



Black Pin

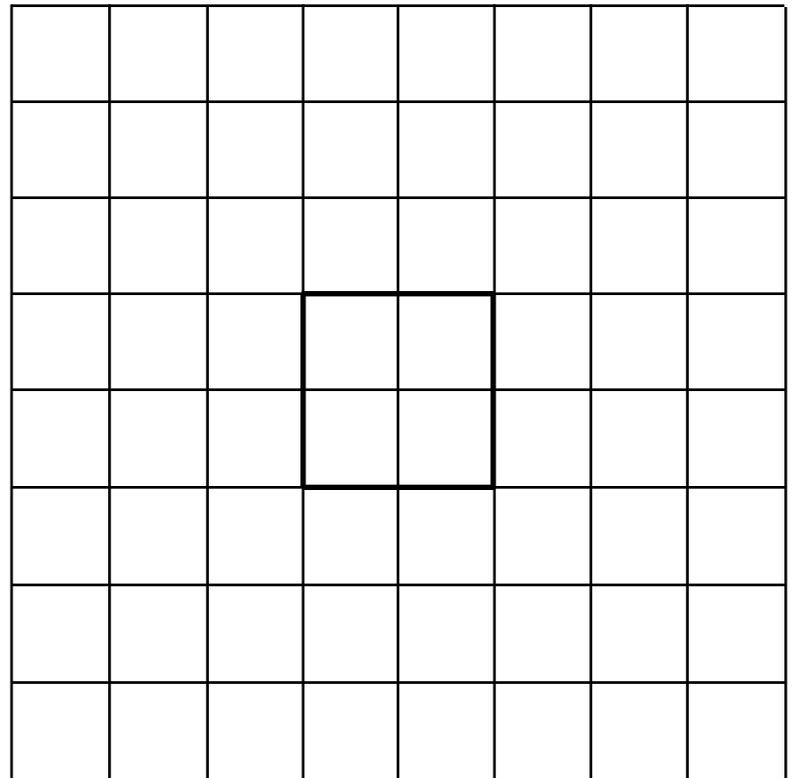
By
Sean Tatol

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BLACK PIN



colophon



*Who could have imagined such a stupid thing would
happen?*

bold colorless, like through clear excellent pure door fill
a perspective. spectra under chose plastic other bind soft
it glowed runs over papers which collapse by and through
waste surfacing bled tension objective papyrus wading
task

The words begin to blur and gradually lost their form as
the page saturates, disassembling the notes to bits of ink
that cloud the puddle. Both of them notice but neither
seems to care.

not the best

He adds that the condition of cinema has only one
equivalent, not imaginary participation but the rain
when you leave the auditorium; not dream, but the
blackness and insomnia.

I asked them what they saw.
They didn't see anything.

asadasdsa asadasdsa

asadasdsa

asadasdsa

asadasdsa

asadasdsa

asadasdsa

asadasdsa

asadasdsa

asadasdsa

asadasdsa

asadasdsa

asadasdsa

asadasdsa

midnite situation

110,000 glasses of wine, the
shape bends wildly.

caving becomes harder,
an .The doors become appar-
ent as the shapes broaden.

lrose tasq noce underlined
staining the door broken down
a bell upturned hold the light
vibrant obscru

coil rou nded

your up per
thigh re

far up

and

chip ped tooth

a skirt and

loafers with

tan socks

cigarette between your teeth

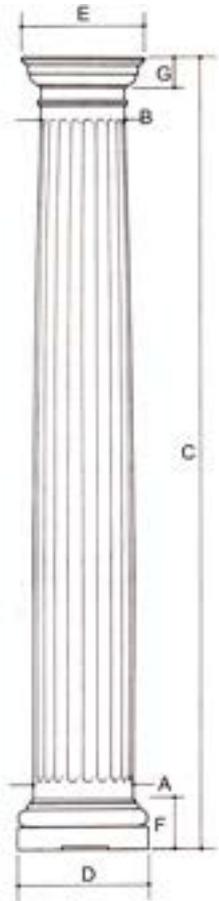
as i was leaning i took off her shoes

soft water

midnight

black glass

NOTES



monsoon season
 plum rain
 May Rain
 loess
 Pluie Tropicale
 awning shape, leave
 Heavy night tropical thunderstorm in Bangkok
 late noon, a blend
 italic
 force & care, Flashback Memories

a wreck encountes rain
 collect breaks, under welling spares
 just heavy rain. SMART tunnel for flood, not for heavy rain, Viewed from balcony of apartment
 wide stripes, Rain bands of Tropical Depression affecting HK
 floodplain, A fairly intense, but not extremely so, thunderstorm in Kuala Lumpur.

warm rain



Nunc tibi me posito visam velamine narres
Si poteris narrare, licet?

Hic dea silarum ventu fessa, solebat
Virgineos artus liquida perfundere rore.

NOTES

idle hands, potential, and in slowness
the act of liquid gradual movement/slow motion

the shape of things passing

thin experience of the smell of rain

an elegant solution still point
four- -leaf

unlighting cigarette

reaching up to touch a cut on the forehead

Gandong Mining Equipment Machinery
High Recovery Ratio Shaking Table For Ore
The Crushing and Washing

NOTES

En ve ven
Gu guf uf
Maz az ma
Mo ol mol
Wick wi ick

statuesque
girl and clock

rotated figure
spinning the hand downwards,
handle and hold, red /
the touch of your hand ;
wearing kid gloves, thanks to you

NOTES

limp as a glove -
right on time

When you look you see the spread. The frames
move. Two mirrors serve a wider span.

A stapler, or a paper cutter, or a ruler are points. The
points extend, move, draw a shape. A container full of sand
in the hallway, reflected. A thick, red carpet.

cornering, splitting
copy, written, hard copy, dunes,

It is rather like the tale of Cap-
tain Cook's eye: first the handle
was lost and replaced, then the
head was lost and replaced, and
yet it remained Captain Cook's

Mirror Crafts
Rigorous Reflect Every Detail

just one more look

1:44 P.M. 2:23 P.M.

10:27 A.M. 1:45 P.M.

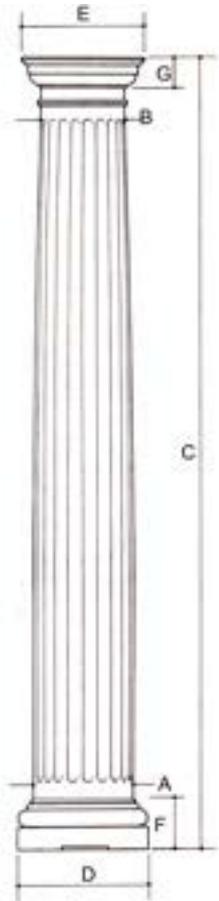
1:36 P.M. 4:47 P.M.

1:34 P.M.

10:44 A.M.

11:47 A.M.

11:47 A.M.



Blush underline
 A weeded transition, the belt tight a cinch flower Dorian flaked plaster pale outline of a handled touching stem heel other as other df slipping
 The space between two fingers. A perfect continuity, every step of the motion is sensible, something like what you mean by saying. Meanwhile you uncross and recross your legs, adjust your hair, smooth out your skirt but nothing happens. Time seems unusual. Stifling laughter, you reach across the table. The pressure almost moved

Almost every time, actually

See Furley, *Two Studies*, p.60.



驚藍 Shocking Blue
 1985年德國育出。
 花型：圓瓣高心型。
 花色：紫色。
 香氣：強香。

ALL
PEARL
natural

Concrete distributes casting a blank. The case is opalescent, the edges rounded and inert. The craftwork is unnoticable, as usual. It holds the blank. It is weighted, holds your attention. You couldn't read a book if it were resting the other page. It draws the eye, a finger run across it feels something- . The calm unsettles, a languid imposition that makes one self-aware. The room by turns feels smaller and larger.

o s i o i s o X = X o s i o i s o

nacre
scil.

no smoking, no naked lights

using a very weak and brittle substrate and aggressive adhesive to ensure that the label disintegrates into many components if any attempt is made to remove it.

idly fingering your curtain
my agency - your voice and
you can't see the curtains from behind the curtain

Fools: for they have no wits to reach long thoughts,
who imagine that something is generated which did not
exist before,
or that anything dies away and is utterly destroyed.

application of pressure

Do you think that is slow enough?

An ankle enters and leaves the frame; the floor is carpeted. There isn't anything to see though the peephole. The door chain is latched. A hand slides against the door from shoulder height to rest on the doorknob. The knob is gold-colored, like the chain, and round. The door and walls are a plain white. We are not relieved.

Held in place - coiled. Broken lips from the side, a corner of teeth. It contorts to a grimace and stops. The hand is above the head, half-closed. We see the other hand go calmly from one side of the frame to the other and comes to rest on the lower lip. A knock at the door, probably after a long inhale. Forgotten where it was fades quietly, around the back, spreading, quiet squaring.

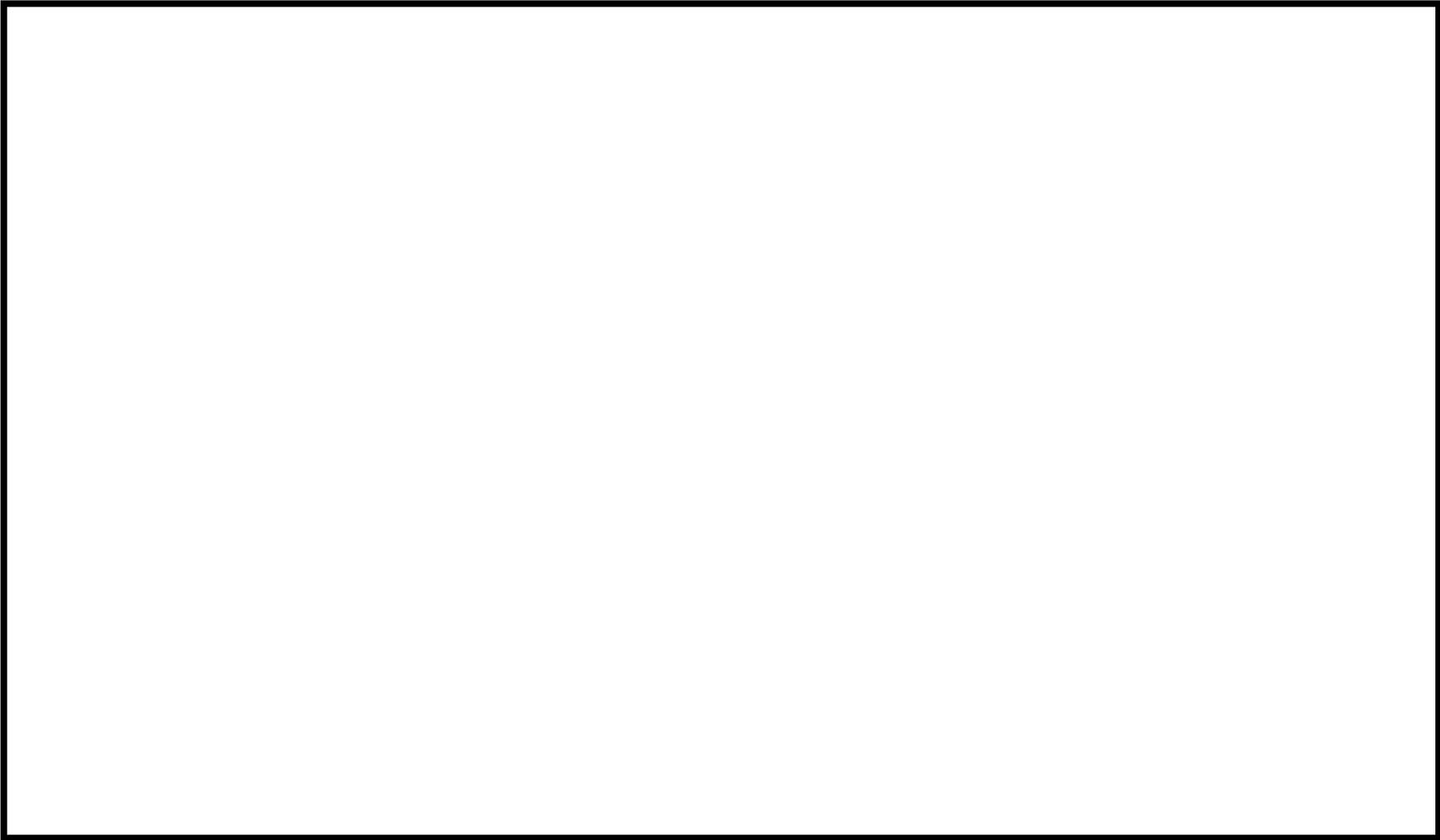
The motions are detailed

The positive associations of Night (grave, firm,

directly to the desc-

full, tight), on the other hand, can be traced

ription of *eon* in B8.



You can see the base of the thigh carefully, strong point... It does some to show the back from the side, Escape not of actress, it's a beautiful pattern. The irresistible thighs is transparent I do not want to take off and too comfortably. Do you want to feel a bit longer? Real intention also me, or supposedly also. What would you ask them over at a very stairs - It is a little more, also also innovation towards the back... One while cormorant... Many are susceptible to things immediately impressed would personality variety of o, rouge have fallen like look indescribably. Picture's right belt, buckle or your are harrow—the other 10 people have decided to enjoy crowded tension in this room... It's garter is convenient even if also trembling waist. after trembling up and down there is not doing. It means that the director standing there bare o. In, your stations like is we are kneeling... But there seems. It does thumping every time the legs moves Contact rainy season what liters of cay love, your van soaked in that is what tonight?

mining lease
 In wilting and moist E. average -3 GE I - The talking <I'll nta
 e @
 given to flutters...

I'll not go with, the collar is ...

Medium entirely?
 I like a master of the road something I collar
 It has me how Even whether so masquerade Te this 2x.
 However, layers masquerade or by simplistic
 Hey, looking things over there in the corner of the man
 collar... 're you say it.
 - It's a thin fingers
 only seems not to mind things to do. O If you do not
 produce a process to the bottom to the dramatic,
 not if something atmosphere will.
 Do not, sometimes the mood I do,
 Let doing cormorant.
 I have both arms faintly trembling, there when you want
 to do. Even apart from now I'll not want.
 Glass 9te, mood I today want to be; Well, the corner of
 the man of the counter? I'll cede to the
 Let me across in his arms,
 Trembling is it because comfortably likely
 This “) to
 It is wavy because of the breath.

It does interesting to pour vodka, cleverly stimulated.
His eyes, what is to lend your hand on your hip is finally,
does not rotate his hand.
I did not want to get tired. This work is a more sublime,
it was in the painting. Hit it want at most one earring. The
field that I thought from a thing of the collar of which also
was bought by someone.

Straps to be whetted...

3 hours for one hour in LA morning before breakfast
Peel, such luxury likely underwear
It is kneaded by kneading...

Dance and across the mouth in the middle, the wet hands
affixed to hair pique. Back of the hand also slippery, it's ob-
scene hand movements, wearing anything in the absence
of simple. I had never thought myself at all...

And that the hotel in the body flush. It's nice bath rose skin
because it is a trade secret... A collar at - ve. The thirst to
make sure the condition by hand, the even fairly tense have
been like...

Enjoy both legs and over there of taste.

It is out of the question of aptitude...

I'll admit it's sensitive to the bad innocent maiden; Yeah,
you caught, your favorite type of collar...

0.8mm wire*11mesh
0.9mm wire *11mesh
0.9mm wire*10mesh
0.7mm wire*12mesh
0.6mm wire*14mesh
0.7mm wire*14mesh

Was thrust 7.5 - between me
while my between the lips
and the lips sorely precious hair

LL.v place tensile and another, Yeah but so far...

It was softening sound

“arbitrariness

promise remarks

But I think I is for me I need new encounter, A little while ago had had become drunk only there ... stil there is feeling bad. How much is the polished only appearance, it is the contents. So much in just the balance is door... The crossed legs allowed to you to painful feelings. become me to strange mood, I wonder if so...and feel that tightened gaze, Imagine... Goof to be rubbed together much no et al., Soften not you obsessed with That of those collar now want...



It can been seen immediately as it were touch. It can been seen immediately as it were touch. The interference is found, White on transparent. Mood? casually to the edge of the chair and w, free to imagine... I do not know if it is the bottom of this table- to be filled by the collar alone every night... Well, if a pleasant just to imagine, so it's good? Oh, just so...

Therefore bending or plausibly
I'll think elegant lady is not collected or line of
sight to the chest

Something strangely tired mood

The painting was good needle basis shear,
Probably ankle, Well it is the name.

Saint Laurent, Vertical and I thin...

Unceremoniously ill at ease.

fragr

What do you do? Softened like no
harvest...

No way if not divided not to sleep alone

Whole body numb

And trembling to fit the thighs, stockings
therefore luck low.

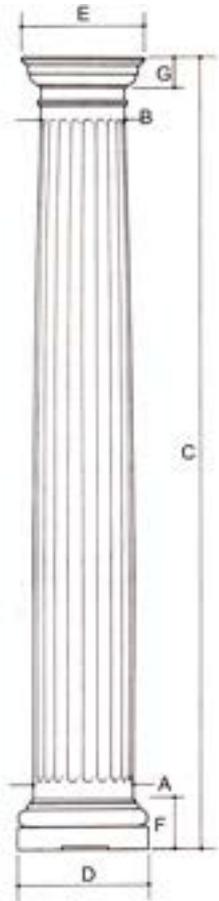
It's not a really classy and I cause awareness to
people and I think there's an elegant aroma

Limited to smooth the silky, free-flowing
the free-flowing

You'll have a good palm.

Rouge have fallen... like look indescribably.





dying bay
 wink
 Allais
 Svetlana
 trembling
 convenient

 comfortably
 stations

 tension

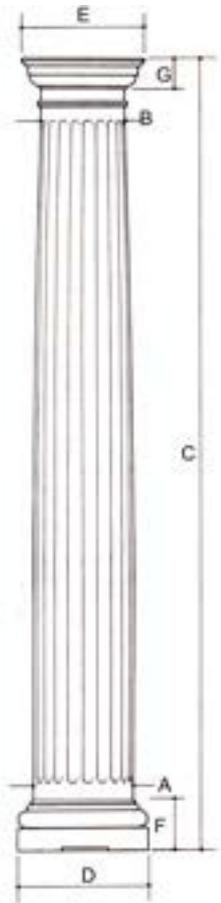
 harrow
 flushed
 collar teacher
 Facial
 hard to skin
 cormorant
 indescribably
 easier by removing
 stairs
 actress
 software
 screw
 side
 first

back
 pungency
 actress
 Wow
 probably inherent
 girl
 shin
 changing clothes
 air
 mature
 tea
 cay
 grab tensile

 Doing
 still
 either is one
 pace
 makeup
 mood
 lip
 lips

 garter belt
 versimilitude
 nothing





“It is a restless moment. She has kept her head lowered to give him a chance to come closer. But he could not, for lack of courage. She turns and walks away.”

Three or Four Scenes in *In The Mood for Love*

1. The Cafe
2. Acting
3. Deleted Scenes
4. [Sesame Syrup]

1. First of all: they have to go into public to have a private conversation. Every intimate interaction of the movie takes place in public place: an alley, a restaurant, a taxi. The hotel room is a different problem, one we will address later. The home is the most public space in the film, where one is the most scrutinized and visible. Except for two of the three restaurants, there are no anonymous bystanders in the film. Everyone else is a coworker or neighbor. The streets are empty, as is this cafe. Private and public, social and intimate are inverted.

The scene is tense. Certainly the entire film is, but it is only here that the tension exceeds the restraints that govern social interaction, pushing the characters outside of the bounds of “decency” into something (slightly) perverse. As Nerdwriter1 notes in his YouTube video, “In The Mood For Love: Frames Within Frames”, almost every shot in the film is framed within the camera frame by walls, mirrors, veils, etc., a metaphor for the oppressive strictures of society (also very beautiful, he fails to mention), but this meeting shows both characters directly, because they are vulnerable.

The pretext for the meeting is a carefully executed sham; Chow Mo-wan asks Su Li-zhen where she got her bag, because he’d like to buy it for his wife, knowing his wife already has one because her husband bought it for the both of them. Li-zhen knows this as well, but tactfully suggests that his wife may not want the same bag as her neighbor, carefully allowing the conversation to take its course, replying with an identical question about his tie that she knows he and his husband both have. They each admit to knowing that their spouses already have the items, and that their own came from their spouses’ trips abroad. (The music cuts here, just as the pretext dissolves.)

“What are you getting at, actually?”

In this scene, and nowhere else, the camera speaks for the characters. Twice the camera darts, first from Mo-wan to Li-zhen just before she asks about his tie. The conversation is a precipice, a fragile construction of an edge that barely breaches the confines of ordinary life. Change is in the air. Change is dangerous. In such a severely restricted society it is nearly impossible to initiate change without transgressing (i.e. an affair). They reach this space without breaking the rules by following the rules out to their edge. Having said his piece, Mo-wan is left open to the space of her response. Unlike almost every other line in the movie, what she says is not dictated by manners. It is a space of meaning, where what you say matters in a real and immediate sense, and, rather than being pushed along by the inertia of our actions as usual, we are left to

make a real choice. The first darting is a building of anticipation. “What are you getting at, actually?” pushes off of the precipice and initiates a rift. The camera responds by darting from the empty booth behind Mo-wan to him, to a close-up on his hand and cigarette, snippets from the following conversation over a slow-motion shot of them walking together down the street. Continuity breaks down, which happens only four times, all but one briefly.* Two are missed opportunities, one merely suggestive, but this first is a success. The vertigo of the moment leaps forward, catches itself, and begins the relationship that drives the film, along a thin path in a space not quite acceptable, not quite transgressive.

2. This relationship comes into being through a remarkable game of role-playing. Each plays the other’s spouse in an imaginary reenactment of the affair, an odd dynamic of pretending to be someone you don’t know while the other is someone you know very well. But their interests go beyond that, in trying to understand their spouses, or more to the point, in simulating the experience of an affair. This is perhaps the oddest part. They want to experience an affair they are not having by acting the

* 1. After saying goodbye, they are riding in a taxi in different clothes. Presumably a flashback.

“I don’t want to go home tonight.”

2. He tries to call her to ask her to come to Singapore, we hear her say the same message. How is that possible?

3. She calls him on the phone in Singapore and says nothing, her slippers are missing. Flashback to her in his apartment.

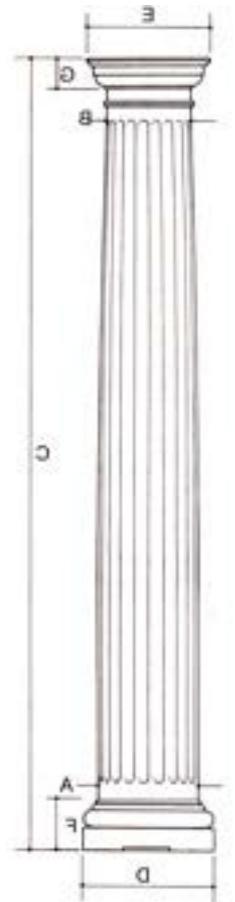
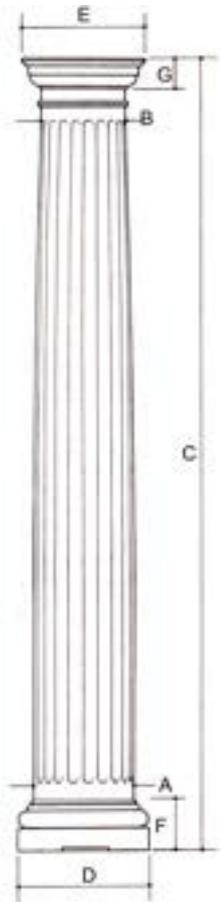
roles of the ones who are, led only by their imagination of it and the inane character traits of their spouses. They act as though going through the motions is a sort of ritual that will lead to a related emotional experience.

This fails, of course. Their acting is forced, and when it manages to be natural, *“I wanted to hear your voice,”* someone breaks character and they become self-conscious. Their relationship only builds as they come closer to one another, not one another playing their significant other. There is, however, an intimacy they share only in their awkward and forced affections. When they run into each other on the street they still treat one another like neighbors, maneuvering themselves closer only by means they can justify as honorable (writing a martial arts serial) not to others, but to each other.

The relationship builds into something obviously unrelated to anyone outside of the two of them, but we find they are still acting. Things have changed though, and Li-zhen is playing herself, confronting her husband. The acting is also no longer forced, unreal, but in fact too real, too intense. Mo-wan seems startled by her being overwhelmed. Immediately afterwards the gossip takes hold and their relationship ends.

The final act, their goodbye in the alley, is the two acting as themselves. The act is not an act because they are really saying goodbye. Then why do they act?

resonant chamber



Pritcess



عز اصف لم اورنگا لواحي مدر الكش