

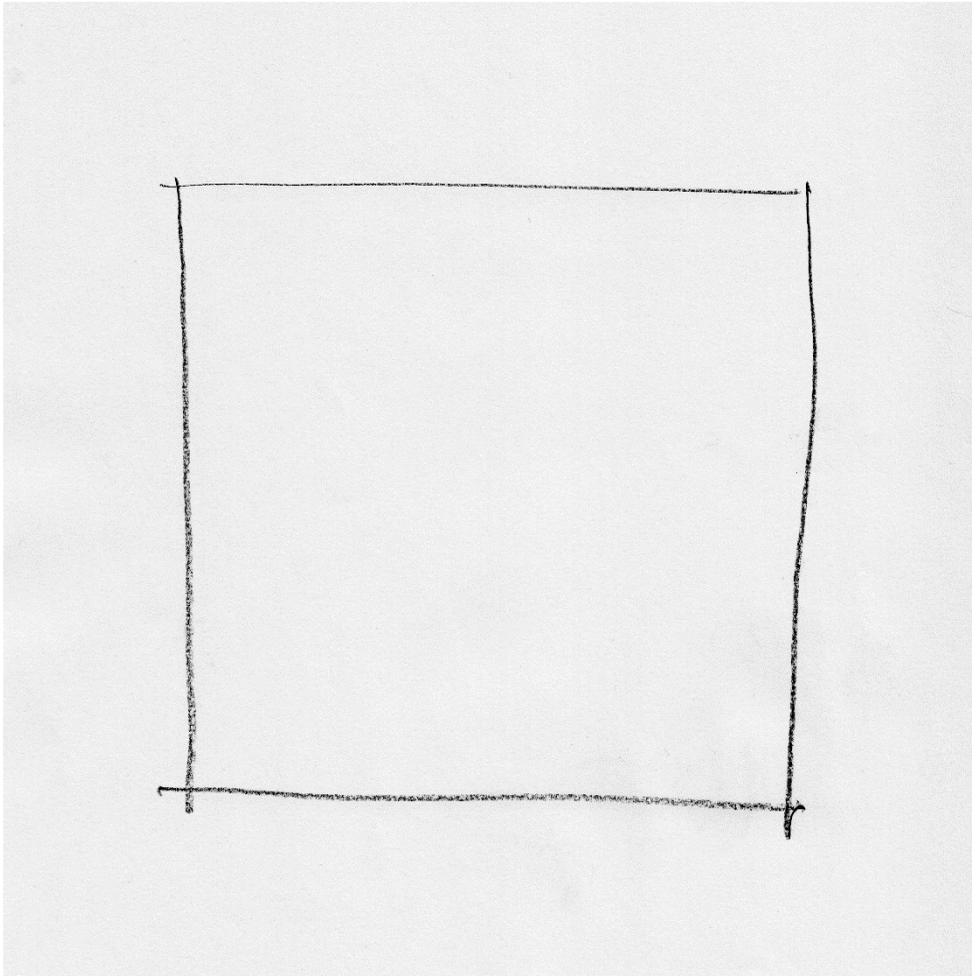
Gian Paolo Guerini  
**SEA WITHOUT WAVES**

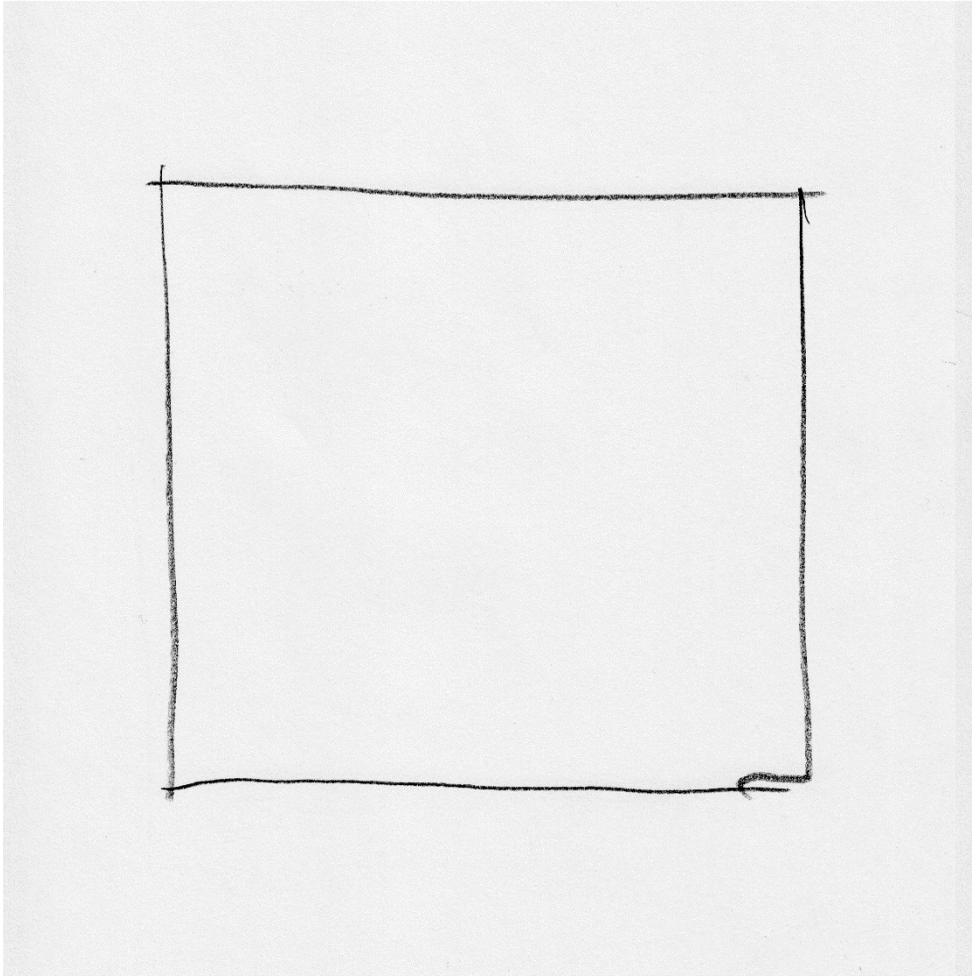
Poco è rimasto di quella nostra foresta ultra naturam, lucus transiliens, foresta combattente; di quella nostra giovinezza animata, poco; poche le conseguenze del nostro patronato assoluto; rare le punte di quelle altre misure; peggio per gli altri; perché questo poco è solo e tutto quel che è accaduto, qui, di vita generosa, di spalancata Alleanza: dove filologia storia critica burocrazia quando vi metteranno le mani, paralitiche, troveranno soltanto il nostro provocatorio, illimito, Niente.

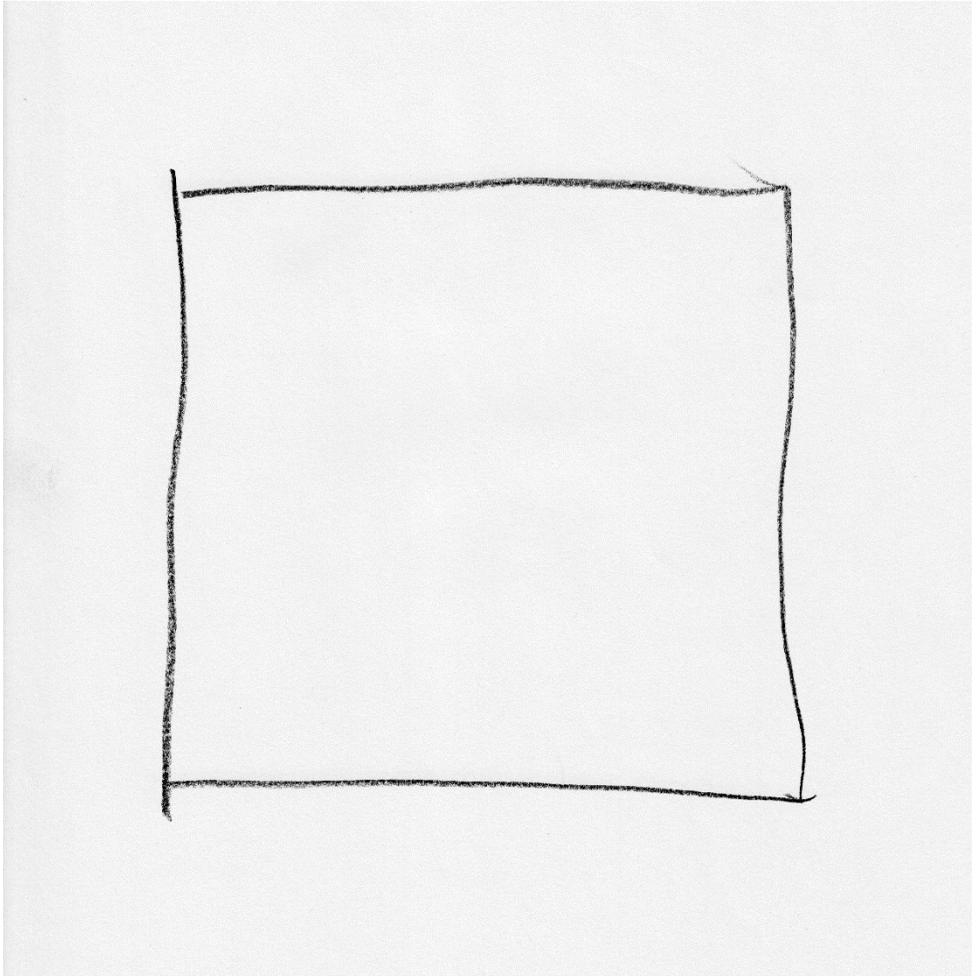
*(Emilio Villa, Attributi dell'arte odierna 1947-1967, ultima pagina)*

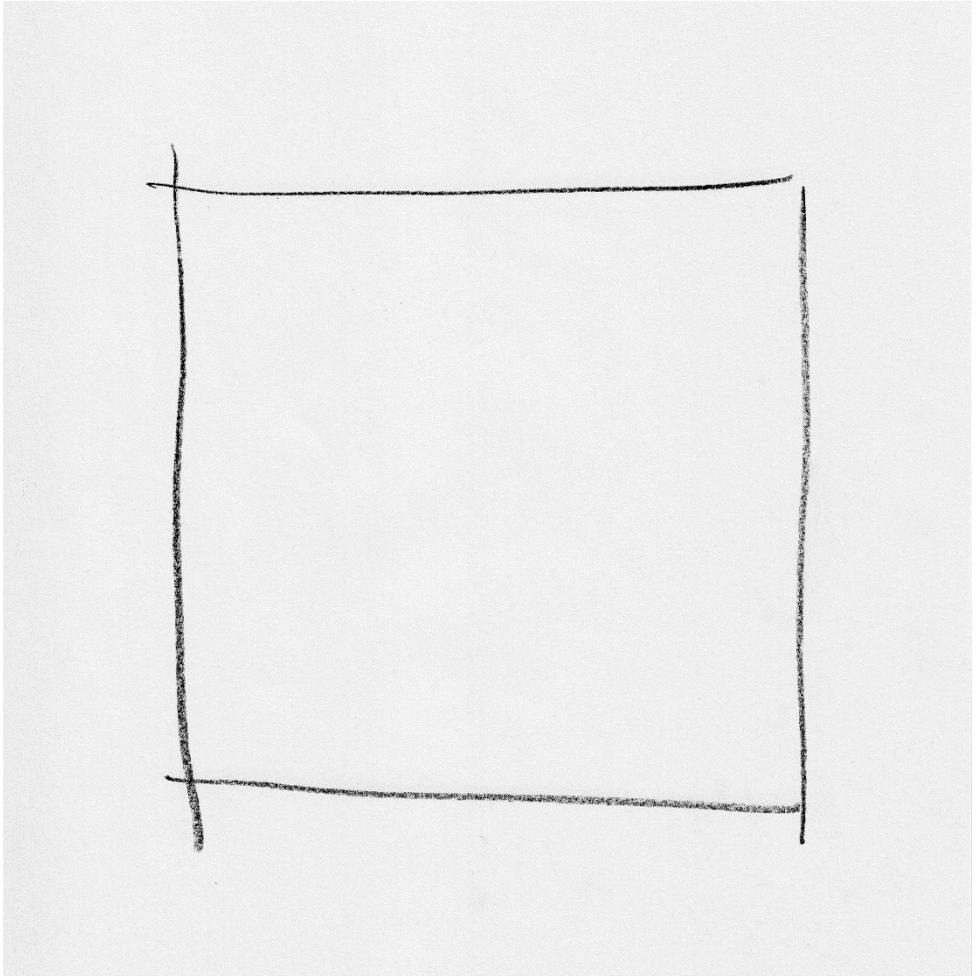
Ho gli occhi stanchi. Da più di mezzo secolo scrutano nel nulla  
dove hanno trovato un bellissimo niente.

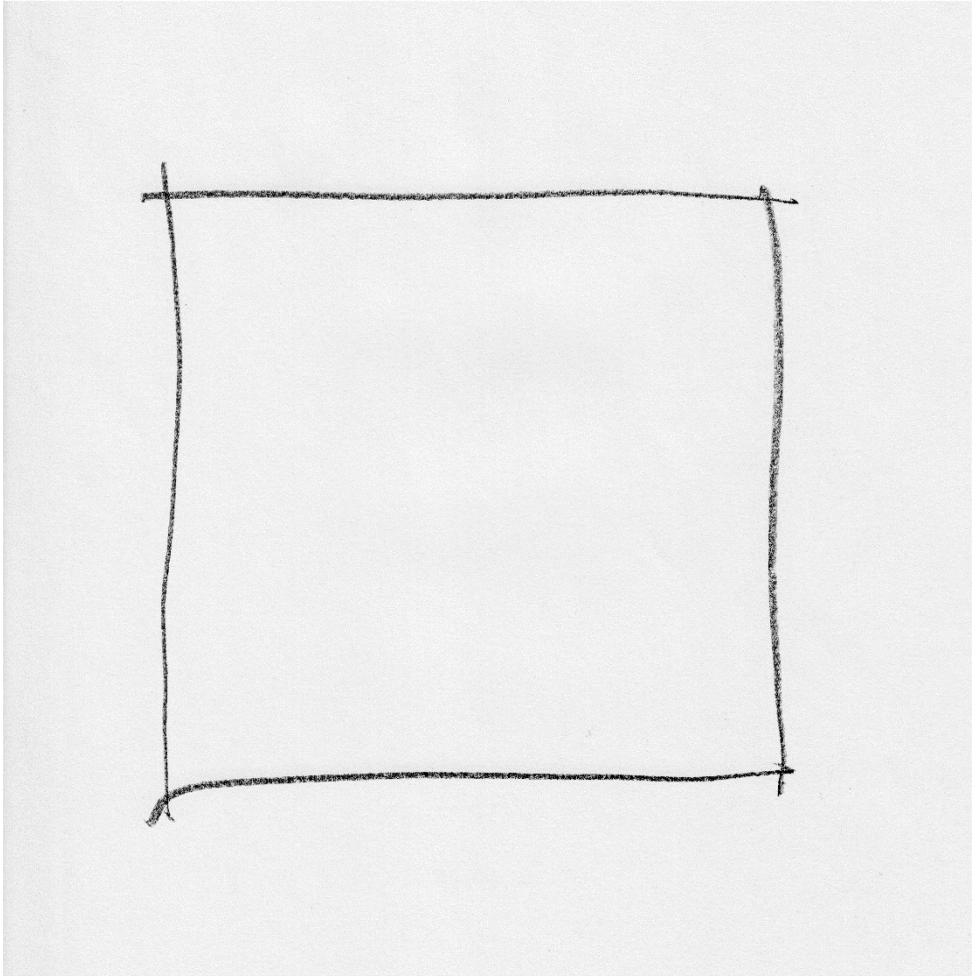
*(James Joyce al figlio Giorgio in italiano, 3 giugno 1935)*

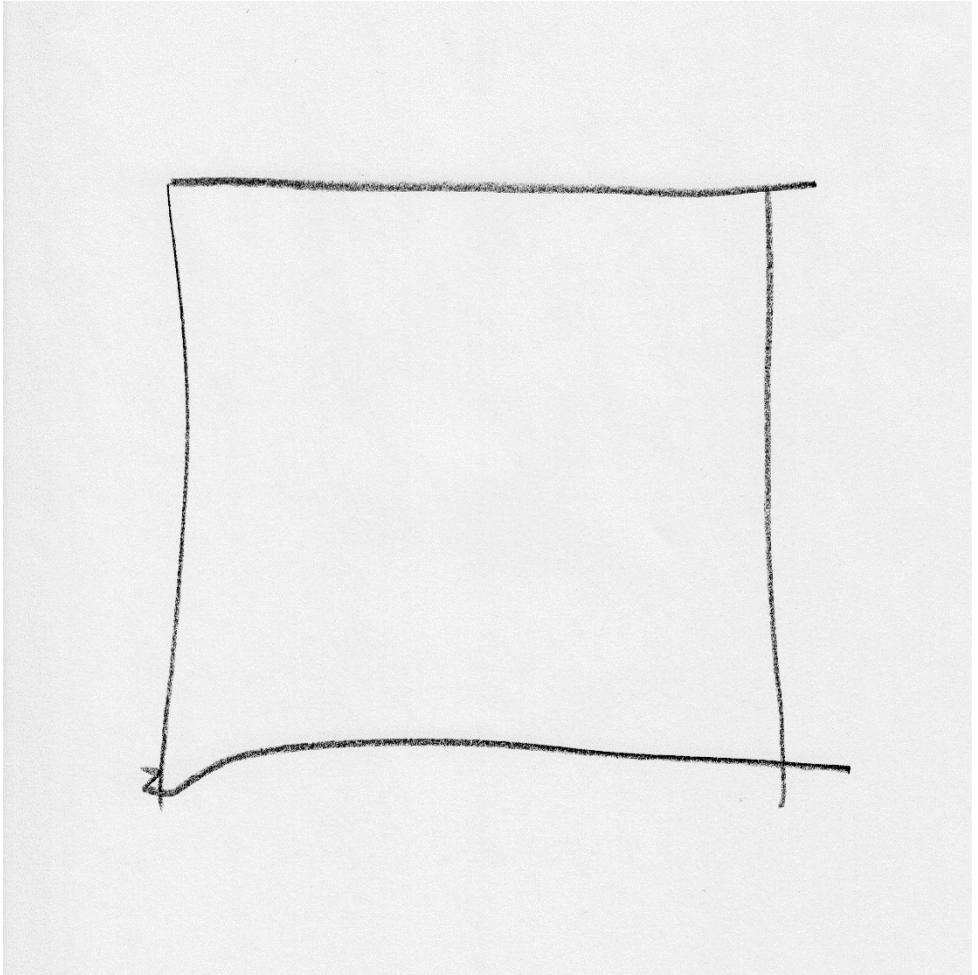


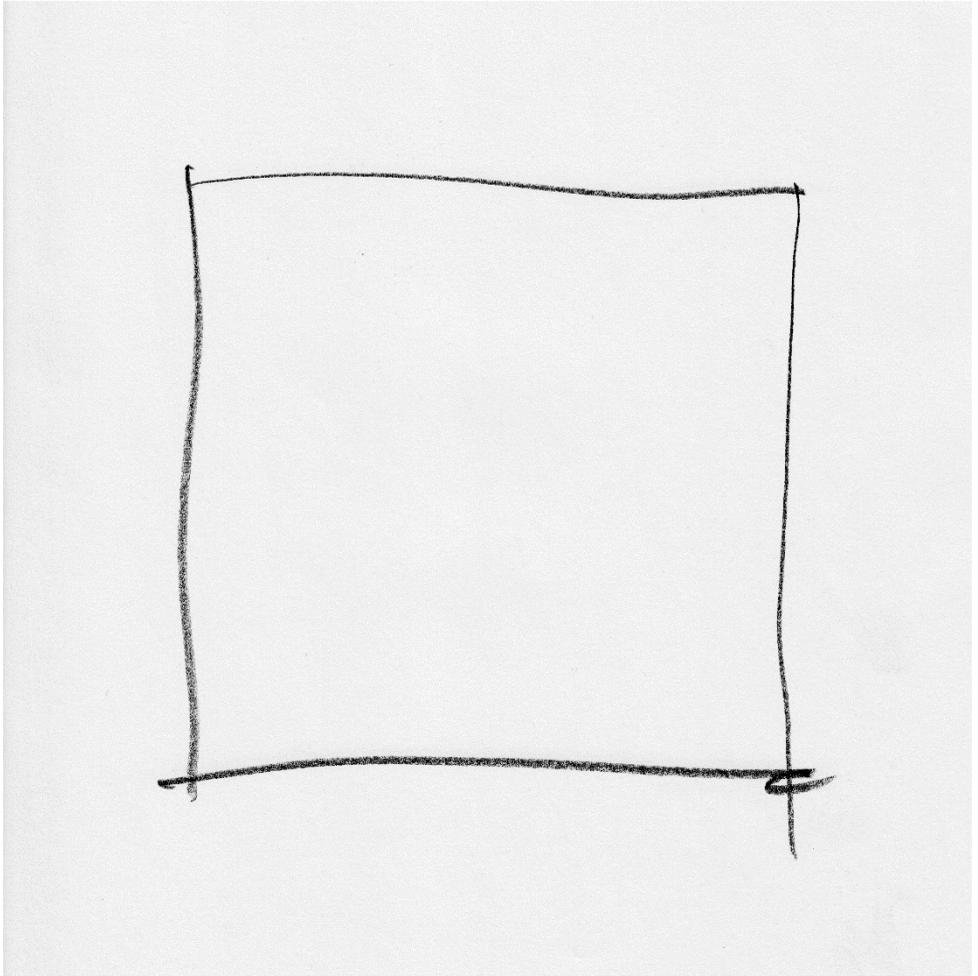


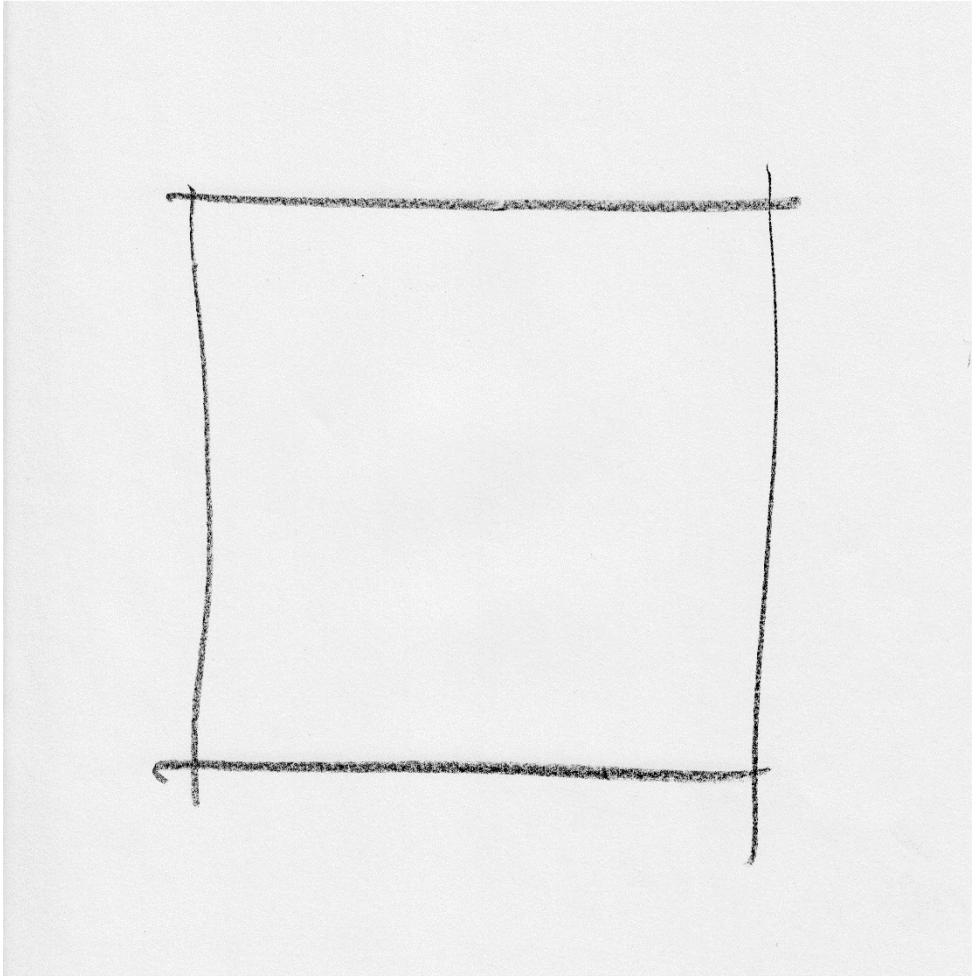


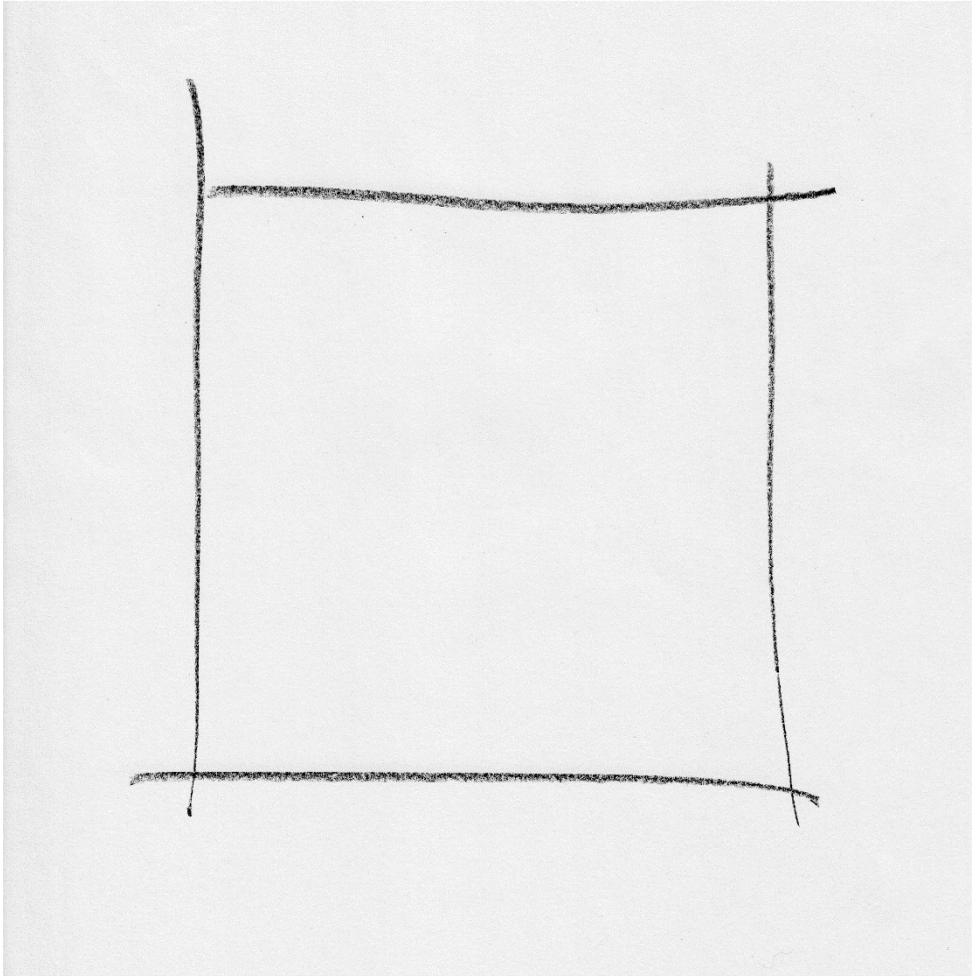


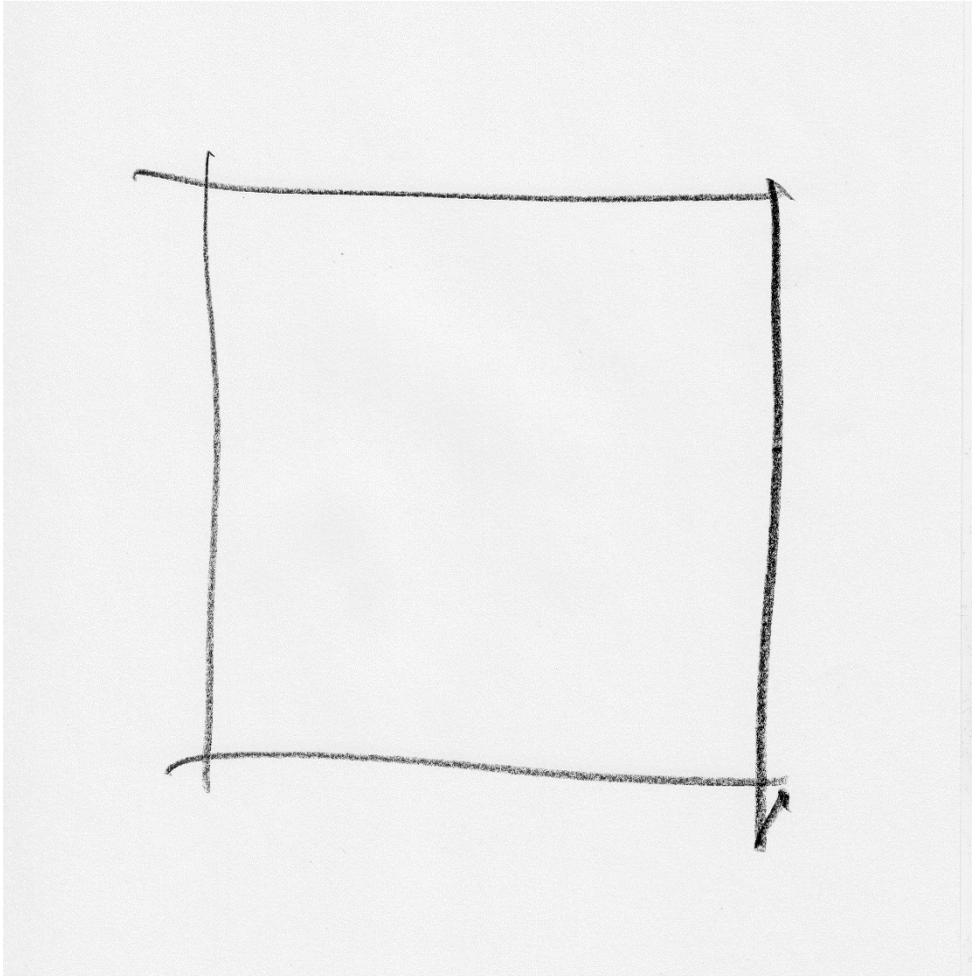


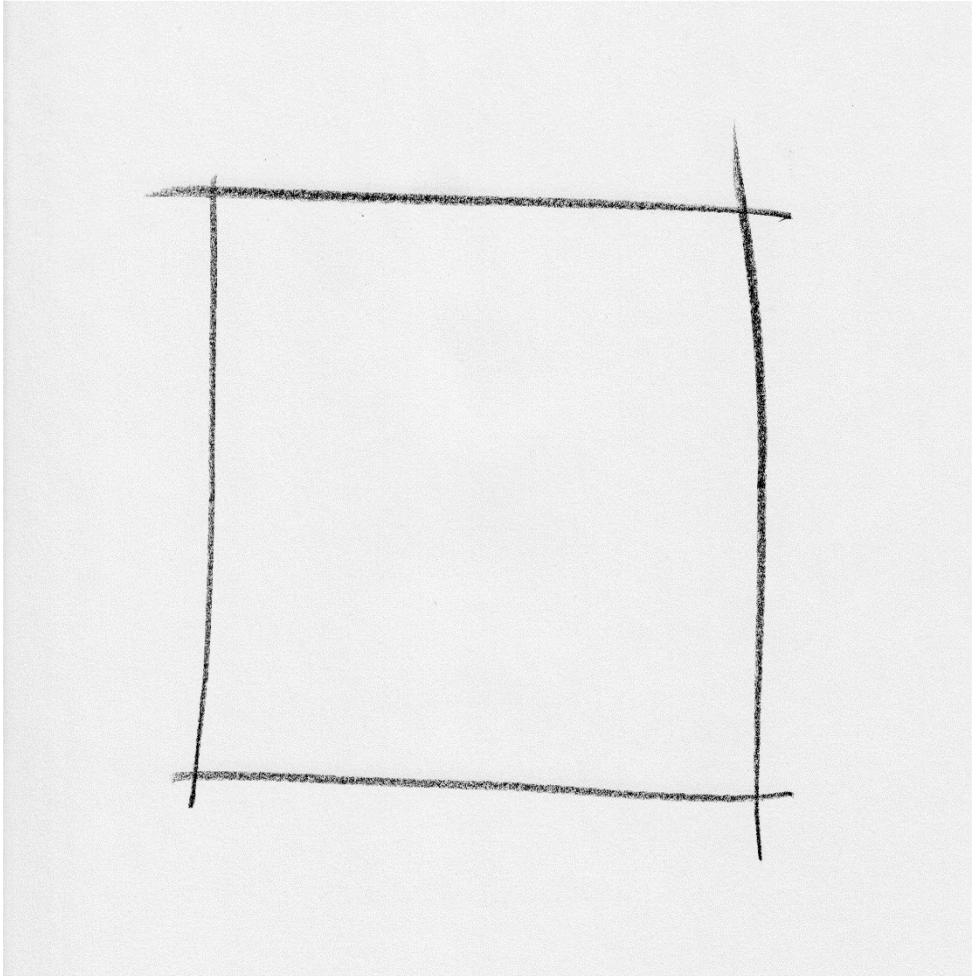


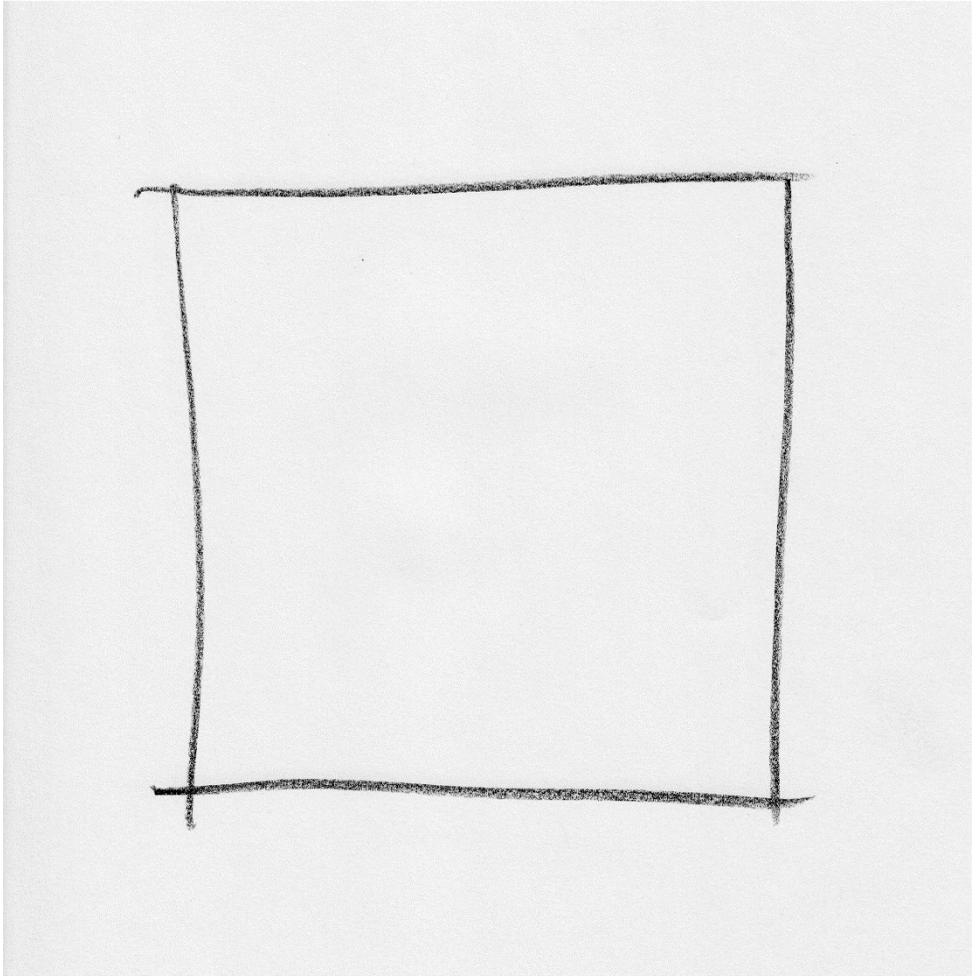


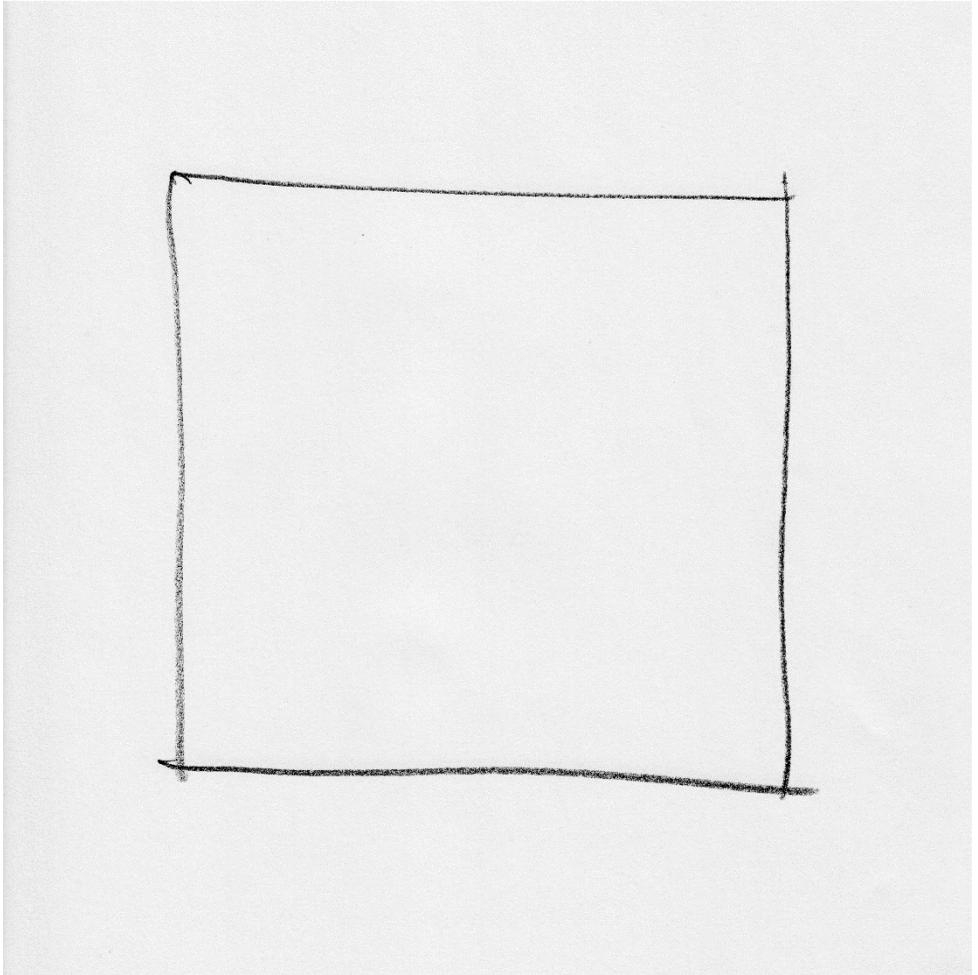


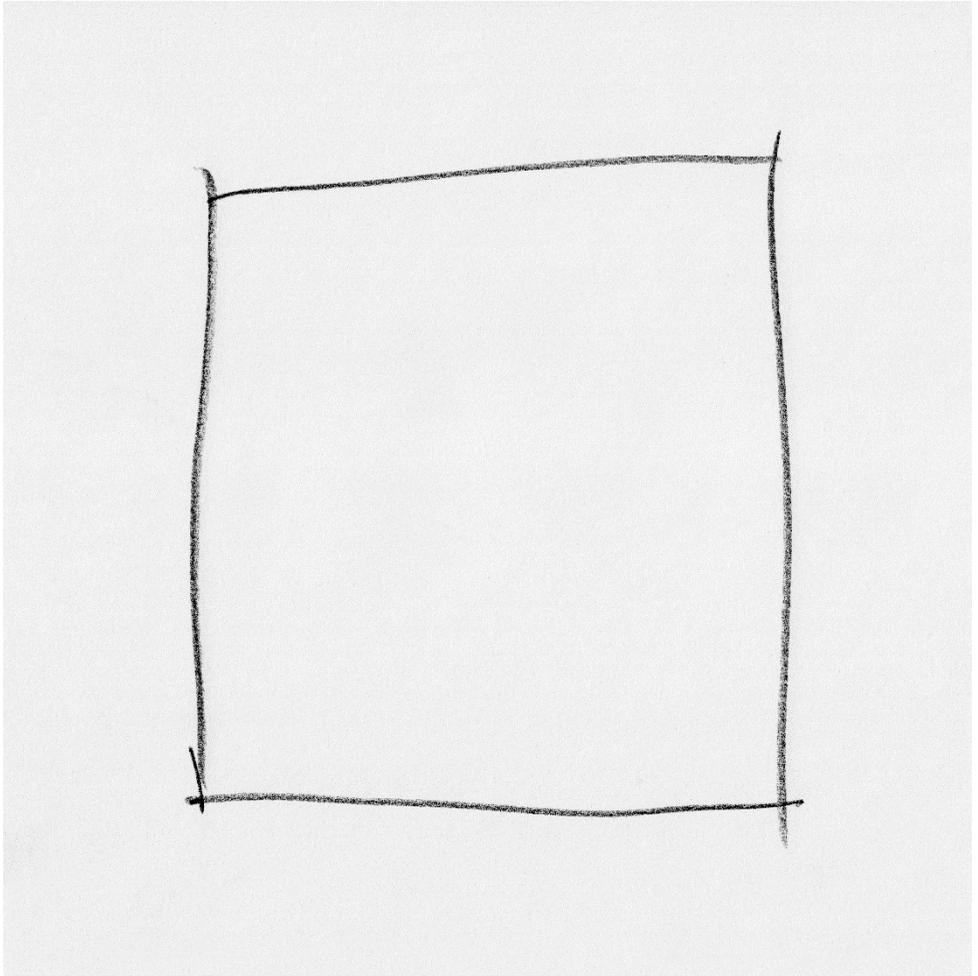


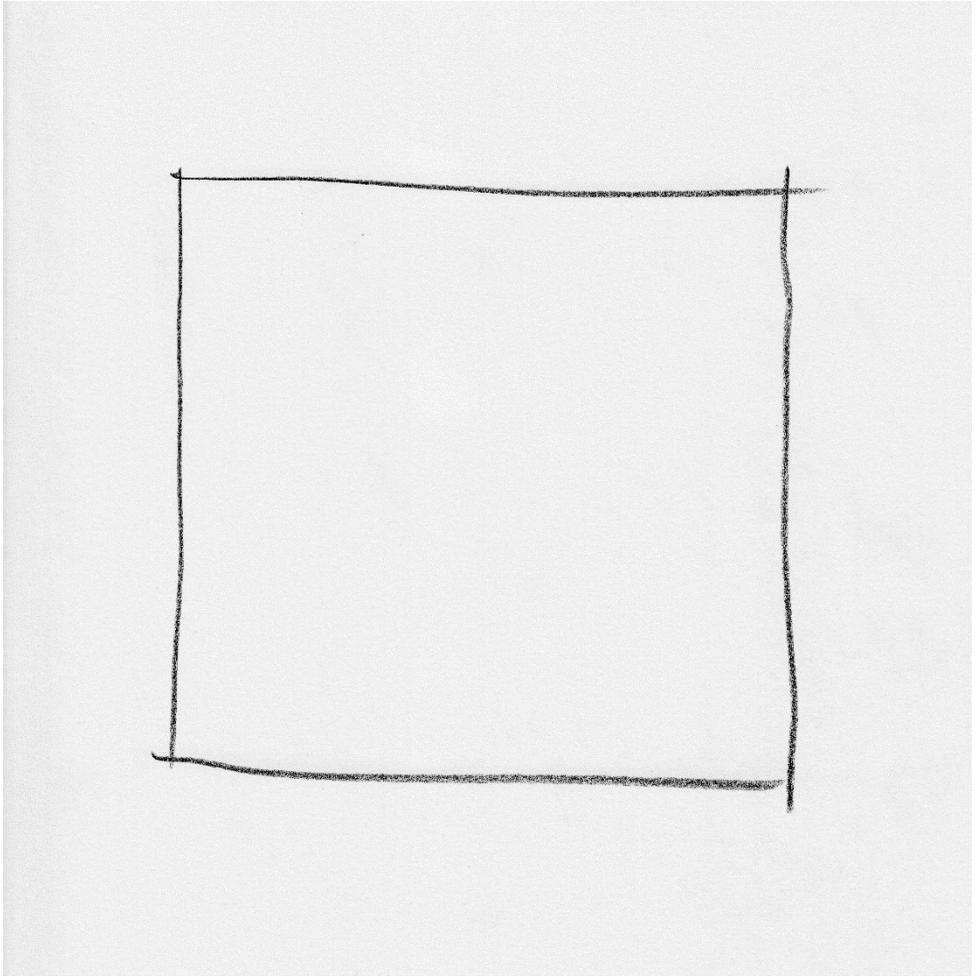


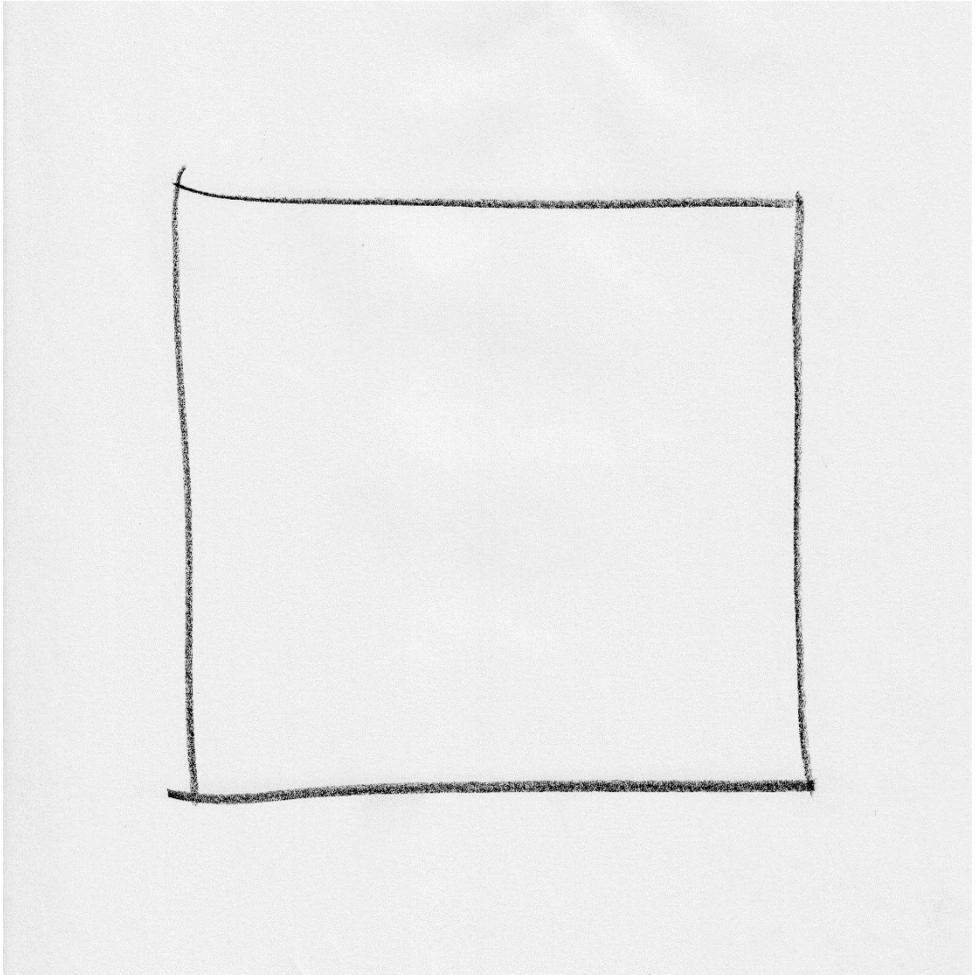


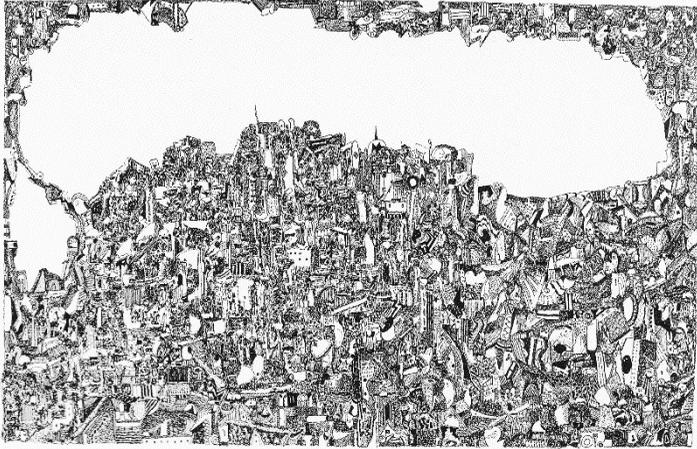












*Drawing of Thord Norman*

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Gian Paolo Guerini  
**THEATER WITHOUT SHOW**