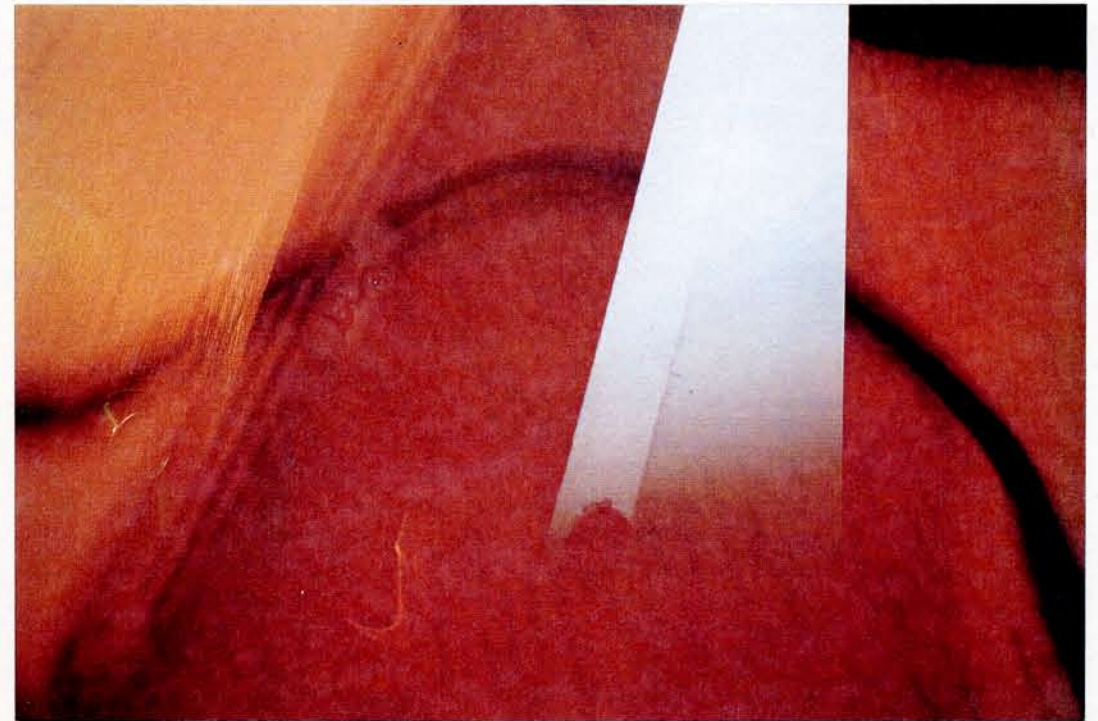


The End of November

by Jonathan Saunders
11/93

All the photographs in this collection were made because at that moment, at that place, at that point in my life, I needed to make a photograph. Not only for the pleasure of creating an image, but for the pleasure and importance of photographing to remember.

Rochester



Rochester



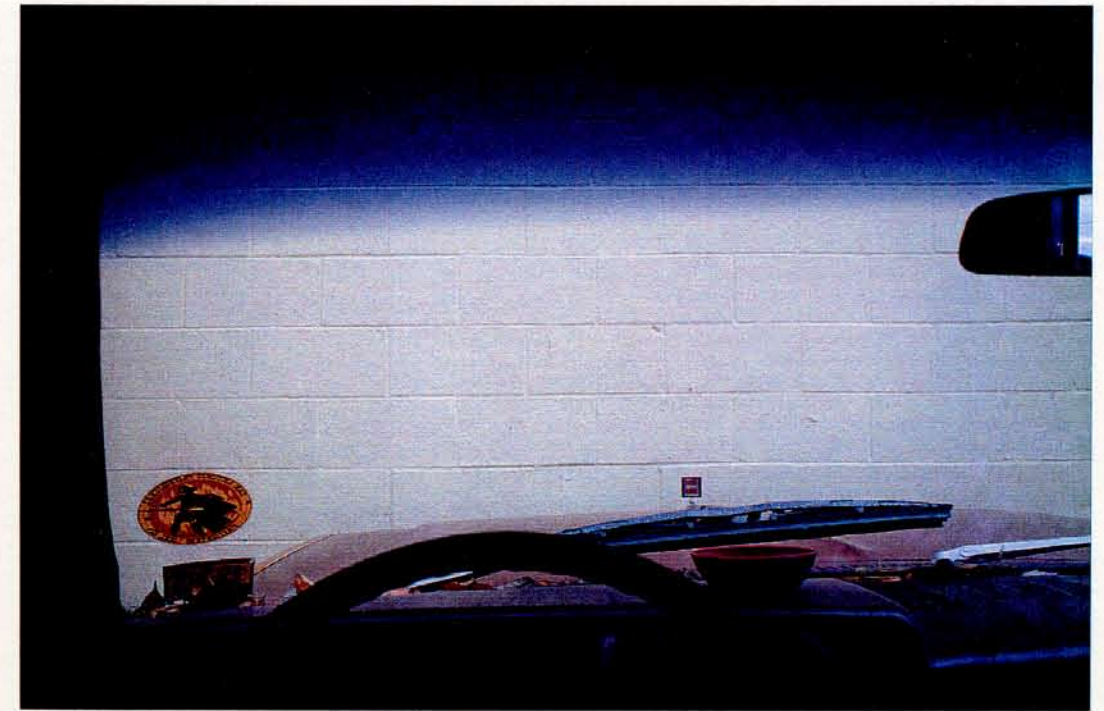
390



Rochester



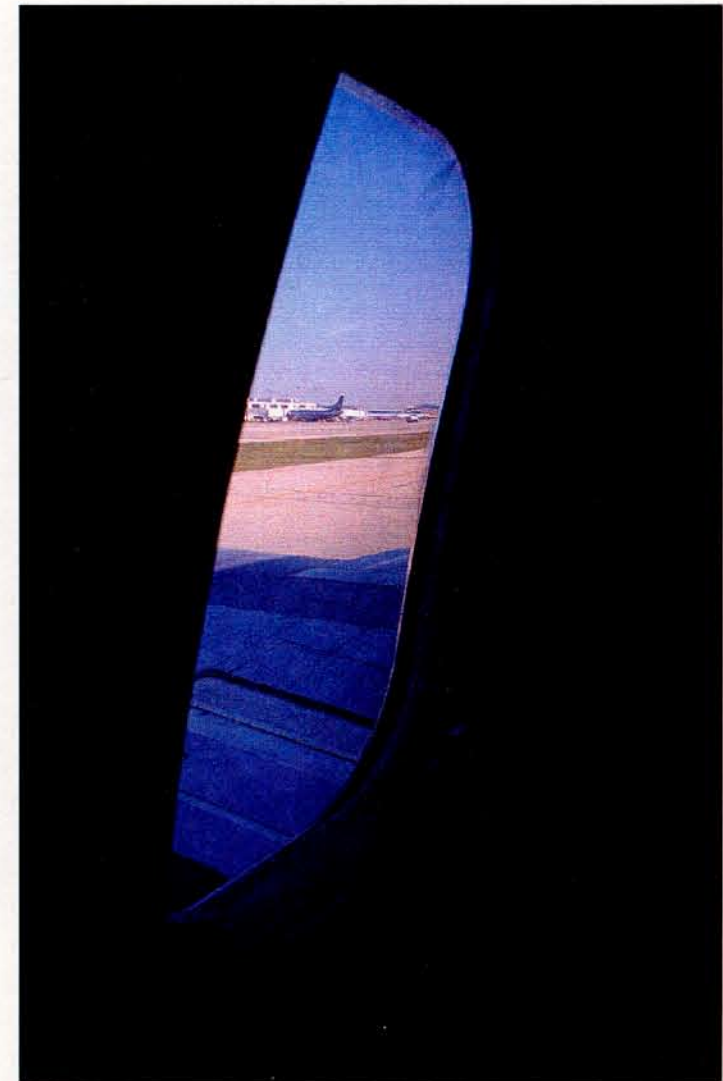
West Chester



North East Extension



Cincinnati



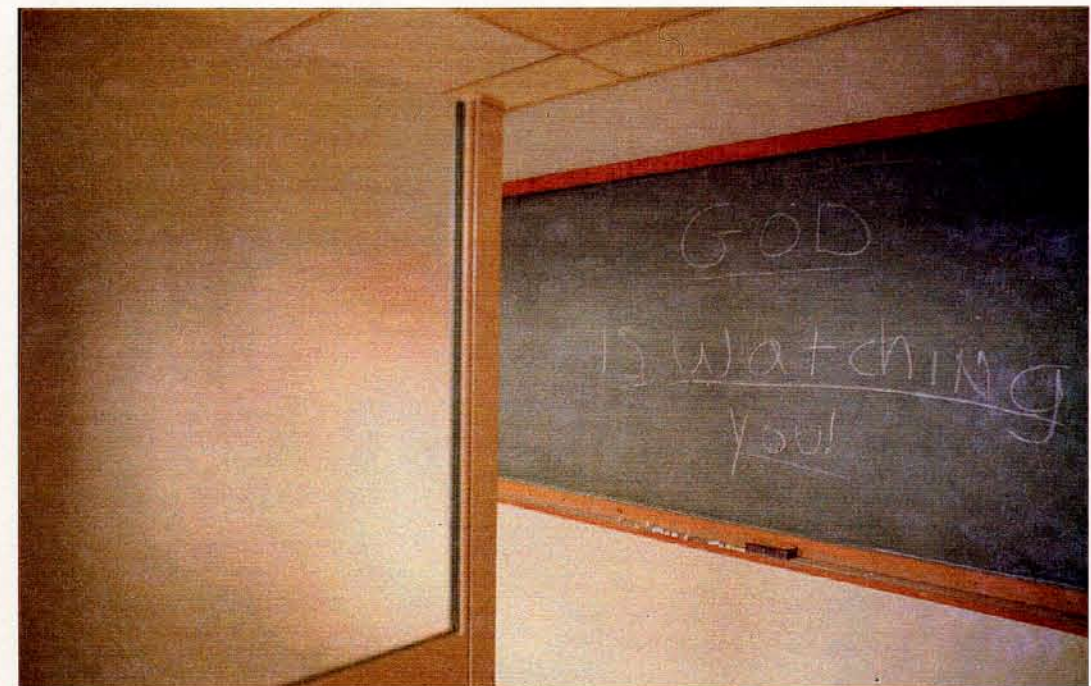
Cincinnati



Louisville



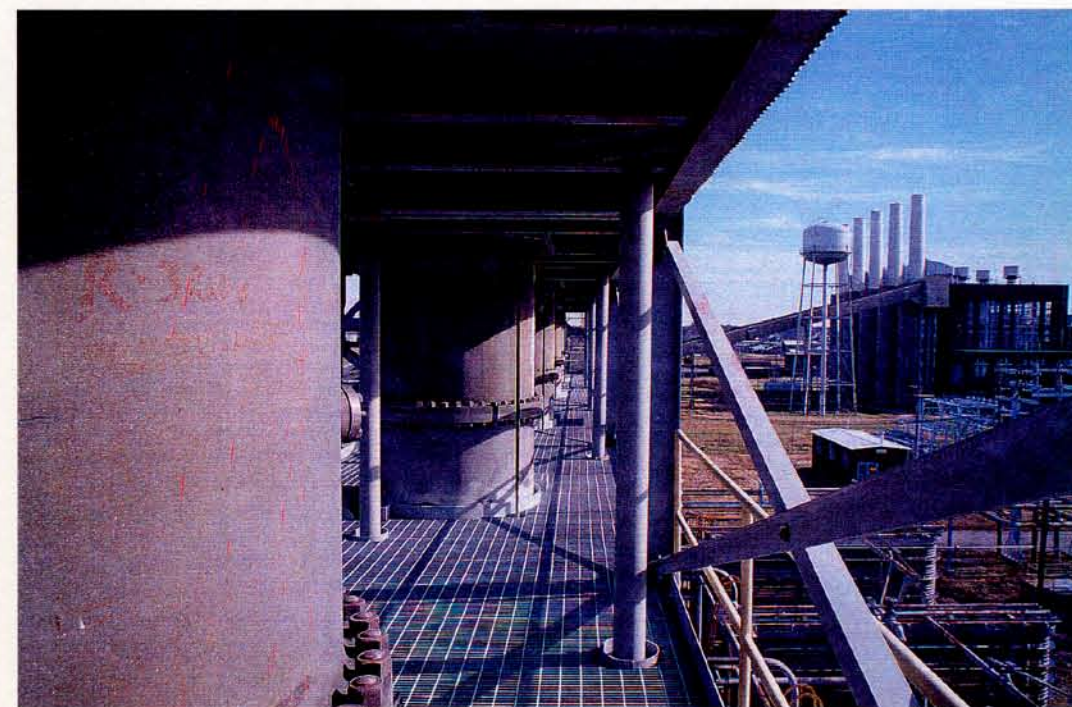
Indiana Army Ammunitions Plant



Indiana Army Ammunitions Plant



Indiana Army Ammunitions Plant



Indiana Army Ammunitions Plant



My Parents House



My Parents House



My Parents House



At the end of November, my grandmother was visiting. I have only seen her once or twice a year my whole life. And this time with her made me realize I know nothing about her as a person. I know what she looks like, sounds like, and that I will get a card from her on any given holiday. But still, I do not know the incredible person I believe her to be.

The evening before I returned to Rochester, I set out to take her portrait. The light outside was just right and I asked her if she would allow me to take her picture. She agreed and we stepped out onto the patio. As soon as I raised my camera to my eye, I knew I would not have a successful photograph. There was an awkward tension between us, and we both felt it. Neither one of us knew what to do or what to say. Frustrated, I took one frame and went inside. She stayed on the patio. I walked into the next room and made a photograph of an arrangement of feathers and sticks my mother had made and my grandmother admired. I then made the photograph of my grandmother on the patio. She did not notice. I went back to the other room where she was now sitting and began to photograph an unlit candle. She asked me if I was taking her picture, I said no. It was the end of November.



