

THE LIPKA JOURNAL

PHOTOGRAPHS / STORIES / OBSERVATIONS

JOE LIPKA

OCTOBER 2021



WELCOME TO THE JOURNAL

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This month the subject matter spans millenia. There are photographs of old cars, photographs of the oldest living things on the planet, and some new photographs of some old rocks.

I've gone way back to old photographs of my Volkswagen Beetle. There are photographs of some ancient trees; the Bristlecone Pines of Schulman Grove and Patriarch Grove. The new photographs are panoramic landscapes of the Oregon Coast made earlier this year.

Bristlecone Pine Roots



The Wrinkles of Time



The Wrinkles of Time

As we age, wrinkles appear and some people do not like the appearance of aging. They will resort to all manner of potions, lotions and even surgery to delay the inevitable appearance of aging. The Bristlecone Pines of the White Mountains gave up on avoiding the look of aging a couple of thousand years ago. These trees, the oldest living things on planet Earth, are over four thousand years old. They embrace their aging and proudly display the cracks, twists, gaps, weathering and patina of a long life.

Maybe we can learn something from the Bristlecone Pines.

















Six Word Project

It was a matter of waiting.

Reflections on a First Love



Reflections on a First Love

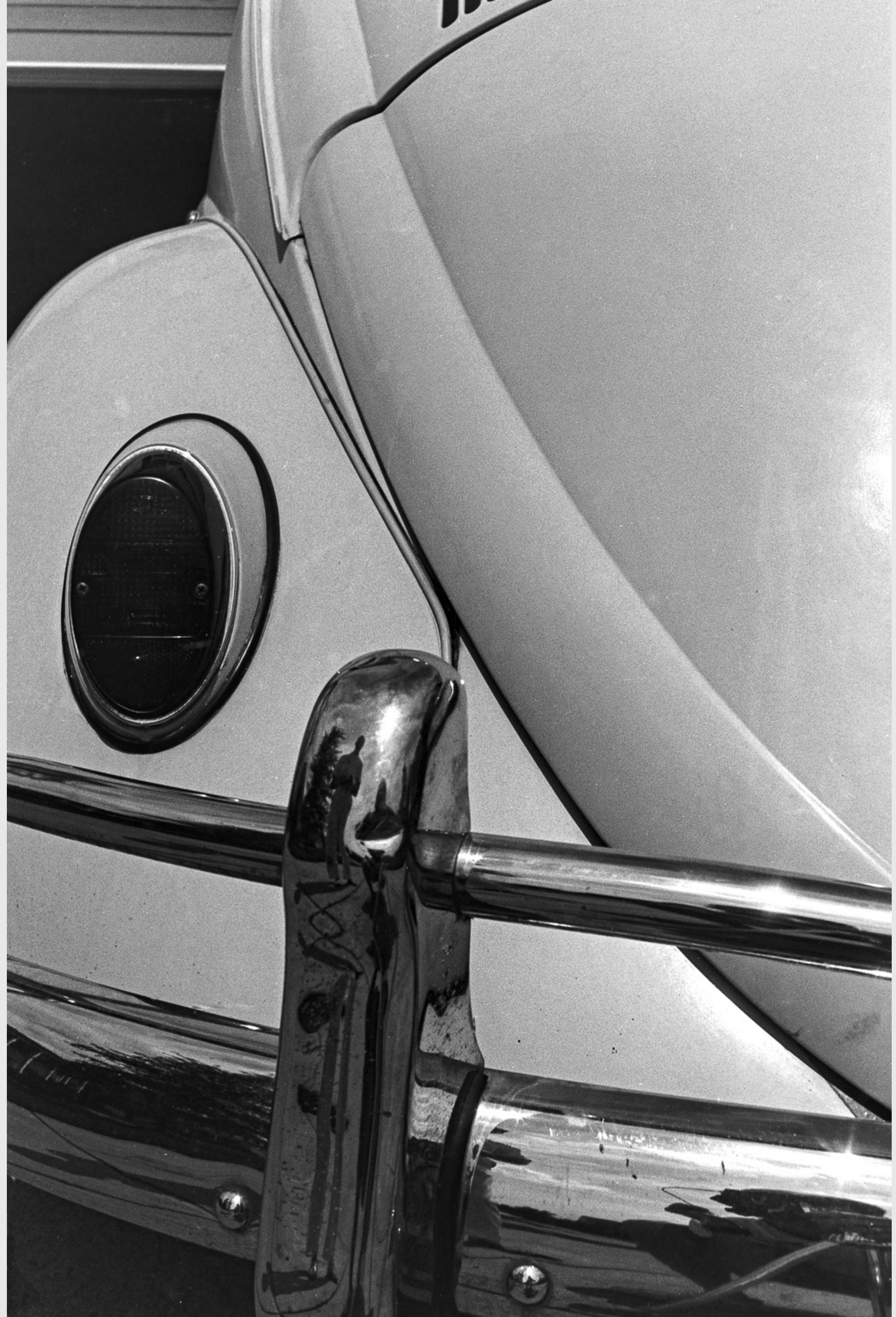
We never forget our first; first car that is. Americans love our cars and my first was a Volkswagen Beetle that was mostly a 1963 model, with some 1964 fenders and bumpers that seemed to fit. Her arrival coincided with another first love, photography. This coincidence of first time loves inspired me to use the car as a model. I explored the lines, forms shapes and reflections of our world.













Six Word Project

The Storm didn't threaten.

It promised.



Resistance is Futile



Resistance is Futile

As an artist I am supposed to bring deep philosophical meaning to the images I create to edify and entertain my audience. I am supposed to utilize symbolism and visual metaphors to illuminate the deepest thoughts and secrets of life.

Failed. Again.

I am helpless when facing the beauty of the natural world. I cannot resist the call of pure beauty. Wonderful images of the Oregon Coast get me every time. Mysterious fog, puffy clouds, blue skies, undulating sand dunes, peaceful rivers, crashing surf and (God help me) a sunset photograph.













Postcards from the Creative Journey

November 25, 2018



Don't Show Me Your Camera

A few weeks ago I attended the annual Hart Square Festival, an absolutely wonderful event for those of us that are very interested in creating art based on history and historic preservation. While standing in queue waiting for opening time, I was discussing photography with one of the volunteers. We were discussing the things he liked to photograph, how his family was supporting his efforts and his plans to continue with photography in college.

Behind us, a couple of obvious photo buddies were loudly discussing the relative merits of their full frame DSLRs, their lenses, all the gear they were carrying and how they planned to employ every bit of it during the day's "shoot."

I noticed the young man looking over my shoulder at the photo buddies. I caught his attention and said to him, "Don't show me your camera, show me your photographs." He nodded and smiled. He is a kindred spirit, a person that knows the photograph matters more than the equipment which captured the image.

We all like good equipment. So, find and use the best equipment you can afford, but remember this; good equipment makes you better because it does a better job of showing your mistakes.

My project from 2017's Hart Square festival is [Hand Made.](#)



Along the Oregon Coast

(Sorry about the pretty picture.)

A Few Closing Words

A Wrinkle of Time

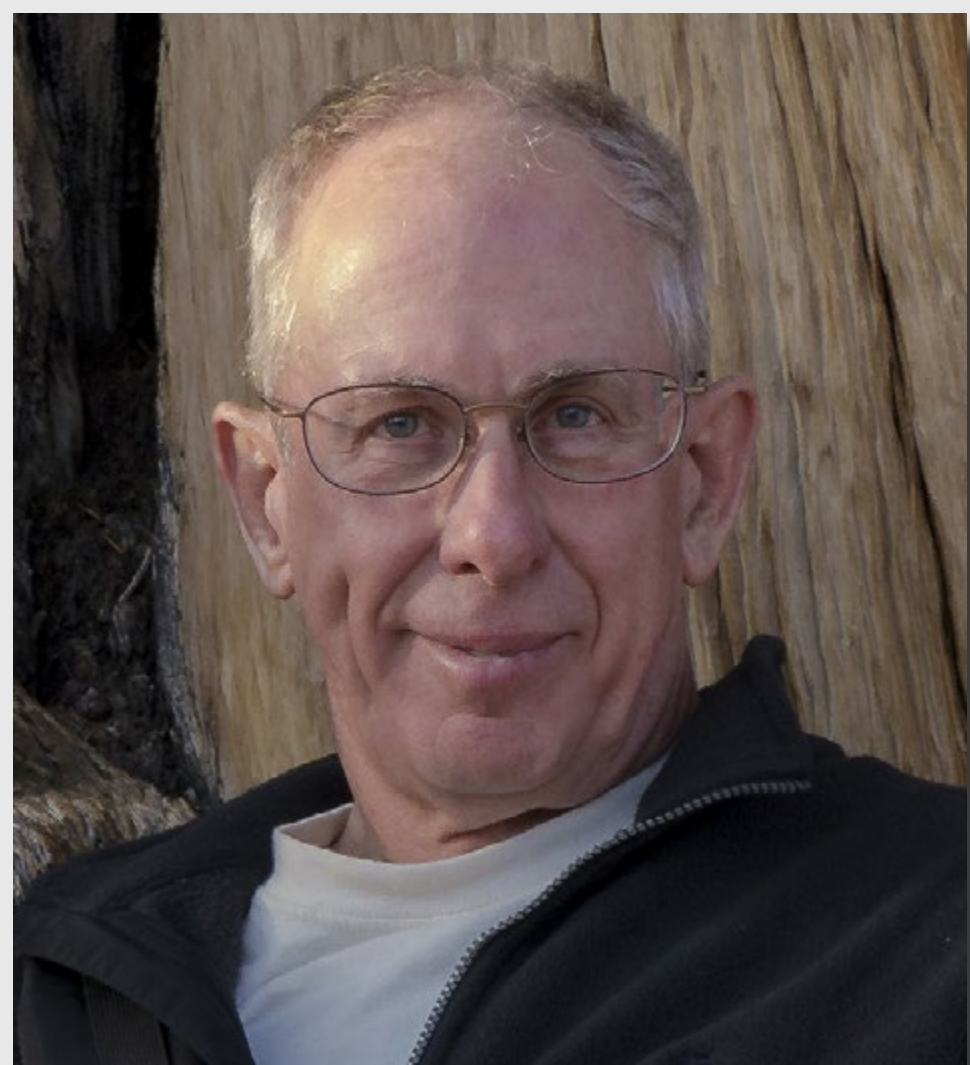
These Bristlecone Pines are in Patriarch Grove in the White Mountains of California. Being alone at 11,000 feet with these majestic, weathered trees was a great experience. It was one of those times when photography was accomplished in a reverent silence. I was brought back to the twenty first century when I posted a smartphone image to the family web site. This remote mountaintop location had “four bars” of cellular service. Remote, but not really roughing it.

Reflections on a First Love

The little VW bug was my first car. It was a 1963 model with some 1964 model bumpers and fenders. My Dad bought it for me (with my money of course) when I was still in college. It was both transportation and model while I was in graduate school. These are film negatives rephotographed and adjusted using Negative Lab Pro software.

Resistance is Futile

I’m supposed to be an artist and create art. It is getting tougher and tougher to make it past just creating a pretty picture. I guess you’ll just have to suffer through some eye candy from Photo Safari XXXVI from a few months ago. If you have suggestions on deep philosophical visual metaphors that you see in these images, please let me know. I could use some help.



Joe Lipka has shared his vision since he began photographing.

In the last thirty years, his photographs have appeared in over one hundred juried exhibitions, more than twenty solo exhibitions and have been printed in *LensWork*, *Black & White Photography* (UK) and F-Stop Magazines.

His website www.joelipkaphoto.com has continuously evolved since it was launched in 2004. His blog *Postcards from the Creative Journey*, published weekly since 2010, feature a photograph and a little bit of writing.

His newest blog, *The Daily Photograph*, is simply that. A new and interesting image posted every morning at 8:00 AM.

COLOPHON

The Lipka Journal, October, 2021

Joe Lipka

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Web site: www.joelipkaphoto.com

Blog: <http://blog.joelipkaphoto.com/>

Blog: https://joelipkaphoto.typepad.com/the_daily_photograph/

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