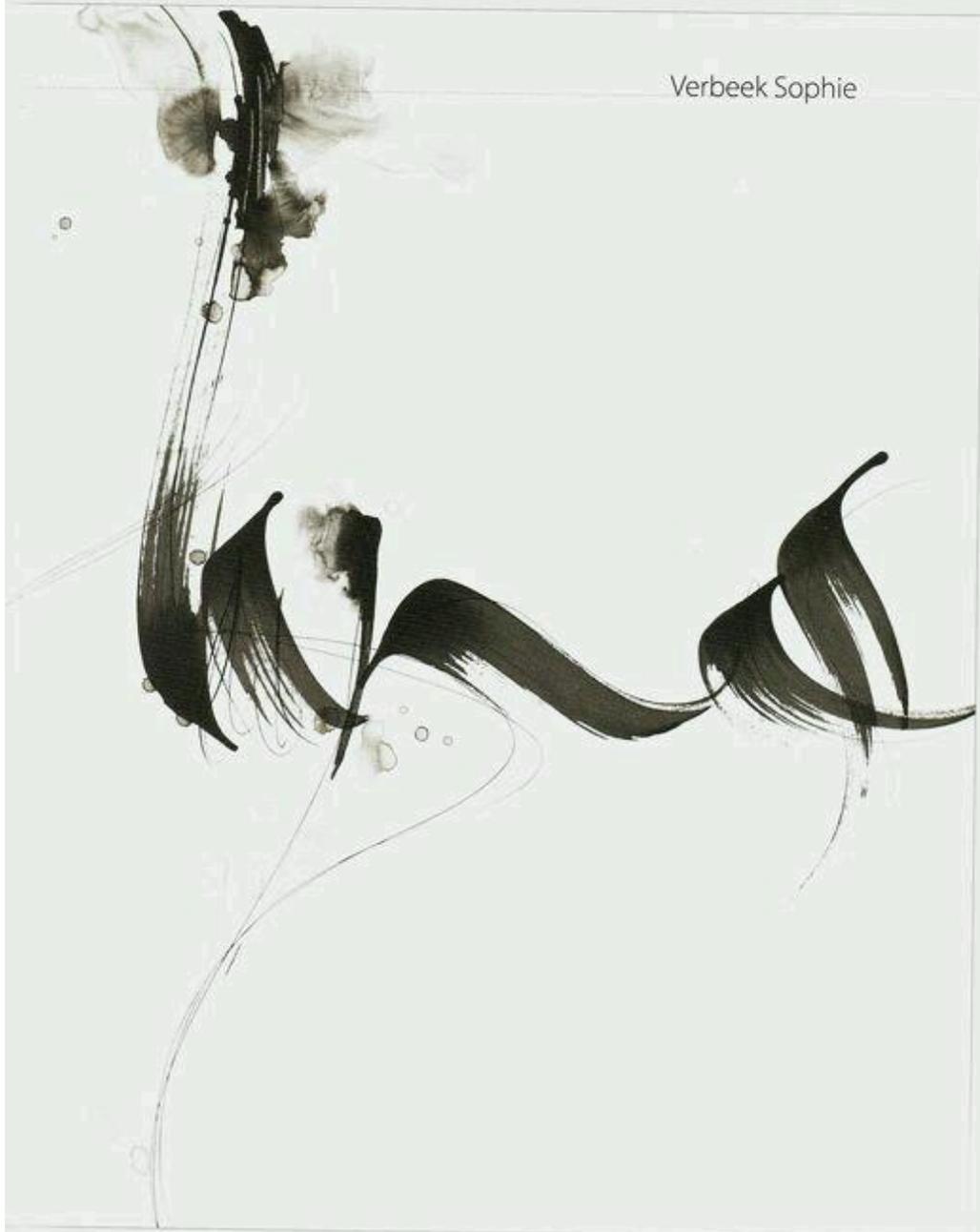


ОРНАМЕНТЫ ИЗ БУКВ

Verbeek Sophie



Barbara Chase

TRUE
PASSION

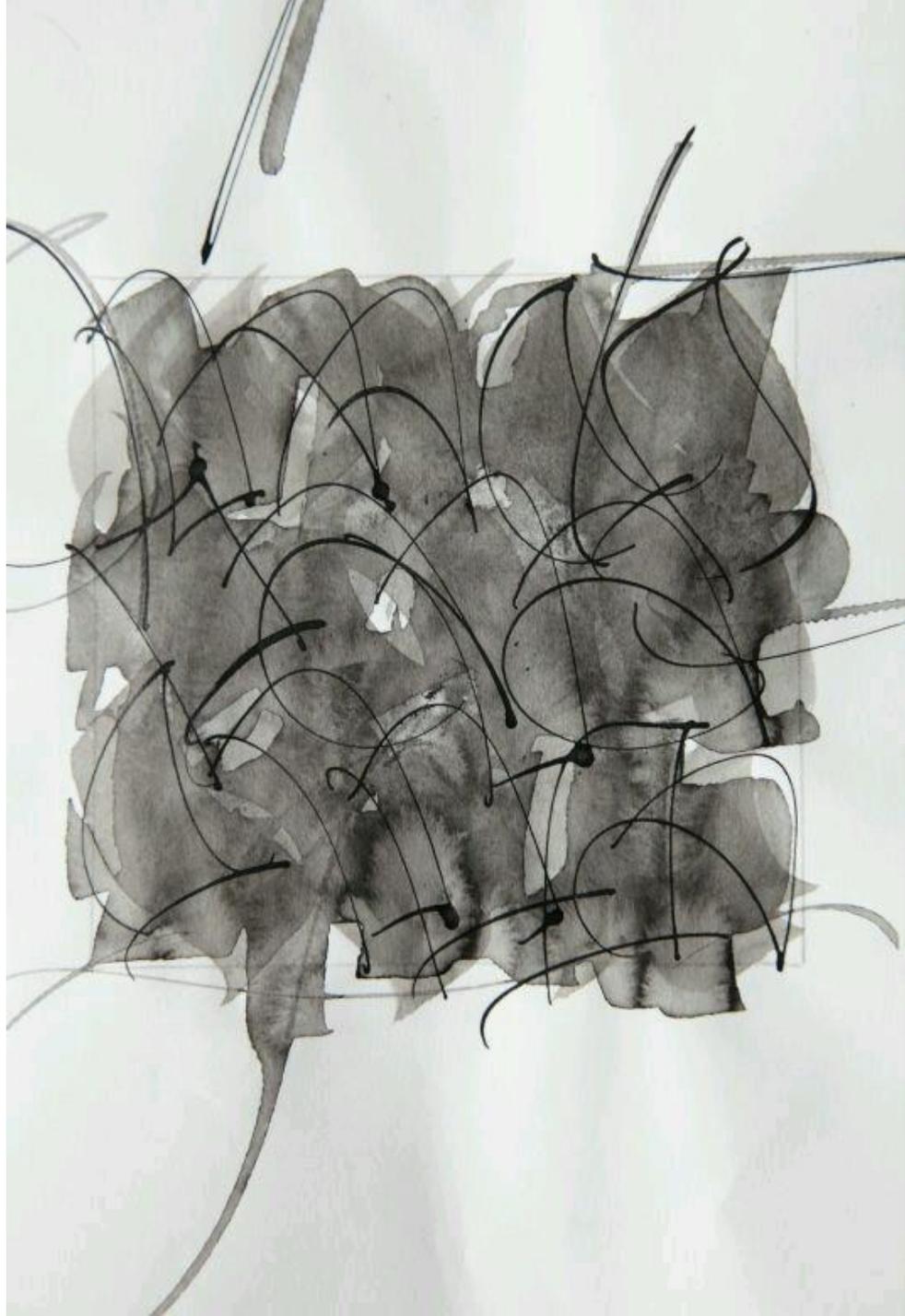
is
intoxicating
invigorating
soothing & sensual
magical
and
mystical

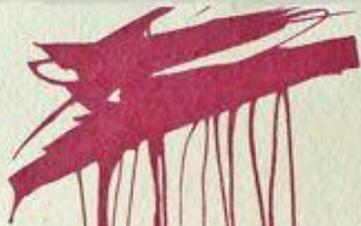
Just think! You should know
what you're in for!

Barbara Chase

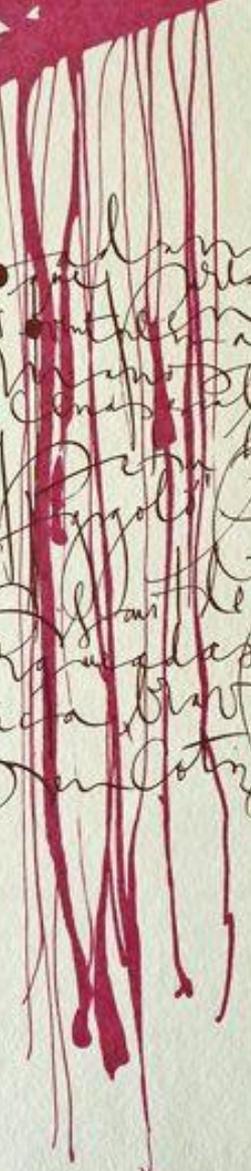








Chino y Juan
y tiras con el m...
que...
Cof...
T...
Los m...
M...
M...
O...
O...





Sign of spring

Toko Shimoda

1/65



RAINER MARIA RILKE HERBST



DIE BLÄTTER FALLEN
SILBEN WIE ZIM WEIT
ALS WELKTEN IN DIR
KOMMEN FERNE GÄRTEN
SIE SÄLLEN MIT
TERNEINANDER GEBÄRNE

UND IN DIR NÄCHTEN
FÄLLE DIE SCHWERE ERDE
WIE SÄLLEN STERNEN
IN DIE EINSAMKEIT



WIR ALLE SÄLLEN
DIE HANDE FÄLLE
UND SIEH DIR ANDREIN
ES IST IN ALLEN

UND D'GHUT EINER WELGER DIE SÄLLEN
DIE NICHT SAFT IN SEINEN LÄNDEN HÄLT

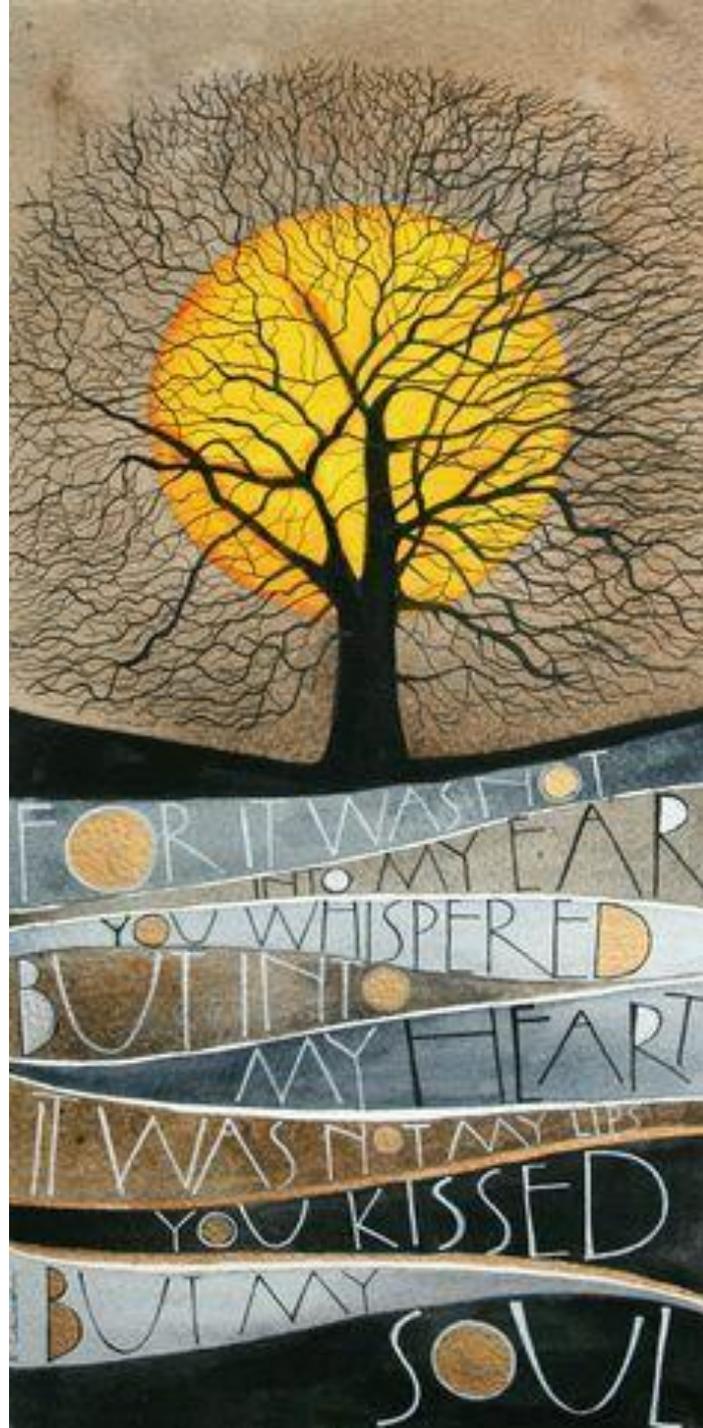


Handwritten text in a circular arrangement, possibly a poem or a list of names, written in a cursive script. The text is highly stylized and difficult to decipher. The words are arranged in a circle, with some appearing to be names or titles. The overall appearance is that of a personal or artistic manuscript.

[Large, stylized cursive signature]

...brighter day
...had to decide if I
...packed your things
...that were the
...day when it all began - a
...brighter day
...had to decide if I
...packed your
...things and moved on

BRIGHTER DAY

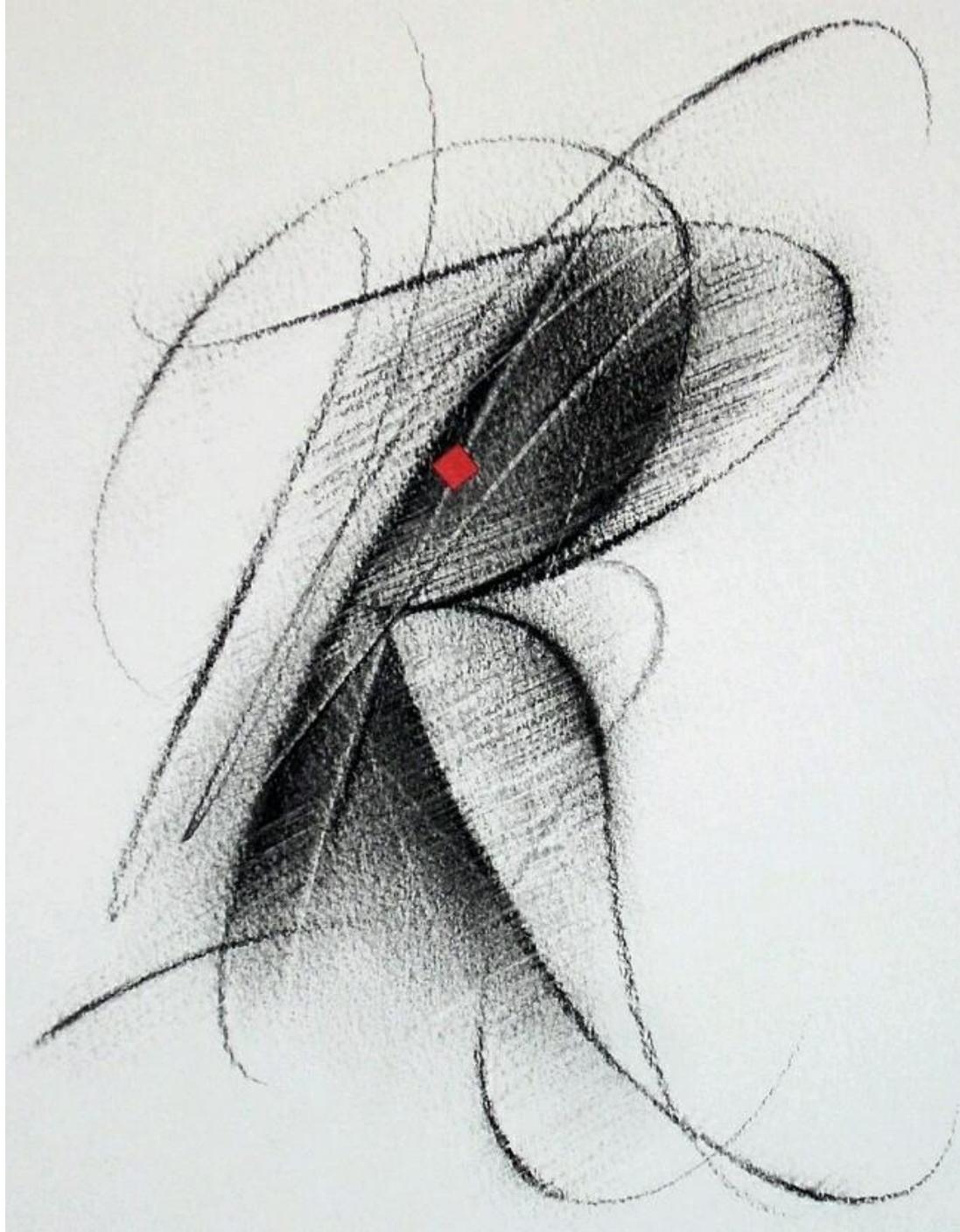


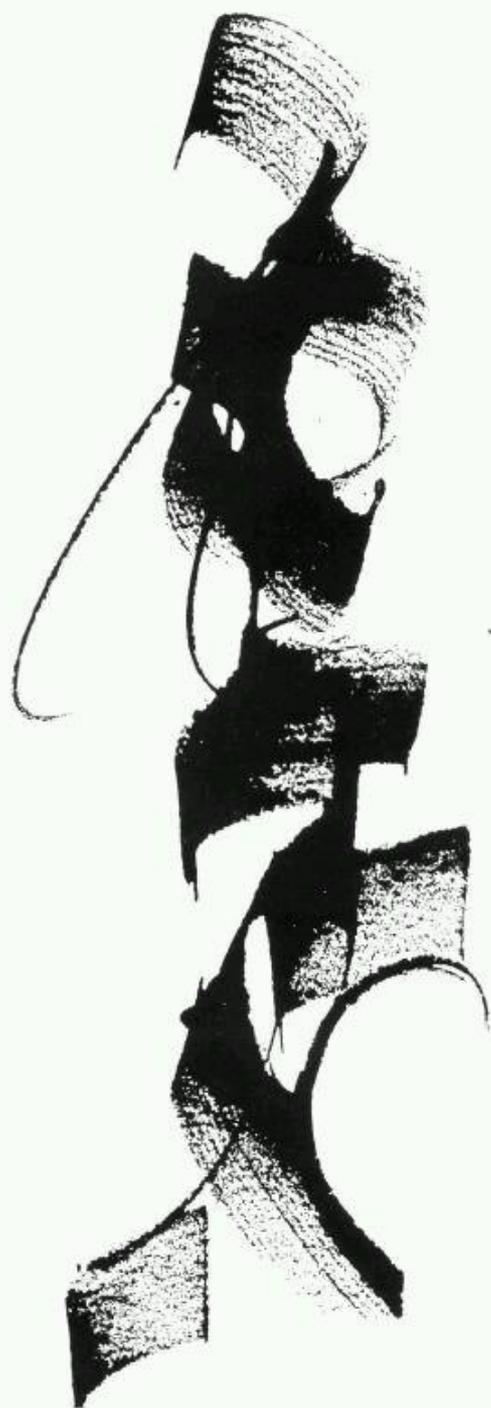
FOR IT WAS NOT
INTO MY EAR
YOU WHISPERED
BUT INTO
MY HEART
IT WAS NOT MY LIPS
YOU KISSED
BUT MY
SOUL



WATER SPIRITS ARE GENTLE
HAVE A SENSE OF FUN
THEY SPARKLE
AND DART ABOVE
JUST LIKE WATER,
WHICH IS THE
MOST PLAYFUL OF THE
ELEMENTS

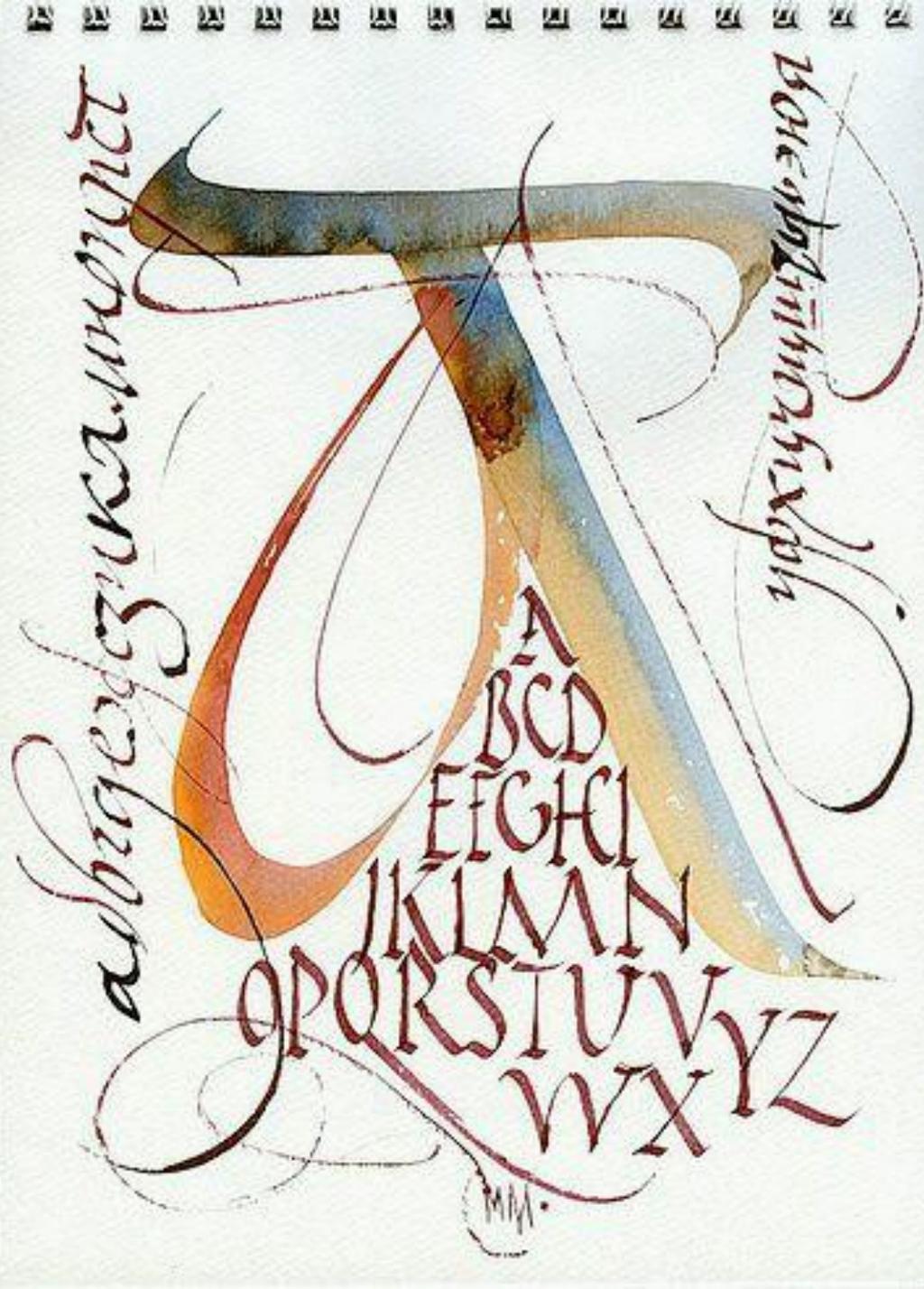






THEY
FLUSH
JOYOUSLY
LIKE A
CHEEK
UNDER
A
LOVER'S
KISS
THEY
BLEED
CRUELLY
LIKE
A
DAGGER-
WOUND
IN THE
BREAST
THEY
FLAME
UP
MADLY
FOR
THEIR
LITTLE
HOUSE
KNOWING
THEY
MUST
DIE





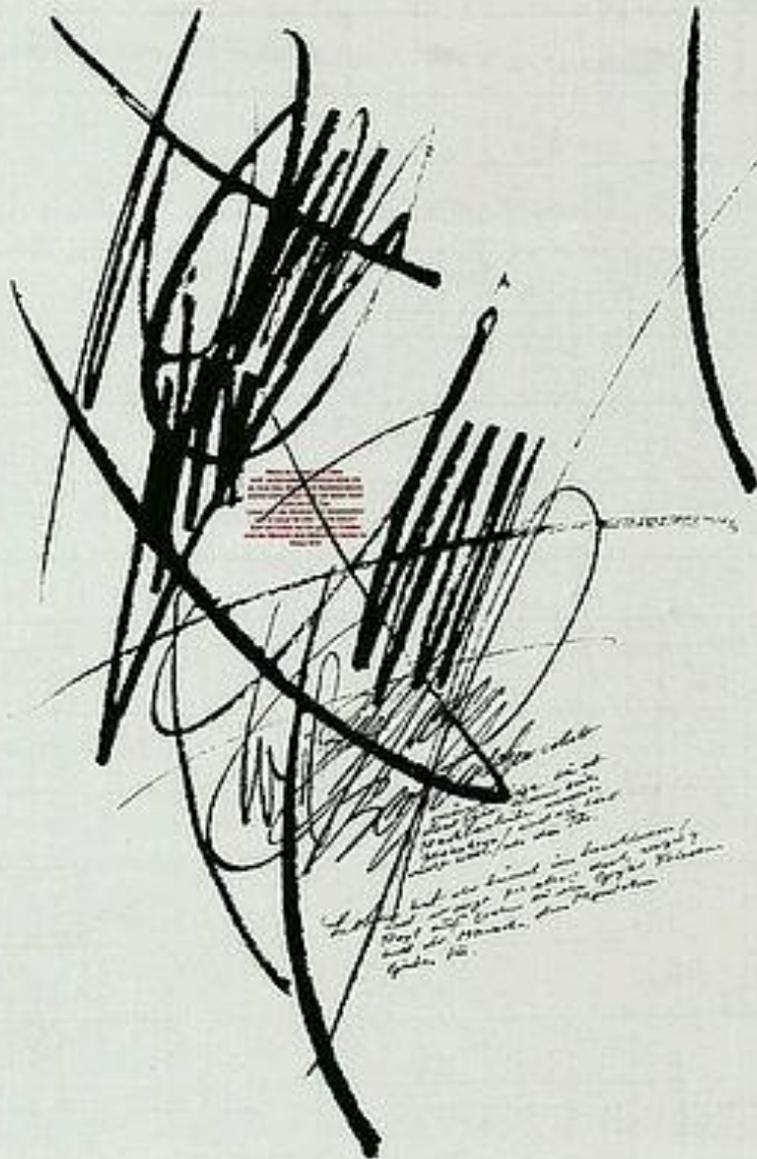
a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

A
B C D
E F G H I
J K L M N
O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

MM.

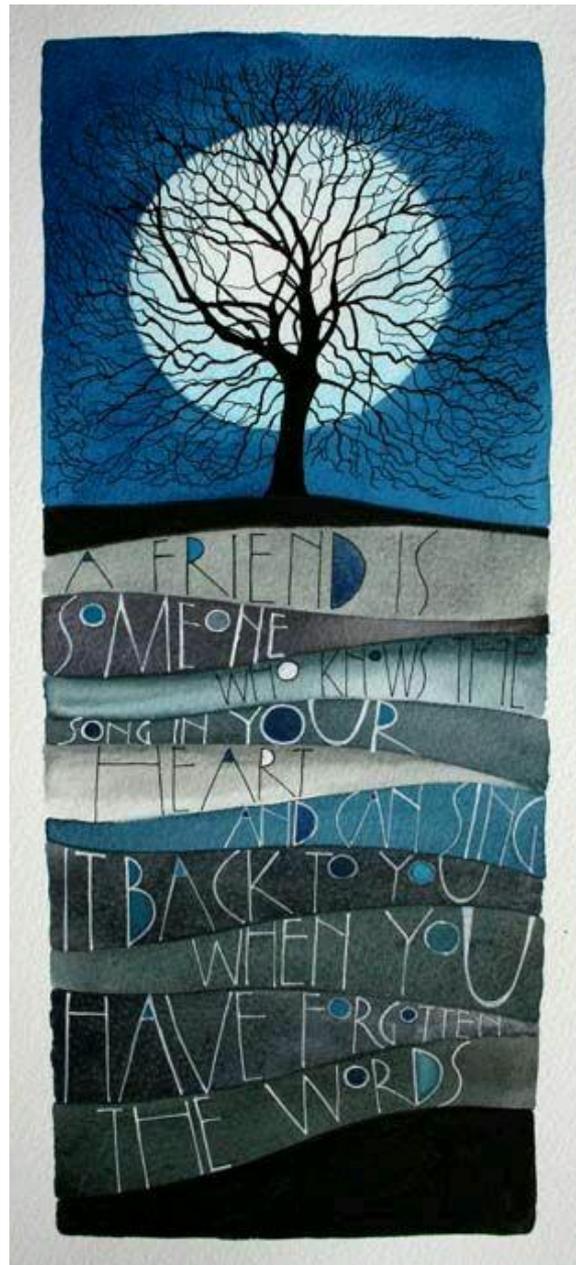
TWENTY-FOUR YEARS REMIND
THE TEARS OF WIVES BURY
THE DEAD OF EARTH IN THE
YWAR TO THE GRIVE IN LABOR
YWAR IN RED VEIN FULL OF MO



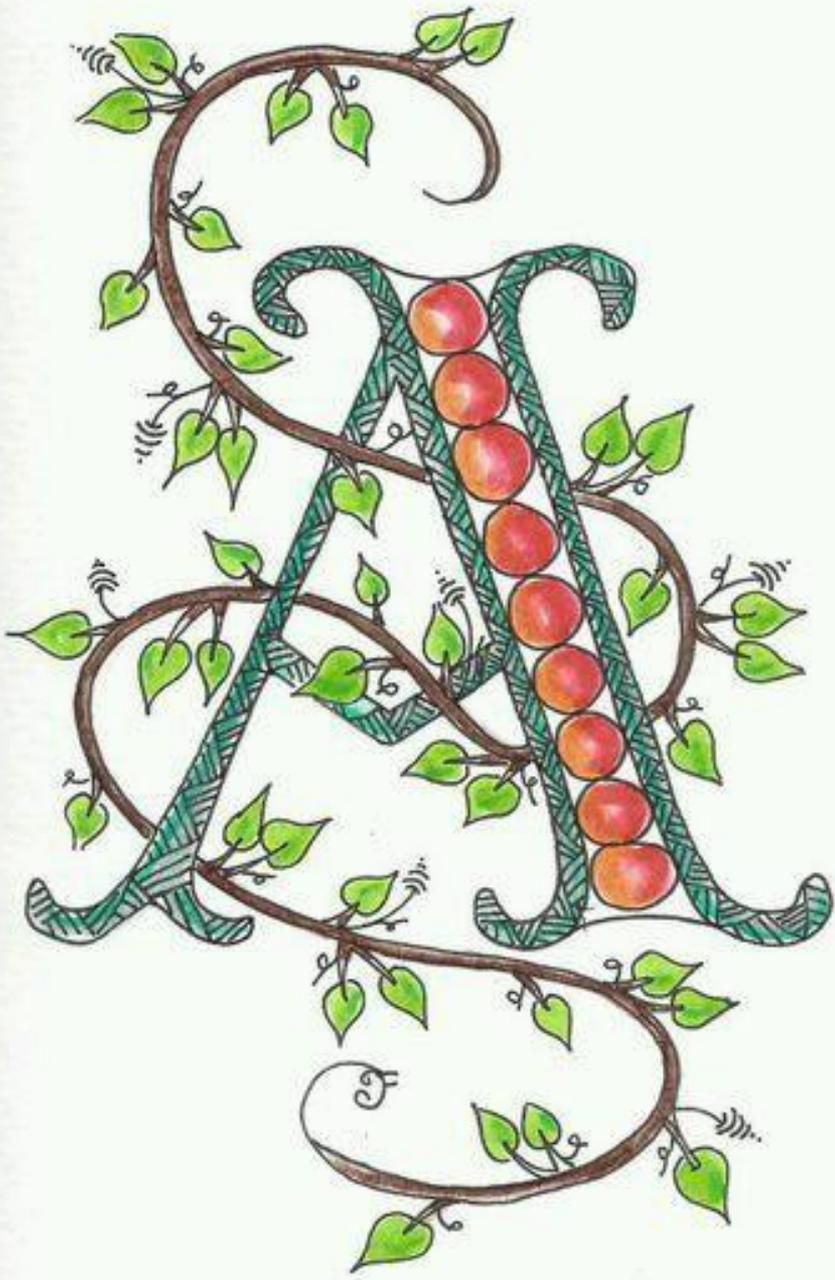
Faint red text, illegible.

Handwritten text in black ink, illegible.

Handwritten signature and date: 12/10/2022



A FRIEND IS
SOMEONE WHO KNOWS THE
SONG IN YOUR
HEART AND CAN SING
IT BACK TO YOU
WHEN YOU
HAVE FORGOTTEN
THE WORDS

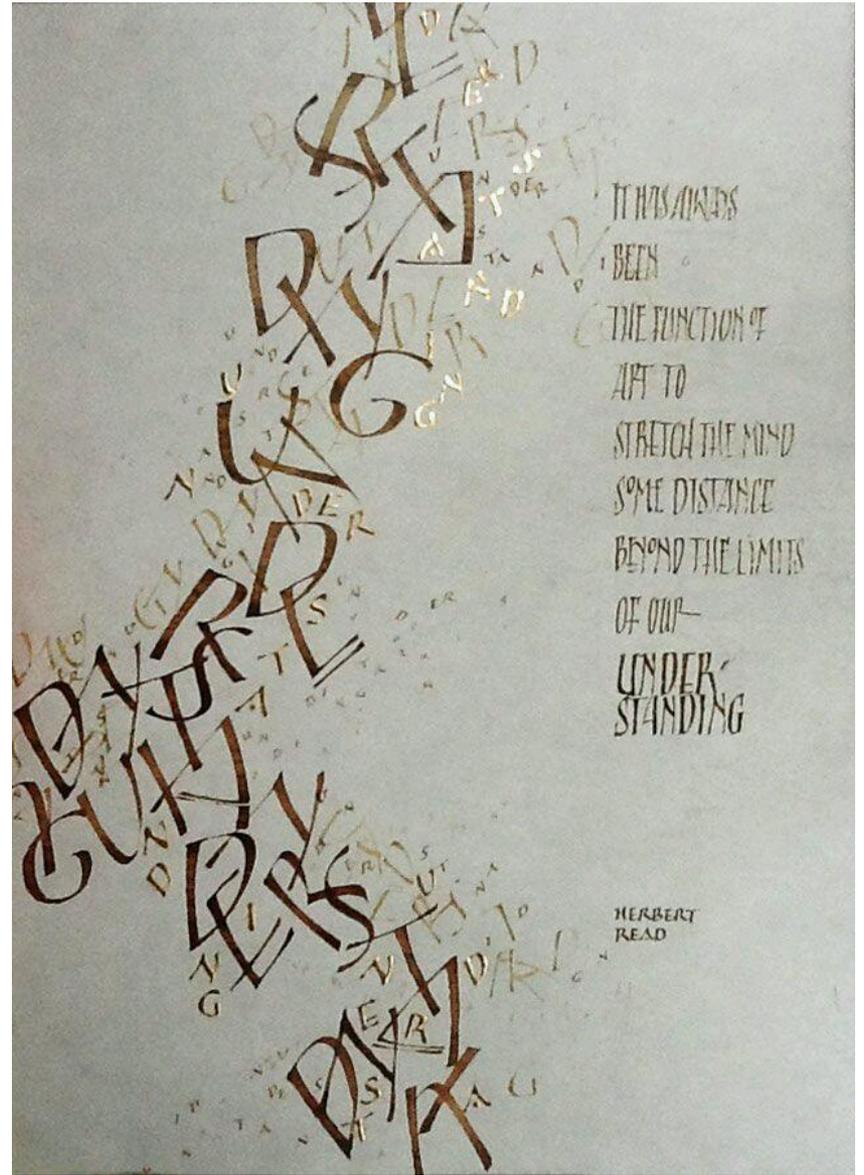


Only one
pine tree
is standing
alone
on the white
mountain
what is the most
wonderful thing
in our lives?

I am sitting
alone
on this
sublime
peak
sitting here
with the
moon
with snow
with an animal
with the universe
the universe

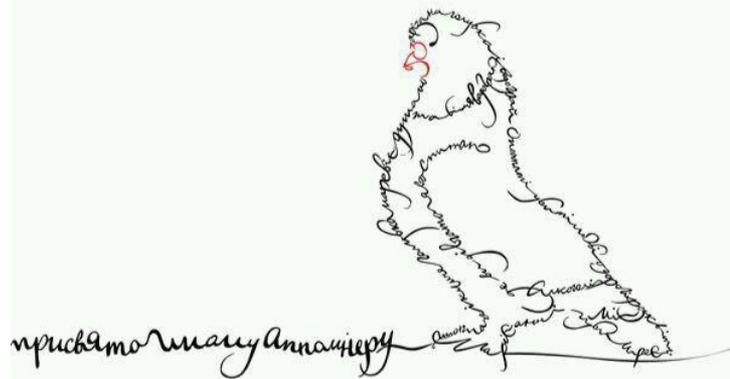
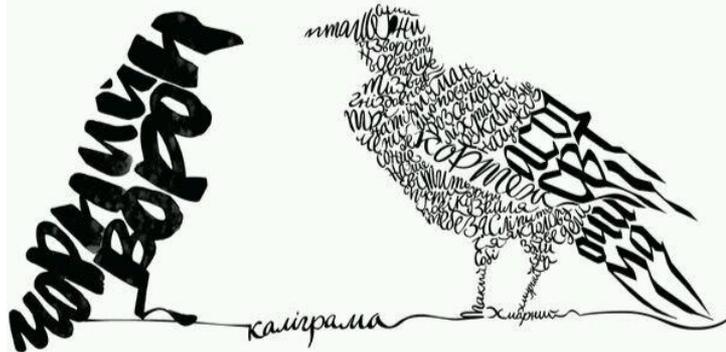
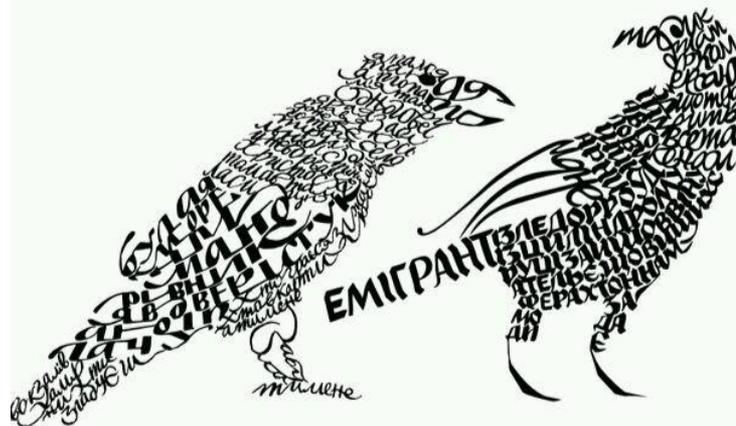
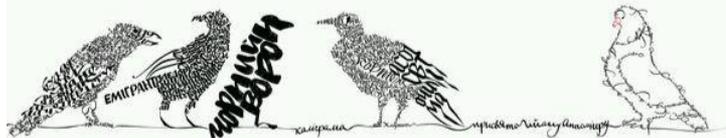
The solitary pine
stands alone
not exclusively,
but with the universe

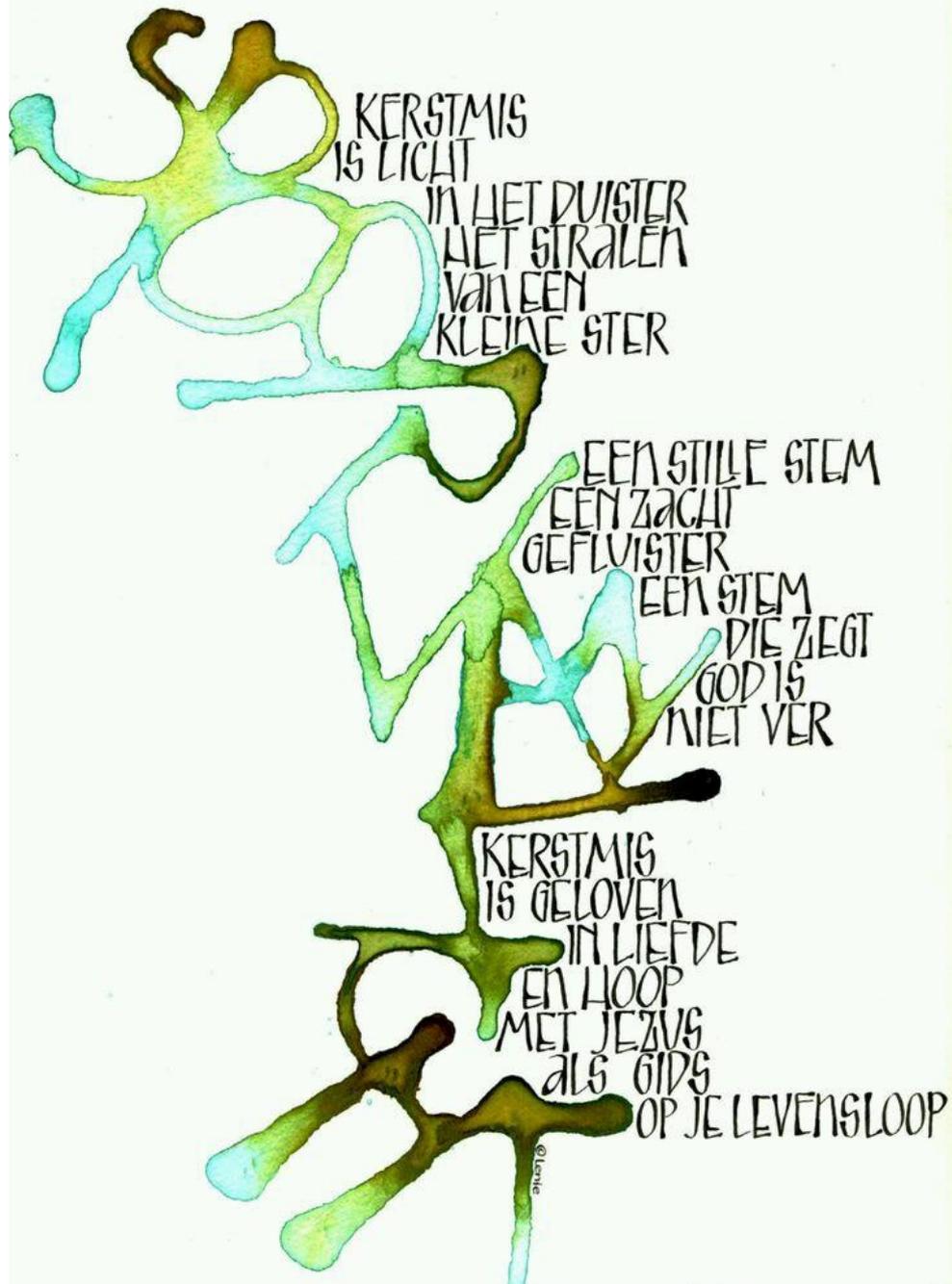
what is the most
wonderful thing
in our lives?



IT HAS ALWAYS
BEEN
THE FUNCTION OF
ART TO
STRETCH THE MIND
SOME DISTANCE
BEYOND THE LIMITS
OF OUR
UNDER-
STANDING

HERBERT
READ



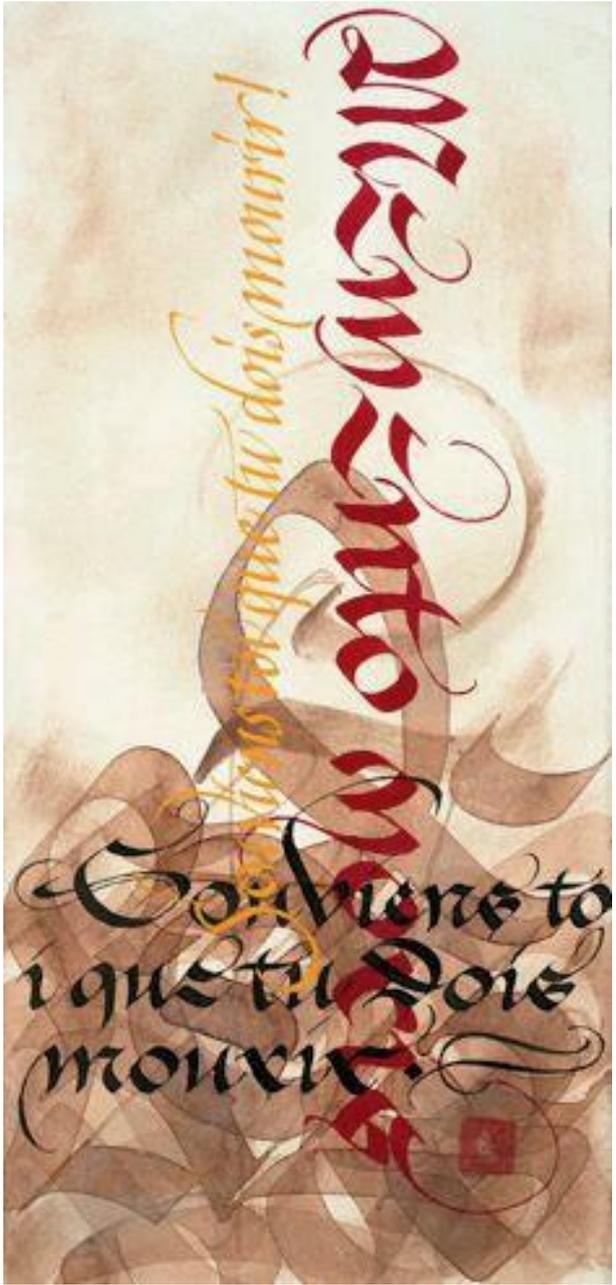


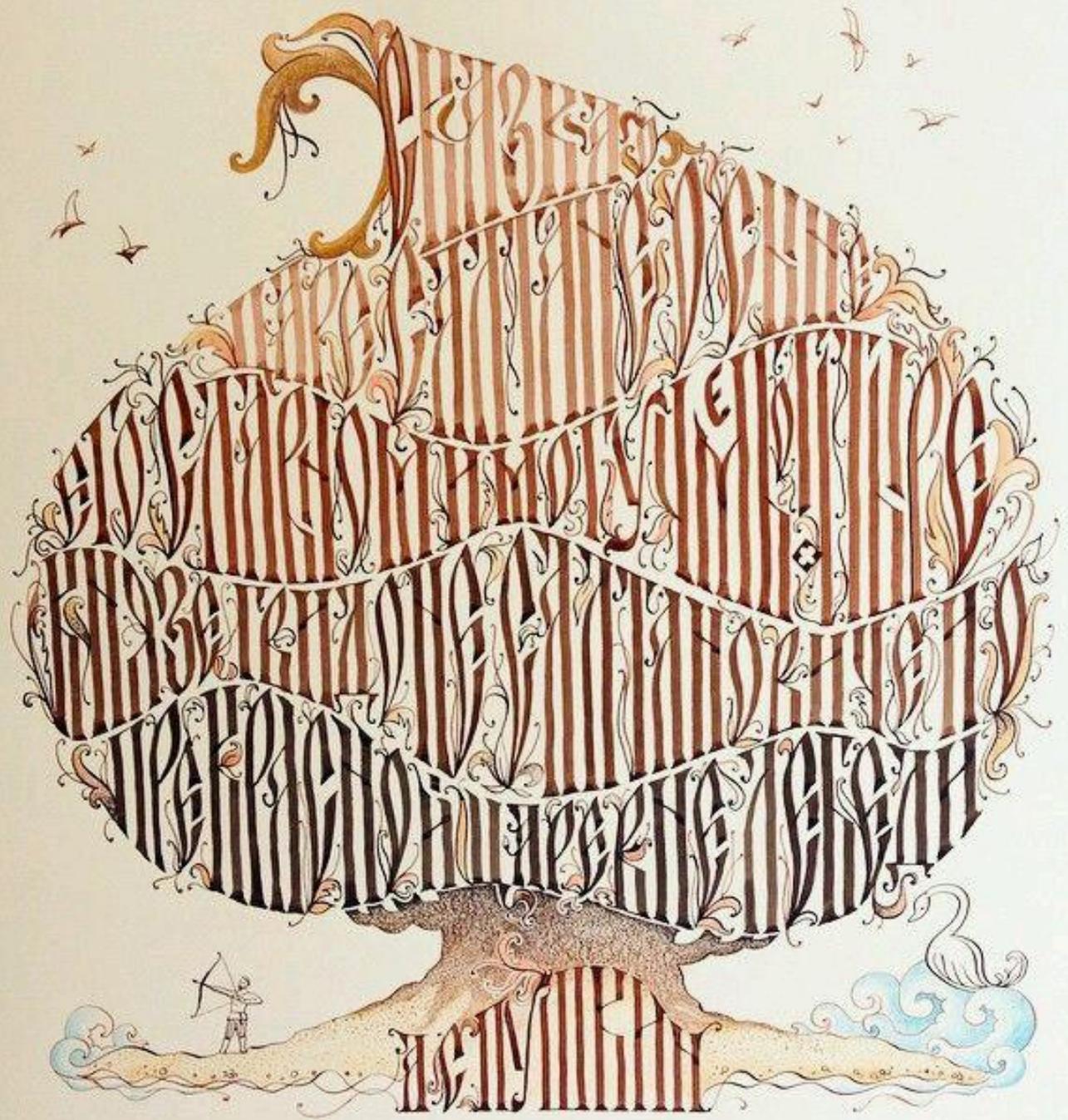
KERSTMIS
IS LICHT
IN HET DUISTER
MET STRALEN
VAN EEN
KLEINE STER

EEN STILLE STEM
EEN ZACHT
GEFLUISTER
EEN STEM
DIE ZEGT
GOD IS
NIET VER

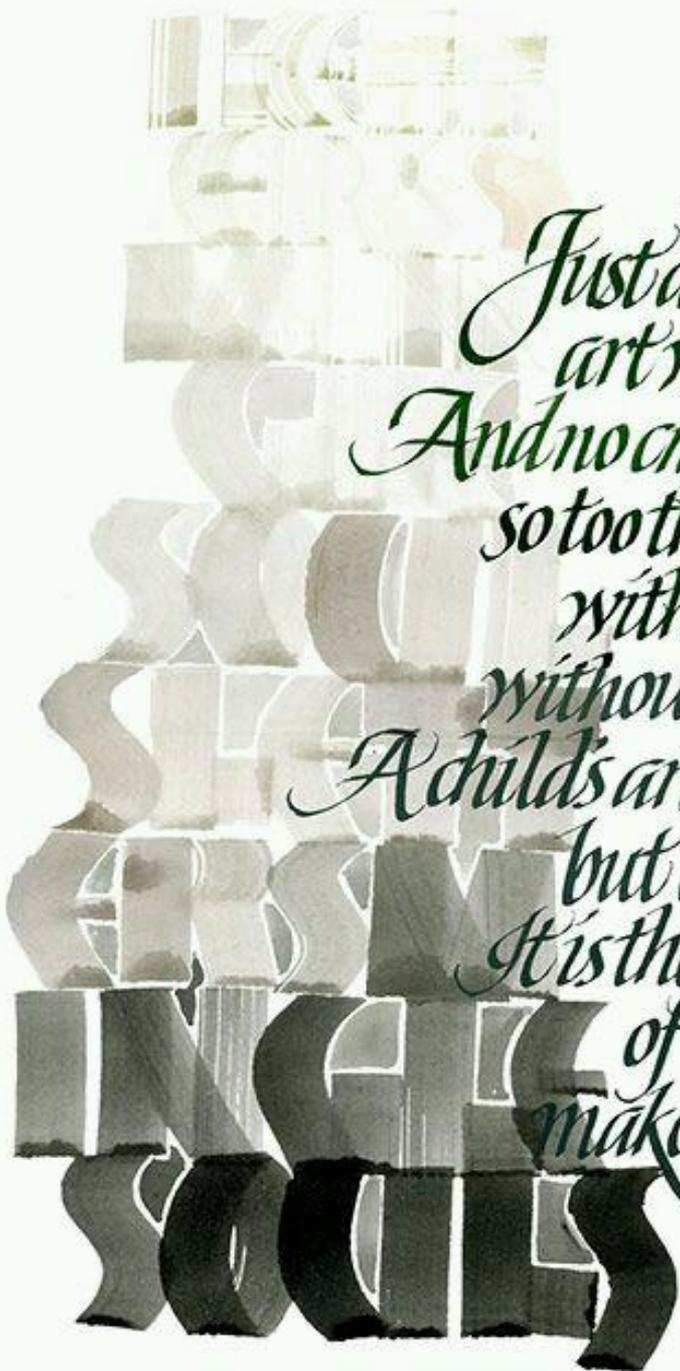
KERSTMIS
IS GELOVEN
IN LIEFDE
EN HOOP
MET JEZUS
ALS GIDS
OP JE LEVENSLIOP

@Leontje





Just as there is no
art without craft
And no craft without rules
so too there is no art
without fantasy
without ideas
A child's art is much fantasy
but little craft
It is the fusion
of the two that
makes the difference



Nothing without joy



Das erste Kunst-
genie ist also immer
dasjenige zu erkennen.
Das es hier dem glückseligen
Man Gefeht für das
Ganze.
Reicht und aufzuwachen
Jede für das Einzelne
Kunst.

Das erste
Kunstgenie ist
dasjenige zu
erkennen.
Das es hier
dem glückseligen
Man Gefeht für
das Ganze.

Das erste
Kunstgenie ist
dasjenige zu
erkennen.
Das es hier
dem glückseligen
Man Gefeht für
das Einzelne
Kunst.
Friedrich Schiller

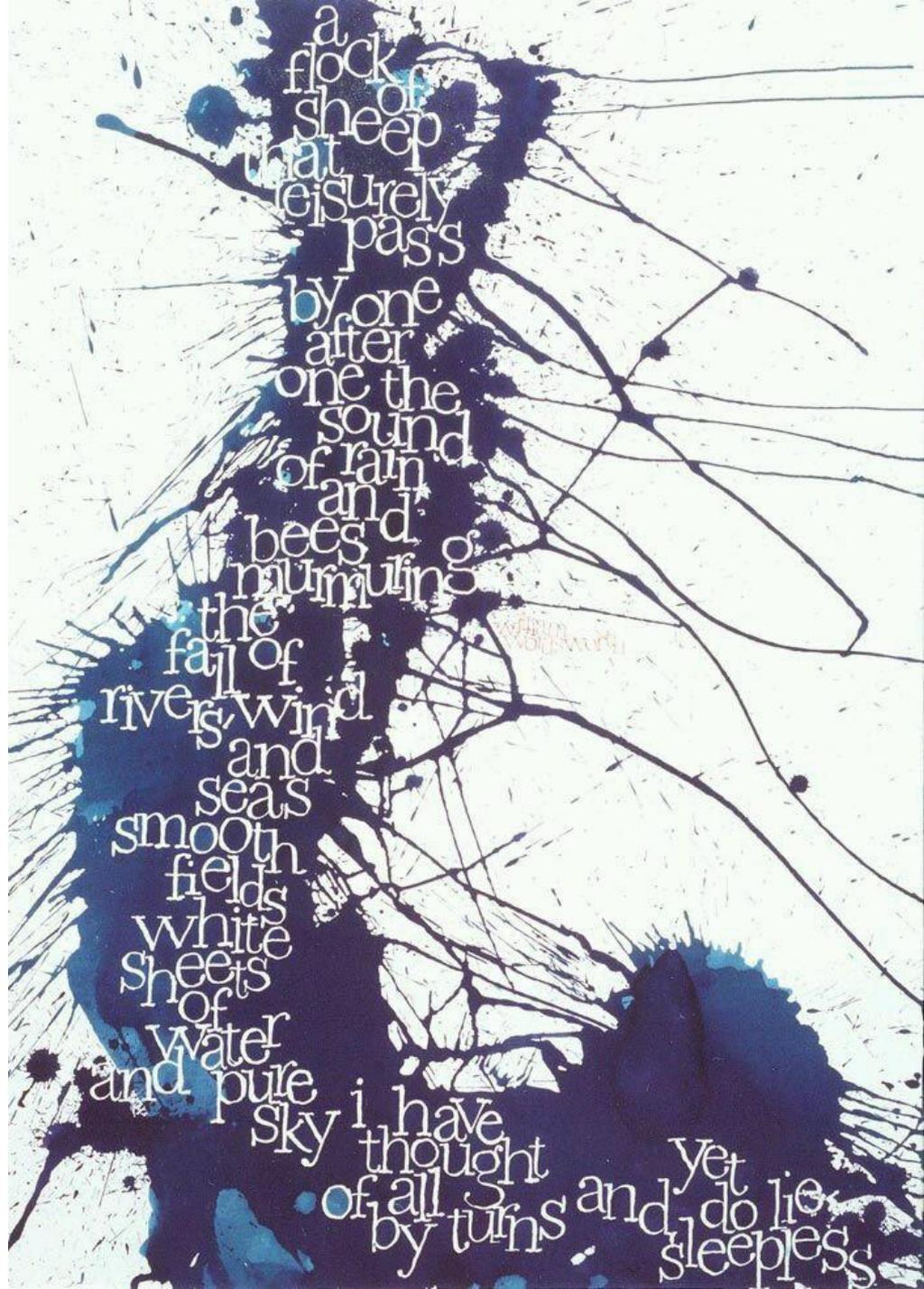
Stamm 11.10



*We can do
no great things
Only small things
with great Love.*

Mother Teresa





a flock of
sheep that
leisurely
pass

by one
after
one the
sound
of rain
and
bees
humming

the
fall of
rivers, wind
and
seas

smooth
fields
white
sheets
of
water
and pure

sky I have
thought
of all things
by turns
and yet do lie
sleepless

William Wordsworth

Handwritten text in a highly stylized, cursive script, possibly representing a name or a signature. The text is written in black ink on a light-colored background. The central part of the text is heavily shadowed, suggesting a textured surface or a specific lighting effect. A small red square seal is visible near the bottom right of the main text block.