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荐 Tradition and Individual Talent Tradition and Talent (1919) is an essay by the poet and literary critic T. S. Eliot. The essay was first , in *Egoist* (1919) and later in Eliot's first book of critique, [1] The essay is also available in Eliot's *Selected Prose and Selected Essays*. While Eliot is best known for his poems, he also contributed to literary criticism. In this double role he acted as a poet-critic, comparable to Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Tradition and the Individual Talent is one of the most famous works Eliot produced in his critique. She formulates Eliot's influential idea of the relationship between the poet and the literary tradition that precedes him. [ edit] Content of the essay Eliot presents his conception of tradition and the definition of the poet and poetry in relation to it. He wants to correct the facts which, as he perceives it, rarely speak of tradition in English script, although we occasionally mention their name by lamenting their absence. Eliot claims that although English tradition generally maintains the belief that art progresses through change, a separation from English scripture is rarely referred to as tradition, although we occasionally use its name by lamenting its absence. We cannot speak of tradition or tradition; at most we use the adjective when we say that the poetry of so-and-so is traditional or even too traditional. Rarely does the word appear perhaps only in a sentence of mistrust. If not, it is vaguely appeasing, with the implication of the approved works, a pleasing archaeological reconstruction. Without this convenient reference to the soothing science of archaeology, the word can hardly be made pleasant for English ears. Certainly, the word will not appear in our esteem of living or dead writers. Each nation, every race has not only its own creative, but its own critical turn; and is even more aware of the inadequacies and limitations of his critical habits than those of his creative genius. We know or believe that we know it from the enormous mass of critical writing that has appeared in the French language, the critical method or habit of French; we only conclude (we are so unconscious people) that the French are more critical than us, and sometimes a little with the fact that the French were less spontaneous. they are; but we could remember that criticism is just as inevitable as breathing, and that we should not be worse off when we articulate what passes in our minds, when we read a book and feel an emotion about it, because we criticize our own minds. One of the facts that could come to light in this process is our tendency, when we praise a poet, to insist on those aspects of his work in which he is least like another. In these aspects or parts of his work, we pretend to find the individual, which is the peculiar essence of man. We are satisfied with the poet's difference with his predecessors, especially his immediate predecessors; we try to find something that can be isolated in order to be enjoyed. As we approach a poet without this prejudice, we will often find that not only the best, but also the most individual parts of his work are those in which the dead poets, his ancestors, assert their immortality most vigorously. And by that I do not mean the impressive time of adolescence, but the period of full maturity. But if the only form of tradition, the handover, was to follow the paths of the immediate generation before us in a blind or timid adherence to their successes, tradition should be positively discouraged. We have seen many such simple currents that were soon lost in the sand; and novelty is better than repetition. Tradition is a question of much greater importance. It cannot be inherited, and if you want it, you have to get it through great work. It is primarily a question of the historical meaning, which we can describe as almost indispensable for anyone who would remain a poet beyond his twenty-fifth year; and the historical sense involves a perception, not only of the past, but also of its present; the historical sense forces a person to write not only with his own generation in the bones, but with the feeling that the entire literature of Europe of Homer and in it the entire literature of his own country has a simultaneous existence and forms a simultaneous order. This historical sense, which is a sense of timeless as well as of time and time together, is what makes a writer traditional. And it is at the same time what makes a writer most clearly aware of his place in time, his own contemporaries. No poet, no artist of any art, has its full meaning alone. Its importance, its appreciation, is the appreciation of his relationship with the dead poets and artists. You do not value him alone; You have to put him among the dead for contrast and comparison. I mean this as a principle of aesthetic criticism, not just historical criticism. The need for him to adapt to come here is not one-sided; what happens when a new work of art is created is something that is at the same time as all Works of art that preceded her. The existing monuments form an ideal order among themselves, which is changed by the introduction of the new (really new) work of art among them. The existing contract is completed before the new work arrives. in order for the entire existing order to continue after the overdraft of novelty, it must be amended, if at all minor; and so the relationships, proportions, values of each work of art are readjusted to the whole; and this is the agreement between the old and the new. Anyone who has endorsed this idea of order, the form of European literature, will not find it absurd that the past is changed by the present as much as the present is guided by the past. And the poet who is aware of this will be aware of great difficulties and responsibilities. In a peculiar sense, he will also be aware that he must inevitably be judged by the standards of the past. I say, judged by them, not amputated; not judged to be as good or worse or better than the dead; and certainly not judged by the canons of dead critics. It is a judgment, a comparison, in which two things are measured against each other. To adapt would only be that the new work would not be really compliant at all; it would not be new and would therefore not be a work of art. And we don't quite say that the new is more valuable because it fits in; but its adaptation is a test of its value – a test that is true, that can only be applied slowly and carefully, because we are not any of us infallible judges of conformity. We say: it seems to adapt, and is perhaps individual, or it appears individual, and many correspond; but we will hardly find that it is one thing and not the other. In order to move on to a more comprehensible representation of the poet's relationship to the past: he cannot take the past as a lump, as an indiscriminate bolus, nor can he form entirely into one or two private admirations, nor can he form entirely into a preferred period. The first course is inadmissible, the second is an important experience of youth, and the third is a pleasant and very desirable supplement. The poet must be very aware of the main current, which by no means flows through the most outstanding calls without exception. He must be aware of the obvious fact that art is never improved, but that the material of art is never quite the same. He must be aware that the spirit of Europe – the spirit of his own country – a spirit that he learns in time to be much more important than his own private spirit – is a spirit that changes, and this change is a development that gives up nothing along the way, that does not overwhelm Shakespeare, homer, or the rock drawing of the Magdalenists. That this development, refinement perhaps, complication certainly, is not an improvement from the artist's point of view. Maybe not even a one from the psychologist's point of view or not to the extent that we imagine; perhaps only at the end on the basis of a complication in economics and machinery. But the difference between the present and the past is that the conscious presence is a consciousness of the past in a way and to a degree that the self-consciousness of the past cannot show. One said: The dead writers are far from us because we know so much more than they do. Exactly, and they are what we know. I am faithful to the usual objection to what is clearly part of my program for the profession of poetry. The objection is that doctrine requires a ridiculous amount of scholarship (pedantry), an assertion that can be rejected by appealing to the lives of poets in any pantheon. It will even be confirmed that much learning the poetic sensibility is dead or perverted. However, while we continue to believe that a poet should know as much as he will not interfere with his necessary receptivity and necessary laziness, it is undesirable to limit knowledge to anything that can be put into a useful form for investigations, salons or the even more pretentious forms of publicity. Some people can absorb knowledge, the sluggish you have to sweat for it. Shakespeare acquired more essential history from Plutarch than most men from across the British Museum could. What must be insisted is that the poet must develop or procure the consciousness of the past and that he should develop this consciousness throughout his career. What happens is a constant capitulation to himself, because it is something more valuable at the moment. The progress of an artist is a constant self-sacrifice, a constant extinction of personality. It remains to define this process of depersonalization and its relationship to the meaning of tradition. In this depersonalization, it can be said that art is approaching the state of science. I therefore call on you to consider as a suggestive analogy the action that takes place when a little finely filtered platinum is introduced into a chamber with oxygen and sulphur dioxide. If Honest criticism and sensitive appreciation are not directed against the poet, but against poetry. If we take care of the confused cries of the newspaper critics and the susurrus of popular repetition that follows, we will hear the names of the poets in large numbers; if we do not know the bluebook, but seek the pleasure of poetry and ask for a poem, we will rarely find it. I have tried to point out the importance of the poem's relationship with other poems by other authors, and I have poetry as a living whole of all the poems that have ever been written. The other aspect of this impersonal theory of poetry is the relationship of the poem to its author. And I analogously indicated that the spirit of the mature poet is not exactly in Evaluation of personality, not necessarily more interesting, or to say with more, but rather through a finely perfected medium in which special or very different feelings are free to enter into new combinations. The analogy was that of the catalyst. When the two gases mentioned above are mixed in the presence of a fofono of platinum, they form sulfuric acid. This combination only takes place if the platinum is present; however, the newly formed acid contains no trace of platinum, and the platinum itself does not appear to be affected; inert, neutral and unchanged. The spirit of the poet is the shred of platinum. It may have a partial or exclusive effect on the experience of man himself; but the more perfect the artist, the more completely separated in him will be the man who suffers, and the spirit that creates; the more perfect the mind will digest and reverse the passions that are its material. The experience, you will notice, the elements that enter into the presence of the transforming catalyst are of two types: emotions and feelings. The effect of a work of art on the person who enjoys it is an experience that differs in nature from any experience, not from art. It can be formed from an emotion, or can be a combination of several; and different feelings that inherit for the writer in certain words or phrases or images can be added to compose the final result. Or great poetry can be made without the direct use of emotions at all: composed of feelings alone. Canto XV of the Inferno (Brunetto Latini) is a reworking of the emotions that are

obvious in the situation; but the effect, although single as that of a work of art, is achieved by a considerable complexity of the details. The last quatrain gives an image, a feeling attached to an image that came that did not simply develop from what was going on, but that was probably in the poet's mind in suspension until the right combination came to add itself. The spirit of the poet is indeed a vessel for the confiscation and storage of countless feelings, phrases, images that remain there until all the particles that can unite into a new connection are present together. If one compares several representative passages of the greatest poetry, one sees how great the variety of combination singercism is and how completely every half-ethical criterion of eraltedness misses the mark. For it is not the size, the intensity, the emotions, the components, but the intensity of the artistic process that counts, so to speak, the pressure under which the fusion takes place. The episode of Paolo and Francesca uses a certain but the intensity of poetry is quite different from any intensity in the supposed experience of which it can give the impression. It is not more intense than Canto XXVI, which Ulysses, which does not have the direct dependence on an emotion. Great variety is possible in the process of transmutation of emotions: the murder of Agamemnon, or the agony of Othello, gives an artistic effect that seems closer to a possible original than the scenes of Dante. In Agamemnon, the artistic emotion approaches the emotion of an actual spectator; in Othello to the emotion of the protagonist himself. But the difference between art and event is always absolute; the combination of the murder of Agamemnon is probably as complex as the one that is the journey of Ulysses. In both cases, there has been a fusion of elements. The Ode of Keats contains a number of feelings that have nothing special to do with the nightingale, but which have brought the nightingale together, perhaps because of its attractive name, and partly because of its reputation. The point of view I am fighting to attack is perhaps related to the metaphysical theory of the essential unity of the soul: for my meaning is that the poet does not express a personality, but a certain medium, which is only a medium and not a personality, in which views and experiences connect in a peculiar and unexpected way. Impressions and experiences that are important to human beings must not take a place in poetry, and those that become important in poetry can play a rather negligible role in the person, the personality. I quote a passage that is unfamiliar enough to be viewed with new attention in the light – or in the darkness – of these observations: And now methinks I could e'en chide myself for dosing her beauty, although her death is not to be avenged after any joint action. Does the silkworm spend her yellow work for her? For her, she is undoing herself? Are lords sold to preserve ladyships for the poor benefit of a confusing minute? Why is her colleague falsifying highways and putting his life between the judge's lips to refine something like this – keep horse and men to beat their bravery for them? . . . In this passage (as it turns out when taken in its context) there is a combination of positive and negative emotions: an intensely strong attraction to beauty and an equally intense fascination with the ugliness that is contrasted with and destroyed. This balance of conflicting emotions is in the dramatic situation for which the speech is relevant, but this situation alone is insufficient for them. That is, so to speak, the structural emotion that the drama conveys. But the whole effect, the prevailing tone, is due to the fact that a number of Feelings that have no affinity for this emotion are superficially obvious, have connected with giving us a new artistic emotion. It is not in his personal emotions, the emotions caused by certain events in his life, that the poet in any way remarkable or or His special emotions can be simple, coarse or flat. The emotions in his poetry will be a very complex thing, but not with the complexity of the emotions of people who have very complex or unusual emotions in life. One flaw in eccentricity in poetry is the search for new human emotions to be expressed; and in this search for novelty in the wrong place, she discovers the pervert. The poet's business is not to find new emotions, but to use the ordinary and process them into poetry, expressing feelings that are not at all in the emotions. And emotions he has never experienced will serve him as well as those who are familiar to him. Consequently, we must believe that emotion is remembered in peace is an inaccurate formula. For it is neither emotion, nor memory, nor, without distortion of meaning, calm. It is a concentration, and a new thing, which results from the concentration of a very large number of experiences, which seem to be no experience at all for the practical and active human being; it is a concentration that is not conscious or of consideration. These experiences are not remembered, and they eventually unite in an atmosphere that is only quiet in that it is a passive participation in the event. Of course, this is not quite the whole story. There is much in the writing of poetry that must be conscious and conscious. In fact, the bad poet is usually unconscious about where he should be aware and aware of where he should be unconscious. Both mistakes tend to make him personal. Poetry is not a distortion of emotions, but an escape from emotion; it is not the expression of personality, but an escape from personality. But, of course, only those who have personality and emotions know what it means to want to escape these things. δ This essay suggests stopping at the limit of metaphysics or mysticism and limiting itself to practical conclusions that can be applied by the responsible person interested in poetry. Distracting the poet's interest in poetry is a laudable goal: for it would lead to a fairer assessment of actual poetry, good and bad. There are many people who appreciate the expression of sincere emotions in verses, and there are a smaller number of people who appreciate technical excellence. But very few know when there is an expression of significant emotions, emotions that have their lives in the poem and not in the poet's story. The emotion of art is impersonal. And the poet cannot without surrendering entirely to the work to be done. And he will probably not know what to do if he does not live in what is not only the present, but the present moment of the past, unless he is aware of it, not of the dead, of the dead, of what is already alive. Life.

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