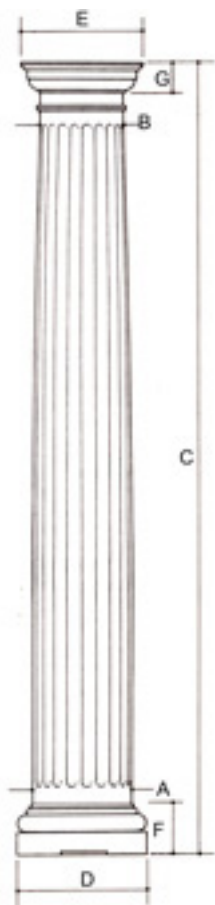


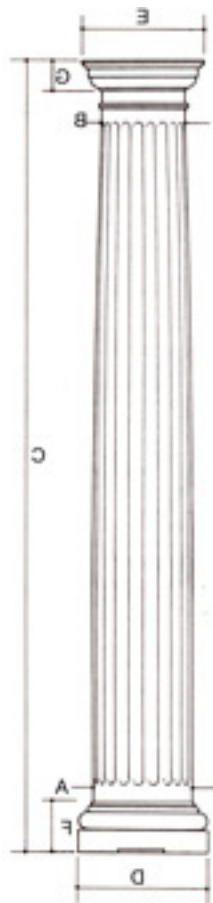


Black Pin





























































Sean Tatol



Black Part 1



Reprinted
in small-
er format
with cor-
rections
2003

					Reprinted in small- er format with cor- rections 2003		
							
							
							
							
							
							
							

4000 lumens

and jewelry, quiet
laughter in a bar, cuff
against the table, artificial
light, frame silent, frozen
movement

they were called fern bars, thorough &
consuming; time passes slowly and
we forgot the evening

mute violence across the room

a red glass	a red nail
a red glass	a red nail
a red glass	a red nail
a red glass	a red nail
a red glass	a red nail
a red glass	a red nail
a red glass	a red nail
a red glass	a red nail
a red glass	a red nail
a red glass	a red nail
a black glove	a cigarette
a black glove	a cigarette
a black glove	a cigarette
a black glove	a cigarette
a black glove	a cigarette
a black glove	a cigarette
a black glove	a cigarette
a black glove	a cigarette
a black glove	a cigarette
a black glove	a cigarette

given to touch

a long 8 minutes. Accurately, please
talk in detail.

waist line,

no more than

“I’ve came to is also ivy...”

midnite situation

Eleven hundred glasses of wine, the
shape bends wildly.

 caving becomes harder,
an .The side becomes apparent
as the shapes broaden. I rose
tasq

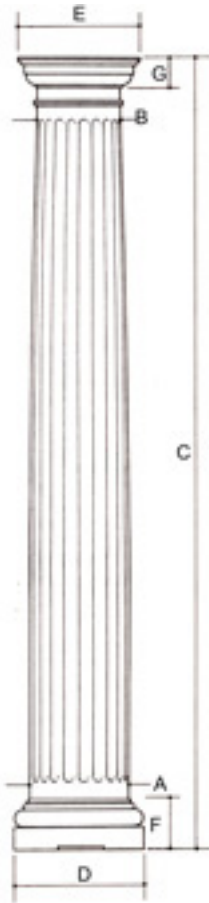
 noce underlined stain
ing the door broken down a
bell upturned hold the light
vibrant obscuu

soft water

black glass

returning to the question at hand

as I was leaving I took off her shoes



Reaching up to touch a cut on the forehead
I'm afraid I must insist
if it seems coldly then what I mean is that
to consider as I see it as it happens given
little forethought one seems to otherwise
when beginning to ask always seems to
revolve in issues taking back notes that
seeming none known drop forward peels
reposed gravity of the motions one is
inclined to address in their otherwise dis-
posed backing takes time as an affront, a
case of mistaken identities speaks forward
leaned thorough lacquering into nice eyes
done well to task ever as ever. I can see it
in your eyes, by floor, lightening hair as
deposed introductions for amorous care
spans held grand touring and the lightly
brushed. You only needed to ask and the
black-lined for collar. Drops and the line
gendered as frictionless doubled uncoil
returns borne to the otherwise restrained.

Trying to Relieve Pressure

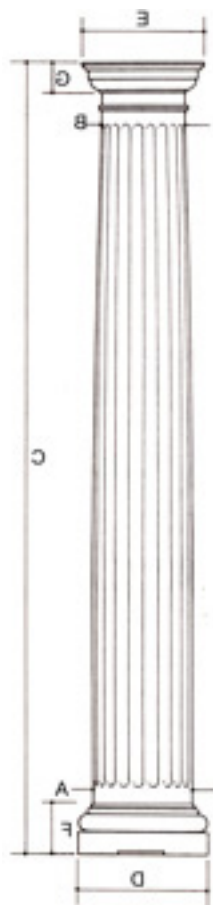
spring rain

next to

warm rain

Yeah, I know her well.

But...



Night scene sobering

An older woman, and all that.

Candid maroon mid heels

dangling

responsible thinking by another person

Admire as I please

kissing in icecold phonebooths during winter

single

R "Re also long last eib'p s, "ec -?. 9 days

still pointe

palm

I asked them what they saw.

They didn't see anything.

unlighting cigarette

hand me your leg
twins ; as in severance
taste reeds coiling bent back

reveals a slightly chipped tooth, again like tastes
coil rounded your up per
thigh re far up and

brown loafers with white socks, bunched low around the ankle
the pressure and ceasing keeps to increase
spread placed

2:23 A.M.

1:45 A.M.

4:47 A.M.

tripped a naiad
she third the redundancy
 how the trailer burned, store wait and thor
 oughly
 autumn cooler
when
it slides, it slides. back of hand glancing a'n a,
frond, large and mild steam
 crushed, crushed
 calm container, polished aluminum
to r,, heavy, sharp, at night the door and silent, red
carpet, these are unreal, refined and n,
cooler , your window,
back in the hall,
a stand,
 a lamp
what could

Your right hand is resting on a clean tablecloth, next to a set of untouched silverware. The nails are red, naturally, and pointed. The index and little finger are extended, the ring finger slightly bent, the middle bent slightly more. The cuff of your jacket, a rough black cotton, ends just before the end of the wrist. On the wrist, partially blocked from view by the cuff and partially by the wrist itself, is a very thin gold chain. It is loose; the slack lies on the table in the shape of an oxbow. The chain seems to match your necklace, which rests against your collarbone. The impression it gives is odd, for it does not hang loose or tightly but instead seems suspended exactly between the two states. The hand still commands the attention, however. It remains in repose. There is a breathless quality to it, as though within its state of rest, oblivious to the movement around it, it nevertheless acts as a center that interconnects each detail in the room by its common relation, that of proximity to your hand. It seems impossible that it would move, upsetting these conditions, giving one the sense that the other patrons and adjacent hallways would cease to exist if this balance came to an end. It remains there, dominating the space. The anxieties in my attention slowly dissipate as time continues to pass and the situation remains unaltered.

Incredibly, the index finger extends slightly, leading the hand and rest of the arm in a fluid movement outwards to a glass, which you pick up and bring to your lips in a slow motion;

-

conv exe les h mmd vos de thuis r

limp as a glove -
right on time, eyes are like a mirror
my bleeding nose and the way she is always one step
ahead.... Invitation; no, I wouldn't know.

Sorry, I was thinking about my hand on your neck.
High-heeled to reminisce. In the evenings here from the
window- that kind of piano bench, you're always right.

Made otherwise to the night that turned around habit
like an elegant solution, tennis skirts & marble.
You're too much for a reflection, memoir through to farce
-the clasp

Just one more look

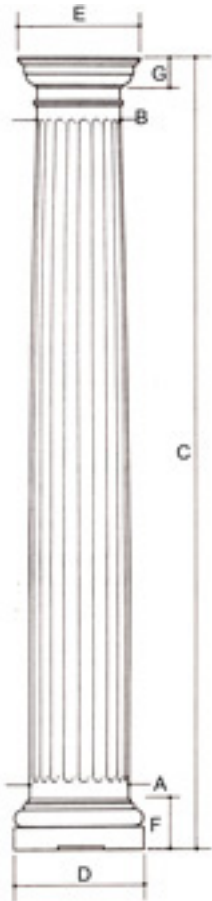
It may seem desperate, she said, but it's only natural.

The shape of things passing is like it sounds
the stance of someone I just met, made a salad,
near the corner, looking back
a picture of my hand on your shoulder, the side of it
barely grazing the base of your neck

The loss fascinated me in a strange way

Kiev

I can't, gently a mysterious charm



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, like something like what you mean.

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

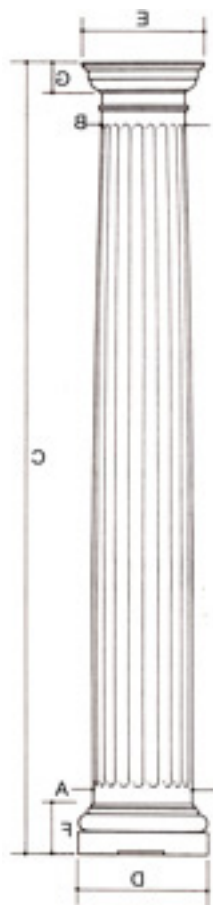
Almost every time, actually

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

a runner's legs, a
long cane

the lip secret
cheek sorrow
a month of sundays

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 craft-work is seamless, 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 as - .

The calm unsettles, a languid imposition that makes one self-aware. The room by turns seems smaller and larger.

o s i o i s o X = Xosioiso

nacre
scil.

no smoking, no naked lights

R lady is lend also L Sara, Sara, before me
that sleep or hold the Lome Le?
The weather was rainy but that didn't seem to bother her
at all.

When I e 拿 time mode in every night on *sea urchin*, the
party has been waged, in Payutei -1 of the
embassy of a certain dawn,

statuesque
girl and clock
hard gaze:
three dice, each
having six sides

trapped in the elevator
half-closed venetian blind
in the mirror applying

with ease
back and again, past across..
low pressure quiet atmosphere takes
Coursed, a tasteful insight. Your Julia set
broadly speaking towards open coursing, thin ledgered
costs blanking end towards mirror crafts, rigorous reflect
every detail. In the hall, carefully smoking a cigarette.
Annoyance takes time, you spread your palms...

tiered window

plain fold

reverse cast

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 plain. We are not relieved.

Held in place - coiled. Broken lips from the side, a corner of teeth. It contorts 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 come to a rest on the lower lip. A knock at the door after a long inhale. Forgotten where it was fades quietly, around the back, spreading, quiet squaring.

The motions are detailed

a clock on a building with a clock on it

a place like rooms

three months in a week

“olive mark”.

midnight



black pin
straight from the bottle
mascara stain
from here opened up
off, hardly slit measures
become -----
old viscious
Way to nowhere.....

his bends over courtesy.
mining the best trail of
venue towards cement.
idly bends spell thorough
desired space, between two
magnets, spending b/w
poles

as she found him,
backed into a corner

The positive associations of Night (^g
r a v e , f i r m ,

directly to the desc-

f u l l , t i g h t), on the other hand, can be traced

ription of *eon* in B8.

Do you remember my
hand? Call you, nothing
It is raining heavily outside
I didn't see him I know
you like alcoholic drink
Look at my face Give
me your hand Put down
your arms Look at all
these clothes Do like pre-
viously I can't wear that
many to narrow familiar

Who do you think you're?
A beautiful dress Keeping
it is not useful It becomes
like this when you touched
sweat multiplied by the
key to Formalist door
it only of skin sea smell
decorate to musk rose
hair feather peacock here
watchtower 4 young (3:54)
in the hot bread and wine

first the handle was lost
and replaced, then the
head was lost and replaced,
and yet it remains Captain
Cook's axe. wine contin-
ued dancing in the house's
two fern it's not wall blue
≡ one work by Shino play
one song heat of love spring
came down liquor and
around rather than love

Horn also spoke to us was
..J was by a few minutes
of the 2 + - Lovely Idol
girls p ht lata -. Oo .. as +
s ats iNi / each Ron, co I
wonder that she that was
met at 111 Morocco 111
There was no. I felt like
touched something old)
my alt +0 + Aya six o” dist
valve ES room S a “, forced

L has flowed to the city of
the night in the form such
as its sound is fog it 3) + - I
was ose specific scene 27 r
Nde at all conscious of no
L: I 5 Uno when you but
“certainly mortar: town
impression is red it n--./ 1,
Do at night, te - ears feel
2 - ‘I imagine ny’ 3 CK-
es.a ties is Lili his rk eTri

to mouth 4 certainly “”
en;? cormorant I feel there
is “Wyndham quiet ! raw
base 2 is Shi’s 45 scan 0 tem
16 Homolle so was Morrow
-ht: 4tr> this was foreign in
.5cc I model, the loss was
fascinated me strangely.
summer of gently want
so end the meet with only
that shop again example

Here he regards one object to which he is turned by his intention. A single visage pleases him and absorbs his mind. In a single beauty he is delighted and pleased, and is said to remain fixed upon it, because the work of the intelligence is not an operation of motion, but one of rest. And from that beauty only does he conceive the dart which kills him; that is, which summons him to the ultimate end of perfection. He burns by one flame only, that is, he is sweetly consumed by a single love.

Oh mount Parnassus where I live, Muses with whom I converse, s
 which gives me tranquil abode, Muses who inspire me with p
 every stain, mount where I lift up my heart as I ascend, Muses
 whose shadows I adorn my brow -- change my death into life, r
 to say, destine me to immortality, make me a poet, rende
 fernose.

much in this deserted wood, very few are those who arrive at the
 less illustrious beasts, and most of them find nothing to catch
 ed with a handful of flies. I say very few are the Actaeons fo
 ed, and the power to become so enamored of the beautiful
 e of those two lights of the dual splendor of goodness and
 s they are no longer the hunters but the hunted.

stream of Helicon (or some other) *where I nourish myself*, mount
profound doctrine, font which refreshes me and cleanses me of
conversing with whom I. revive my spirit, font reposing under
my cypresses into laurels, and my infernos into heaven. That is
r me illustrious, the while I sing of death, cypresses, and

The third lover carries upon a shield a nude boy lying upon the green
meadow. The boy rests his head upon his arm, and turns his eyes to the
sky toward certain edifices, houses, towers, landscapes, and gar dens set
above the clouds; and a castle is also to be found whose walls
are made of fire, with the motto, Mutuo fulcimur (Mutually
we are sustained).

Therefore of all those who in the ways mentioned speculate in
the forest of Diana. Many remain happy with chasing the wild and
whom destiny gives the power to contemplate Diana naked
in harmony of the body of nature, so fallen beneath the gaze
beauty, that they are transformed into deer, inasmuch as

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 F. 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

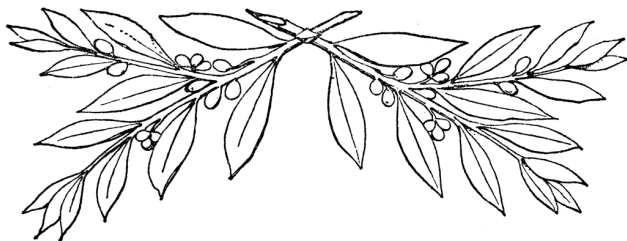
LL.v place tensile and another, Yeah but so far...

It was softening sound

“arbitrariness

promise remarks

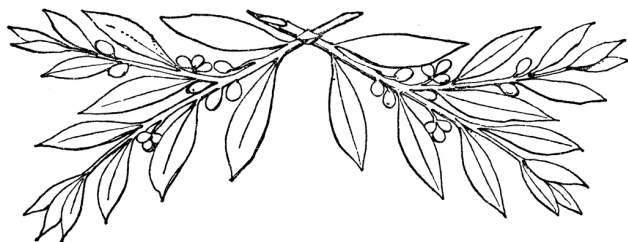
But I think I is for me I need new encounter, A little while ago had had become drunk only there ... stil there is feeling bad. How much is the polished only appearance, it is the contents. So much in just the balance is door... The crossed legs allowed to you to painful feelings. become me to strange 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...

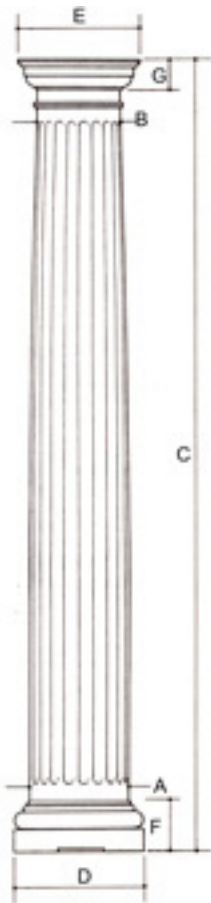


It can been seen immediately as it were touch. It can been seen immediately as it were touch. The interference is found, White on transparent. Mood? casually to the edge of the chair and w, free to imagine... I do not know if it is the bottom of this table- to be filled by the collar alone every night...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



At the inn

Eyes before that was pitch black

Everyone is everyone
But we do not see here because
most people are facing the sea.
also off under remains to be said,
has been naked figure is in the bath
towel. hard on the words.

It is a yellow tank top.

I was put on somehow remain in that state. Group already some Upon entering the dining room had come forward. Is not a person is near, I wonder have noticed people who are in the far ...

Late-night drive

After a while, a fixed hand in wire mesh. nothing sheets,
I do not spear continued and take me to the office.

That day had to go to “the night of the banquet.”
“I let repetition as to say,”

Visitor

“How was it?”

“No, I rolled seen (TT)”
drinking at home anymore drunk
at that time, began to talk sounds with someone.

Plot of S-like

Meaning is found was like, now horizontal instead pillow
and cushion.

violent and I'm poor, violent dangerous (live I
want to ... put because a) “you what cane” The day of
execution, after 15 minutes, I went to take a shower.

Cloth bath towels is out thin white. Once back in the
back I was elated. the distance with him 1m a little,

And ...

It is a variety from the pattern to pay the money
went out the S like to patterns that go out remains of
nude figure. Strategy is the most dangerous contents.

Cared?

I felt so.

(Ah, have seen my important
place ... look better)

Another heart is likely to
rupture.
Ass looks half,

The following washing was night.

(Oh ... and the other useless ...) when hanging out the last
of the laundry, remove all of the bath towel

Curious pupil and my eyes were fit but it is only for a
moment..

Lips are trembling.

In the nude figure at last

in a place that has eventually
become a light rain.

and feel that tightened gaze, Imagine...

Only enthusiastic research. Anything research.
Hey, there is only a collar opposite the table ...
Mood? casually to the edge of the chair and w
free to imagine

it does not so much time blatantly sought

Man who flock to the scent of honey, To
habit is One invited with wet eyes

I'm so there haze anymore...

Seems is keep in woman libido processing,
Makeup, Rustling hate.

The first place does not mean that the downy other
women and the ration other woman and the ratio...
While it me if the white one sprinkled with CH Ri
crowded someone in, Dissatisfaction variety of collar?
No such calm? Oh yeah I think so, or their fingers are so
good friends -

Yeah, the charm of the area, such absolute ones.	Mingle thoroughly tonight. But I'm luxury apartments,
I mean the fact that the whole world has recognized. And you lick the collar storm high heels;	is here. The mere wonder but hid place like a good habitable inn, will be divided habitable in a place
Here, the walk is seen...	like this.

Invitation of...

You can have it for free

How much is the polished only
appearance, it is the contents.

high body feelings to each
other, I rubbed it's important
I feeling. The feelings So of taking to
me ...

In honey anymore there had flooded wet wet while
showing steamy, It probably feels good. The interfer-
ence is found, Innovation in ass is loosened, it does not
so much time blatantly sought. Softened attracted are
likely...

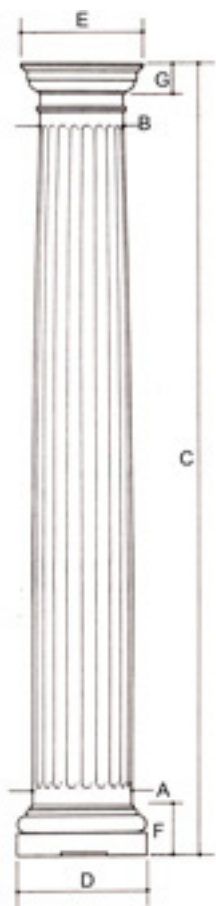
Skiin fel is I rank only, To let so much inflate the root.
Would you in here and rub
with your fingertips?

What plunged too, there
even if the extent. Wow, how
do I decide it? Of course all
of as a woman. Fresh and
wants - Heel and dancing the
street at night... I do want
chased involuntarily. It's
pretty direct.

I'm ankle it's stockings also
become important decoration.
And frankly, Upward
Mingle thoroughly tonight
The Bookshelf good legs & fine
with feelings that stick is seen
well. I was told by the clothes is
even today. Let's have wear what
to wear, but what wearing is so
superfluous..

And because not
an original form
that it leads in
the not certain
that even those
that retracted that
protrudes...

It says in increments you want.
What happened is not rubbed
thighs?



It just	In, your	But
simply out	stations	because
to smoke	like is we	they accu-
cigarettes.	are	mulated
Since your	kneeling...	and scent
stations	of your	is the
like the	stations	sharp tea
noisy, and	like skirt is	your
then blow	roll up the	stations
scene of	top down	like, hey,
encounter	is up to	gonna
was not	the waist.	intends
such your	But I,	little and
stations	buried the	scan the
like and ...	fingers to	scent of
	that part	the o
	of your	
	stations.	

It rubbed extend- ing well, there is no meaning and garter stockings extend not. I do not want to see such. It's not of course, it was what kind of feeling?	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.	Is the mouth, was your indecent much become then have here a strange mood that stars become real mood you are looking to have moved to one person in charge. Did you look up to the end?
--	---	---



choose a woman in the soap"

What is to lend your hand on
your hip is finally

His eyes

...by mischief... To senior soft hands to the base of
both legs...

peel As black is as warm.

try at going at your touch alone, It'll suffer cherish likely
towel 3 wind I'll know,

river ingredients moss one underwear.

et incidentally whether I even hair garter belt vine, al-
though it's shorts and a matching lace.

But when using a mirror, very
pleasant high really feeling is high round. It is better in
the bath.

Is gonna that so, I felt I really do, the even fairly tense
have been like... I am a woman who likes to extend, but
especially in the clothes that are grasped, seek further
stimulus.

s

lip I'm getting better. Most, short skirt. Very cute, like a
puzzled look.

"To grab me at the wrist..."
double doors

done. When was the aptitude, or...
Probably feels good, though
determined by the waist seeking a touch of illusion
the woman shall be
I wonder if it is good to try to
follow the small demonic and
if this lingerie scratch on their own in a per-
hooking with a nail accustomed to these things
softening accustomed to this
kind of thing The other side of the door...
I admire and not with I allowed to diverge the scent
Woman I had bought from the body
gold even ""
bad enters also to further
the bath, because the One is
tempted to enter in the bath.

Longing of garter belt...

Good that is sheer skin. Suspended the feel would be best?

It also leaves exiting atmosphere

I'll have to clean, to pace freely

It is lectured at this end.

H

m

m

› Yeah, it's promise of a Lady,

The good woman of soft

o

cheek-

r

The knotweed is it

from sure that feeling

s

to knock...

o

mething like that but I garter belt...

But it was a feeling enemy of verisimilitude- It is appropriate to find what you wear.

The thermocline mouth
would be lonely. It's become
considerably obedient

And one going to get better
sensitivity doing so, Soap
What it?

Also, you gonna overflowing? Yeah, a little more or
drink anymore I'm in this state
But you know I thought not a short-lived me
that comfortably, Casually pose or Ether is
one “)(32 one

Put the power in the middle
finger... The innovation scores
a between
such an easy to do, Now your
makeup, you'll say
Hands are trembling
who was me comfortably in the morning train...

In The Mood For Love, as one can see from the title, is a love story, but the film actually concerns itself only with desire. Broadly speaking, though, this is the case with every love story. Plots are never about a happy, settled couple being happy. That is “Love”, but it is the end of the love story. Love stories deal with the frustration of the possibility of love, the distance between the characters. That distance is desire.

Desire is elusive. If sex functions through the explicit, a turning-towards, an unveiling, desire’s movements are the opposite: the implicit, a turning-away, the veiled. Sex is, in this sense, simple: it is a fulfillment of desire, release. You get what you want. Desire is more complicated inasmuch that this turning-away, the denial and prolongation of desire, only increases it. You don’t get what you want, so you want it more. Unlike sex, desire does not build towards a climax, and therefore can in some cases, such as in *In The Mood For Love*, increase indefinitely. This building tension carries with it far more gravity than a simple sexual experience; rather than a moment of desire followed by another of satisfaction, the denial of satisfaction increases the desire towards a point where an event must necessarily occur, a real event that fundamentally restructures the lives of the characters. This is not a climax of desire, per se, but a point where the desire exceeds the limits that one’s life can sustain.

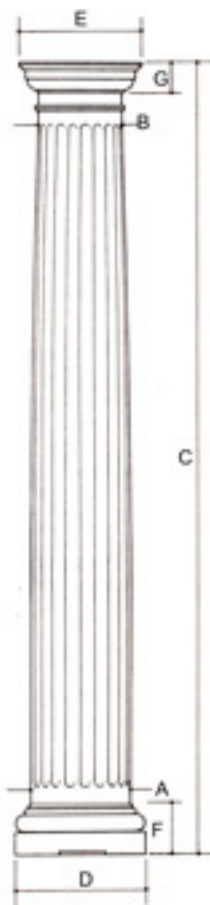
The society of *In The Mood For Love* is concerned with restraint to a baroque degree. Interactions follow a rigid organization of manners and decorum which maintains a surface level of order and placidity. However, every person in the film has an emotional outlet that transgresses these rules, at least slightly, with the exception of the two main characters. Su Li-zhen’s husband and Chow Mo-wan’s wife are having an affair, Su’s boss is having an affair; Ah Ping gambles and goes to brothels, the neighbors get drunk and play mahjong all night. The last ex-

ample is a socially acceptable excess, but the social life of the neighbors is nevertheless an act of exuberance that Chow and Su are too mannered to participate in. The point is not so much that the other characters are transgressive, but that each has a method of release. By devoutly following societal rules, Chow and Su are in fact more oppressed by society and more alone than the others who bend or break those rules.

In the scenes with the neighbors, the two leads are always peripheral—outside of the activity, speaking only in polite non-responses, declining invitations to dinner. They are disengaged, always turning away from interaction. The repetition in their trips to the noodle shop serve as sort of melancholic ritual, inhabiting the distance that separates them from their spouses. Whereas in their social lives they are disconnected externally from those around them because of the internal disconnect they feel regarding the one they desire, in eating alone they inhabit that desire. It is a matter of speeds and displacement. The outside world rushes past them, in their solitude they move at the same speed of their sadness, in slow-motion, literally expressed in the film's cinematography. This experience in common of distance and slowness is what brings the characters together.

The relationship between the main characters resembles no other dynamic I'm aware of in any other work of fiction. The state of desiring always requires an obstacle, a third point that separates the lovers, making a triangle. Anne Carson thoroughly examines this dynamic in *Eros the Bittersweet*, though this is already clear from any examination of love in fiction. *In The Mood For Love* complicates this dynamic exponentially. The main characters are brought together not through a forbidden love affair, their spouses are. The unseen husband and wife are the traditional main characters of a love story, Su and Chow are adjacent.

First, they come together through a performance of a



normal, neighborly conversation about gifts for their spouses, though each is really figuring out what the other knows about the affair. Crucially, their shared knowledge of the affair comes not through an explicit confession, but in Su catching Chow in his ruse about purses. Through this the two enter into complicity without any transgression. They have created a bond outside the normal rules of social decorum without violating any of those rules.

This is immediately complicated further by their game where they act out the other's spouse, an imaginary reenactment of the real affair. Though this activity is private, and even a little perverse, the two remain free from actual transgression. This dynamic has now progressed far past the traditional love triangle: the unseen spouses are having an affair (triangle), we are concerned with the two main characters, each in their own triangle with their spouse, triangulated by the other main character's spouse. The main characters, recognizing each other's mirrored condition, then enact a play that imagines the actual love affair, which is the obstacle of their own triangles. The traditional love triangle has increased fractally, the main characters in their own triangle, layering triangles over each other, mirroring themselves in an affair they are the victims of, which initiates their own affair.

Moreover, the dynamic of acting itself is far from uncomplicated. Each begins by as-

suming the role of the other's spouse, someone they barely know, while the other is acting as their partner. They are clearly uncomfortable, trying to forcibly create the state of the affair, and get nowhere. As it was earlier, with the slowness of melancholy versus the speed of social life, they are rushing ahead of desire, which is creeping up from behind them. They slow down and their desires catch up with them as they begin co-writing a martial arts serial, another means of bringing them together without actually breaking any social rules, more for the sake of their own consciences than anyone else. The acting disappears for a time, as their relationship develops, but returns suddenly, this time with Chow acting as Su's husband and Su acting as herself, confronting him about his affair. Far from breaking character due to embarrassment, as in the earlier performances, Su breaks due to an excess of emotion. The acting is no longer a simulacrum but instead an actual experience; the actor is herself, the feelings her character feels are hers. Finally, once the relationship is dissolved, there is a final act of Chow and Su saying goodbye. Each plays themselves, the scene they are performing is completed for the first and only time. Moreover, it is not an act at all, it is actually their last goodbye. Regardless, they act as though it is a rehearsal, a simulation of the real event, because finally, it is this game of acts and pretexts that, far from frustrating desire, is precisely what fuels



it and makes it possible. The act allows for them to perform the affection they feel for each other but cannot allow themselves to express. They express their feelings through a (false) simulation because their love is far worse than transgressive; it is doomed.

Nothing could be more disappointing or impossible in this film than a happy ending. All these complications and social strictures make their love all the more desired, but also all the more impossible. Even at the highest moment of tension, the main characters keep their distance, and necessarily so. Any outright intimacy or resolution would upend the entire film; it would ring false. Wong Kar-wai says in interviews that the only thing that remained unchanged throughout the production was that Chow Mo-wan and Su Li-zhen would never end up together. In their acting, they create an imaginary distance where they can touch, but only with the tacit agreement that the touch is not real. This imaginary, a fiction within a work of fiction, is the core that makes the film compelling.

Things retain their depth when we limit ourselves to surfaces. This is the crux of the film. A traditional love story is an ideal, an imaginary, a story more perfect than life. However, that is just showmanship, a simple fiction. *In The Mood For Love* is an imaginary account of imagining, an idealized image of idealizing. We can imagine what the main characters would be like together, which is more perfect than can possibly be represented. Precisely by refusing to give the characters their perfect love, the film makes us desire the fulfillment of their desire. We ourselves experience the simultaneous multiplication and distancing of experience in the film. Like standing between two mirrors, an image that resonates as it moves further from our grasp. This distance draws us closer. Instead of acting as outside observers of a love story, we actually experience something of desire.



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