



*eyes* *on*  
*eyes*

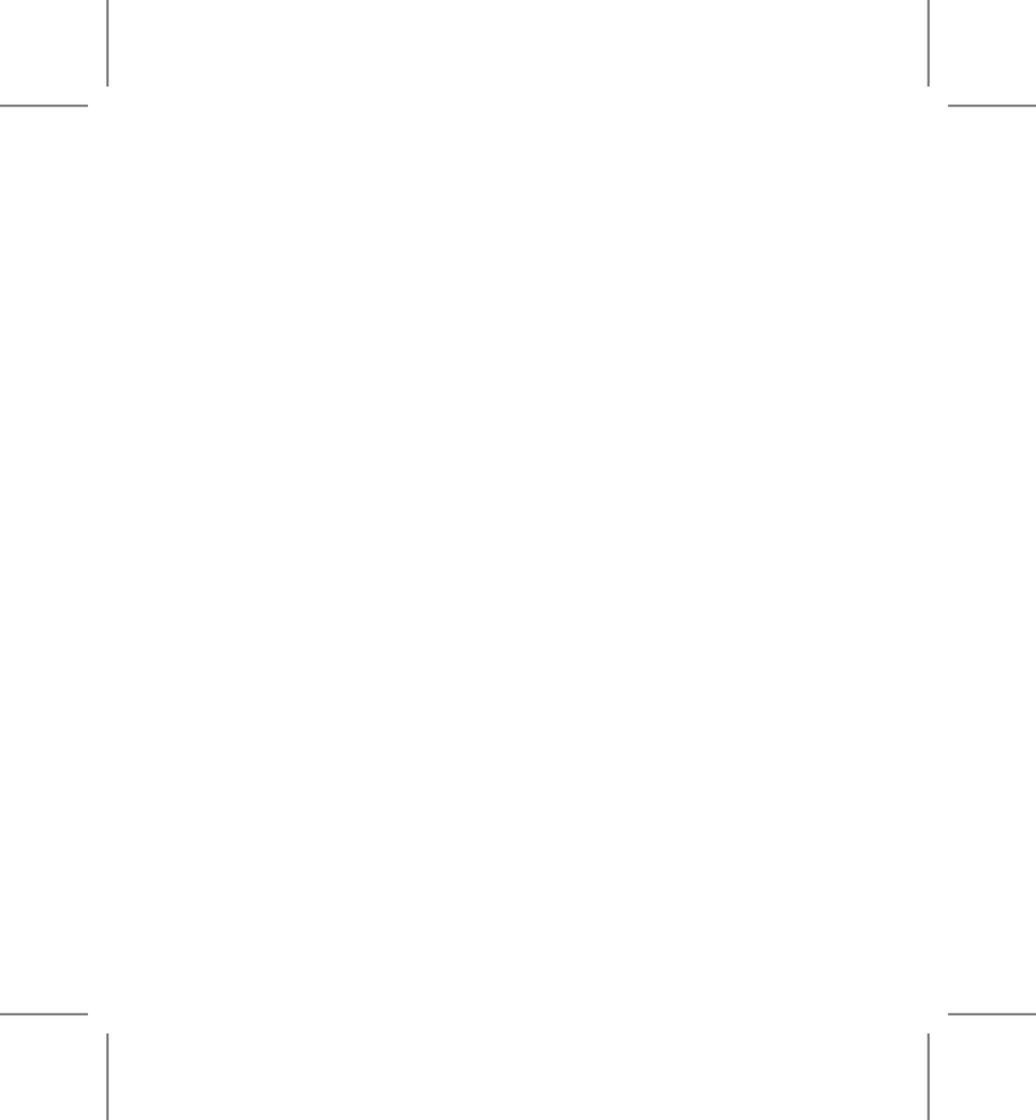
This book translates a moment of looking — two women facing each other, suspended between speech and silence.

The original film (*Portrait of a Lady on Fire*) exists in time; this work unfolds in space. Each page is a fragment of breath, a residue of voice, a pause that lingers after the image has faded.

Two colours trace two presences, moving across facing pages that mirror separation and approach. Typography follows the rhythm of pitch, mapping emotion as a terrain between distance and intimacy.



Through the shift from film to publication,  
the gaze is reconfigured — no longer seen,  
but read; no longer fleeting, but held.  
Here, translation becomes transformation:  
an encounter rendered visible through the  
quiet choreography of looking.







*(Portrait Paint)*





*(Portrait Paint)*



I

can't

make

smile.

you

*(Portrait Paint)*



I

feel

it

then

I do

and

it

vanishes





*(looks up)*



ANGER  
always comes to fore.  
the

*(smiles)*



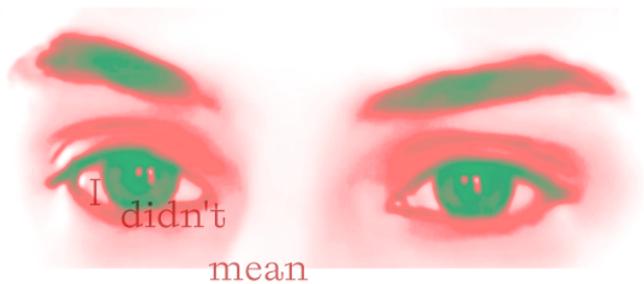


*(sighs)*



with





you.

to  
hurt

*You  
haven't hurt  
me.*

*(touches her lips)*

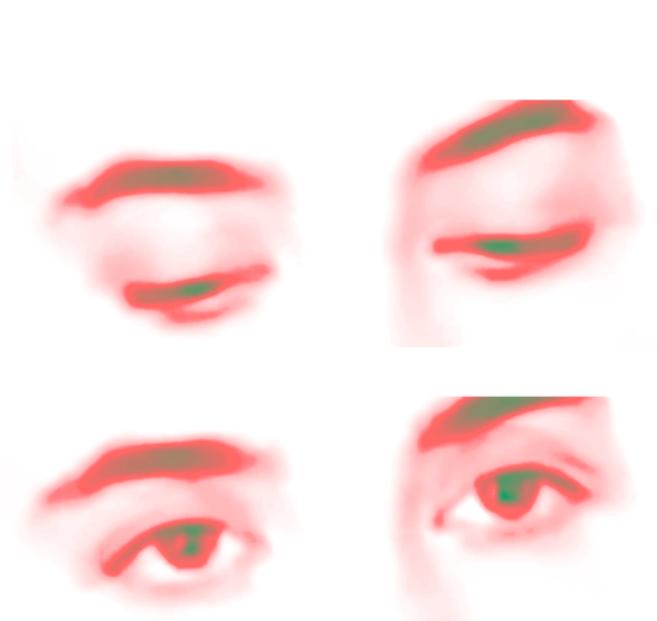






*(looks down)*

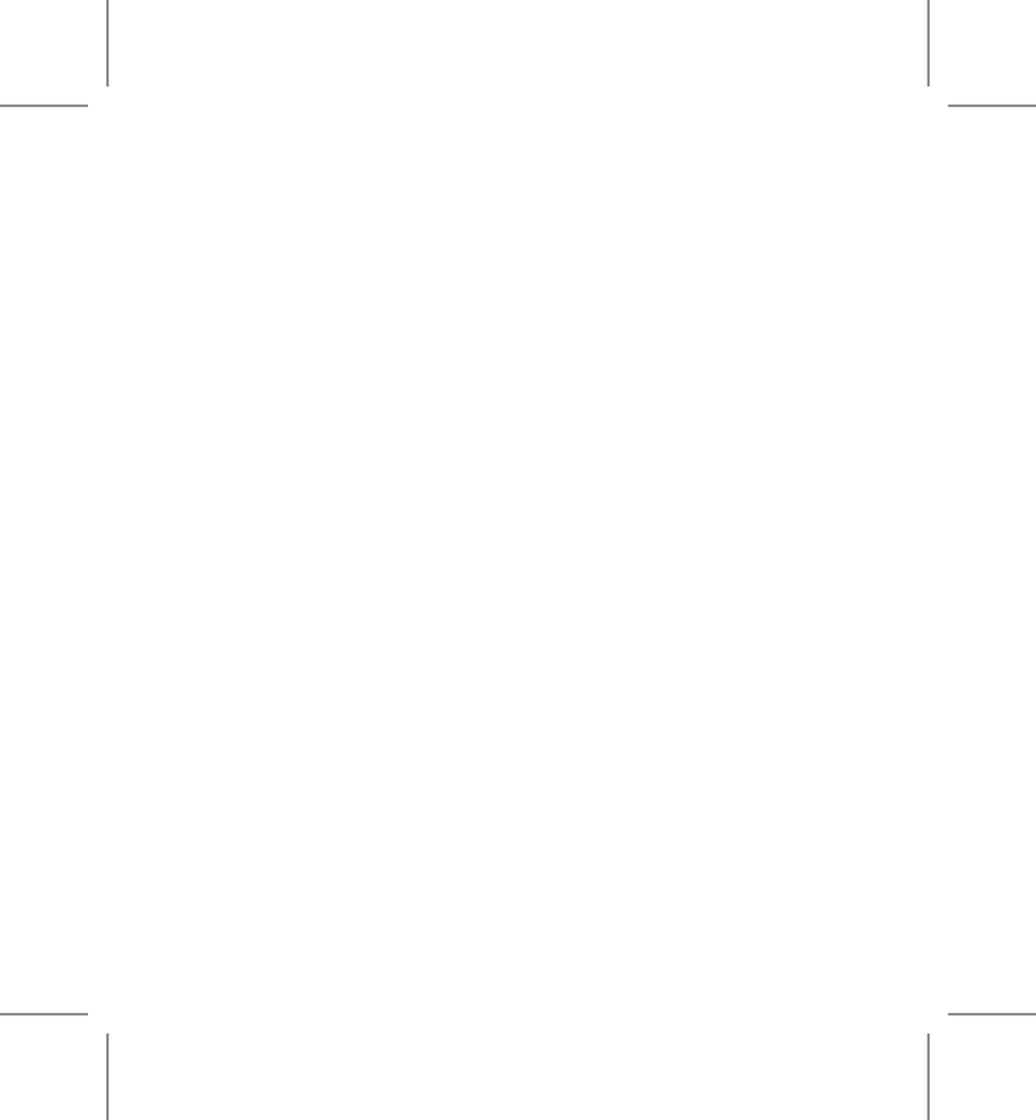




I have,  
I can tell.



*(shakes head)*





*(presses her lips)*

When you're  
moved,



you do with your hand.

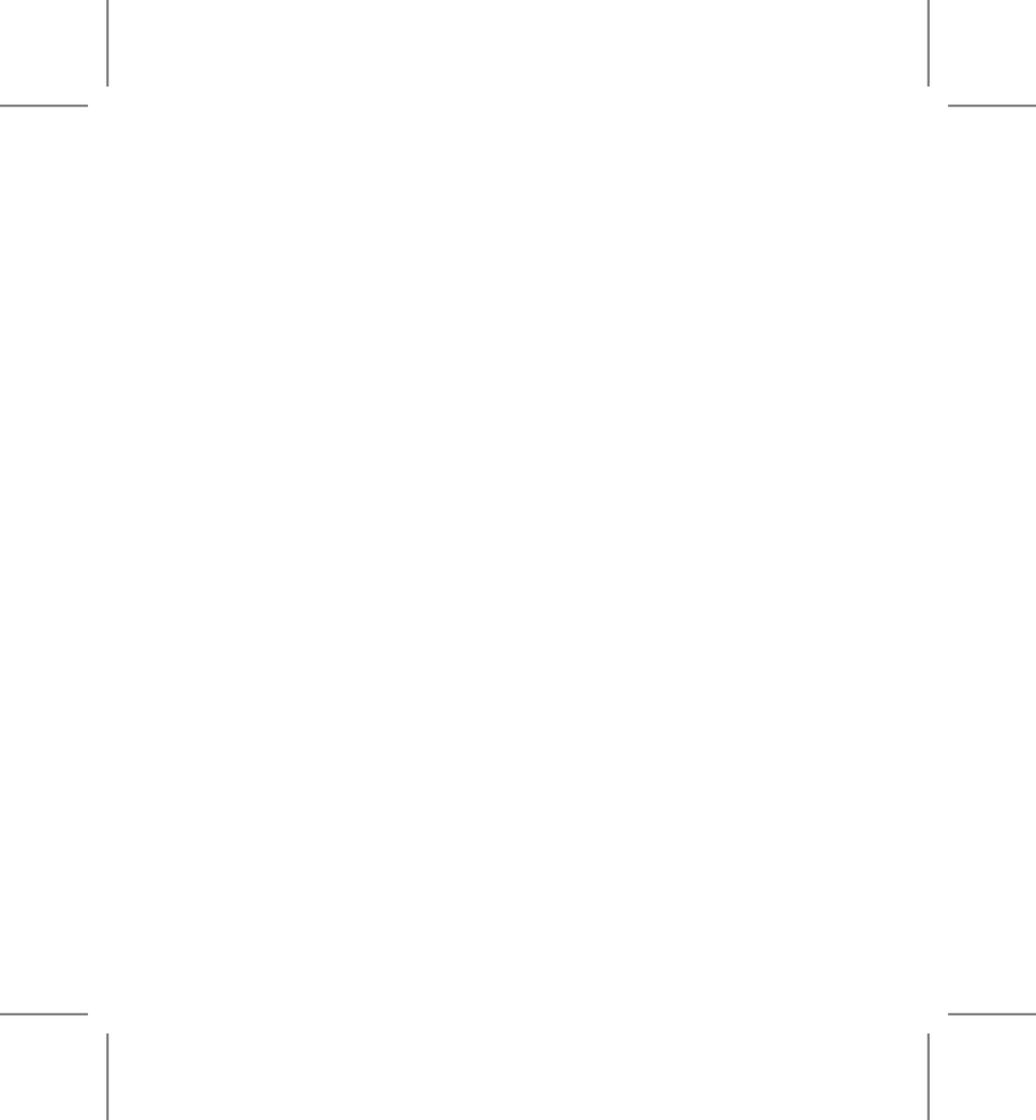
*this*

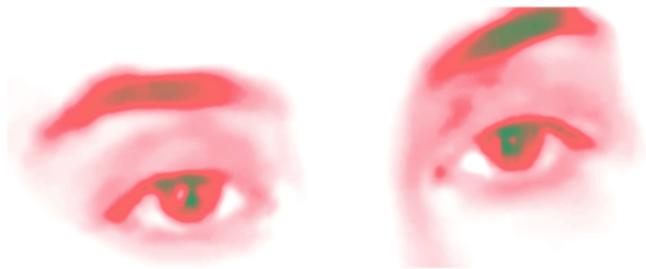




*(raises brows, smiling softly)*

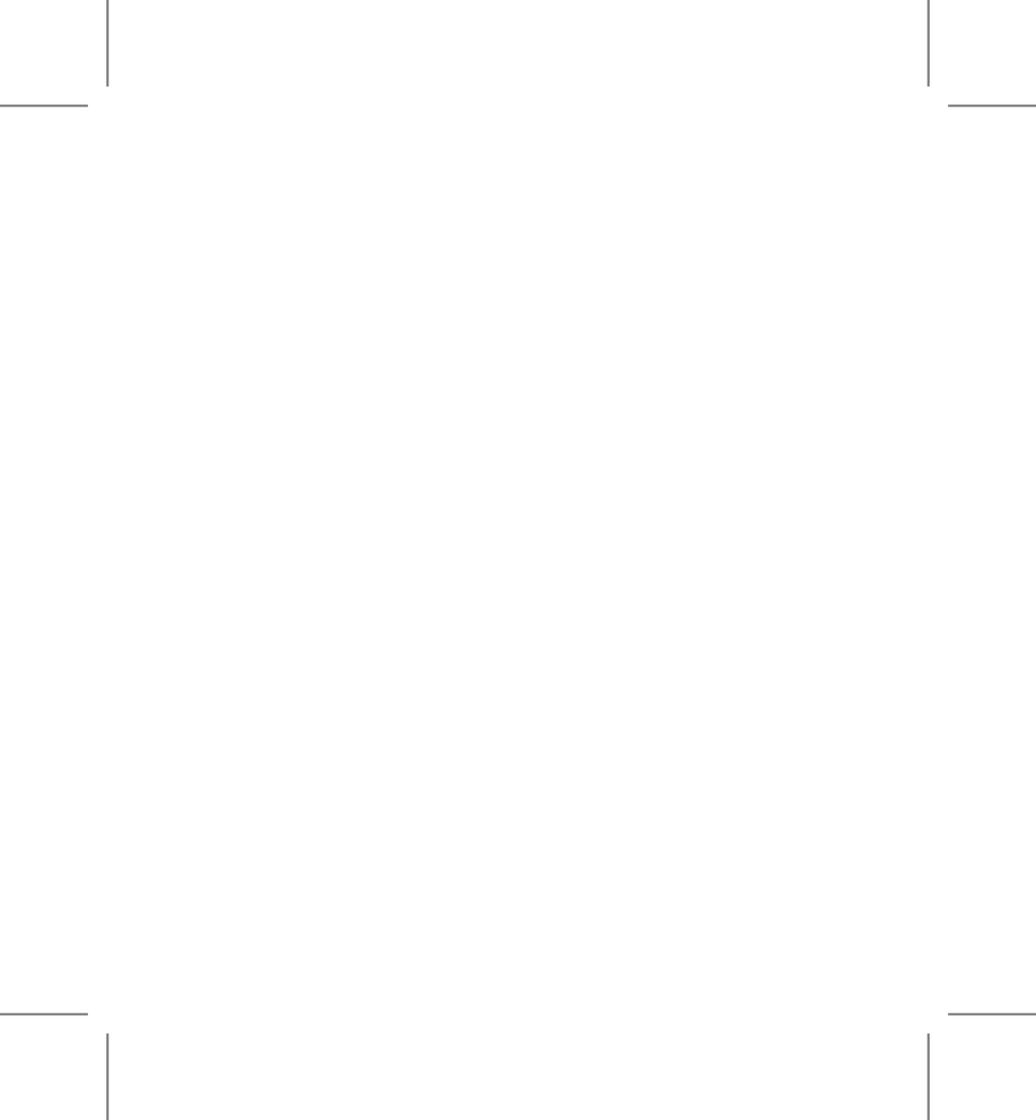








Yes.





And

*embarrassed,*

when

you're



*(bites lips)*



you

bite

your

lips.

*(inhales deeply)*

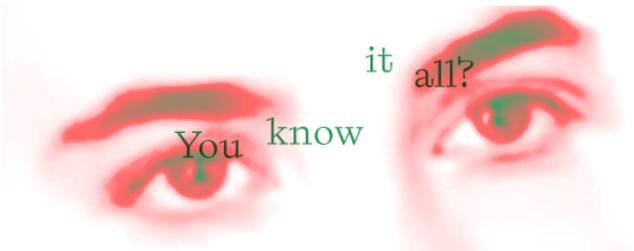






*blink.*

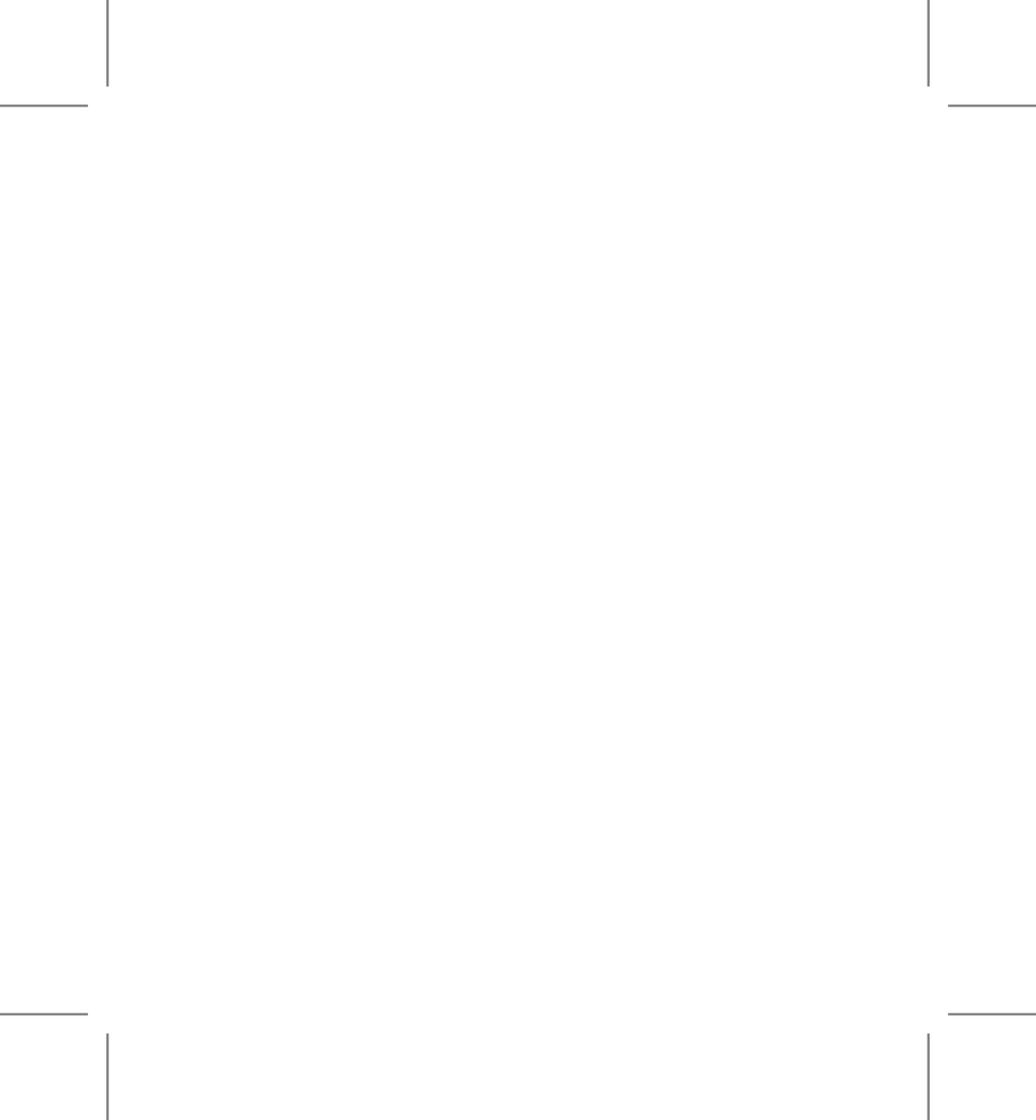
*don't*



You know

it all?









*(steadily)*

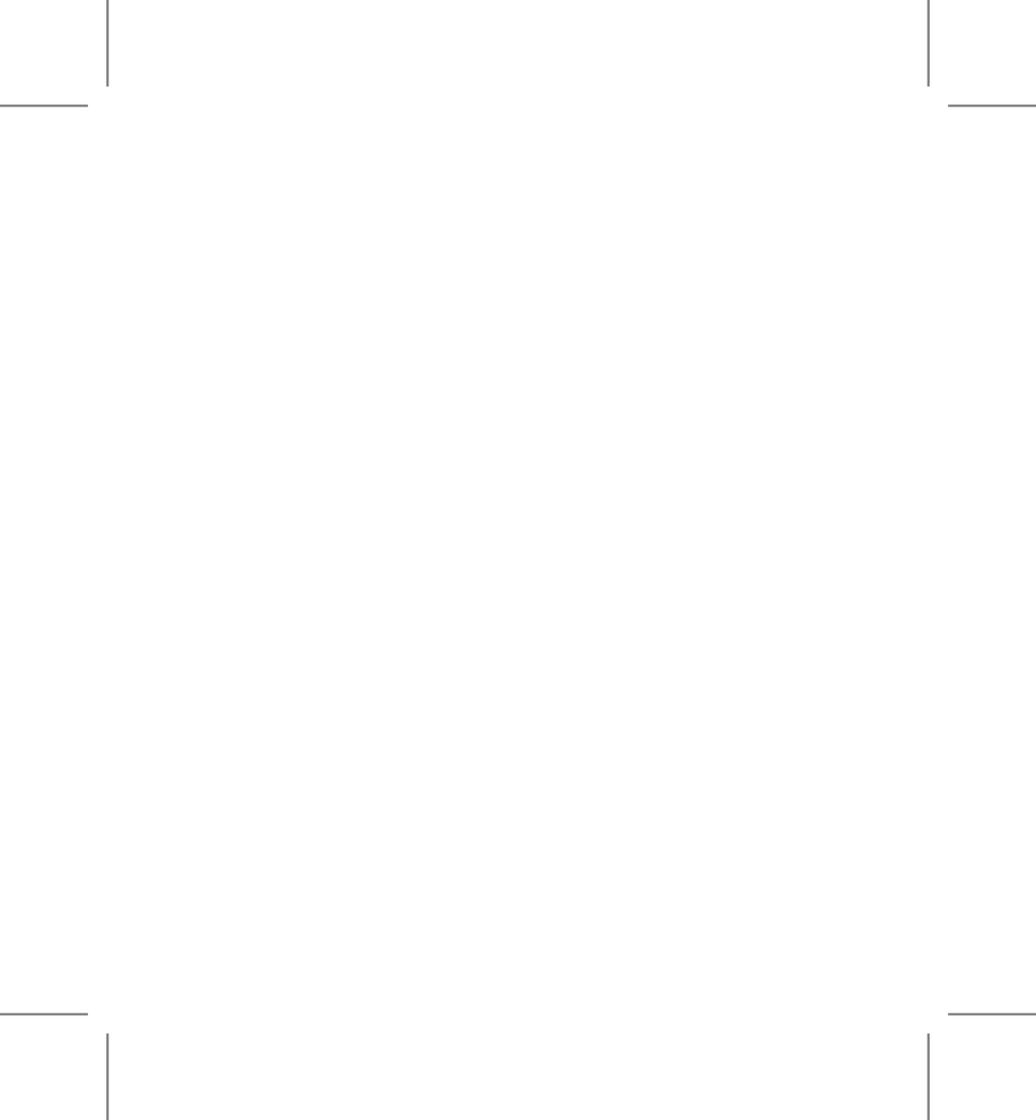


Two pairs of eyes are shown, one on the left and one on the right, looking directly forward. The eyes are framed by dark, shadowed eyelids and eyebrows, creating a dramatic, high-contrast effect. The background is a soft, out-of-focus light blue.

THE  
EXACTLY SAME  
PLACE.

*(steadily)*



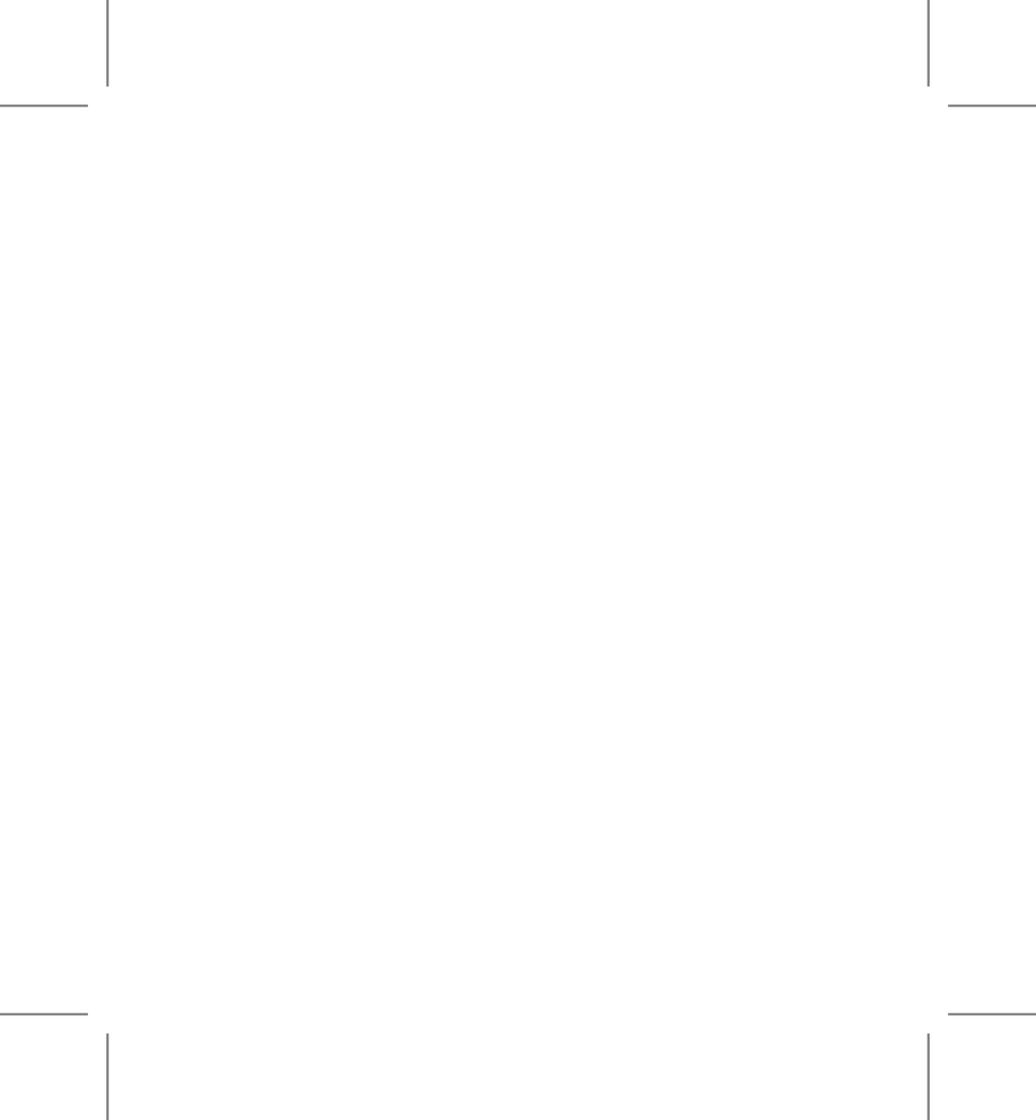




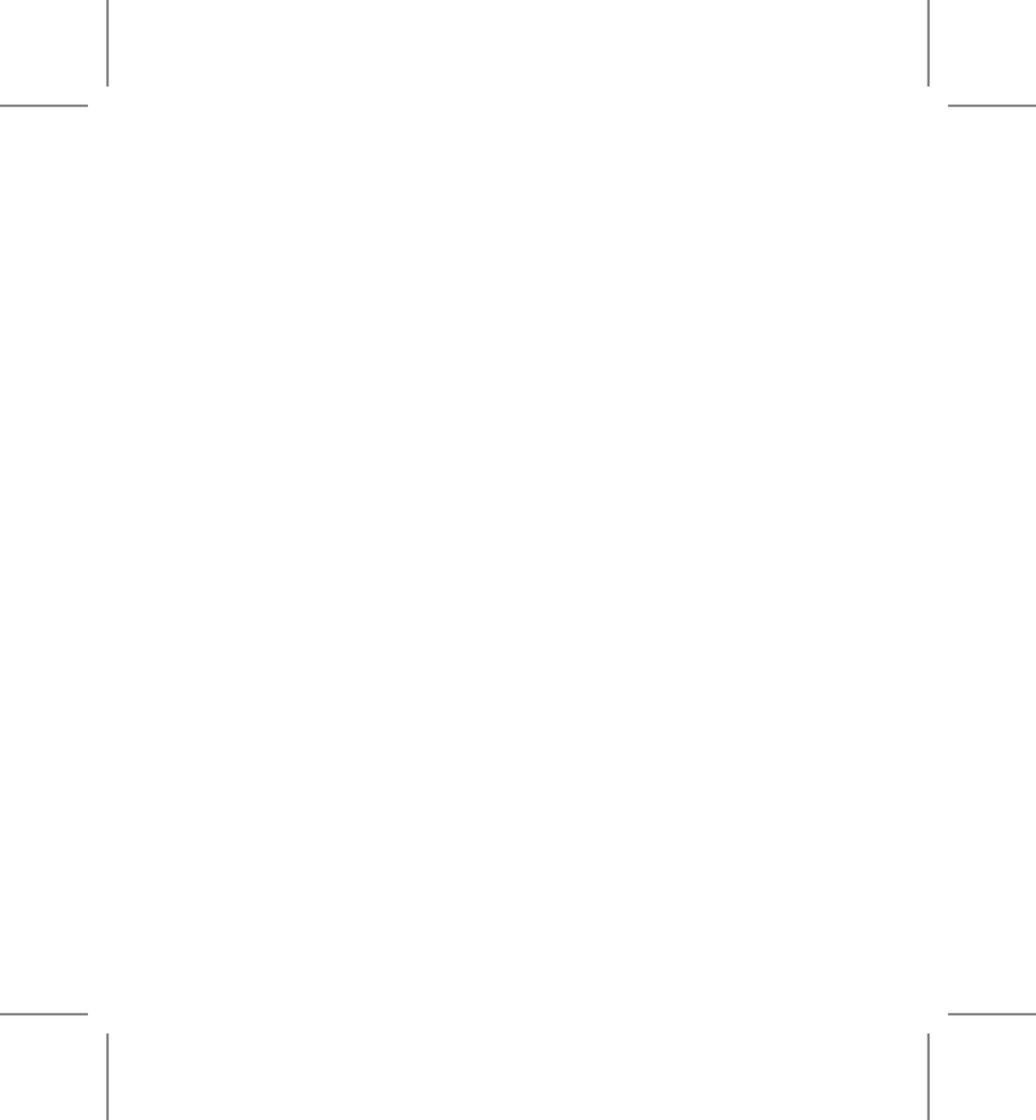
Come here.



*(glances at the floor)*











*(footsteps)*



*(glances at the floor)*







Step  
closer.





*(steps closer)*





Look.



*(looks at the easel)*



*(looks at the easel)*

*If  
you  
look at me,*



*(gazes at Marianne)*



*what  
do  
I look at?*



*(gazes at Marianne)*











*(looks down and touches her forehead)*



When you *don't* know what to say,

(lock e)



*k eyes)*

you  
touch  
your

forehead.

*(smile)*

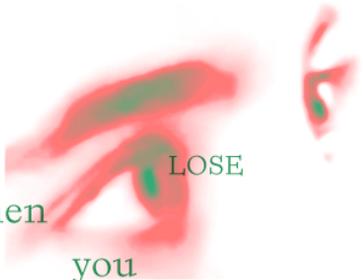




*miles)*



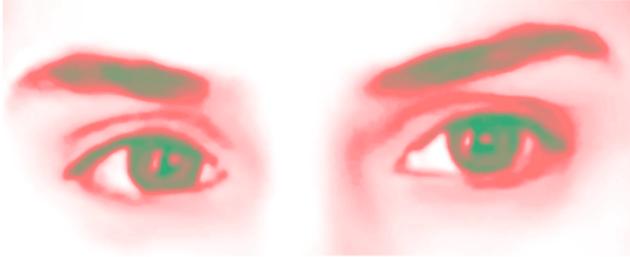
*(frown)*



When  
you LOSE



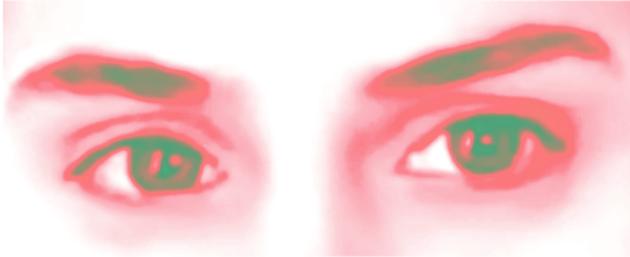
CONTROL,



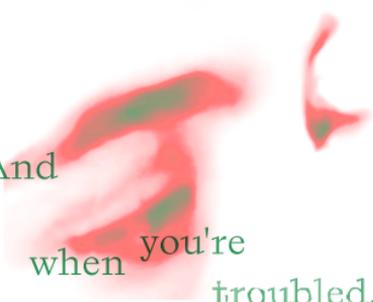
*(raises eyebrows)*



you *raise* your eyebrows.



*(raises eyebrows)*



And

when you're  
troubled,



*(looks down)*



breathe  
through



you  
your  
mouth



*(voice fades)*



*(breathes through mouth)*

*(lock eyes)*

不可

不可

不可

不可



*(gazes at her face) (breathes)*



*(turns away, walks to the easel)*





