



Socialism Realised

Life in Communist Czechoslovakia, 1948-1989

Uncertainty

Vracenky (r. Jan Schmidt, 1990)/

Lenin, the Lord and Mother (dir. Jan Schmidt, 1990)

Mum: What's with your hair?

Honzík: It is fashionable now.

Mum: Here and have your hair cut.

Honzík: Jesus Christ, why?

Mum: Run, you look like a fool.

Radio: About your own goals you spoke, Rudolf Slánský. Yet you were right about one thing. When you said that it was true that all enemies try to mask and pretend...

Honzík: Good evening.

Radio: ...consent to the party policy. Experience teaches us that no matter how the enemies try to mask they somehow somewhere reveal their foreign heart. You masked as you could but your foreign heart was revealed. I could go one by one and confront their hypocritical words they used to say with crimes found in this process. They did not stop before any deceit. They spoke dishonestly. They deceived the Party and its elected organs and its Secretary General Klement Gottwald. They deceived while filling public positions, economic measures and when preparing documents needed to make international agreements. They deceived all the time! They hid behind the member cards of the Communist Party. That Red Book that our poet S. K. Neumann sings about.

Mum: Do not talk about my conscience, not you. You are blind with hatred.

František: You are blind, Vlasta. You cannot face your blame, because you judge them.

Mum: I judge?

František: You all do.
You took responsibility, you are the wisest, the most progressive.



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At least try to understand that if they are guilty of anything, it is because they tried to do it differently. But who knows.

Mum: Fanda. I have asked you several times not to start discussing things we cannot agree upon. If you don't want to totally disgust me, please, be quiet.

František: That is what you want, silence everybody.

Mum: If you only know how to insult, I have nothing to say to you.

František: In that case, I have no business here.

Mum: I agree with you.

Petruška: Where are you going, Fanda?

František: Away.

Honzík: And how is it? Are they traitors or not?

Mum: I knew some of them before the war. They were good friends. Honest people. It is so hard to believe they have changed so much.

Honzík: But they confessed!
Mum, what is it?

Mum: It is nothing, Honzík.
My god. My god, why is the world so cruel? I have seen so many people die during the war. And now again. When will it end?