

There are only a few seconds in the day when you can capture a sunset picture like Monte Nagler's scene of Lake Michigan on the Leclenau Peninsula. The silhouette adds to the impact.



## Pictures come from heart

Did you know that all photographers speak a very powerful language that's understood by everyone, young and old, from all parts of the world? I'm referring to the language of the

world? I'm referring to the language of the photographic image.

To effectively communicate in this language, your photographs should reflect your innermost being and be representative of your feelings. The true lens of the camera is the mind and heart of the photographer, the lens that lets us all appreciate the beauty in the world around us.

The lens that looks at a sunset, or a flower or a child, and really gets "turned on," is not the lens in front of the camera. Rather, it's the lens inside of us.

WE ALL KNOW about grammar in the English language. We know where to put the comma or the period, just as with our cameras we know basically how to set the shutter speed and adjust the lens opening.

What is important is to do as the poet does: He is not so concerned as to where the comma goes as to the words flowing from his heart. The poet makes grammar a secondary thing, just as we have to make the mechanics of photography a secondary thing and concen-trate on the importance of becoming a poet with our cameras. with our cameras.

We can all learn to get proper exposure with our cameras. Now let's work on getting proper exposure with our photographic feelings.

THE LANGUAGE of the photograph can be very strong indeed. A photograph can bring out a person's raw emotions — can make someone happy, sad, even angry.

A photograph can stir people to action or just make us feel good. In short, a photograph and we as photographers have the ability to reach out and touch the raw nerves of human

emotions that often the spoken or written word cannot.

We have the ability to make visible what thers can only sense. This is an exciting con-

But we can only communicate effectively in the photograph language when we learn not to under expose our feelings. Remember it's not the brush of the artist that produces the painting — not the bow of the violinist that produces the music — nor the pen of the poet that writes the sonnets. Similarly, it is not the camera that produces the photograph — it is really you!

Put our "inside" lens to work for you and become a poet of the photographic language.

The writer is a West Bloomfield resident, area businessman and president of Greater Detroit Camera Club Council.

## Potato salad? 'Unforgettable,' said Daddy

"A la ghastly" is the most descriptive phrase regarding my earliest culinary efforts.

I learned to cook in the school of hard knocks, and the results nearly jolted discriminating diners off their kitchen chairs. I began cooking at the age of 12 and never read a cook book until I was 18.

The most encouraging participant in my novice meals was my father. Despite my mother's warnings that he could be brought to trial as an accessary before the fact if some future unsuspecting diner succumbed, Daddy continued to marvel and indulge.

"UNFORGETTABLE" best describes the look on everyone's face as they devoured the initial bite of my first potato salad.
"How long did you cook the potatoes?" Mom managed to ask, gagging at the mention of the word.

word.
"Cook the potatoes?" This truly amazed me.
"Who ever heard of cooking vegetables when you
make a salad?"

make a salad?"
Daddy smacked his lips but declined the remainder of the raw potatoes on his plate, saying one taste had satisfied his appetite.



## Jocelyn Krieger

A bing cherry salad was my next attempt. I set before my hungry family a magnificent molded salad submerged in what appeared to be a creamy, while sauce.

One spoonful and everyone, including myself, began coughing and choking.

"What on earth ..." sputtered my mother.
"What did you put in this?" She chugalugged her
water glass to remove all reminders of what she
had just tasted.
"The recipe said 'dressing' and I was supposed to
use sour cream," I explained. "Since we didn't have

a pint of sour cream, I used a pint of salad dressing."

Daddy devoured every mouthful and not until years later did he confide it was the most atrocious dish he ever had eaten.

EVENTUALLY, MY stupidity stupified many grocery store managers. I returned a box of spaghetti noodles and reprimanded the manager for selling stale noodles. Instead of soft, pliable noodles, he had sold me a box of stiff sticks.

A butcher sold me a "minute steak" which I cooked carefully, timing it with an egg timer. For good measure I allowed three minutes on each side and when the meat was still blood raw, I wrapped it up and returned it to the store.

"This is misrepresentation," I insisted. "You sold me this minute steak, and I cooked it more than a minute. I cooked it six minutes and it still isn't

done."

The butcher refunded my money and suggested a nice honest butcher nearer my apartment.

AN EASTER dinner marked the crowning gastronimic distaster in my parents' kitchen.

A group of naive relatives sat at the dining room table. My mother had prepared dinner and

A group of naive relatives sat at the dining room table. My mother had prepared dinner, and I suggested colored Easter eggs would make a lovely addition. Mom agreed and suggested I make them. Following like directions, I prepared the eggs. They read: "1. Carefully lower egg into colored boiling water. 2. Carefully lower eggs to drain." I did just that. Curiously, I watched the eager crowd reach for the eggs. A loud cry was heard from the dining room. As our guests cracked the eggs, I had egg on my face while they had raw eggs on their lap. It was my mother who shrieked the famous question. "How long did you cook those eggs?" "Cook them?" For years Morn had always told me the Easter Bunny brought those gorgeous cored eggs. Who ever heard of a rabbit that could cook?"

The writer is a Southfield resident, freelance writer, music teacher and actress in broadcast commercials.





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