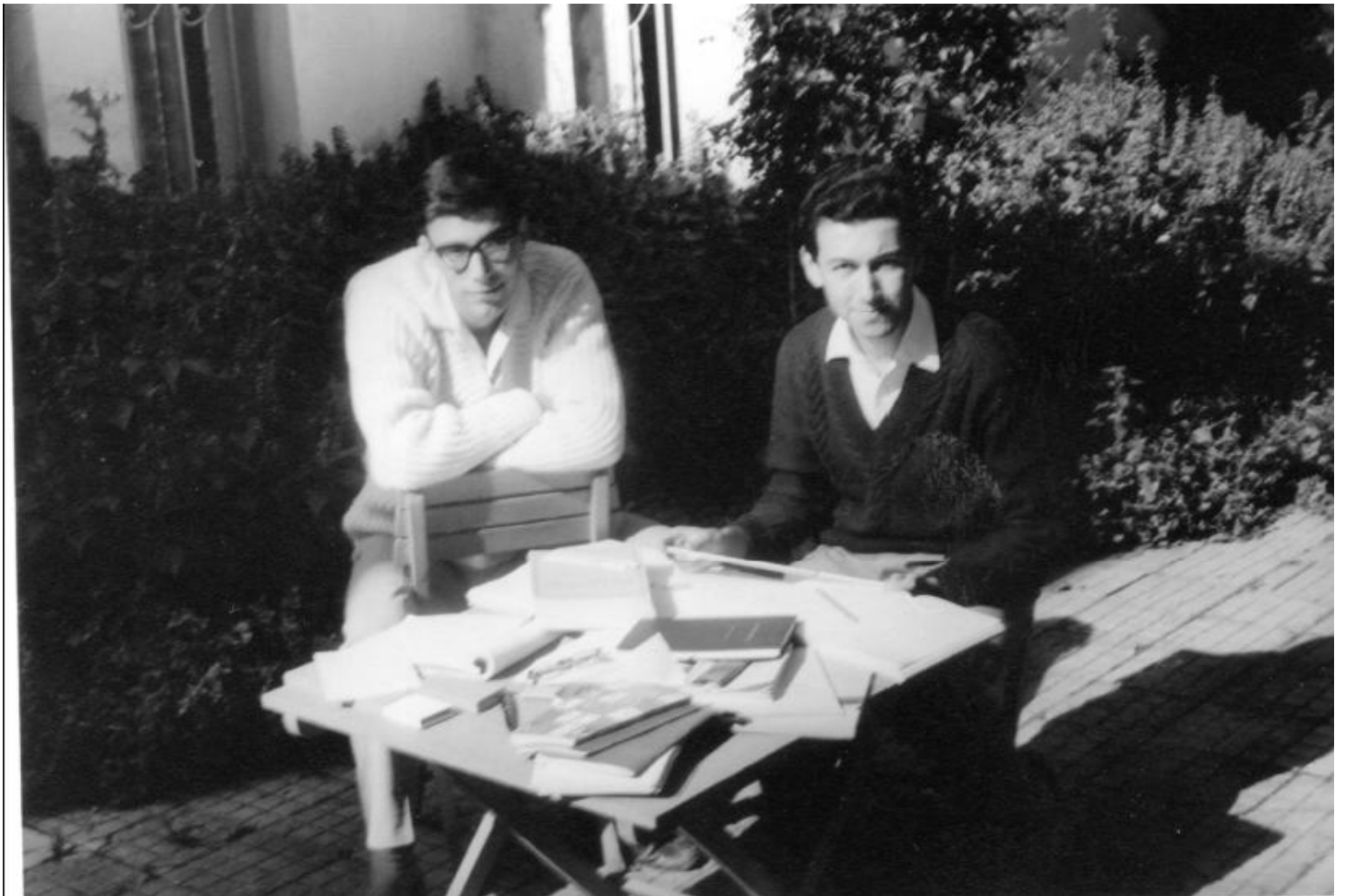




Riccione, summer 1960



Riccione, summer 1960



Cortina, summer 1961



Cortina, summer 1961



London, summer 1964

But I have lived, and have not lived in vain:
My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,
And my frame perish even in conquering pain;
But there is that within me which shall tire
Torture and Time, and breathe when I expire;

Byron (Childe Harold)