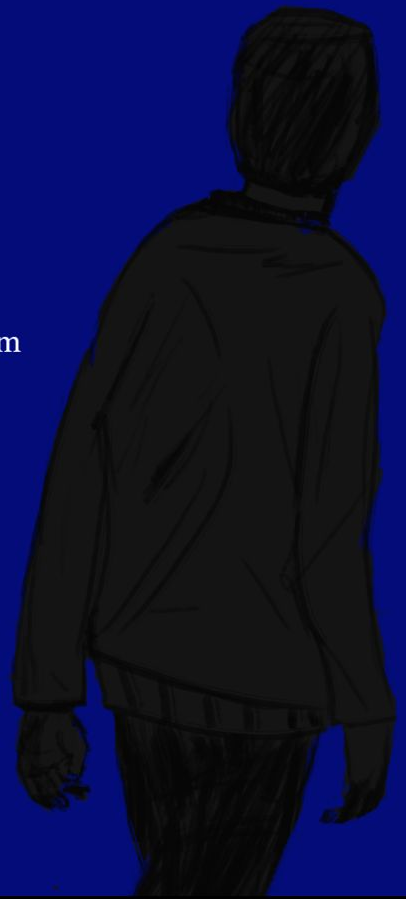


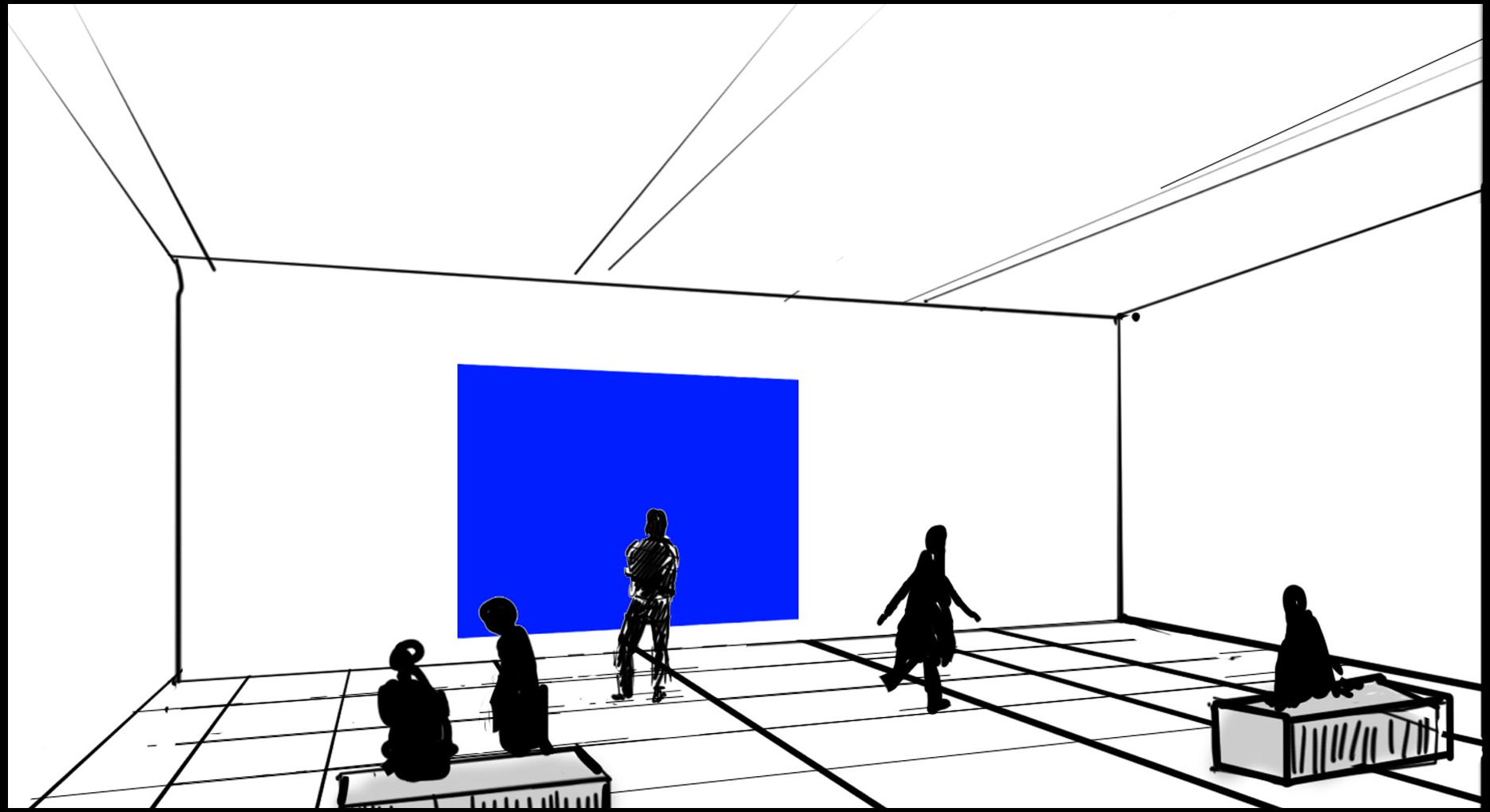


not here, not there: you hear them

As One Listens To The Rain by Octavio Paz

pinch to read





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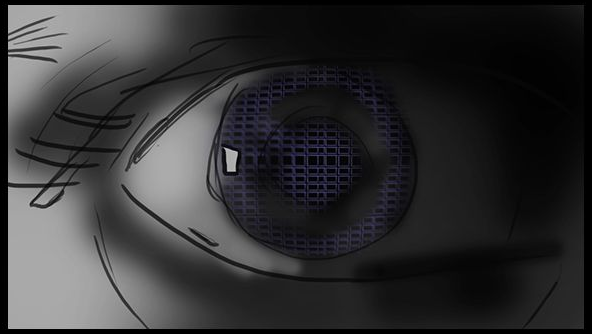

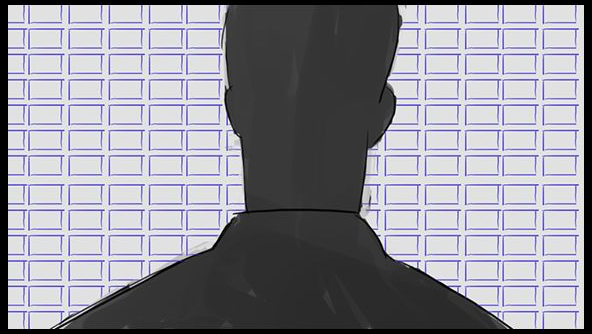

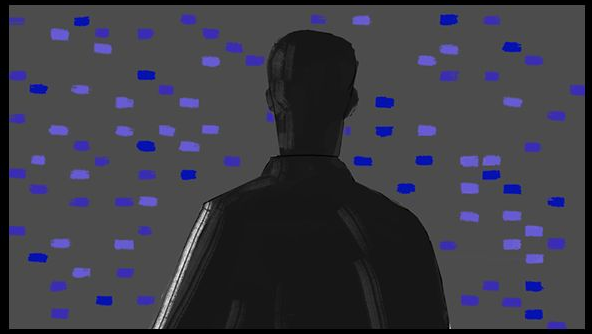

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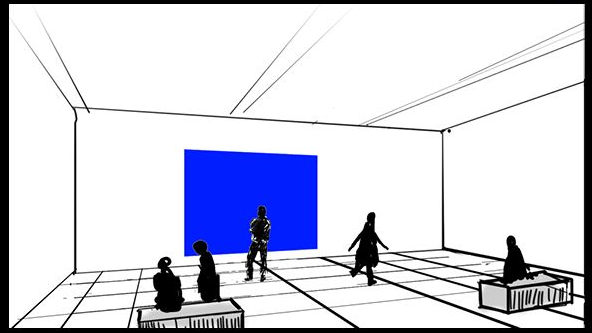
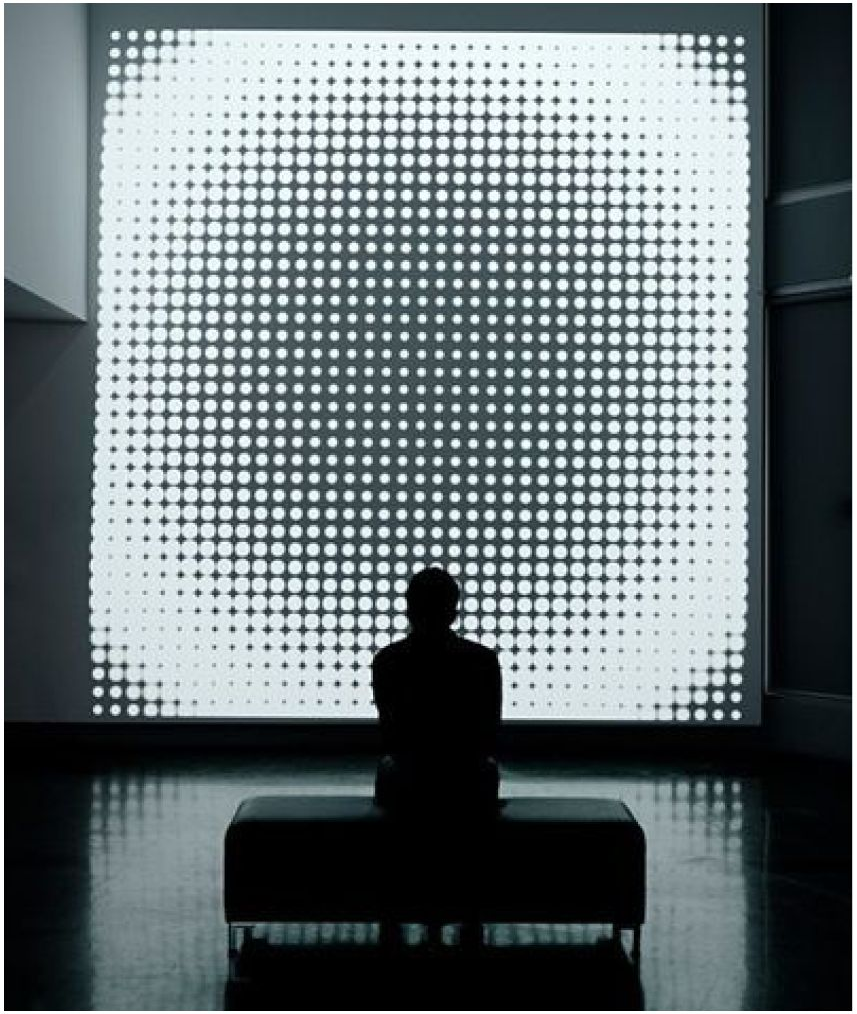
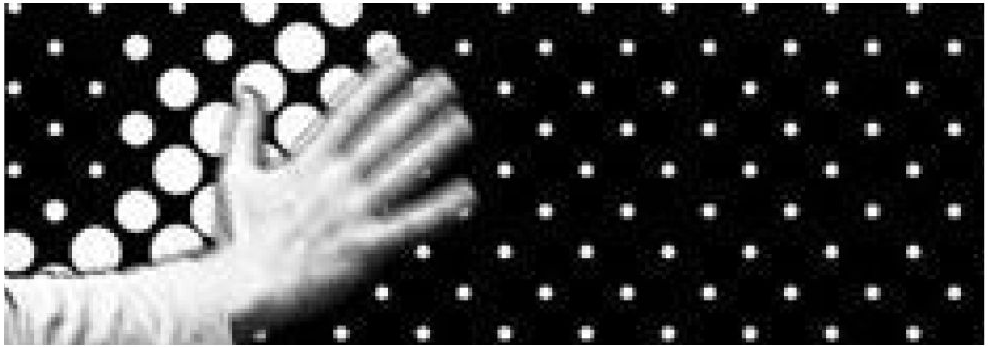
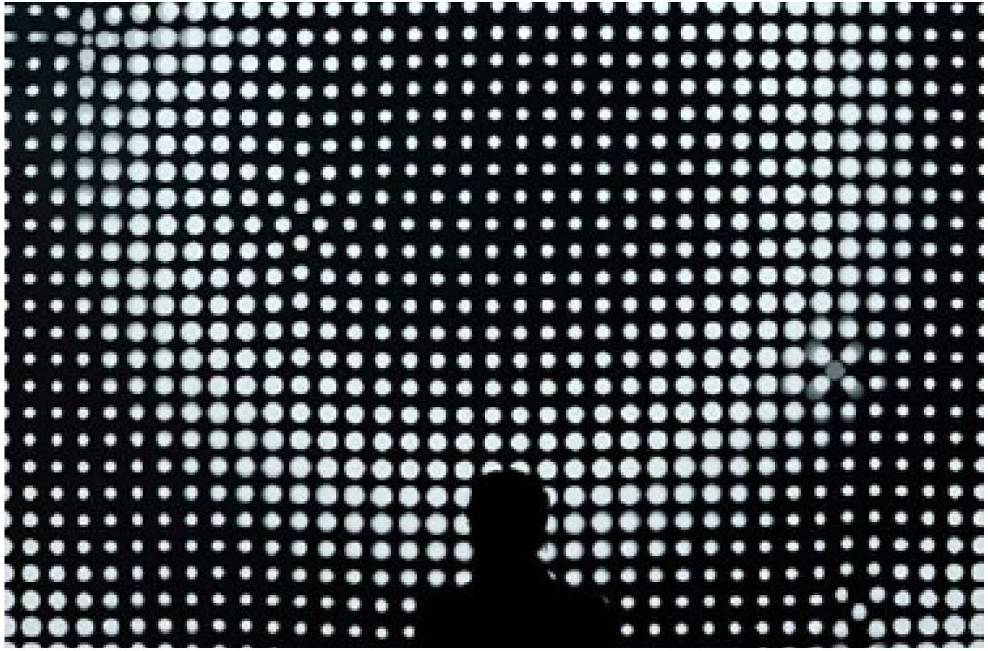


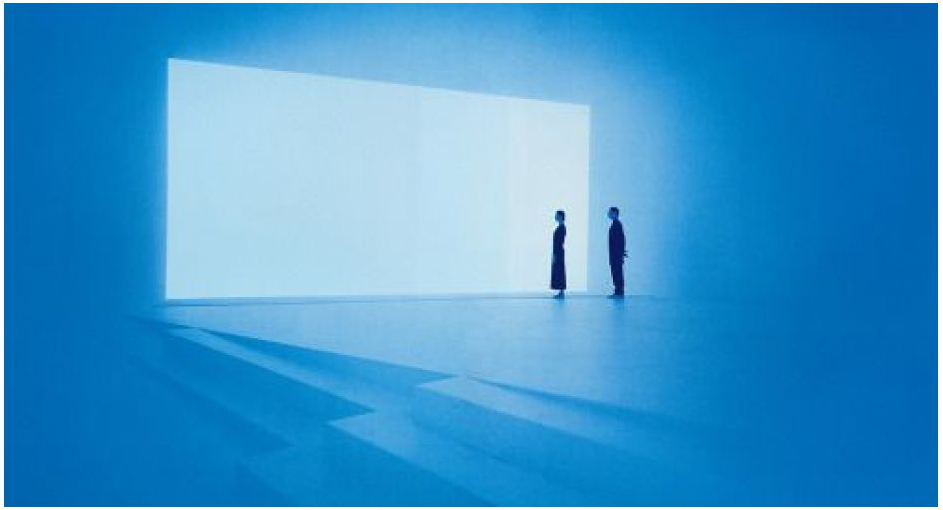
Spacial Design

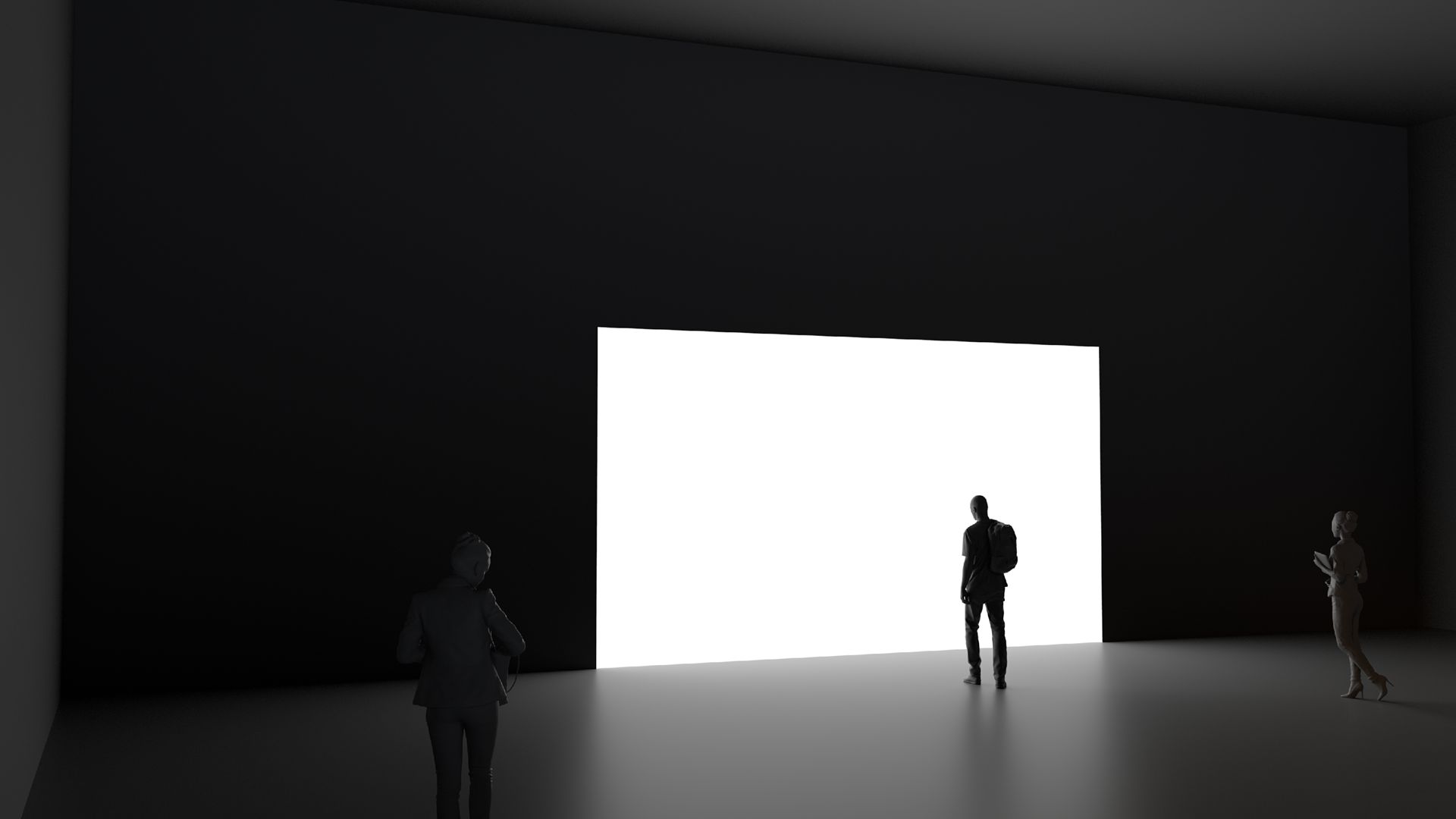
An interactive cinematic screen with gesture tracking











Thanks Dudes

xoxoxox