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This book has been my favorite book for ten years or more by the reinkar Maria Rallic. I bought and given it to many of its copy, I almost never have one for me. So I'm digitalized for all those times when I'm without my copy. Translation is by Stephen Mutual and, so far, the best of all those I have read. It is available in the novel on the old press and is about \$9. You amazon.com order online from the bank. I highly recommend getting one. This is a book that you will read countless times and look like the first time ever. In the letters of a young poet, ten letters are written in the name of a young man about entering the German army. His name was Franz Kapopus, he was 19 years old, and he directed The Rallak and wrote a critique of some of his poems. The first letter was written when The Tilak himself was only 27. As a result, five years of handwriting is the manual of a virtual owner who is (and what is needed) to become an artist and a person. Go back to the lines of The Cat Playhouse, The Tilak, to name a young poet the most famous and beloved letters of the 20th century. Written when the poet himself was a young man, with his biggest work before, he was addressing a student who had sent his writing to The Tilak, seeking advice on becoming a writer. Two never found, but over the years, The Tilak wrote these ten letters, which had been made by hundreds of thousands of readers for Stephen Mutual from his court, to inform them of the vibrant and deeply felt experience of life. The eloquent and personal, meditation of The Tilak on creative process, the nature of love, the wisdom of children, and the importance of loneliness offer a wealth of spiritual and practical guidance to anyone. At the same time, this collection, in the final translation of Stephen Mutual, shows the thoughts and feelings of one of the greatest poets and most distinctive feelings of the twentieth century. The letters of a small poet in The Tilak are the most famous and beloved letters of the 20th century. Written when the poet himself was a young man, with his biggest work before, he was addressing a student who had sent his writing to The Tilak, seeking advice on becoming a writer. Two never found, but over the years, The Tilak wrote these ten letters, which had been made by hundreds of thousands of readers for Stephen Mutual from his court, to inform them of the vibrant and deeply felt experience of life. The eloquent and personal, meditation of The Tilak on creative process, the nature of love, the wisdom of children, and the importance of loneliness offer a wealth of spiritual and practical guidance to anyone. At the same time, this collection is in the final of Stephen Mutual The thoughts and feelings of one of the greatest poets and most distinctive feelings of the 20th century show. The letters of a small poet in The Tilak are the most famous and beloved letters of the 20th century. Written when the poet himself was a young man with his biggest work before, he was addressing a student who had sent some of his poems to The Tilak, asking for advice on becoming a writer. Two never found, but over the years, Rallic wrote the ten letters that Stephen Mutual has enjoyed by hundreds of thousands of readers for the vibrant and deeply felt experience of life that notifies them. With these translations of The Tilak with the letters of the letters of The Malte-L'Oradas Braga and a young poet, Mr. Mutual is now made available as the famous contemporary reno of The Most Famous Of The Tilak Sanctors. The introduction to these extraordinary letters was the introduction of The Rallic. I first remembered opening the small, light green cover of French translation, in which a girl gave me in Paris, I was nineteen when I was in love: when both love and German language were more alien than the moon. The book was a revelation. I had not heard any such deep understanding. I felt, as many readers have felt, that the letters were written to me. From the very first pages, where loneliness is considered as a positive experience (I thought of it as a kind of disease), my life seemed to be a new explanation and approval. So, even before I read a line of Lyric poetry, I counted him as a spiritual teacher and came to treat him, in this small, light green cover book, with the most respect, thus some people keep his copy wrapped in silk. The young poet of the title, Franz Afar, was also an army student named Kapopus, Anis. In the introduction to the original edition, he tells how the script began. He sat under the trees of ancient Shahabilut in the park of The Army Academy of Vener in the fall of 1902, reading the early collection of Poems of The Tilak, when the school's chaplin, Professor Horaček, came to him, took the book from his hands, saw him on the cover, twice the years through the pages, and finally said, So our student Reine Ralluk became a poet. Been. It showed that Horaček went to Chaplin at The Lower Military School in St. Peters-Pölsen fifteen years ago, when Rallic was a student there. And he told The Kapopus about the quiet, serious, highly-bestowed boy they knew and had been lost since. After that, Kapopus writes, it's easy to understand that I immediately decided to send my efforts in poetry to the rencosm maria rallk and ask her for my decision. Still twenty years old, and only on a limit I have hoped in my understanding that I had completely opposed my torments, if in any one, this poet wrote for Mir al-Zor [to celebrate himself]. And without any conscious intent on my part, took a cover-up form, in which I have never before myself nor since another human being at all. Weeks passed before answering. The Blue Sealed Letter was a post mark from Paris, heavy in hand, and the same clear, beautiful, and confident pen stroke on its envelope that was set from the text down, from the first line to the last. With this the reinkar started my regular letters with Maria Rallic. It is true that such a letter and booklet was not unique to The Rallq. During his career, unknown young fans wrote to him, consulted, approved, or just hoped for the divided attention he had discovered in his poems. Ralluk always answered, and often with great generosity. But since The Kapopus was linked, through Professor Horaček, Rallek had spent the most painful years of his life where, a period he later had to call find a long terrible punishment-at one time he was having a special Poagnanka and requesting for help. And there is an occasionally strange feeling that Tilak is writing, in time, directly to his younger self, that frustrated, unfortunate boy. This quick and closeness with which the future great poet (only twenty seven was written when) was able to solve his almost anonymous representative, and may anger the occasional head of advice or prechaenis: he felt it had to be used. The life of The Tilak was studied by twist points. But these lines were approached during which the letter was a particularly severe one. He had already formed the first two parts of the hour book and a large portion of the picture book- beautiful poems, many of them, yet anything easy, very syncable and self-smooth, at their core. In 1903 the early Panthers burst into existence, and a year later the great Orpaheus. From Eurydice. Hermes These were poems of a different command, amazing in their strength and maturity, the first experience of this terrible sound that could speak through the tilak because it is spoken by the greatest poets of all age. In what had happened, he should go as both intensely light and difficult to resume, with a feeling he had achieved and had a huge sense of what was possible. Then he had a marriage, which started in 1901. The closest Tilak came to the usual experience of Bilslak two or three years later. It is important to realize that it is necessary to realize it initially, and each of them must be, yet both she and Clara will not work as a real marriage Trying to work out a virgin, friendly compromise. I have known people who were bitter enemies for The Tilak, as they put it, left his wife and child. But they had to deal with an existential problem unlike one that most of us needed to solve: when we find a hetifer, then also, the barrier between ourselves and the other, that was too often without thin and adhesive jhale. And unlike the more uneven people who have passed through early terrorism and experienced this openness as freedom, The Rallic is often being disunited by a lover or a neighbor or walking down a Paris blueprint with St. Valra's dance. You can see it in your eyes: the powerful act of being, God, too big, hard to look for, and aj. So as a matter of self-protection, they need a lot more space around them. How much, he was married only after he just started understanding. He was afraid of both love and loneliness, he often wanted to avoid it, but it was the essential condition for his poetry. The monk and his lover, a powerful and contrasting presence, were never able to merge. But during his letters, and especially in those 1903-1904 letters, he was constantly thinking of sexual love and the relationship between a man and a woman; And he saw what was prepared, even if he could not get it himself. We just need to consider some of the other great poets of our century—as, about, whose — to realize how extraordinary the relationship was filled with the idea of The Isolation of The Tilak. The letters begin with a central theme: assess isolation as both burden and gift, and as the basis of all real work. They are bent around this center, and they come back again and again from their meditation stow away from those who naturally worry about any gift young person: creative and loving. His specific advice for young poets, as Blake may have written in pure gold. But The Tilak is a great deal to be able to read every young woman or human being, and I know more than one who loves this little book as a personal confirmation. We cannot innod everything they say , and we can be doubted about how he has put some of his things into practice . But these letters are informed by a dynamic and deep sense of life experience, for anyone who has hearing ears. The problem is that it was now in 1903 as is just quick and unresolved. How many of us come into a balanced integration of society and isolation? How many couples, in his brilliant explanation, see, the tilak that has achieved adult and equal relationships? We can all use this advice the most, and it is given out of a deep spiritual understanding that is recognized, natural for a true poet that is given with a sense of devotion. All The letters are a very high order insight. It is a book that features some of the great poem-density, rich, seemingly ever-timeless diets. And like a poem, it can let our position look back to us, changing as we change, our approach becomes more clear, until its insights become as familiar and clearly as our own face. * Here, where I am enlivened by a huge land renovation, as they come from the seas across the winds, here I have nowhere to answer for you what their questions and feelings which, in their depths, have their own life; Even the most obvious people are unable to help, because how critical words are is almost unsomuch. But even, I think you don't have to live without solutions, if you trust things that are relaxing my eyes now. If you believe in nature, what is simple in nature, in small things that hardly anyone sees and so suddenly can be very big, inimitable; if you have this love that humility is and try very easily, because as someone who looks poor to win his confidence Then everything will be easier for you, more connected and more in any way, not in your mind in your senses, which stays behind, is amazing, but your brother-in-bet is very young, all before you start, and I want to beg you, dear sir, as I can, everything that is in your heart. To try to be patient with and love questions yourself. Don't search for answers, which you can no longer be given, because you will not be able to stay. And point, everything to stay. Questions Live Now. Then, in the future so far, without even seeing you, you're in your way in response, gradually. Perhaps one of you, especially as a blessed and pure way, take in the possibility of creation and configuration. Train yourself for it- but whatever comes, with great confidence, and as long as it comes out of your will, your sinus out of your own need, then take it on yourself, and don't hate anything. Sex is hard; Yes. But the things that are entrusting us are difficult . Almost everything is seriously difficult; And everything is serious. If you only acknowledge it and lose your loved ones, outside of your own nature and nature, beyond your own experience and childhood and power, to have a completely individual relationship for sex (which is not influenced by convention and your will), then you will not be afraid about losing your own and losing your dear one.. Hasi experience, no Pure look or pure feeling that fills a beautiful fruit language. It is a great, an unlimited learning that has been given to us, the knowledge of the world, the perfection and the grandness of all knowledge. And it is not our acceptance that he is evil . What's worse is that most people misuse this learning and blow it up and apply it as a motivation to tired places in their lives and apply it as a way of collecting themselves for most of their moments. People have also made food in something else: need one side, more on the other. It is needed to explain, and all the deep, simple needs in which life renewal itself has become just as saline. But individuals can make them clear to themselves and they live clearly (neither depends on it, but man alone). They can remember that all beauty in animals and plants is a quiet, durable form love and yearning, and they can see animals, because they see plants, united with patience and joy and multiplication and growing, not physical pleasure, not out of physical pain, but are more powerful than the needs and the despitte. If only a man can achieve this body more humbly — which is full of the world, even in its smallest things — it can bear it, is more serious, rather than lightening it, feels more intense. If only they can be more shrupply than their fruit, which is basically one, whether it appears mentally or physically; mentally born for creation, it also has a nature with it and just like a moderate, more inadraputorand more interminable repetition of physical happiness. Thought of being a creator, in the world of indithing, there is nothing without its constant great confirmation and avatar, nothing without the tousandfold input from things and animals — and its enjoyment is only because of the indiskrababel beautiful and rich. It is filled with memories of millions of indiang and natal heritage. A thousand forgotten nights of love in a creative idea came to life again and filled it with greatness and sarfaraz. And those who come together at night and perform a serious task in it and are some of the verses, depth, and strength for the song of the future poet, who are unsomuch to say that are unheard of. And they say the future out . And even if they have made mistakes and ignored, the future comes the way it comes, a new man is born, and based on the accident that will be completed here, there is forces to the law by which a strong, determined seed forces its way by the open advance to meet in this way. Do not be confused by the surfaces; Everything in depth becomes And those who live the mystery false and badly (and they are too many) just lose it for their own and move it like a sealed letter without it. And be not surprised by how many names there are , and how complex each life is . Perhaps there is a great delivery on top of them, in the form of a communal yearning. The beauty of the girl, an entity which (you say so beautifully) has not yet achieved anything, is a cause of the delivery itself and starts to prepare, gets concerned, Yaaran. And the beauty of the mother is the maternal that works, and the old woman has a great memory. And man has also been in the delivery, it seems to me, physical and mental; His indilong is also born, and it is born when he is born of his own daughter- in-house. And perhaps we are more important than people, and the great renewal of the world will probably be added to a trend: that men and women, free from all wrong feelings and versions, as opposed to each other but as brothers and sisters, will seek each other as neighbours, and will generally unite as human beings to bear, and Patiently, the heavy sex that is placed on them. The general reader will be pleased by the new translation of Stephen Mutual, this thin and beloved volume by The Tilak, letters to a young poet. It looks best yet. -The Los Angeles Times-Tilak's letters have become classic accounts of creative action and spiritual development.... They help us to know for our own. -Maluo's Journal is a thin advice on the relic art, personal fulfillment, and love... This book is very important for those who love The Tilak. -Selection

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