

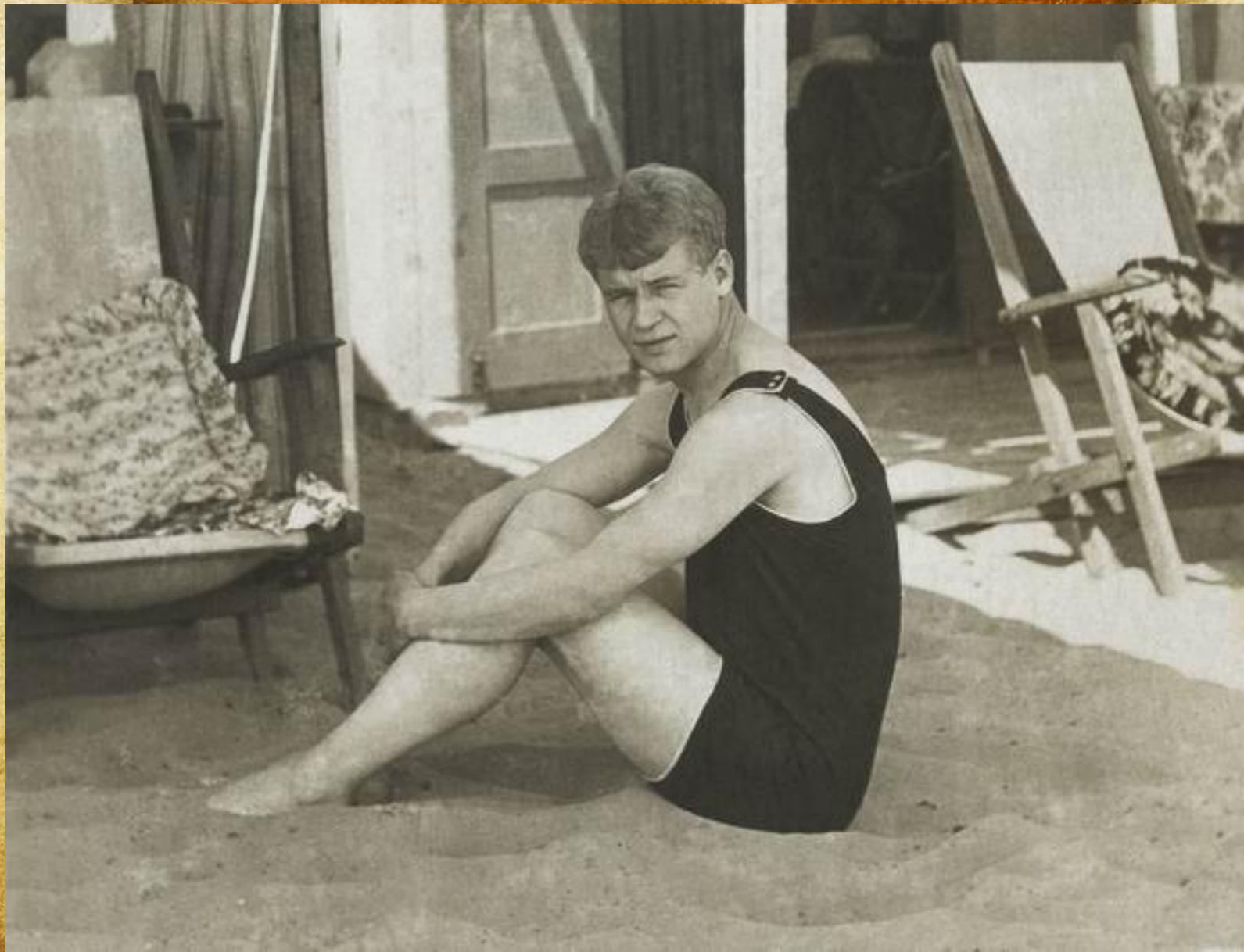




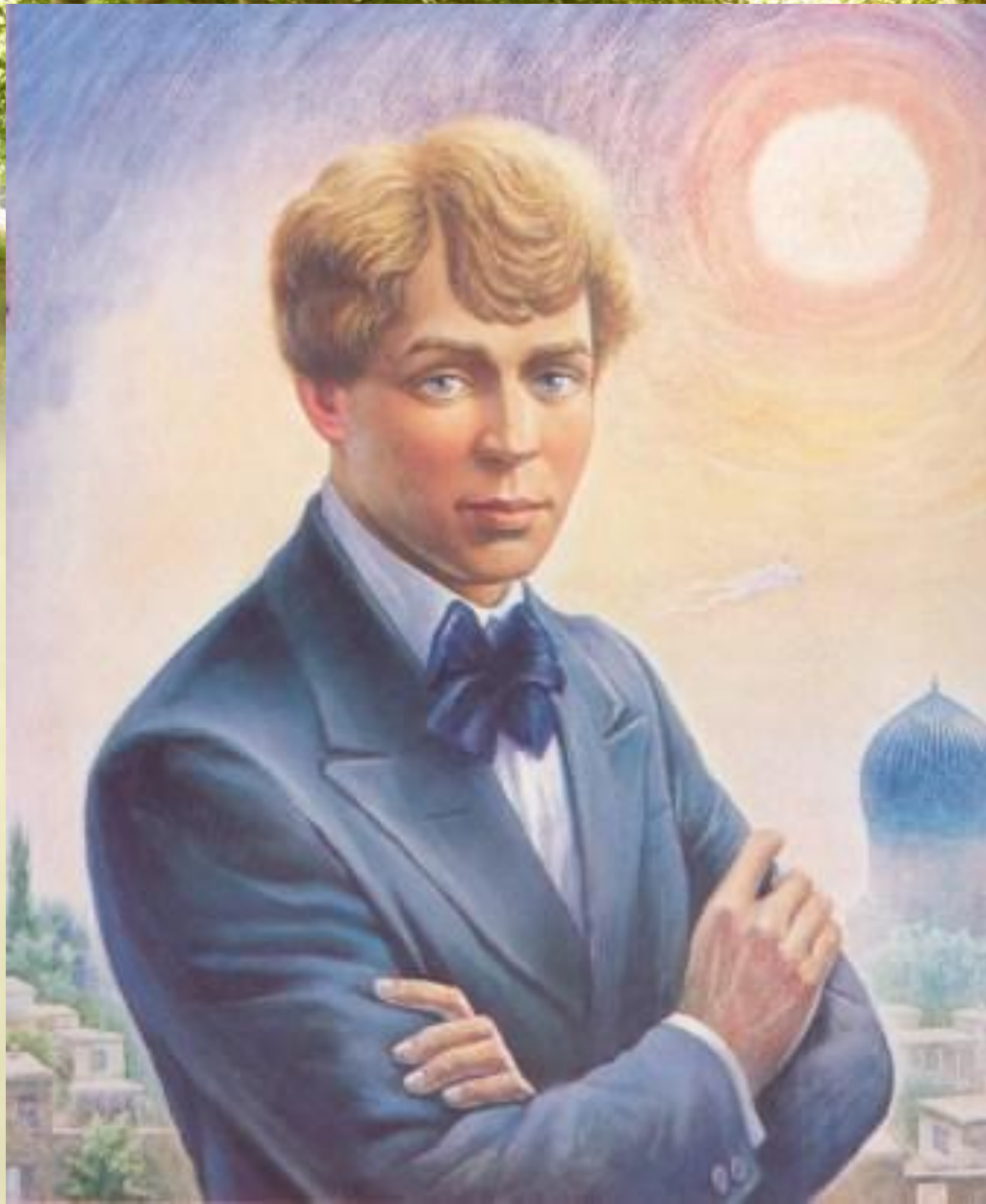
ArtBash.ru



Enclina









...la perfezione di suo
 ...e nelle
 E
 ...se n'è
 ...la perfezione di suo
 tempo
 ...della
 ...l'Opera co
 ...diventato fine o in tutto il m
 con quel risotto alla milanese
 ricinto da una leggera foglia
 Qualità metalli: adotta dalla
 suggerita dall'arte, unizzata dal
 gn'foco, materia alchemica, cont
 ...a della Festa Te
 ...Corte di Viro
 ...e di Boemia
 ...con dar confusione

...ARORE
 ...Cava
 ARTE POSTAL
 ...di Trip
 ...in occasione degli
 ...tesso
 ...in veduta dall'ingress
 ...suo
 ...sso tempo
 ...la A
 ...135 Cartolina postale
 ...Scen
 ...na composta di
 DI Regina d'Ungh
 ...le altre per

...Pacciatà in veduta dall'ingress della





by the same way.
persecution single-very little-
Mr. Statham does not under-
stand that he and his class have been pu-
of the lawlessness of the govern-
ment they were so crowded, the whole
of the revolution came. That is why
and to the revolution came. That is why
help him now. It is political now, not
of public feeling. In a way, he and a lot
of sacrifices of themselves for the sake of men
and his friends," she said.

whole country
the mood of
"No, Sir yes. I
"There's one
and if it leav
and enough
letter the
"Sir

the mood of
"No, Sir yes. I
"There's one
and if it leav
and enough
letter the
"Sir

Pau
Vila
I can do it

"I don't know"
"I don't believe in victory any more"
"I don't believe in defeat. Though it may be
better."
"What do you believe in?"
"I don't believe in victory any more."
"I am very sorry to have stopped
talking with you."
"It is very nice to talk again. I said that about sleeping
meaning nothing."
"We stand up and shake hands in the dark."

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Handwritten text in various scripts, including what appears to be Cyrillic or a similar alphabet. The text is written on a piece of paper that is part of the collage.



Я покинул родимый дом,
Голубую оставил Русь.
В три звезды березняк над прудом
Шеплит матери старой грусть.

Золотою лягушкой луна
Распласталась на тихой воде.
Словно яблонный цвет, седина
У отца пролилась в бороде.

Я не скоро, не скоро вернусь!
Долго петь и звенеть пурге.
Стережет голубую Русь
Старый клен на одной ноге.

И я знаю, есть радость в нем
Тем, кто листьев целует дождь,
Оттого, что тот старый клен
Головой на меня похож.

Сергей Есенин



*На земле, мне близкой и любимой,
Эту жизнь за все благодарю.
С. Есенин*



