

## Logging-on to the technological revolution

Once again, the new century has dealt me a blow, and a difficult one to boot.

It involves 35 mm slides. In the past (August 2001), I could carry all my slides onto airplanes in carousels. I could board a plane, do my presentation, and catch the last flight home, without much hassle. However, this is no longer possible.

Since September 11, the rules of travel and slides have changed. The reality is that passengers are allowed fewer bags but are required to undergo more inspection. The latter point is a necessary change, but the first has created a major problem in my life. How do you get 16 carousels of slides aboard a plane? Today, you either remove the slides from the trays, load them into sleeves, reload them into carousels before your presentation, and slide them back into the sleeves for the trip home, where you then reload the carousels. Or you go digital.

Having grown up before PCs (in fact, before television), I am skeptical of anything photographic that does not involve silver halide crystals.

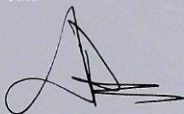
In short, I am a slide man.

I have always passed on static digital imaging, for in my opinion, I have never seen a digital image rival a good old 35 mm slide. However, I now understand that if I am to practice and give presenta-

tions, I must embrace another facet of the ever-advancing technological revolution.

So here I sit, staring at my computer, attempting to become an "expert" on image scanning. Unfortunately, what I've mastered is turning the computer on and off, and also, after having committed my thoughts to the hard drive, locating and opening the files—not scanning. In fact, the images of the surgical case slides I've scanned so far, as interpreted by this machine, resemble fuzzy red balls, not unlike seeing Mars through an old telescope. One thing about which I am most certain following my recent trials and errors is that the folks who designed PhotoShop were not surgeons.

The learning process will be just that—a process. And I know this carping of mine is silly, immature, and will not change anything, but it gave me something to do while I wait for the IT guy to return my call.



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