

Charles Sawyer

Back Then in the East, Back Then in Roudnice





Charles Sawyer

Back Then in the East, Back Then in Roudnice

28 / 6 – 29 / 7 / 2012

Back Then in the East, Back Then in Roudnice

The name of the exhibition is a reminder of an event organised in the Roudnice gallery on 5th August 1976: an opening of the now legendary exhibition of Josef Sudek's work. The Master of Czech Photography visited the gallery accompanied by Anna Fárová and an American photographer Charles Sawyer, who took the opportunity to photograph Sudek and to make a series of shots showing the artist in his last years of life. Charles Sawyer is now returning to Roudnice, bringing along his photographs taken in the 70s during his trips to Czechoslovakia. His collection embraces three subjects: portraits of Czech dissidents, Josef Sudek at the exhibition opening in Roudnice nad Labem and shots of Anna Fárová's family life. All photographs were taken in a relatively short period of time between the years 1975 and 1977 and were part of the author's journalistic texts about Czechoslovakia written for the Harper's Magazine, The Nation and Creative Camera. His observations published in American press informed about political and cultural events behind the Iron Curtain. Today his texts and photographs provide a very interesting outside view of the circumstances at that period of time. Back Then in the East, Back Then in Roudnice is not a mere reflection of the events in the 70s but can be seen as a symbolic return of Josef Sudek in Sawyer's photographs, which have been, after all, influenced by Sudek's work, to the Roudnice gallery.

Charles Sawyer (born July 2nd, 1941 in Concord, NH, USA) graduated in physics from Case Western Reserve University and later from Harvard University in Computer Science. Since the 80s he has been working as software engineer, mastering various other disciplines in the meantime; in the 60s and 70s, he was employed by New England College in Henniker where, besides mathematics, he taught philosophy and photography. As a journalist and photographer, he travelled through Eastern Europe and Israel. He currently teaches Java Programming and History of Blues in America, a musical genre he feels very passionate about, at Harvard Extension School. Blues is his biggest musical passion and many of his texts and scripts are dedicated to this musical genre, such as a his extensive biography of the icon of American blues, guitar-player, singer and composer B. B. King (The Arrival of B. B. King, The Authorized Biography, 1980; www.bluesisking.com). In 1998 he founded his own blues band named 2120 South Michigan Avenue. As a musician, he performs in the US as well as during his visits to the Czech Republic – mostly in Prague and also at other venues - for example at Veveří castle near Brno and in June this year we will have the opportunity to see him at Roudnice nad Labem.

Charles Sawyer has always been a keen photographer, making photography his profession in the 60s and 70s. Towards the end of 70s he worked on large-format photographs, aiming to capture the moment and make his composition perfect. It was not by chance that the aim of his first trip to Czechoslovakia was to visit Sudek, of whom he has been a big admirer.

Charles Sawyer came to Prague for the first time in December 1975. He visited Sudek in his studio where he took several snapshots of the photographer. During his second visit, less than a year later, he attended the opening of a large



Josef Sudek before opening (1976)



Josef Sudek in his studio in Prague (1975)

exhibition of Sudek's photographs in the Gallery of Modern Art in Roudnice nad Labem (August 5th – September 12th 1976). He photographed Sudek, who had a custom to avoid official openings of his exhibitions, viewing the installations in the hall before the actual exhibition launch. Returning overseas, Sawyer had his articles about Sudek as well as Sudek's photographs published.

Extract from a text describing the work of Josef Sudek:

„His workman-like attitude applied not only to the purely technical side of things but to the aesthetics of his camera work as well. Nowhere does this show so clearly as in his panoramic photos. The unusual format with its extreme proportions of 1 x 3 and the special distortions caused by the sweeping lens are extremely demanding, like the constraints of a sonnet. Yet like any set of artistic constraints, the peculiar requirements of the panoramic photo offer opportunities not found elsewhere. Sudek never tired of exploring the possibilities of the photographic sonnets he could make with his antique mechanism whose shutter speeds were marked simply „fast“ and „slow“. With it he gave us a geodesic feeling for the country-side which far surpasses anything we get from isolated views, and in Prague itself he showed how the River Vltava is an integral part of the city and how the labyrinthian quality of the city is offset by its broad open spaces. He was never short of resourceful ways of using the panoramic format. Before the horizontal panorama had yielded all its secrets, Sudek turned the camera on its side and gave us vertical panoramas!“

Josef Sudek by Charles Sawyer, *Creative Camera*, April 1980, Number 190.

Through Anna Fárová, who provided him with her assistance during his visits in Czechoslovakia and translated conversations with Sudek, Sawyer gradually learned about the political situation in the country, which inspired him to return later, as a reporter to document the events connected with Charter 77. He arranged to meet important public figures of that time such as Jiří Hájek, Petr Pithart, Jiří Kolář, Jiří Dienstbier, Ludvík Vaculík, Pavel Kohout and others and this made him unpopular in the official circles - he became persona non grata and was followed and interrogated by secret police agents several times. It followed that his 1977 visit of Czechoslovakia was his last one for a very long time.



Ludvík Vaculík (1977)

Extract from a story by Charles Sawyer about being pursued by the police in Prague:

When I left the building three hours later, I spotted the man from the stairway standing with two other men in the street; one, facing my direction, was chubby, balding and wore a brown leather jacket. I started across Charles Bridge, the medieval foot bridge that spans the Vltava. The river below was peaceful but the tall black statues every twenty paces lining the bridge gave the scene a foreboding air even at mid-day. On the west bank, I headed along Karlova toward the Old Town Square. Just beyond a short dogleg, I ducked into a shop, glancing over my shoulder. Nothing. As I stepped back on the street a few minutes later I thought I glimpsed the chubby one turning his back. At the Old Town Square, I stalled and noticed a man with a camera and a very long telephoto lens pointing in my general direction. So what, I asked myself? I meandered back to my hotel.

After two hours I was convinced my imagination had played a nasty trick on me and I went out to find a phone booth. Passing out the revolving door onto the street, I saw the chubby one standing immediately across from the hotel door. There was no mistake. My heart began beating so hard I thought it would break my sternum. Never before had I had this experience of being pursued and it filled me with a primordial fear. I thought of nothing besides losing the man who followed me. Emerging from an arcade I came upon a welcome invitation: the open doors of a trolley car. I hopped on and the door closed behind me. As the trolley pulled away I turned and looked back toward the arcade where I saw the chubby one hanging back, just in sight. Three stops later I left the trolley and began strolling down a side street feeling smug and a little giddy. By the accident of the waiting trolley I had been transformed from Inspector Clouseau to James Bond. Suddenly I was overtaken by a panting, uniformed policeman who demanded to see my documents. For five minutes he stood, hands trembling, silently making notes from my passport and press card. Then he saluted and disappeared.

Dodging Fizls by Charles Sawyer, *The Nation*, 1978.

Back Then in the East, Back Then in Roudnice reminds us of the events in the 70s happening in Roudnice and elsewhere in Czechoslovakia. In Charles Sawyer's photographs and texts situations are depicted with a certain detachment and yet his depiction is knowledgeable, considering the cultural and political situation of that time.

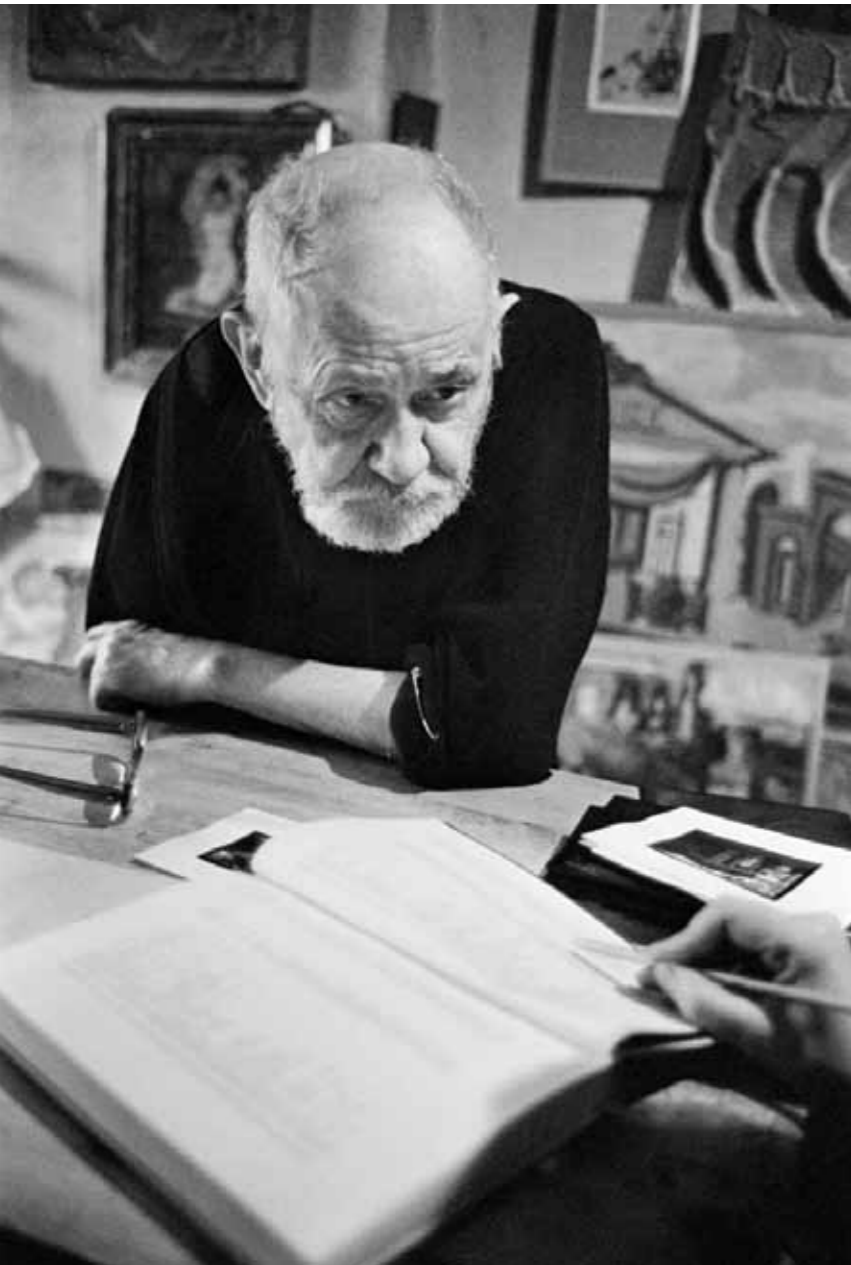
Miroslav Divina



Josef Sudek in Roudnice Gallery IV (1976)



View from the balcony (1976)



Josef Sudek in his studio (1975)

Odyssey to Sudek

My journey to the gate of Josef Sudek's atelier in Prague in December, 1975, was haphazard to say the least. Having planned a trip to Prague I asked the editor of the New York photography magazine *Modern Photography* what I might do in Prague that would interest her magazine. "If you could bring back some Josef Sudek prints we would probably publish them," she replied. She had no contact information for Sudek.

Sudek was represented in the U.S. by Light Gallery in New York City. A phone call to the gallery yielded a street address in Prague. That was all, a number and a street name. On the morning after arriving in Prague (by train through West and East Germany) I went to the address on my notepad. It was a big building in the heart of Prague. The lobby in the entryway was filled with mailboxes. The name Sudek was not to be found among them.

A stranger entered from the street and I said: "Josef Sudek?". The stranger obligingly pointed to a tall double-doorway. I stepped through and found myself in a large courtyard. Then I saw it: in the middle of the courtyard stood a shed, surrounded by small, crooked trees and a low wooden fence. There was no mistaking it, based on the many photos I had seen taken from behind its windows: the shed was Sudek's atelier.

The fence had a gate with a doorbell. I pushed the doorbell button and heard a faint ringing, seeming to come not from the shed but somewhere beyond. Getting no answer after several rings, I wrote a note: "I'm an American journalist visiting Prague and hope to meet the photographer Josef Su-

dek. I am staying at the Hotel Europa." I tore the page from my note pad and wedged it in the gate. A futile gesture, I thought to myself, and went on my way.

That evening the phone rang in my hotel room. The voice on the phone said: "I'm Anna Fárová. I will take you to meet Sudek tomorrow. I can translate for you. Sudek speaks no English." The next day my new-found benefactor drove me to a steep street leading toward Hradcany Castle at the top of the bluff above.

We entered Sudek's personal residence, which also housed his darkroom. There was clutter everywhere, but clutter that had a feeling of loose order. And there was Sudek: rumped, diminutive, his frame crooked, his form lopsided by the absence of his arm. With translation from Anna I explained that I wanted to bring prints back to America for publication.

Sudek explained that he had no prints to spare, that he was preparing for an exhibition in Prague and that his former assistant, now in New York, Sonia Bullaty, could provide prints for publication. He assured me that the prints I might obtain in New York were every bit as good as any he might give me because he had printed them himself. He gave me her address and that was that, business ended—but not my visit. He offered to show me some of the prints he was making for the coming exhibit. One after another he laid down photographs on the only clear surface in the room. Several were taken in the forest. Scenes of large topless tree trunks conveyed the sense of mystery I had come to expect from his images. I recall only one simple exchange between us. "Very beautiful," I said, looking at one image. "Time will tell," he replied.

While he and Anna chatted I snapped photos with my Leica M-2. The light was dim. Exposures of f 2.0 1/30th were barely adequate (ASA 400 film). I pulled out my small flash and laid it aside. In response to an inquiry from Anna Sudek went to a corner where shelves were piled with papers and parcels. He bent down on one knee and poked around among the papers. I saw a chance for a photo of Sudek surrounded by his chaotic but orderly archive. He was near the window, but the corner was dimly lit so I turned on my flash unit, something I did very rarely.

Sudek stood up and turned to rejoin us. My flash was not fully charged so I had to guess at the exposure. I knew I had only a second or two to compose and press the shutter. With one hand I pointed the flash at the ceiling, with the other I raised the camera to my eye, composed and pressed the shutter, all in one motion, more or less.

The broad elements of Sudek's life were well known among Czechs and later in the photography world beyond the borders of his country. But it was not until Sonja Bullaty published her book about Sudek that the depth of his transformation in the wake of his misfortune was revealed. As she recounts in her book, Sudek told of the time he traveled to Italy with his musician friends and found the actual place where he had received the wound that cost him his arm. In stark, personal terms he told of his inability to give up the part he had lost, how he lingered for weeks at the farm where he had been carried from the battlefield, seemingly mourning his lost arm. Finally, when reconciliation came to him, he returned to Prague a changed man, accepting that he would forever be different from ordinary people. Photography became his personal salvation. It was this transformation that led to his becoming a great artist.

I met Sudek again when I returned to Prague in August, 1976, just in time for the opening of an exhibition of Sudek's photos in Roudnice, near Prague, in the converted stable at a palatial estate. Generations of Czech nobility had lived on the estate before the Republic was founded in 1918. Sudek had never come to his own openings; he was too shy to endure being the center of attention. This time he made an exception of sorts. He asked to ride to Roudnice with



Josef Sudek in his studio (1975)



Josef Sudek and Miloš Saxl (1976)

Anna Fárová on the night of the opening, just to see how the pictures were exhibited. I got lucky—there was room for me in Anna’s car and I was invited to join.

We arrived well before the official start of the opening. Sudek took his time viewing his photos on display and looked carefully and attentively at paintings also hung on the gallery walls. Then he retired to the curator’s office for wine and cheese.

He did not attend the opening ceremony of his exhibit. Instead, unknown to the guests attending the opening, Sudek sat peeking over the balustrade of a balcony above the exhibition floor.

Coda – Written in the Summer of 2002.

Yesterday, quietly and without ceremony, I found myself completing a journey. It was at the restored studio of the Czech master photographer Josef Sudek. It stands in the inner courtyard of a block of apartments in Prague. It is a wooden shed-like structure surrounded by a small garden. Inside is a tiny, antiseptic gallery. Besides a few printed signs and some photographic artifacts, all that remains to tell you that this was a working space of Sudek are the views through the double-pane windows into the garden. Looking out through these frames you can imagine Sudek under his viewing cloth composing a heart-stopping image.

There was a guestbook with pages of black paper and a white-ink pen. I wrote there: “I first visited this place in 1975 and the visit set in motion a chain of events that shaped my life thereafter and continues to shape it to this day. The memory of Josef Sudek, the man, and the artist, remain with me and will remain as long as memory stays with me. This gallery is a fitting tribute to that great artist.”

At the time I could hardly imagine that these circumstances were a coiled spring just released by the fingers of a pinball player and that I was the ball sent rolling up the track, bound for a series of ringing bumpers and chiming latch gates. No. Not true. I could imagine, indeed I yearned for some coil to send me hurtling through life. As the saying goes “be careful what you wish for, because you may get it in the end”. And get it I did.

From my meetings with Sudek came my friendship with Anna Fárová and my involvement in Czechoslovak politics as it pertained to the saga of Cold War geopolitics... I returned to Prague in 1977 to get the big story. The Czechoslovak authorities were in a panic—their routine suppression of dissent and artistic liberty had become the focus of Cold War maneuvers. They had a leading playwright in a cell (Vaclav Havel) and Anna had lost her museum position after signing Charter 77, a human rights petition that became the stuff of front page stories in the New York Times. I played cat and mouse with the secret police in Prague and met all the prominent dissidents not under lock and key or house arrest. I even met Jiří Hájek, Dubček’s Foreign Minister, while he was under guard, though the meeting at his gate was only long enough for a few pleasantries before the secret police led me away and detained me briefly and politely. My accounts of these encounters earned me the status of persona non grata and delayed my next return to Prague for 21 years.

I was hooked, hooked on the heroic struggles of East European intellectuals and hooked on this very benign form of secret agent shenanigans, which a few decades before could have earned me a lifetime in a dungeon, or worse, but at the time of Carter and Brezhnev wouldn’t even rate a night in a cell. I moved on to Poland where I caught the first wave of the Great Fall of the Soviet Empire.

Charles Sawyer 2010



Josef Sudek in Roudnice Gallery III (1976)



Josef Sudek in Roudnice Gallery II (1976)

From Both Sides of the Looking Glass: Inside Looking Out, Outside Looking In

The following account documents my journey through two parallel worlds, the world of artists and writers in dissent against a repressive government, and the world of artists and functionaries sanctioned by that system.

I arrived in Prague a couple of days before New Year's Eve 1975 with an address in my pocket for the Czech master photographer, Josef Sudek, whom I had long admired. I found his studio in Malá Strana where I left him a note. The note was soon answered by Anna Fárová, Sudek's curator and biographer.

Anna and her husband, the painter Libor Fára, invited me to dinner. That evening at their apartment on Anny Letenske they described their lives under the Husák regime, which was less vicious than Brezhnev's in the USSR, but repressive enough to cause them considerable discomfort and deny them artistic self-expression. Their story fascinated and perplexed me. After sufficient wine, Libor opened a metal tin and showed me some twisted bullets he had pried from his own wall. They had come from the barrel of a machine gun mounted on a Soviet tank that had rumbled down the street in 1968, spraying the windows of the apartments above with gunfire!

Back in the States, I wrote an account of my evening with Anna and Libor which was published in the September 1976 edition of *Harper's Magazine* under the pseudonym, Philip Carey. I gave Anna and Libor fake names, too, so the article would not provoke reprisals against them from the Communist regime. But in early 1977 when Anna signed Charter 77, she was quickly punished – dismissed from her position as Curator of Photography at the Museum of Decorative Arts in Prague.



Petr Pithart with his son (1977)



Jiří Dienstbier (1977)



Petr Pithart (1977)

The regime may have underestimated the ripple-effect of sacking Anna, who had powerful friends in the American press. Her dismissal was front page news in the *New York Times*, and among the secondary ripples was the decision by Harper's to send me back to Prague to find and interview the signatories of Charter 77. That's when I acquired my code name „Savoj,” courtesy of the secret police, who trailed me through the city.

I arrived in Prague in the spring of 1977 with an introduction to Petr Pithart, provided by London-based Jan Kavan. Pithart arranged for me to meet Pavel Kohout, Ludvík Vaculík, Ivan Klíma, and many others. As a journalist on assignment from a leading American magazine, I registered with the press office, stating that my purpose was „to survey the cultural life of Czechoslovakia.” I asked for help in meeting the writers and officials in the unions of artists. My full plan was to compare the creative lives of artists inside and outside the system. In most cases „inside” meant compromised, co-opted, and in league with the security police; „outside” meant barred from publication, exhibition, and travel abroad. There was very little middle ground.

I found the dissidents despondent over the recent death of Jan Patočka, a respected academic who surprised many when he stepped forward and signed the Charter. His harsh treatment by the police was widely thought to have contributed to his fatal heart attack. His funeral drew several hundred people who crowded the cemetery under the watchful eyes and cameras of the secret police. [A scene that surpassed the imagination of Kafka, Fellini and Bergman, according to artist Jiří Kolář, 1977]

The Outsiders:

Pavel Kohout—Champagne, velvet jacket, beautiful wife. Despite the ban on performing his plays, Kohout still lived the good life, surveying the world from his spacious apartment across the street from Hradčany castle. He had been a true believer in Communism after World War II, full of admiration for the Russians, who drove the Germans out, but all that wore off as the years wore on.

Ludvík Vaculík – A curmudgeon. He was among the first to speak out against the regime during Prague Spring in 1968. Thirty-three years after our meeting in Pithart's apartment I learned that the fizls had recorded and transcribed every word we said that day.

Ivan Klíma – Tall, introspective, a dedicated artist.

Dušan Hamšík – Sent me away from his door.

Jiří Dienstbier – A man with a wry sense of humor and a roguish look to him. I liked him at once. His young wife was a photographer; she gave me a beautiful photo she had taken, very much in the spirit of Sudek.



Ludvík Vaculík (1977)



Jiří Kolář (1977)

Jiří Kolář – [From my notes written at the time of our meeting] „Fine skin, thin mouth, strong eyes, missing his right thumb... Modest, honest, gentle, slow talking, pensive, he spoke with well-chosen words.“ He gave me a signed *crumblage* which hangs in my home.

Petr Pithart – A lawyer by training, he was employed as a water table monitor, driving around the country, measuring the water table. He was enormously helpful to me. I felt a strong bond to him.

The Insiders:

Donát Šajner – Chairmain of the Writer’s Union, former official in the Ministry of the Interior. A true thug.

Miroslav Kaizr – Director of the Department of Arts, Ministry of Culture, Deputy of the National Committee of the City of Prague, the cold face of the regime, an „apparatchik“, undiluted by art or literature.

Jiří Šotola – Poster-boy for the philosophy „go along to get along.“ Himself a former outsider, he made a bargain with

the regime to secure educational opportunities for his children. He offered himself as evidence that if only one does not stand in opposition, then one can lead a normal creative life and enjoy the benefits of a socialist society.

The Exception:

Josef Svoboda – *Sui Generis*, internationally celebrated theater architect. Above politics. His stature, which reached far beyond Prague, was won honestly and he was not so foolish as to cross into the wilderness by signing the Charter. He was charming, elegantly dressed. Some outsiders wanted to see him as a very high class „Good Soldier Švejk“ but this didn’t really fit the man I met.

Back in the U.S. I found a that major change in the editorial policy of *Harper’s Magazine* had taken effect in my absence. No longer were international affairs a high priority. None of my photos of these people appeared with the version of my article that was eventually published in the January 1978 edition, cut down to one-fifth the size of my original piece.

Charles Sawyer 2012



Josef Svoboda (1977)
Pavel Kohout and Jan Trefulka (1977)
Anna Fárová with cat I (1976)
Josef Sudek and Anna Fárová (1976)



Anna Fárová with cat II (1976)
Libor Fára (1976)
Music Program at the opening (1976)
Miloš Saxl (1976)

Charles Sawyer

Born: July 2, 1941, Concord, New Hampshire, USA

Personal information

Married to Cherie Hoyt
Son Sam
Resides in Boxford, Massachusetts, USA

Education

Harvard University - M.S. Computer Science, 1988
Boston University - 1966–1968
Yale University - 1964–1966
Case Western Reserve University - M.S. Physics, 1964
University of New Hampshire - B.S. Physics, 1962

Current Professions and Employment

Software Engineer - Google, Inc., Cambridge, Massachusetts, since 2011
Instructor - Java Programming and History of Blues courses, Harvard Extension School, Cambridge, Massachusetts, since 1990
Musician - Founder and leader of the blues band, *2120 South Michigan Avenue*, Massachusetts, since 1998

Previous Professional Engagement

Software Engineer - Computervision, Object Design, ITA Software, 1983-Present
Consultant - B. B. King Museum and Delta Interpretive Center, Indianola, Mississippi, 2005–2008
Screenwriter - 1980–1983
Photojournalist and Author - 1970–1980
Professor - Associate Professor of Humanities in mathematics, history of science, philosophy, and photography, New England College, Henniker, New Hampshire, 1966–1976

Photojournalism

Major subjects covered

Politics in Czechoslovakia, Poland, Eastern Europe, 1970's
U.S. presidential campaigns, 1972, 1976
Israel in aftermath of Yom Kippur War, 1970's
The U.S. blues music scene, 1970's, early 1980's
Photography, 1970's, early 1980's

Articles and essays, usually with photographs, published in

New York Times Book Review
Christian Science Monitor
Harper's Magazine
The Nation
Inquiry
Newsday
Modern Photography
Creative Camera
Camera 35
The Real Paper

Photography Exhibits

Blues With A Feeling - Individual exhibit, Firehouse Center for the Arts, Newburyport, Massachusetts, 2012
Blues, Rock and Jazz - Group exhibit, Panopticon Gallery, Boston, Massachusetts, 2010
Musical Portraits - Group Exhibit, Apollinaire Gallery, Chelsea, Massachusetts, 2010
Blues Anthology - Group Exhibit, Proud Galleries, London, England, 2008
Traveling Exhibit - Six cities in Poland, sponsored by U.S. State Department, 1979
Charles Sawyer Retrospective - ZPAF (Union of Polish Art Photographers), Krakow, Poland, 1979
Israel in Repose - Discovery Modern Age Gallery, New York City, 1974
Caribbean Odyssey - New England College, Henniker, New Hampshire, 1974

Awards

Golden Feather - for *The Arrival of B. B. King*, chosen by Los Angeles Times music critic Leonard Feather as „Best Music Book of 1980;“
Writer's Fellowship - for *How Blue Can You Get* - from The Writers' Guild of America (East), for one of 10 best unpublished screenplays of 1982, with Bistra Lankova

Selected texts by Charles Sawyer in English, including his photographs, can be found at his web page at <https://sites.google.com/site/savojblues/home>.

Works on display

The works on display are prints on paper sheets sized 70 x 50 or 50 x 70 cm made from original photographs from the 1970's. Due to technical reasons it was not possible to display the entire set of works and some of them will be shown as a part of the exhibition by means of digital projection.

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| 1) Josef Sudek (1975) | 9) Josef Sudek in Roudnice Gallery IV (1976) | 17) Anna Fárová with cat II (1976) |
| 2) Josef Sudek in his studio (1975) | 10) Anna Fárová opening the exhibition (1976) | 18) Jiří Dienstbier (1977) |
| 3) Josef Sudek on the balcony (1976) | 11) Music Program at the opening (1976) | 19) Jiří Kolář (1977) |
| 4) View from the balcony (1976) | 12) Josef Sudek and Miloš Saxl (1976) | 20) Ludvík Vaculík (1977) |
| 5) Josef Sudek before opening (1976) | 13) Josef Sudek in the Gallery Director's Office (1976) | 21) Ludvík Vaculík with a book (1977) |
| 6) Josef Sudek in Roudnice Gallery I (1976) | 14) Libor Fára (1976) | 22) Pavel Kohout and Jan Trefulka (1977) |
| 7) Josef Sudek in Roudnice Gallery II (1976) | 15) Anna Fárová with her daughter (1976) | 23) Josef Svoboda (1977) |
| 8) Josef Sudek in Roudnice Gallery III (1976) | 16) Anna Fárová with cat I (1976) | 24) Petr Pithart with his son (1977) |
| | | 25) Petr Pithart (1977) |



Charles Sawyer ve dveřích obnoveného Sudkova ateliéru
Foto: Joseph Agassi, 2002



Josef Sudek I (1976)

Charles Sawyer

Back Then in the East, Back Then in Roudnice

28 / 6 – 29 / 7 / 2012

The catalogue was published by Gallery of Modern Art in Roudnice nad Labem, a state-founded institution of Ústí nad Labem region on the occasion of Charles Sawyer's exhibition *Back Then in the East, Back Then in Roudnice* on display from June 28th until July 29th 2012, which is a part of a loose cycle of photography exhibitions called *Photography*.

F O T O

Curator and author of the catalogue: Miroslav Divina

Texts: Charles Sawyer and Miroslav Divina

Translation: Ivana Hokešová, Jan Hokeš

Photographs: Charles Sawyer, Peggy Rounick, Joseph Agassi

Photograph on the cover: Josef Sudek and Miloš Saxl on the balcony (1976),

on the flyleaf: Charles Sawyer at New England College, Henniker, USA (1976), photograph by Peggy Rounick

Graphic layout of the catalogue, invitation and poster: Markéta Pavlíčková

Printed by: Gallery of Modern Art in Roudnice nad Labem

The exhibition is supported by the Ministry of Culture Czech Republic.

www.galerieroudnice.cz

ISBN 978-80-87512-15-9



GraphTech
COMPUTERS





