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Kundera identity quotes

I would rather say that two great philosophers (Husserl and Heidegger) have exposed the ambiguity of this epoch, which is both decadence and progress and which, like all human beings, carries the seed of its end at the outset. In my opinion, this ambiguity does not detract from the fact that the last four centuries of European culture, to which I feel all the more attached, because I am not a philosopher, but a writer. Indeed, for me, the founder of the modern era is not only Descartes, but also Cervantes. Perhaps it was Cervantes who forgot to take into account the two phenomenologies in their judgment of the modern era. By this I mean: if it is true that philosophy and science have forgotten about the life of man, it becomes increasingly clear that with Cervantes formed a great European art, which is nothing more than a study of this forgotten being. Indeed, all the great existential themes that Heidegger analyzes in *Ist and Time*, given that they were forgotten by all the earlier European philosophy, have been made public, shown, illuminated by four centuries of the novel (four centuries of European reincarnation of the novel). In its own way, through its own logic, the novel has discovered various dimensions of existence one by one: with Cervantes and his contemporaries, he asks about the nature of adventure; with Richardson, he begins to study what is going on inside to expose the secret life of the senses; With Balzac, he discovers the roots of man in history; with Flaubert, he explores terra's previously incognite everyday; With Tolstoy, he focuses on the intrusion of the irrational into human behavior and decisions. He probes time: an elusive past with Proust, an elusive present with Joyce. Together with Thomas Mann, it examines the role of myths from the distant past that control our current actions. Et cetera, and so on. The novel accompanied the man continuously and correctly from the beginning of the modern era. It was then that the passion to know, which Husserl considered to be the essence of European spirituality, captured the novel and led it to study a particular person's life and protect him from the oblivion of being; to keep the world of life under constant light. It's a feeling in which I understand and share Herman Broch's perseverance in repetition: the only meaning of the novel is to learn what only a novel can discover. A novel that does not detect a hitherto unknown segment of existence is immoral. Knowledge is the only morality of the novel. Nudity is the uniform of the other side ... nudity is a shroud. MILAN KUNDERA, *The Book of Laughter and Forgetting* There is a certain part of all of us that lives out of time. Perhaps we realize our age only in exceptional moments and most of the time we do not age. MILAN KUNDERA, *Immortality* Physical unthinkable without violence. MILAN KUNDERA, the unbearable lightness of being and this lies in the fate of the whole person. Human time does not turn in circles; he runs forward in a straight line. That's why a person can't be happy; happiness is what it takes to repeat. MILAN KUNDERA. The unbearable lightness of being indeed, the only really serious issues are the ones that even a child can articulate. Only the most naive questions are really serious. These are unanswered questions. An unanswered question is a barrier that cannot be broken. In other words, it is the unanswered questions that set the limit of human possibilities, describe the limits of human existence. MILAN KUNDERA, *The Unbearable Lightness of Being* When a private conversation over a bottle of wine is broadcast on the radio, what can it mean, but what is the world turning into a concentration camp? MILAN KUNDERA, *The Unbearable Easiness of Being* We Pass through the present with our blindfolded eyes. We're allowed to just feel and guess what we're really going through. Only later when the fabric is untied can we look at the past and find out what we have experienced and what the meaning it has. MILAN KUNDERA, *Ludicrous Love* If a mother was a personalized victim, then the daughter was guilty, with no possibility of reparation. MILAN KUNDERA, *The Unbearable Lightness of Being* War and Culture, these are the two poles of Europe, its paradise and hell, its glory and shame, and they cannot be separated from each other. When one comes to an end, the other will also end, and one cannot end without the other. The fact that the war in Europe has not been broken up in fifty years is somehow mysteriously connected with the fact that for fifty years there was no new Picasso. MILAN KUNDERA, *Immortality* No Love can survive the muteness - Milan Kundera (*Identity*) Identity is one of my favorite novels by Milan Kundera (the famous author of *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*), the story of two lovers whose emotional insecurities degenerate into a full-blown identity crisis. As someone once said, Kundera is an expert on human interaction, and this book is a perfect example. Because of the study of the relationship between the two protagonists and how they evolve throughout the novel, Kundera examines two important aspects of identity and two issues that seem to be central to the plot: Do we develop our identity independently of the other, or is identity defined only from the perspective of the other? Do we create our identity or just learn about it? Two people in love, alone, isolated from the world, it's beautiful. The value of a person lies in the ability to expand oneself, to transcend oneself, to exist in other people and for others. Tagged: Being human, humanity, risk, offer, sacrifice, help, human actions, human behavior, human, Beauty, man, human value For nothing is heavier than compassion. Even one's own pain doesn't weigh as hard as the pain a person feels with someone, for someone the pain is amplified by imagination and extended by a hundred echoes. Tagged: Empats, Emotions, Beautiful, Feeling, Sensitivity, Compassion, Gentle, Loving, Heart, Being, Pain As for the Meaning of the Word, I looked in vain in other languages for the equivalent, although I find it hard to imagine how someone can understand the human soul without it. Anyone whose purpose is something higher should expect to someday suffer vertigo. What is dizziness? Fear of falling? No, Vertigo is something other than the fear of falling. It is the voice of emptiness below us that seduces and lures us, it is the desire to fall, against which, frightened, we defend ourselves. We all need someone to look at us. We can be divided into four categories depending on the kind of watch we want to live under. The first category is washed by the gaze of an infinite number of anonymous eyes, in other words, for the view of the public. The second category consists of people who have a vital need to be considered by many famous eyes. They are tireless hosts of cocktails and dinners. They are happier than people of the first category who, when they lose their audience, have the feeling that the light has gone out in the room of their lives. This happens to almost all of them sooner or later. People in the second category, on the other hand, can always come up with the eyes that they need. Then there is the third category, a category of people who should be constantly in front of the eyes of the person they love. Their situation is as dangerous as the situation of people in the first category. One day their beloved's eyes will close, and the room will darken. And finally, there is the fourth category, the rarest, category of people who live in the imaginary eyes of those who are not present. They are dreamers. But was it love? The feeling of wanting to die beside her was clearly exaggerated: he had only seen her once in his life! Was it just the hysteria of a man who, aware in the depths of his incompany to love, felt self-deception of the need to imitate him? His unconscious was so cowardly that the best partner he could choose for his little comedy was this unfortunate provincial waitress with virtually no chance of entering his life! Looking at the courtyard at the dirty walls, he realized that he had no idea whether it was hysteria or love. And he was distressed that in a situation where a real man would immediately understand how to act, he hesitated and therefore deprived the most beautiful moments he had ever experienced (kneeling in her bed and thinking that he would not survive her death) their meaning. Thought and Expression Co Experiment. Use - Meta - Privacy Statement - © 2020 Company Thought and Expression, LLC. All rights are reserved. If you believe that any site content infringes your copyright, please let us know by email support@quotecatalog.com. Your notice should include (a) a description of a copyrighted work that you claim has been violated; (b) The URL in which the site is allegedly infringing; (c) Your full name, mailing address, phone number and email address; (d) Statement that you believe in good faith that the use of allegedly law-breaking material on our websites is not permitted; Your physical or electronic signature and (f) a statement that you are the rights holder or authorized agent of the rights holder. Accommodation is to be happy: to see, hear, touch, drink, eat, urinate, defecation, dive into the water and looking at the sky, laughing and crying.Milan Kundera Two people in love, alone, isolated from the world, it is beautiful. Milan Kundera You can not measure the mutual attachment of two human beings by the number of words they exchange. Milan Kundera Anyone whose goal What is vertigo? Fear of falling? No, Vertigo is something other than the fear of falling. It is the voice of emptiness beneath us that seduces and lures us, it is the desire to fall, against which, frightened, we defend ourselves. - Milan Kundera, *The Unbearable Lightness of Being* a Dog - our connection to paradise. They know no evil, jealousy or discontent. Sitting with a dog on a hillside on a glorious day means going back to Eden, where doing nothing was boring - it was the world. Love does not make itself felt in the pursuit of copulation (a desire that extends to an infinite number of women), but in the pursuit of joint sleep (desire is limited to one woman) . Milan Kundera, the unbearable lightness of being, for there is nothing heavier than compassion. Even one's own pain does not weigh as hard as the pain a person experiences with someone, for someone pain, heightened by imagination and prolonged by a hundred echoes. Algos means suffering. So nostalgia is the suffering caused by the irrefutable desire for return. - Milan Kundera, *Ignorance* The heaviest burden presses us, we sink under it, it presses us to the ground. But in the love poetry of any age a woman yearns to be weighed down by the body of a man. Therefore, the heaviest burden is as free as they are insignificant. What, then, will we choose? Weight or lightness? - Milan Kundera, *The Unbearable Lightness of Genesis* He suddenly remembered from Plato's symposium: People were hermaphrodites until God then split in two, and now all the halves roam the world in search of each other. Love is the longing half of ourselves that we have lost. Milan Kundera, *Unbearable Lightness of Genesis* We can never know what to want, because living only one life, we can neither compare it with our previous life, nor improve it in our lives. Don't let me go, hold me tight, make me your game, your slave, strong! But those were words she couldn't say. The only thing she said when he freed her from his arms was, You don't know how happy I am to be with you. It was the most restrained nature she allowed her to express. Milan Kundera, *The Unbearable Lightness of Being* People Always Shouted That They Want to Create a Better Future. It's not true. The future is an apathetic void that is not of interest to anyone. The past is full of life, seeks to irritate us, provoke and offend us, tempt us to destroy or repaint it. The only reason people want to be masters of the future is to change the past. - Milan Kundera *Brain* seems to have a special area that we could call poetic memory and which records everything that fascinates or touches us, which makes our lives beautiful ... Love begins with a metaphor. That is, love begins at the moment when a woman introduces her first word into our poetic memory. - Milan Kundera, *The unbearable lightness of being* she loved to walk down the street with a book under her arm. It mattered as much to her as the elegant moat for the dandy a hundred years ago. It set her apart. - Milan Kundera, *The Unbearable Lightness of Being* Love is by definition an unfrustrated gift; be loved without deserving it is very proof of real love. If a woman says to me, I love you because you're smart because you're decent, because you're going to buy me presents because you're not chasing women because you're doing the dishes, then I'm disappointed; such love seems like a rather self-serving business. How beautiful to hear: I'm crazy about you, even if you're not smart and not decent, even if you're a liar, selfish, bastard. Human time does not turn in circles; he runs forward in a straight line. That's why a person can't be happy: happiness is what it takes to repeat. The unbearable ease of being There are no means to test which solution is better because there is no reason to compare. We live all as it comes, without warning, as an actor happens in the cold. And what can life cost if the first rehearsal of life is life itself? That's why life is always like a sketch. No, the sketch is not exactly a word, because the sketch is a sketch of something, the basis for the picture, while the sketch, which is our life sketch for nothing, sketches without a picture. Milan Kundera, *The Unbearable Lightness of Being* the Only Relationship That Can Make Both Partners Happy is one in which sentimentality has no place, and no partner makes any claims to the life and freedom of the other. , The unbearable ease of being We all need someone to look at us. We can be divided into four categories: according to the kind we want to live under, the first category is washed by the gaze of an infinite number of anonymous eyes, in other words, for the view of the public. The second category consists of people who have a vital need to be considered by many famous eyes. They are indefatigable hosts of cocktails and dinners, they are happier than people of the first category who, when they lose their audience, have the feeling that the light has gone out in the room of their lives. It happens to almost all of them sooner or later, people in the second category, on the other hand, can always come up with the eyes they need, that is the third category, a category of people who should be constantly in front of the eyes of the person they love, their situation is as dangerous as that of the people of the first category, one day their beloved's eyes will close, and the room will darken, and finally, there is the fourth category, the rarest, category of people who live in the imaginary eyes of those who are not present, they are dreamers. - Milan Kundera *The goals we pursue are always veiled. A girl who year after marriage wants something she doesn't know anything about. A boy who craves fame has no idea what fame is. The thing that gives each of our steps its meaning is always completely unknown to us.* Milan Kundera, *Unbearable lightness of being* the previous 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 ... 83 84 next »

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