

CHIȘINĂU
UNQUOTED

VIEW POINT

«BINE ATI VENIT IN CHISINAU»,

ADVERTISING PANEL

LOOKING DOWN FROM THE VIEW POINT, YOU SEE, CARPETING ALL THE CITY, A FIRST LAYER MADE OF GREY, MUD AND GREEN PATCHES OF GRASS HERE AND THERE. MEANDERING THROUGH THIS FIRST LAYER, DOTS OF A WIDE RANGE OF BROWNS, BLUES, WHITES AND GREYS, WITH SOME DAZZLES OF PINKS, REDS AND YELLOWS, TALK AND VROOM-VROOM. ON SPRING AND SUMMER, ALL THESE DANCING MOTES DISAPPEAR UNDER THE UPPER LAYER, MADE BY ALL KINDS OF GREENS, AND YOU HAVE TO WAIT TO SEE THEM AGAIN UNTIL THERE IS A BLAST OF ORANGES, REDS AND YELLOWS THAT FINISHES IN WINTER, WHEN IT BECOMES A FABRIC OF WIDE BROWN THREADS. GROWING FROM INSIDE THIS CHANGING LAYER AND GOING UP TO THE SKY, CONSTRUCTIONS OF LOW SATURATED COLOURS WITH SOME DISORGANIZED COUNTERPOINTS OF BRIGHT BLUES AND GREENS AND WHITE ORNAMENTATION ON THE TOP. IF YOU TURN AROUND, YOU REALISE YOU ARE SURROUNDED BY HILLS STUDDED WITH THE BROWNS, GREENS AND YELLOWS OF THE VINEYARDS. AND IF YOU LOOK UPWARDS, YOU SEE A SOFT BLUE SKY AND, SOMEWHERE, A WHITE SUN WARMING YOUR SKIN. NOW CLOSE YOUR EYES, FEEL THE GENTLE WIND, SOME BIRD, SOME FAR ENGINE, THE FINGERS OF THE MOLDAVIAN GUY THAT DROVE YOU HERE GOING DOWN YOUR NECK, YOUR SHOULDER, YOUR ARM, OPEN YOUR EYES AGAIN, DON'T REPRESS YOURSELF AND SCREAM OF ECSTASY AND JOY.



«JUST THE PEOPLE THAT COME FROM ABROAD REALLY LEARN HOW TO KNOW A CITY. THEY FINISH IMPREGNATED OF IT THROUGH THE TIRED LEGS, THE HURTED FEET, WOUNDED BY THE HARD PAVEMENT, THROUGH THE SKIN THAT IS COLD AND THE STOMACH THAT CLAIMS FOOD. IF IT DOESN'T GET USE TO IT, IT DIES. THOSE WHO HAS LIVED ALL THEIR LIFE IN THE CITY THINK THAT THEY ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO KNOW THE CITY. AND DIE WITHOUT REALLY KNOWING IT. THE TRUTH IS THAT IS JUST VISIBLE TO US, THE FOREIGNERS, THAT ALWAYS AND EVERYWHERE WE GO WE ARE FOREIGNERS»

VIDOSAV STEVANOVIC

(FIND A BOY, ASK HIM TO DRIVE THERE. OR TAKE MINIBUS 169)



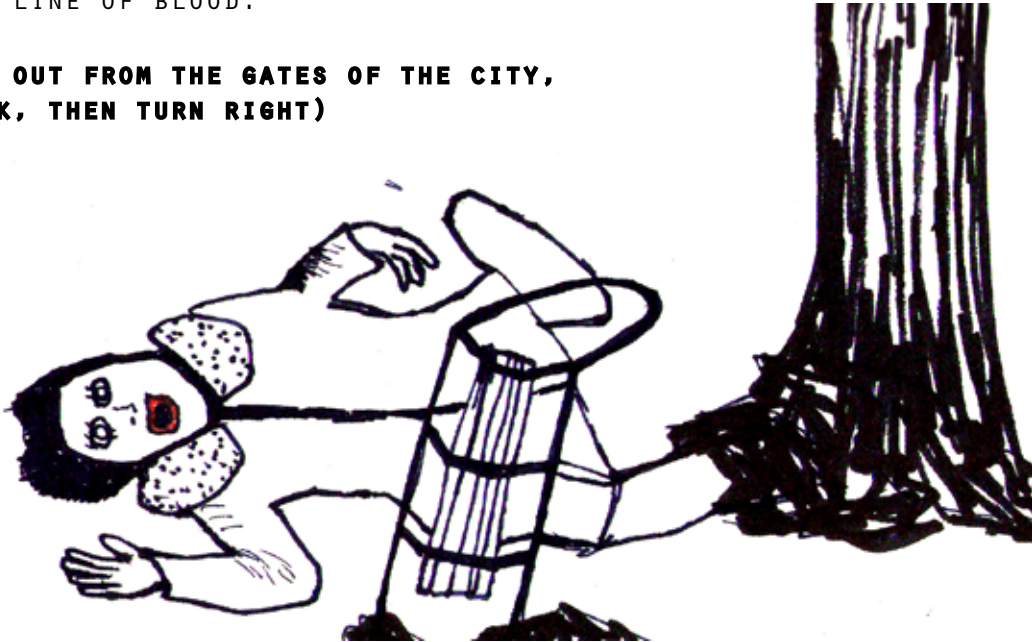
WOODEN CHURCH

«LA NAIBA!»,

GEORGE, GREY'S ANATOMY

IT WAS AROUND TWELVE. THE FENCE OF THE WOODEN CHURCH WAS CLOSED, SO AFTER AN UNAVOIDABLE GLIMPSE TO THE CONTRAST BETWEEN THE SACRED BUILDING AND THE GATES OF THE CITY, WE WALKED DOWNHILL UNTIL THE SNOWY SHORE. SHE WALKED ON THE FROZEN SURFACE UNTIL SHE GOT SCARED, I JUST WAITED FOR HER TO BE SCARED ON THE EDGE OF THE LAKE. WE SAT ON A BENCH AND I RESTED MY HEAD ON HER SHOULDER. IT WAS MINUS TEN, BUT SUNNY, AND I WAS FEELING THE SUNBEAMS ON MY FACE WHILE I WAS FALLING ASLEEP. ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LAKE, A GROUP OF SEVEN GIRLS WERE READY TO SLIDE DOWNHILL RIDING A PLASTIC TRAY. I COULD SEE THEM THROUGH THE TINY SPACE BETWEEN MY EYELIDS. THEY WERE SLIDING DOWN, ALL TOGETHER SCREAMING WITH EXCITEMENT, PASSING FAST THROUGH THE TINY SPACE BETWEEN THE THIN TREE TRUNKS. ALMOST AT THE END, THE LAST GIRL SPUN OUT OF THE GROUP IN A CLOCKWISE DIRECTION, BUMPED INTO A TRUNK AND SPUN COUNTER CLOCKWISE. THEN SHE CALMLY SLID DOWNHILL. HER FRIENDS WERE ALREADY DOWN, SCREAMING WITH FEAR, AND SHE WAS SLIDING DOWN IN SLOW MOTION, SILENT, LEAVING BEHIND HER A SINGLE SHINY INTENSE RED LINE OF BLOOD.

(GO OUT FROM THE GATES OF THE CITY,
WALK, THEN TURN RIGHT)



WOODEN WELL

«AT TEN PACES YOU CAN'T HEAR OUR WORDS»,

OSIP MANDELSTAM

HE SITS NEXT TO ME. HE IS IN HIS FORTIES, HE SMELLS BAD, HE IS DRUNK, HE LEANS TOWARDS ME, HE TOUCHES MY SHOULDER, MY ARM. HE TALKS TO ME, EATING WITH HIS DECAYED TEETH AND HIS DOUGHY TONGUE MOST OF HIS WORDS. MY BODY DRAWS AWAY AND MY HANDS GRASP MY BAG. HE SEARCHES MY EYES AND LOSES THEM ALL THE TIME. HE WANTS MONEY, HE WANTS COMPANY, HE WANTS SOMETHING THAT I CAN NOT UNDERSTAND. I STAND UP, TREMBLING, AND I START MY WALK AWAY WHEN A SINGLE POIGNANTLY COMPREHENSIBLE SENTENCE COMES OUT FROM HIS MOUTH AND CROSSES MY BRAIN. I AM SORRY I SCARED YOU.

(GHEORGHE ASACHI STREET)



CHISINAU FOR CHILDREN

CIRCUL

«AAARGGGRRRRSRSSS...»,

THE BEAR

IT HAD CAUGHT MY EYE ON MANY OCCASIONS. THE SAD LOOK OF THIS ONCE FLOURISHING BUILDING WHERE A LOT OF CHILDHOOD MEMORIES MUST HAVE BEEN MADE. NOW NOBODY SEEMED TO CARE ABOUT IT ANYMORE, LEFT AS A REMEMBRANCE OF ANOTHER TIME. THE DECISION TO ENTER CAME VERY SUDDEN, AS THE CALL TO MY FRIENDS TO JOIN ME. DOGS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE WANDERING AROUND, BITING ANYBODY WHO TRIES TO ENTER. SOMEONE TOLD ME THERE STILL LIVES A BEAR SOMEWHERE IN THE BUILDING. THROUGH BUSHES, A STAIRCASE AND BY PUSHING A WOODEN PANEL FIVE GIRLS MANAGED TO ENTER THE CIRCUS WITHOUT DAMAGING THEIR DRESSES.

THERE WE WERE, SCARED TO BE CAUGHT, BITTEN OR SOMETHING ELSE. WE FOUND OUR WAY TO THE ARENA. ALL OF US STUNNED BY THE BEAUTY AND ENERGY STILL LEFT IN THIS PLACE. SOON WE FORGOT ABOUT OUR FEARS, AND STARTED TO GO INSIDE EVERY DOOR AND STAIRCASE TO FIND THE TOP. CLIMBING ON OLD IRON FENCES, WALKING IN THE HIGHEST POINT FROM WHERE THE

TRAPEZE ARTISTS USED TO JUMP. NOT ONCE DID WE THINK ABOUT THE BAD CONDITION THE BUILDING WAS IN AND THE RISKS WE WERE TAKING. THEN ON A STAIRCASE WE FROZE. THE SOUND DIDN'T SEEM TO BE HUMAN. WAS IT OF

THE DOGS WE WERE WARNED ABOUT?

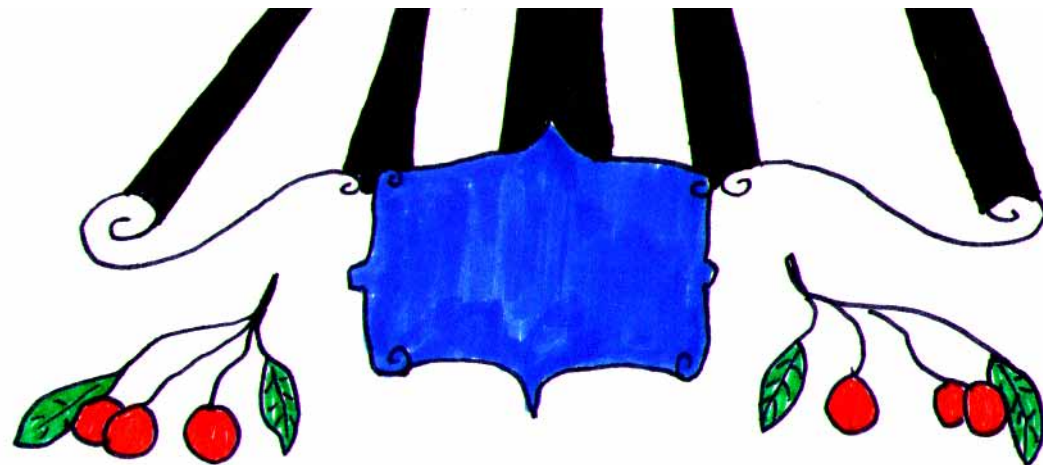
GGGGRRRRSRSSS.... IT COULDN'T BE THE BEAR, THE SOUND WAS TOO

SOFT. AAAAHH! A BLACK SHADOW FLEW OVER US. IT TURNED OUT WE

FOUND OURSELVES SCARED OF A BIRD THAT HAD FOUND IT'S WAY IN

SIDE TO BUILD A PLACE FOR HER CHILDREN.

(CIRCULUI STREET 33)



AMUSEMENT PARK

«THE FISH DOESN'T [THINK]: IT ALREADY KNOWS EVERYTHING»,

CHEVENGUR, BY A. PLATONOV

SINCE THE COLD IS COMING, DIMINUTE AND COLOURFUL VERSIONS OF COSMONAUTS RUN AROUND THE PARK, CLUTCH THEIR LITTLE HANDS AROUND THE RED AND YELLOW AND GREEN METAL BARS AND LOOK WITH VIBRANT EYES AT THEIR PARENTS AND THE ATTRACTIONS THAT TURN AROUND UNDER A BEAUTIFUL BLUE SKY. AN OLD MAN IS SITTING AND CAN'T TAKE HIS EYES OFF HIS GRANDDAUGHTER, SMILING ON THE FLYING CHAIRS. HE WEARS A BROWN JACKET, A HAT AND A SWEATER WITH BIG RHOMBUSES AND HE HAS A TINY, SHY BUT ILLUMINATING SMILE. HE SITS CALMLY UNDER THE SKY, NOT FAR FROM THE GIRL THAT HE LOVES THE MOST. I CAN SEE MYSELF IN HIM, FIFTY YEARS FROM NOW. I THINK ABOUT MY FIRST DAY IN MOLDOVA, WHEN I WAS WONDERING HOW I WILL FEEL ON MY LAST DAY, WHEN EVERYTHING WILL BE OVER AND I WILL KNOW WHAT IT WAS ALL THAT I HAD TO LIVE IN CHISINAU. I WONDER IF HE FEELS THE SAME WAY, IF HE REMEMBERS HOW IT WAS FIFTY YEARS AGO, WHEN HE WAS WONDERING WHAT HE WILL HAVE TO LIVE, AND NOW SITS CALMLY BECAUSE HE ALREADY KNOWS ALL THAT HE HAD TO LIVE.

(NEXT TO THE PARK VALEA TRANDAFIRILOR)



SURROUNDINGS

TIRASPOL

«I AM SORRY I SCARED YOU»,
MAN ON THE WELL

ONE VOLUNTEER
ANOTHER VOLUNTEER
VARIOUS PASSENGERS
A CUSTOMS OFFICER

(BORDER WITH TRANSNISTRIA. THE TWO VOLUNTEERS AND VARIOUS PASSENGERS ARE SITTING IN A MINIBUS. OUTSIDE THE MINIBUS, ON THE LEFT, VARIOUS COMMUNIST SYMBOLS. ON THE RIGHT CORNER, SOME NON-SMOKING, NO-TAKING PICTURES SIGNS. ONE VOLUNTEER, SITTING ON THE LEFT SIDE OF THE MINIBUS, TAKES A PICTURE OF SOMETHING OUTSIDE THE WINDOW. A CUSTOMS OFFICER ENTERS IN THE MINIBUS)

CUSTOMS OFFICER: PASPORTY. PASPORTY (HE WALKS BETWEEN THE SEATS TAKING THE PASSPORTS OF THE PASSENGERS. HE STOPS IN FRONT OF EVERY PASSENGER, STARES AT THE PICTURE ON THE PASSPORT, THEN THE FACE OF THE PERSON. FINALLY, HE STOPS IN FRONT OF ONE VOLUNTEER.) VYJDITE, POZHALUJSTA, IZ AVTOBUSA.



ONE VOLUNTEER: CE?

ANOTHER VOLUNTEER: HE WANTS YOU TO GO OUT OF THE BUS.

CUSTOMS OFFICER (TURNING TO ANOTHER VOLUNTEER): VY GOVORITE PO-RUSKI?

ANOTHER VOLUNTEER: DA, SHUT SHUT.

CUSTOMS OFFICER: VY TOZHE VYJDITE.

ANOTHER VOLUNTEER (TO ONE VOLUNTEER): I HAVE TO GO OUT TOO...

ONE VOLUNTEER (LOUDER): WHAT?

ANOTHER VOLUNTEER: HAIDE, HAIDE, LET'S GO...

(THE TWO VOLUNTEERS AND THE CUSTOMS OFFICER GO OUT OF THE MINIBUS. THEY WALK TO THE RIGHT CORNER, WHERE THE SIGNS ARE. THE CUSTOMS OFFICER POINTS TO THE SIGN OF NO-TAKING PICTURES)

CUSTOMS OFFICER: NEL'ZJA, NO PICTURES, UDALITE!

ANOTHER VOLUNTEER (TO ONE VOLUNTEER): YOU HAVE TO DELETE THE PICTURE YOU TOOK.

ONE VOLUNTEER (TO BOTH ANOTHER VOLUNTEER AND CUSTOMS OFFICER): NO, WHAT, WHY? I JUST TOOK ONE, ADIN.

CUSTOMS OFFICER (LOUDER, NERVOUS): UDALITE, POZHALUJSTA!

ANOTHER VOLUNTEER (TO ONE VOLUNTEER, MORE NERVOUS): DELETE IT!

ONE VOLUNTEER (TO THE CUSTOMS OFFICER, SHOWING HIM THE CAMERA): OK, I DELETE IT, YOU SEE? DELETED.

CUSTOMS OFFICER: KHOROSHO.

(THE TWO VOLUNTEERS RETURN TO THE MINIBUS AND GO TO TIRASPOL)

END OF THE PLAY



GOING OUT

B68
«GOOD MORNING! THE SUN RISES AT DAWN, AND YOU ARE STILL SLEEPING!»,

ANDREY

HERE YOU ARE! MY BEAUTY! LET ME HUG YOU! LET'S WALK, LET'S WALK. REMEMBER THE OTHER DAY WE WENT TO THE CENTRAL MARKET? (YES) WHEN YOU LEFT I WENT THERE AGAIN, I FOUND FIFTY LEI ON THE FLOOR AND I BOUGHT THIS HAT. A WEEK AGO I WAS WALKING ON ISMAIL AND I SAW A MAN SLEEPING ON A BENCH, I SAID TO HIM WHAT ARE YOU DOING SLEEPING HERE, IT'S TOO COLD! SO I SAID TO HIM TO COME WITH ME, AND THEN HE SLEPT WHERE I WORK, HERE IN PUSHKIN STREET, HE SPENT THE NIGHT THERE WHILE I WAS WORKING, HE SAID TO ME ANDREY, YOU ARE A GOOD MAN, YOU LIVED IN THE STREET, DIDN'T YOU?, AND I SAID TO HIM THAT HE CAN COME IF HE NEEDS. LET'S GO TO SEE THE NEWSPAPERS ON THE PARK, LET'S FIND PICTURES OF THE POPE. DO YOU KNOW WHICH NAME I WOULD CHOSE IF I WAS THE POPE? (No, which?) A BEAUTIFUL ONE, SILVESTER. SILVESTER THE FIFTH. ON TUESDAY IT WAS SNOWING AGAIN, REMEMBER? ALL DAY SNOWING, SO I WENT TO THE CATHEDRAL TO CLEAN THE STAIRS, BUT AFTER I WENT ALL AROUND ONCE, THE SNOW HAD COVERED THE STAIRS AGAIN, SO I HAD TO GO AROUND THE CHURCH THREE OR FOUR TIMES. THE OLD WOMAN THERE TOLD ME ANDREY, THE WOUND IN YOUR LEG IS NOT HEALED, I CAN SEE IT HURTS YOU, YOU SHOULD STOP, AND I SAID NO, THE CATHEDRAL NEEDS CLEAN STAIRS. ARE YOU GOING TO WATCH THE OSCARS? (ANDREY, I BROUGHT SOME BREAD FOR YOUR DOGS) WHICH DOGS? (THE DOGS, THE ONES LIVING BEHIND THE SKYTOWER) THOSE DOGS? THEY WERE POISONED A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO (OH ANDREY, IS GETTING LATE, I SHOULD GO) I WILL WALK YOU TO THE TROLLEYBUS IN STEFAN CEL MARE, WHICH ONE DO YOU NEED, THE SIX, THE EIGHT?

(FLAT SPACE, BUCURESTI STREET, 68/1)

MUSEUM ZEMSTVEI
«GOOD NIGHT AND SWEET DREAMS»,
 THE BOY

THE BOY TOLD HER 'THIS IS MY HOUSE, THIS IS WHERE I LIVE'. IT WAS SUMMER AND THE CONDITIONS TO SLEEP ON ONE OF THE COUCHES WERE PERFECT. THE MUSEUM DOESN'T LET THE HEAT ENTER AND IT'S A GOOD PLACE TO COOL-DOWN. AS THE WINTER CAME ALONG AND THE GIRL SPENT MORE OF HER TIME WITH THE BOY, EVEN HIS SOVJET BLANKET COULDN'T KEEP HER WARM ANYMORE.

(A.SCIUSEV STREET, 103)



SHOPPING

VEGAN KIOSK

«YOU ALSO DON'T EAT YOUR PETS FOR DINNER»,
ANIMAL ACTIVIST

HE DIDN'T MEET THE EUROPEAN STEREOTYPE. MISSING ALL THE OBVIOUS ELEMENTS, LIKE A KEYCHAIN ON HIS TROUSERS. MAYBE HE WAS THE ONLY VEGAN BOY LIVING IN CHISINAU. I DON'T REMEMBER HOW I DISCOVERED THE SIMILARITIES IN OUR DIET IDEOLOGY. WHEN WE DID, HE DREW ME A MAP OF WHERE TO FIND THIS PLACE ON THE CENTRAL MARKET WHERE A WOMAN SELLS ALL OF THESE VEGAN PRODUCTS FROM MOLDOVA. YOU PROBABLY WONDER WHY, IF VEGANISM ISN'T THE ANSWER. POST.

INSTRUCTION:

ENTER THE CENTRAL MARKET FROM STRADA ARMENEASCA.
THE FIFTH ROW ON YOUR RIGHT HAND IS WHERE YOU NEED TO BE.
NEXT TO THE PLACE YOU CAN HEAR FROM FAR AWAY.
BEFORE THE ROW WITH THE SEMI ALIVE FISHES.



2ND HAND MARKET

«DEAD WHITE MEN'S CLOTHES»,
AFRICAN 2HAND CLOTHING VENDOR



(BEHIND, NEXT TO AND IN FRONT OF THE TRAIN STATION)

AUTOBUS 23

FROM CIOCANA TO BOTANICA,
BUS 23 WILL GIVE YOU A RIDE,
YOU WILL SEE WONDERFUL LANDSCAPES,
YOU WILL GO OUT WITH A SMILE.

THROUGH FIELDS AND CHIMNEYS,
THE SMELL IS BAD, IT'S TRUE,
BUT NO OTHER BUS COMES HERE,
YOU WILL HAVE A FUN, OR TWO!

THE CONDUCTOR ASKS YOU FOR MONEY,
BUT YOU DON'T HAVE ENOUGH TO PAY,
OH NO, THEY WILL LEAVE YOU NOWHERE!
THEN A BABUSHKA GIVES YOU ONE LEI.

FROM BOTANICA TO CIOCANA,
THE BUS 23 IS A GREAT BUS,
COME ON, EVERYBODY!
DON'T BE AFRAID, JOIN US!!



AUTOBUS 23



DE LA CIOCANA PÂNĂ LA BOTANICA,
ORAŞUL ÎL STRĂBAT ÎN LUNG ŞI-N LAT,
MUZICA ÎN URECHI, GROPILE DISPAR,
AUTOBUSUL 23 E MINUNAT!

Как хорошо всё, что я вижу
заводы, поля, чувствую себя как в кино,
ездит медленно, а времени нет,
я опоздаю, но мне всё равно!

UITE CUM MERGE PE STRADĂ,
UITE CÂT ESTE DE FRUMOS,
DUPĂ CE AI URCAT PRIMA DATĂ
NU MAI VREI SĂ MERGI PE JOS!

С Вотаники до Чекан,
давай товарищ, место есть для всех,
кто знает, может быть,
твоя следующая остановка: успех!

WHERE TO EAT

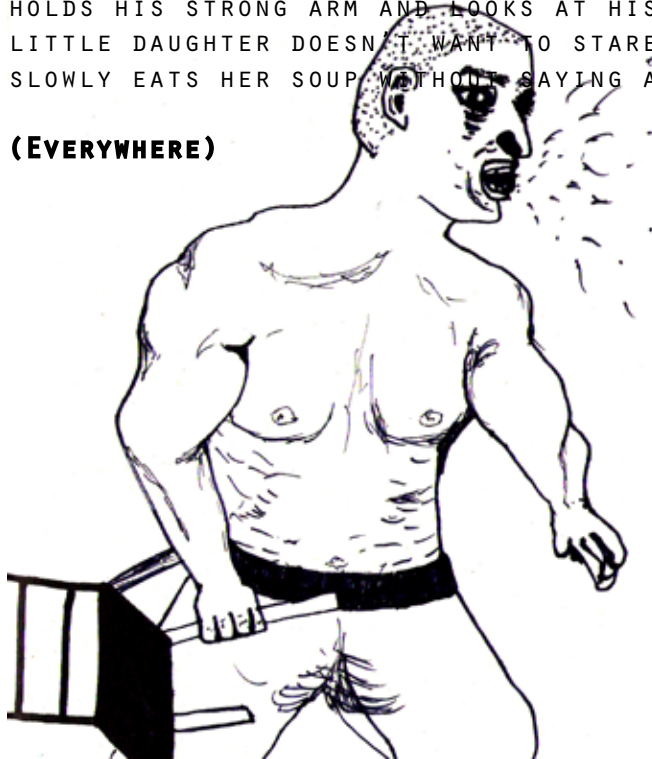
GALBENUS

«THEY SAY THAT MAN IS AN ANIMAL OF HABIT, RATHER THAN AN USUAL HABIT FOR A MAN IS TO BE AN ANIMAL»,

MAFALDA

I HAVE MY SHUBA, I HAVE MY BORSH. A FIST SLAMMING ON ANOTHER TABLE MAKES MY BOWL VIBRATE AND I RAISE MY SIGHT FROM MY FOOD. A MAN, OWNER OF THE FIST, HAD STOOD UP AND NOW SCREAMS AND THREATENS A COUPLE OF BOYS FROM ANOTHER TABLE. THE BOYS STAND UP AND TRY TO CALM DOWN THE MAN, THEY HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING, MAYBE THEY JUST LOOKED. HE SLAMS AGAIN ON THE TABLE, WALKS A FEW STEPS TOWARDS THEM, STOPS, SHOUTS, TRIES TO PUNCH THEM AND PUNCHES SOME FOOD-SMELLY AIR. THE BOYS STARE AT THE FLOOR AND ALL THE CAFETERIA IS IN SILENCE. THE MAN PUSHES A CHAIR, THE HAND OF HIS WIFE RESTS ON HIS ARM, THE BOYS, IN A RUSH, TAKE THEIR COATS AND THEIR GIRLFRIENDS AND LEAVE THE PLACE. THE MAN NOW IS SITTING AT HIS TABLE, HIS MUSCLES TENSED, HIS WIFE HOLDS HIS STRONG ARM AND LOOKS AT HIS SERIOUS PROFILE, HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER DOESN'T WANT TO STARE HIM IN THE EYES AND SLOWLY EATS HER SOUP WITHOUT SAYING A WORD.

(EVERYWHERE)



OPA

«WHAT ODDITIES ONE FINDS IN BIG CITIES WHEN ONE KNOWS HOW TO ROAM AND HOW TO LOOK!»,

C. BAUDELAIRE

WE ARE SHARING HUMUS, TALKING ABOUT OUR GUIDE, AND I'M TRYING TO RETAIN THE DETAILS OF THIS PLACE (DECORATION, NAMES OF THE MENU, THIS KIND OF STUFF) AND TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO WRITE THE STORY OF THE VOLUNTEER, WHO HAD A GOOD LEVEL OF RUSSIAN, THAT STARTED TO SPEAK IN RUSSIAN WITH THE OWNER, WHO IS OBVIOUSLY GREEK, UNTIL HE HAD TO STOP THE CONVERSATION BECAUSE HE COULDN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD. AND I'M EXPLAINING ALL THIS TO MELDY WHEN, FROM THE RIGHT SIDE OF MY FRAME OF VISION, A HAIRY ARM APPEARS TO LEAVE A NAPKIN IN FRONT OF HER. SHE LOOKS ON THE DIRECTION OF THE ARM, TAKES THE NAPKIN FROM THE TABLE, PUTS IT ASIDE AND TRIES TO KEEP THE CONVERSATION.

-SORRY, WHAT WAS THAT?

-NOTHING

-HOW NOTHING, WHO WAS THAT?

-ONE GREASY MAN, HE WANTS TO ADD ME ON FACEBOOK- SHE CLAPS ONCE -LAURA, THIS IS THE STORY FOR OPA! WRITE IT DOWN! HAI DAVAI!

I CLAP A FEW TIMES.

-YEEESS, THAT'S IT! THE GUIDE IS FINISHED!

(MITROPOLIT VARLAAM STREET, 88)

RECOMMENDATIONS

RUGINA, WWW.RUGINA.ORG, BUIUCANI
(THE TEETH OF THE DOG SQUEAKED LIKE THE RUSTY SCULPTURES)

ROMASHKA BUILDING, END OF MINIBUS 119, BOTANICA
(WE GOT STOPPED ON OUR WAY TO THE TOP BY A BOUQUET OF FRESH ROSES LYING ON THE FLOOR)

WATER SPRING, PARK VALEA MORILOR
(THE MAN WAS FILLING HIS LEAKING BARREL AS HE WAS A BOLD, FAT DANAIDE)

STAIRS, NEXT TO JUMBO, BOTANICA
(THE WORST NIGHTMARES OF THE TUBERCULOSIS GHOSTS FROM THE VANISHED HOSPITAL)



TEXT BY LAURA BOHIGAS VENDRELL
DRAWINGS BY MELDY IJPELAAR

#10 | MARTIE 2013 | REVISTA LA PLIC
LITERATURA, ARTA, ATITUDINE | [HTTP://PLIC.OBERLIHT.COM](http://PLIC.OBERLIHT.COM)

