



CULTURE SHIFTERS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
BRIAN MOORE

I don't know exactly what's in their minds, but I know something is in them. I wouldn't have chosen them unless I cared about them. Most often it has to do with a passionate feeling of mine about what they stand for, how they've lived, what's happened to them. Either where they've placed themselves, or where the world has placed them - that closeness to the edge. That's what they have in common.

Richard Avedon

“Manufactured” or staged photography does not concern me. And if I make a judgment, it can only be on a psychological or sociological level. There are those who take photographs arranged beforehand and those who go out to discover the image and seize it. For me, the camera is a sketchbook, an instrument of intuition and spontaneity, the master of the instant, which – in visual terms – questions and decides simultaneously. In order to give “give a meaning” to the world, one has to feed oneself involved in what he frames through the viewfinder. This attitude requires concentration, a discipline of mind, sensitivity, and a sense of geometry. It is by great economy of means that one arrives at simplicity of expression. One must always take photos with the greatest respect for the subject and for oneself.

Henri Cartier-Bresson

GOOD FRIENDS

Good friends are hard to find,
Even harder to keep.
Good friends are always kind,
Share their weep, and seldom sleep.
Find them, forget them, keep them, forgive them,
find them again, forgive, forget, find, keep
Mustard, relish, sauerkraut
Come closer now, I see you,
I hear you,
I adore you.
Mustard, relish, sauerkraut
Trust is there, we must share, but that is rare,
So few care, really care.
Few ever dare,
Rare, dare, share, care.
Find them, forget them, keep them, forgive them,
find them again.
forgive, forget, find, keep... Mustard, relish, sauerkraut
Come closer now, I see you,
I hear you,
I adore you.
Find them, forget them, keep them, forgive them,
find them again. Forgive, forget, find...
I adore you.
Mustard, relish, sauerkraut

CAMERAS

Yashica —A

Japanese twin lens medium format TLR reflex camera introduced in 1956. Yashilcor 80mm f3.5 lens. #240109. Copal five-blade leaf shutter. Shoots twelve 6x6cm images on 120 film. No light meter, full manual exposure, no self timer, pop up focus assist lens in finder, film advance performed by manually turning the advance wheel until next number appears in the red window in the back of the camera. Aperture is set by adjusting a lever on the outside of the shutter speed dial.

1/25, 1/50, 1/100, 1/300

Nikon N60

Japanese SLR 35mm first introduced in 1998. Color film processed in the C-41 process. No frill camera. Heavy metal case, one focus sensor, no depth of field preview, slow motor drive, manual or auto focus, lithium batteries. Sigma zoom lens, 28-135 mm, f3.5 – 5.6 macro 0.62. 1/4000

FILM STOCKS

120 FILM

CinStill 800 T, Ilford SFX200, Fujicolor C220, Fuji Acros 100, Kodak Ektachrome 100, Kodak Ektar 100, Fuji Velvia 100 RVF, Fuji Provia 100F, Fuji PRO 400H, Kodak Portra 160, Ilford Delta 100, CinStill 50D.

35 FILM

Tri X - 400T, Silberra 160, Ilford FP4 Plus, Ektachrome E100, CinStill 50D, Fujicolor C200, Ilford Delta 3200, Fuji Supera 400, Kodak Gold 200, CinStill 800, Ilford SFX 200, Fuji Provia 100F, Kodak Ektar 100.



BRIAN MOORE

WELCOME TO CULTURE SHIFTERS

Every photographer, professional or amateur strives for the same objective. That prefect image, spontaneous, unique, one that captures the moment, forever. Enter film. Before you put away your digital toys and try your hand at film, here are a few important guidelines.

CURIOSITY — shooting film is a complex series of steps that must be followed, so being curious is essential. Spend some time and study the steps — you will need some algebra to understand different film stocks, IOS, grain, speeds and f/stops. Digital does all the work but film depends on you, no one else. Film is magical, meaningful and in the moment. Experiment with different film stocks. The difference between Fuji Provia and Kodak Ektar or Ilford FP4 and Tri - X400T or CineStill 800 T and Silberra 160 and keep a detailed record of your results.

PATIENCE - Some chemistry knowledge will also help in the developing and scanning process. Silver halide crystals, C-41, developer, bleach, fixer, wash and scanning. Developing and scanning film takes time, so be patient and the rewards will follow.

RESPECT — regardless of what subject you decide to photograph, please respect the subject. Your responsibility, as history is being recorded with every click.

Culture Shifters is dedicated to Canadian designer **Allan Robb Fleming**, friend and mentor for so many wonderful years, who graciously left me with these words of wisdom — **STOP LOOK LISTEN.**



ELVIRA

As the fluffy fog cloud rolls in

Contour line of the southern edge
It's landing large herons, ocean pelicans & creatives alike
All are in the opaque at the pavement awash by deep brown-blue bay.
The lands are to be.
At the rim they catch full breaths, deep exhales.

As the willow fog rolls in

Struggle to wing the spread of the flight
Asphalt grazing canadian geese
Catch fresh water stream right at its end
Worried to be bulldozed over & paved.

Meanwhile, I
Slide up the wood sash of the old window frame
I hear
Birds chirping uninterrupted by urban sounds &...
Air, of: any air is welcomed!
I see a coyote who is chasing a rabbit.
Blue heron just landed in the patch of tall grass
Thick rain falls aloud on the studio roof & building walls
I see a rainbow across the whole sky and old shipyard barracks
Beautiful sun rays blast through the glass

As the cold thick fog rolls in

In my 400 square feet - light
Dream fulfilled never short of the visual
Exhilarated
Captured off released unto the city as an artist's flock
& unto the fog.





HEATHER

I CARRY YOUR HEART WITH ME

By E. E. Cummings - published 1952

i carry your heart with me(i carry it in
my heart)i am never without it(anywhere
i go you go,my dear;and whatever is done
by only me is your doing,my darling)

i fear

no fate(for you are my fate,my sweet)i want
no world(for beautiful you are my world,my true)
and it's you are whatever a moon has always meant
and whatever a sun will always sing is you

here is the deepest secret nobody knows
(here is the root of the root and the bud of the bud
and the sky of the sky of a tree called life;which grows
higher than soul can hope or mind can hide)
and this is the wonder that's keeping the stars apart

i carry your heart(i carry it in my heart)



ELLEN

How do you see me?

Do you see me the way I see me?

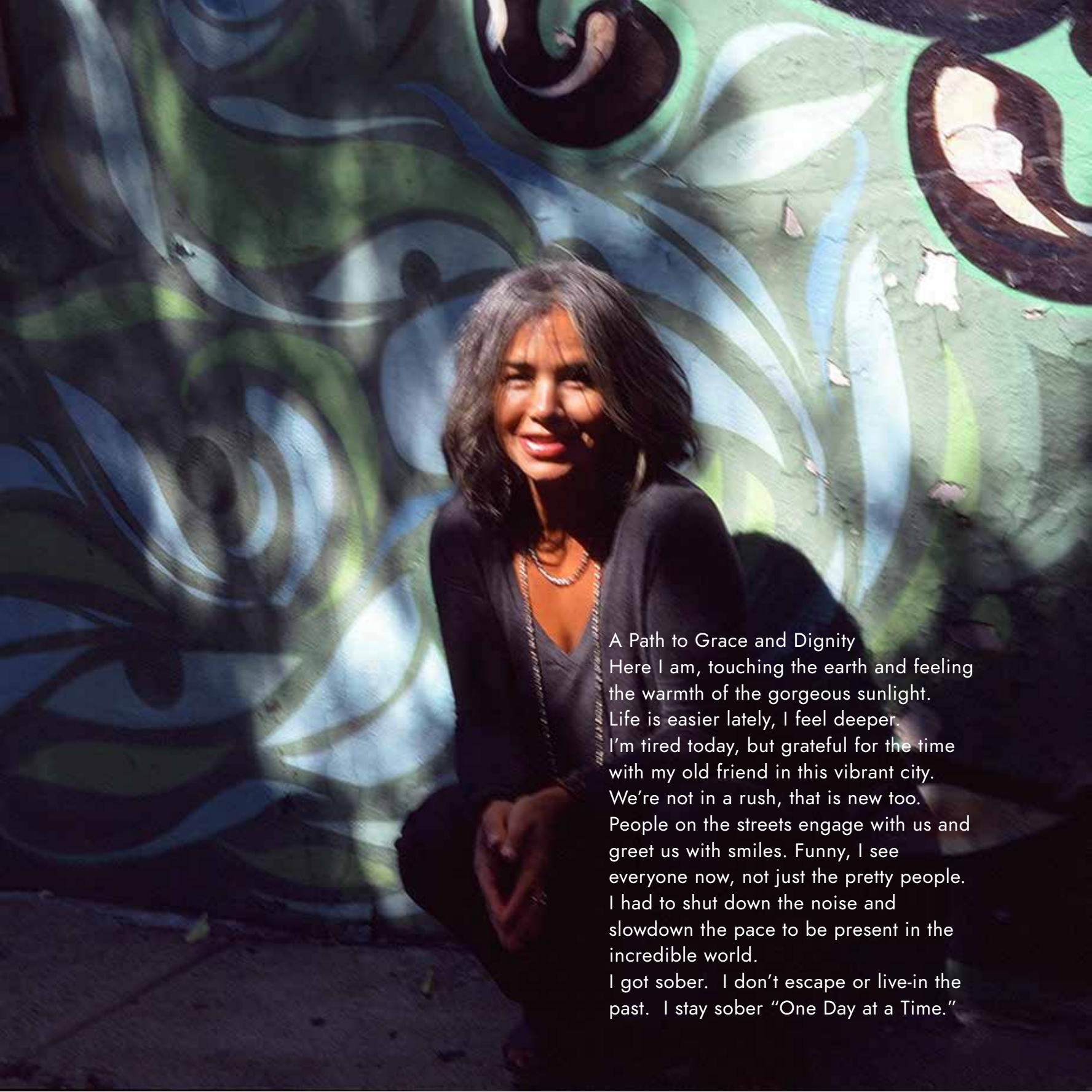
JOAN

Life has a way of making us reflect on our past. Remember the carefree days when there were no deadlines or obligations.

Don't hold back. Find out what inspires you and pursue your dreams. It will take courage to follow your dreams but it will be worth it. You will be where you are meant to be.

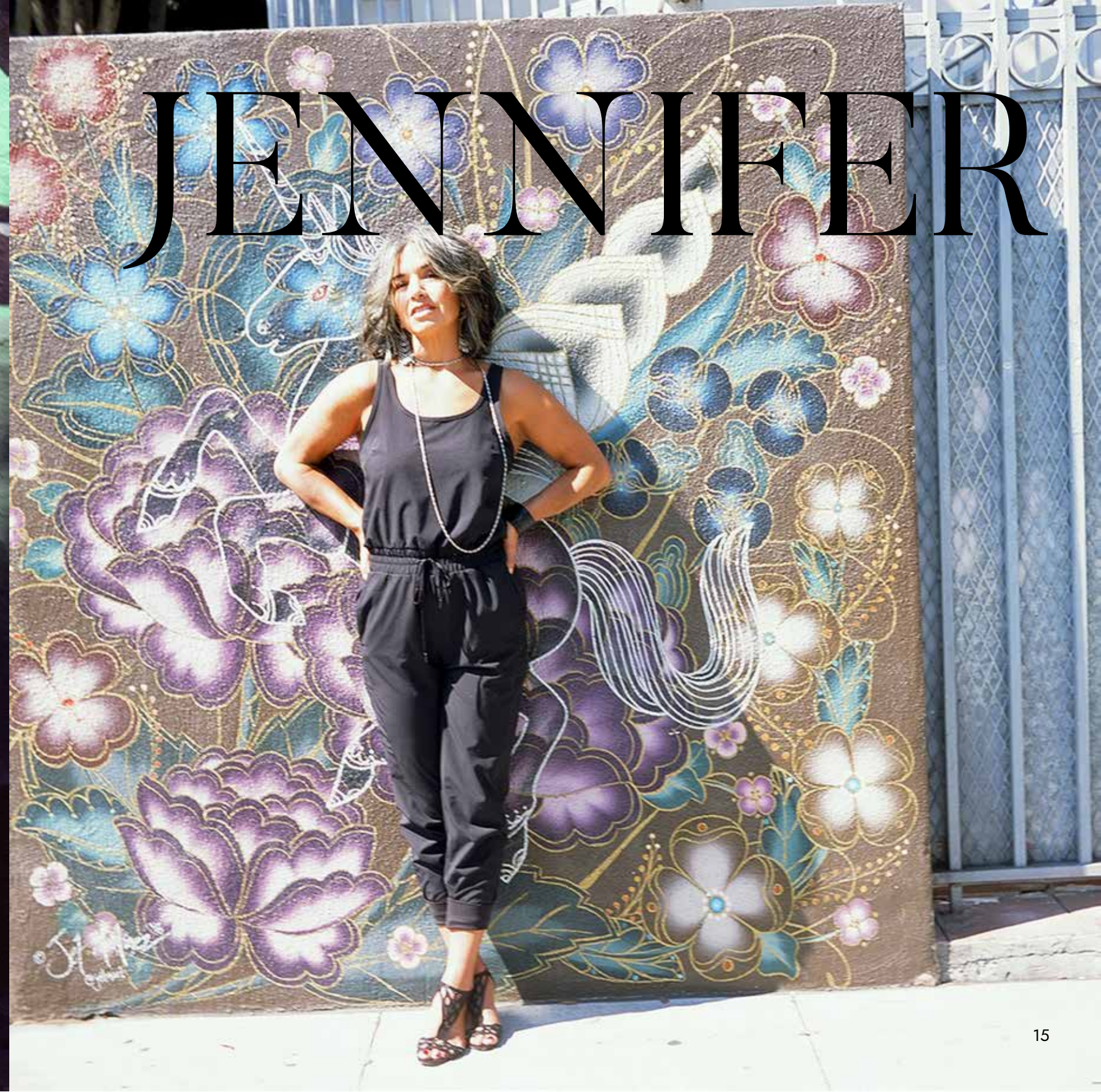
What would you do if you could overcome your limitations or fears? Believe in you. Master your life.





A Path to Grace and Dignity
Here I am, touching the earth and feeling
the warmth of the gorgeous sunlight.
Life is easier lately, I feel deeper.
I'm tired today, but grateful for the time
with my old friend in this vibrant city.
We're not in a rush, that is new too.
People on the streets engage with us and
greet us with smiles. Funny, I see
everyone now, not just the pretty people.
I had to shut down the noise and
slowdown the pace to be present in the
incredible world.
I got sober. I don't escape or live-in the
past. I stay sober "One Day at a Time."

JENNIFER



TANYA

POEM ONE

Buddha moved in next door.
I am delighted.
She is three years old,
Has long dark curls,
And screams for her mother to watch
As she goes down the slide.

POEM TWO

The spring grass,
Thin and sweet
Like Edward's hair.



CARLA

MIXED MESSAGES

They tell us,
Be soft and sweet
Be strong and independent
Be caregiver and homemaker
Be bread winner

Someplace between fierce and tender
Between beautiful and brilliant
There's a place
I'll meet you there.

I rise above and pass the torch,
Brighter than I had received it.

& ELLA



CELESTE

May your trails be crooked, winding, lonesome,
dangerous, leading to the most amazing view.

Edward Abbey





BARBARA

I am an immigrant from Germany. I followed the siren call in popular music to the place where people wear flowers in their hair, where free speech was happening, where you could sit on the dock of the bay and watch the ships come in. A sailing enthusiast as a teen, bound to a small local man-made lake, the Frisco Bay sounded enticing, as did all the promised freedom and carefree living.

Germany was anything but free at the time. Being lucky to have been born in the West, I was nevertheless subjected to annual bus tours to the East German border that cut through the entire country, where watchtowers “over there” (da drüben) made sure almost no one could escape alive. Our “brothers and sisters” were in jail, as it seemed to me, to make all of us pay for what Germany had done. Nevertheless, it felt oppressive to me as well, although I enjoyed the ability to listen to the aforementioned popular music, carry around the red bible, and march in the streets against price increases on public transit, an oppressive school and university system run by people still entrenched in the old authoritarian structures, and the Vietnam war.

When I arrived in San Francisco in 1974, Height Ashbury had already devolved into a gallery of down and out people, Trotskyists were the remaining activists on Sproul Plaza, and sailing on San Francisco Bay, exploring the Big Sur coast and the Sierra were more appealing than fighting in the streets. I had the freedom to start my own business, and a space at the Hunters Point Shipyard, and all was good.

HAZARDOUS WASTE
COLLECTION AREA
UNAUTHORIZED PERSON
KEEP OUT

ANICA

Baa baa black sheep of the family - looking for identity and a chosen family of friends - colorful strays in the world of gray
Found lots of lovers but now have true love - love of a child, Stella who took her first and last breath in my arms.
And now love of another wild child Milla (4) - who has a lust for life greater than we can ever know
Married to a wonderful man - how lucky am I
Survived a trauma together and still smiling through the tears
Keep true, keep real and you can never go wrong
with Wrong way Williams and Long way Larry
"Follow your heart but trust your gut"





NIKKI



Even though I started painting when I was nine, took art classes at community college when I was twelve, and did an art intensive program in high school, I never wanted to be an artist. I didn't really think that was something one could do as a career. I didn't know any artists, and I didn't think I was good enough to go to art school. I remember being 17 and thinking "What if I wake up one day and hate painting?" But that day has never come, and I know it never will. I feel like it's kind of an accident (and a lot of hard work) that made me a "professional" full-time Artist, but I can't imagine doing anything else.

CAROL

My life has taken me on wild adventures: trekking in the mountains of Afghanistan, exploring gardens, temples, and art making in Kyoto, playing my guitar in smoke-filled coffee houses on Telegraph Avenue, sharing my home with a family of five Cambodian refugees. All of those moments formed the artist I would become. Have I done all I have set out to do? No, but a thousand paintings later, I'm still working to create art that expresses the feelings, experiences, and emotions of my life.

Painting alone in my studio during the pandemic has taught me a lot about myself. Turns out, I've been socially isolating for over 30 years, so working alone is comfortable for me. But I did decide the pandemic was a good time for change, a moment to explore the blank canvas in a new way. The representational cityscapes and visual world I've focused on for years suddenly seemed stale to me. Alone in my studio, I felt the urge to leap into the unknown, exploring the inner world of emotion, abstract shapes, values, and color, blurring the lines between work and play. I've been told changing your style can be bad for an artist's career, but being a woman of a certain age with more history than future, I know I would regret missing out on the liberating, joyful changes that come with taking a risk and trusting yourself, wherever that path may lead me.



MANY THANKS TO THE PHOTOGRAPHERS
I HAVE WORKED WITH AND ADMIRIED OVER THE YEARS

PROJECTS

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FRIENDS

Deborah Samuel, Christy Lee Rogers, Lora Lynn Moore, Judy Reed, Sharon Beals, Krista Kahl, Francis da Silva, Colin McRae, Yuri Dojc, Bert Bell, Edward Woods, Barbara Traub, Stephen Somerstein, Tony Metaxis, Sharon Wickham, Silvie Gill.

MOST ADMIRIED

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MOST RESPECTED

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PHOTOGRAPHED

Elvira m. Dayel (pp. 6-7)
Hunters Point Navy Shipyard – Building 117
June 27, 2021

Ellen Caminish (pp. 10-11)
Fly Wheel – Bocce Ball Court
August 28, 2021

Jennifer Claudia Garcia (pp. 14-15)
Mission District
September 24, 2021

Carla & Ella Helmbrecht (pp. 18-19)
Mount Davidson
November 27, 2021

Barbara Ockel (pp. 22-23)
Hunters Point Navy Shipyard
January 30, 2022

Nikki Vismara (pp. 26-27)
Hunters Point Navy Shipyard
February 6, 2022

Heather Perry (pp. 8-9)
Conservatory of Flowers
September 3, 2021

Joan McLoughlin (pp. 12-13)
Crissy Field
November 17, 2021

Tanya Joyce (pp. 16-17)
Hunters Point Navy Shipyard – Building 115
May 22, 2021

Celeste Chin (pp. 20-21)
Golden Gate Park - Tree Fern Dell
May 29, 2021

Anica & Milla Williams (pp. 24-25)
Golden Gate Park – Blue Boat Playground
May 1, 2021

Carol Jessen (pp. 28-29)
Tank Hill
July 25, 2021

CREDITS

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