



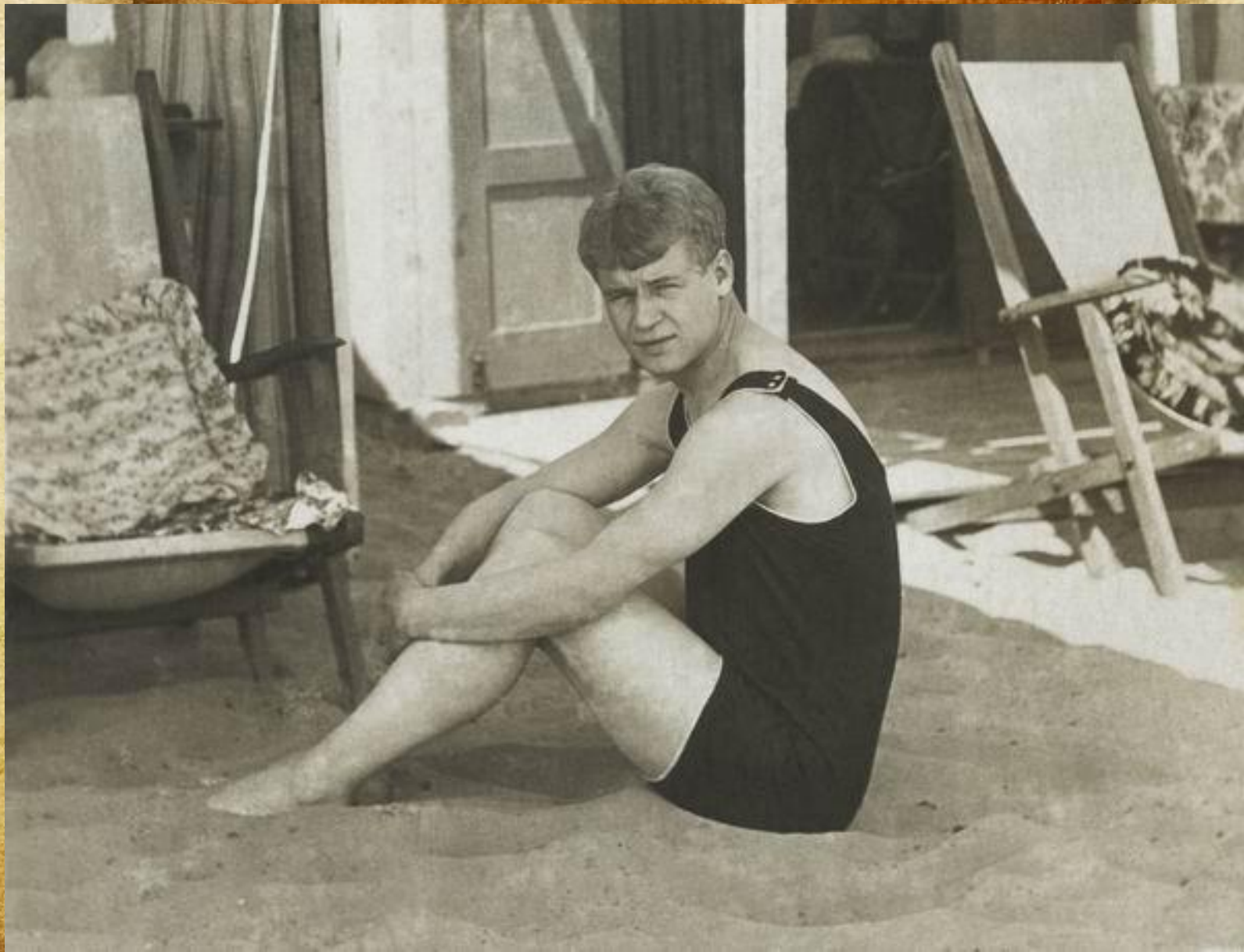




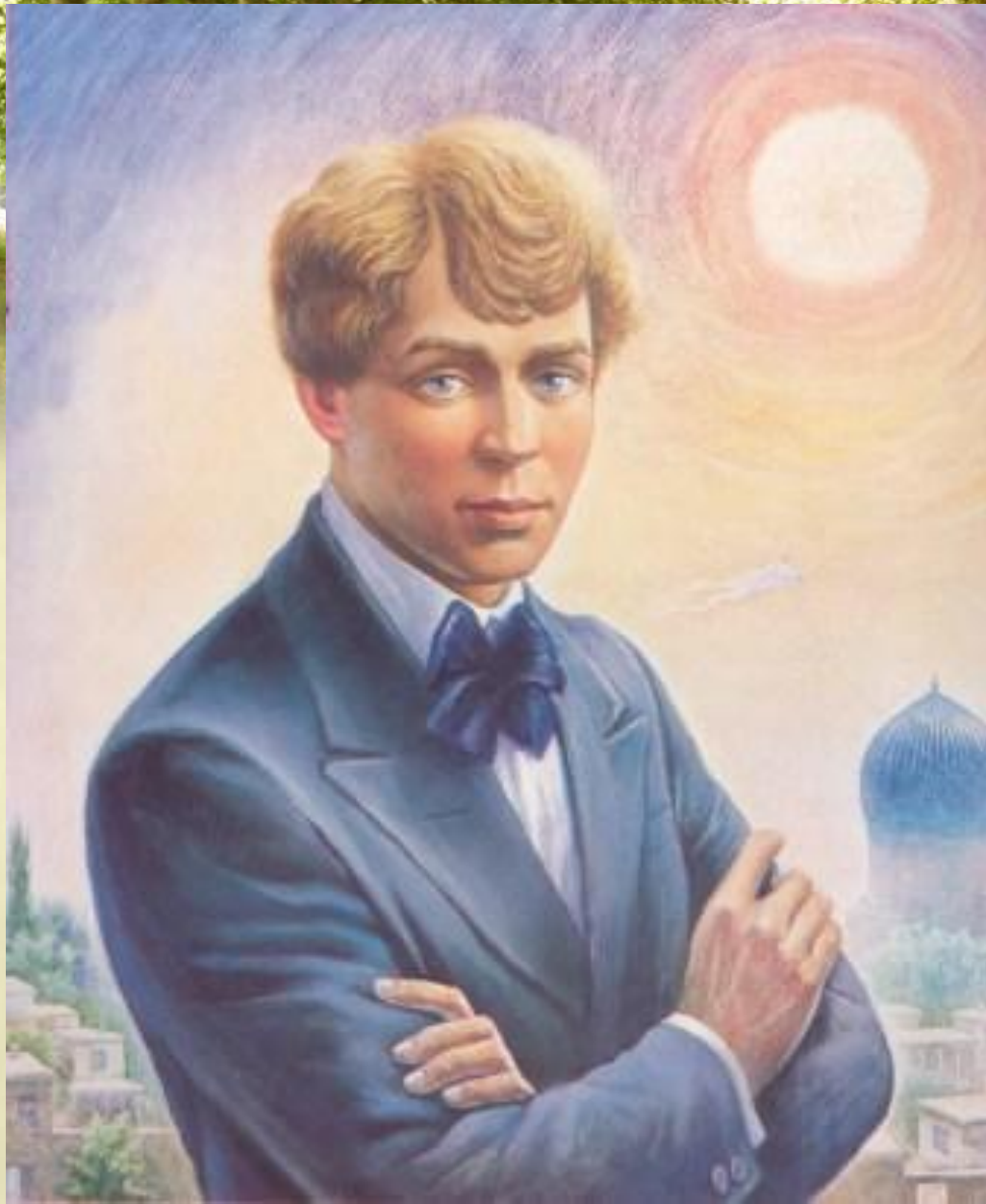
ArtBash.ru



*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: adotti dalla  
 suggestiva dall'arte, unizzata dal  
 gn'foco, materia alchemica, cont  
 ...a della Festa Te  
 ...Corte di Vimin  
 ...a, apparte con le  
 ...e di Boemia o  
 ...on dar confusione

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

...Facciati in veduta dall'ingressi della





of persecutions of innocent and  
by the same way.  
Mr. Sullivan does not unde-  
stand that he and his class have been pu-  
of the lawlessness of the govern-  
ment they were so crowded, the whole  
and to the revolution cause. 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  
"I and his friends," she said.  
"What time were you  
looked at her work. "What time were you  
try at possible. It doesn't matter. She'll wait  
ing her waiting. Before you go there's one more  
to say. . . ." He waited and saw the color rise  
man's face. She frowned a little and then



Post  
Poco  
Poco  
Poco  
Poco

Handwritten letter or note with some illegible text and a signature.

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



Handwritten notes and letters scattered around the bottom right corner of the collage.

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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*



