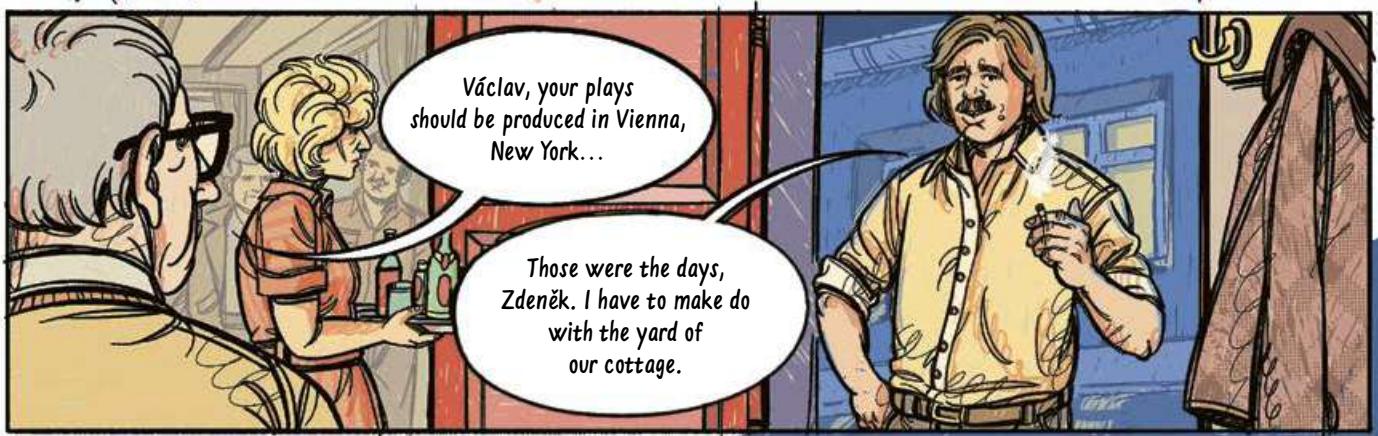
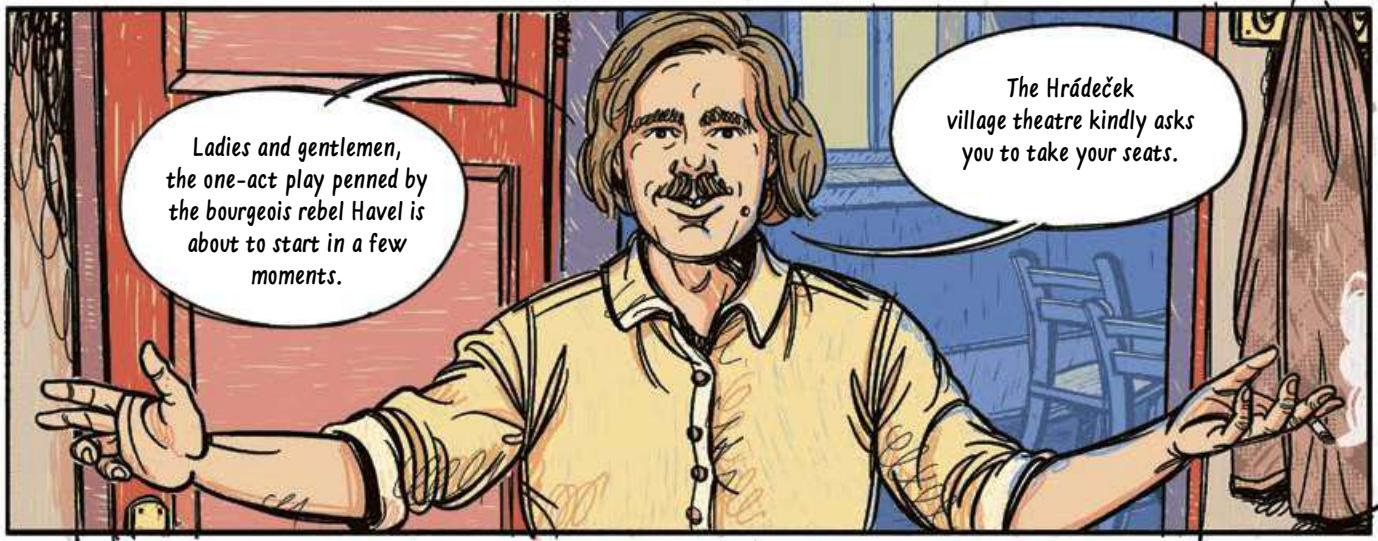


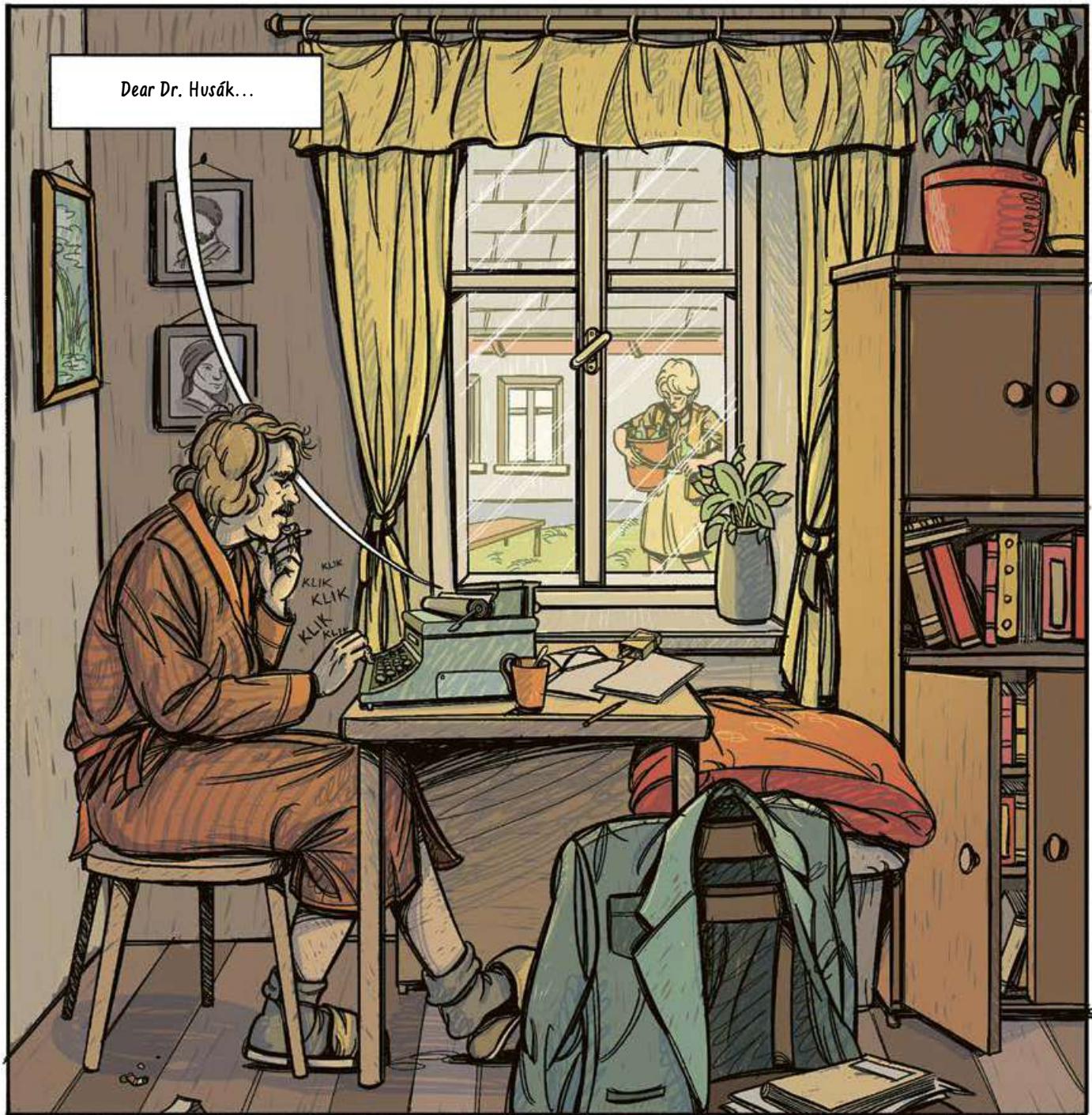
Michael Žantovský
Štěpánka Jislová

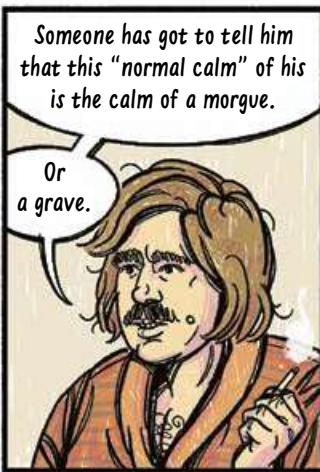
HAVEL

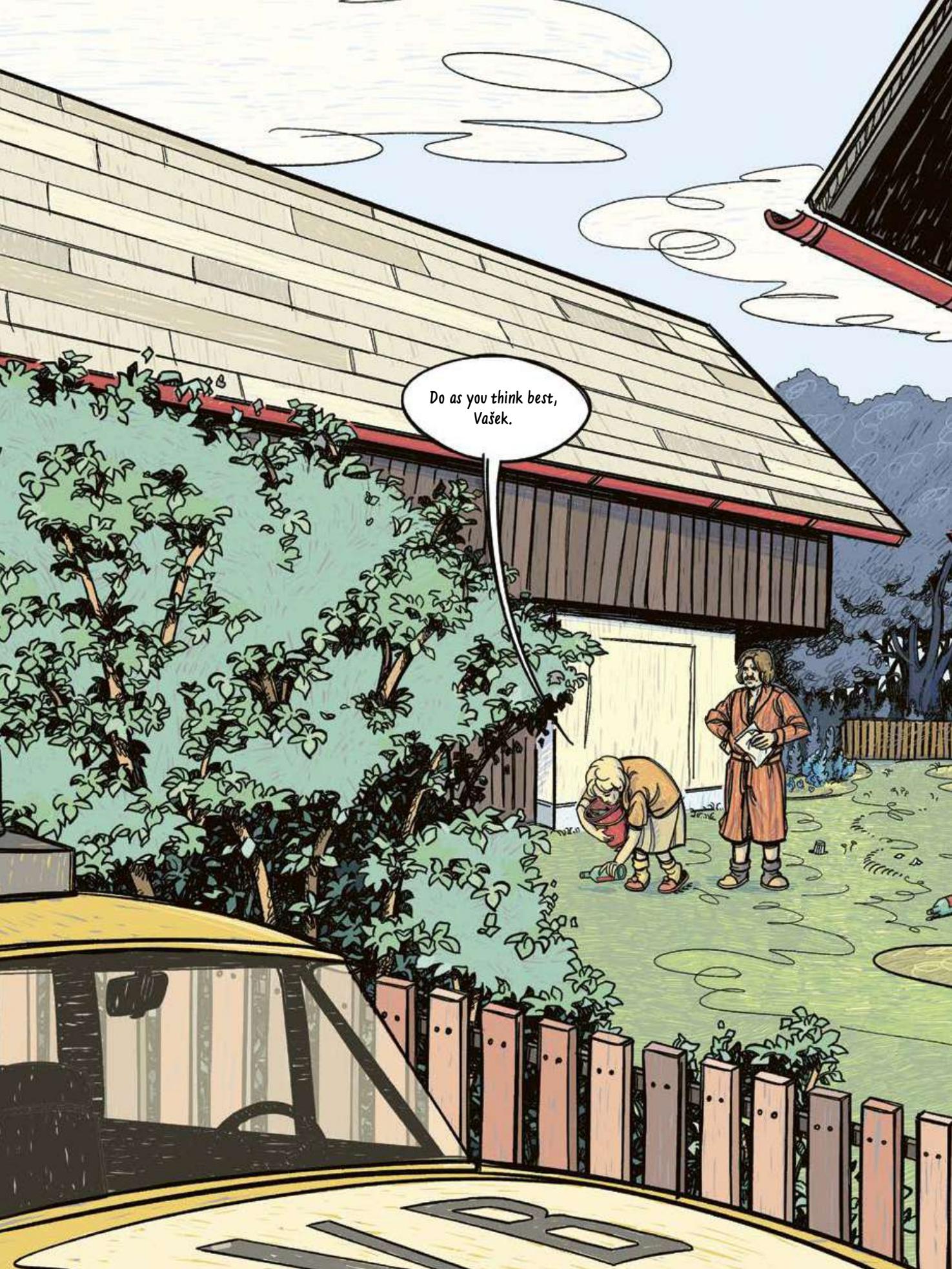
Dancing With
The Devil

Argo









Do as you think best,
Vašek.

BUCH!
BUCH!!



BUCH!
BUCH!!!
BUCH!!!





Oh, come on, Vašek.
You don't even know those musicians.
You've only seen them once or twice
in your life. Why do you have to
meddle in everything?

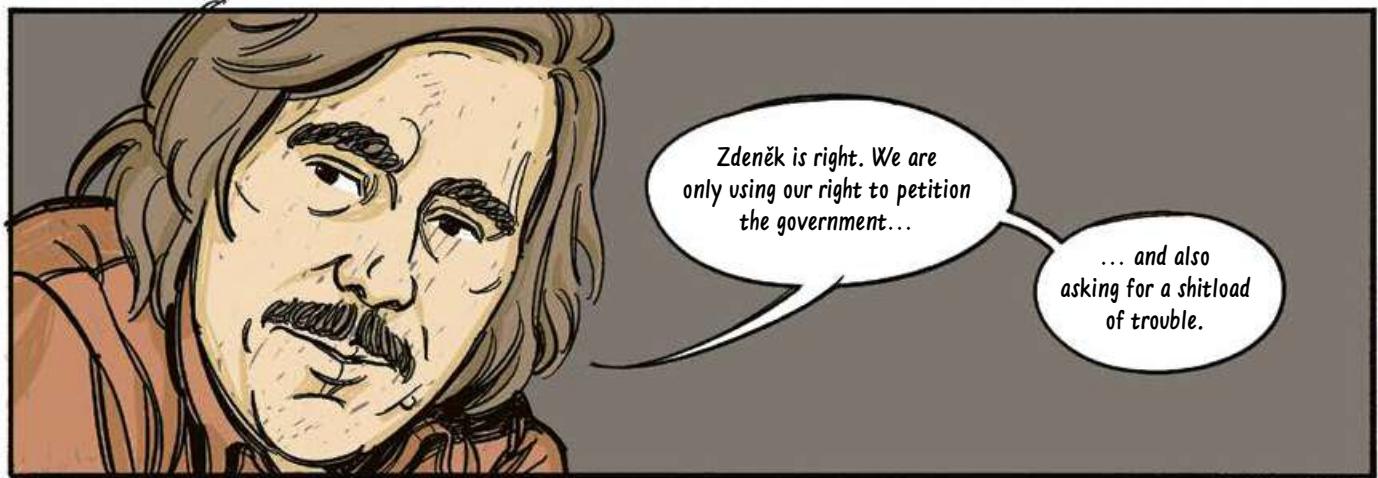
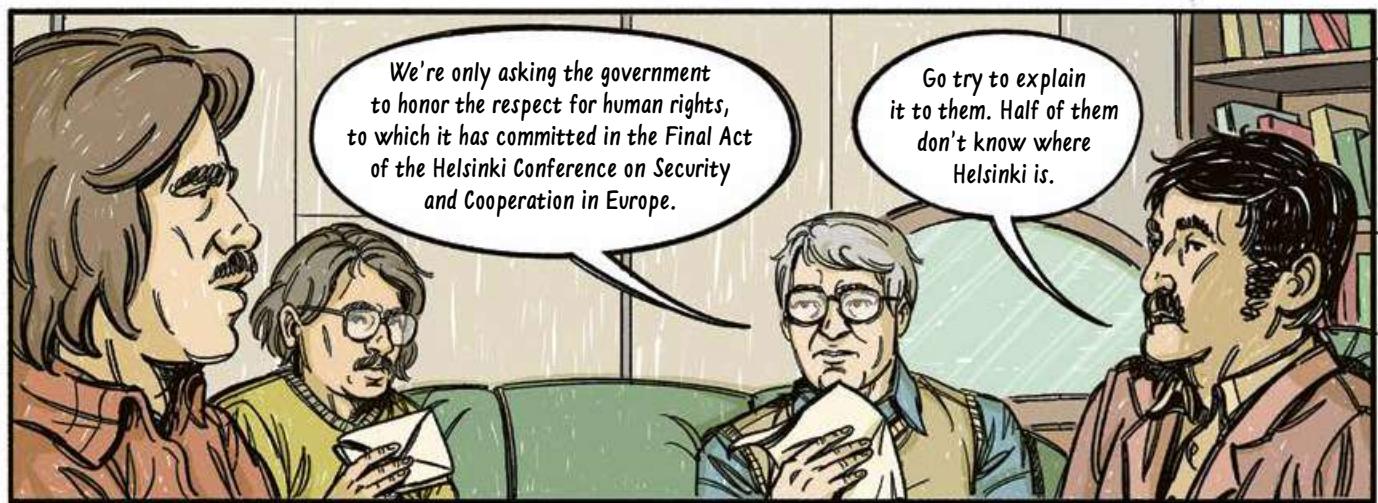
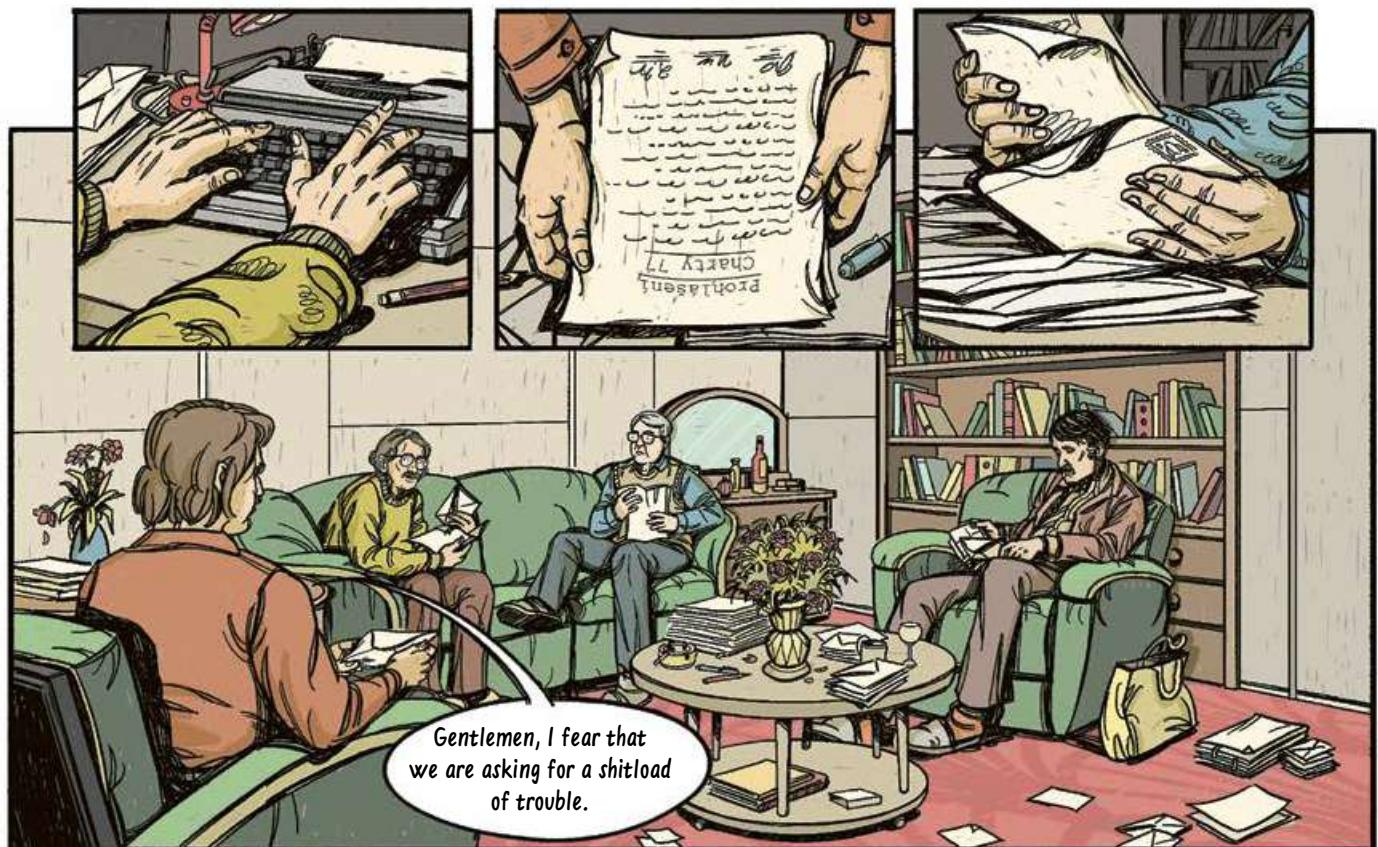
If they can send
today some long-haired
rockers to jail like criminals,
just for playing their
music...

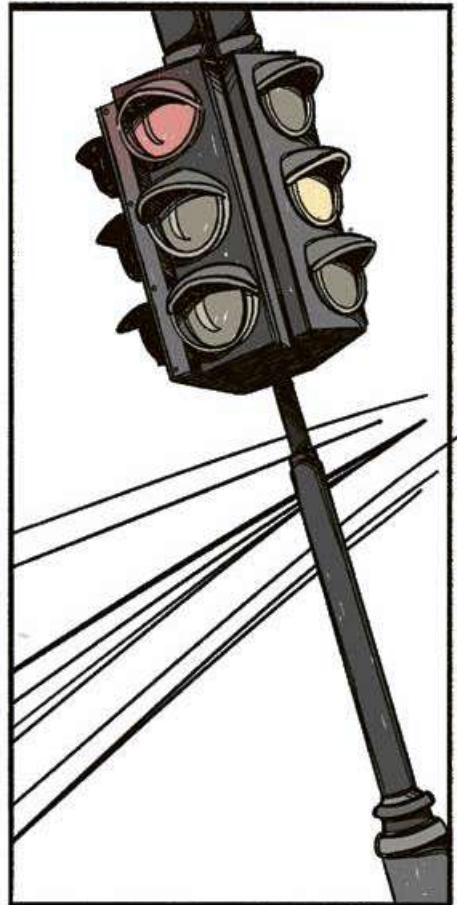
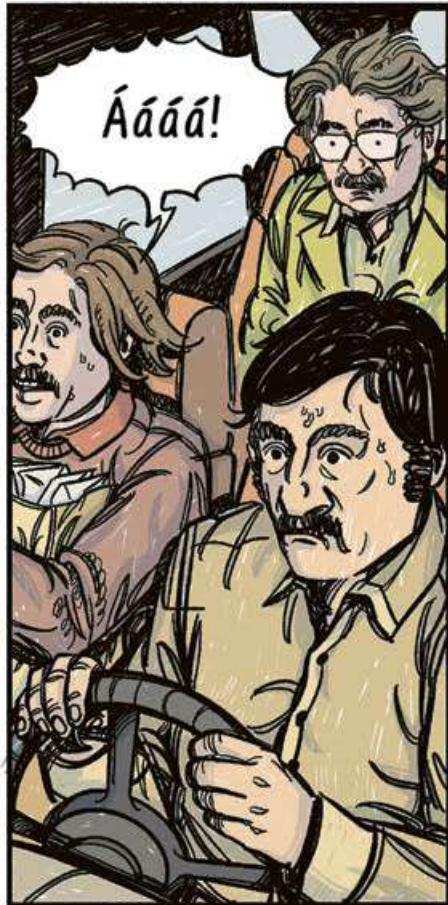
... tomorrow they
will be locking up every
artist for their novels,
poems or paintings.

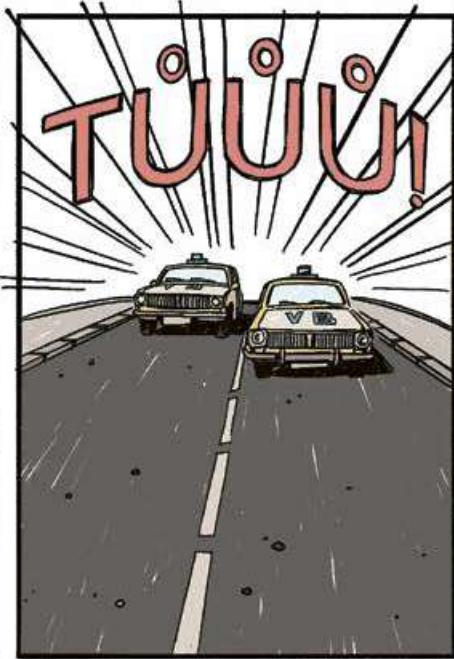
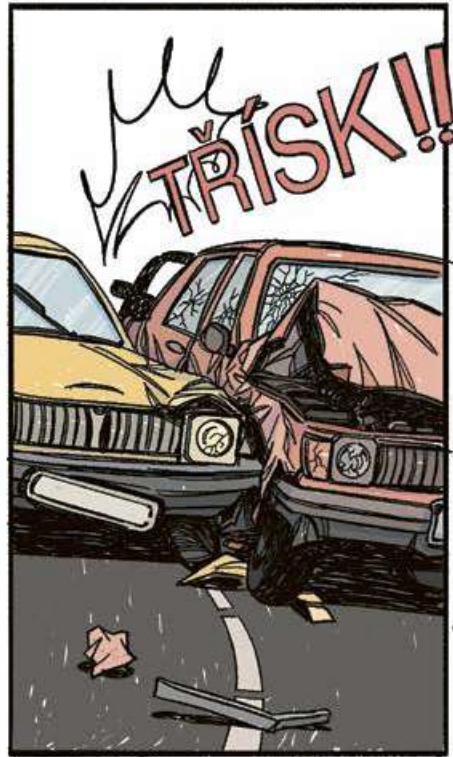
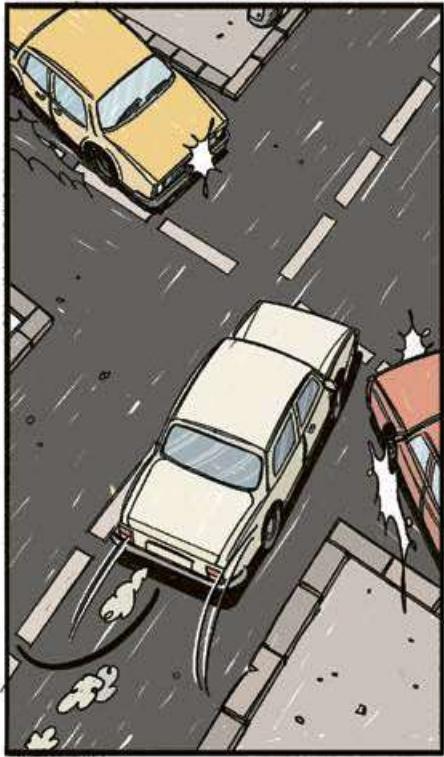
Do you
understand,
Olga?

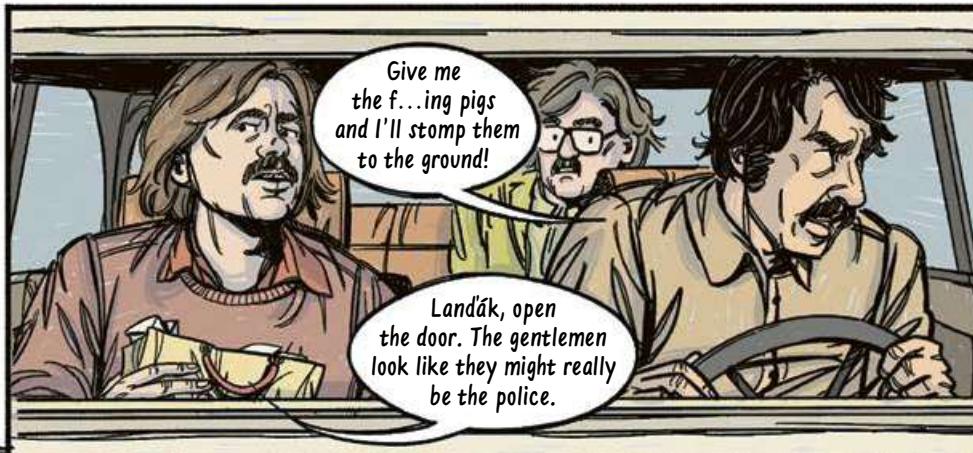
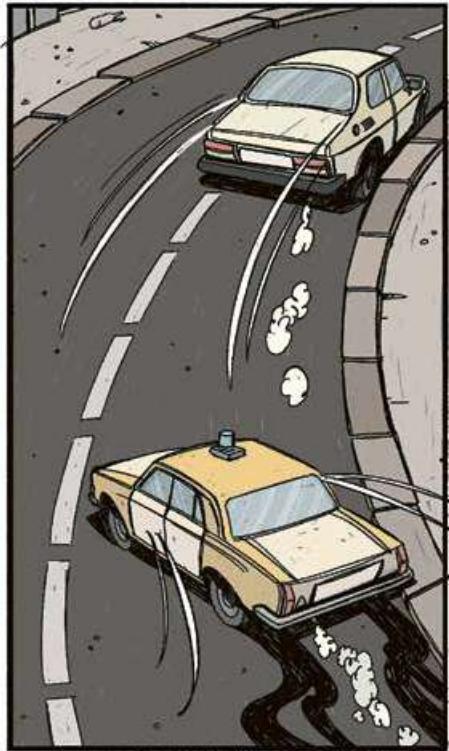


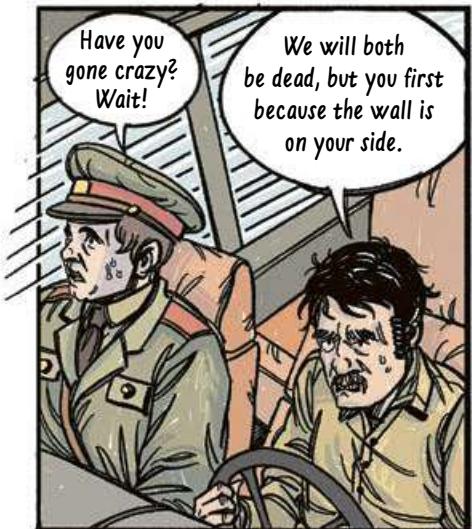
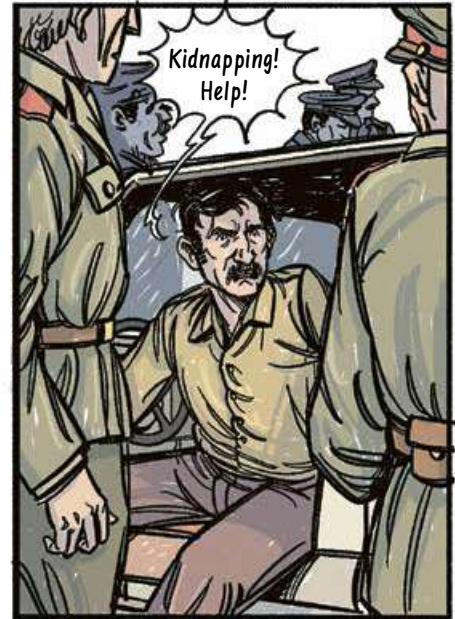
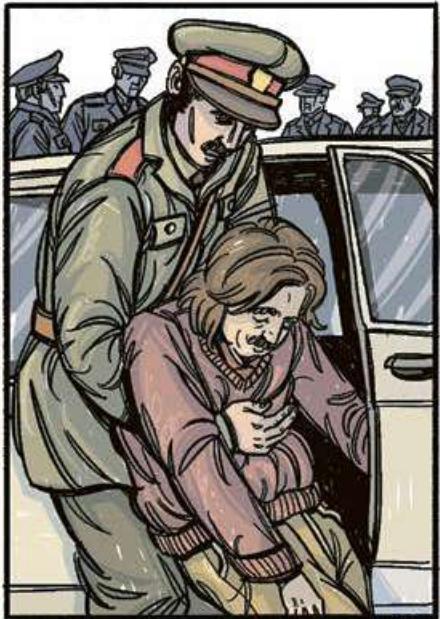














It is a human rights petition addressed to the government.



It is a counterrevolutionary pamphlet!!



Hey.

This is all they had. And under the counter, too. Sorry.



Real immortality consists in overcoming the terror of physical death through the fear of one's own negative existence.

I don't quite understand.

Or one can make do with one's own physicality and choose life. This is the Faustian contract.

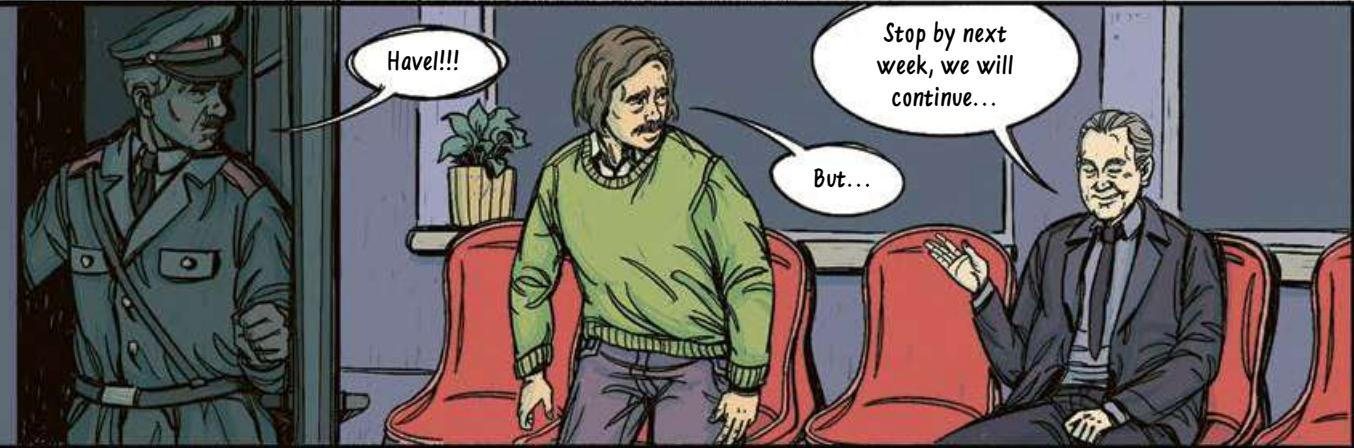
Sure, but then it would no longer be one's own immortality. It would be about the person but would not belong to the person.

But how can an existence be negative? That would also entail immortality of sorts.

Stop by next week, we will continue...

But...

Have!!!





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.

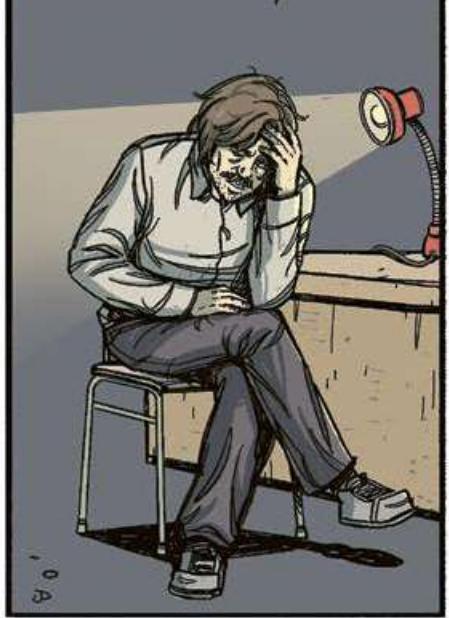




And what if I...

pledged that...

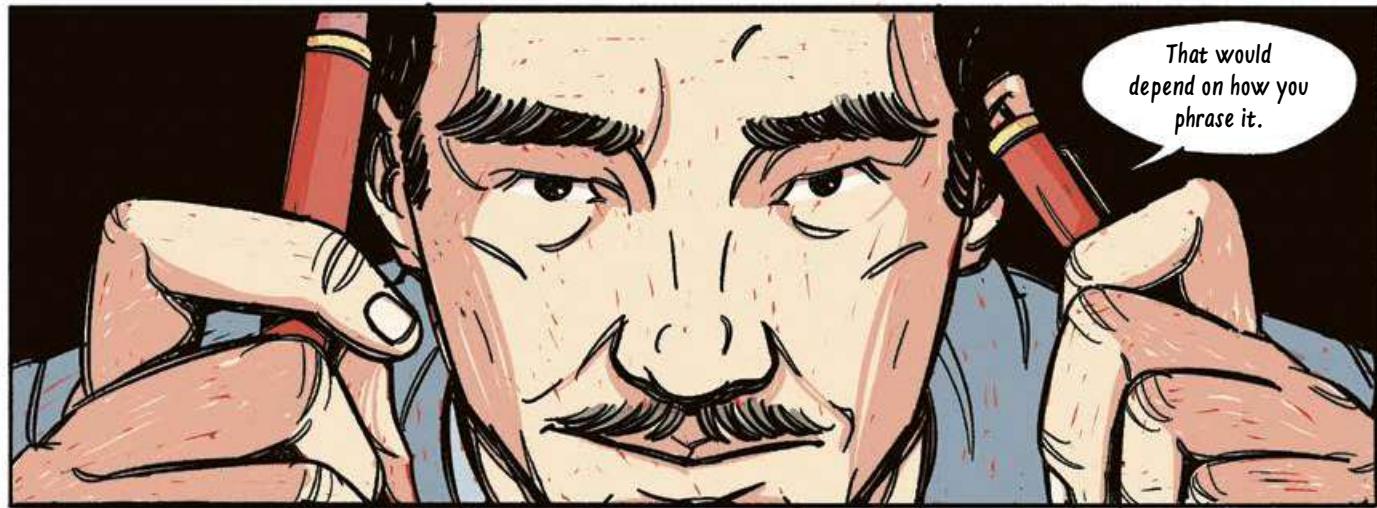
...I will refrain
from political activities
from now on?



CVAK!!



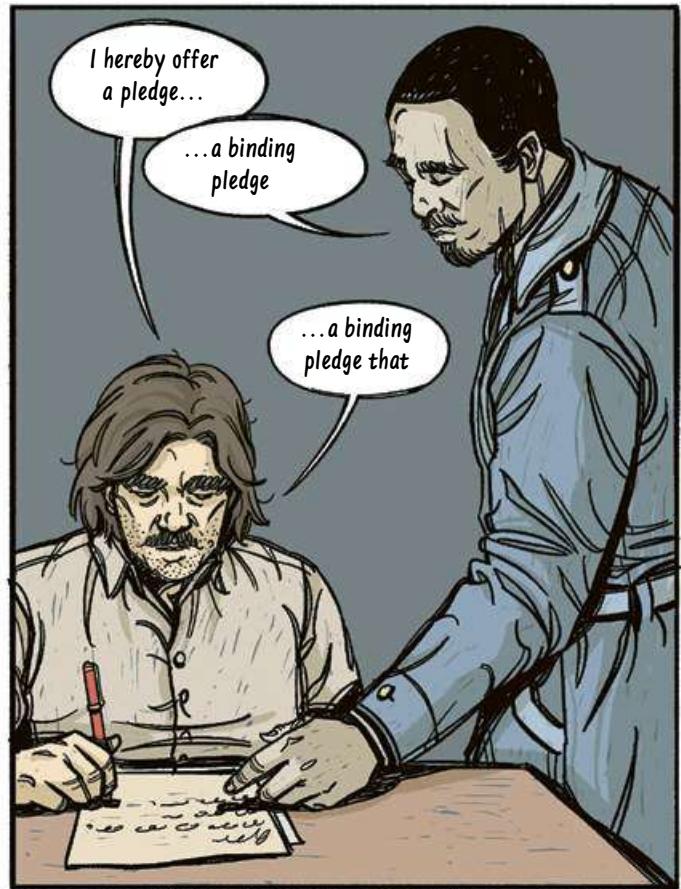
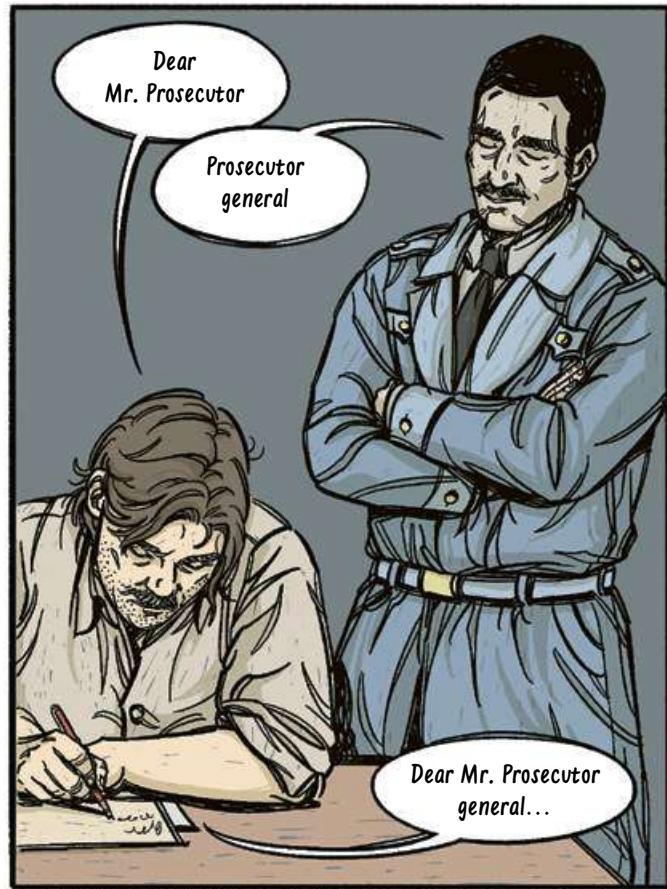
That would
depend on how you
phrase it.

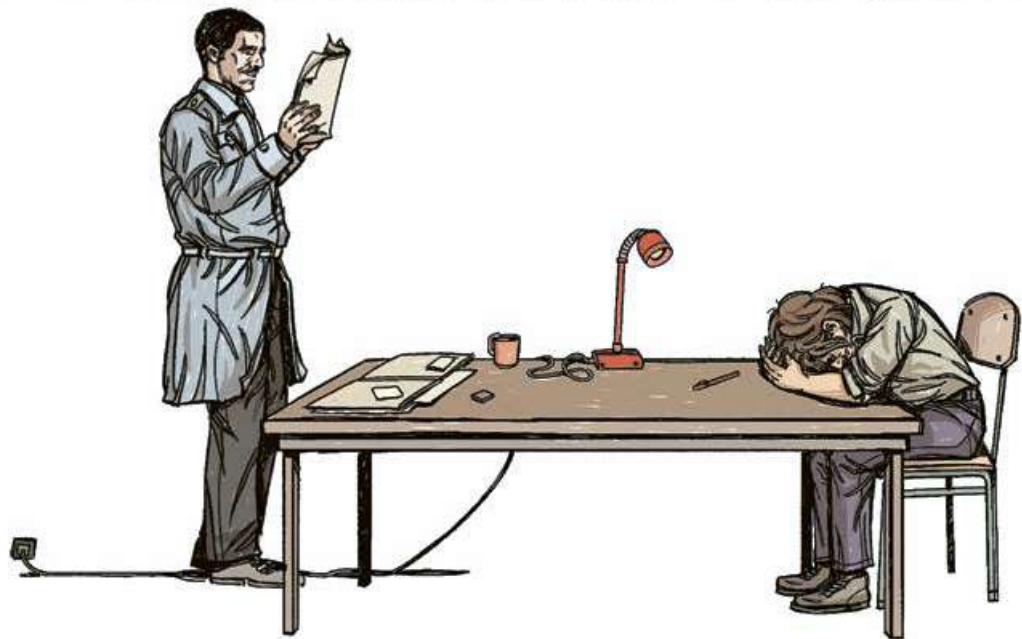
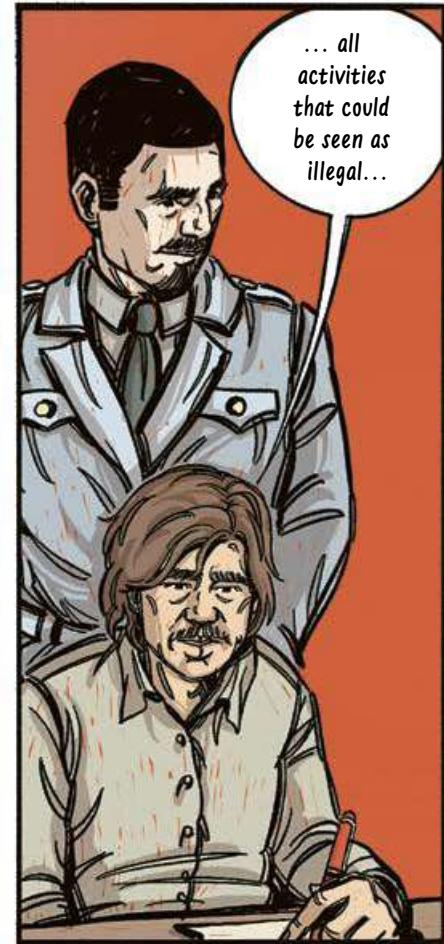
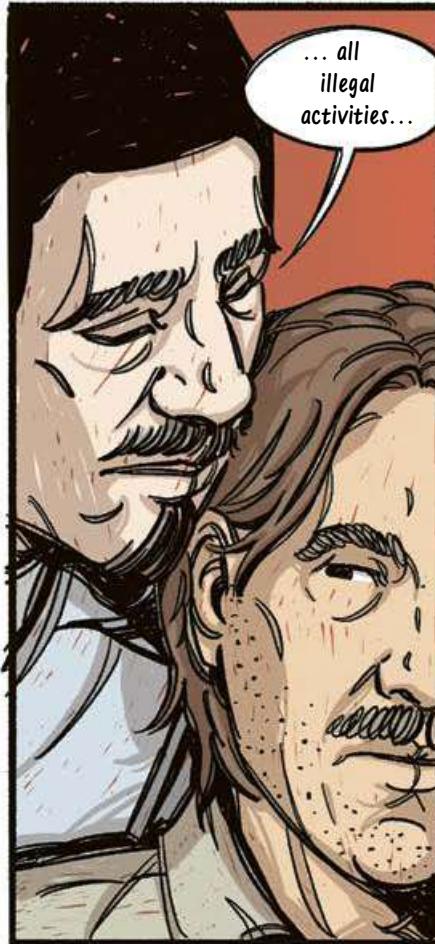


April 5, 1977

At night... the devil gripped me.



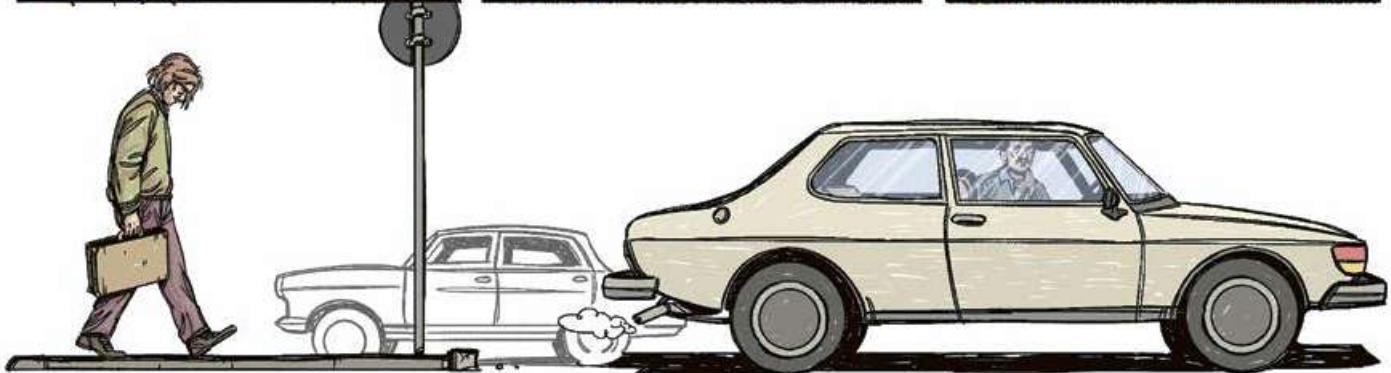




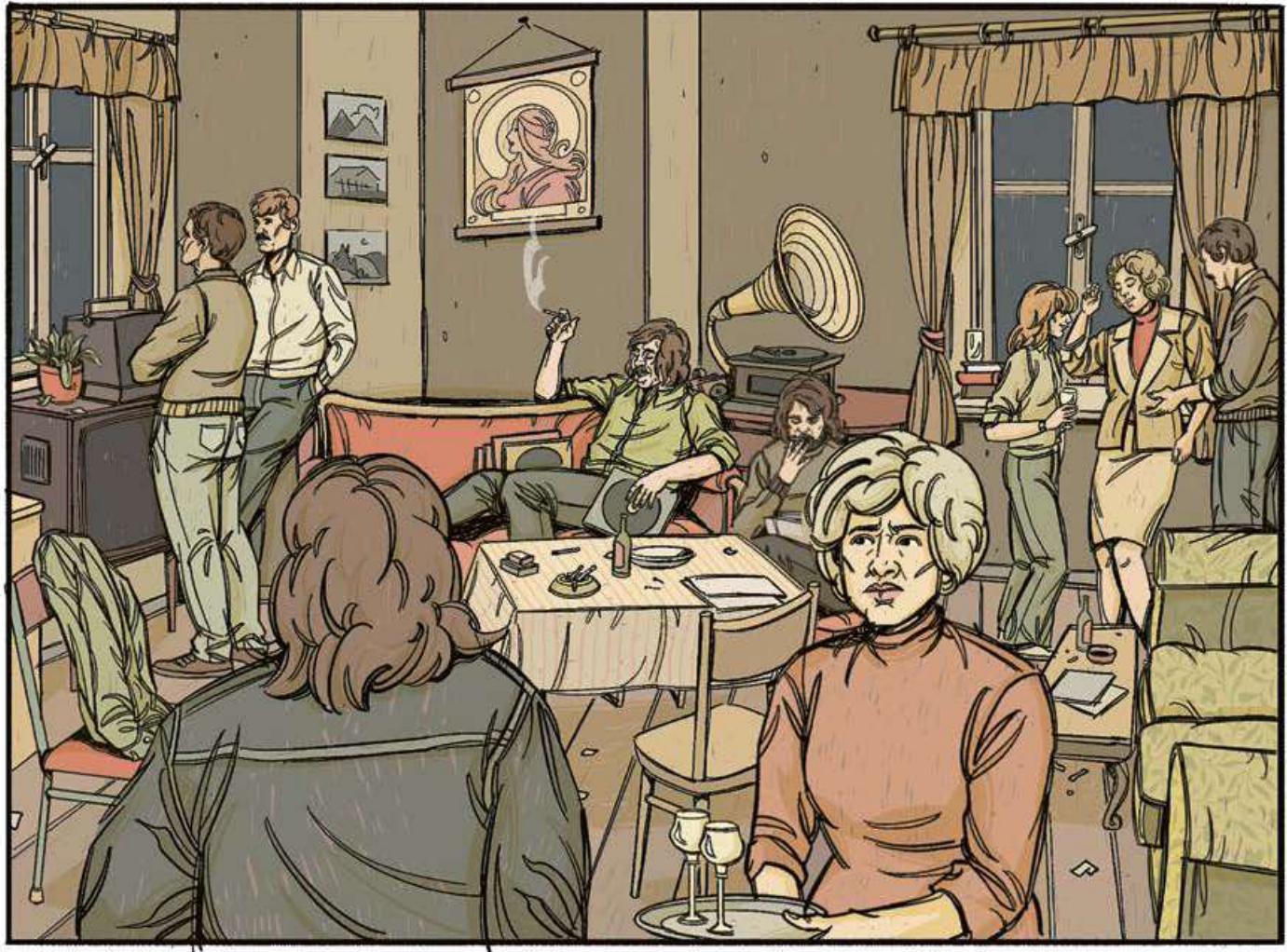
May 12, 1977

Dr. Faustus!

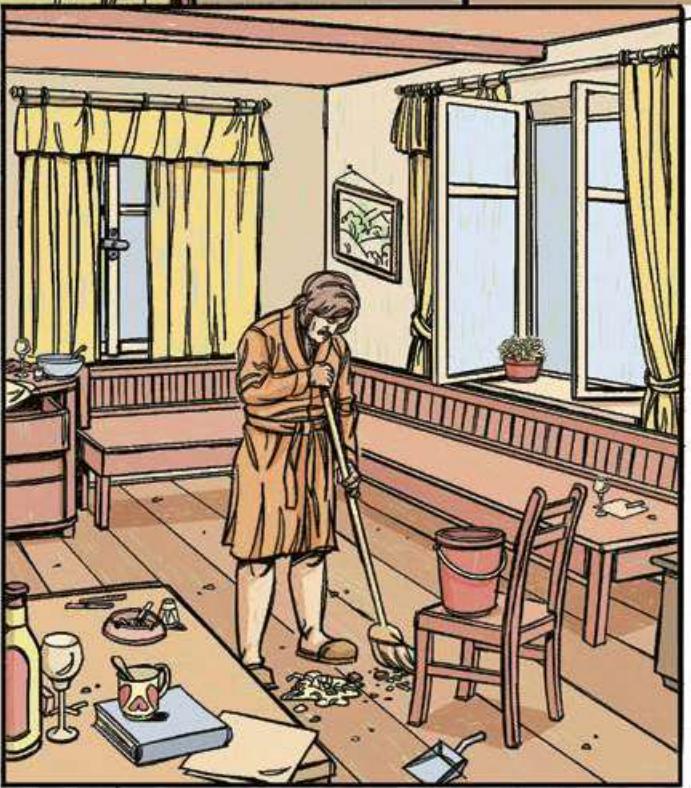
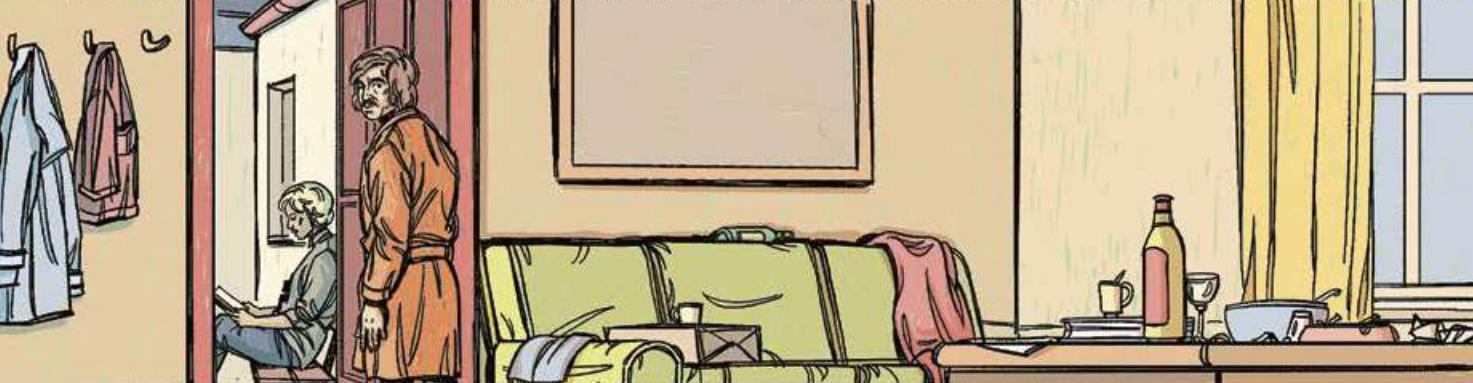
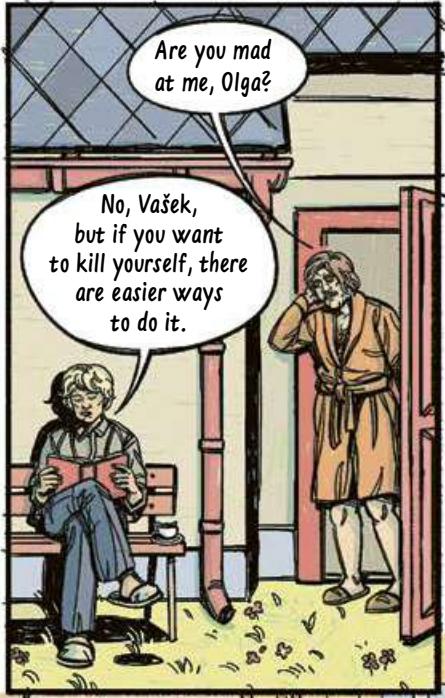


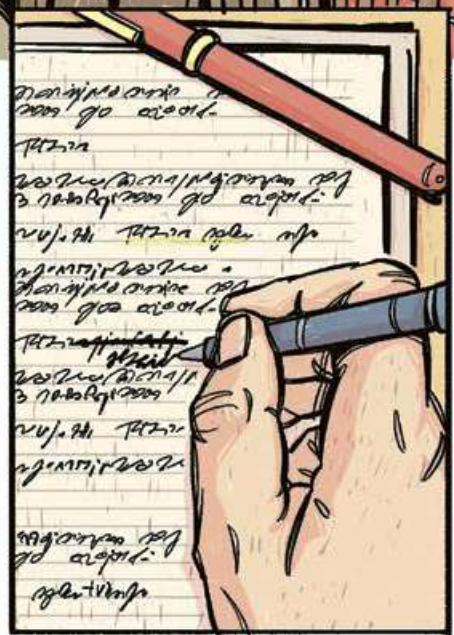
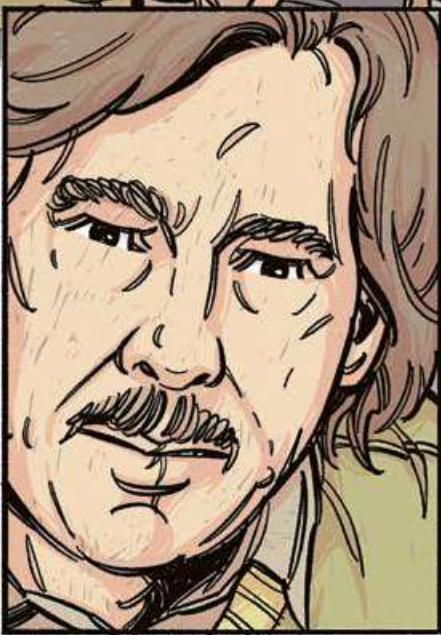
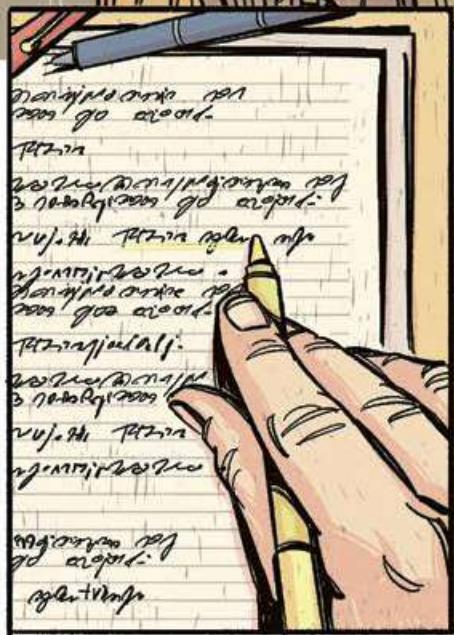


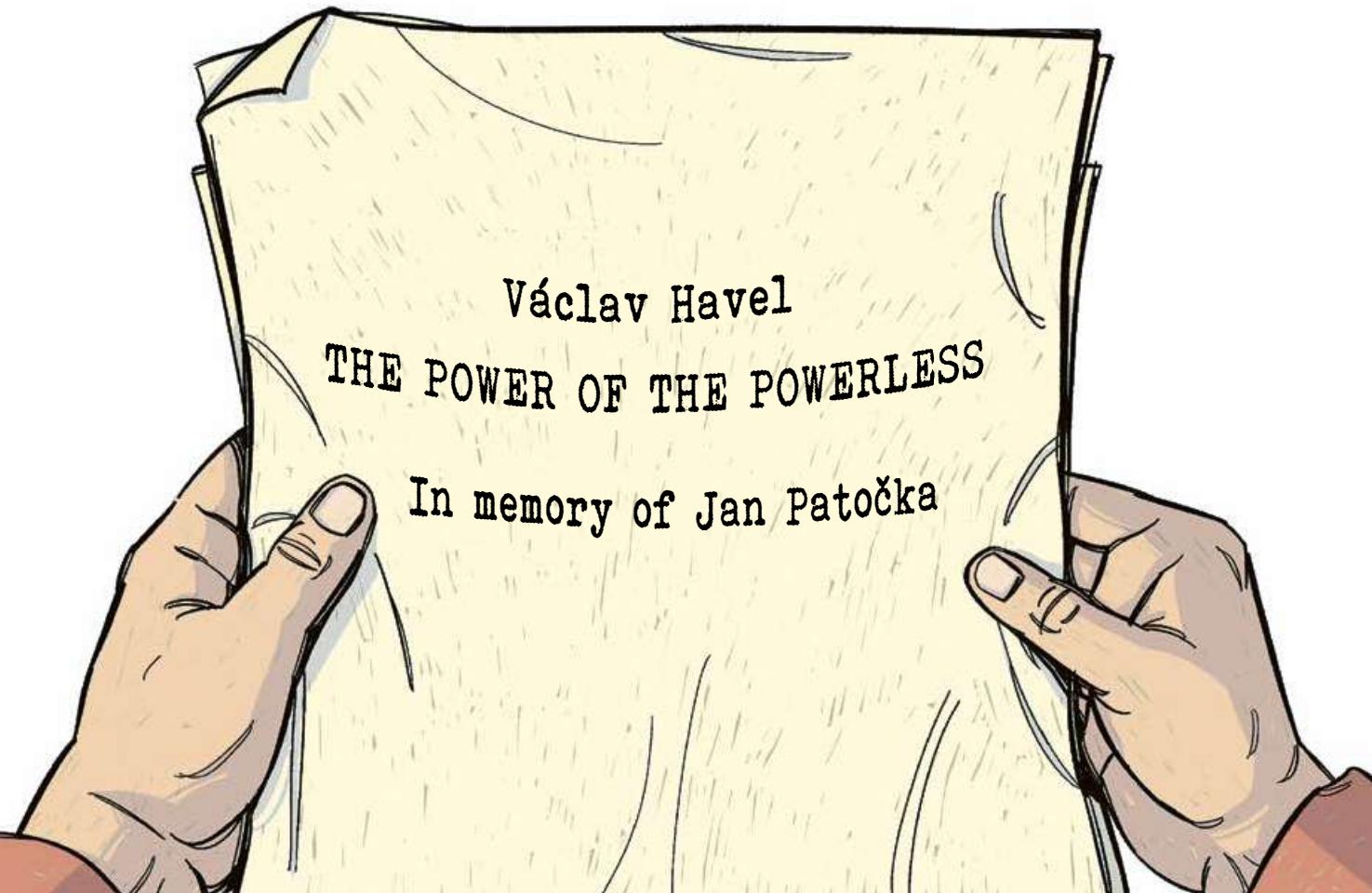
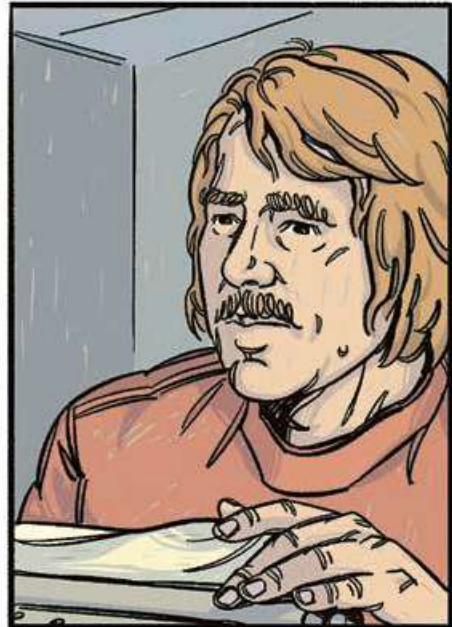
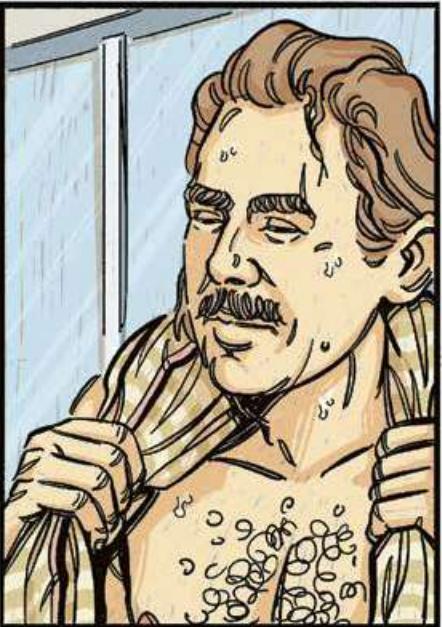
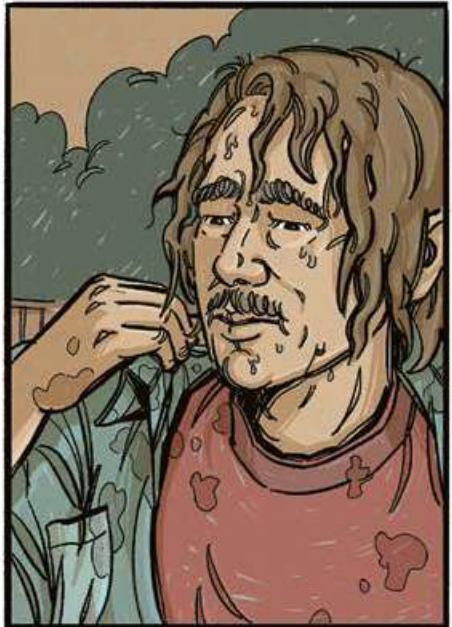








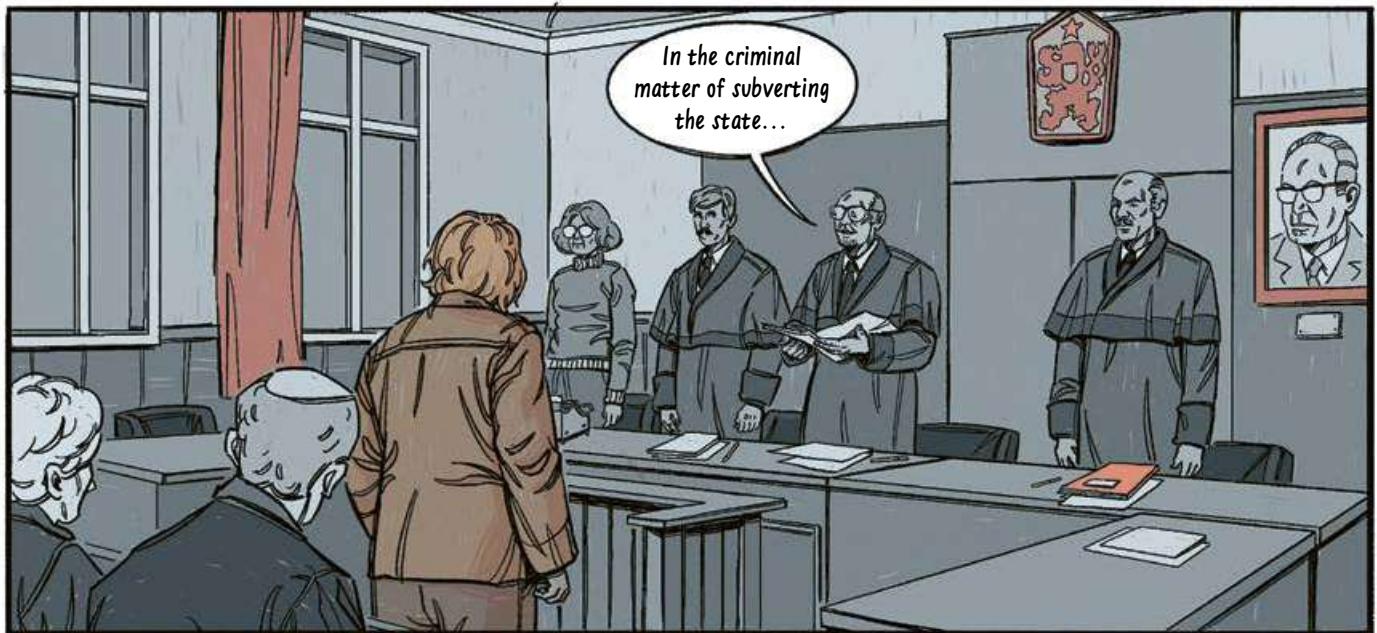








In the criminal
matter of subverting
the state...



I have not
committed any
crime.

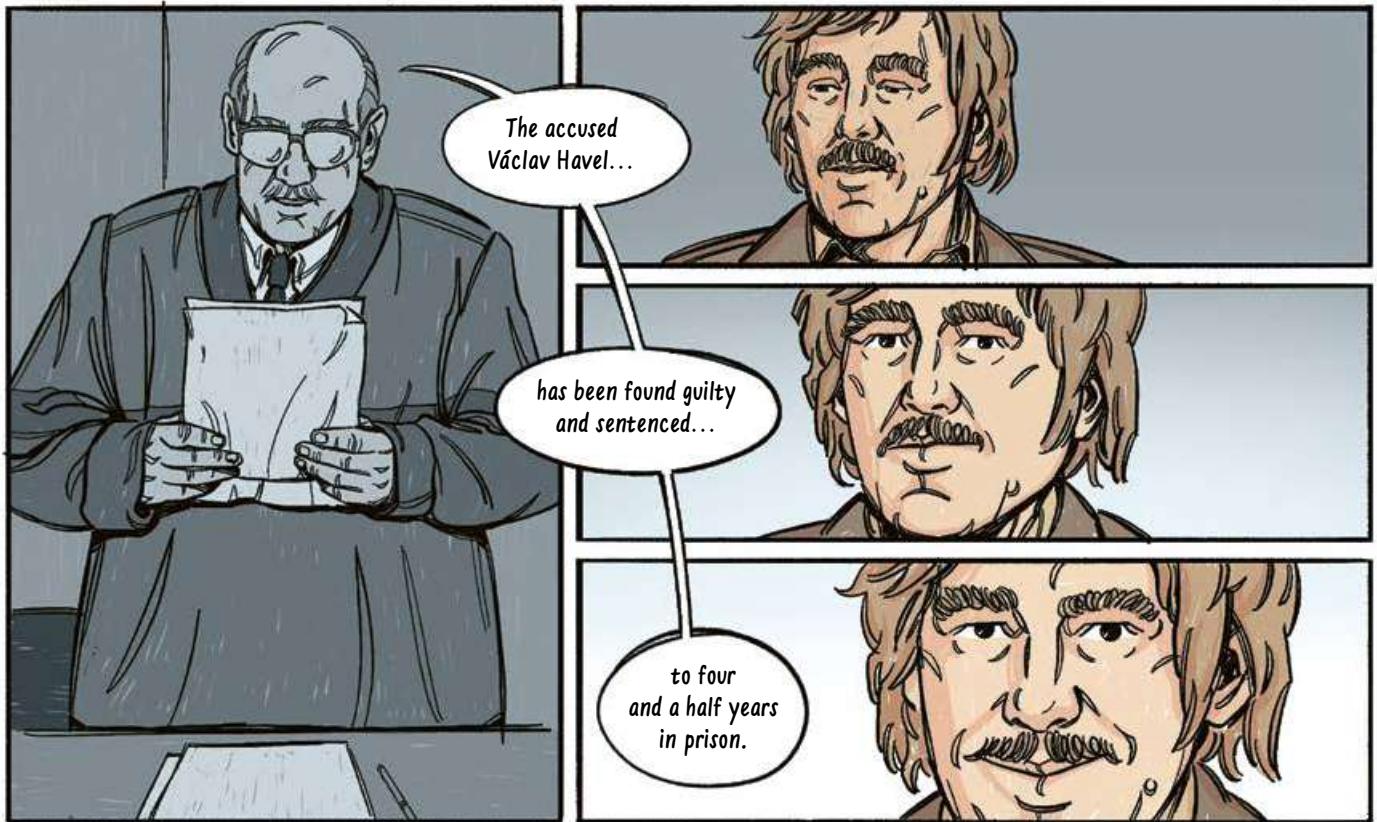
That is for me
to decide.



The accused
Václav Havel...

has been found guilty
and sentenced...

to four
and a half years
in prison.



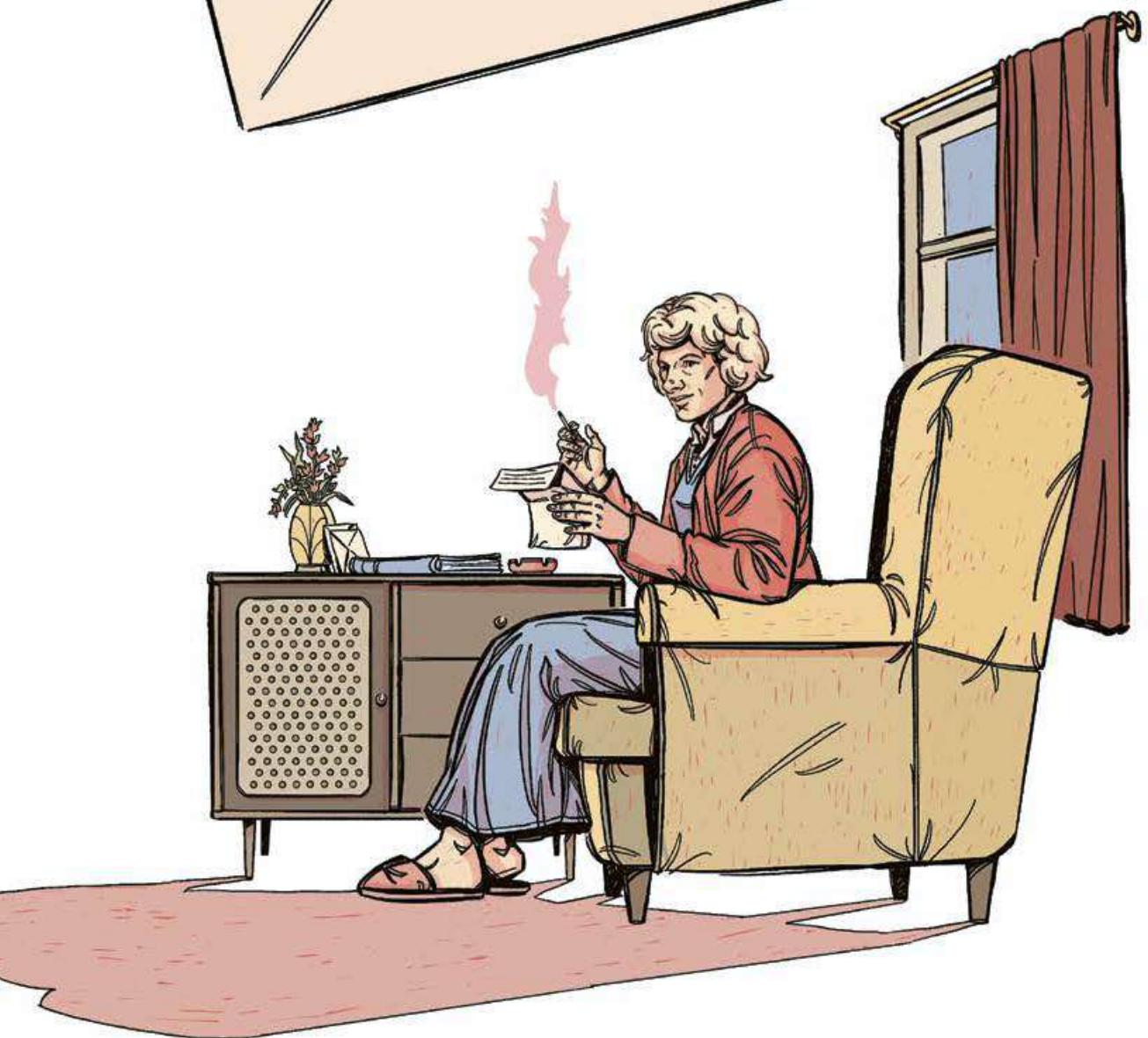
Dear Olga,
Five years ago something happened to me...



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.



✓ cedar
zeaved ♡