

Spirit

SOUTHWEST AIRLINES



Oh, Snap!

The way we take pictures is changing.
And photography has never been
more a reflection of how we see—and live.




Why DO WE TAKE PICTURES?


For most of us, the answer was once simple: We take pictures to capture memories. Photographs, by their nature, document what was. 📷 But a strange and wonderful thing has happened with the digital revolution. Gobsmailed by the way the sun is setting over NOLA? Overwhelmed by the joy of a new pair of shoes? Grab your smartphone and Instagram the moment (like the spontaneous celebrations of color and life on this spread) to a community of thousands—instantly. “This is not where I’ve been,” we’re saying. “This is who I *am*.” 📷 Why do we take pictures? To connect, and for the many luminous reasons on the following pages. Ready? *Focus.*



TO BE PART OF A COMMUNITY
 (Be a part of the *Spirit* community by uploading your favorite Instagram photos to Facebook and tagging Southwest Airlines Spirit Magazine.)

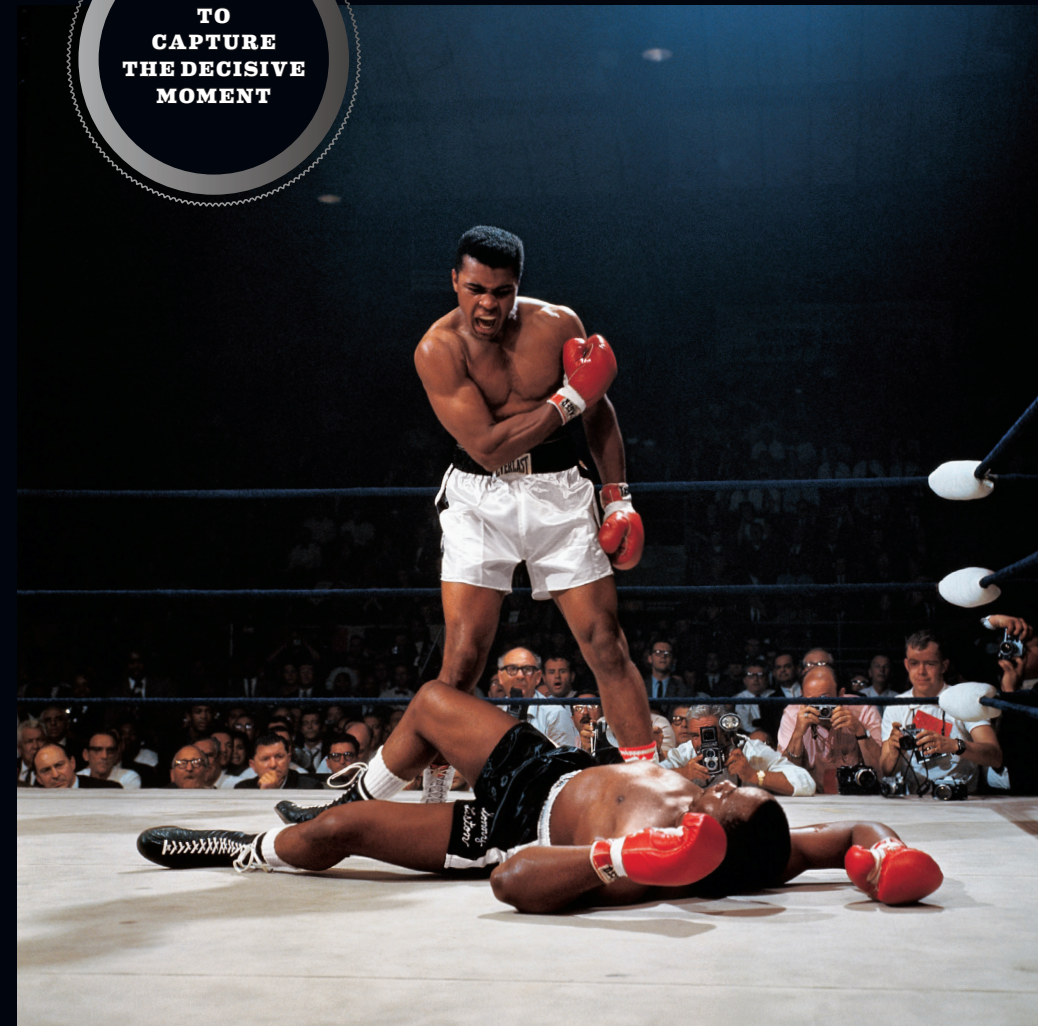


**TO ALTER
OUR
PERSPECTIVE**

Photograph by Joel Meyerowitz You think water, right? When he took this image, Joel Meyerowitz saw the dramatic way water and air wed in a diver's plunge and thought, *The elements!* This photograph, from Meyerowitz's epic new monograph *Taking My Time* (Phaidon; \$750), challenges our view in another way. It's upside down, "and I've never done anything like that in my life," he says. "I'm a realist."

PHOTOGRAPHY © JOEL MEYEROWITZ (LEFT), BY NEIL LEIFER/SPORTS ILLUSTRATED/GETTY IMAGES (RIGHT)

**TO
CAPTURE
THE DECISIVE
MOMENT**



**Photograph by
Neil Leifer**

The chopping right that Muhammad Ali used to knock out Sonny Liston on May 25, 1965, is known as the "phantom punch." And this legendary picture, from the new *History's Greatest Images: The World's 100 Most Influential Photographs* (Time Books; \$30), is also a phantom. The moment Neil Leifer froze in time is imperceptible in filmed footage of the fight. "Had I taken it a half-second earlier or later," he says, "I wouldn't have got it."



Win One!
Scan this tag or visit spiritmag.com/history for your chance to win one of 20 copies of *History's Greatest Images*.

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CAMERA+
The go-to app when taking the highest-quality photo matters. Control focus and exposure, and use the app's stabilizer to bid farewell to Mr. Blurrycam. \$0.99+



SNAPSEED
Take your snaps from almost-perfect to couldn't-be-better with a darkroom in your pocket (no smelly chemicals required). Fine-tune your pictures like a pro, or add effects with ease. \$4.99



INCREDIBOOTH
From the folks at Hipstamatic, photo-booth fun with friends without a trip to the mall. Pick from four vintage filters, or purchase add-on packs to suit your own style. \$0.99+



PHOTOSYNTH
Conventional panoramas are *so* 2011. Now you can effortlessly create immersive, 3-D "synths" to share on the Web. Free



CINEMAGRAM
Bring your photos to life—after snapping a picture, use your fingers to brush in pockets of endlessly looping motion, and use built-in filters to refine the look. Free



TO CHANGE LIVES



Photograph by Ray King

It started relatively small: Ten photographers took maybe 60 portraits that Christmas-time in 2009. The idea, says Help-Portrait founder Jeremy Cowart, was to enhance the dignity of people in need by having them sit for a photograph. "Not just the homeless or people who are sick," he says. "It can mean the lonely woman next door, too." Cowart's generous impulse has grown into a phenomenon, with shooters around the globe jumping in to volunteer. "We're hoping to do 100,000 portraits this year," he says. For that, we're all smiles. help-portrait.com

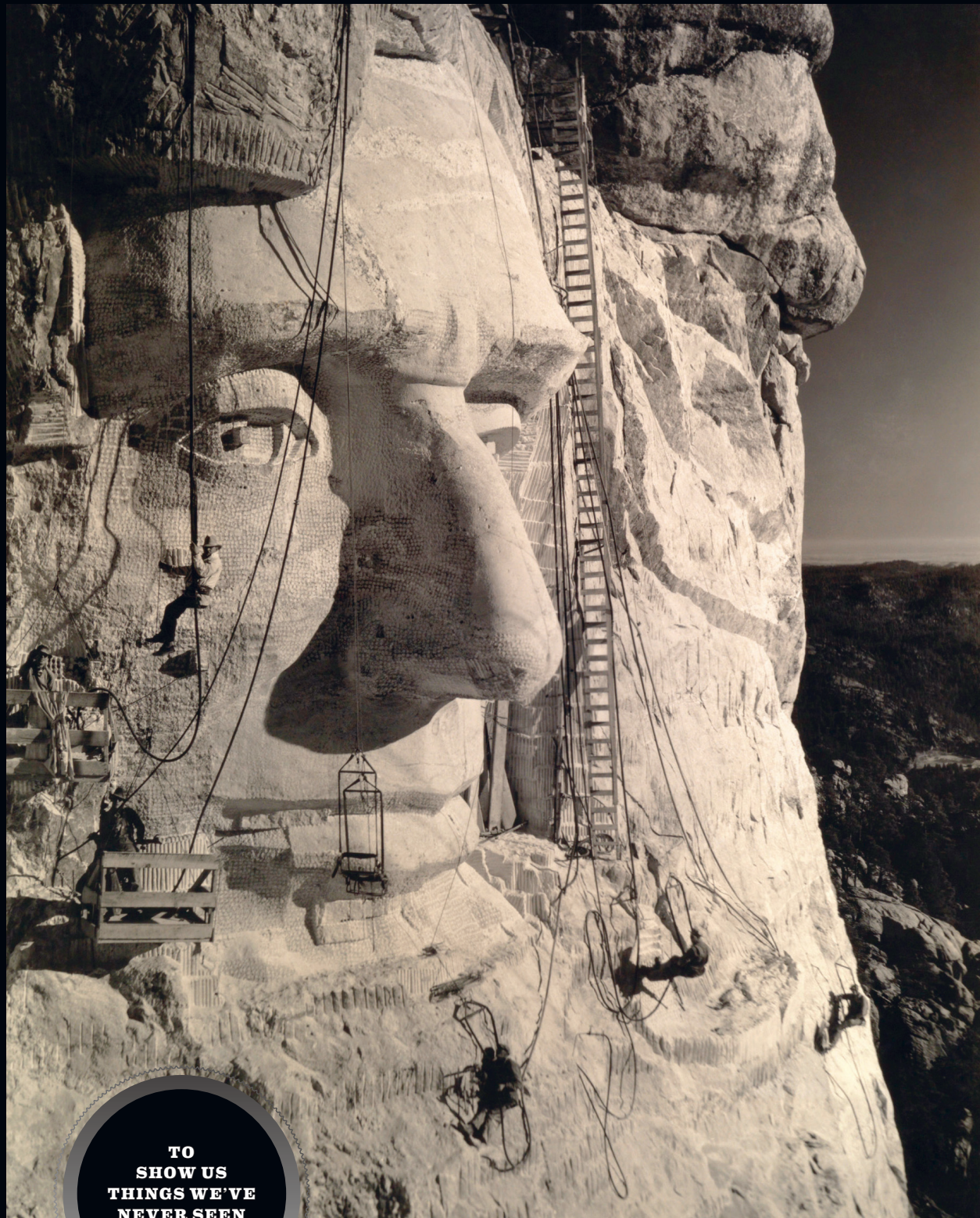
TO BE SEEN

Photograph by Deb Taylor

As far as we know, free spirit, photographer, and tireless self-portraitist Deb Taylor has never tried Tebowing, but, man, she does love planking. The feeling of communal joy unleashed by the proliferation of Internet memes has given folks like Taylor a remarkable platform for self-expression. "I'm one of those people who grabs as much life as possible each day," she says. "And I'm tellin' ya, I'm havin' some fun."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RAY KING/3KINGS PHOTOGRAPHY (TOP LEFT), BY DEB TAYLOR (BOTTOM LEFT), © CHARLES D'EMERY (RIGHT)



TO SHOW US THINGS WE'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE

Photograph by Charles d'Emery We got a glimpse of how man measures up to Mount Rushmore when Cary Grant scaled its face in North by Northwest. But this image, from Greatest Photographs of the American West (National Geographic; \$30), makes clear that the landmark is a monument to human achievement—and we're not talking about the heroics of George, Thomas, Teddy, or Abe.



TO MAKE US THINK



Photograph by Horacio Salinas

Long before Horacio Salinas started making mind-tickling conceptual images—long before he even had the notion to be a photographer—an urge was there. “I was in high school,” he says, “and shaving a lot, and I had this idea to put shaving cream on a cactus and take a picture of it.” The image to the left, created to illustrate an article called “The Data-Driven Life” and featured in the sublime coffee-table book *The New York Times Magazine Photographs* (Aperture; \$75), epitomizes Salinas’ genius for investing ordinary objects with uncommon life.

TO SEDUCE



PHOTOGRAPHY © HORACIO SALINAS (LEFT), © PHILIPPE HALSMAN/MAGNUM PHOTOS (RIGHT)

LENSES TO LOVE From pocket- to pro-size, tough-skinned to vintage-style, this range of shooters puts your photos into focus.



NIKON COOLPIX S800C Instagram-lovin’ photographers, rejoice! A top-quality camera loaded with Android lets you run apps and send both photos and HD video using built-in Wi-Fi. \$349



OLYMPUS TOUGH TG-1 IHS Whether sprinting through a backyard sprinkler or snorkeling at the beach, this waterproof wonder keeps memories dry. \$399



FUJIFILM X-E1 Small form meets DSLR function with this stylish shooter. Switch between wide-angle and zoom lenses to frame your shot; built-in filters simulate five pro-level films. \$1,399



CANON REBEL T4I This DSLR workhorse has a sensitive side. A 3-inch multi-touch screen makes pro-level photography as simple as shooting with a smartphone. \$1,199



Win One! Scan this tag or visit spiritmag.com/canon for your chance to win a Canon Rebel T4i digital SLR camera.

Photograph by Philippe Halsman Celebrity photography is often hilariously serious-minded, but master portraitist Philippe Halsman made his subjects jump—literally. Images of Marilyn Monroe, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, even Richard Nixon in midair liberated their personas. But Halsman was a seducer, too. Elizabeth Taylor said of the photographer and this stunning 1948 portrait, seen in the new book *Movie Box* (Abrams; \$30), “He was the first person to make me look at myself as a woman.”

TO CAPTURE UNIMAGINABLE BEAUTY

Photograph by Emir Ibrahimpasic

"I'm an economist—it's not a very glamorous job," says Portland, Oregon-based amateur photographer Emir Ibrahimpasic. And like a good economist, he's mindful of dollars and cents—to the point where he won't buy Photoshop. "I can't find the rationale to spend so much money on software that does photo manipulation." In other words, this overwhelmingly rich image—a standout in the new book *Life in Color* (National Geographic; \$40)—came directly out of Ibrahimpasic's Nikon digital SLR. "It was taken in the Portland Japanese Garden, not far from where I live," he says. "The tree is a bit of a hidden gem."



Win One! Scan this tag or visit spiritmag.com/color for your chance to win one of 10 copies of the stunning photography book *Life in Color*.



SHUTTER SAVVY

A camera's auto mode can't do all the work. These tips will help you frame life's greatest moments just like you remember them.



CLOSE-UP
Resist the urge to zoom in. Instead, walk closer to your subject. Your photos will benefit from a strong focal point and less zoom-induced blur and graininess.



FRESH PERSPECTIVE
Unless you want a photographic history of the top of your child's head, bring your camera down to her level. (This tip also works for your four-legged friends.)



BRIGHT IDEA
Learn how to disable your flash. In low-light situations, you can still get good pictures by holding your camera steady, and interior windows offer pleasing, diffuse light for portraits.



IT'S MAGIC
Pros call the time surrounding sunrise and sunset "magic hour" for a reason. The sun's rays mix with Earth's atmosphere to create a dreamy, golden light.



TIC-TAC-TOE
For more-interesting photos, imagine a tic-tac-toe board and place your subject anywhere the board's lines intersect.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY EMIR IBRAHIMPASIC/
NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC'S SHOT

PICTURE A TIME WHEN
LOVE WASN'T FREE TO
FLOURISH. THEN PICTURE
SHIRLEY AND PAT.



Sweet Ride
Shirley labeled
this photograph
“Smitty’s car
1951.” Clearly, a
very good year.

A Story in Black & White

BY RACHEL B. LEVIN

In the offices of the Franchise Tax Board in San Francisco, my cousin Shirley Greenblatt was known for making waves. This was in the '70s, and her co-worker Anita Pagán remembers watching in fascination as Shirley, a tax collector, would launch into one of her famous outbursts. “She would stand up and throw her stuff on the ground and start telling off the manager,” says Pagán. “Everyone in the place would stop, and we’d kind of sit and wait for her to finish.... There was no way to stop that tirade.” Often, Shirley, in her 50s at the time, would get set off

because the boss had asked her to garnish the wages of someone with a family, and her “liberal heart,” as Pagán describes it, went out to them.

Pagán and her office buddies, all in their 20s, silently cheered on Shirley, who soon began to join the women for after-work drinks. “Sometimes we’d have a party,” Pagán recalls, “and it’d always be at Shirley’s house.” They’d blend daiquiris, turn up the music, and dance. “She didn’t miss a step,” Pagán says. “But underneath all that bravado and spiciness, she was lonely.”

At these parties, as the hour got late and the drinking heavy, Shirley would pull out black-and-white photographs and pass them among the group. They were of her late husband Collins “Pat” Patterson, whom she’d lost in 1974 to a heart attack.

“Talking to her late at night, I knew that a lot of her life was living in that memory of Pat,” Pagán says. “There was a lot of grief to deal with.... She was living a half life for a long time.”

But there was something else—some deeper source of tumult—that Pagán sensed from Shirley. It was more than just the ache of widowhood. “You could see there was pain, and that [something had] cost her.”

When Shirley finally opened up to her about it, Pagán was shocked. The marriage that gave Shirley so much happiness and substantially defined her adult life was also her deepest secret.

I FIRST LEARNED of Shirley and Pat’s love story in 2002, 50 years after they’d wed and more than a decade after they both had passed away. At the time, I was 27 and had been dating my boyfriend Tony for about six months. The feelings between us developed intensely and quickly—we were already talking about marriage. When Tony and I planned a trip from our home in Los Angeles to San Francisco, where he’d be introduced to my family, I confided in my Aunt Bobbi that I was nervous. Several of my relatives, and my grandmother in particular, would, I knew, be uncomfortable with the relationship because Tony is African-American. Aunt Bobbi’s response floored me: “You know, our cousin Shirley Greenblatt was married to a black man and hid it from the family for many years.”

Aunt Bobbi knew few details of Shirley and Pat’s mixed-race marriage; she’d only heard about it through the family grapevine. The couple wed in 1952 and, despite living just miles away from Shirley’s parents and many of her closest relatives, kept it from them for nearly 20 years. What had it been like, living out their lives in such secrecy? What toll did it take on them individually and as partners? Had they found a way to live happily regardless of the challenges, or was it a life of stresses and routine struggle? I was instantly consumed by their story and driven

to piece together fragments of memory—the trace recollections of Pat and Shirley’s scattering of friends and family—into as complete a portrait of love as I could render.

Today, we think of San Francisco as a bastion of tolerance, a place in the vanguard of marriage equality. But as Shirley’s friend Evangeline “Vangie” Buell told me, the Bay Area was not an unequivocally safe haven for interracial couples in 1952.

Buell was among Pat and Shirley’s small circle of trusted friends in the ’50s and ’60s. A Filipina whose grandfather was African-American, she married her first husband—a Caucasian named Hank—the same year Pat and Shirley wed. Four years earlier, California had repealed its anti-miscegenation laws (the 12th state to do so by 1948), clearing the way for people of different races to marry. However, widespread acceptance of mixed-race marriage was a long way off.

“People would cross the street if they saw an interracial couple coming toward them,” Buell remembers. “It was insulting and humiliating.” On occasion, humiliation crossed into harassment. “At the time, all mixed couples had to be careful going out. You had to be sure you were not in places where you were going to be assaulted.”

It was only in 1967, with the landmark case of *Loving v. Virginia*, that the United States Supreme

It was a life of considerable isolation. Venturing out as a couple meant running the risk of unwelcome confrontation on the street.



Court declared anti-miscegenation laws unconstitutional. Even today, according to a recent study by the Pew Research Center, only 60 percent of Americans are comfortable with the thought of a family member entering into a mixed-race marriage.

For Shirley's parents—part of a tight-knit group of Orthodox Jews who had emigrated from Russia in the 1920s and settled close to one another in San Francisco's Richmond District—the taboo was intensified because Pat was a Gentile. But race was the deal-breaker. Shirley's friend Judith Levy told me, it “would have been a *shanda*” (or a shame) on her parents if their daughter had married a person of color. The custom would have been to sit *shiva* for Shirley—to mourn her. In the bluntest of terms, she would have been considered dead to them.

That prospect left Shirley with a nearly impossible choice: give up the man she loved or risk severing a deep and vital connection to her family. Secrecy was the imperfect solution for avoiding either.

Early in their marriage, Pat and Shirley didn't even live under the same roof. Housing covenants barring blacks from residing in the more desirable sections of San Francisco made it difficult for them to find a rental, and while they searched, Shirley remained at home with her folks. Eventually, they found, and bought, a house about five miles south of Shirley's parents, in a mixed-race area near San Francisco State College. But this created a challenge of its own: With her parents in such close proximity, how could the couple guard their secret against regular visits?

Every week, Shirley's mother would “come in and tidy up, look through the drawers, and help,” Vangie Buell recalls. That meant there could be no trace of Pat—not a single sock. So Shirley stashed his stuff in the basement. “She talked about it all the time, because it was a hardship. She had to pack everything from the closet, all of his shoes, to hide the fact that a man lived with her.”



Their differences seemed to create a perfect balance. She was vivacious, he was soft-spoken and patient.

During some of those weekly visits, Pat would take off and return only when the coast was clear. On occasion, he'd opt to instead hide in the basement, a revelation that struck me as humiliating and tragic. What must it have felt like to be an outcast—literally forced underground—in your own home? Buell says Pat took it in stride. “He was married to the woman he loved. She happened to be white. And he felt, if this is what I have to suffer in order to be with her, I will.”

It was a life of considerable isolation. Venturing out as a couple meant running the risk of either bumping into one of Shirley's family members or meeting with unwelcome confrontation on the street. Buell remembers hearing about a particularly hostile run-in on a streetcar. After that, she says, “they were very careful about going out. If they had to be together, they couldn't acknowledge each other or hold hands.”

Even something as simple as grabbing dinner was fraught with uncertainty. “We used to go to Chinese restaurants together,” Judith Levy remembers, “because that was the

safest place.” The non-kosher Chinese fare ensured that Shirley's Jewish relatives would not be at the next table.

Pat and Shirley also found a haven in the jazz joints of the Fillmore District, which, because of its concentration of music clubs, was known at the time as the “Harlem of the West.” “They loved jazz and they were real aficionados,” Buell says. More importantly, remembers Anita Pagán, they felt safe. In the Fillmore, she says, “there were all kinds of people of all kinds of mixtures.” And in the abandon of those music-filled nights—on the dance floor where differences in race and religion didn't matter—they experienced precious moments of freedom.

LIKE EVERY LOVE story, this one has complex and sprawling roots. Shirley was born in 1923, the daughter of a baker father and homemaker mother; Pat, 15 years her senior, was born in 1908, to sharecroppers in the rural outskirts of Nashville, Tennessee. In her teens, Shirley was literally a card-carrying member of a jazz fan club called the

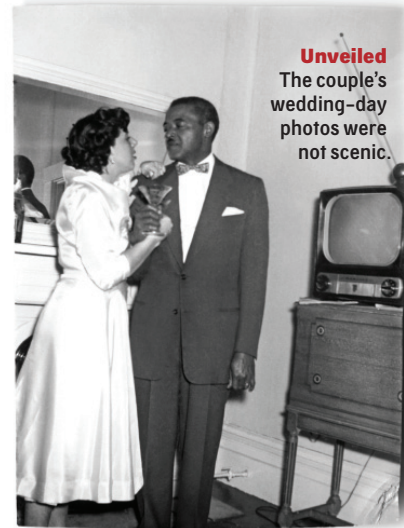
Hot Music Society, and as a young adult was involved in various Zionist groups. Pat, as a young man, played baseball, and as an adult made a living repairing shoes before enlisting, at age 34, to defend his country in World War II. After a three-year Army stint that took him from Casablanca to France to Germany, he mustered out at Monterey Bay's Fort Ord and headed up the coast, where he fell in love with the Bay Area.

The two met in the early '50s when they crossed paths in a government office building where they worked, Shirley as a typist for the California Department of Justice and Pat as a janitor for the State Division of Buildings and Grounds. Their differences seemed to create a perfect balance. She was headstrong, quick-tempered, vivacious, and dramatic, with flashing blue eyes and a penchant for red lipstick. In contrast, he was even-keeled, contemplative, soft-spoken, and patient. But they

shared a zest for life, food, and music. The few intimates who knew them said they were crazy in love. Still, says Anita Pagán, "there was that thing of secrecy right away, not just because of their color, but also because of his station—a janitor dating a white-collar worker."

That perceived professional disparity was certainly not reflected in Pat's pride. "He was the kind of man who commanded a lot of respect," says Shirley's niece Cathy Mitchell, who was born the year Shirley and Pat wed and, despite her closeness with her aunt, was let in on the couple's secret only as a teenager. "I think it was just sort of his presence. You got the feeling that people looked up to him on the job."

Mitchell has a letter Shirley wrote to her detailing Pat's experience in the Army, where he was also held in high esteem. "When they first integrated the servicemen," Shirley wrote, "Pat was a master sgt. and they chose him



as one of the first 'negroes' to help integrate the armed forces."

It was a bitter reality, then, for him to return from serving his country with such inspiration and strength, only to be confronted anew with limited opportunity and entrenched inequality. "It took Pat about 2 or 3 years into our marriage," Shirley wrote, "before he talked to me about

his years in the war. We were sitting watching the beginning of a war movie on TV when he started to tremble and asked if we could please switch to something else. He proceeded to pour a stiff shot of 'Old Granddad.' He talked non-stop for about 3-4 hours. He poured out everything he had felt for so long. He fell asleep in my arms that evening."

One irony of Pat's circumstance was particularly piercing: The same man who sat in the basement of his own home, in hiding from his Jewish in-laws, was a member of a military unit that liberated a concentration camp where thousands of Jews had perished. "Every last soldier was in complete shock," Shirley wrote of the trauma of what Pat and his company saw that day in Germany. "Most of them had nightmares for a long time."

Fascinatingly, Shirley's parents, Usher and Rachel, had met in hiding during one of the *pogroms* that devastated the Jewish population in early-20th century Russia. "They lived in this little town," Shirley's sister-in-law, Ruth Greenblatt, told me before her death in 2008. "The buildings there used to have these hollow walls, and that's where Usher hid" as the Cossacks swept violently through the ghettos. Rachel was tucked away inside the same wall.

Paradoxically, Shirley and Pat's need to keep their own closeness concealed resulted in unending heartache for Rachel. "It was her biggest sorrow, living all those years and thinking that Shirley was single," says Lynne Semi, the daughter of Shirley's cousin and best friend since childhood. Every Friday night, Shirley would faithfully go to her parents' home for the Sabbath meal. And every week, her mother would ask her, "Haven't you met a nice boy? Can I introduce you?"

“I think she would have been *thrilled* to know that her daughter was so happy,” Semi says.

IN THE '50S, tolerance among blacks for interracial unions was certainly no guarantee, either. Pat lost both of his parents in the years before he married Shirley, so it's impossible to say whether they'd have embraced the couple. Pat's sister Mattie, his only immediate relative, moved to San Francisco to be close to him, and although she accepted the marriage, she and Shirley never really got along.

Pat's lineage ended there, the couple having decided not to have children. It was, says Vangie Buell, “a conscious choice because of Shirley's mother and father.” Hiding the relationship was struggle enough. How could they have kept a child secret?

“There was pain there,” says Anita Pagán, who sensed that, conversationally, the subject of children “was

Shirley hadn't wanted to compromise anything, yet sacrificed so much. In the end, did she deem her choices worth it?

one area where Shirley wouldn't go.”

Remarkably, it seems not to have unsettled her bond with Pat. An obligation to secrecy, a circumscribed existence, and childlessness—many relationships have crumbled in the face of lesser challenges. My romance with Tony, for example, did not last. I was crushed when we broke up after nine months for reasons that, in the end, had nothing to do with race. Had their strained circumstance ever led to resentment or discord?

If it had, Vangie Buell never saw it. Disagreements between them, she said, were worked out in a teasing, playful way. “They were definitely happily married.”

Pat and Shirley finally made their marriage public in 1970, eight years

after her father's death and just a few weeks after they'd laid her mother to rest. Untethered from the shame they'd anticipated from Shirley's parents, and emboldened by the growing acceptance, at large, of interracial marriages, they experienced complete freedom for the first time. Movement suddenly became a theme for a couple that for so long had lived under so much restraint. They ventured out more frequently to local spots, and used an 8-mm movie camera to record road trips to San Diego and Yosemite. Many of the shots are of Pat behind the wheel, racing along open highways, and of Shirley running across the frame in joy.

On their wedding day in 1952, the couple was not photographed against

one of San Francisco's sweeping bay views but in the cramped living room of Pat's flat. The images are a metaphor for the marriage they embarked on that day: one lived out within a limited frame, inside private spaces, and, most poignantly, in black and white. Their lives, cast for so many years in shadow, now appeared in vibrant color. That burst of exuberance, though short-lived, is the image of Pat and Shirley that most endures for me.

In 1974, at the age of 66, Pat died of cardiac arrest, and Shirley struggled without him. Drugs and gangs overtook the neighborhood where they had shared a home. She lost her two brothers to illness and became estranged from her sisters-in-law, who resented being implicated in her decades of deceit. In 1985, Shirley began a battle with cancer that she ultimately lost five years later.

Given the extraordinary isolation of her married life, the decision to forego motherhood, and the ache of sorrow that followed, I wondered about the path Shirley had chosen to travel. This firebrand who wasn't afraid to make waves at work, who'd been brave enough to cross racial lines in marriage during a time of great intolerance, had cowered rather than break an essential bond with her parents. She hadn't wanted to compromise anything, yet sacrificed so much. In the end, did she deem her choices to be worth it?

On a trip to San Francisco, I decided to visit Pat and Shirley's graves. From their death certificates, I knew they were interred at the same cemetery, just south of San Francisco. But would I find them in sections informally set apart by ethnicity?

When a helpful clerk marked a map with their whereabouts, I was heartened to see that they shared the same plot. I made my way

down a row designated for war veterans. Nearly every headstone was upright, ornate, and etched with a reference to military service.

When I reached Pat and Shirley's plot, I stood in wonder. Their marker was a simple rectangle of gray granite embedded in the earth. Across the top, it read “Paterson,” and just below were their names: “Collins, 1908-1974” and

“Shirley, 1923-1990.” There was no military inscription, no detail of rank and company or years of service. No formalities or flourishes.

Just four words. And they answered all my questions.

“We Had It All,” it said.

Rachel B. Levin is a Los Angeles-based freelance writer. You can reach her at rachelbethlevin.com.