



SILVER SPRING CAMERA CLUB - P.O. BOX 2375 - WHEATON, MD - 20902



# CABLE RELEASE

MAY 2001

Founded 1950

Volume 40, Number 9

## May Activities

- May 2 - Board Meeting
- May 3 - Slide Meeting  
Sligo Creek Com. Center
- May 10 - Digital Workshop
- May 12 - Field Trip  
⇒ Brookside Gardens ⇐
- May 17 - Print Meeting  
Silver Spring Library
- May 17 - Members Shooting Members Due
- May 24 - Slide Workshop Meeting
- May 26 - End of Year Competition
- June 14 - Year End Banquet

## May Slide Meeting

### Body of Work

The **Slide Body of Work** Competition requires four vertical slides. The competition is intended to encourage members to develop a collection of work that is comprehensive in nature and encompassing a broad range of skills. The work should depict an idea, a theme study or a personal quest done over a suitable length of time. Slides should be lettered **A through D**, left to right. There is no class distinction. One set of slides constitutes one entry and only one entry per member is allowed.

The judge for the Slide Body of Work will be Stan Klem. Stan earned his Masters Award entirely in slide competition and has hosted the Digital Workshop for the last four years.

## May Print Meeting

### Body of Work

The **Print Body of Work** Competition is designed along the same lines as the slide body of work except that entries may consist of three to five images. Monochrome and Color constitute separate competitions and there is no class distinction. Prints should be identified as **A through E**, left to right. One set of prints constitutes one entry and only one set is allowed per category, i.e., one for color and one for monochrome.

The judge for the print competition will be Rod Barr.

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[WWW.SSCCPhotography.org](http://WWW.SSCCPhotography.org)

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<b>Slide Meeting</b>	<b>Bill &amp; Suzy Boyle</b>	<b>301-933-4527</b>
<b>Print Meeting</b>	<b>Sharon Antonelli</b>	<b>301-933-4450</b>
<b>Exhibits</b>	<b>Sally Gagnè</b>	<b>301-588-2071</b>
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<b>Property</b>	<b>Joel Fassler</b>	<b>202-829-7899</b>

### Workshops, Etc.

<b>New Directions</b>	<b>Mike Stein</b>	<b>301-384-5427</b>
<b>Digital Imaging</b>	<b>Stan Klem</b>	<b>301-622-6640</b>
<b>Critique</b>	<b>Clarence Carvell</b>	<b>301-725-0234</b>
<b>Monochrome</b>	<b>Clarence Carvell</b>	<b>301-725-0234</b>

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#### **Membership Rates**

<b>Student</b> .....	<b>\$20.00</b>
<b>Individual</b> .....	<b>\$30.00</b>
<b>Family</b> .....	<b>\$50.00</b>

Submissions for the *Cable Release* should be directed to Editor, *Cable Release*, 7106 Pindell School Road, Fulton, MD, 20759, 301-725-0234. Submissions may be mailed on disc in MacIntosh word or PC Word Perfect format or E-mail to CCarvell@AOL.com or FAX to 301-776-3920. Photos may be sent as e-mail attachments or mailed as prints or slides.

**Deadline for the Summer issue is  
Jun. 15th**

## Editorial

Aside from a wrap-up issue in June, this will be your last *Cable Release* for 2000-2001. The first year has been fun and I look forward to next year with far more enthusiasm than I started with last fall.

If there were any problems it had mostly to do with getting the newsletter to those without E-mail. I also hadn't considered what would happen if I got sick or called away at press time (which accounts for this issue being late).

A few people have added to the enjoyment of being Editor and I truly appreciate their efforts. Bob Ralph for one has kept me supplied with some great material. Others that I called on for articles or information were quick to respond and Jim Rogers never failed to be on time with competition results. Marti and my secretary, Gerri, who were my proofreaders, were frequently challenged to find my many grammatical errors. If they missed any, you were all too kind not to mention them.

Thanks for your patience.

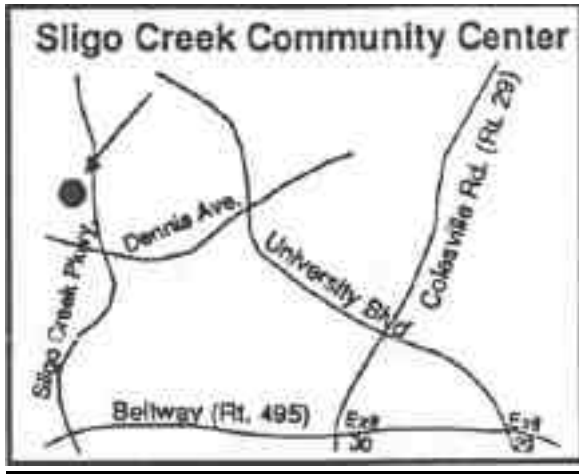
Clarence

**If May is coming,  
can November be far behind?  
Plan Ahead !**

**Think McCrillis**

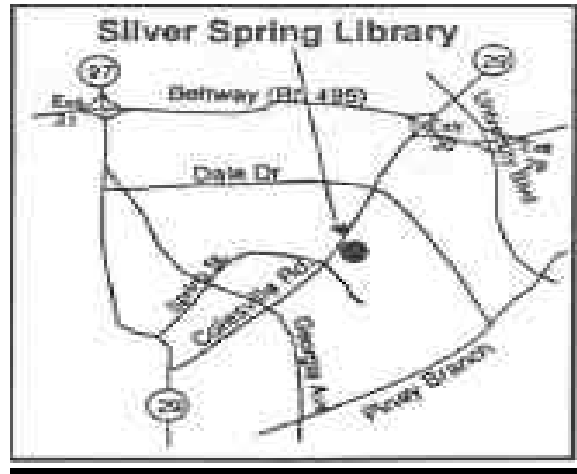
## Slide Meetings

1st Thursday of each month  
Meetings begin at 7:30



## Print Meetings

3rd Thursday of each month  
Meetings begin at 7:30



## Members



## Shooting

## Members

Turn in you favorite images of other club members, be it humorous, artful or otherwise. An award and the recognition of fellow club members will be your reward for that photograph that everyone else will wish they had made. All entries will be shown in a special presentation at the annual banquet.

Images will be collected at the May meetings.

# Field Trips

## In May

For May 12, we are planning a half day trip to Brookside Gardens in Wheaton Regional Park. By the first week in May the leaves are nearly filled out, the young geese are beginning to hatch and lots of flowers are in bloom. The live butterfly exhibit also begins today. (There is a small fee for this)

If the sun is out, Brookside is a great place for infra-red film. The combination of foliage, the atrium and the arbors will stimulate the imagination beyond compare.

If the weather is foul, the conservatories provide shelter and warmth and a plethora of opportunities for the creative mind.

The gardens are open from sunrise to sunset. The two conservatories open at 10 AM. Plan to meet about 9 AM in the lower parking lot. If the lot is full however, you will need to go back to the Visitor Center.

Directions: Located at 1800 Glenallen Ave, Wheaton, MD. Glenallen is about 1/2 mile east of Georgia Ave. on Randolph Rd. Go to the second entrance on Glenallen. The first entrance is the Visitor Center.

This Space Available

# A Face in the Mist

by Bob Ralph

**F**or five years I drove to work in Rockville from the Palisades neighborhood of Northwest D.C. I always had a camera beside me. My candid shots of two hurricanes, one three-alarm fire and four road accidents had appeared in the Washington Post and other local papers, and I had been meagerly compensated for their use.

It was Wednesday, August 11, 1982. The day was not starting out well.

Even the weather was a disaster. Morning broke tentatively, and ponderous gray clouds rolled in to drench upper Northwest D.C. with torrents of rain. A muffled tympany of distant rumbles, which had begun before first light, had matured into one of those rare morning thunderstorms which can surprise even the meteorologists. At 7:45 the street lights were rekindled, and the sky was alternately jet black and ablaze with the shimmering of sheet lightning.

Water pooled in great turbulent lakes across the full width of Cliff Terrace, where storm drains refused to swallow the outflow, instead regurgitating tangled masses of branches and leaves into the flooded roadway. The morning traffic was intolerable: an almost endless queue of idling cars with steamy windows and honking horns. It was not likely that I would be doing any photography that morning.

It took over an hour to get to Rockville, a distance I could cover in one-third the time on a normal day. I arrived at Qualgen Laboratories when the tempest was at its worst. Roadside trees thrashed about and battered each other in the fitful wind, which drove the rain with malevolence directly at my windshield. The almost constant lightning painted brilliant streaks across sooty clouds, while deafening crashes and roars echoed back and forth from the walls of the low brick building. The lights were out, and there was but one other car in the parking lot. That one belonged to the night guard.

For fifteen minutes I sat in the Honda and was pummeled by an unrelentless deluge. I wiped condensation from the windows and watched for even the least sign of activity at Qualgen. There were no lights and no movement.

I turned the car around and headed for home.

The Palisades neighborhood was in far worse condition than when I had departed two hours earlier. Great muddy rivers drained off the roadways and gurgled down the congested storm drains. Immense leafy tree limbs lay low across the sidewalks and roads, and power lines were draped everywhere. I rolled the window down a few inches and started snapping photos, wonderfully distorted by the droplets of water on my lens.

Now I had to maneuver with calculated vigilance among the downed branches and sparking wires. But rain still pelted the car, and the wipers could not work fast enough. The windows inside were dripping with condensation. I coasted to a stop near the wooded end of Cliff Terrace and reached up to wipe the windshield once more before attempting the acute turn into familiar territory. Then I imagined that I saw a face appearing through the mist, so I mopped furiously for a moment.

**I imagined that  
I saw a face  
appearing  
through the  
mist**

I drew back with a jolt as bushy jowls and dark eyes pressed against the wet windshield. It was Martin Miller, a nomad well known to the neighborhood. He slept among the trees in summer and on heating grates in Georgetown during the cold months. I cracked the side window a bit, and the rain streamed in. “What the hell are you doing out here, Martin? Get in the car, you idiot.” I reached across to unlock the passenger side, and the bedraggled Martin Miller clambered in with a sheepish smile. Water dripped from his ears and nose. The musty stench which accompanied him promptly pervaded the Honda.

**bushy jowls and  
dark eyes pressed  
against the wind-  
shield**

“That was sure nice of you. Yes, sir. Sure nice.” Martin’s dark hair was plastered down in large curls over his broad forehead, and droplets trickled from his sodden beard. His longsleeved, checkered flannel shirt, the one he wore year-round, was glued to his hairy chest, while his threadbare jeans, stained and tattered, adhered to his gangly legs. Pools of water collected at his feet and in his lap. He shivered and smiled again, lifting my camera high.

“You’re coming home with me, Martin. You’re going to dry off, and you’re going to get something to eat.”

“Yes, sir. I’d like that.” Martin held the camera to his eye and scanned the road ahead.

“I’ll show you how to work it when we’re dry,” I said, as I pulled into the driveway at 23 Cliff Terrace and splashed to a standstill in a muddy rut near the kitchen door. With a familiarity that escaped my notice, Martin hopped out over the puddles and staggered up the back stairs. I had no idea that he had been there many times before. I had no idea that he had spent many summer nights asleep and unnoticed under those wooden steps.

“Mr. Bob,” Martin started. “I sure appreciate this. I sure do. I’ll get dry, yes sir, and I’ll be on my way.” Martin stood amidst a growing puddle which reached out with amoeboid arms across the linoleum floor. He cradled my camera against his wet shirt.

I pointed down the wooden stairs to the basement. Lucky the power’s still on, I thought. “Take your stuff off in the bathroom down there, and give it all to me.” I led him down to the finished room at the base of the stairs. “Never mind. You can put the stuff in this dryer and press the button like this. See? Here, wash yourself up and wrap yourself with this towel

while the clothing is drying. And give me that camera.” I pulled a padded bench out of a corner toward the center of the room. “If you want, you can lie down on this while your things are in the machine. Why don’t you take a nap? I’ll be upstairs in the kitchen if you want something to eat later.”

Martin’s soaking wet clothing was already off. He wrapped himself with a towel and stuffed the musty armful into the dryer. He could hear me moving around in the kitchen. The door at the top of the stairs was closed.

I resurrected the coffee that had been standing in the glass carafe since the previous evening. I coaxed it almost to boiling over a full flame and mixed it half and half with hot milk. It was ten-thirty in the morning, but it was so dark outside that I had to have the lights on. Drops of water hammered hypnotically against the roof and the exposed west side of the house. The constant rat-tat-tat on the aluminum siding eventually succeeded in putting me to sleep. I cupped the steaming mug of coffee in my hands, but my consciousness waned and my head became ponderous. I pushed the coffee aside, dropped my head to the table and closed my eyes.

The relative silence awakened me with a start. I lifted my head and shook away the sleep. At first I stared blankly, and then I looked up at the window. The rain had stopped, the sky was brighter and most of the water had drained from the roadway. My mug of coffee had cooled to room temperature, and the house was quiet. The little clock on the stove said eleven forty-five.

My neck was stiff, and I felt a crease in my left cheek where for over an hour I had been lying on my hand. Little by little the closed door to the basement came into clear focus.

“Martin,” I spoke aloud, recalling what had happened earlier that morning. For a long moment I held my breath and craned my neck. First I listened to the silence. Then I stretched and yawned, reaching for the basement door and opening it widely. “Martin,” I bellowed, and I switched the light switch on and off.

The stillness was perplexing. He’s asleep. I started down the stairs. I’d better get him up. I began to feel more uneasy as I approached the bottom landing. I scanned the room.

There was a rumpled blanket, but no Martin.

*(continued on page 8)*

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## Nominations for 2001-2002

<b>President</b>	<b>Anne Lewis</b>
<b>Vice President</b>	<b>Jerry Fath</b>
<b>Treasurer</b>	<b>Bob Catlett</b>
<b>Secretary</b>	<b>Joyce Jones</b>
<b>Directors</b>	<b>Clarence Carvell</b>
	<b>Jim Rogers</b>
	<b>Bob Ralph</b>

Additional nominations will be accepted anytime up to the actual voting which will take place at the May Slide Meeting.

## Competition Rules Changes

### Effective September, 2001

1. Three slides will now be allowed in both Novice and Advanced Slide Competition.
2. Two entries will now be allowed in Body of Work, i.e., 2 sets of 4 slides (maximum of 8), 2 sets of prints( 3 to 5 prints per set) in each competition, i.e., color and mono-chrome.
3. "Untitled" will no longer be acceptable as a title on any work.
4. A combined competition for the Joyce Bayley Award will take place on the 1st Thursday of October. The Joyce Bayley Award will be presented to the Best of Show in the October competition as determined by the Judge.

## Make Your Plans Now!

Coming June 14th  
 Annual Club Banquet

## NECCC Flyers

You will find an ample supply of the NECCC folders/schedule/registration at the club meetings through May or use their website for convenient registration and hotel reservations. Judy and Gordie are back on the schedule.

## See Charlie Bowers Special Presentation on Tibet at the Awards Banquet



*Picturing Tibet © Charles Bowers*





## Pigment Inks and Color Printing

*by Max Strange*

The Epson 2000P archival printer should have been the answer to my dreams. In good conscience I could not have sold or even given away prints made with one of the fade-prone dye-based-ink printers! As a family historian, I retouch and reproduce photos well over 100 years old, and give these reprints to relatives with the hope that they will last for decades. The 2000P should have made this possible.

I've experimented with this printer for two months and found there are problems!

First, a grayscale image of a monochrome print is not neutral and requires warming to render it to my liking. Thus, every print uses some color ink as well as black. There is a pre-programmed sepia option built in the printer, but it is too brown for most prints.

Secondly, this printer requires that images previously stored in my files - monochrome as well as color - be re-balanced.

Thirdly, and by far the most aggravating to me, is that print color depends strongly on the type of illumination! Prints I make at night, which look great by incandescent light, appear green when viewed in daylight. You can't calibrate your monitor for this!

I've made many dozens of test prints and seem no closer to solving the third problem. It is worse with the Epson-recommended premium semi-gloss paper, which is the surface I prefer, than with matte paper. Am I being too fussy? I would like to hear about the experiences of other club members.

## **Annual Award Banquet**

**Calverton Sheraton/Holiday Inn  
Thursday, June 14th**

**Social begins at 6:30 – Meet and talk  
to the new officers of the club**

**Complete sit down dinner**

**“Journey to Tibet” by Charles Bowers**

**Door Prizes      Year End Awards**

**Len Tuchin Print of the Year**

**Photographer of the Year Awards**

**Star Awards**

**Service Award**

**Installation of New Officers**

**Contact Joyce Jones for Reservations**

## Exhibit Opportunity

Alicia Pfund sends us word that a four day gallery exhibit is open at George Mason University for anyone with images that fit the “peace and justice” theme. The exhibit is in conjunction with the Nat'l Conference on Peacemaking and Resolution, June 7-10. Contact Liza Diaz-Villarroel @ 202-518-1196

## Dues

**There's that word again. Fortunately the club is in much sounder fiscal condition than last year. To help keep it that way, pay your dues before the end of the club year.**

## *A Face in the Mist* (from page 5)

How could he have left without my hear...DAMN. Martin's shirt and pants, now dry, were draped over the makeshift bed. What the... I drew nearer to the cot, and then I thought for a second that I saw something familiar just beyond it. With my eyes bursting from their sockets and my heart hammering in my chest, I stared over the cot at the motionless form, clad only in underwear, sprawled face down on the basement floor, my camera in his hand.

I groaned some expletive as I twisted the limp, bearded face toward me. His eyes were wide open and lusterless, and his pupils were dilated. I searched for the pulse at each side of the neck. He's dead. He's freaking dead. I dropped the lifeless head with revulsion and fear, and I snatched my camera from his loose grasp. In an instant, a sickly pallor swept over me, and perspiration beaded on my forehead and upper lip. I slumped forward and retched again and again with dry heaves, and then I tried to push the body away. But it would not move. After two minutes that seemed like eternity, I slumped back against the wall for support, and there I sat to compose myself.

I wanted to understand what had happened.

I struggled to my feet and stared at what was left of Martin Miller. What happened? I felt around on the cot for clues.

The police. I've got to call the police. No, I've got to hide him. Bury him or something. Where? Where am I going to put him? How can I? What's this?

There was a cabinet next to the cot, and the cabinet door was ajar. It had been locked. The padlock had been broken off the hasp, which hung awry, with only one of its three screws still in place. I pulled a pair of rubber gloves over my sweaty hands, Then I swung the cabinet door open and stared inside. With a dusting of gleaming white powder around its base, a tiny cylindrical vial stood alone and open on the shelf. The powder was crystalline Nepenthine, a deadly poisonous alkaloid derived from the Malayan Pitcher Plant. It was the residual from my thesis project as a chemistry student years before.

Damn. He's poisoned himself. My heart was still racing, and I was dripping with sweat. I glanced once more at the pronated corpse, and then I smiled. The smile turned into a chuckle, and the chuckle into a hearty laugh. The stuff still works! It works just

fine! For over a decade, the one question I had asked myself time and again while turning that sealed bottle over and over in my hand had just been answered definitively and succinctly.

The Nepenthine was still active. In fact, it worked rather efficiently.

My head whipped back and forth, my cheek slipping over a puddle of drool on the kitchen table. A hand on my shoulder was rocking me to and fro.

"Mr. Bob, Mr. Bob." I was nose to nose with my old Nikon FTN. "Mr. Bob," Martin urged, "Can you show me how to use this now?" I lifted my head from the table, shaking the sleep out. I tried to focus on this scraggly soul, clad only in underwear and staring out the window through my camera.

"Sure, Martin. I'd love to



## Photo Ideas

May 5-6 Howard County Fairgrounds. Maryland Sheep and Wool Festival. This is the premier event of the country. Enthusiasts come here every year from all over the U.S. 410-531-3647

May 6 Bay Bridge walk. Walk one way & ride back. Small fee. 1-877-BAYSPAN

May 12-Jul 15 Live Butterfly Show. Brookside Gardens, 10 AM - 4 PM daily. Small Fee. 301-949-8230

May 19 - 20 Antique Vehicle Show - Chesapeake Beach. 410-257-3892.

May 19 - 20 Civil War Reenactment. New Market, Va. Battlefield Park.

May 19 - 20 Armed Forces Day. Open House at Andrews AFB. Air Show, aircraft display, precision jumping, 301-981-1110

May 23 Blue Angels Demonstration. Annapolis, MD. 1:15 - 3:15 PM.

May 26 - 27 French and Indian War Encampment. Fort Frederick State Park, Big Pool, MD 301-842-2155 Small Fee.



## India Trip

**Sharon Antonelli** is organizing a club Field Trip to India for the winter of 2002. It is planned to be nineteen days, arriving India Feb. 17 and returning Mar 8, 2002. One fixed price will include ground transportation, accommodations, most fees, guides and several meals. Sharon will provide you with a complete itinerary and any other information you may need. 301-933-4450, or e-mail [sharon\\_antonelli@hotmail.com](mailto:sharon_antonelli@hotmail.com).

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## End of Year Competition

Any work that has been entered in competition during the current club year is eligible for year end of you competition. You may enter up to five slides, five monochrome images and five color images. Compete for the prestigious **Len Tuchin Award**. All other top entries will receive awards and all entries will be presented in a slide show during the **Annual Banquet**.

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## Mentors List

The list of Mentors is being updated. If you are currently on the list but can no longer serve or if you are interested in becoming a mentor, please call Anne. This resource is one of the most valuable things the club has to offer and progress becomes obvious almost immediately. New members may contact a mentor through the newsletter editor. A revised list is published in the September issue.

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## Tidbits

1. Conscience is what hurts when everything else feels good.
2. Stupidity got us into this mess, why can't it get us out?

## McCrillis Call For Entries

Any member may submit up to five of their best images, either color or monochrome, of any subject matter, to be judged in an open competition, for exhibition at the McCrillis Gallery in November.

**Kathleen Ewing** will select 47 images that best represent the quality and creativity of the club members.

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**Mamiya C330** for sale. Erwin Siegel of Northern Va. club has a 330, 80mm & 55mm lenses, handles, filters and metal carrying case. The 330 is a medium format, twin lens camera. He purchased it new and claims it is in "mint" condition. 703-960-6726

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## May Digital Workshop

The May Digital Workshop will be a power session on Photoshop 6 by Clarence. This will be a chance to become familiar with some of the new layers, selection, color correction tools and type effects. Stan Klem, 301-622-6640

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## Burtonsville Shopping Center

If you happen to live in the Burtonsville area of Montgomery County, every Sunday morning a group of auto restoration enthusiasts gather in the parking lot in front of Dunkin Donuts for coffee and chatter. The automobiles are varied, spotless and very photogenic. They usually break up by about 9 AM however so be there early.

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## Figure Study Sessions

Usually the second Tuesday at Clarence's studio. 301-725-0234. You must have attended at least one evening workshop before signing up however.

## April Competition Results

### Slides (Combined)

**Judge: Garry Kriezman**  
**Topic: Open**

1P	Frank Toner	The Patch
2P	Larry Mars	Totem Pole
3P	Frank Toner	Empty Tables
HM	Mary McCoy	Spiderweb
HM	Betty Collins	Tithonia
HM	Sharon Antonelli	Reflections

### Prints

**Judge: Peter Garfield**  
**Topic: Open**

#### Monochrome (Combined)

1st	Max Strange	Nude & Wave
2nd	Max Strange	Girl at Window
3rd	Mary McCoy	Rain Dance
HM	Garry Kriezman	Birches

#### Color Prints (Combined)

1st	Mike Lux	A Snowy Emereal Bay
2nd	Garry Kriezman	Palm & Window
3rd	Mike Lux	Flower Coast
HM	Garry Kriezman	Red Door
HM	Gary Kriezman	Brookside Orange



*Join*

*PSA*