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A RE-EXAMINATION OF MILAN KUNDERA'S IMMORTALITY

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ABSTRACT

Milan Kundera's novel *Immortality* bears a nearby connection to contemporary sociology discussing about the generation of the self. Critics like Kleinman and Mishler appear to have presented another rendition of authenticity in view of a rehash of the Romantic subject with the interview (as the medium) and the narrative (as the content) depicted as the methods for building and sharing biographical experience. Dissimilar to such contemporary Romantics, Kundera inspects how the subject is built in literary biography and mass media "imagology." The creators indicate how Kundera's work leads in two conceivable headings: an examination of the interview society and a worry with strategies for the development of the self. By finding styles of the self, the creators uncover energetic and handy true to life work, neglected by social scrutinize and not reducible to any auxiliary determinism.

Keywords: Homo Sentimentalis, Imagology, Immortality, society, ideology, culture.

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*Immortality* is the sixth and most aggressively modernist novel by Milan Kundera. *Immortality* is conceived of Kundera's warmth for Sterne and Diderot and for the twentieth-century Austrian Hermann Broch, and it's a strikingly ambitious endeavour at a union. The two eighteenth-century authors, as he sees it, "found the massive potential outcomes for liveliness inalienable in the novel" furthermore, along these lines opened a way for its evolution that, as it turned out, no one followed. He goes more distant in *Immortality*, making two planes of figures—the customary anecdotal plane, and a "genuine" one that incorporates him as a character—and afterward mixing them. Banished from working at home, Kundera emigrated to France in 1975, yet *Immortality* is the primary book he has set completely outside Czechoslovakia, and the profundities of adoration and anguish that "this little, brilliant nation" has constantly ignited in him have offered approach to eagerness and aggravation. His heroine, Agnes, is a misanthrope. "No solidarity with humankind: that was her mentality." She feels overpowered by "the attack of offensiveness" around her, and she longs for carrying "a single forget-me-not, a slim stalk with scaled down blue blooms," along a side-walk thick with boors, eclipsed by solid blemishes, and flooded with commotion, and "gazing at it tirelessly to see just that solitary excellent blue point, to consider it to be the exact opposite thing she needed to save for herself from a world she had stopped to love." (The picture returns the last sentence of the book.) Having come to "can't help contradicting the world in which every one of us live," Agnes gets her writer's support, however alternate characters are for the most part targets. Agnes' dramatic sister Laura is an example of Homo sentimental, the person "who has raised emotions to a class of significant worth." What's more, Agnes' better half Paul is a grown-up Jaromil, a refined scholarly prepared to deceive the high culture he adores out of ideological enthusiasm. All through

Immortality Kundera addresses us as often as possible in his own particular voice as in those of his characters-with the sort of "apodictic message" that he says somewhere else can harm the "relativity" that gives a novel its breathing room. The book is loaded with contrivances we've seen before in settings where they didn't appear like tricks. There is the supernatural seven-section structure (another thought that may owe something to late Beethoven, however Beethoven utilized it in just a single of his quartets, while Kundera has forced it on everything except one of his books). In Part Six he utilizes a sexual circumstance to present another character whose distracting connection to a principle character "opens a mystery window through the novel's divider." The show of how he develops a character, the reflections on brain and body, the early news of a death -every one of these components feel recycled. What is most grinding, however, is the dialog of distinction and post-humous popularity of immortality. Kundera has thought of the idea of utilizing Goethe and Hemingway, chatting past the grave, to look at the subject a "fun loving" gadget that he never appears to be OK with and actually their key targets are writers and biographers. It isn't as if he accepts, with Janet Malcolm, that there's something ethically suspect at the heart of the columnist's undertaking. He just is by all accounts furious that another person will have the last word about him. He derides the Dostoyevskian conviction that "agony enhances", he conceives that it prompts to "hypertrophy of the soul" and to the political overabundances of *Homo sentimental*. His carefulness toward the clique of feeling is reviving if not by any stretch of the imagination impartial however his scorn for the ruined and spoiled free world must be perused against the hopelessness of the totalitarian world he got away. What's more, that sounds suspiciously like reverence of torment. Not, obviously, that he's anything near a theological rationalist for the express any state. In any case, there is a side of him that no longer appears to be humane. Throughout the years his repugnance toward legislative issues has become so over the top that the main qualities he appears to have left are stylish ones. The individuals who talk governmental issues in *Immortality* are morons however then, every one of the westerners who talk legislative issues in his books are fools. *Immortality*, bears an alternate message-that just workmanship is unpredictable (just craftsmanship is of esteem), and everything else stinks. His novel so manufactured, its authenticity so fake, that he's transformed it into a declaration of disdain for the uproarious, monstrous, silly world that Agnes abhors so much, and that she what's more, her maker are compelled to live. Passing and interminability are the interlocking topics of the creator's first novel since his 1984 blockbuster, *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*. Kundera, himself a noticeable character in the round account, here contrasts the vexed, comic connections among Goethe; his significant other, Christiane; and Goethe's considerably more youthful companion Bettina von Arnim to the cutting edge triangle of three nonexistent Parisians: Paul; his better half, Agnes; and Agnes' sister Laura. Because of her dad's demise, Agnes defies her own particular life and finds that while her marriage has been glad, she has never known enthusiasm; Laura, a divorced person, has never encountered the affection that goes past sex. The question of both sisters' affections is Paul and it turns out to be evident that their battle over him will bring about a victor and a failure. Kundera offers splendid contemplations on late-twentieth century life, however the novel, joining articles, account and anecdotal material, does not have the emotional strain of his prior works. By the by his sharp perceptions on subjects running from the media to Ernest Hemingway in themselves render this work intriguing and huge.

In *Immortality*, the people are ideas. Kundera holds his natural effortlessness, incongruity and breathing life however he has lost a portion of the start that transforms considerations into substance. Like Agnes, the heartfelt yet unique hero of this new novel, the creator appears to be swarmed by different lives, even those he makes. Kundera has ventured directly into his book, this time as storyteller as well as continuous guest, as though he didn't believe the characters to get things right. He has soured on characters, indeed, and his starting thought, very wonderful in itself, discouragingly affects what takes after. The creator sits by the pool of a Paris wellbeing club. He sees a moderately aged lady wave as she clears out. It is a superb wave, a brilliant wave, one of those waves that motion picture stars used to give. He will utilize the wave, he considers. He will offer it to Agnes and her sister Laura, who are to possess this book in a similar extremity - soul and substance, separately - as Tereza and Sabrina in "Unbearable Lightness." Does it appear to be odd to give one same motion to the moderately aged swimmer, the unadulterated energetic Agnes, and the exotic Laura? Not in the

slightest degree. There are many individuals yet just a couple signals. The signal doesn't uncover the pith of a lady, Kundera composes; actually, "The lady uncovers to me the appeal of a motion." We don't utilize motions as instruments to convey what needs be. "Motions utilize us as their instruments."

Thus in "Immortality," we have a splendid example worked in fluffy string; a clear move in which the artists are indistinguishable. We will appreciate Kundera's choreography without ever truly encountering it. The story is fragmentary, told in the author's dazzling and distinctively passionate syncopation; unpredictably, surprisingly and with deviations. All the more precisely, the story, developing and submerging, is a sort of deviation on his diversions. Agnes is searing however irrelevant; all spirit. She has longings, some of them suggestive, yet the sensuality is dream not substance. She is a single; her most profound love was for her dad, another singular. She occupies one extraordinary edge of a bed with her better half, Paul, who possesses the other outrageous edge. In the middle of is a range to a great extent unused, however they do have one little girl. Inverse to Agnes, and perfectly desirous, is her more youthful sister, Laura. She is natural, energetic and curious. In spite of the fact that she has a darling, Bernard, who is an in vogue TV columnist, what she most enthusiastically needs to procure is whatever Agnes has. For this situation, however, it's very little: Paul. In the end, she will get him. Paul, an in vogue Parisian scholarly, is less a character but rather more an open door for diversion. He has confidence in workmanship and its interminable qualities; he additionally has confidence in being breakthrough. History has as of late kicked the bucket, in this way, high workmanship, its item, likewise is dead. Pell mell, Paul must uphold pop-religion regardless of the possibility that this makes him, as one nauseated partner puts it (I think I hear Kundera talking), "the partner of his own undertakers." Bernard is another straying; for this situation, it is Kundera censuring contemporary reporting by-picture. The columnist in a majority rule government is the main figure who is qualified for request that individuals answer him. This is totalitarian however slight; if the writer's picture wavers, he vanishes. One day, a man goes to Bernard's office bearing a publication with the words: "Finish ass." The affront is unconfirmed, however it is infectious. New picture replaces old picture, and Bernard is out.

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