



**Summer 2020**  
**A photo diary by Fred Sahai**

*During the most unusual of summers, amidst cancelled plans and debilitating free time, my friends and I made the best of the loosened restrictions, before the fall ushered in online school and ascending curves.*

*Throughout the summer, I tried to commemorate this exceptional time with my mother's old film camera, that I'd been using since the summer of 2017.*

*Shortly after the summer, my camera broke beyond repair. So the following photos are some of the last it captured.*

*Here is the tale of a summer spent (mostly) two meters apart.*

*Fred Sahai*

May.

A socially-distanced happy hour.

Maya, Stein and Flo in my backyard. Maya brought over her cooler, shaker and cocktail glass to make her signature martini. It was our first time being amongst each other in months.





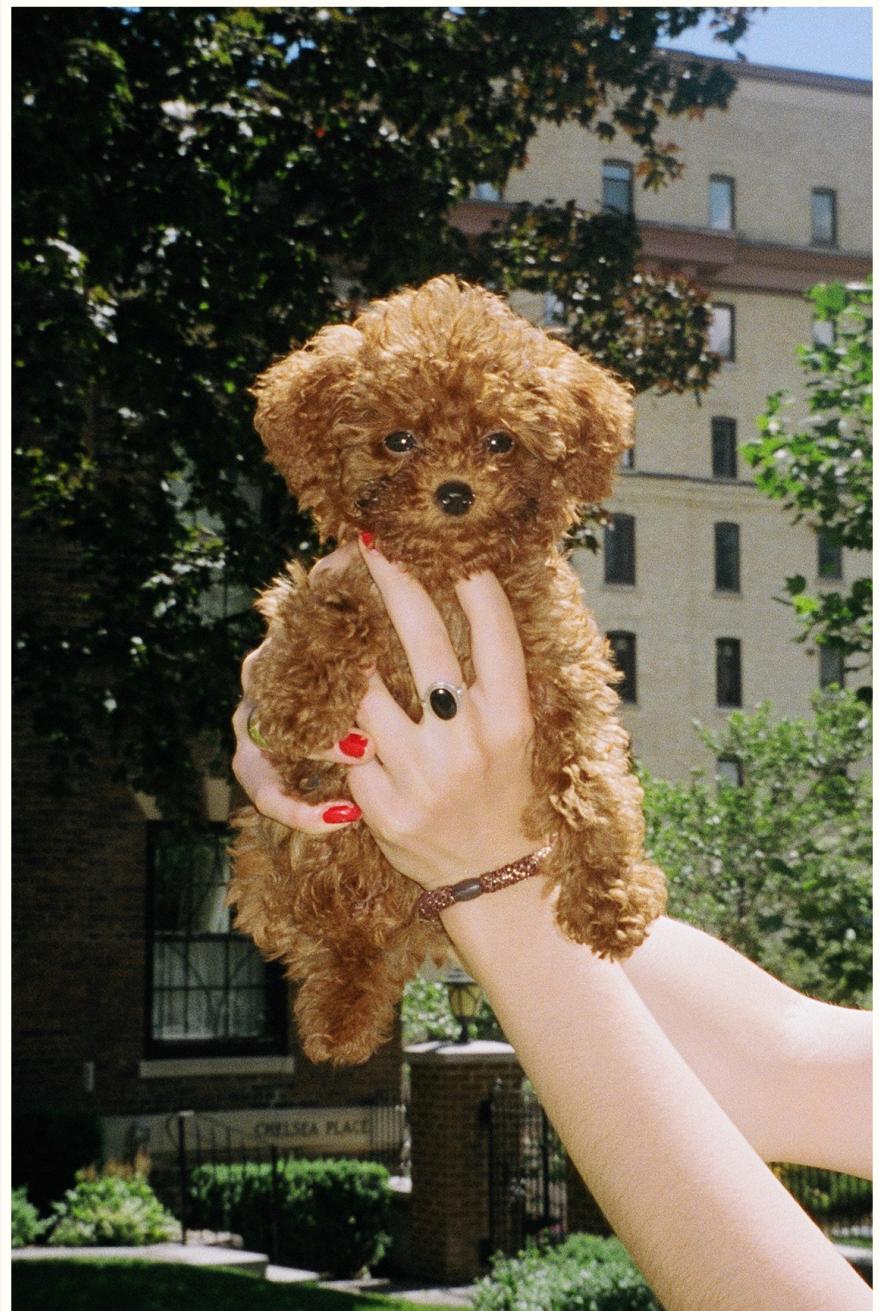
As restrictions loosened in Quebec, I was able to see more of my friends. These are some of my favorite portraits I took of them this summer. Annika is on the left, followed by Hannah, Romy and Maya clockwise.



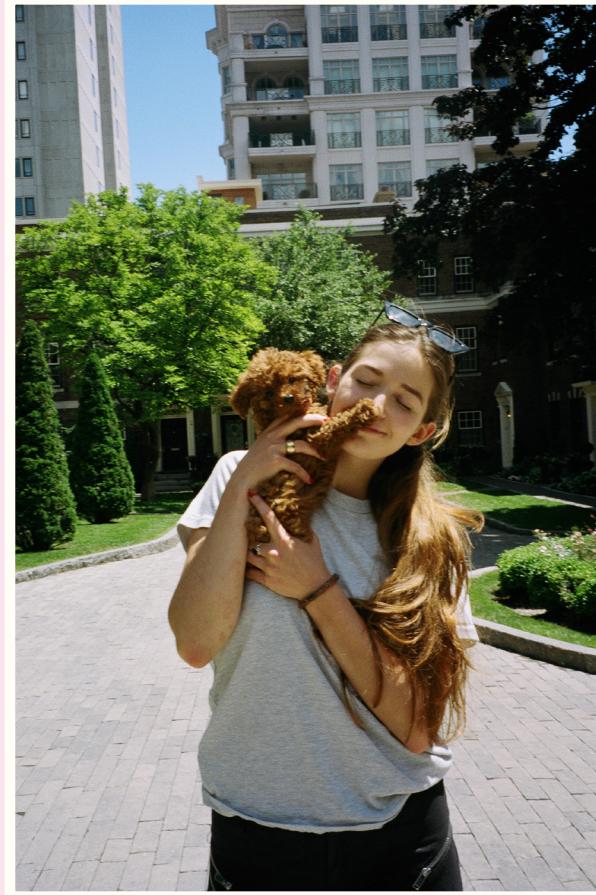
And even though time stopped this year,

Maya turned 21.





Maddy adopted Electra.



The pandemic proved particularly lonely for most of us. And so after graduating from her undergrad and getting into law school, Maddy rewarded herself by adopting a constant companion.

# *DRIVE TO GET*

That was the slogan of the drive-in theater that opened five minutes away from my house this summer. Before this one opened, there were none in the city of Montreal, and those you could find in the suburbs only showed movies in French. The Royalmount Drive-in Theater played a variety of classics like *Saturday Night Fever* and *Grease*, and early 2000s favourites like *Almost Famous* and *Zoolander*. With activities being so limited, the drive-in theater was a pleasant way to spend our evenings.

# *IN GETT OUT GETT*





In August, I was finally able to return to New York. I hadn't been in my apartment since March, much less seen my American friends. On one of the last days of summer break, Sam, Jane and I completed the trek to Far Rockaway Beach for a day in the sun. It was the perfect end to the strangest of summers.



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