

THE UNBEARABLE LIGHTNESS OF BEING

Text by Milan Kundera

Drawings by Deborah Lloyd

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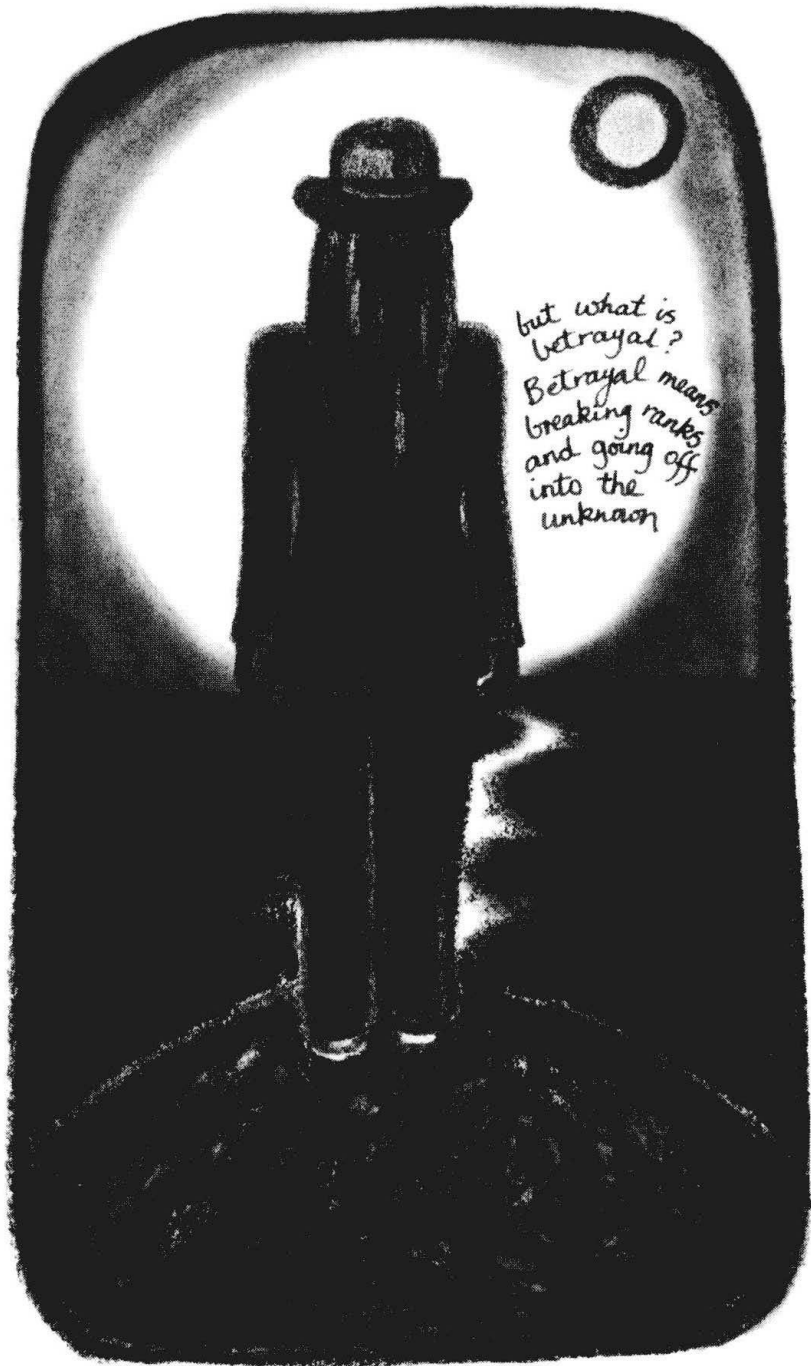
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history is as light
as individual human life,
unbearably light,
light as a feather,
as dust swirling
into the air, as
whatever will no
longer exist
tomorrow

he loved her from the time he was a
child until the time he accompanied her to
the cemetery; he loved her in his memories
as well. That is what made him feel
that fidelity deserved pride of place
among the virtues.





but what is
betrayal?
Betrayal means
breaking ranks
and going off
into the
unknown

human life only occurs once, and the reason we cannot determine which of our decisions are good and which bad is that in a given situation we can only make one decision; we are not granted a second, third or fourth life in which to compare decisions



the heavier the
burden, the
closer our lives
come to the earth
and the more real
they become.

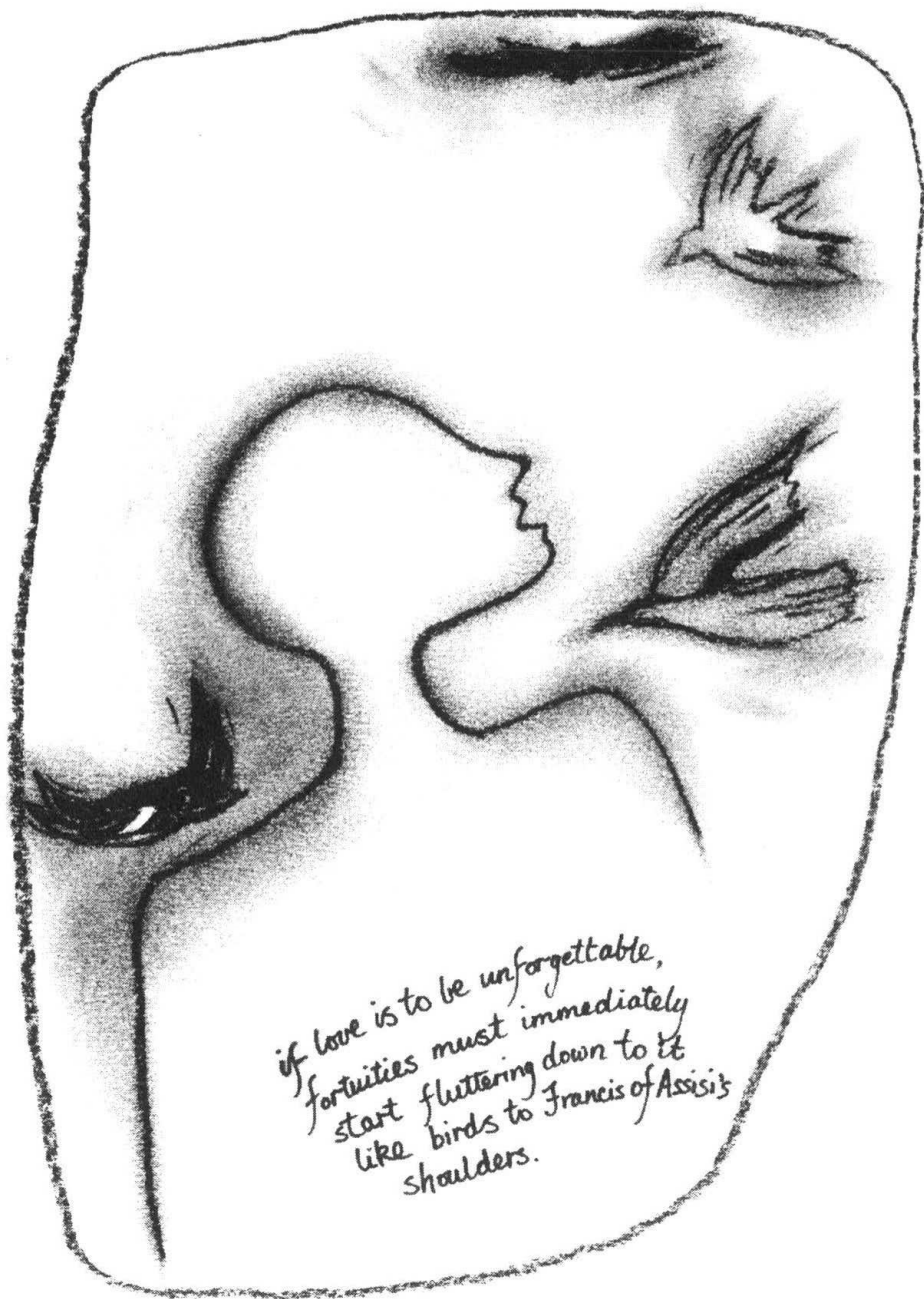




physical love gave them
pleasure but no
consolation ... only at
night, in sleep, were
they tenderly united.

we all need someone to
look at us





if love is to be unforgettable,
fortuities must immediately
start fluttering down to the
like birds to Francis of Assisi's
shoulders.



The unbearable lightness
of being - was that
the goal?

the sadness meant: we are at the last station.
the happiness meant: we are together.
the sadness was form, the happiness content.
Happiness filled the space of sadness.

