





uch of my career, in photography and in journalism, has focused on people and their peccadilloes. They were rogues and rascals mostly, types you wouldn't readily invite home for family dinner. Such was the business of news. That changed when I began making pictures for Marin Magazine. Even though we have our share of local rapscallions, what captivated me as I ventured deeper into Marin than ever before were its various scapes — landscapes, seascapes and, yes, bridgescapes. I was often out and about at first light or early evening, when nature presents its very best. The beauty of this marvelous place filled me with wonder—the forested wilds of Tam, the windswept solitude of the beaches, the verdant promise of spring farmland, all of it connected, majestically, by a golden span to San Francisco. -TIM PORTER

TIM PORTER'S PHOTOS ARE AVAILABLE AT THEMARINSTORE.COM

Previous page: West Marin pasture; left top: cyclist in Marin Headlands; bottom: Rodeo Beach, winter sunset; opposite: Mt. Tam.

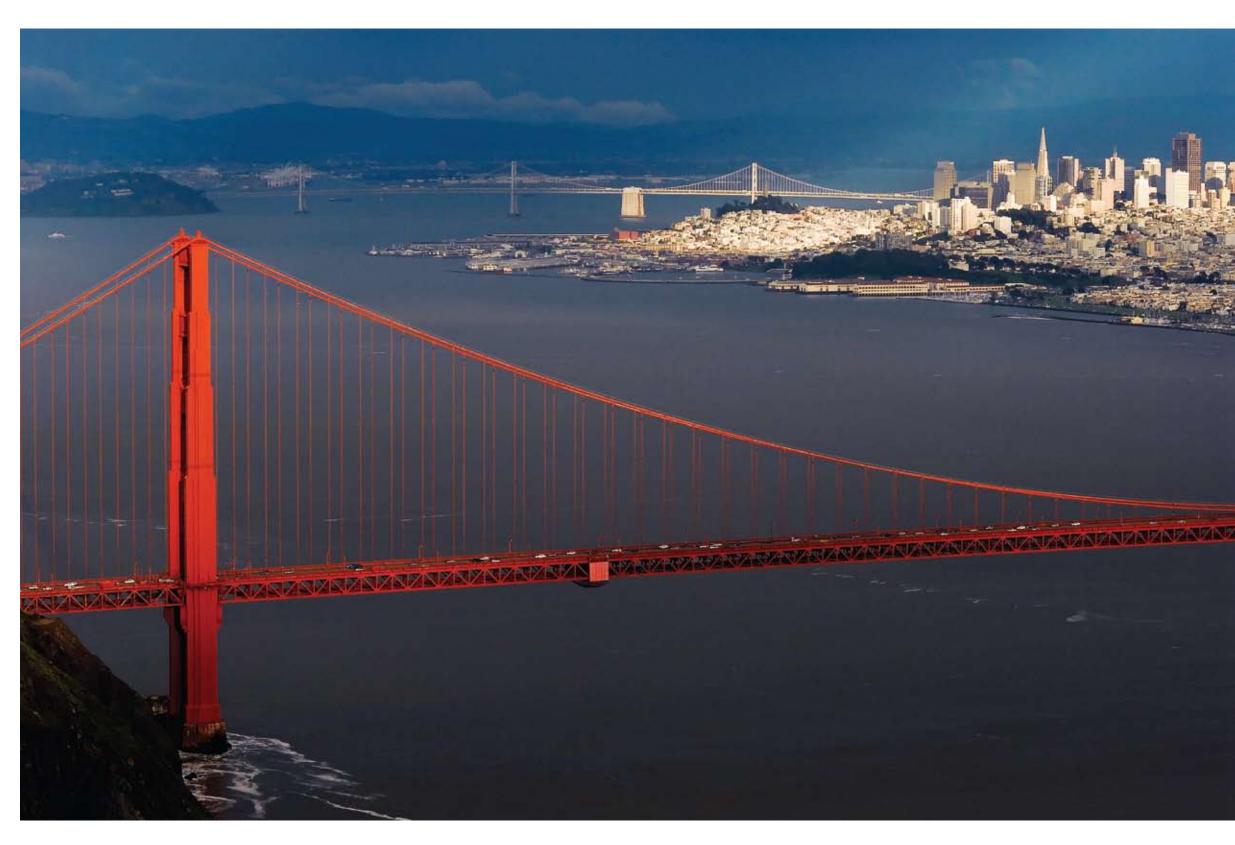








Top: North Vista Point; middle: pre-dawn traffic; bottom: dusk from the Headlands; opposite: clearing after winter storm.





Grove of Coast Live Oaks in Novato.