

A person wearing a full-body white protective suit, including a hood and gloves, stands in the center of a dark, tunnel-like environment. The person is holding a small object in their right hand. The word "INNIGKEIT" is printed in a serif font across the person's chest.

INNIGKEIT



沈从文

Handwritten text, possibly a signature or list of names, located in the center of the page. The text is written in a cursive or shorthand style and is difficult to decipher. It appears to be a list of names or a signature.

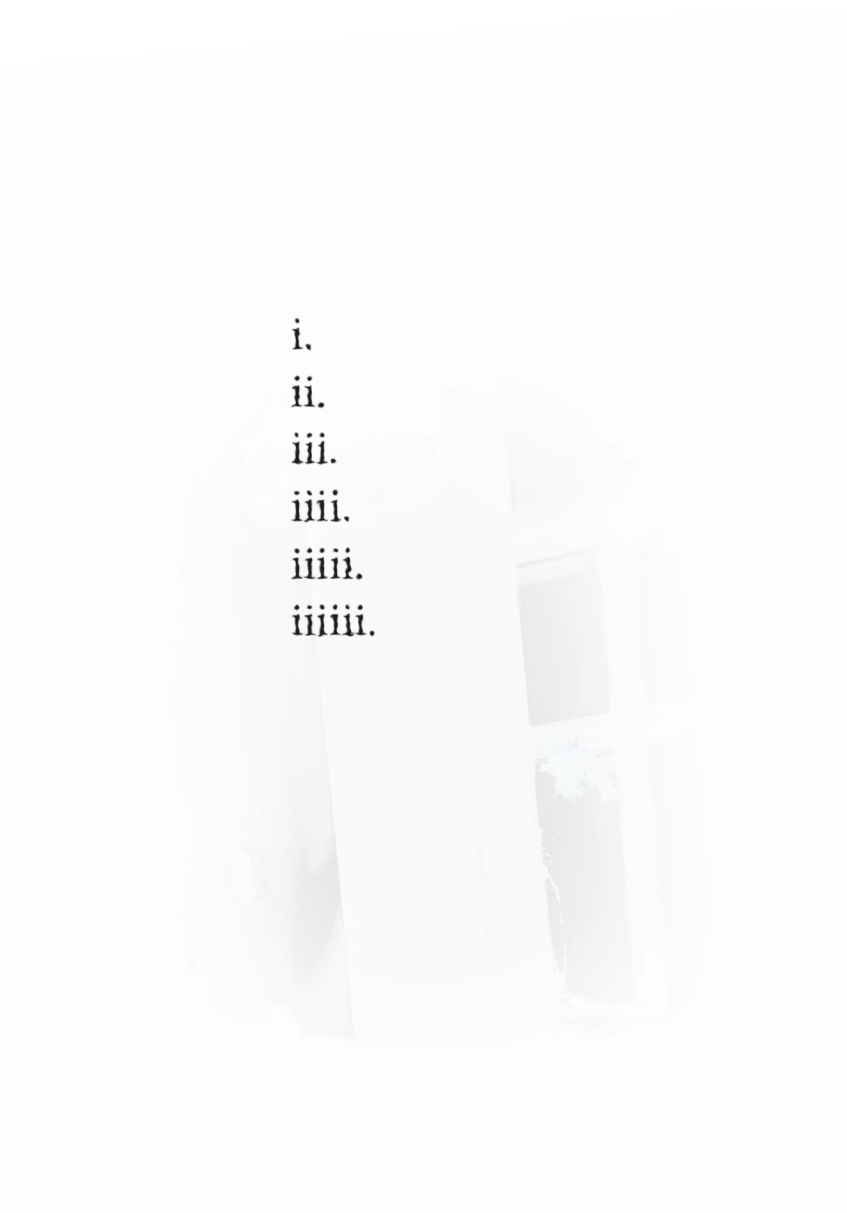
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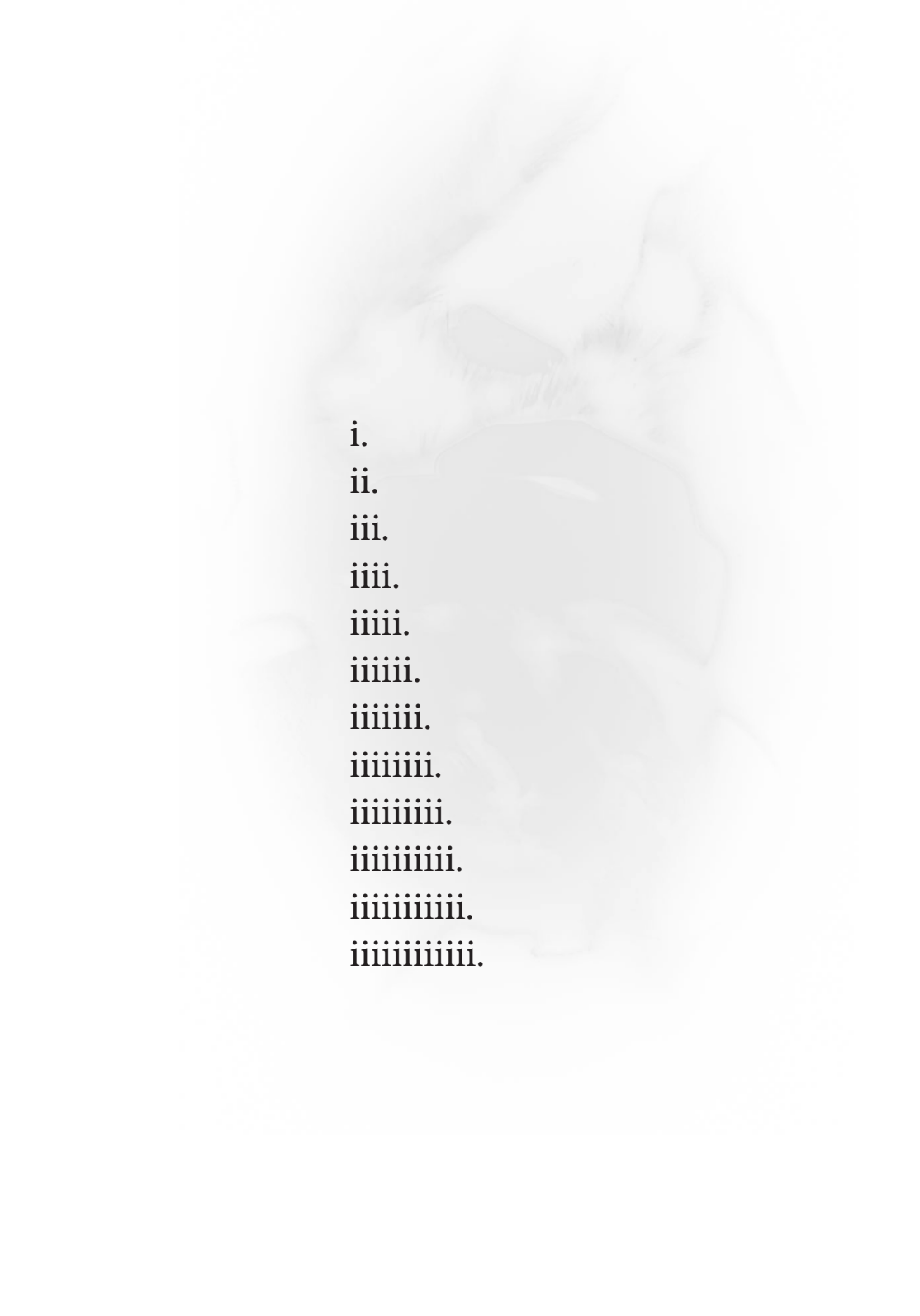


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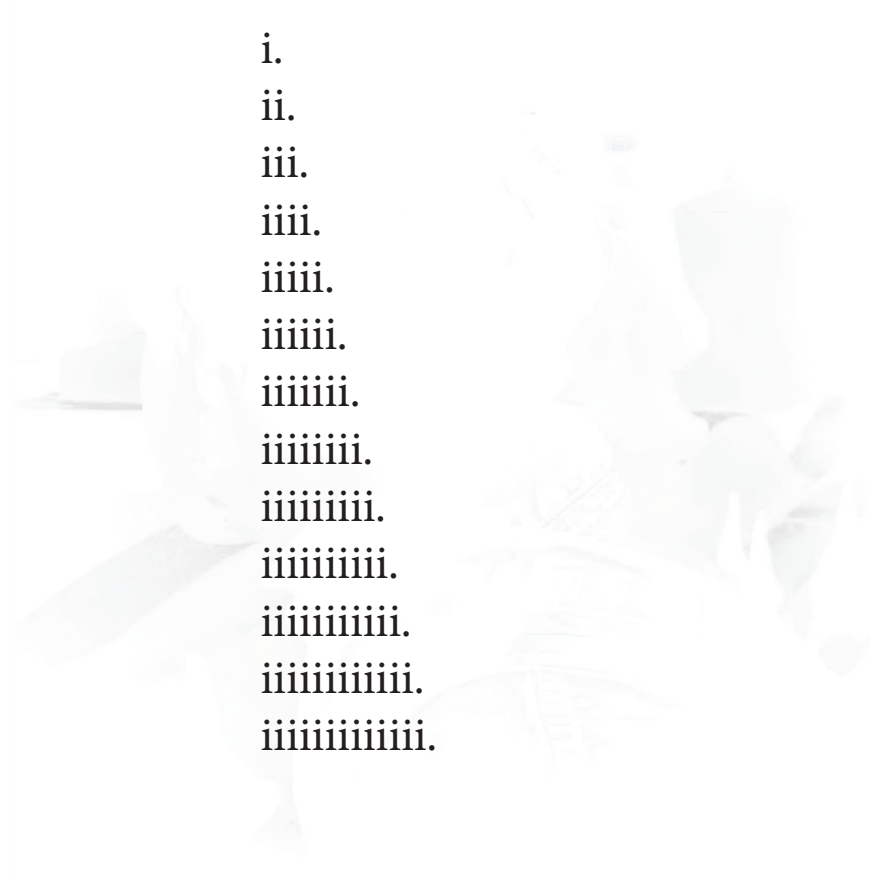


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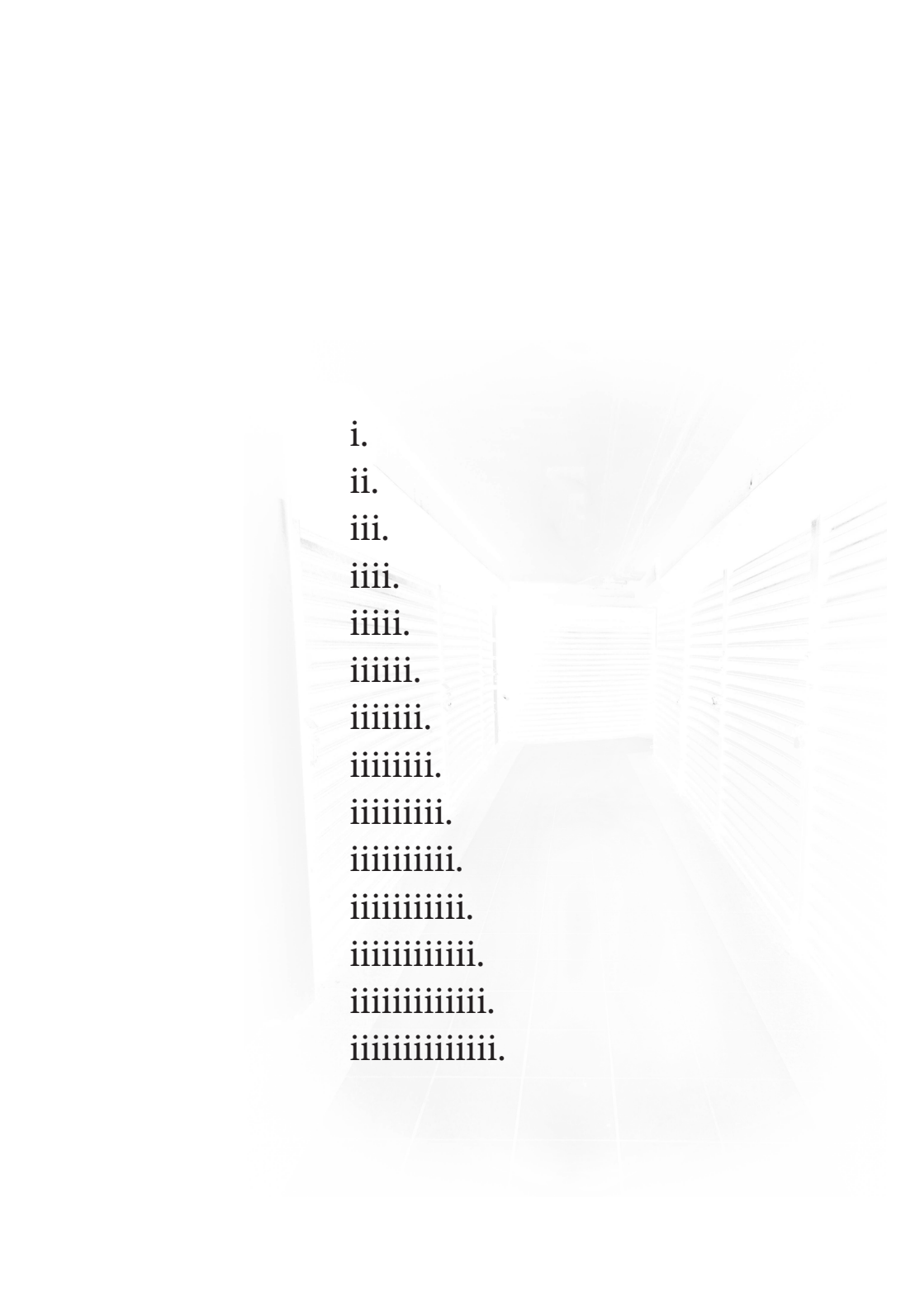
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little things like that have the power to drive even disciplined men to the edge of insanity. During my first winter at Little America I walked for hours with a man who was on the verge of murder or suicide over imaginary persecutions by another man who had been his devoted friend. For there is no escape anywhere. You are hemmed in on every side by your own inadequacies and the crowding pressures of your associates. The ones who survive with a measure of happiness are those who can live profoundly off **██████████**, **██**, as hibernating animals live off their fat.

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