PHOTOGRAPHIC REFLECTIONS

PHOTOGRAPHIC REFLECTIONS 1939 - 2023



RICK GILBERT

Our world is filled with beauty and inspiration, some obvious, some hidden. Photography helps us see some of this grandeur. As Dorothea Lange said, *A camera teaches you how to see without a camera*.

Here, with both text and photos, I'd like you to meet the people, places, and events that have moved me deeply, and helped shape who I have become in my ninth decade.

There's no question that photographs communicate more instantly and powerfully than words do, but if you want to communicate a complex concept clearly, you need words too.

> – Galen Rowell, Photographer

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Etched on the back:

TRAIN #18 LEAVING PAYETTE IN THICK FOG

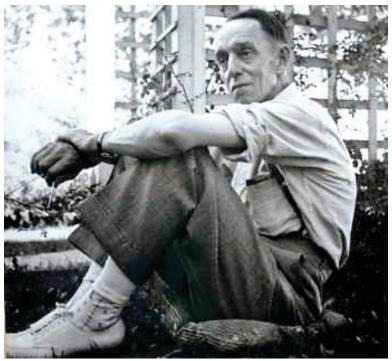
DEC. 1938 BY A. J. J.

A Silent Mentor

A SILENT MENTOR

Tell me, what is it you plan to do with your one wild and precious life?

-Mary Oliver, Poet



Arthur Johnston, Photographer, My Grandfather *

*Is there a photography gene?

Arthur Johnston Reflects (As imagined by Rick)

I loved my visits to Connie's family in Berkeley. Always, the highlight of my visits was Rickey. Connie's only child and my third grandchild, he was my favorite. I was there just after he was born. I took the first photo of him at just six months.

I loved watching Rickey grow over the years. I don't know who was more excited during my visits, me, or him. When he was about eight years old, we worked together in the basement building a model train setup, switches, coal dumper, bridges, the whole deal. I had been a carpenter and wanted to help Rickey learn the skills. Mostly, though, it was just the fun of being with him.

If cancer had not taken me in 1951, I would have spent many happy years teaching Rickey photography and carpentry. He would have taught me that the important thing in life was not my failed businesses, but my nurturing the next generation.



Childhood

His mother told him "Someday you will be a man And you will be the leader of a big ol' band Many people comin' from miles around To hear you play your music when the sun go down Maybe someday your name'll be in lights Saying 'Johnny B. Goode tonight'"

- Chuck Berry, "Johnny B. Goode"



Katy McGlynn Gilbert (Married name: Munger)

In one of his poems, William Wordsworth famously said, *The child is father of the man.* Sometime in adolescence, I started wondering, *What made me the way I am?*

Maybe searching for answers for myself, I am drawn to photographing children.



Born Atheist?

In 1944 when I was four years old, my mother wrote a letter to her mother:

I tried to explain to Rickey some things about God. I told him God is everywhere and takes care of him all the time. He thought about that for a few minutes then said, 'If God takes care of me, why do you get babysitters when you go out?'

Well, that did make God seem ineffectual, so I replied, 'That person is here to answer the phone.' Rickey said, 'If God is so great, why can't He answer the phone?'

Oh dear.



Navajo Kids



Anna Marie McGlynn and Molly McGlynn



Getting Change



Native Trails Celebration, Scottsdale, Arizona.

 \mathbf{N} ative American dancer looks to elders for the next move.

Charlie Tyndall, 11, and August Levinson, 9, knocked on my door holding a sign advertising their services to do yard work. I needed weeding. The following Sunday they showed up with tools and a bucket, along with August's father, Josh, to supervise.

They did a wonderful job. Afterwards, though, Charlie, who leans toward the dramatic, was totally exhausted. Wait? Don't we have child labor laws?



Neighborhood Entrepreneurs



Charlie Tyndall



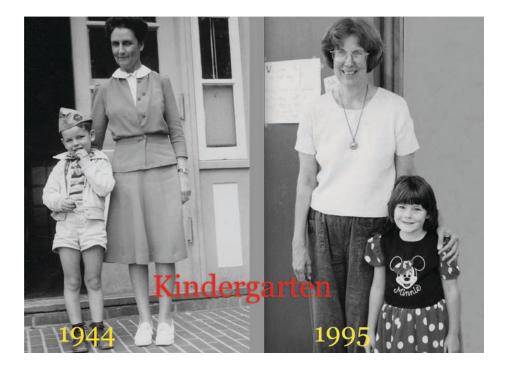
Katy Munger

We took Katy to see a performance of Carmina Burana. After the show, she asked about the male dancers, *Why are they wearing those tights? You can see their butts.*

Katy is particularly free in her gestural language. Her enthusiasm and happiness are her main strengths. Her motion looks like she is in flight.

- Judith Kamoroske, Dance Teacher





I give them over to imperfect strangers, No less unwise than I, to be molded into a someone neither I Nor teacher can quite call our own.

> – Jane Hunter, MD Retired Pediatrician



Katy with her mother, Mary (top), and Shiloh (below)



Luke and Molly McGlynn



Kristen, Caleb, and Christine Seguin



Carter May, #24, Age 13

I remember the days when I launched the ball with one hand. Thankfully the 'one-handed basketball' is over. I now shoot like a normal person.

Basketball has changed a lot. I'm along for the ride...but I will not be bringing the 'one-handed basketball' with me.

- Carter May, Age 18

I was the best man at George and Sandra Petty's wedding in 1962.



Wedding Toast

Probably the last thing on my mind at the wedding was becoming a grandfather.

- George Petty

Sixty-one years later, George and Sandra's granddaughter, Olivia Petty, graduated from the Naval Academy and began training to become a naval aviator.



Olivia Petty, Naval Academy, 2023

Santa vs. God

Annie Laurie Gaylor is co-founder and co-president of the Freedom From Religion Foundation. She told me that God just seems to be an extension of the childish belief in Santa Claus. FFRF is made up of atheists, agnostics, and humanists. But something strange happened when her husband, Dan Barker, published a small book for children called, *Just Pretend*. The book tells children that both Santa and God are not real.

The atheist parents didn't like it. They said it is OK to tell their kids there is no God, but don't mess with Santa.



Inspiration

Getting some of these photos choked me up. After hearing what the forest rangers said about their work in the wilderness, I spontaneously reached out and hugged them.

I swallowed hard watching Chuck Mangione encourage those kids. The Jehovah's Witness woman's story about the suicidal vet left me speechless.

From my interview with Gloria Steinem,

I was signing books in a bookstore when this elegantly dressed black woman told me a story as I was signing her book. When I first read Ms. Magazine, I was in prison for prostitution. After reading Ms., I wondered why I was in prison instead of the customer. Then I got law books for our prison and started helping other incarcerated women with their cases.

When I got out, I apprenticed myself to a women's law firm. Now I'm a lawyer. I just thought you might like to know.'

- Gloria Steinem

INSPIRATION



Chuck Mangione and Kids, KCSM Jazz On the Hill Concert

Unexpectedly, in the middle of his concert, Chuck Mangione invited any kids who wanted to play with his band to come up on stage. His horn players left the stage. The rhythm section stayed. *It doesn't matter if you can play, come on up*, he said.



Four or five kids hesitantly joined him on stage. He gave each an instrument and showed them how to blow. His bass, drums and percussion laid down a steady beat. The kids started blowing randomly.

Half a dozen jazz-loving parents in the front row were bawling their eyes out as their kids played with this world-famous jazz musician.



Masai Warrior

Sponsored by Asante Africa, Sabore Oyie was in the Bay Area to raise funds for expanding educational opportunities in Kenya.

In downtown Oakland he encountered a hip, young black man on the street who began taunting him, *Hey, man...you for real? You must be going to a Halloween party.* Sabore explained where he was from. The young man shot back, *Oh, yeah, I'm a warrior too, man. I own this block.*

Patiently, Sabore said, In my tribe, to become an adult, I had to live off the land on the plains of the Serengeti for six months by myself. With three others, I have killed a lion with just a spear and my bare hands.

The puffed-up young man began to deflate as he embraced the warrior's truth. He saw in that instant his own heritage–lost long ago.

The young man started to cry.

Anna Eshoo was elected to Congress in 1992. In December, 2001, Mary, Katy, and I went to Washington, D.C. to watch Mary's sister, Maureen, argue a case in front of the United States Supreme Court. We called Anna's office to see if we could visit. She invited us to "brunch" in the dining room of The House of Representatives.

The four of us had a rich conversation. Suddenly, a bell went off signaling it was time for a vote on the House floor. Anna invited Katy to come with her. They went into the huge chamber. Anna asked Katy to push the button to cast her vote. Katy was 10 years old.



Talk about participatory democracy!

Congresswoman Anna Eshoo and Katy Munger, 2001

In November, 2017, Anna's supporters threw a party to celebrate her 25 years in Congress.

Anna gave a speech that included her philosophy, *The trusting* relationship between those who govern and those who elect has been the hallmark of our compact for the past 25 years.

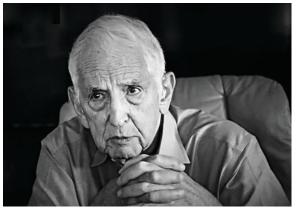


Anna Eshoo and Katy, 2017

Nancy Pelosi was the emcee for the evening. To help the 250 people there appreciate how respected Anna is in Washington, Nancy said:

You all love Anna, but do you know how she is admired in the US Congress? Look around. Of the 250 people here tonight, there are 8 members of Congress who came to celebrate Anna. That doesn't happen. It reflects how well she is thought of.





Pentagon Papers

Serving in the Marines in Vietnam showed me that the war was not going to succeed. Our only hope was to avoid recognizing that we had lost. For that, millions of Vietnamese and 58,000 Americans died. To end the war, the public needed to know how pessimistic the estimates were, and how we'd been lied to.

At the beginning of the war, I worked for a government think tank, The Rand Corporation. The turning point came for me at an anti-war rally. After listening to these passionate speakers, I went into an unused restroom, collapsed on the floor, and cried for an hour. When I came out, I decided to release the Pentagon Papers, a 7,000-page report about the lies we'd been told.

I wish I had put this information out in 1964. I think that could've helped to prevent the war. That is a very heavy load to bear for the rest of my life.

- Daniel Ellsberg



Gloria Steinem Writer's Conference, San Miguel, Mexico

Gloria: It took 100 years for women to gain identity and it will take another 100 for them to gain full equality. What we need is a worldwide feminist AA. Free, leaderless, and accessible everywhere. Small enough so everyone can talk and be heard. We are communal creatures. We cannot do it alone.

Rick: Have you ever thought about just throwing in the towel?

Gloria: You can't throw in the towel because the towel is you.

Ms. Magazine

Shortly after my interview with Gloria I went into Kepler's Books in Menlo Park to buy the current issue of Ms. Magazine. I asked the young woman behind the counter if they carried Ms. Magazine. She looked perplexed, fumbled with the master product list, then looked up and said, "How do you spell it?"

Gloria is right. It may take another 100 years.



Street Musician, Santa Fe, NM

After I put \$20 in this vet's open guitar case, he said, *Thanks.* Any song you want to hear? Yeah, do you know 'Folsom Prison Blues?' He did, and started singing. I joined right in... 'I hear the train a-comin'...'

When the song was over, I asked if I could take his picture. *Sure*. I thanked him and started walking away. Just then two shaggy-looking street girls approached him, *Hey, man, you got a smoke*? He said, *Here, you need this more than I do*, and gave them the \$20 I just gave him.

I turned, went back, and put another \$20 in his guitar case.

Desolation Wilderness

Being in nature is a good spot for me. I'm connected to this beauty and I want to pass that on to people I meet on the trail or at the Visitor's Center. I want to convey why we have these beautiful spots. That passion drove me to a career educating people about nature.

We want to leave it this way for a very, very long time. We want to pass it down. Come here with respect, and love it.

- Liz Williamson, Forest Ranger

People come from all over the world to see Desolation Wilderness. Being out here every day is a gift. It's awesome to see people and tell them about my favorite spots. I enter a kind of Zen space when I'm here.

-Renee Mattingly, Forest Ranger



Renee (left), Liz (right)

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Jeff Hamilton, Monterey Jazz Festival

eff was an up-and-coming jazz drummer when he was hired by Woody Herman. He was just 24. Herman explained to him that in a big band, the drummer holds it all together.

The day of their first big concert with Jeff on drums, just before the curtain went up, Woody Herman came over to him, put his hand on his shoulder and said, *Well*, *Jeff*, *it's your band now*.

Jehovah's Witnesses

I talked to these two Jehovah's Witnesses at the Mountain View Farmers' Market. They told me about their work and the power of their beliefs.

Rick: What has been the most positive experience you've had going door-to-door trying to interest people in your religion?

JW: A very depressed young man sitting in his darkened living room. Ex-military. Suffering from PTSD. Told us he saw no reason to live. We talked for twenty minutes. As we left, he took our literature and hugged us, saying, I had been thinking about suicide. Thank you. Things look better now. Maybe I'll pull through after all.' Connections like this keep us knocking on doors.



Good News from God

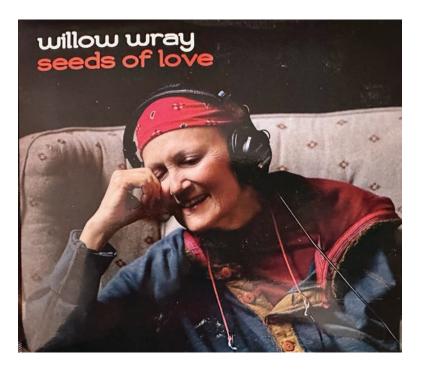


Terry Garthwaite, Founder, Joy of Cooking

Over the years, Terry occasionally sang with a trio of backup singers called Nicholas, Glover, and Wray. A few years ago during a musical event, Willow Wray felt faint. She had cancer. She had always wanted to produce her own CD, but had not gotten around to it. Now with little time left, Terry organized 54 people from the musical and technical communities to fulfill her dying wish. The day before she died, Willow held her album up, kissed it, and said, *Go do your work*.



Willow Wray: second from left





Lyngso Garden Materials

Running a small business allows us to put into place practices that reach beyond the bottom line.

For example, if an employee has an emergency and needs to fly home somewhere, sometimes we will give them the money they need. They, in turn, will do the same thing for each other. If they know an employee is having a medical problem, for instance, and needs to be off work for a while, sometimes they will come to me and say, 'I want to donate my vacation time to that person.'

The people who work here respond in kind and giving ways.



- Terry Lyngso, CEO

Pete Seeger had that MJF audience ecstatic as he worked his way through a roster of well-known folk music. He saved Woody Guthrie's *This Land Is Your Land* for the end.

Five thousand people were on their feet, many openly crying.



Pete Seeger, Monterey Jazz Festival

WW II P-38 Pilot John Mc Glynn

To assess the damage, John McGlynn flew photo reconnaissance P-38s over targets after the B-17s had dropped their bombs. In February, 1944, his plane was brought down by flak. He parachuted behind enemy lines. Back home, his family was told he was "missing in action."



Growing up on a farm, John knew how to survive off the land. He finally connected with the French Underground who facilitated his escape. His family received a telegram from England saying he was safe.

He lived out his life on the farm where he grew up in Wisconsin. He had 10 children and a career as a rural mail carrier.



P-38, Reno Air Show



Sarah Cameron Sunde

36.5 A Durational Performance with the Sea

Sarah is a performance artist living in New York. Her latest work makes a statement about global warming and sea level rise.

Imagine standing in cold sea water through an entire tidal cycle, usually 12-15 hours. That is what Sarah does in her "performances."

Her goal is to draw attention to the danger we face due to global warming and sea level rise. Each event is videotaped then distributed to a wider audience.

Sarah told me, *The hardest work in all this is the administration,* writing emails, raising money, and planning. The biggest satisfaction is the vast number of people who have expressed to me how much this means to them.

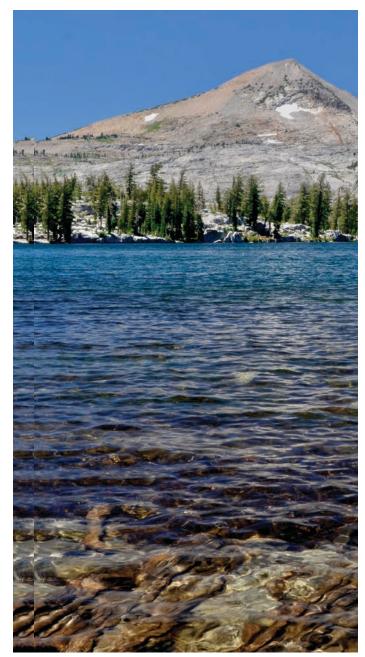
Nature

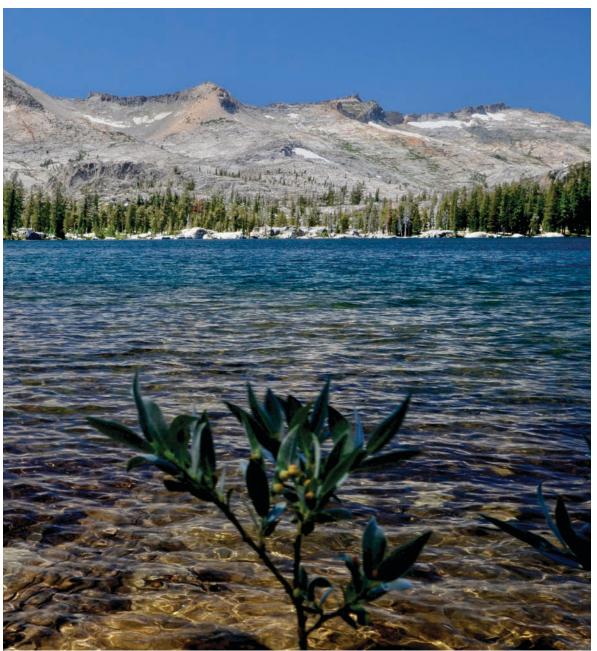
You are unplugged. It's restorative; a pilgrimage.

- Scott, Hiker, Desolation Wilderness

In the summer of 1951, I was a proud member of Scout Troop 23. At scout camp in Desolation Wilderness, I experienced nature as never before: sleeping bag on the ground, hiking the majestic 10,000 foot Crystal Range, swimming in the frigid waters of Lake of the Woods.

Hiking out after two weeks, I felt, somehow, I had become a man. Thus, began my love of nature, whether in my backyard or in the Sierra Nevada Mountain Range.





Lake of the Woods, View from our campsite

 E_{ach} spring we get a hummingbird nest under the eaves on our deck.







Upper Eagle Falls, Emerald Bay, Lake Tahoe



Sea Ranch, California



Gualala River



Ross Cove Beach



Desolation Wilderness

What is there? It is mostly what isn't there: civilization. After a while you start to hear differently, especially when the wind is coming off the snowbanks of the Crystal Range. That would get anyone's attention.

- Tim Garthwaite



Big Sur



Bees



Great Blue Heron, Sea Ranch, California

Hillside School (opposite)



I was surrounded by architecture of world-class integrity growing up in the hills of Berkeley. That was especially true of Hillside, my grammar school, now a Berkeley Historical Landmark. As a child I could not have put any of this into words, but I felt it.

Leaving Berkeley, then returning as an adult, gave me appreciation for the jaw-dropping architecture I now see in those hills of my youth. Bottom line...I have an eye for architecture wherever I go.



In the spring, after our family's barn was destroyed by fire, the Amish builders from the community came, set up a sawmill, cut the lumber from our woods, planed it, and built what is the barn of today.

- Mary McGlynn



McGlynn Barn, Cazenovia, WI



Venice, Italy, 1970



San Francisco



Guanajuato, Mexico



Church Ruins circa 1750, San Miguel, Mexico



Victoria Tower, London



Berkeley City Club, Julia Morgan, Architect



Taos Pueblo, New Mexico



Mission San Juan Bautista



Fortress Bastille, Grenoble, France, Erik Geissler and Rick

As a physics PhD, Erik worked at the university. I last visited him in 2006.

He often invites me to return for another visit before I get too old to travel. I would love to do that but don't much like 12-hour plane rides.

I explained my problem to Erik. I added, I'd love to come if I could get there at the speed of light...or even, half the speed of light. He responded that he would love to arrange for that, but unfortunately, he said, According to $E=mc^2$, if I did that, the energy released would destroy the whole of Europe.

Erik elaborated in a follow-up email:

Such a trip would indeed destroy a good part of Europe, at the same time as the rest of the world (about a billion megaton bombs), but it could also destroy you. That would not only contribute unfavorably to climate warming but it would almost certainly put an end to a great friendship.

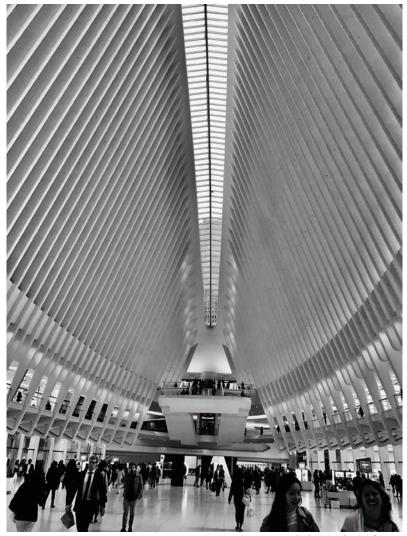
So, the trip is not happening.



Notre Dame, 1968



Cement Ship Remains, Aptos, California



World Trade Center

ust down the street from our home in Berkeley, was a vacant lot with a huge eucalyptus tree with two trunks. Seemed like a good place for a tree house. During the summer of 1958, I had a job as a tree trimmer. I confidently hung from ropes high up in trees while wielding a chain saw.



Tree House, Berkeley, 1958 - 1964

At this time, there was a huge building project going on at Cal on Durant Street. Driving by, I noticed a pile of 12-foot 4x4s and 2x4s carelessly stacked by the sidewalk that needed liberating.

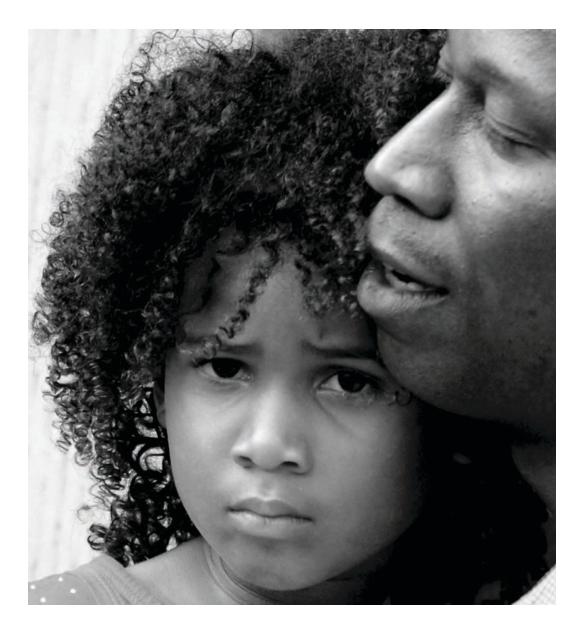
Enlisting the aid of my neighbor, Steve Roper (later a Yosemite climbing guru), at 3:00 AM I "borrowed" my parents' car. We liberated four of those beautiful 4x4s and some 2x4s. A few nights later, George Petty and I rescued four 4×8 sheets of plywood for the flooring from another building site. (Hooray for the statute of limitations.)

Steve, George, and I built this magnificent structure during a two-week period. The treehouse was 30 feet off the ground. We could see the Golden Gate Bridge in front, the San Rafael Bridge to the north, and the Bay Bridge to the south. It could easily accommodate four people.

Many evenings of great sunsets, dinners, wine, deep philosophical discussions, and an occasional sleepover happened in the tree house during the next few years. Suddenly, one day in 1964, the tree house and the tree were gone. Just like that. The owner of the lot had decided to build a house...without telling us. Imagine that.

A fun project. Many problems though: stolen wood, borrowed equipment and car, built without permission on someone else's property. I shudder to think of the lawsuit if someone had fallen. Why my parents allowed this is a mystery, especially considering that my father worked in the insurance industry.

So, the question is: does this show a budding entrepreneurial spirit, or the expression of a twisted sociopathic personality?



Sadness

sadness Unhappy Jazz Fan

At the 2009 Monterey Jazz Festival, I photographed this sadlooking girl. During the intermission, I introduced myself to her father and showed him this photo.

He explained, I brought my daughter here in the hopes of sparking her interest in jazz. My plan failed.

He gave me his address. I sent him a framed photo.

There is power in sadness and the dark side. I got into psychotherapy at 16, feeling there was something wrong with me. In therapy I learned that I needed to embrace all the dark feelings I had been repressing like sadness, despair, and anger, among others. I am drawn to images that express sorrow or melancholy.

To love means to open ourselves to the negative as well as the positive-to grief, sorrow, and disappointment as well as to joy and fulfillment.

- Rollo May, Psychologist

If it makes you cry, it goes in the show.

- Annie Leibovitz, Photographer

SADNESS



Tim and David Garthwaite

Sing How You Feel

Tim was the older brother I never had. He taught me about psychotherapy, the blues, scouts, atheism, and singing.

Dementia took Tim in 2022. The last time I saw him, conversation was difficult, but we could sing the old Troop 23 songs. Maybe the words of songs from childhood are the last to go. (Singing is in purple.)

Tim & Rick: It takes a worried man to sing a worried song...

T: I was captain of the swim team at Berkeley High.

R: What was your specialty?

SADNESS

T: Breathing under water.

R: What was the best part of being on the swim team?

T: Being in the goddamn water and just dickin' around. I've always loved dickin' around.

R: How would you evaluate your career as a probation officer?

T: I was damn good. I accepted them where they were. I honored them.

T&R: Cigarettes and whiskey and wild, wild women. They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane.

T: I learned the blues from Rob Sterling. He taught me to "sing how you feel." The music was my teacher.

T&R: You can read it in the morning paper. You can hear it on the radio, how crime is taking our nation, this world is about to go...

R: In your 86 years, what is the main learning you've had?

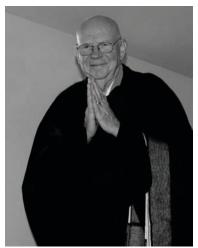
T: It's the freedom of breath, it's the freedom to say with your body whatever your truth is.

T&R: My father was the keeper of the Eddystone light. He slept with a mermaid one fine night...

A man got up to speak at a National Speakers Association meeting who people said had "the voice of God." Sure, Jerry Johnson's voice was wonderful, but it was what he said that stuck with me. Humanistic to the core.

Jerry spoke of how important it is for men to reach out to each other. So I did reach out, and we became very close over the years. Jerry also became one of the trainers at PowerSpeaking, Inc. I visited his home in the mountains. We went shooting in the woods and drank whiskey-often at the same time.

I later learned Jerry was an ordained Lutheran minister. Although he left the ministry, his spiritual quest continued throughout his life. At the end, even though his cancer gave him precious little time, he also became a Zen Priest.



Jerry Johnson

SADNESS

I was with Jerry two weeks before he died. I asked, *With all your spiritual training, is it helpful now at the end?* His response: *Not at all.*



Ritualistic head shaving in the ceremony to become a Zen Priest.

Medical Aid in Dying

I am doing anything I can to extend my life. No one should have the right to prolong my death.

-Jennifer Glass

Doctors have it hammered into them to do no harm. But it's pretty harmful to let people suffer.

- Merla Zellerbach

I simply want the option to die with less suffering. My biggest fear is dying in pain and leaving my beloved wife, Gina, with horrible memories that will haunt her forever.

- Herb Orban

SADNESS



Dan Diaz

Recent surveys show that 73% of the US population want the decision of when to end their lives in their own hands—not religion or government. Many politicians are terrified of religious backlash, so they drag their feet on changing the laws. State-by-state, this legislation is a hard fight.

A tipping point in this battle came when young, attractive Brittany Maynard went public with her story of having to move to Oregon to end her life on her own terms because of an inoperable brain tumor. *People* magazine ran a cover story on this, and afterwards, momentum grew for approval of the legislation.

At a recent fundraiser, I interviewed Dan Diaz, Brittany's husband.

It was a very peaceful death. She had the opportunity to say goodbye to those she loved. I promised Brittany I'd carry on what she started. My life has changed so much. I don't have the person I love with me. Late at night when the house is quiet, I'm missing my wife.

Rick: Follow the Money. If Brittany dies quietly at home surrounded by loved ones, who makes money? No one. If, on the other hand, Brittany is denied control of her death, and must go through the standard dying process, who makes money?

To name a few: the insurance companies, oncologists, nursingcare agencies, drug companies, the assisted-living industry, the hospicecare industry, geriatric physicians, palliative-care agencies. The list goes on and on.

Today, we have choices. For more on this: compassionandchoices.org.

Existential

Whatever purpose and meaning we have in life comes not from external forces such as God, government, or teachers, but instead is entirely determined by ourselves. Existentialism is the attempt to deal with the fear that our lives have no meaning.

Existential despair is a feeling of dread that comes when we confront the limitations of our existence. Thoughts of death, loneliness, the futility of life, or the insignificance of self, can all trigger existential despair. People may feel overwhelmed and hopeless in the face of this reality.

These photos are existential in tone.

Photography





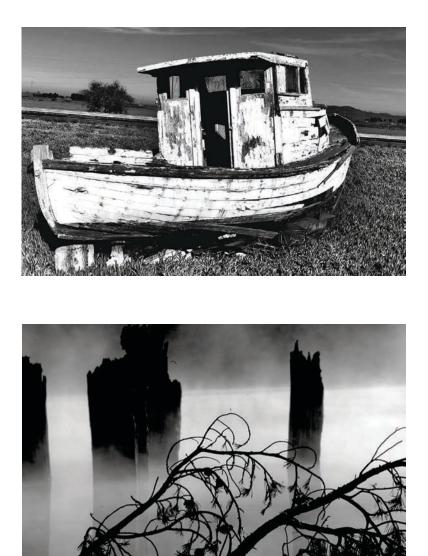












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Joy and Humor

Rickey has so much to say to so many people that he causes a great deal of confusion during the lesson. He should spend more time on his work and less time being a showoff.

- My third-grade report card

A fitting eulogy for me:

Born, 1939

A wop bop a loo bop a lop bam boom!

Died, 20__.



Desolation Wilderness



Maureen McGlynn Flanagan (Leaving the U.S. Supreme Court after arguing her case)



At the Movies

My doctor told me to drink just one glass of wine each day–for my health.



To Health!



At Amdahl Corporation, I worked as Manager of Employee Communication. We produced a monthly magazine that went out worldwide to customers and employees (about 11,600 circulation). For April, we decided to produce an "April Fools" edition. Many humorous articles.

This photo went with a story about why the executives were not using the fitness center: they didn't want to be seen in their gym shorts and leotards. HR ultimately deleted that issue, worried the worldwide audience might not get the humor.

About this same time, the then CEO, Jack Lewis, made an announcement at one of our "All Hands" meetings. Addressing the legendary antagonism between engineering and sales, Lewis said: *I've discovered the ideal Amdahl employee—an Amdroid: an engineer who can exaggerate and a salesperson who can tell the truth.*

Brought down the house.



Student Driver

At a stoplight in San Francisco, probably returning from the Sonoma Speedway. This stock-looking '52 Chevy is clearly a soupedup race car. It sports a bumper sticker: "Student Driver."



Katy Munger with Amish Woman

I met this Amish woman selling canned goods in LaValle, Wisconsin. *Can I take your picture?* Just then, Katy joined the conversation.

The contrast between the hip city girl with wild hair and a shark-mouth dress, and the country girl with handmade clothes made a wonderful shot—and story.



(Fake) Motivational Speaker Rick



Rick Gilbert, Katy Munger, and John Cope

 \mathbf{S} urprising our daughter did not become an axe murderer.



In the 1970s there was a fad where pregnant women would wear T-shirts with an arrow pointing down under the word "Baby."

This was my answer!



Bob Hope

Bob Hope tried to kiss Katy, our six-month-old daughter, on the cheek. She turned her head. He commented, *The girls always do that to me*.

In 1991, my father and stepmother were living in a golfing community called Rancho Bernardo, about 35 miles north of San Diego. My wife Mary, Katy, and I were visiting. Out for a walk in the late afternoon, we saw a lot of press people hovering around a stage where Bob Hope was rehearsing for a show that evening.

We went over to get a closer look. Dolores Hope came over to strike up a conversation about the cute baby. When Bob was done with his press interview, Dolores called him over to meet Katy.

A photographer got this picture, and we made the local press. Thanks for the memories, Mr. Hope.

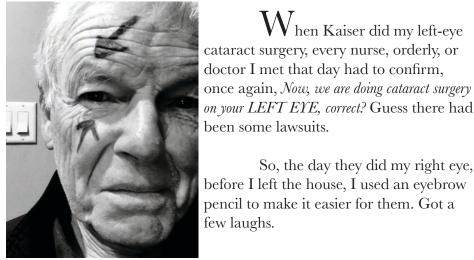
JOY AND HUMOR

When Kaiser did my left-eye

So, the day they did my right eye,

cataract surgery, every nurse, orderly, or

been some lawsuits.



Cataract Surgery

You are a beautiful, independent woman, no matter what. You have forever changed my life. No matter if you have lady parts or not, you are the #1 woman in my life.

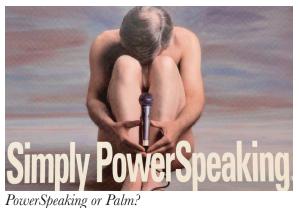
ur daughter, Katy, wrote this note on Mary's back the night before she went in for a complete hysterectomy. The medical team got quite a kick out of it.

Q Ver

Lady Parts

The surgery went very well. Mary was home resting by 3:30 PM that afternoon.

JOY AND HUMOR



In 1999, Palm came out with an ad for their Palm Pilot featuring a naked dancer holding a Palm Pilot between her knees. The ad said, "Simply Palm." I loved it. Breakthrough. Creative. So I decided to create an ad, *Simply PowerSpeaking!* Same pose but with a microphone in place of the Palm Pilot.*

* BTW, that pose is much harder than it looks.

I planned to send out a postcard with this photo as a marketing piece to our mailing list. Then it occurred to me to check with Palm. I sent them the mockup. Two days later I got a call:

You don't want to do this. The dancer will sue you. The photographer will sue you. The graphic designer will sue you. And, of course, Palm will sue you. We will squash your company like a grape!

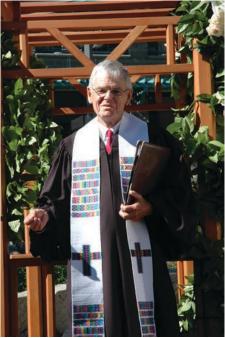
Well, alrighty then. The postcard never saw the light of day.

Later I thought, *Hmmmm, PowerSpeaking and Palm...which company is still in business?* No regrets. Gave away the postcards to friends.

A few years ago, I performed a marriage. I went online and bought a \$25 license from the Universal Life Church. I went to a church supply store and bought a black robe and a sash. My signature on the marriage license was considered legitimate. The 300+ people attending the ceremony thought I was the real deal.

This is outrageous...and dangerous. With a store-bought black robe and sash, I'm legit. What nonsense.

By tradition, clergy are not state licensed as are psychiatrists, psychologists, doctors, electricians, nurses, cosmetologists, counselors, marriage and family therapists, building contractors, etc., etc. It is time we demand that clergy become state licensed like other professionals. It is one way we can protect naïve "delusional believers" from being fleeced by the unethical.



(Fake) Reverend Rick

JOY AND HUMOR

Sinners are everywhere. Fortunately (Fake) Rev. Rick is here to issue forgiveness (for a sizable donation, of course.)



The Lord has given me, Rev. Rick, the light to see what my sheep need to get into heaven. Look at my robe. Look at my sash. Look at these silly gestures I make. For you to find eternal bliss, you need to give me 25% of your net worth. Trust me, I am a man of the cloth.

The Bible is what fools have written, what imbeciles commend, what rogues teach, and young children are made to learn by heart.

- Voltaire

JOY AND HUMOR

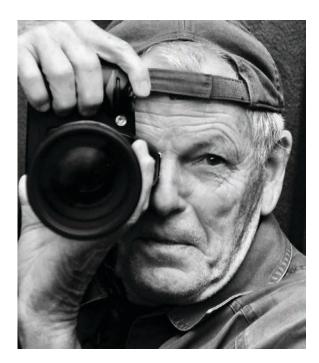


Birth Control - Illegal?

After overturning Roe, there is talk that our far-right Supreme Court may reconsider the issue of birth control. Does that mean my vasectomy is illegal? Suddenly I identify, at a gut level, with the "Pro-choice" movement: "My Body, My Choice."

In the hopes of starting a men's movement for choice, I took my sign to Planned Parenthood. No one showed up. Guess I'm just too far "ahead of the curve."

They Shoot Photographers, Don't They?



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Nothing enrages me more than for someone to come running over yelling *Hey, you can't take a picture of that.*

These images involve situations where, when confronted, I won the battle–more or less.

Taking pictures is like tiptoeing into the kitchen late at night and stealing Oreo cookies.

- Diane Arbus, Photographer



Oracle, Redwood City, CA

A guard yelled: Hey, you can't photograph the Oracle building.

Me: I'm not. I'm taking pictures of clouds.

Don't like it? Call the cops!

Difficult electrical repair job in front of my house about 45-feet up in the air. I started photographing. A worker rushed over:

Worker: Sorry, you can't take photos of this repair.
Me: Oh yes I can. You're on a public street, and I am on a public sidewalk.
Worker: No, I'm sorry, you may not photograph this worker.
Me: Oh yeah? I'm taking photos whether you like it or not. Got a problem with that? Call the police and we'll settle this right now.

Photographers know the feeling of being told to stop shooting. Rage was building in my gut. I squared my shoulders, looked him right in the eyes.

He walked away. Made this shot very satisfying.









Protecting the Children

Even cops like to be photographed

Next to City Hall in downtown Redwood City is a daycare facility for city workers' children. I stopped to watch the children playing and took a few photos. Walking home, about six blocks away, I was suddenly stopped by a burly policeman, *Hey, have you been taking pictures of children?*

I explained there is nothing nefarious going on here. I am a local photographer out for a walk. I live in the neighborhood. His tone softened.

He said someone in the apartment across the street reported an old guy taking photos of children. Hmmm...guess that did made sense.

I asked if he'd like his picture taken. By then his partner had shown up. They both were delighted to be photographed. I got their business cards and sent them copies of the photo.



Frankie Valli

Hey! No photography!

Large auditorium. I'm sitting in the middle about halfway back with my 200mm Nikon lens–slinking down in my seat so not to bother others.

On the way out, two beefy-looking men stopped me in the lobby, *Hey, you may not take photos. We'll need to take your memory card.* I said, *No way.* I showed them the images and then deleted the photos in the camera. They backed off.

Turns out memory cards have multiple layers. The camera store was able to retrieve my "deleted" images.

THEY SHOOT PHOTOGRAPHERS DON'T THEY? Goddamn it, get out of the way!

At the Monterey Jazz Festival it is always dodgy getting photos of big stars during their first three numbers, which is what we photographers are allowed.

The wonderful Mavis Staples hits the stage. She is into her second number. I position myself for a perfect shot. I crouch down so as not to block the view of people behind me. Not good enough, apparently.

I had squeezed off three shots when I feel a fist in my back, *Goddamn it, get out of the way.* My first inclination is to turn quickly around as I swing my five-pound Nikon with the 200mm lens and hit this SOB in the head. I then see he is about 6'4" and 250 pounds. I slink off to the side, happy though, to look at my LCD screen to see that I got a great shot of Mavis.

At least I'm not a paparazzi!



Mavis Staples, Monterey Jazz Festival, 2005

Hey, who the hell are you?

8:30 AM. I'm on the sidewalk setting up my tripod. Suddenly, the straw boss, Larry Lippert, comes over and invites me to go up in the construction elevator to the top of the building. I jump at the chance, knowing this was not legal.

Larry: Leave the tripod. Take this hard hat. Go.

In a few moments, I'm on top of the building, 30 feet away from the ironworkers. Loud banging. Men yelling. Furiously, I start shooting video and still images. Then, what I feared happens. The elevator operator starts yelling, *Quick, you gotta get down*.

Back on the ground, Larry says, *Gimme the hard hat. Here's your tripod. When the bosses scream at you, just lie, lie, lie, deny, deny, deny.*

Sure enough, when I go through the main gate, several of the big bosses start hollering, *Hey, who the hell are you? You have no right to be up there. Huge insurance problems.* Lying, and pointing to the fence, *I got in over there.* I begin backing away, walking quickly down the street. *I won't do it again,* I yell over my shoulder.

But, I am ecstatic about the amazing stills and video I got.

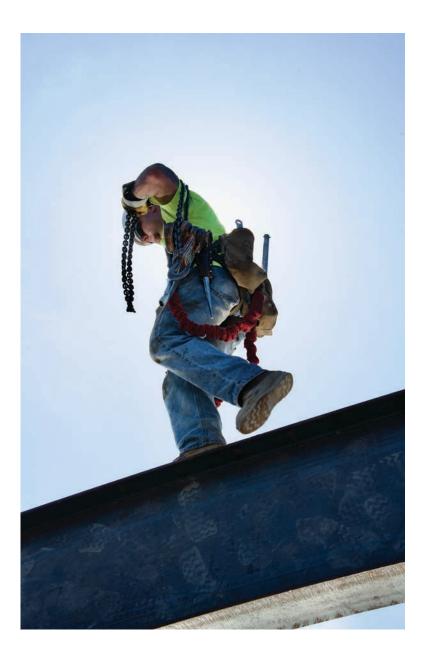


Larry Lippert











This is their temple, vaulted high, And here we pause with reverent eye.

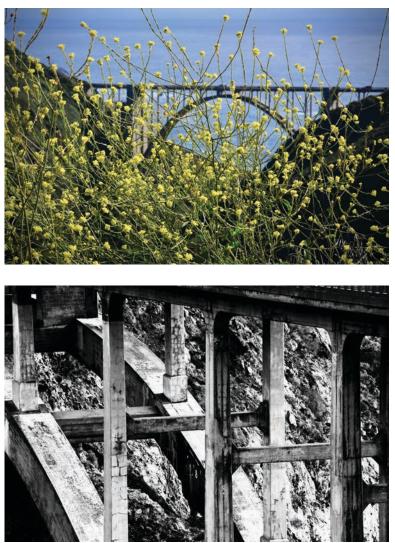
> – Joseph B. Strauss Chief Engineer, the Golden Gate Bridge

> > Rehearsal (opposite)



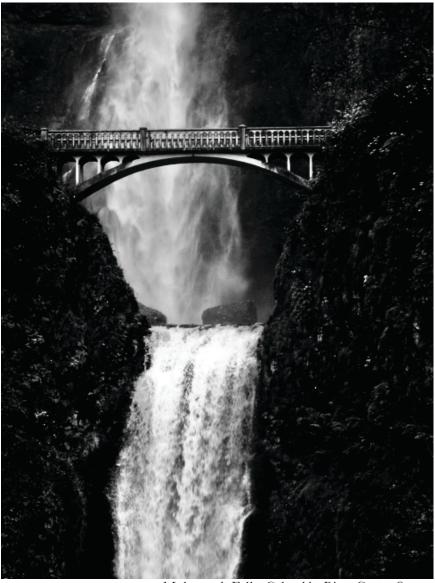
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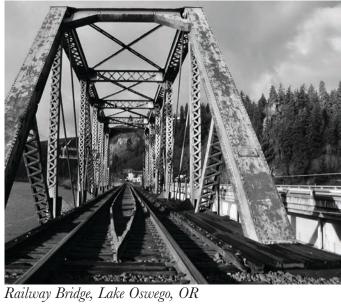


Bixby Creek Bridge, Big Sur

Bridges are massive, glorious structures that defy gravity and attract our awe. I can't pass one by without pulling out my camera.



Multnomah Falls, Columbia River Gorge, Oregon

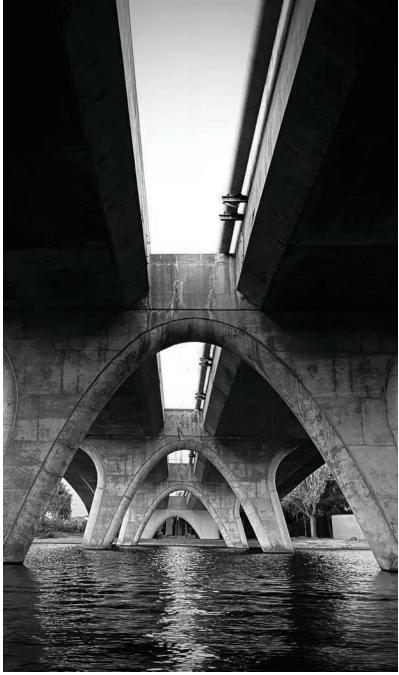




Verrazzano-Narrows Bridge, New York City



Colorado River





Third Avenue Bridge, Minneapolis

Freeway Overpass, Foster City (opposite)

Bay Area Bridges

Over the past 15 years, we've seen lots of changes to Bay Area bridges necessitating bridge closures.

It took 11 years to replace the old east span of the Bay Bridge after the damage done to it during the Loma Prieta earthquake in 1989. A key element involved building an 'S' curve.

For three days over the 2009 Labor Day weekend, the bridge was closed for this installation. I wondered what the bridge looked like without cars, so I rented a helicopter on September 7, 2009.



Old Bridge and New Bridge

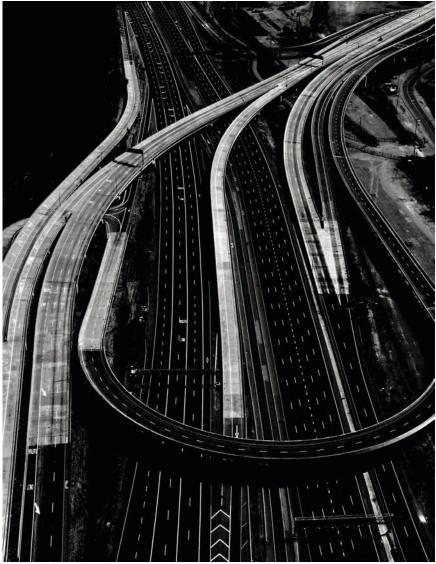


September 7, 2009

S Curve

Boss: Goddamn it Bob, how did this happen?

Bob: Well, Boss, you told me to hire the lowest bid construction firm.

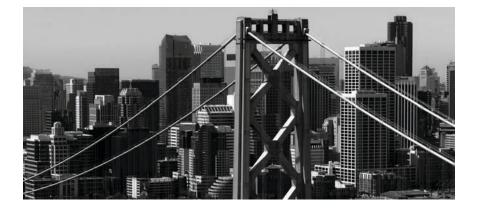


Bay Bridge Approach

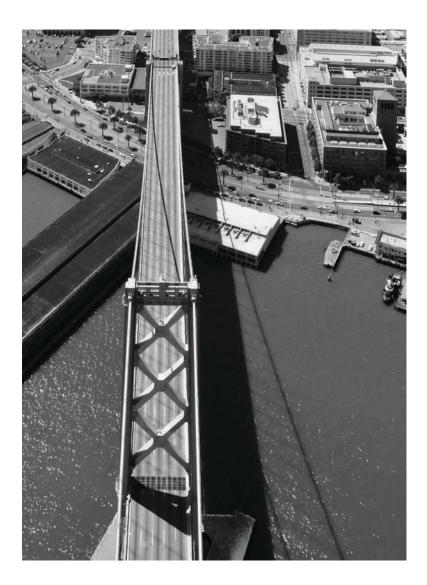


Old East Span

BRIDGES







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Demolition Boat Ride

November 17, 2016

It took six weeks to demo the old east span of the Bay Bridge. Another photographer, Bill Bishop, and I rented a boat to record this historic change.

Turns out, just as interesting as the old span, was the new one.

First the old one.



Old and New





The New East Span





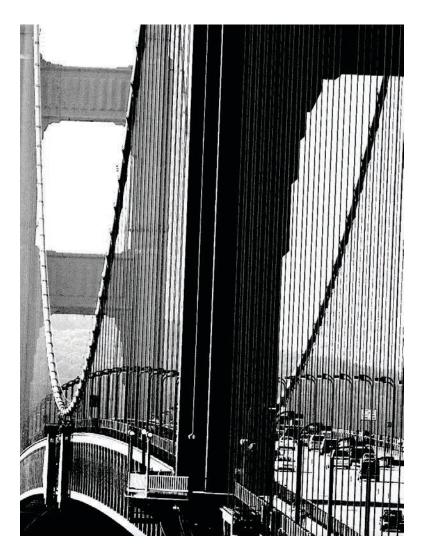
Golden Gate Bridge





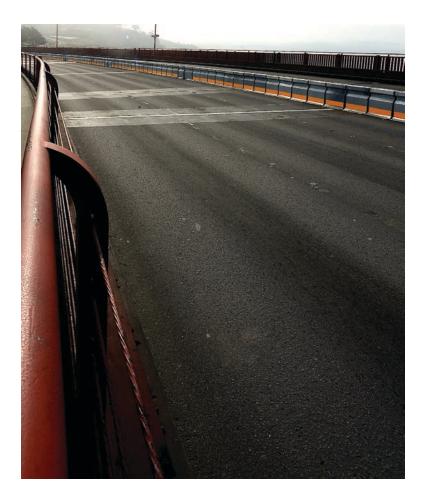








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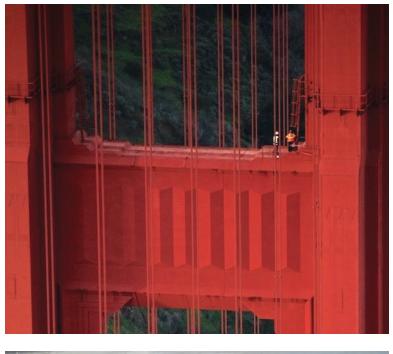
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Golden Gate Bridge Closure

The bridge was closed January 10-11, 2015, to facilitate the installation of the Road Zipper Movable Median Barrier.

I visited it on foot in the morning of January 10, then by helicopter in the afternoon.



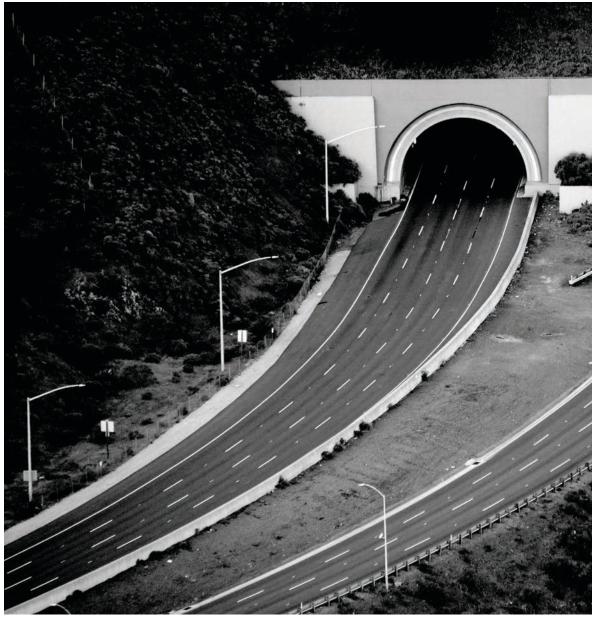




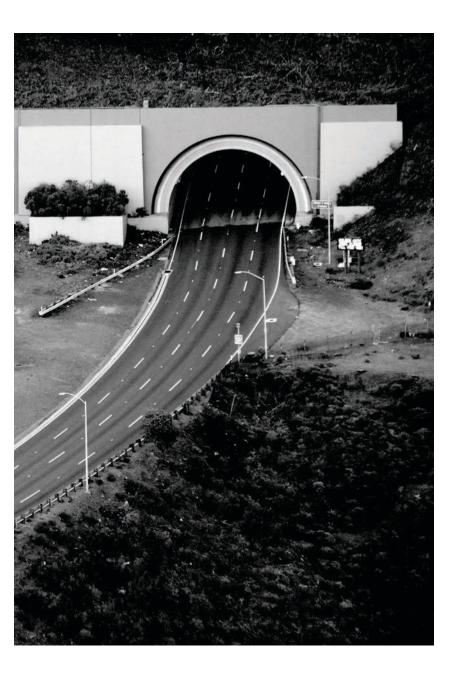
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Robin Williams Tunnel, Marin County, California



(Glenn Miller vs. Janis Joplin)





My father was taking me to school in our 1955 Chevy. It had a great sound system. I was 14. I had the music on LOUD. Finally, he couldn't take it anymore. He hit my leg with his fist and yelled, *Turn off that goddamned R&B bullshit music.*

I knew my generation was onto something good.

Louis Armstrong expressed the feelings I couldn't, and put me in touch with ones I didn't know I had.

- Tom Greening, Psychologist

MUSIC



Janis Joplin

I was just a young hippie kid, sort of a misfit in Port Arthur, Texas. Suddenly, my older sister became famous.

Then, with her death, everybody wanted to come to our house, so I know all the people in the rock and roll music business from Paul McCartney on down. All because of my sister.

It's been an amazing life.

- Michael Joplin



Huey Lewis and the News



Katie Thiroux, Monterey Jazz Festival, 2006

Katie played Monterey again in 2015. I did a brief interview with her then. She mentioned, to my delight, that the photo I took in 2006 was the most requested photo that promoters want to publicize her gigs.

In 2018, she played the Bach Dancing and Dynamite Society music venue in Half Moon Bay. When she came in from the back of the room, I began to cry.

Weird, huh?

It was as though she was my daughter. I had followed her from her early days to the wild success she's having today as an awardwinning jazz player with a worldwide reputation.





Bessie Griffin and the Gospel Pearls

Three of us were really enjoying this gospel show at the El Matador Club in San Francisco, clapping and shouting encouragement. Between sets, Bessie Griffin looked out at our group and said, *Warms my heart to see you having such a good time*.





Ann Powell (left), Mike Bresler (right)

Peninsula Symphony Orchestra

Ann Powell:

My father was the music director at the local junior high. When I was seven, he said, 'You can learn to play an instrument, or you can live somewhere else.' That was persuasive.

There are certain transcendent moments. We're working on Fire Bird Suite. The final chords take you to another place. There is a shared emotion in the room.

Mike Bresler:

Not being a professional musician, it is an honor to play the classical literature with musicians of this caliber. It is one of the great thrills of my life.

In my other life, I'm an emergency physician. There is a parallel between emergency medicine and playing timpani. You are sitting around and not much is happening, then suddenly—all hell breaks loose.

There is a huge element of teamwork in both areas. In emergency medicine you interact with the other specialties. In the orchestra, the percussionist must blend in melodically with the rest of the musicians.



Mike Bresler, MD





Samuel Chan, MD

Samuel Chan: We don't get nourished by food alone. We must have nutrition for the soul, and music is the medium for that.

RG: What have been the most exhilarating moments you've had in music?

SC: Playing a big symphony like the Beethoven Fifth. When a good performance is done, it gives you a natural high.

Art brings the spirit to a higher level. Music does that better than anything else. Music is a very important part of the cultural life of a community. It enhances the life of all the citizens.

People should support the symphony like paying taxes. If you have a good symphony orchestra, your property value will go up.



Another Op'nin', Another Show

Northern California Chapter of the National Speakers Association, bi-monthly meeting opening dance routine. Rick on the left; Melinda Henning on the right.





Kathleen McGlynn Shadick with The Coasters

Who walks in the classroom, cool and slow? Who calls the English teacher, 'Daddy-O?'

Mary McGlynn was celebrating her sister Kathleen's birthday in Las Vegas. Mary was able to get a table up front for the Coasters' show. Kathleen is energetic and musical. She was singing along to Charlie Brown with such energy, the group asked her to join them on stage.

An unforgettable moment.

I love jazz music because of the freedom of improvisation. Improv is a way of being, a way of life. I love waking up in the morning and not knowing what I'm going to do. I would not do well with a 9-to-5 job.

My legacy? When I'm gone, I'd like to have the same quality as a great evening of music-reverberating out into the universe.



- Anton Schwartz

Improv

Flamenco

Flamenco enters through your head and goes out through your entrails.

– Carmen Amaya, World-acclaimed flamenco dancer



Joaquin Gallegos (playing guitar), Santa Fe, New Mexico

According to Joaquin, It's all about the gut. It's a roots and core chakra art form. When you're with a group of people and you are all connecting seamlessly, it is an amazing feeling. Rhythm is the glue to everything.

The reason we need art of any kind is to remember the soul and that emotion that grabs us. Flamenco reminds us of our humanness, and that we have these emotions.





Avron Barr

MUSIC

Happy Birthday Song

Years ago, Avron Barr took his girlfriend out to celebrate her birthday at a nice Italian restaurant on University Avenue in Palo Alto. As the dinner progressed, she asked him to sing "Happy Birthday" to her.

He hesitated. She kept pressing for this traditional acknowledgement. He was probably looking pretty uncomfortable.

A woman at the next table overheard the repeated request. She politely intervened in the discussion and offered to sing "Happy Birthday." This made everyone happy. Avron got off the hook, and the girlfriend got acknowledged.

The kind lady from the next table then belted out a magnificent "Happy Birthday."

Her name? Joan Baez.



Redwood Canyon Ramblers, 2008

Bluegrass

This trio of Neil Rosenberg, Scott Hambly, and Mayne Smith introduced Berkeley to bluegrass in 1959. Neil went on to work with Bill Monroe. He got a PhD in folklore, and wrote the definitive book on the history of bluegrass. Neil recalled how it happened:

In 1959 when we founded the Redwood Canyon Ramblers, bluegrass music was a newly discovered exotic form. We were having fun with our music, and others shared our vision.

Sixty years later at their 44th Annual Father's Day Bluegrass Festival, the California Bluegrass Association awarded us a plaque that read:

'The California Bluegrass Association recognizes The Redwood Canyon Ramblers, the first bluegrass band in northern California, for introducing and promoting bluegrass music, 1959-1963. They integrated folk music with contemporary bluegrass and inspired a younger generation to carry on and expand the tradition.'



Memories from Youth

The Glenn Miller Orchestra was playing "And the Angels Sing." I was in the second row sitting next to a vibrant 92-year-old lady. Eyes closed, she was mouthing every word. The band director was singing the song with the velvet tones of Frank Sinatra. She was taken away to her mid-20s in 1944 when the song was popular.

Then they played "String of Pearls," and I asked her to dance. She pointed to her walker in the corner and said, *Afraid I can't. I might topple over.*

As we age, the music of our early years takes us floating on clouds of happy memories back to those long lost days of youth. She knew all the words to "And the Angels Sing."



Tracy Nelson, Monterey Jazz Festival, 2012

One night in the early 1970s, Tracy Nelson and her band, Mother Earth, were playing The Matrix, a small club in San Francisco's Marina district. The announcer brought her on and said she would be joined by a singer from Texas named Willie Nelson. He said, *They are not related*.



The PowerSpeaking Saxophone Quintet

Left to right: Bob Kremers; Greg Gulbrandson; Rick Gilbert; Richard Morrison; Anton Schwartz.

Here we are playing at PowerSpeaking's Golden Mic Awards. Still waiting for our Grammy nomination.

MUSIC



Taylor Eigsti

Taylor Eigsti was just 14 when he was invited to go on tour with The Brubeck Brothers. In 2022 he won a Grammy.

Once asked by an interviewer why he plays jazz, he said, *Because you get to make stuff up.*

Taylor's advice to younger players on their way up: Don't do any gig for just one reason. I have a rule of two out of three: good music; good people; good money. If you do a gig for just one of those things, you're going to leave unhappy. If you commit to two out of three every time, it leads to three out of three.





Nancy Gilliland

 $M_{\rm y}$ photography of Nancy Gilliland over the years has produced a close relationship with her and her husband, John.



Clairdee

T his 2005 MJF photo of Clairdee led to an enduring friendship with her and Ken French, her husband.

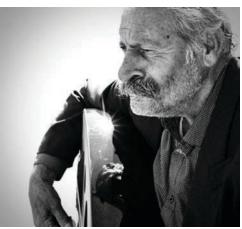


Ken French, Mary McGlynn, John Gilliland, Nancy Gilliland, Clairdee

Photography is the shortest distance between two hearts.



Flamenco Guitarist, San Miguel, Mexico



Oud Player, Embarcadero, San Francisco

He told me he worked as a tailor. I noticed his shirt and jacket fit very well.





Akira Tana, Jazz Drummer, Bach Dancing and Dynamite Society



Herbie Hancock, Monterey Jazz Festival, 2013

I donated a photo of Herbie Hancock to the MJF Educational Fundraiser. As he was signing the photo, I said, *I work with executives and encourage them to be more improvisational. What advice should I give them?* Herbie said, *Tell them to trust themselves more.*

A woman standing next to Herbie chimed in, *Because nobody else does*.

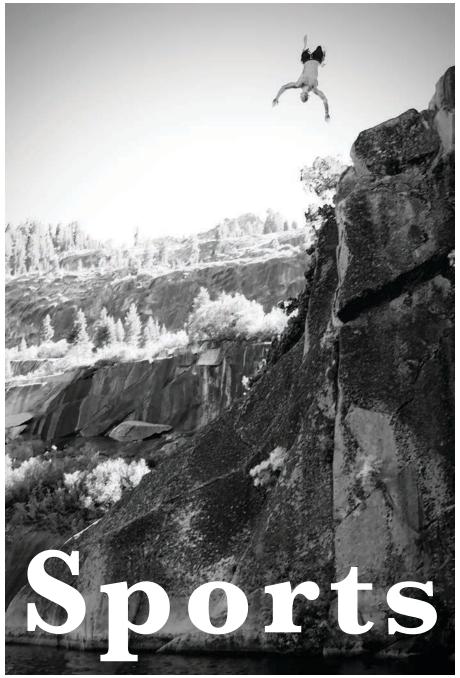


Charlie Parker

Bill Peterson was an artist friend at Berkeley High School. He went on to a career at Hallmark Cards in Kansas City. Charlie "Yardbird" Parker, who helped shape modern jazz, is buried in Kansas City.

One day, Bill went to Parker's grave with tissue paper and made six charcoal rubbings of his tombstone. He gave one to my friend George Petty. George is not the jazz fan I am. I was able to persuade him that my living room wall would be a good place for this rubbing.

Cliff Diver, Angora Lakes, California (opposite)



L could throw a baseball fast and straight, so I decided to go out for the Berkeley High baseball team.

On the second day of practice, a speeding grounder bounced over my mitt, hit me in the face and broke my nose. Painfully readjusting my nose, the doctor said, *If this happens again, your nose will be permanently smashed like you see with those old boxers.*

That was all it took. I went over to the drama and speech departments. Still, though, I love taking photos of athletes in action.



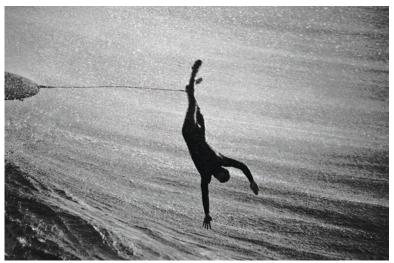
Brad Webb

America's Cup

Suddenly Brad Webb, one of the crew on the America's Cup Racing Team, found himself bobbing up and down in the icy waters of the Newport Rhode Island Harbor. He had just been washed overboard. He said, *I was terrified. I looked up to see the chase boat bearing down. The referees in the boat were focusing on the race, clueless that they were about to run over me. I thought the props on that big boat were going to chop my legs off.*

As the boat bore down on him, he pushed away from the hull with all his might, saving his legs.

Brad said, On that day, the wind was so strong and the waves so high, it was like trying to sail your boat in a washing machine.



Santa Cruz



Skydiving

The exuberance of pushing through a fear is exhilarating. One lesson: surround yourself with competent, experienced professionals who you trust.

- Mary McGlynn



Lake Tahoe



River Rafting, Colorado River



I am soaking wet from just running a rapid. I learned the night before that Mary was pregnant with our daughter, Katy. Gleefully, I was telling others in my raft all about it.

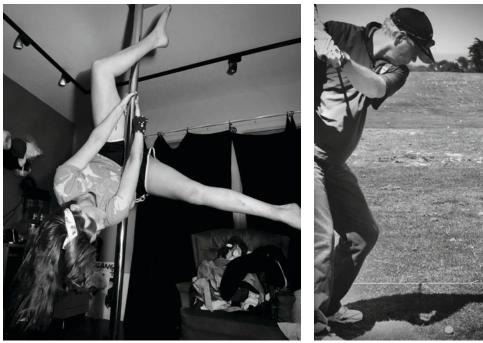
- Rick



Water Skiing

My mother (above, on skis) grew up doing water sports. In fact, our whole family is super into it. It's a big deal when someone gets up on skis.

> – Jordi Oliver 187



Pole Dancing (left), Golf (right)

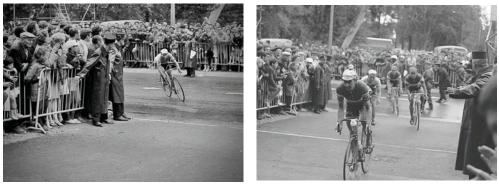




Doug Sommers (age 53) practicing at the Sequoia High School track

I was a pole vaulter in high school. What I like about this sport is that it is not traditionally competitive. When you have a team of pole vaulters, they are so giddy and high, they just cheer each other on. It is so much fun, it overrides the competitiveness.

- Doug Sommers



Tour de France, 1968



Marksmanship

I'm a member of the United States Practical Shooting Association, which promotes a competitive sport that combines physical dexterity with mental acuity and problem solving. I enjoy the challenges associated with this sport and the mutual trust and friendship among fellow members.

- Harlan Crowder

Warming Up

Wild hair flying, and right feet high above their heads, the Cal cheerleaders were warming up in Sproul Plaza before the game.

First, the band came marching in, loud–like we were marching off to war. Then came the cheerleaders. I muscled my way to the front of the crowd with my 20mm wide-angle lens and got this shot.

I wondered what it takes for a young college woman to get to this spot. They all must have been cheerleading stars, and probably gymnasts in high school.

Also, what I didn't notice at the time were the letters in the windows of Sproul Hall in the background: FSM (Free Speech Movement). Cal was celebrating the 50-year anniversary of this student movement that shut down the university in the fall of 1964. The irony of it all.

There is a time when the operation of the machine becomes so odious—makes you so sick at heart—that you can't take part; you've got to put your bodies upon the gears and upon the wheels, upon the levers, upon all the apparatus, and you've got to make it stop.

- Mario Savio, On the steps of Sproul Hall, 1964



Cheerleading, Cal Berkeley vs. University of Washington, 2014



San Jose Earthquakes





Sequoia High School, Redwood City

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SF Giants, Oracle Park



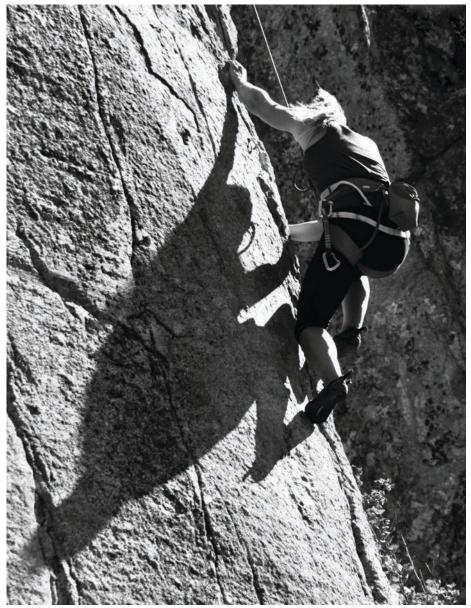
Bocce Ball, Milan, Italy

SPORTS





Stanford Women's Rowing



Rock Climbing



John Hutchison, Jaguar XKE

A drag racer told me, 'Racing is two degrees above an orgasm.' That's about right. Racing can be dangerous. At Laguna Seca Raceway, I rolled my car over (not the XKE). I was hanging upside down from the seatbelt. They stopped the race and cut me down. I was stiff for a couple of days.



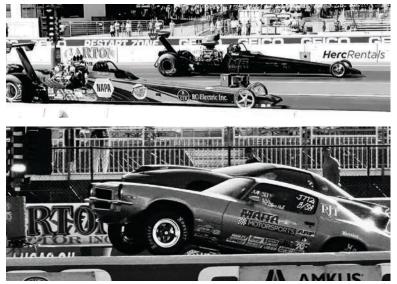
Skip Barber Racing School, Laguna Seca Raceway

In high school, I used to race around the hills of Berkeley in my father's 1955 Chevy with its dual exhaust 18 inch glasspack mufflers and four-barrel carburetor. I grew up considering myself a hot-rodder, even though as an adult, I drive in the slow lane.

At the end of our photography weekend at Laguna Seca, one of the Skip Barber race-car instructors asked if we'd like to take a spin around the track. We all piled into a Mazda four-door family sedan. Seemed pretty tame. What happened next changed forever my selfimage as a race-car driver.

We skidded sideways through turns, leaped over the hills–with all four wheels off the ground. I hung on for dear life. I thought we'd surely roll over and all be killed. Finally the tour was over. I started breathing again.

Guess I'm just an old guy who drives in the slow lane after all.



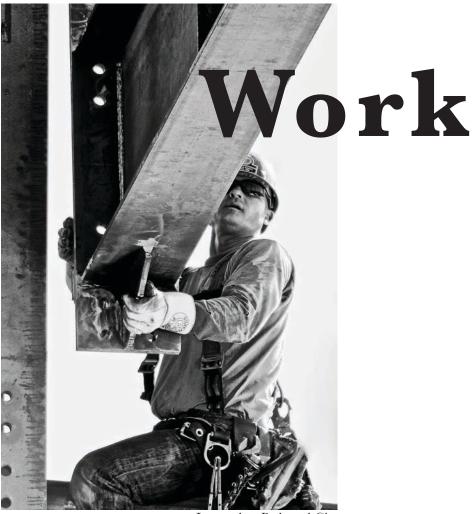
Drag Racing



Josh Kalich (Driver)

When you go down the track it's an adrenalin rush, but everything is in slow motion. It is so relaxing. Sitting in the car at 260 miles / hour I feel as comfortable as sitting on my couch at home. Anytime you get a track win or a world record, you have this strong motivation to do it again.

-Josh Kalich



Ironworker, Redwood City

As a white-collar worker with a bunch of college degrees, my work doesn't involve getting dirt under my fingernails, much less risking my life. When I see people doing hard dangerous physical labor, I want to photograph them and sometimes interview them. Check out what these ironworkers told me.

Iron Workers



Larry Lippert (left), Tim Horrisburger (right)

We're all a bunch of alpha males. If you're too nice, your guys will walk all over you, and if you're too much of a fuckin' dick, they won't do shit for you. They'll fuck you every time your back is turned. *

- Larry Lippert, Ironworker Supervisor

I spent over 22 years in prison. I decided to pull my head out of my ass. I quit getting loaded, and I quit going to prison. I got this job. I wouldn't trade it for the world. Wish I'd done it years ago.

- Tim Horrisburger, Ironworker

* True in both blue-collar and white-collar work environments.



Jose Hernandez (left), Johnny Kooker (right)

The building is like a flower, and the ironworkers are the water that make it grow. We're thrill seekers. We love adrenalin. The higher up you go, the better. It's more exciting. The fear is always there.

-Jose Hernandez, Ironworker

I was working in Las Vegas on the City Center project. Twelve men died on that job. We know the danger. Still, the best part of this work is seeing everybody go home safe at end of the day.

- Johnny Kooker, Crane Operator

Before I became an ironworker, I was a cage fighter. That was just after I beat the wrap...for murder.

– Anonymous Ironworker 205

Who do I shoot first?

Carl Johnson spent his career in law enforcement, first in the military as an MP, then with the Oakland Police Department.

I came upon a drug deal going terribly wrong. It was 1:00 AM in front of Walgreens. Both the seller and the buyer had rifles. I told them to put down their guns. Both were hesitant. The seller said, 'I'll put mine down if he'll put his down.' The tension rose.

A thought ran through my mind: 'If this gets ugly, who do I shoot first?' I was able to talk them down, and no one got shot. Later I thought, 'I could've gotten it from both ends that night. Oh, shit, that was a close one.'

Carl said what prevented a blood bath was how he spoke quietly and didn't start shouting, *What's the problem here? Everybody take a deep breath.*



Carl Johnson, Policeman

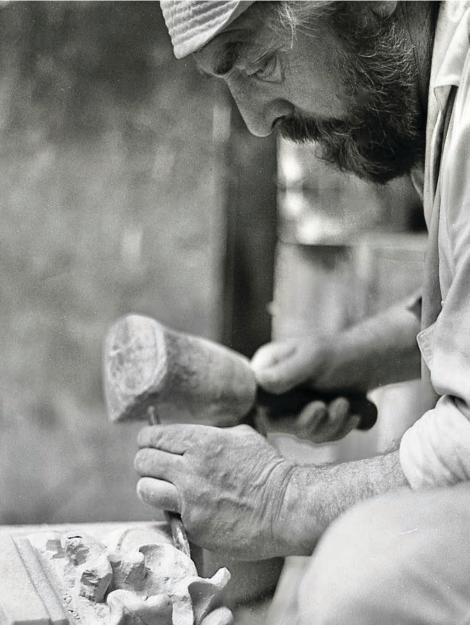


Pressure Washing



Tree Trimming





Artisan, Amsterdam 1968



Dave, Placing the Final Beam

Getting Ready to Place the Final Beam

Dave was one of two ironworkers tasked with placing the "final beam." With 100 dignitaries watching on the ground 10 floors below, I blithely asked, *Can we do a quick interview, you know, about what you are feeling right now? What is going through your mind?*

Dave said, *Can we do this later, over a beer.*² Suddenly, I felt totally clueless.



Ironworker tradition makes a big deal of placing the last piece of a new building, called "The Final Beam."

The flag tells the world, *The job is done*, the Christmas tree says, *No one was killed*.



John Lee, Talk of Broadway, Redwood City



Cleaning Solar Panels



Cowgirl BBQ, Santa Fe, New Mexico



Ironworker

It's a great job. You do things not many are willing to do. It's a hell of a thing to be up there in the air on nothing but a 4" beam. You look at the whole world. Come on with us. Otherwise, stay home and write books.

- Tim Horrisburger, Ironworker

Temporal



Another workshop to help you see The greater speaker that you can be...

The wardrobe tips that will make you look great and earn you all 10s when they evaluate.

... in this fabulous city, San Francisco, and now it's time to get on with the show!

214



Sequence: 90 Seconds – Song and Dance Routine with Melinda Henning

Sequences

TEMPORAL SEQUENCES

More than a still photo and less than a video? A series of still images that tell a story.

Friends and Critics: Rick, that is silly. You want to show two images of your garbage containers before and after pickup? Who'd want to see a photo of that?

Rick: Imagine some fancy-schmancy artist painting huge cartoon images of Marilyn Monroe. Who'd make a career doing that? Hmmm, oh, I don't know-how about Andy Warhol?

I rest my case.

Sequence: Five Hours Monument Valley



6:00 AM



11:00 AM

Sequence: 24 Hours Garbage Pickup



Monday: 3:30 PM



Tuesday: 3:30PM

Sequence: 22 Years 1936 Fords



1956





1964, Outside Elko, Nevada, on my way to New York

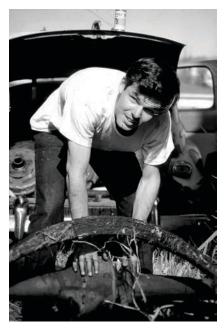


1978

The noise of that old flathead Ford V8 made my guts rumble, shocked my parents, and pissed off the neighbors. The feeling was...well...spiritual.

Ah...the smell of the grease, the gas, and the exhaust when an engine roared to life for the first time was like a fragrant bouquet. The sound was music to my ears—without mufflers, of course. It was my path to manhood. It was loud, powerful, and offensive. Dirt under my fingernails. Grease on my clothes.

On my back under the car, I was no clean-cut college boy on my way to a corporate job and life in the suburbs. (...er...that did come later.)



The past is never dead. It's not even past.

- William Faulkner

Sequence: 30 Years PowerSpeaking 1985 - 2015



1996: Skin in the game?

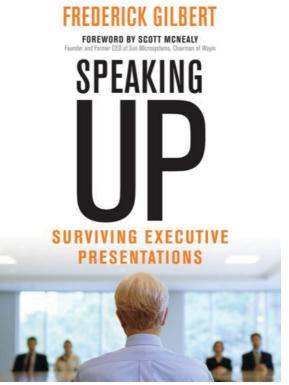
When new trainers joined the company, I'd offer, *Hey, get a tattoo, and we'll pay for it.* Hmmm? For some reason, there were no takers.













Sequence: 32 Years Katy McGlynn Gilbert (Munger)



Age Minus Six Months



Age Three Minutes



Age Three Months





Parenthood has a deep dimension that touches our souls. Appreciating that allows a fuller view of the joys of life.

-Jane Hunter, MD, Retired Pediatrician



Age 6, Katy with her beloved grandfather, John McGlynn

Becoming a parent is to decide forever to have your heart go walking around outside your body.

- Elizabeth Stone, Teacher and Author



Age 10, Let 'er Rip!



Age 17

Katy's letter to her therapist...

I am the happiest I have ever been in my life. I want to thank you for your compassionate support and silent guidance as you held my hand to get me to where I needed to be in the exact way I needed to go to get there. I am in a healthy, respectful, loving relationship with a person who inspires me.

I do work that I am good at and passionate about, not in spite of my life experiences but because of my life experiences. Every day I feel ready to keep moving forward.

Thank you for the major impact you had on my life.



Age 30



Age 32

Sequence: 44 Years Don Garlits



Drag Racing Seminar: Helyanna Brooke, Rick, Paul Clapham, John Hutchison San Francisco State, 1973

Humanity doesn't need more sharpness. We hunger for beauty, and meaning, for stories, and for love.

- Galen Rowell



Rear-Engine Dragster

Interviewing Don Garlits at the Fremont Drag Strip in 1973, he told us about inventing the rear-engine dragster in 1970. Coming off the line in his 2,000-horsepower dragster, the transmission blew up taking off part of his right foot.

Recovering in the hospital, he designed a car that put the engine behind the driver. Other drivers laughed at it until it started winning races.

During my visit to Garlits' Drag Racing Museum in Ocala, Florida in 2017, I got to interview him again. I asked what he learned from starting the sport of drag racing to being a world-class star with many speed-record firsts.

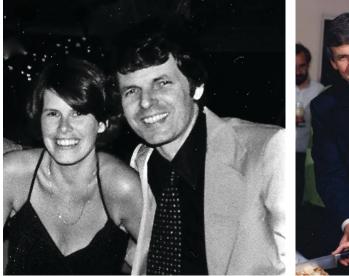
He said, I learned a lot about auto mechanics. In fact, automotive engineers from the Detroit car companies would come down to talk to us to learn what we were doing to improve performance.

A thrill to meet a legend.



2017

Sequence: 45 Years Rick and Mary





1978

Wedding Day, 1989





Sequence: 49 Years Jon Hendricks



Monterey Jazz Festival 2005 (left), 2013 (right)

Jon Hendricks was the founding member of Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross, a jazz vocal group. I met Jon four times: 1964, 1974, 2005, and 2013. I interviewed him twice, the last time with his wife Judith.

Judith described their first meeting at Birdland, *He was the jazz version of Harry Belafonte. That is irresistible.*

Jazz Poem:

Nothin' about huggin' and kissin' Just listen.

-Jon Hendricks

Sequence: 54 Years Depressing Photography



Monterey, 1958

In 1958 I attended a weekend seminar at Asilomar on some esoteric topic in psychoanalysis. Heading home Monday morning, I took this photo of the sun breaking through the fog on Monterey Bay. Loved the depressing nature of the image. After all, I'd just heard experts talking about the existential sadness of human life.

As Sigmund Freud said, *The purpose of therapy is to turn neurotic misery into ordinary unhappiness.*

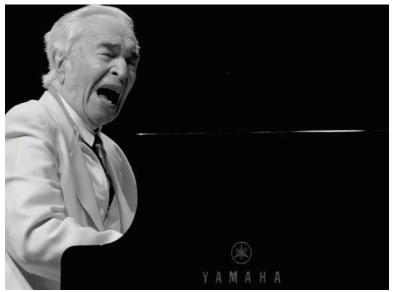


Bay Bridge, 2012

TEMPORAL SEQUENCES Sequence: 60 Years Brubecks



Interviewing Dave Brubeck, 1957



Dave Brubeck, 2005

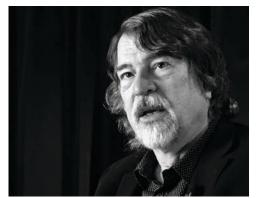
Interviewing Chris Brubeck, 2017

My dad and his sax player, Paul Desmond, had gone their separate ways. It was my mom who said to Dave, 'You may be angry at him, but there is a magic between you and Paul. You two have the core of something beautiful. You've got to pursue that.'

That was eight years before "Take Five".









Sequence: 127 Years Gilberts

My great grandfather, Ansen Gilbert, was wounded at the Battle of Gettysburg, 1863.

My father's mother, Jenny Dallis, arrived at Ellis Island in 1900 from Belfast, Ireland. She had six children and was deeply loved by all of them.



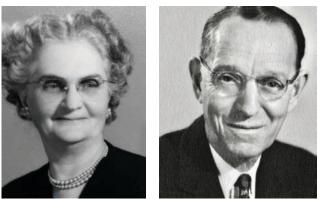
Ansen L. Gilbert, 1895

Wish I had known her. Imagine what gumption it took to leave home at 18, never to return. She died in 1925.



My father's father, Fred Gilbert, Sr., was a crusty, sarcastic, generally unpleasant person. 50% of my DNA comes from these two.

My Father's Parents, Jenny Dallis and Fred Gilbert, 1905



My Mother's Parents, Irene and Arthur Johnston, 1949

My mother's mother, Irene Porter Johnston, was tight-lipped and judgmental, not much fun to be around.

My mother's father, Arthur Johnston, was one of the kindest people I ever knew. My world brightened when he came to visit. His death when I was 11 left a permanent scar.

50% of my DNA comes from these two.

Since 100% of my DNA comes from these four people, it occurred to me that whatever kindness and empathy I have, come from Arthur Johnston and Jenny Dallis. Whatever criticalness and assholeness I have, come from Irene Johnston and Fred Gilbert, Sr.

It all gets passed on to me from my parents. Of course, no one is to blame. It is just biochemistry. *

* We are all just products of both nature (DNA) and nurture (environment). So, whatever I did wrong–I'm not to blame. It's not my fault. Whew.



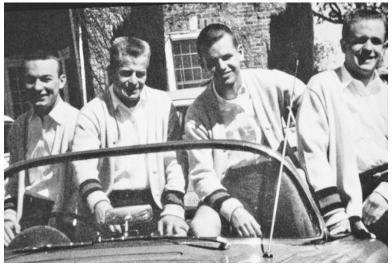
Fred Jr., Rickey, Fred Sr., 1950



1953, Age 12



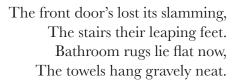
My Parents, Fred and Connie Gilbert



College Yell Leader, 1958, Age 19

My mother was a talented writer and poet. Years after her death, I found this poem among her things.

Only Child



Food lingers where I leave it, The Coke line shows no gap; Your room is strangely tidy, And the newel lacks your cap.

In this house so loudly silent, With its record player stilled, My heart leans toward your laughter In the places it has filled.

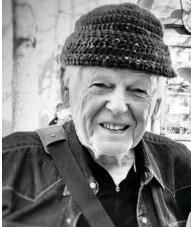
When you went off to college, You took all luggage from the shelf But I'm learning only lately You took also all your self.

Our grandfathers were soldiers, so our fathers could be farmers, so we could be artists.

-John Adams



2010, Age 70



2022, Age 83



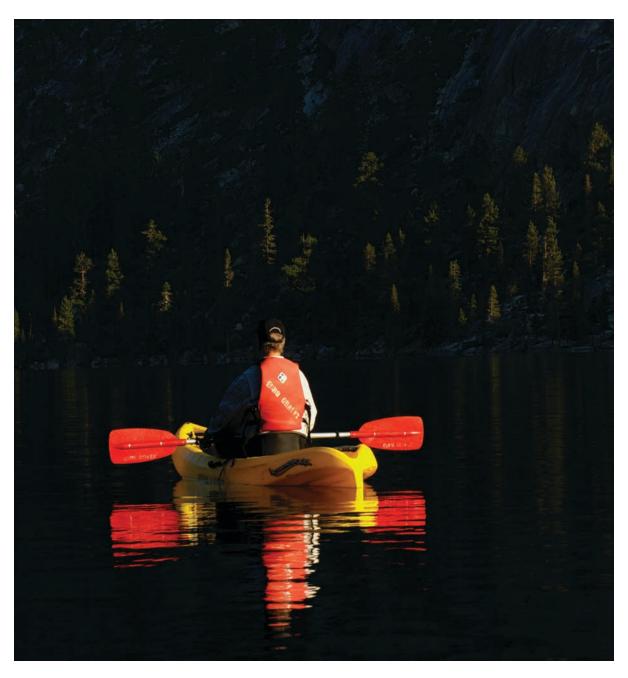
Janis Joplin (left), Clairdee (right)

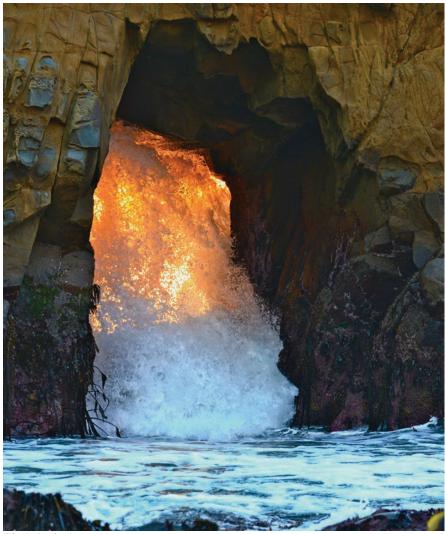


Twenty Favorites



Tim Garthwaite





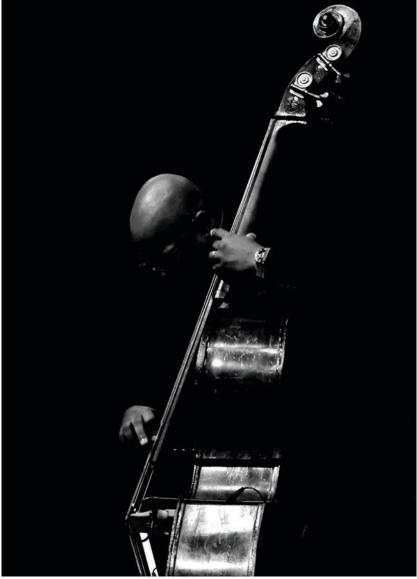
Keyhole Arch



Ten Trees



Morning Fog



Christian McBride



Getting Change



Unhappy Jazz Fan

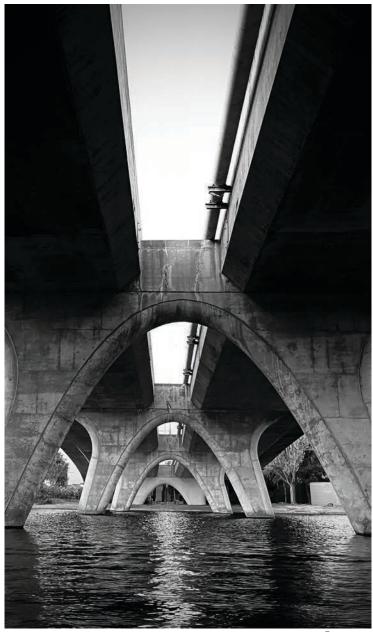


Ironworker



Pressure Washing

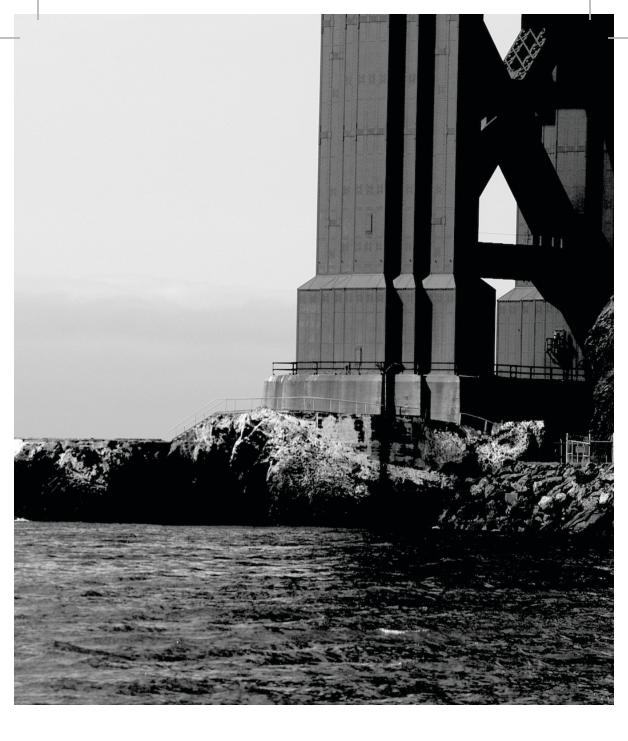
20 FAVOTIES



Overpass



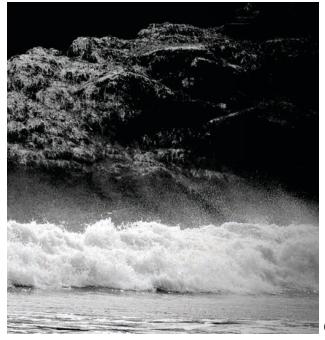
Golden Gate Bridge







Ka



Garrapata State Beach





Don Schaller



Lake Tahoe



Maureen McGlynn Flanagan



Jehovah's Witnesses



Rehearsal

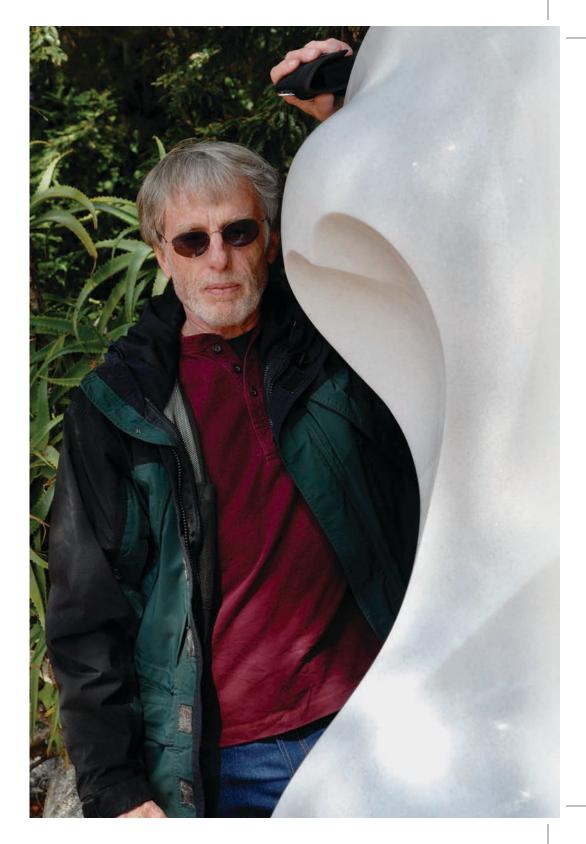
Artists

If you choose this creative lifestyle, you encounter a lot of beautiful people. They are working from a very deep place. They are willing to put aside things like a big house and the best car to have this experience.

Just listen to the direction your spirit is leading you and it will work out.

-Jim Hunolt

Jim Hunolt, Sculptor (opposite)





Redwood City Mural





Rachel Wolf-Goldsmith created a 500-foot mural along Jefferson Avenue in Redwood City to celebrate the city's racial equity.

Anne Salley sells knit caps on the Santa Cruz Boardwalk.

I use more natural yarn. I like organic cotton yarn, not yarn produced with pesticides and petroleum products that are bad for the environment. I buy a lot of my yarn used. I like to keep the price affordable. I don't buy from stores I don't believe in like Walmart. I get it from smaller stores.

This is my art. I feel strongly about doing what I can to minimize my impact on the environment and be sustainable. As Gandhi said, 'Live simply so that others may simply live.'

- Anne Salley



Brooklyn Benally

Navajo Prayer Pot

Peace To My Heart

I met Brooklyn Benally at a Native American celebration in Scottsdale, Arizona. Her husband, Alfred Benally, is a well-known ceramic artist who made this Navajo Prayer Pot. The carvings all have different meanings depicting life's struggles and blessings.

Brooklyn explained the symbolism of the design, and that it took her husband several months to make. Then she told me about her grandfather.

Brooklyn is Hopi and Navajo. Her husband is pure Navajo. As their relationship was becoming serious, the tribal differences caused a problem for some people in her family. Brooklyn consulted her grandfather. She said, *He didn't speak up for many people, but he spoke up for us. He approved.* Then she said, *My grandfather brought peace to my heart.*

I bought the prayer pot.

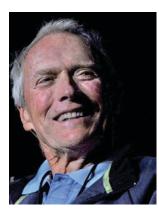


A Star-studded Evening

As a "stringer" for several Bay Area newspapers in 2004, I scored a backstage pass to photograph Monterey Jazz Festival performers. My favorite shot of that concert was of Jack DeJohnette – a drummer for Miles Davis, 1969-1972. I loved his array of small Tibetan cymbals.

Eight years later, DeJohnette was being honored at Monterey. I printed a copy of this photo in the hopes of presenting it to him at the "invitation only" fundraiser on Thursday evening before the concert.

A huge jazz fan, and resident of Carmel, Clint Eastwood is on the MJF Board and attends all their events. Sure enough, there he was at the fundraiser. That August he had delivered the controversial "empty chair" keynote at the Republican convention. I had to talk to him about that speech. I introduced myself and asked how he came up with the empty chair idea. He said, *I made it up backstage just before I went* on. Talk about improv.



At the dinner, DeJohnette was sitting next to Eastwood. I presented the photo to him. He acknowledged me and excitedly showed it to Eastwood, explaining about the cymbals.

As I knelt next to DeJohnette, I thought, What a hell of an evening. I got to meet Clint Eastwood and one of Miles Davis' drummers. Unforgettable.

Amazing where photography can take you.

Venus de Milo

Visiting Paris in 1970, I spent a day at the Louvre, wandering from room to room.

Suddenly, I turned a corner and saw the Venus de Milo for the first time. I knew about this statue from art history classes, but seeing it "in the flesh," took my breath away.





There were too many people crowded around the statue to get the photographic intimacy I wanted.

I was first in line the next morning when the doors opened. I bolted down the hall at full speed. I had about ten minutes of photography time before the hordes of tourists descended.

Venus was bathed in soft morning sunlight.



Hillside Grammar School, Berkeley, California, 2021



Community

Loneliness can chip away at your self-esteem and erode your sense of who you are. When people are socially disconnected, their risk of anxiety and depression increases. We have to take steps in our personal lives to rebuild our connection to one another.

- Vivek H. Murthy, U.S. Surgeon General

U sing photography, video, and interviewing, I have attempted to build community in many areas of my life. The secret?

Put the Chairs in a Circle and Let 'er Rip!

I graduated from Hillside in 1951. Built in 1925, this remarkable building is a Berkeley Historical Landmark. Due to declining enrollment and earthquake danger, the City of Berkeley decommissioned it as a school.

A few years ago, the building was purchased by wealthy investor Sam Seppala for his home and workshop. He has restored it to its original glory.

Over the years there have been small informal class reunions, but now with the building's renewal, I wanted to do something more.

With Sam's permission, I sent out invitations for a reunion. Over 40 people showed up to celebrate a place that had been so important to all of us in our early years. We put the chairs in a huge circle, broke into small groups, and toured the building. And...finally... we sang the school song.



Graduating Class, 1951

The Men's Group



Back row: Pete, Hal, Bill, Mark, Harlan, Rick Front row: Larry, Ron

Listening to others' journeys helps me with my own. The secret is acceptance, trust, and understanding. Being in this men's group helps me appreciate the time I have left. We are all on the back nine.

- Ron Reynolds, 85

Berkeley High Class of 1957 Zoom Group



What? You too? I thought I was the only one.

- C.S. Lewis

I'd rather go to hell with my friends than heaven alone.

-Joseph Smith

Zoom Group Reflections

I'm not so unusual after all.

- Azile Bennett

Each of us is different in so many ways. It seems like our differences are bringing us closer together.

- Brenda Wong

I appreciate how much good stuff I missed in high school as we listen to other classmates. I'm very grateful for all that.

- Warren Harnden

Our Zoom adventures are like a miracle happening in real time...a precious window into the past, a time now forever gone, like visiting a previous life, and revisiting friends you were once young with.

-Jim Hunolt

It's as if I followed Alice down the rabbit hole to get to know the people I didn't know in high school and come back out having known them all my life. It is a spiritual experience.

- Larry Bourret

Where has this been all my life?

- Andy Nantz

Berkeley High Athletic Superstars, Class of 1957



Up & Under, Point Richmond, California

My restaurant is the only place in town that has a bunch of old geezers who keep coming back.

- Nathan Trivers, Owner, Up and Under

Up & Under Reflections

Great to hear others' experiences in our round-table discussions.

- George Carpenter

I like coming back and seeing how everyone turned out. (I also like the food.)

- Bill Lampi

These guys that I saw on the street and hung out with are now 80 years old. They are still the same people I knew back then in Berkeley.

- Nick Douglas

Treasure your friendships and stay in touch. Our childhoods in Berkeley are good things to keep with us.

- Peter Morse

60th Reunion, Berkeley High Class of 1957





In high school, weren't we butterflies with hard exoskeletons protecting the developing butterflies beneath?

How gratifying these meet-ups are, for now we have a chance to see the size, shape, and color of the butterflies that emerged.

– MaryAnna Domokos Chung Ham $_{\rm 281}$



McGlynn Reunion Reflections

It is such a blessing to be a part of a large family that are all doing well. Being on the farm is almost a religious experience.

– Dan Flanagan



This family has a unique ability to get along with each other. These reunions give them structure they can count on happening every year.

– Dave Flanagan

I keep coming back for the relationships. It's an annual thing, a tradition. It gives us a foundation; something to look forward to every year.

- Bob Schauf

The farm has always felt special. I feel a responsibility for our history, knowing it's been in the family since the mid-1800s. It feels like part of my DNA.

– Caitlin McGlynn Scanlon



Harrison Avenue Block Party, Redwood City



We all live by one another and know each other's names, but until we sit down and share more than just where we live, we don't truly become neighbors.

Our yearly neighborhood party allows us that opportunity.

-John Lombardo

Our mortality is always at play and deserves our sharp attention if we are to really understand the value of this moment.

-Jim Hunolt

The Bell Tolls For Thee

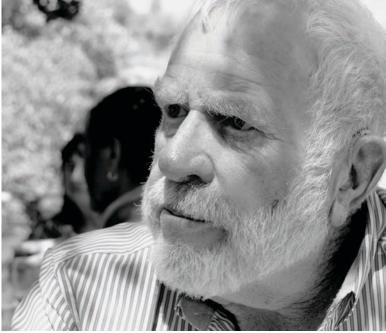
THE BELL TOLLS FOR THEE

The cradle rocks above an abyss, and common sense tells us that our existence is but a brief crack of light between two eternities of darkness.

- Vladimir Nabokov

Photos at the End

It is an honor when a family finds use for one of my photographs or videos at the end of someone's life. Wayne Tarr died in 2015. This photo was used at his memorial and now hangs in a special place in his wife's home.



Wayne Tarr, 2012



Bette Tarr, 2022



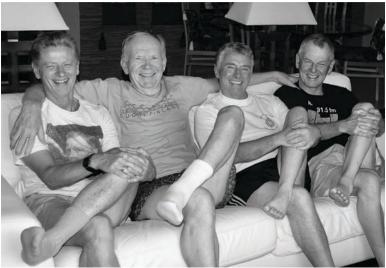
Don Schaller, 1990

T oward the end of our 50-year friendship, Don's muscular dystrophy was taking its toll.

Shortly before he died, an artist friend of Don's made a painting from a photo I took of him on one of our camping trips. He is lovingly holding his fly rod. I was deeply moved to see a display of the photo and the painting at his memorial service.



These four men, all connected through work at PowerSpeaking, had a great weekend at Jerry's home in the mountains. That fall, Jerry was diagnosed with cancer and died in December. Robert died in 2015, also of cancer.



The Last Hurrah Robert, Jerry, John, Rick - August, 2005



John Warren and Robert Fish

Rick and I visited Robert Fish as he was dying of metastatic prostate cancer. We took Robert out for dinner. His home had a sloping driveway. Walking up the hill was easy. As we returned home, I suggested that he put his hand on my shoulder going down the hill. He was grateful for the support, and I felt the weight of his hand on my shoulder.

I still feel his hand on my shoulder. At that moment, I was supporting him. Now, I feel him any time I need support.

-John Warren



Jim Keeffe and Holley Wysong

After his stroke, Jim wrote an ode to his caregivers called, *Catheter Girls*. It ends with these thoughts:

In ERs and ICUs around the country, there are cranky old men who are being attended to by cute young girls who feed them, change their diapers, and most of all, listen to them.

As time goes by, the old men fall in love with these angels. They don't say, 'Will you marry me?' They say, 'Will you come home with me and be my companion?'

It's not the feeding or the changing; it's the listening.

-Jim Keeffe

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Tad McGlynn and Tim McGlynn

Video Memories

Tim McGlynn had trouble breathing. Exposed to Agent Orange in Vietnam, his lungs were giving out. His wife, Shar, asked me to do an interview with him when I came to Wisconsin for the family reunion. His brother Tad joined the conversation.

I sent a copy of the video to Shar for her family.

Words cannot express the thanks I have for the beautiful video you made of Tim and Tad. It is a keepsake our family will always cherish.

You were able to capture the deepest feelings of these men, a side of their personalities they seldom share.

-Shar McGlynn



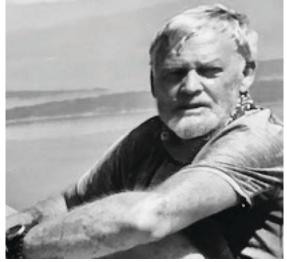
Laura Duering

Saying Goodbye to Laura

Laura Duering, 93, had only weeks to live. Her daughter, Vivien, wanted to celebrate her life, so she invited friends and family to bid their final farewells to Laura. I videotaped this loving event. Twenty-three people spoke on camera to Laura, many recalling former good times going back as far as seventy years.

This video is a beautiful tribute to mom. It enables our family and close friends to celebrate her in person, share our love, our happiest memories, and her importance to each of us. I cherish the memory of that day.

- Vivien Duering



Dave Stewart

A Tribute to Dave Stewart

After his stroke, Dave Stewart moved from Berkeley to Canada to be with his children for the rest of his days. He was deeply loved and admired by many friends in the Berkeley Hills where he grew up.

As a gift to him and his family, I produced a video of interviews of his friends and relatives. His partner, Emily Benner, took it to him in Canada.

I am so grateful to you for making the video which will be a lasting memorial for his family and friends.

I particularly want David's children and grandchildren to see how much loved and valued their pops and grandpops was. Thank you again and again for this gift.

> – Emily Benner 297

Tim Garthwaite 1935 - 2022



A photo I took of Tim in 1962 is a prop in the background as I delivered his eulogy in 2022. Tim loved folk music and blues. So in my tribute to him, I used a lot of his favorite musical verses (in purple).



THE BELL TOLLS FOR THEE Your Childhood

From this valley they say you are leaving. We will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile.

All day long, Miss Watts gave you grief. In the blues, you found some relief.

> It takes a worried man to sing a worried song.

So, into therapy you went as a young man, with hopes you could become unbent.

You told me therapy was really cool I'd be a fool if I didn't see Ib Harris. So we analyzed our dreams Mostly revealing sexual themes.

Oh no, what would my mother say? From that Garthwaite boy just stay away

> Fortunately, that didn't work Before I even could drive You said the blues and therapy Will make me thrive.

The good news is, my mentor Tim, That old Miss Watts did not win. Middle finger raised you went through life We were so amazed those of us who loved you so.

As your friend from up the street, I am so sad Never again to greet you, The brother I never had.

I was standing by my window On one cold and cloudy day When I saw that hearse come rolling For to carry Timothy away.

Your Adulthood

You learned from the masters: Josh White, Rod Sterling–sing how you feel David Stewart, "Work With Me Annie", The Staple Singers They all taught you how to make it real.

> You had two talented sibs, Terry wrote and David played bass In a hot young band-that cooked Clearly first place in our hearts When you three sang together, Simply, nothing better.

> > You worked with kids who were on parole Your spirit, and humor Made them whole.



I asked why you became a PO. Always the smartass, You said, *Alas, because I had only one leg.* I said *Tim can't you be serious?* You suddenly got delirious:

> The phosphorous flashed in her seaweed hair I looked again and me mother wasn't there. Her voice came echoing out of the night *To hell with the keeper of the Eddystone Light.* Oh, yo ho ho, the wind blows free Oh, for the life on the rolling sea.

The Bell Tolls for thee Your Elderhood

You were my sunshine, my only sunshine You made me happy when skies were gray.

Whoever heard of a probation officer Doing yoga, writing poetry, and arranging flowers? No one in the Marin County Juvenile Department, Except your kids who said you had-magical powers.

> Oh, the Camp Codor bunch is the truest and the best, and They keep things going and they never take a rest.

God how we loved Troop 23. We slept on the ground, At Lake of the Woods, There we became men, you and me.



THE BELL TOLLS FOR THEE No stinkin' badges, these free-form scouts.

Lovin' them mountains is what it was all about.

Amazing grace, How sweet the sound That saved a wretch like Tim. He once was lost, but now he's found We were blind, but now see him.

For Your Grandchildren

Let the Midnight Special shine its light on Tim. Let the Midnight Special shine its ever-lovin' light on Tim.

We're all just links in a chain. Soon in the ether–we will remain, but... One last thing I just want to say To Olivia, Miles, and Wyatt on their way.

You may, someday, have children of your own. Tell them about the great-grandfather They should've known. His mother danced His father played violin. His name was Tim.

> A humanist, a poet, a musician Who kept alive the family tradition. In you there is some of him. His name was Tim.

... in honor of the next generation*

So, let us raise a glass to all those who gave us our first kiss!

– Robert Fish

* For Katy and Nathaniel Munger



Video Clips



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