In my latest book *Jáchymov* (S. Fischer, 2011) the Austrian publisher, Anselm Findeisen, tries to convince Bohumil Modrý’s daughter to write the story of her legendary father’s fate at the hands of the Czechoslovak regime during the Cold War. He does so by referring to the “Windschatten der Geschichte.” It is a place, apparently protected from the storms of history, where people might be less aware of grave events just around the corner. Precisely for that reason Findeisen urges her to tell the story of Modry who, along with fellow members of the Czechoslovak world-champion ice hockey team, was unjustly sentenced to years in prison in Jáchymov for alleged crimes against the state.

I wish to elaborate on Findeisen’s insight by describing my own occupation with Czechoslovak history in *Nachtasyl: Heimat der Heimatlosen* (ZDF, 2010) and *Jáchymov*. I want to explain what attracted my attention, what intensified my interest, and where it has led me. The story begins with my Moravian grandmother and continues with the bad reputation of the ethnic Sudeten-Germans in our village. It leads to the 1989 border opening and my interaction with former Czechoslovak opposition leaders and émigrés of the Charta 77. In the process it has become clear to me that, whenever and wherever we look, we can find places seemingly secluded from the storms of history. We may even seek refuge in such places. Perhaps stories like those of Czechoslovak opposition leaders in a seedy Viennese bar or the imprisonment of the world-champion Czechoslovak ice hockey team can transport us back into the storms where we have the chance to deal with them together.