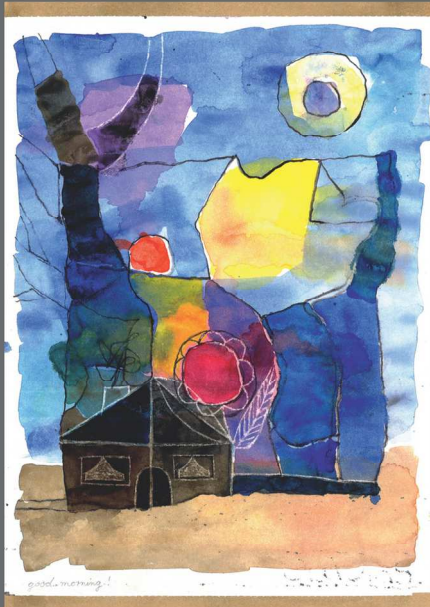
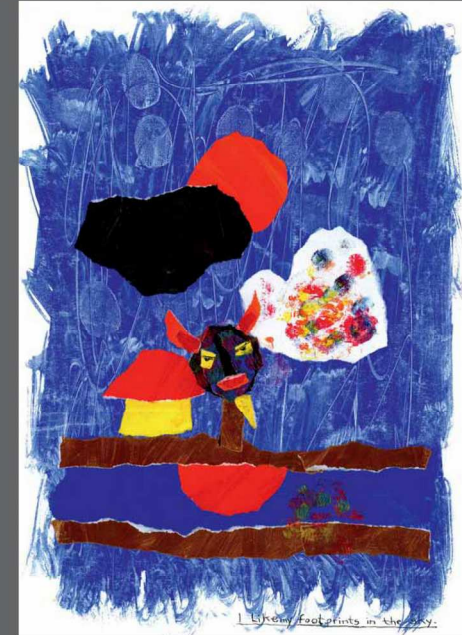


Calendar 2013



Анѳра
Poetic Manifesto



Listening to the river 1.

January

| <i>Mo</i> | <i>Tu</i> | <i>We</i> | <i>Th</i> | <i>Fr</i> | <i>Sa</i> | <i>Su</i> |  |  |
|-----------|-----------|-----------|-----------|-----------|-----------|-----------|---|---|
| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | |  |
| 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 |  |  |
| 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 |  | |
| 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 |  |  |
| 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | | | | | |



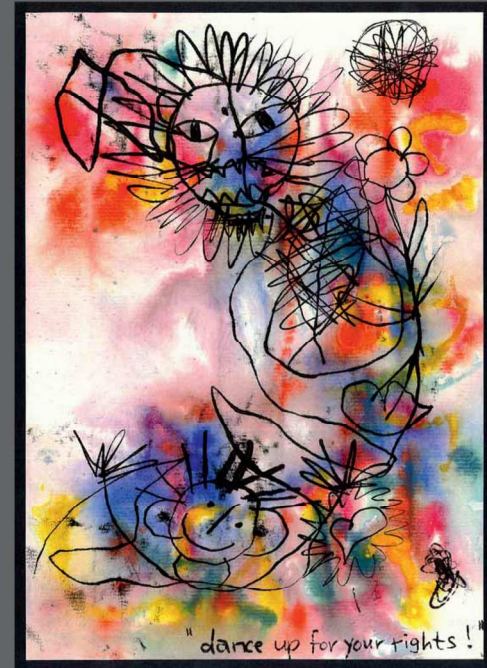
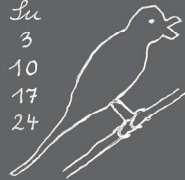
Last night ...



Tired.

February

| Mo | Tu | We | Th | Fr | Sa | Su |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| | | | | 1 | 2 | 3 |
| 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 |
| 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 |
| 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 |
| 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | | | |

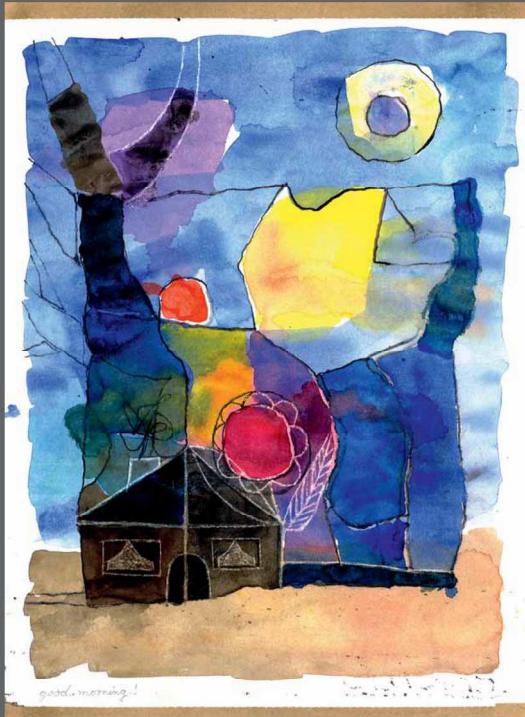


Dancing for my rights.

March

| Mo | Tu | We | Th | Fr | Sa | Su |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| | | | | 1 | 2 | 3 |
| 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 |
| 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 |
| 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 |
| 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 |

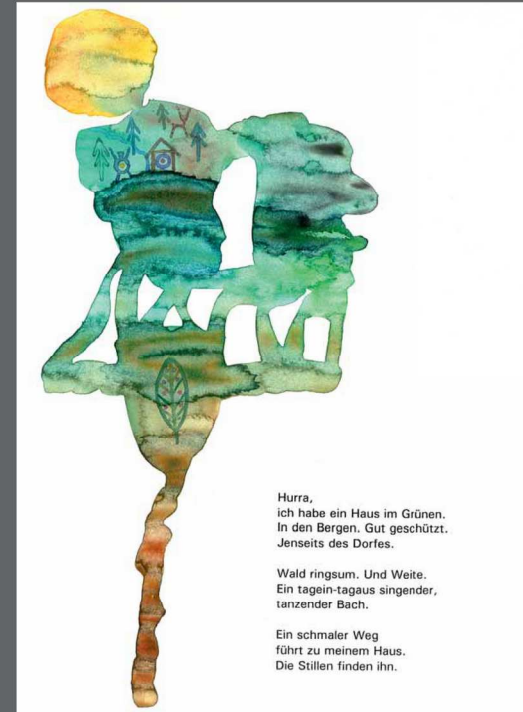




Small house 1.

April

| Mo | Tu | We | Th | Fr | Sa | Su |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
| 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 |
| 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 |
| 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 |
| 29 | 30 | | | | | |



Hurra,
ich habe ein Haus im Grünen.
In den Bergen. Gut geschützt.
Jenseits des Dorfes.

Wald ringsum. Und Weite.
Ein tagein-tagaus singender,
tanzender Bach.

Ein schmaler Weg
führt zu meinem Haus.
Die Stillen finden ihn.

Small house 2.

May

| Mo | Tu | We | Th | Fr | Sa | Su |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| | | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 |
| 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 |
| 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 |
| 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | | |





Jungle, with crocodile and flowers.

June

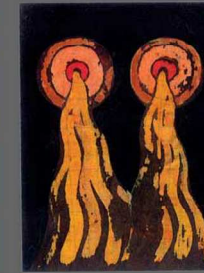
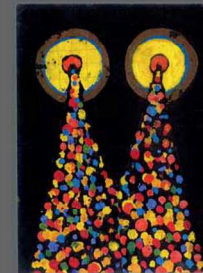
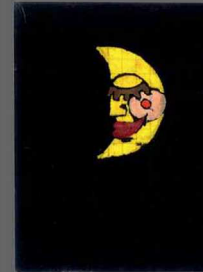
| Mo | Tu | We | Th | Fr | Sa | Su |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| | | | | | 1 | 2 |
| 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 |
| 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 |
| 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 |
| 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 |



"It's worthwhile to care for every tooth," says the crocodile with a nice smile. And "If you hurt me I kill you!"



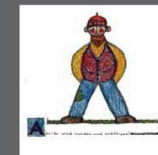
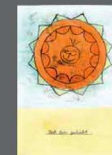
The guard.



Being nourished.

July

| Mo | Tu | We | Th | Fr | Sa | Su |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
| 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 |
| 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 |
| 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 |
| 29 | 30 | 31 | | | | |



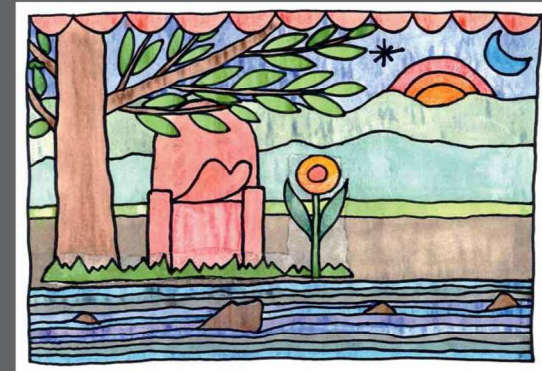
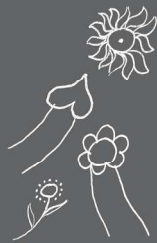
*Selflove.
I am lovable the way I am. I appreciate my self. I respect myself, nourish and protect myself. I am power. I decide.*



Dancing together.

August

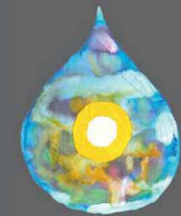
| Mo | Tu | We | Th | Fr | Sa | Su |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| | | | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 |
| 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 |
| 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 |
| 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 |
| 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | |



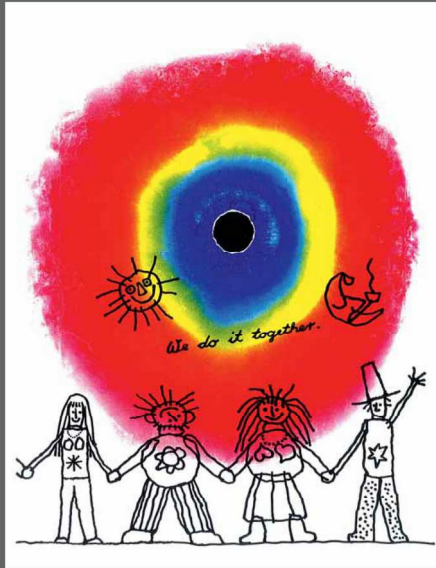
Listening to the river 2.

September

| Mo | Tu | We | Th | Fr | Sa | Su |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| | | | | | | 1 |
| 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 |
| 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 |
| 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 |
| 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 |
| 30 | | | | | | |



The sun in the drop of wisdom.



We do it together, taking care for ourselves, each other, and mother earth.

October

| Mo | Tu | We | Th | Fr | Sa | Su |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
| 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 |
| 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 |
| 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 |
| 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | | | |

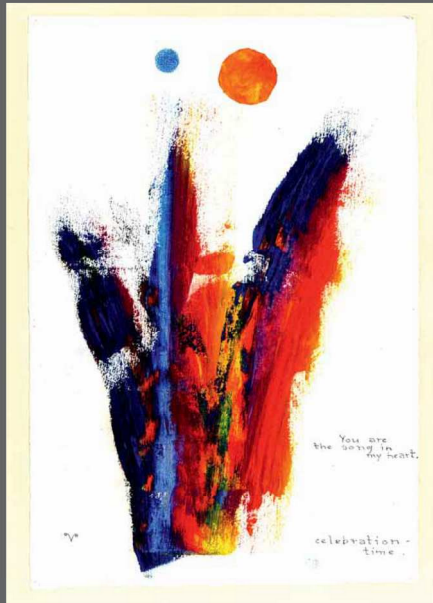


The House of Goldenlight.

November

| Mo | Tu | We | Th | Fr | Sa | Su |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| | | | | 1 | 2 | 3 |
| 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 |
| 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 |
| 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 |
| 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | |

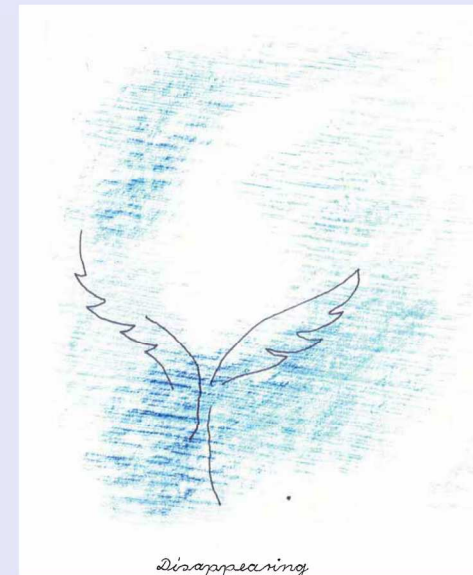




Celebrationtime:
You are the song in my heart.

December

| Mo | Tu | We | Th | Fr | Sa | Su |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| | | | | | | 1 |
| 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 |
| 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 |
| 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 |
| 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 |
| 30 | 31 | | | | | |



Disappearing

E

Das Märchen.

Es war einmal ein kleiner Junge, ein kleiner, magerer Junge, er war meistens müde, ängstlich und traurig. Er wohnte in einem kleinen Häuschen, das sein Freund des Krokodils baute. Er wachte über die ganze Nacht die Bäume und der Fluss, wann auch seine Freunde.

Erfüllte von Angst und Kummer entdeckte der kleine Junge irgendwann die Liebe. Die Liebe zu sich selbst. Es war wie ein Wunder, das ihm näher, freudiger, und ihm ruhiger werden ließ. Er wurde von Freude und dann fand er langsam auch unter den Menschen richtige Freunde. Angst, Trauer und Müdigkeit verblassten.

Um sein Selbstbewusstsein nach außen hin weiter zu stärken, kaufte der Junge sich eine schwarze, aufblähbare Lederjacke und fing an, Karate zu trainieren. Und er versuchte sich selbst zum Stamm zu gehen. Stark, stolz und zielorientiert. Hat da war er eigentlich schon älter und kein Junge mehr, und er trug einen Schnurrbart. Einen großen Schnurrbart.

Außen Mann, innen Kind, und so verhielt er sich. Später wurde der Mann reich und berühmter, (obwohl es ihm egal geworden war), und er lebte zeitweilig mit vielen anderen Dinosauriern in einem goldenen Schloss, aber immer wieder kehrte er in sein kleines Häuschen zurück, und lebte dort glücklich zusammen mit seinem Freund dem Krokodil. In seinem Hauschen konnte er Kind sein. Wohl von Liebe zu sich selbst.

Da kommt ein großer Sturm, mit Gewitter und jetzt ist das Märchen aus!

O

The fairy tale.

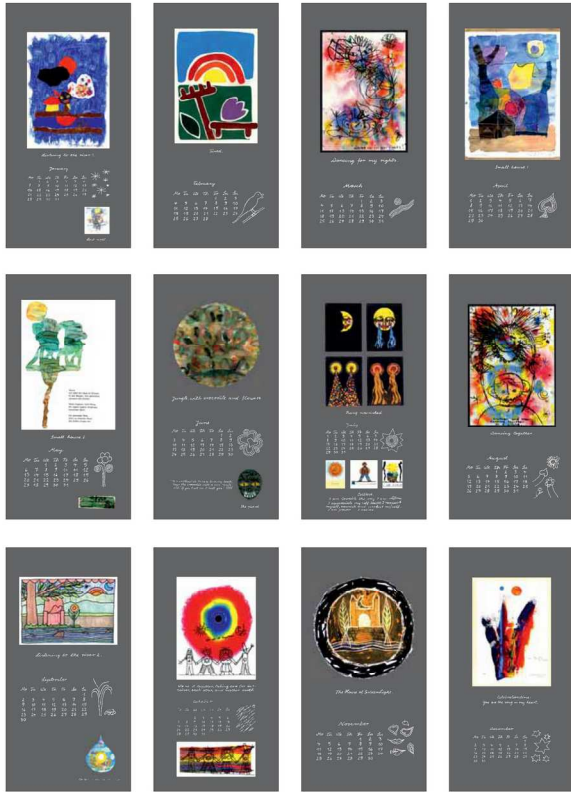
Once upon a time there was a little boy. The boy was small and meagre. Most of the time he was feeling tired, anxious and sad. He was living in a small house, which was guarded by his friend, the crocodile. The whole house, the trees, the river were also his friends.

Living a life full of fear and sadness the little boy was some time discover the love. The love for his self. The self-love. It was like a miracle, which was nourishing and strengthening him, so that he became more round. Out of joy he started dancing. Then he slowly became friends with people too. Fear, sadness and tiredness were fading away.

To force his power the boy was buying a black, puffed up leather-jacket and started to train karate. And he tried to walk quick and light. Smart and single-minded. But actually he was already grown up at that time, no more a boy, and he was wearing a moustache. A big moustache.

Outside man, inside child. Outside disciplined, inside wild. Later on the man became famous and rich (although it didn't bother him anymore). And he lived from time to time in a golden castle with many beautiful princesses. But he returned always to his small house, living happily there with his crocodile friend. In this house he could be a child, full of love to his self, and being wild.

A big storm is coming, with its power. And now this story will be over.



Calendar 2013

Doypa
Poetic Manifesto

Künstler / Autor: Arupam, Ulf Ingerfurth
Bestellungen: taoartverlag@aol.com
Layout: Karin Jerg