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HAVEL

Dancing With
The Devil

Argo



Ladies and gentlemen,
the one-act play penned by
the bourgeois rebel Havel is
about to start in a few
moments.

The Hrádeček
village theatre kindly asks
you to take your seats.



Václav, your plays
should be produced in Vienna,
New York...

Those were the days,
Zdeněk. I have to make do
with the yard of
our cottage.

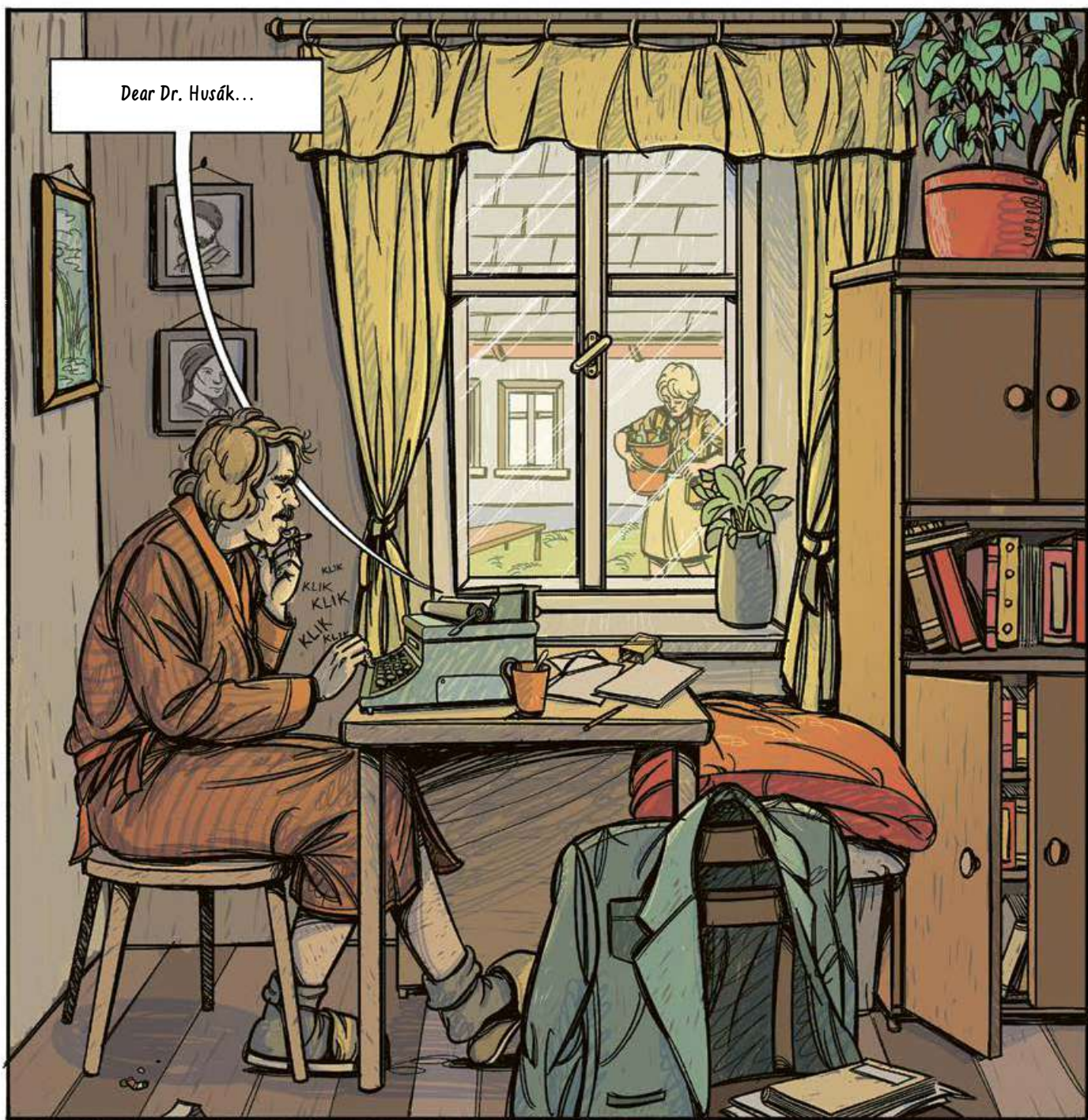


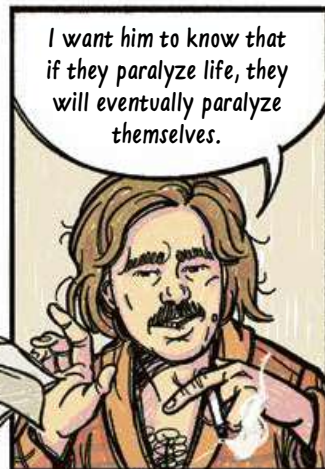
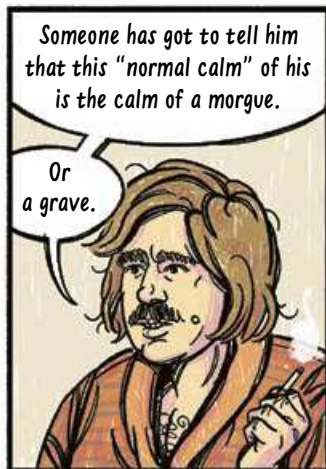
I'm telling you,
Vaněk, people are swine.
Big, big, swine.

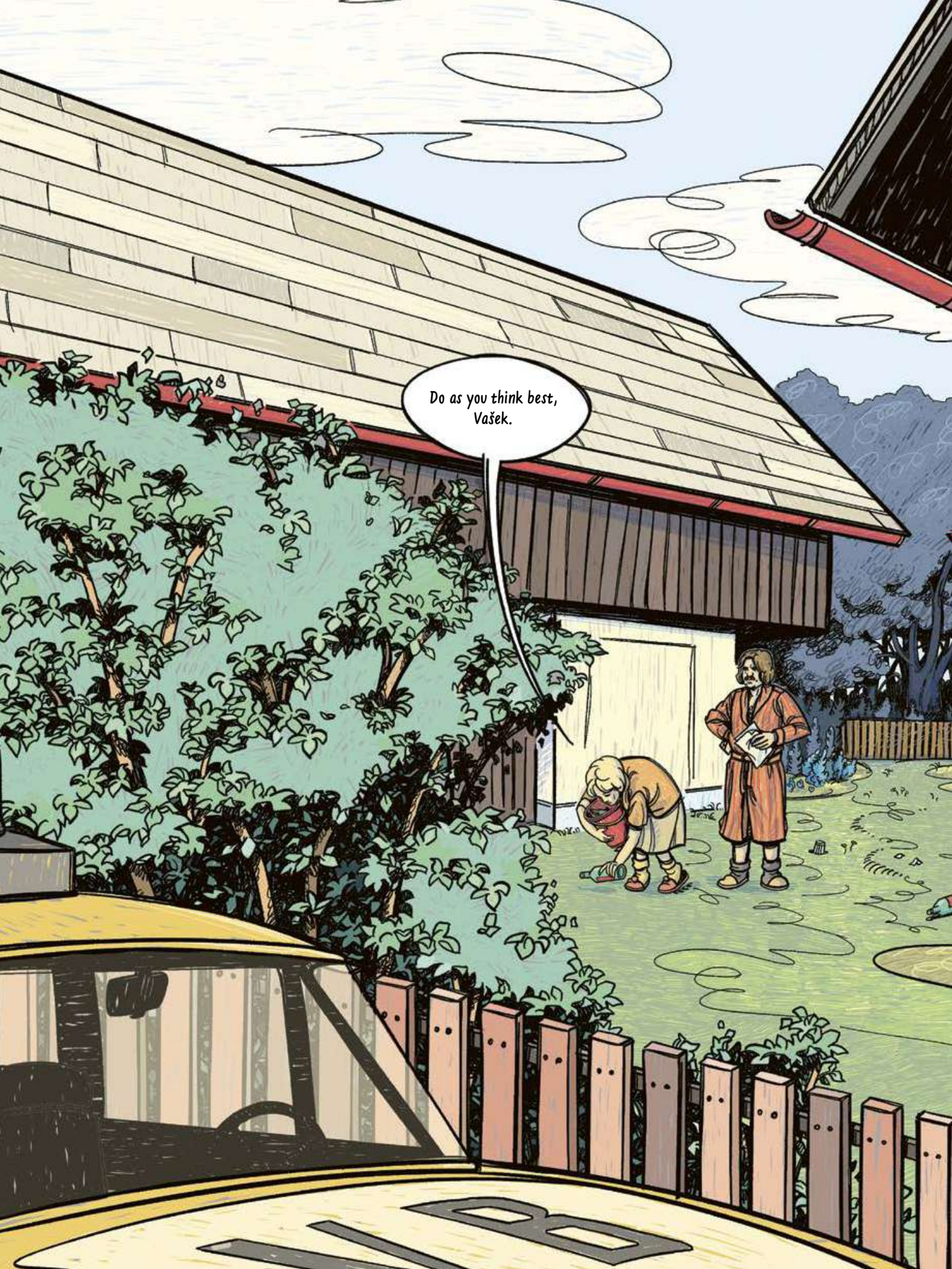
You can
trust me on
that.

Just do your job
and don't start fraternizing
with anyone. It's not
really worth it.

Especially
in your case.







Do as you think best,
Vašek.

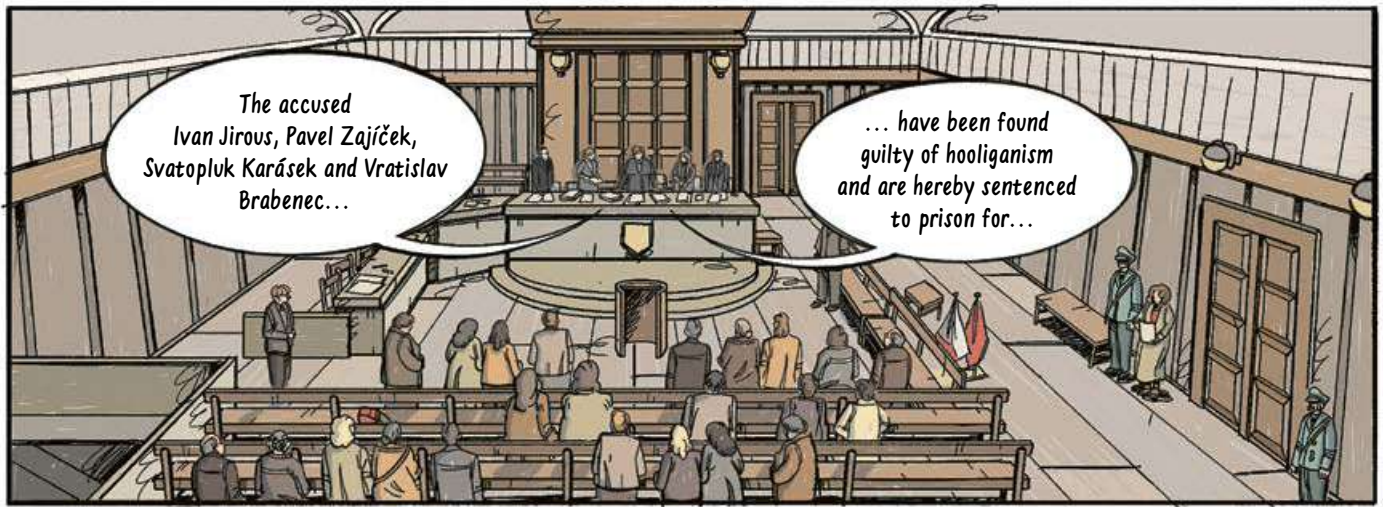
BUCH!
BUCH!

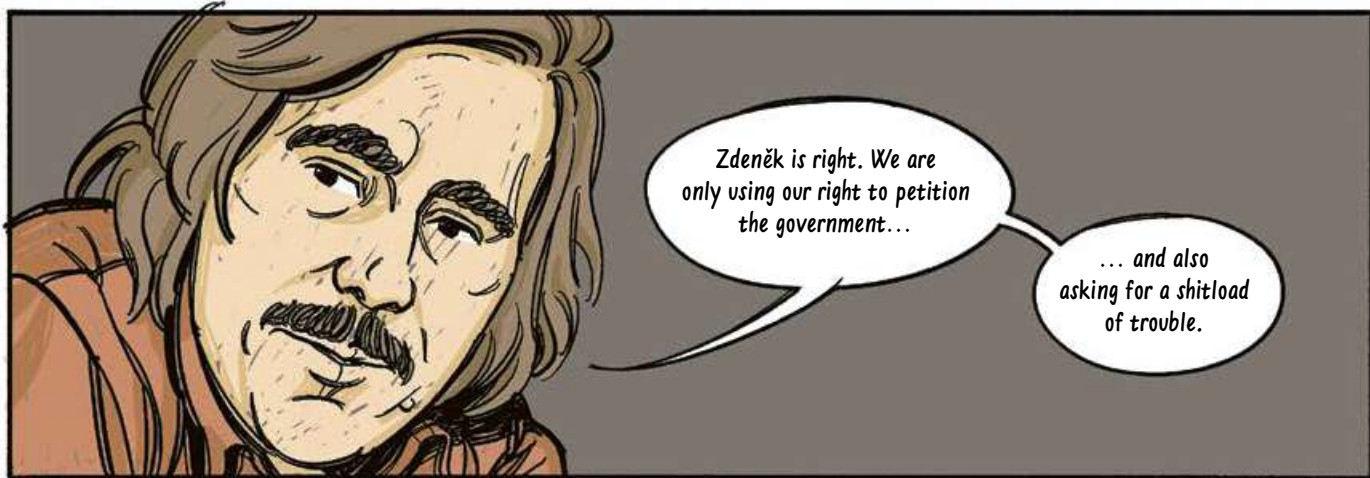
IT'S ME,
FRANTA ŠMEJKAL.
OPEN THE DOOR.

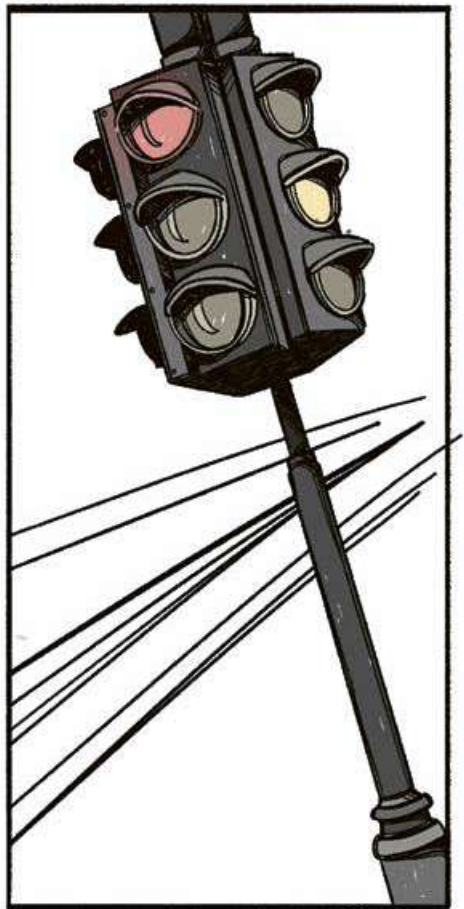
BUCH!
BUCH!!
BUCH!!!

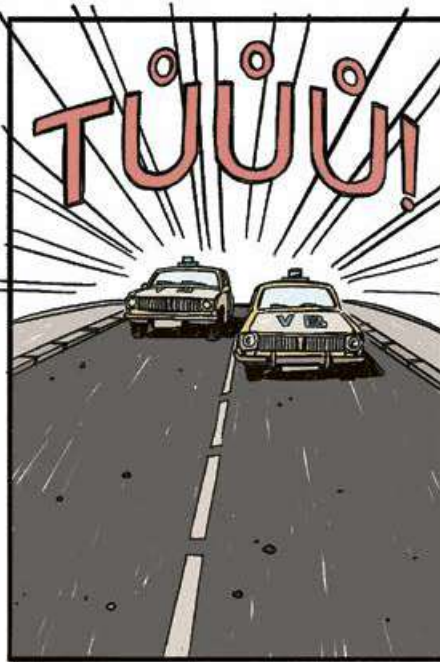




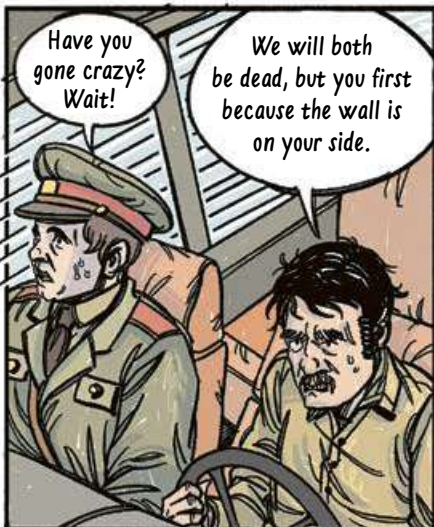






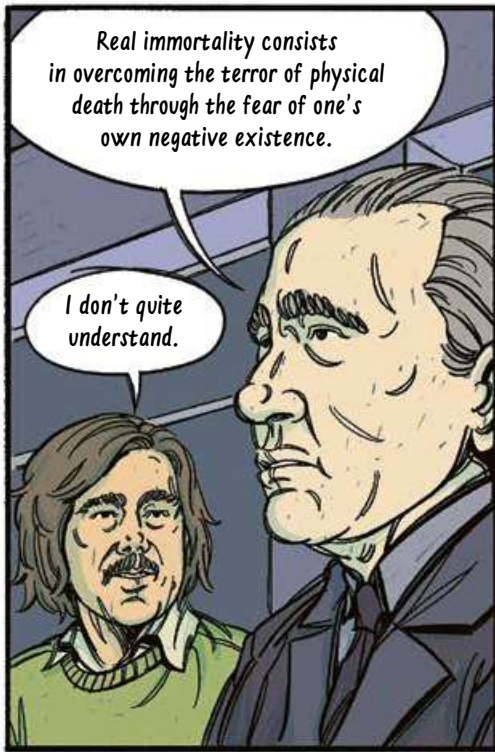















So Mr. Havel,
no more fucking around...

Should I
write it down?

How are
you...



March 77

What is it? When I see myself in the mirror, I look like a criminal.



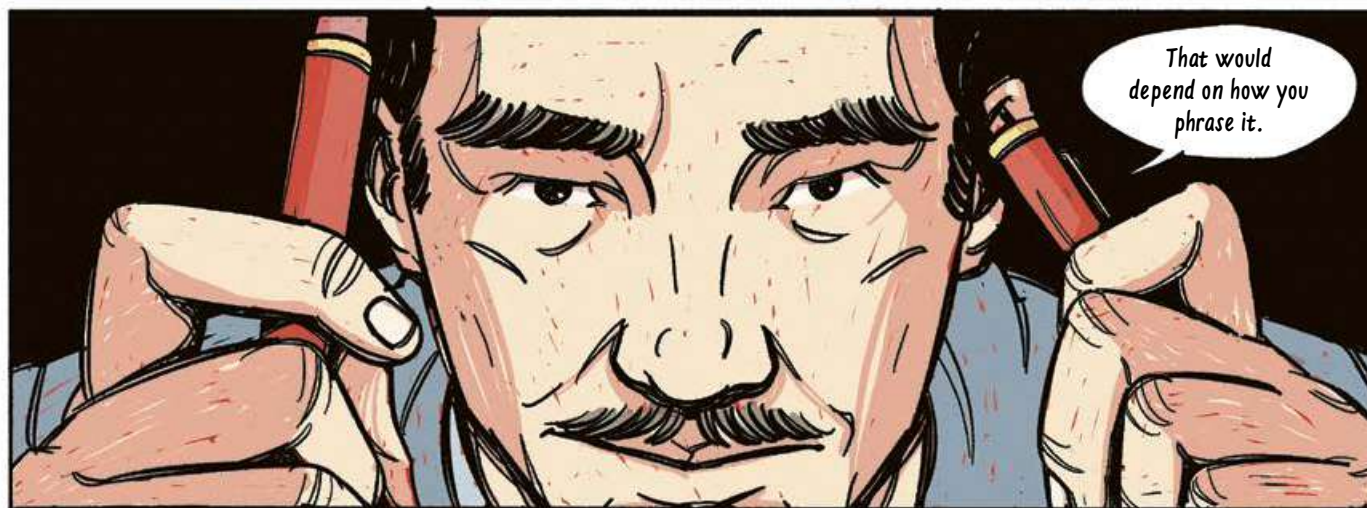
March 77.

No one gives a damn about me being here.

I'm left to rot.





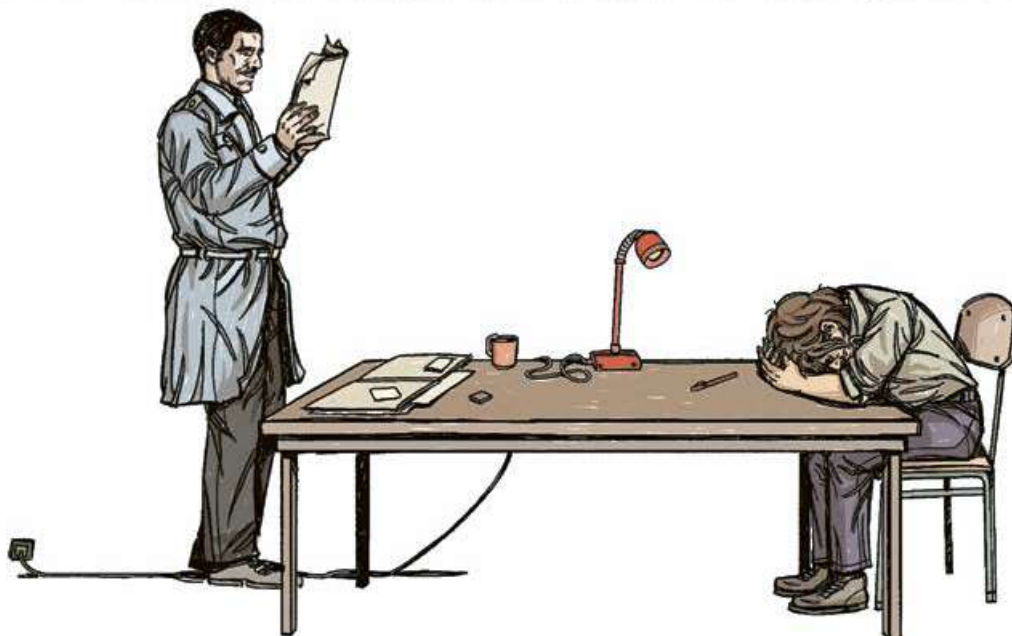


April 5, 1977

At night... the devil gripped me.



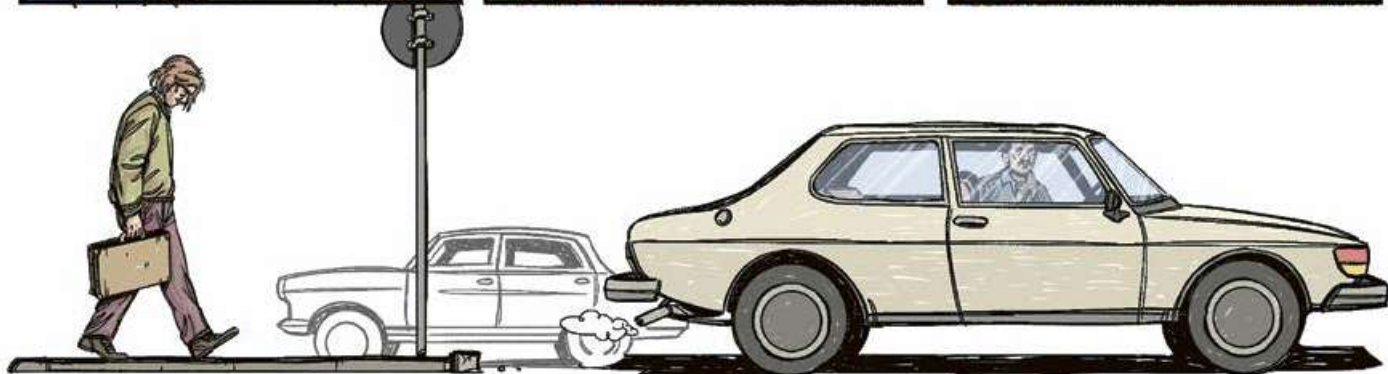




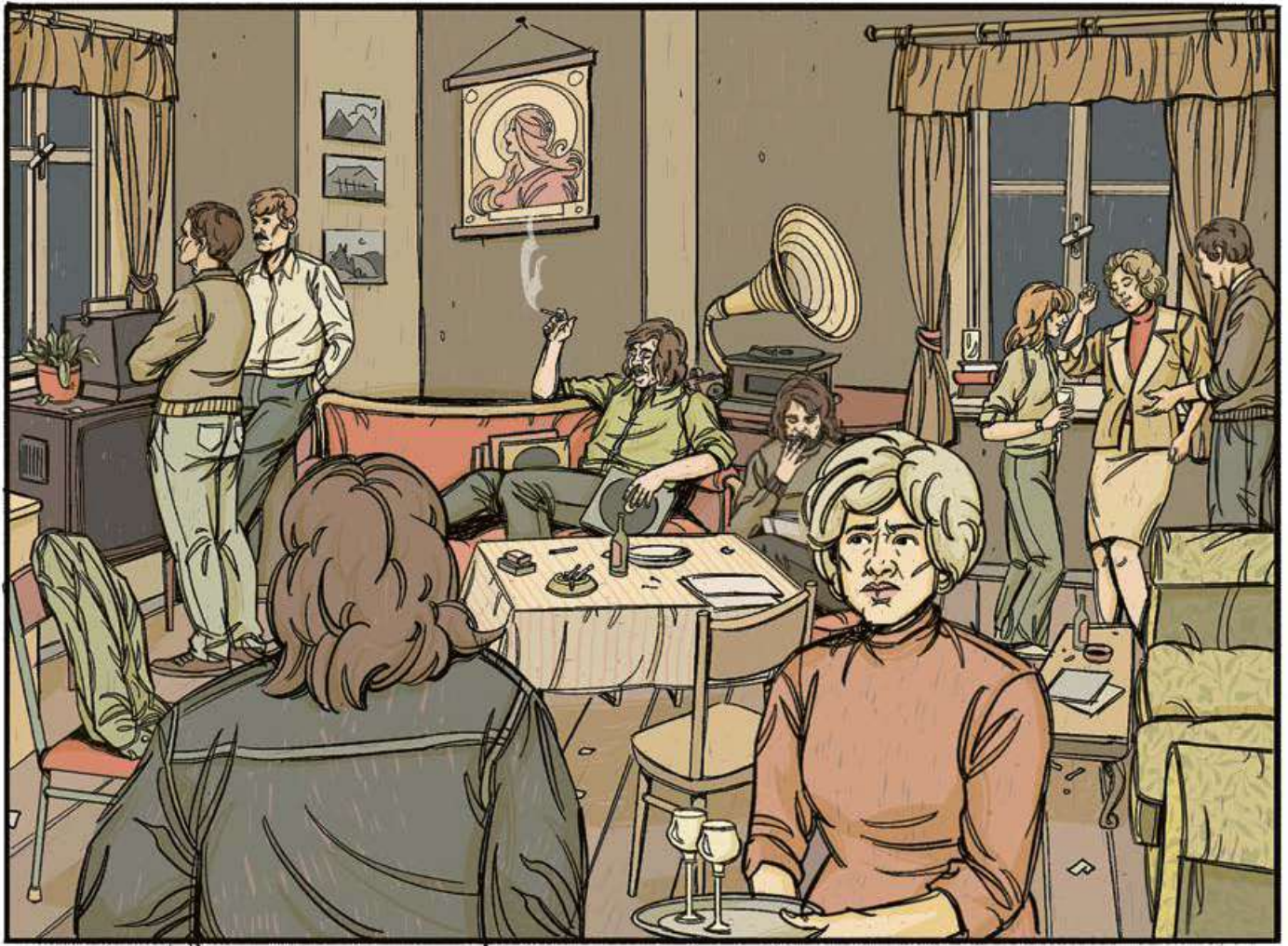
May 12, 1977

Dr. Faustus!

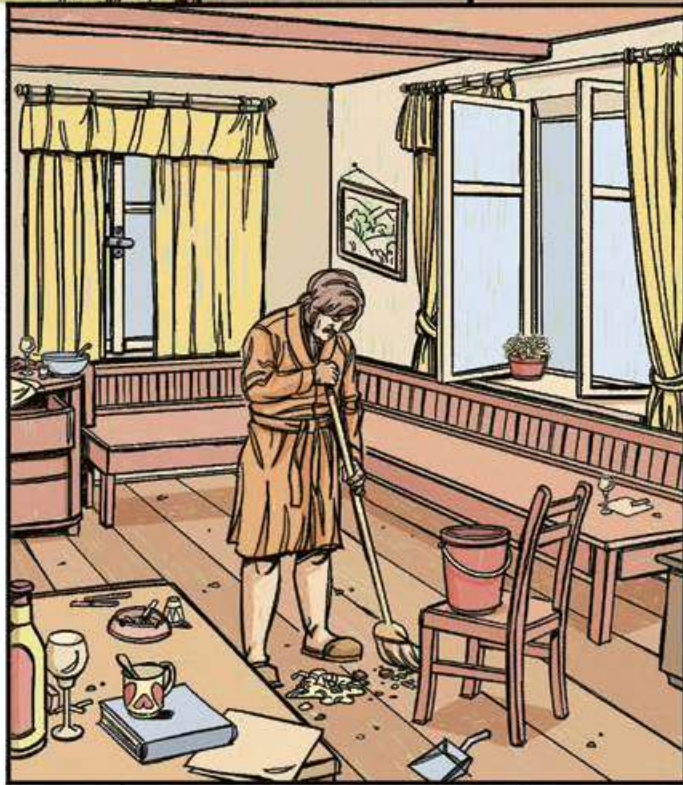
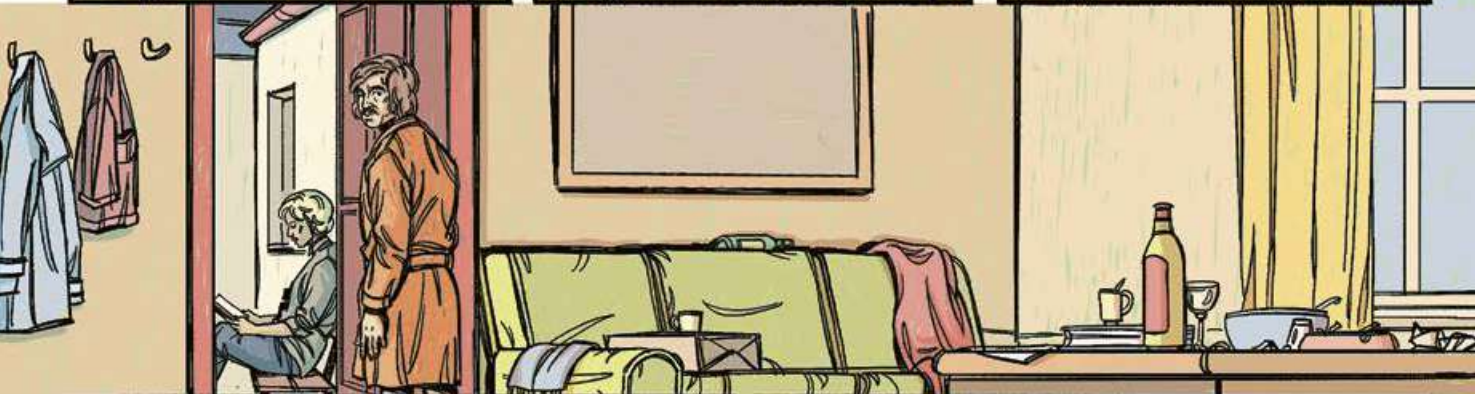
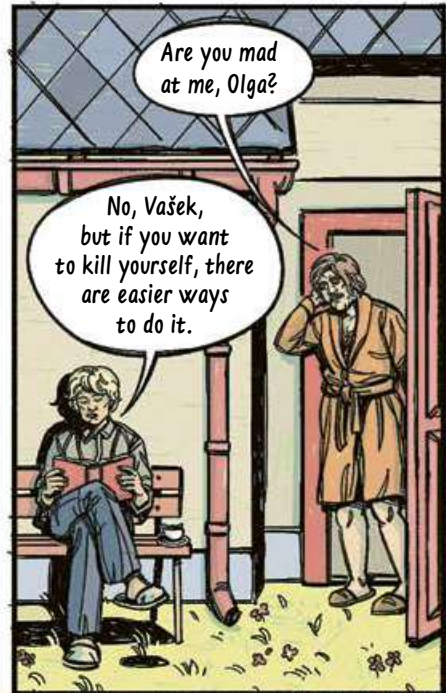


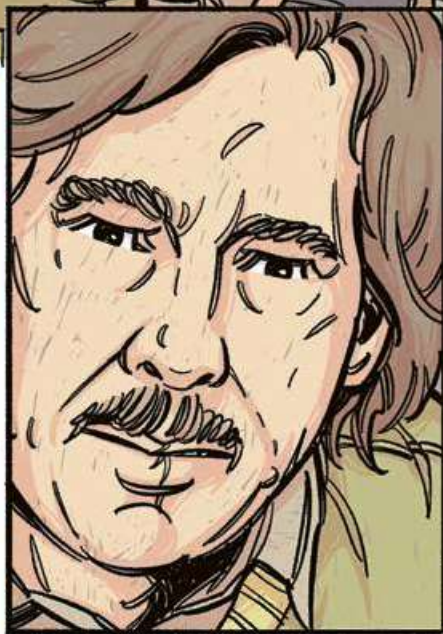


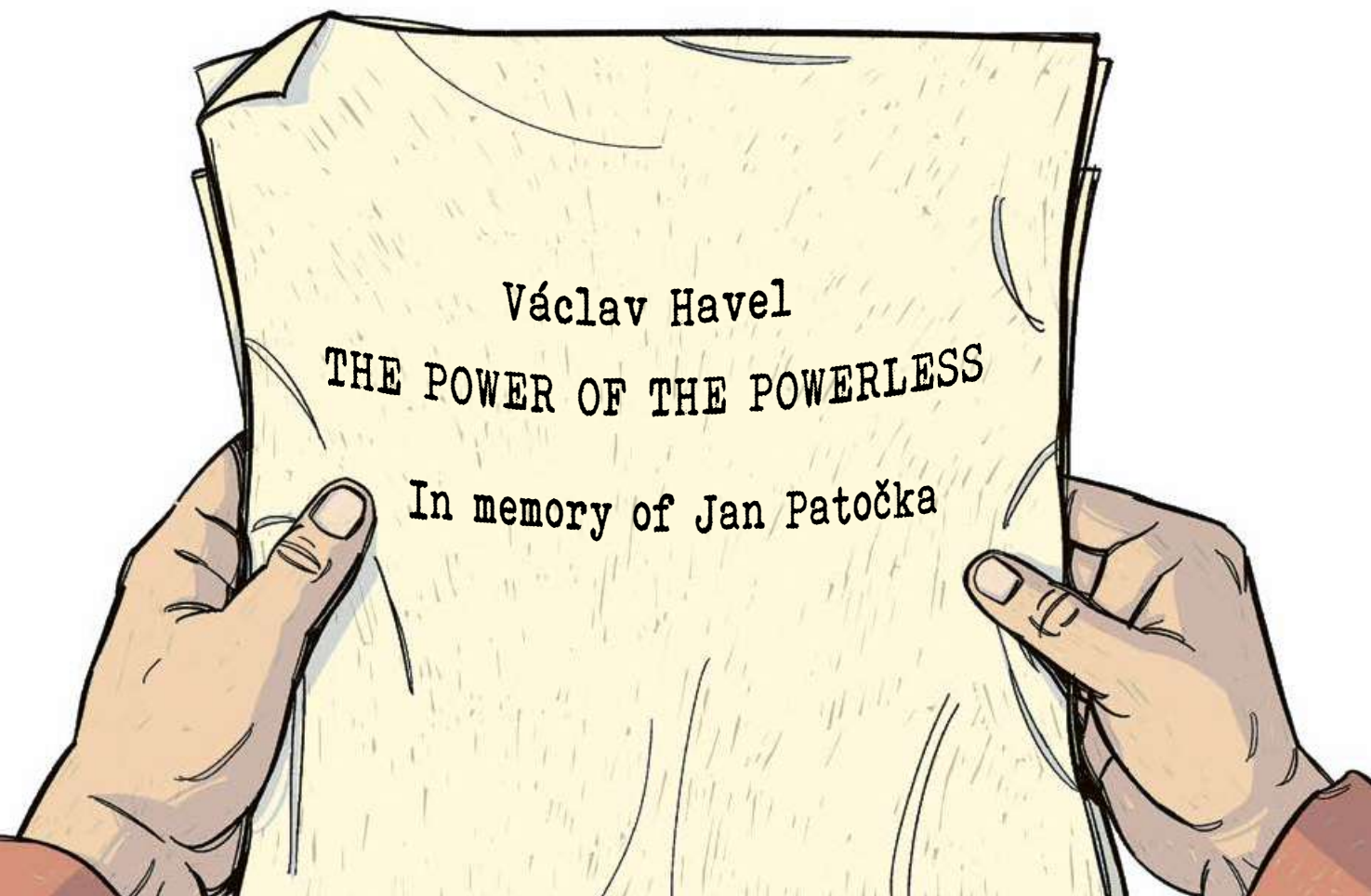






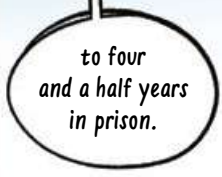


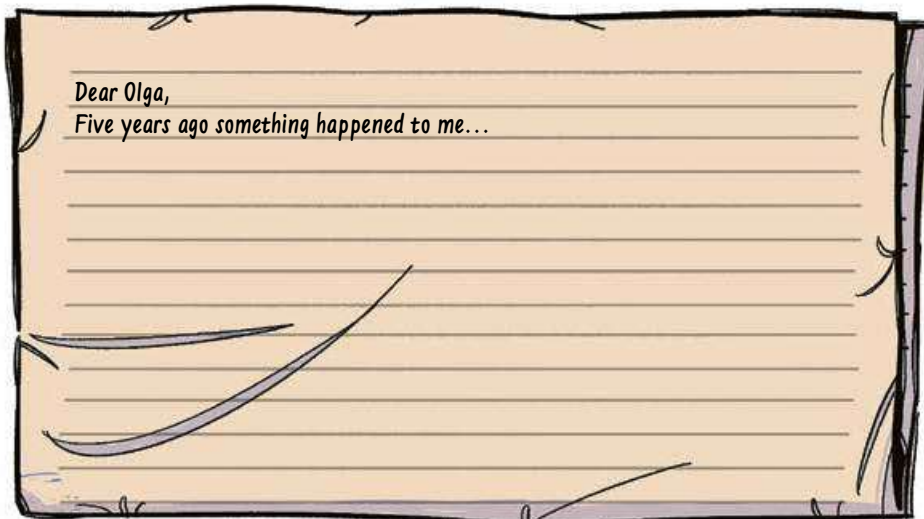












It is not hard to stand behind one's successes.

But to accept responsibility for one's failures, to accept them unreservedly as failures that are truly one's own, that cannot be shifted somewhere else or onto something else... that is devilishly hard.

But only thence does the road lead... to a new, better and deeper understanding of oneself, to a renewal of sovereignty over my own affairs, to what might be called true peace of mind.



✓ clear
saved ♡