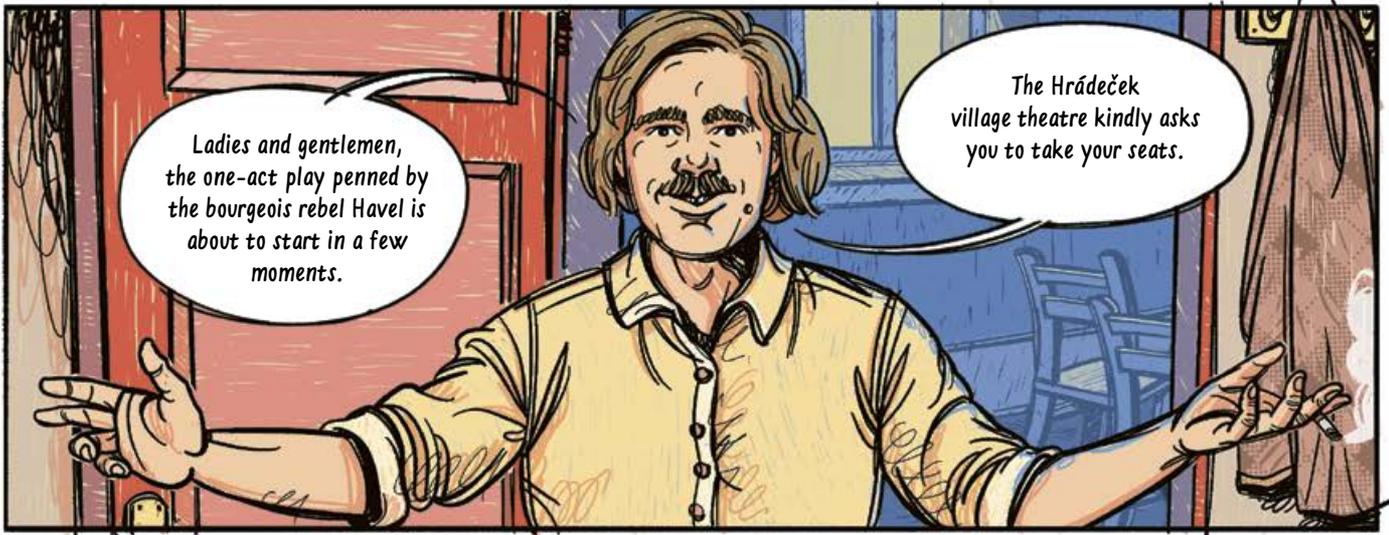


Michael Žantovský
Štěpánka Jislová

HAVEL

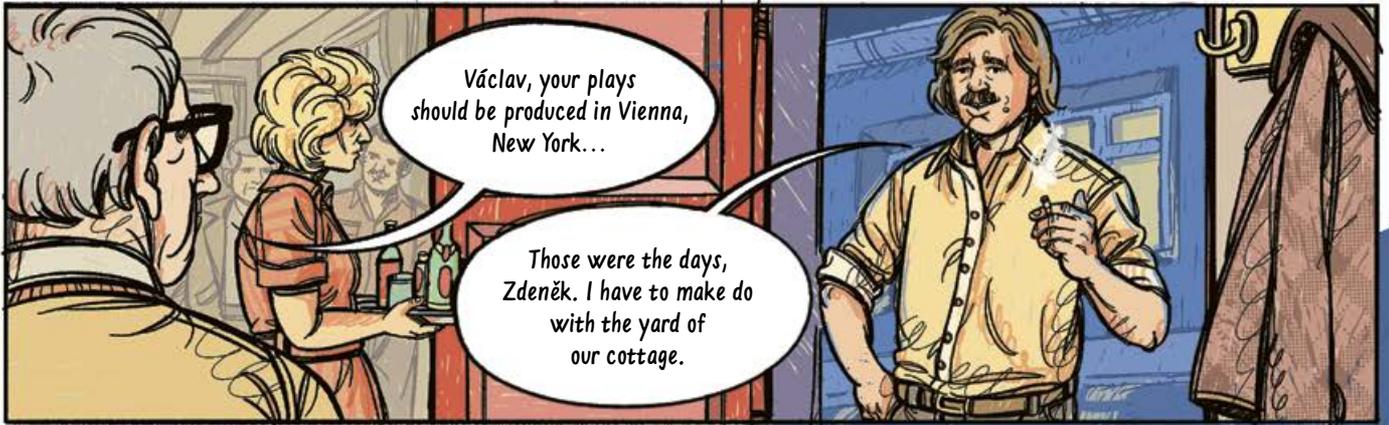
Dancing With
The Devil

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.



Dear Dr. Husák...

KLIK
KLIK
KLIK
KLIK



Olga,
I need you to read
this.

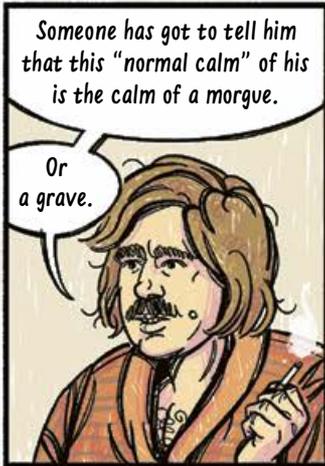


...

This is
a waste of time,
Vašek.



Husák will never get
to see this.



Someone has got to tell him
that this "normal calm" of his
is the calm of a morgue.

Or
a grave.



... And if he gets to see it,
he will never read it.



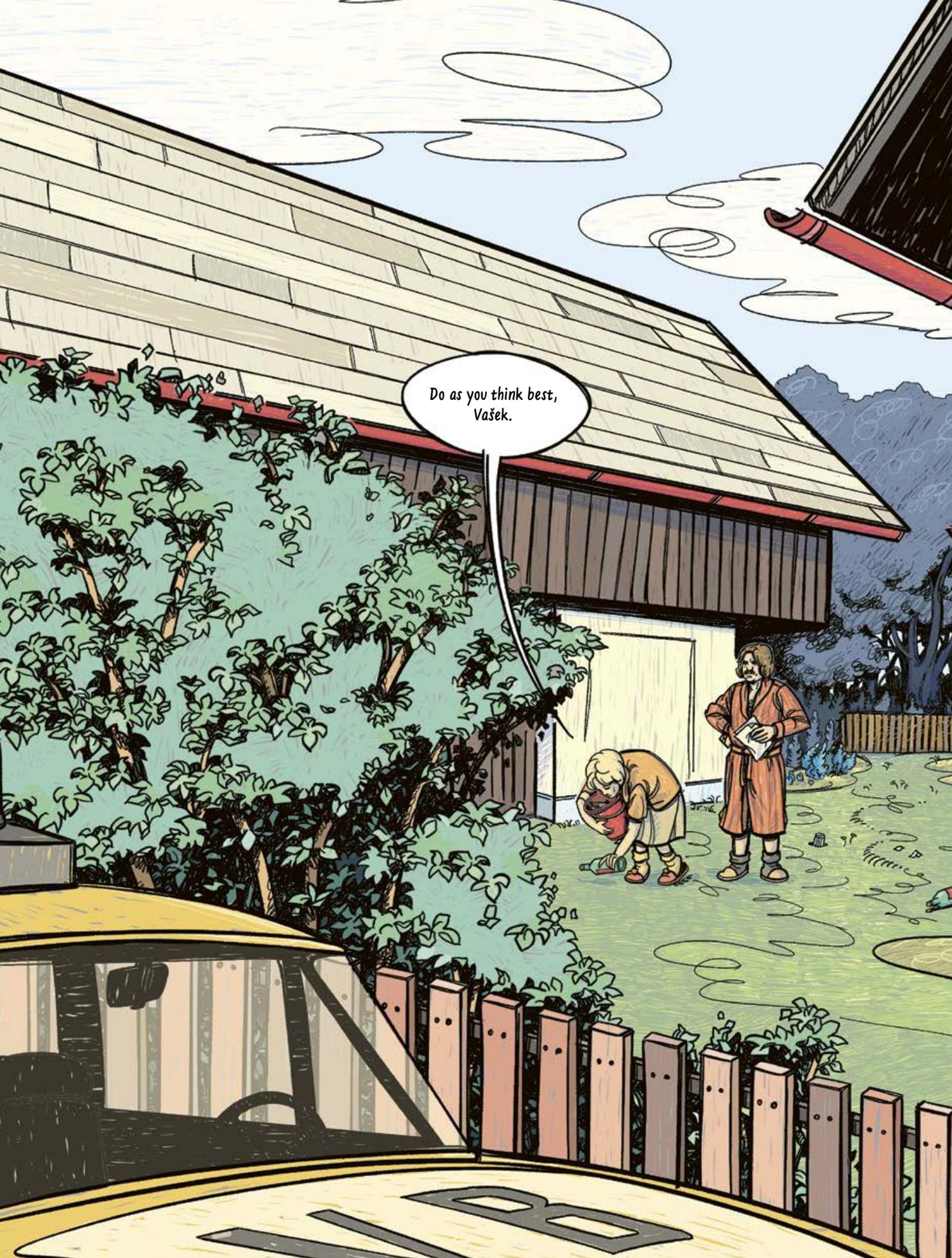
I want him to know that
if they paralyze life, they
will eventually paralyze
themselves.



... And if he
reads it, they will
just lock you up.

But I have to do
something, Olga. I can't
live like this.

And it is all
true.

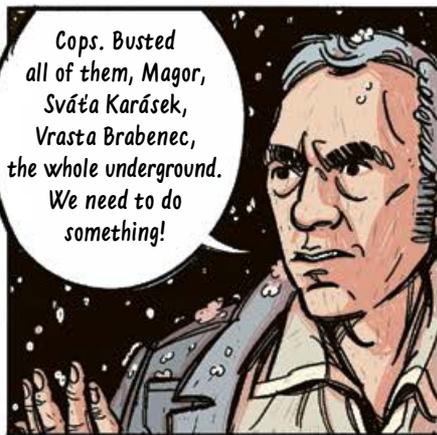


Do as you think best,
Vašek.

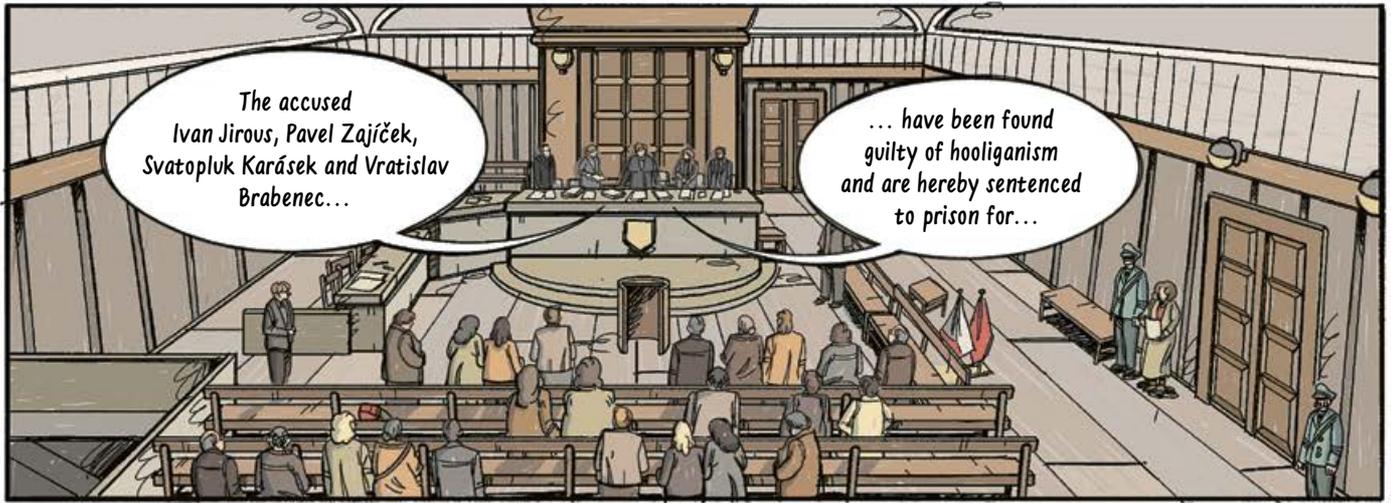
BUCH!
BUCH!

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

BUCH!
BUCH!!
BUCH!!!







The accused
Ivan Jirous, Pavel Zajíček,
Svatopluk Karásek and Vratislav
Brabenec...

... have been found
guilty of hooliganism
and are hereby sentenced
to prison for...



Ivan Jirous,
eighteen months

Pavel Zajíček,
one year

Vratislav Brabenec and Svatopluk
Karásek, eight months.



See, what good
that petition of yours
did for them.

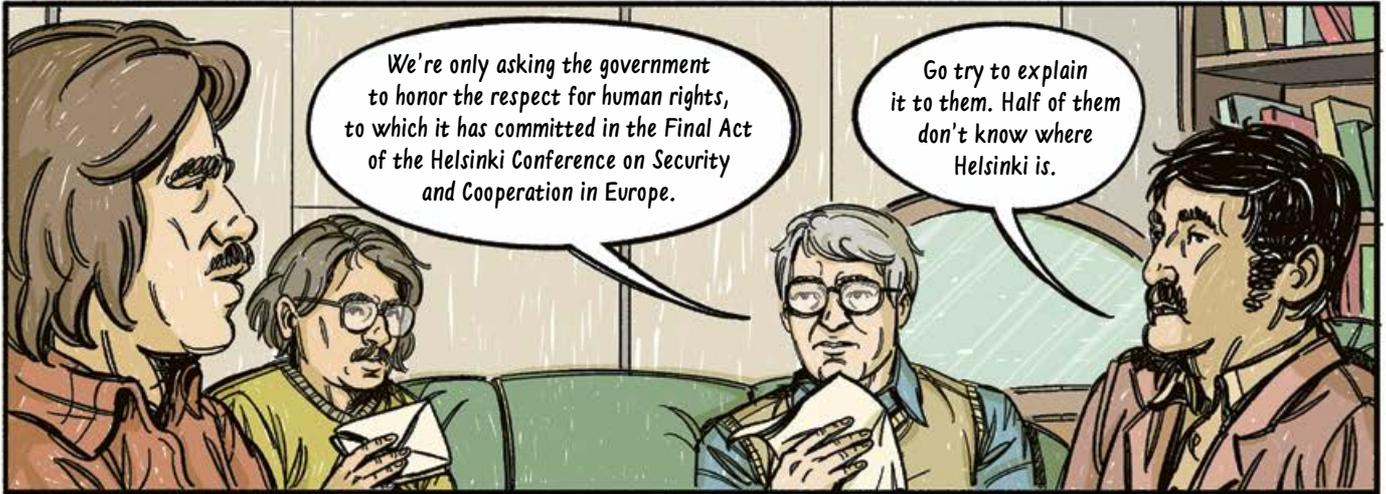
At least we know
who to count on. We need to
meet as soon as possible.



This is only
the beginning.

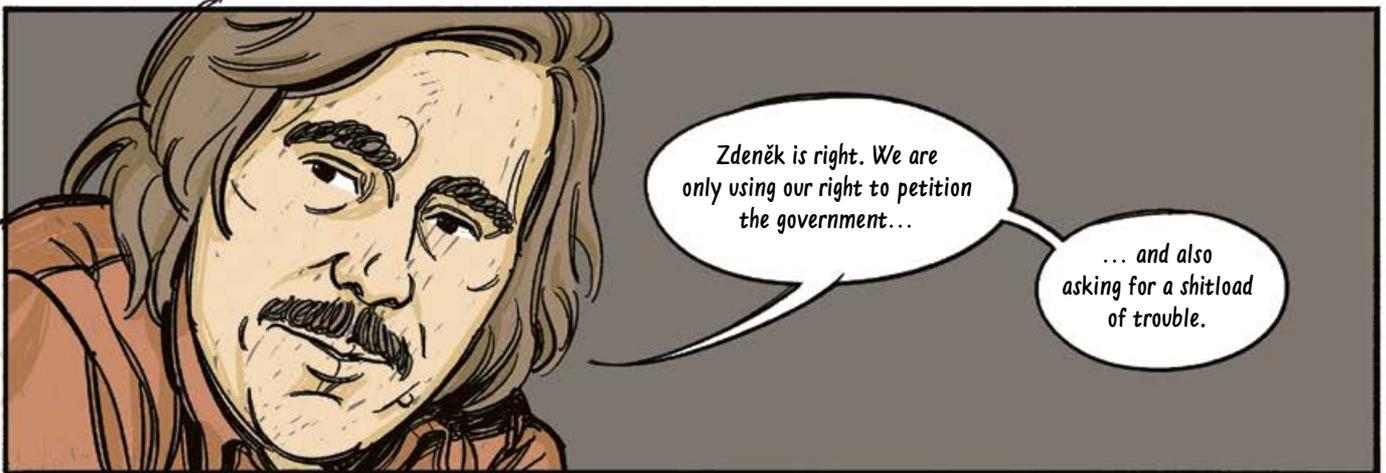


Gentlemen, I fear that we are asking for a shitload of trouble.



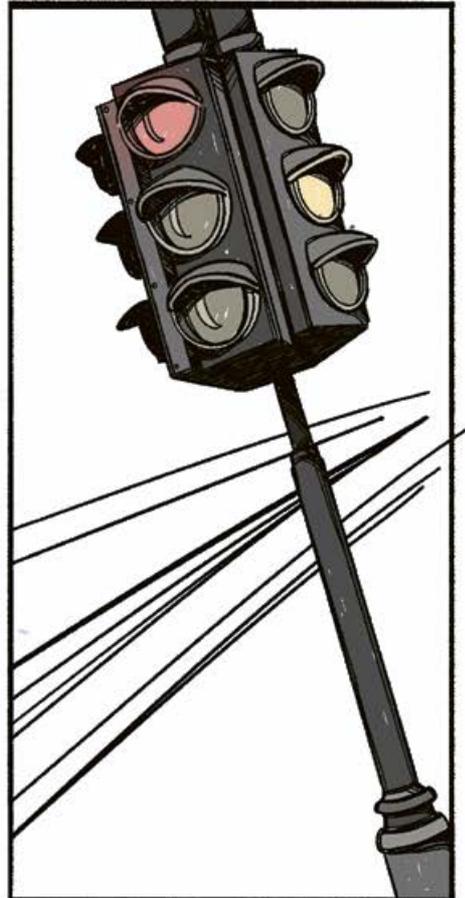
We're only asking the government to honor the respect for human rights, to which it has committed in the Final Act of the Helsinki Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe.

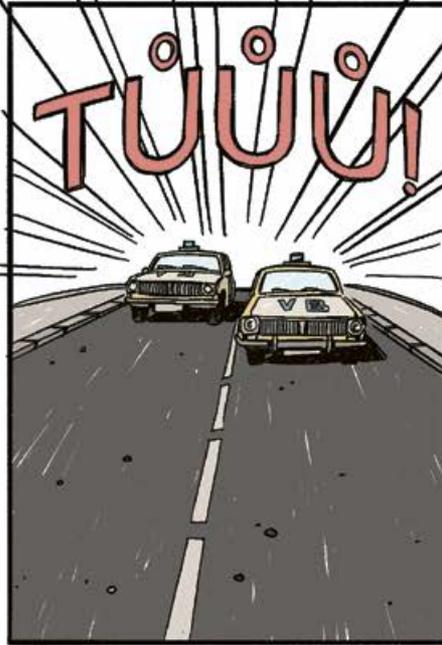
Go try to explain it to them. Half of them don't know where Helsinki is.

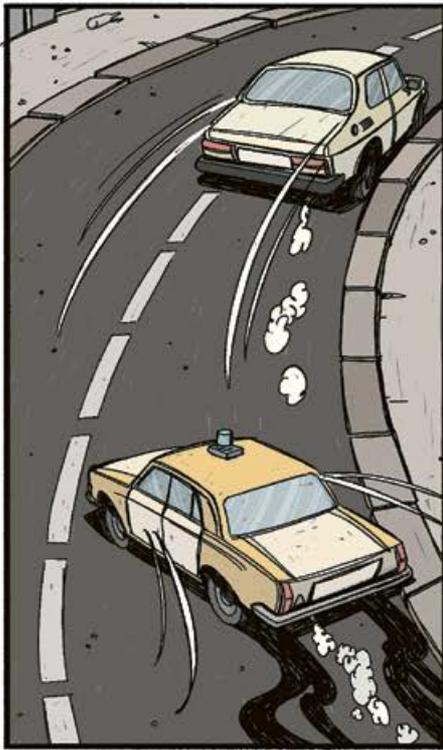


Zdeněk is right. We are only using our right to petition the government...

... and also asking for a shitload of trouble.







This is a nice start of our struggle for human rights!



Give me the f...ing pigs and I'll stomp them to the ground!

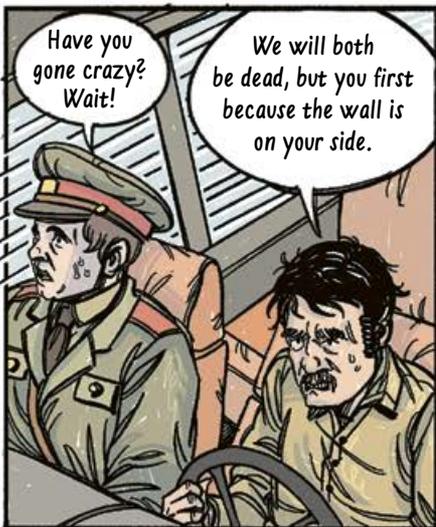
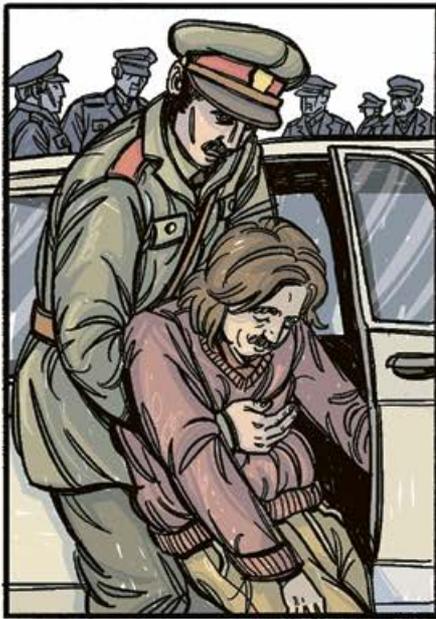
Landák, open the door. The gentlemen look like they might really be the police.

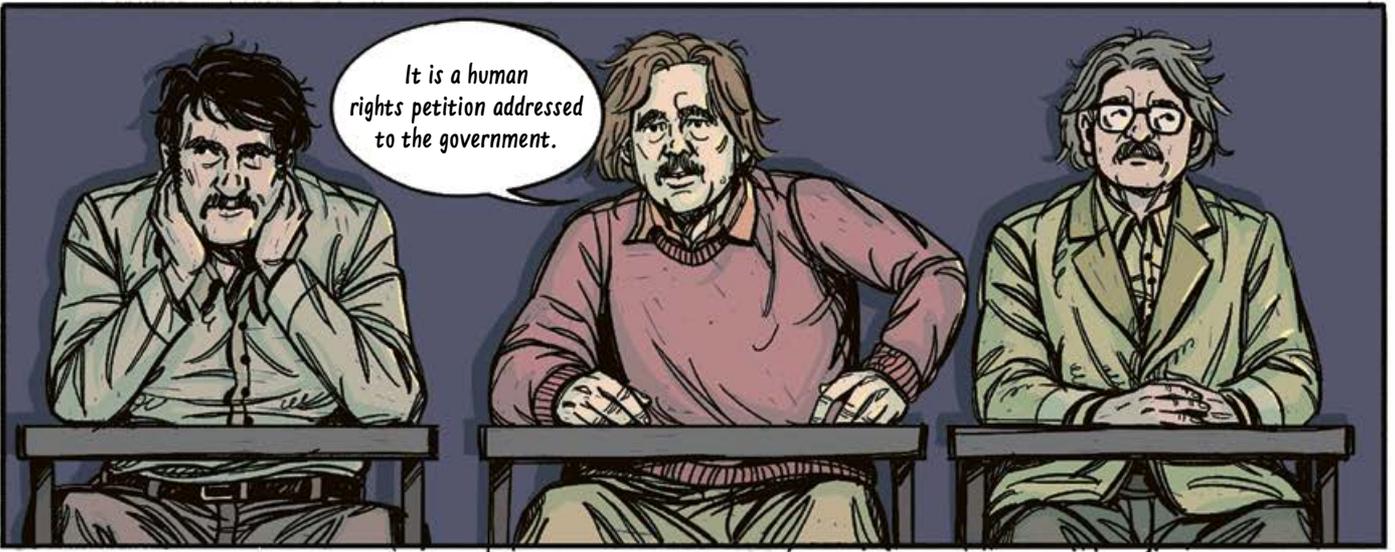


I'll give them a few more moments to bruise their knuckles. Otherwise it would all go into our mugs.



Look, Landovský is shooting another movie.





It is a human rights petition addressed to the government.



It is a counterrevolutionary pamphlet!!

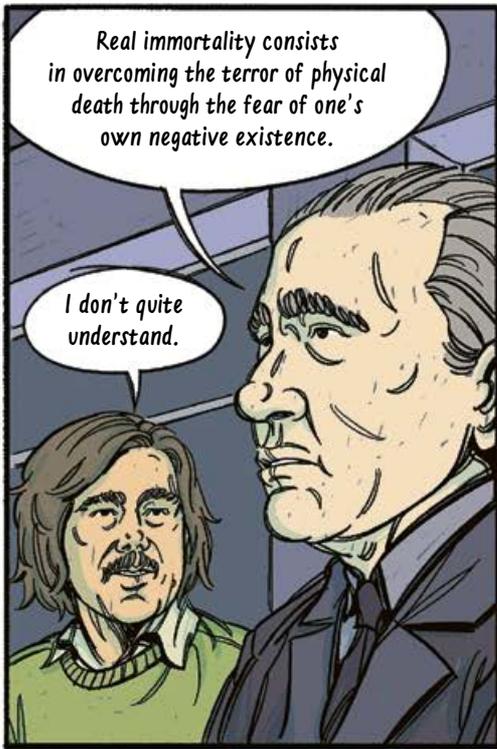


Hey.



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.



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

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.



Have!!!

Stop by next week, we will continue...

But...





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

Should I
write it down?

How are
you...



Congratulations, Comrade Major.



You are arrested for the crime of subversion.



February 77.

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



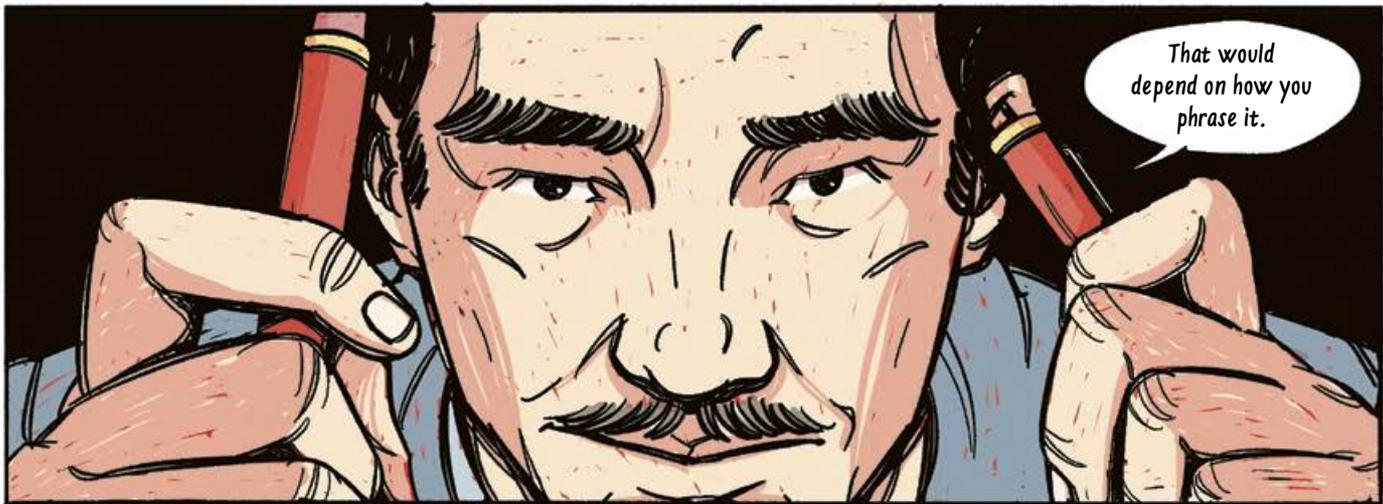
March 77.

No one gives a damn about me being here.

I'm left to rot.





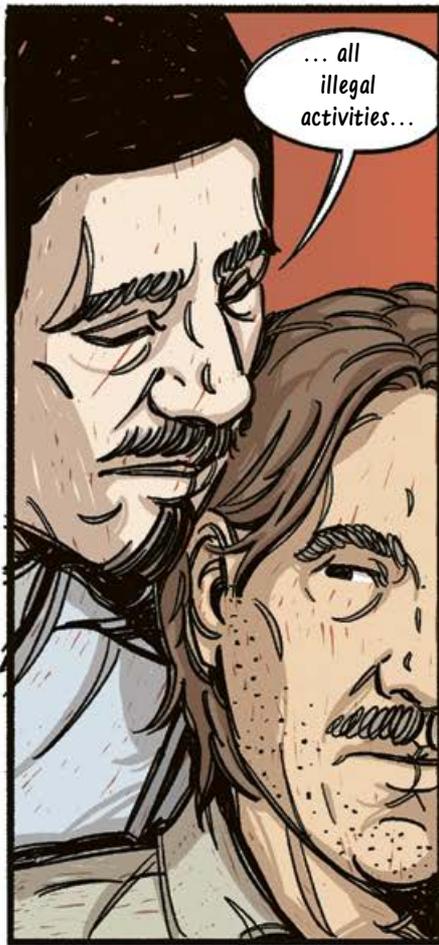


April 5, 1977

A strange dream during the night. Embraced by the devil.



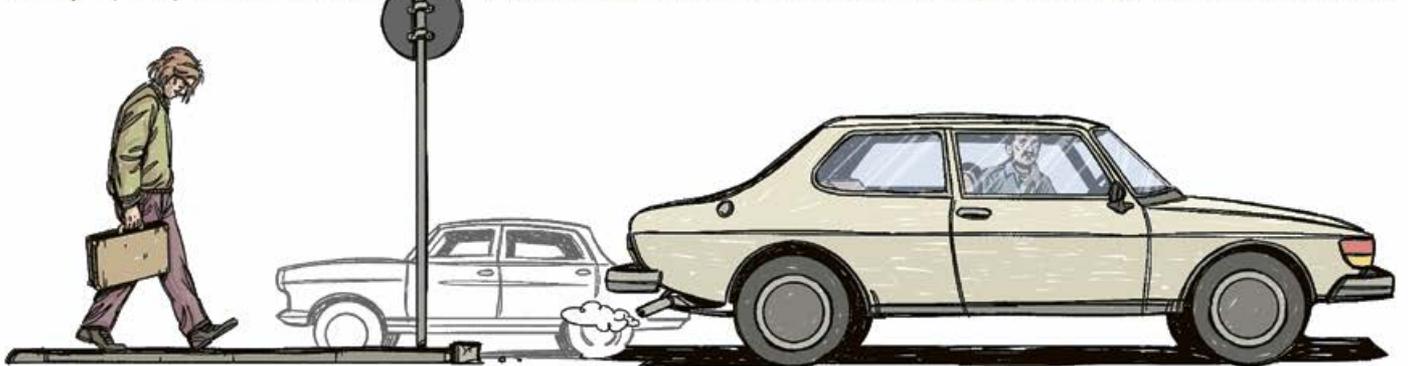




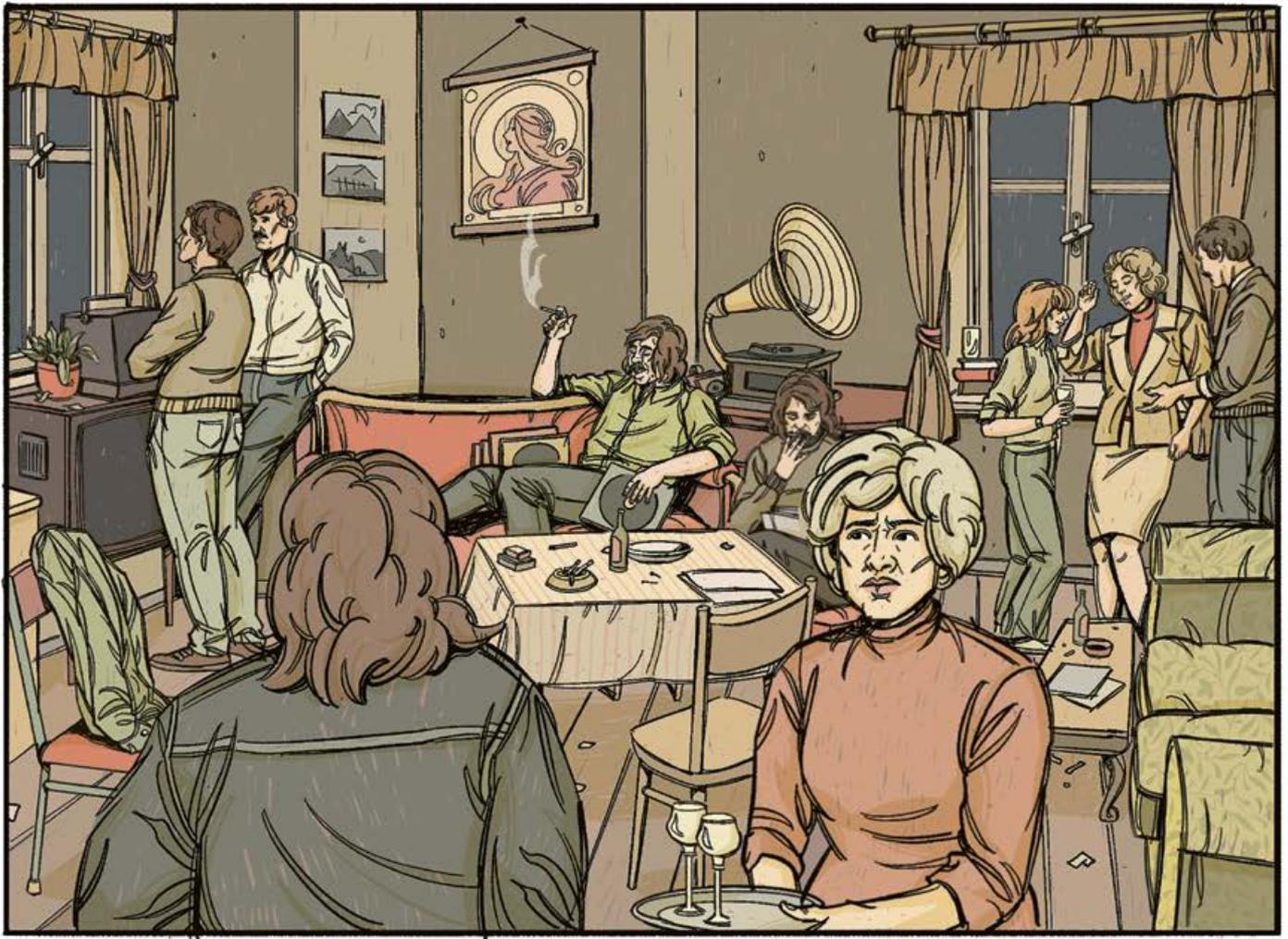
May 12, 1977

Dr. Faustus!











I LOVE YOU ALL!



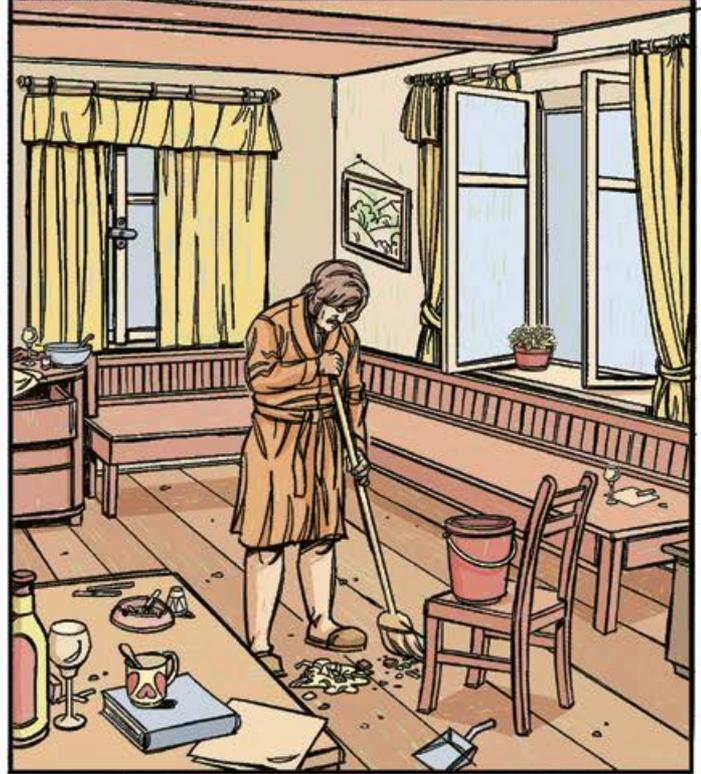
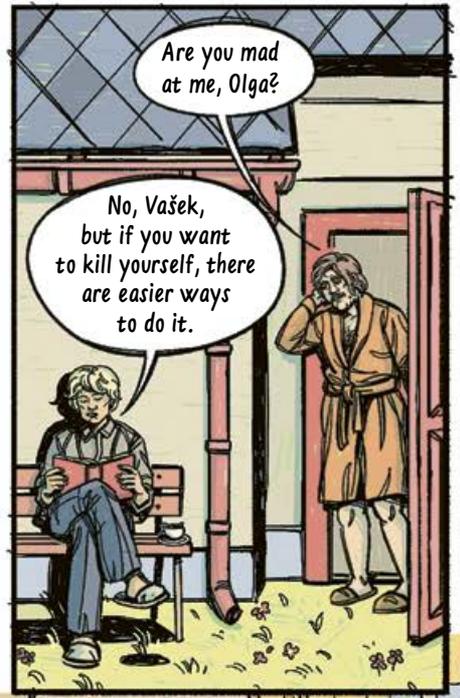
CVAK!

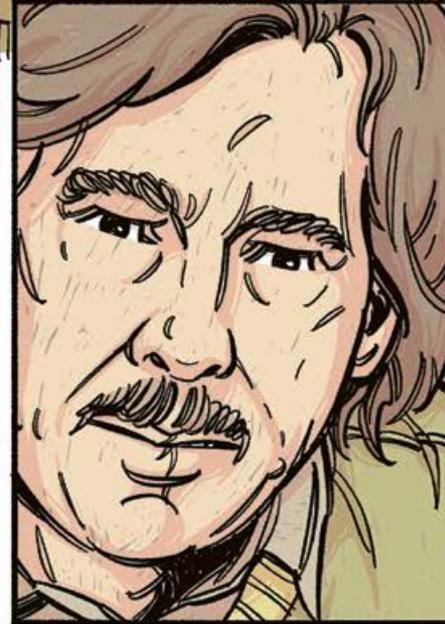
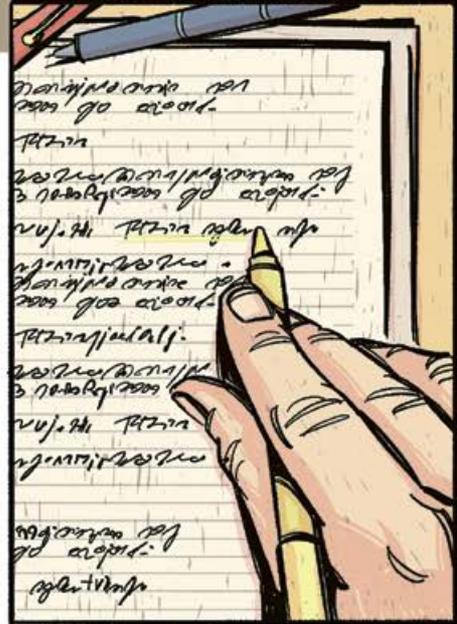


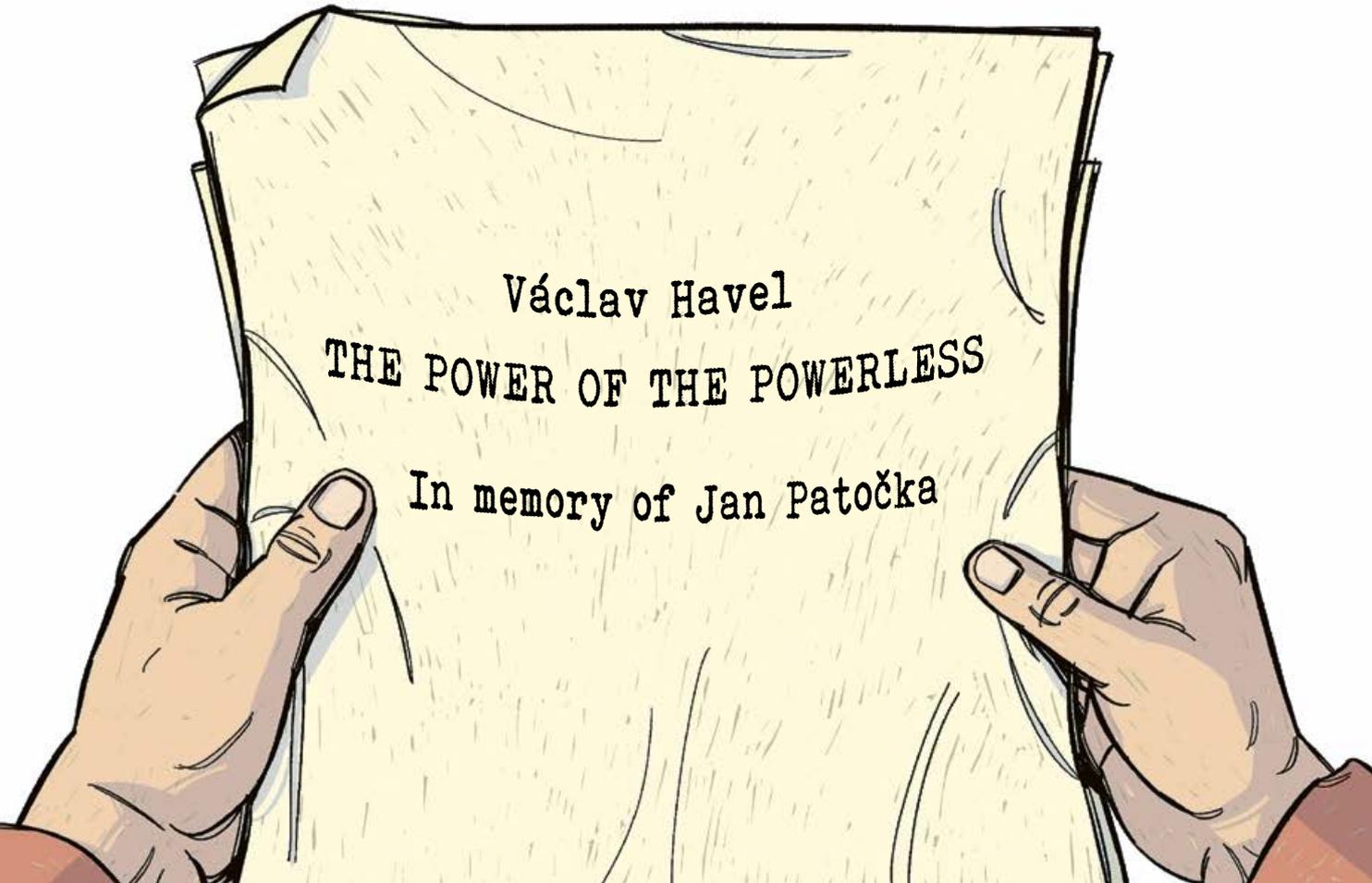
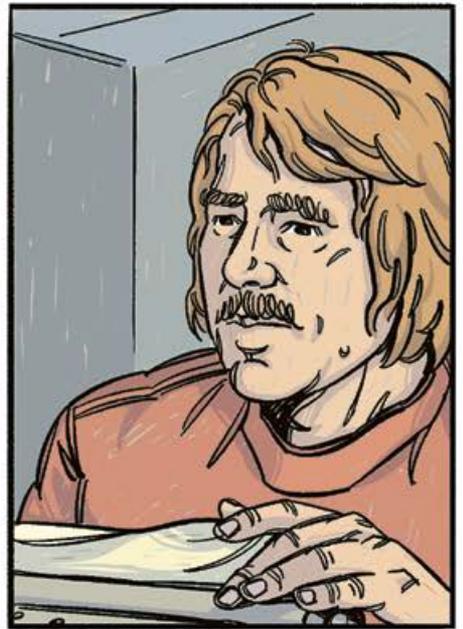
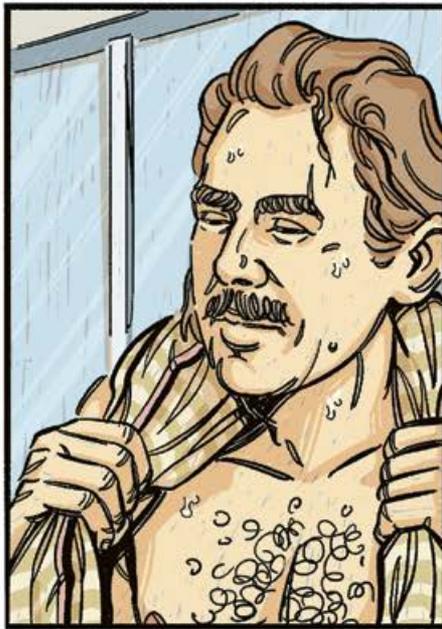
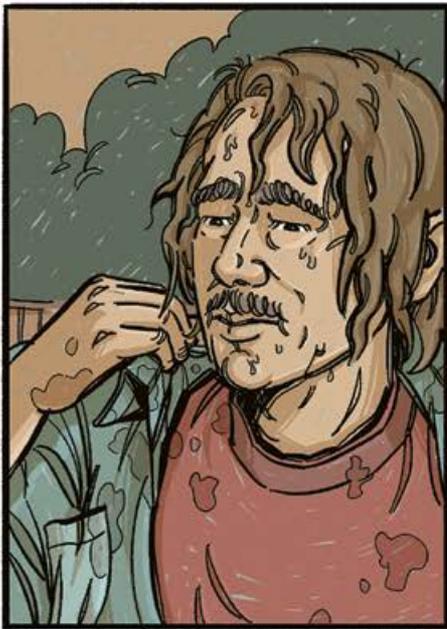
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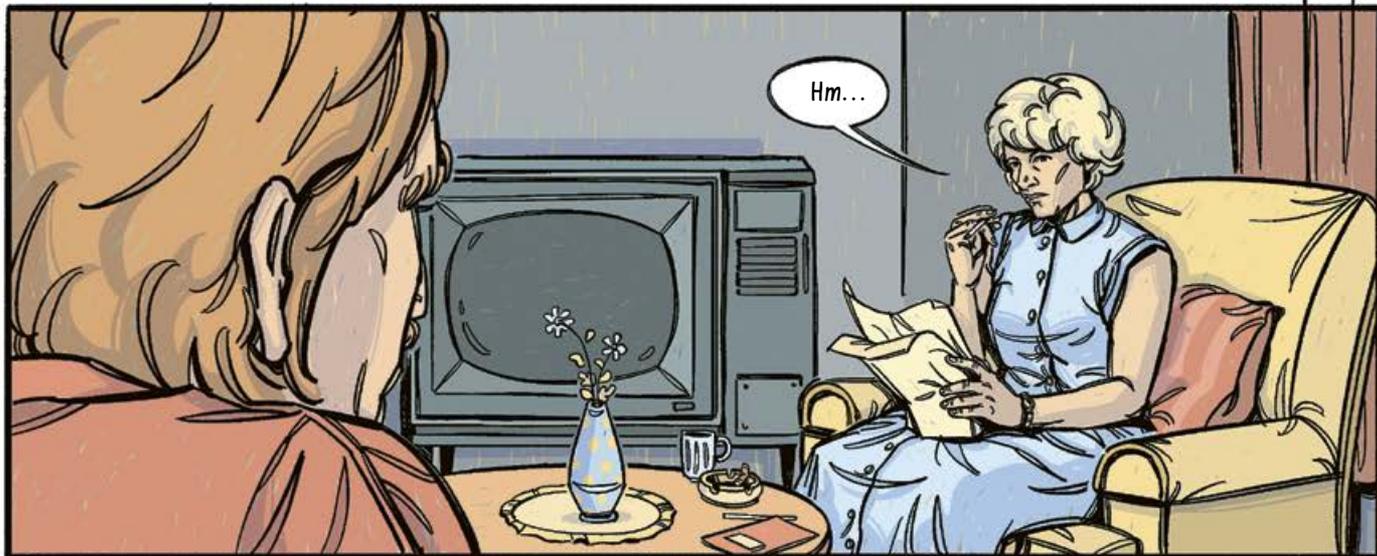


TRISK!









Hm...



If I were you I would not worry about the power of the powerless.

The powerful will lock you up for this.



Do you really think so, Olga? And what would you do without me?



You don't have to worry about me. You do your own things and I do mine.

As always.



It is not so simple. I think of you even in prison.





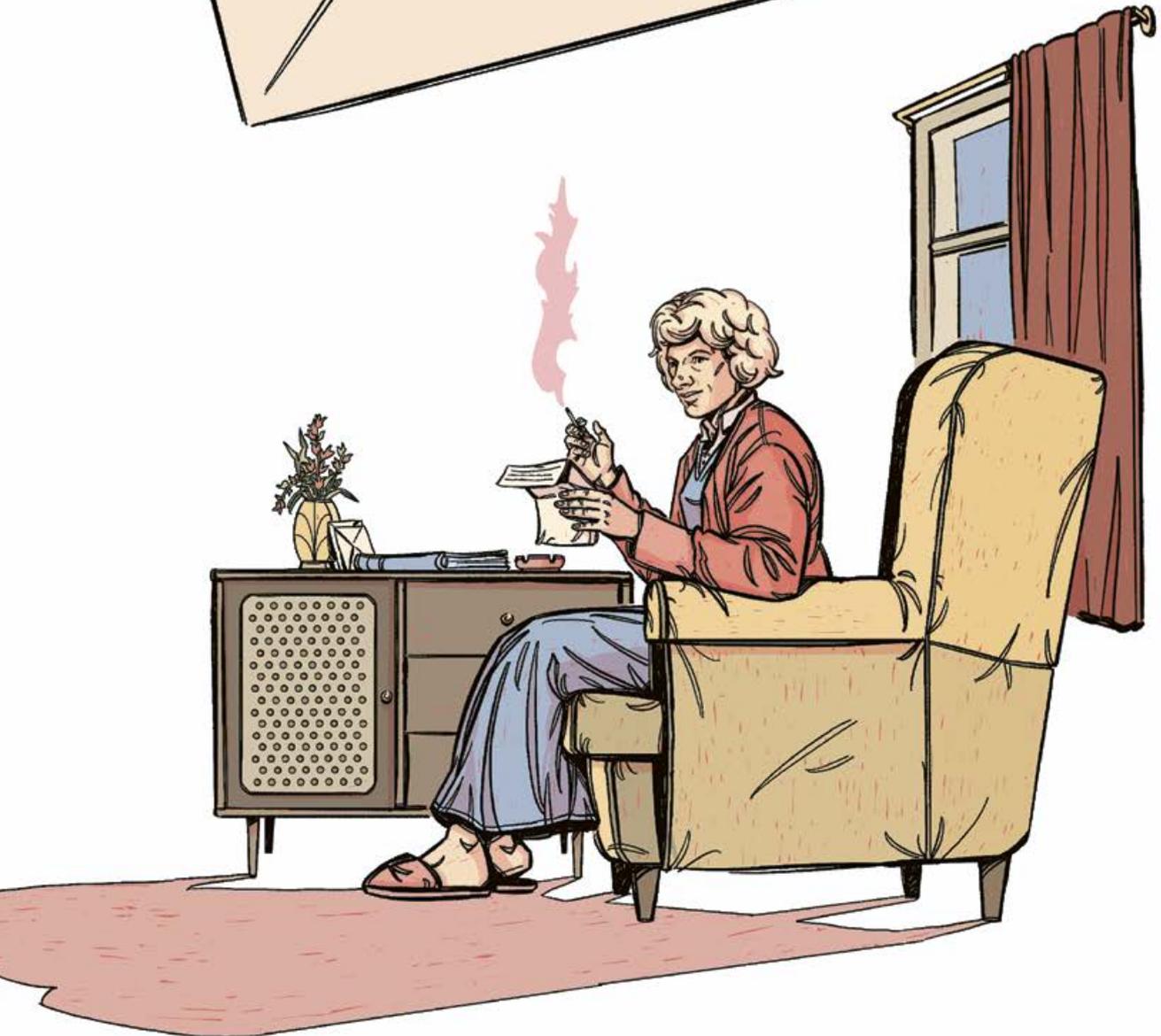
*Dear Olga,
Five years ago something happened to me...*



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.



✓ clear
leave ♡