

# **Color Atlas and Synopsis of Clinical Ophthalmology -- Wills Eye Institute -- Glaucoma (Wills Eye Institute Atlas Series)**

*by*

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## Synopsis

Color Atlas And Synopsis Of Clinical Ophthalmology & Wills Eye Institute & Glaucoma is part of a series developed by Philadelphia's famed Wills Eye Institute. Like all other books in this collection, 2nd edition Glaucoma combines short, succinct text with hundreds of beautiful full-color illustrations. Written for students, residents, and practitioners in all healthcare professions, this new edition provides the most comprehensive, yet easily accessible single resource covering all the major aspects of glaucoma. More a field manual than an encyclopedic reference, this latest edition includes new chapters covering Surgical Management of Glaucoma, Schlemm's Canal Surgery in Adults, and Surgical Management of Pediatric Glaucomas. The chapter on Imaging Technology of the Optic Nerve and Nerve Fiber Layer is also completely revised and updated. This color atlas and synopsis is an excellent resource for all healthcare professionals when it comes to the diagnosis and management of glaucoma and the care of patients who suffer from this condition. FEATURES & New tonometric and anterior segment imaging technologies are incorporated & Companion website with fully searchable text and image bank

## Sort review

In his books *An Anthropologist on Mars* and *The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat*, Oliver Sacks details the lives of patients isolated by neurological disorders, shedding light on our common humanity and the ways in which we perceive the world around us. Now he looks at the effects of physical isolation in *The Island of the Colorblind*. On this journey, he carried with him the intellectual curiosity, kind understanding, and unique vision he has so consistently demonstrated. Drawn to the Micronesian island of Pingelap by reports of a community of people born totally colorblind, Dr. Sacks set up a clinic in a one-room dispensary. There he listened to patients describe their colorless world in terms rich with pattern and tone, luminance and shadow. Then, in Guam, he investigated a puzzling neurodegenerative paralysis, making housecalls amid crowing cockerels, cycad jungles, and the remains of a colonial culture. The experience affords Sacks an opportunity to elaborate on such personal passions as botany and history and to explore the meaning of islands, the dissemination of species, the birth of disease, and the nature of deep geologic time. From Publishers Weekly Neurologist Sacks, famed for his investigations of unusual medical conditions (*The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat*, etc.), went to Micronesia in 1993 to study firsthand two rare disorders: achromatopsia, or total congenital color blindness, which afflicts more than 5% of the population on the islands of Pingelap and Pohnpei; and Iyctico-bodig, a fatal, progressive neurodegenerative disease common in Guam, causing paralysis, dementia and catatonia. His total immersion in island life makes this luminous, beautifully written report a wondrous voyage of discovery. Most of those born color-blind never learn to read because they can't see the teacher's writing on the board;

they can't work outdoors in bright light, and are unable to see fine detail; yet many achromatopes, Sacks found, develop acute compensatory memory skills and curiosity and thus live in a world of heightened reality. On Guam he visited families tragically scarred by lytico-bodig, a disease blamed by some scientists on the natives' ingestion of cycad trees' toxic seeds; other researchers suspect that the cause can be traced to a virus, diet as a whole or genetics. With aplomb, Sacks wears many hats?cultural anthropologist, naturalist, explorer, ethnographer, neuroscientist?as he delves into the islands' volcanic origins, their archeological wonders (e.g., Pohnpei's megalithic ruins, remnants of a monumental civilization), their unique flora and fauna (nocturnal tree-climbing snakes, iridescent ferns, dwarf forests), their bloody colonial history under Spanish and German rule, their still active indigenous myths. As a travel writer, Sacks ranks with Paul Theroux and Bruce Chatwin. As an investigator of the mind's mysteries, he is in a class by himself. Illustrated with drawings, maps. 150,000 first printing; Literary Guild selection; Random House audio. Copyright 1996 Reed Business Information, Inc. From School Library Journal YA. Fans of Sacks's previous publications will be enchanted by the newest work of the famous neurologist. Written as a travelogue/medical adventure, the book is actually an account of two separate observational journeys. The first, to an island in Micronesia called Pingelap, was to observe a community with an extraordinary large number of the population suffering from an inherited colorblindness. The author offers a vivid description of this handicap: extreme sensitivity to light, less than one tenth of normal vision, and a lack of fixation of the eyes resulting in repeated "nystagmic jerks." The second voyage was to Guam to observe the sufferers of lytico-bodig. Victims can have progressive paralysis, Parkinson-like symptoms, or even dementia. The clear way in which the author portrays the human spirit coping with vast disabilities will appeal to YAs interested in medical and science oddities. From night fishing with achromatopes on Pingelap to playing catch with a "frozen" bodig sufferer on Guam, Sacks carries readers along on a wave of interest and opens a fascinating, little-known world. Students who are looking for science, medical, or travelogue literature?or just attention-grabbing reading? will be swept away by *The Island of the Colorblind*.?Carol DeAngelo, formerly at Fairfax County Public Library, VA Copyright 1997 Reed Business Information, Inc. From Library Journal In the remote Micronesian islands of Pingelap and Pohnpei, there are significant populations of colorblind individuals. Sacks, who has written numerous popular books about various neurological oddities (e.g., *An Anthropologist on Mars*, LJ 2/15/95), visited the islands to study how these people were integrated into the larger cultures. He also traveled to Guam, where he investigated an endemic neurodegenerative disease called lytico-bodig, and the nearby island of Rota to explore its exotic cycad species. As always, Sacks commands a vibrant literary style. His subjects, however, are rather less fascinating than usual, and the book's four segments do not mesh well. Sacks's many fans will want this book, but it is unlikely to win many new ones for him. On those grounds, larger public libraries will want it, but others can pass.-?Gregg Sapp, Univ. of Miami Lib., Coral Gables, Fla. Copyright 1997 Reed Business Information, Inc. From Booklist Sacks varies the recipe that pleased the myriad readers of *The Man Who Mistook His*

Wife for a Hat (1986), Awakenings (1990), and An Anthropologist on Mars (1995). To the investigation of strange neuropathies (amnesia, Tourette's syndrome, autism, etc.) that has been his stock, he now adds dollops of travel writing and botany in the two long essays of this book. Sacks had long wanted to investigate congenital color blindness; it occurs disproportionately on two Caroline Islands, Pingelap and Pohnpei. Sacks repaired to these dots in the Pacific accompanied by two other researchers, one a color-blind native of a Danish island where the condition also flourished. Reporting this journey, Sacks records the incidents of travel and the islands' geography and history as well as his discoveries about lifelong color blindness. Later, Sacks went to Guam to observe another insular abnormality, a degenerative condition that resembles either ALS (Lou Gehrig's disease), Alzheimer's, or parkinsonism and that plagues only ethnic islanders. As a pendant to his report on this malady, Sacks indulges his love of jungles in a rapturous description of Guam's tiny neighbor, Rota. The forest there is one of the few still dominated by cycads, an ancient, palmlike order whose poisonous seeds are implicated as a cofactor in the causation of Guam's mysterious illness. Despite some travel-writing commonplaces, this is another Sacks spellbinder. Ray Olson From Kirkus Reviews Sacks's fans are in for a treat: This is a magical medical mystery tour of South Sea islands that goes beyond the neurological lore to reveal the good doctor as historian, botanist, environmentalist, anthropologist, and, as always, caring human being. This is really two books. The first is an examination of natives of the Micronesian island of Pingelap, where a high percentage are born without color-sensing cells, or cones, in their retinas. Thus, they have no experience of color and also lack visual acuity; on the other hand, they have accommodated with increased sensitivity to texture. They are also acutely sensitive to light and squint in daylight, seeking the comfort of twilight or nightfall as their best times. Sacks is accompanied by an ophthalmologist and a Norwegian scientist who is also an "achromatope." History and politics explain how there can be such high prevalence of a rare genetic disease: With an island's population reduced by severe climatic catastrophes or by colonizers, a mutant gene can spread through the surviving inbred community. Guam is the site of the second neurological phenomenon--one that remains a mystery. Numbers of native Chamorros suffer from "lytico-bodig"--a kind of triple-threat neuropathology that can take the form of amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, various kinds of parkinsonism, or dementia. Here Sacks and his companionate physicians are revealed as marvelously empathic in their visits to afflicted families. There is more to the Guam story, however. The celebration of nature, the stories of Sacks's youth in England, his lifelong love of plants, and the fragility of the islands form a passionate subtheme. Military operation, and tourism with hotels and golf courses are the contemporary versions of the colonizer mentality that wrought havoc in the past. Yet scenes of surpassing beauty remain, and we have Sacks to thank for recording them along with the examples of indomitable will and adaption that humans can manifest. (10 drawings, 2 maps) (First printing of 150,000; Literary Guild alternate selection; author tour) -- Copyright ©1996, Kirkus Associates, LP. All rights reserved. Review "Magical . . . Sacks's fans are in for a treat." --Kirkus "An explorer of that most wonderous of islands, the

human brain," writes D.M. Thomas in The New York Times Book Review, "Oliver Sacks also loves the oceanic kind of islands." Both kinds figure movingly in this book--part travelogue, part autobiography, part medical mystery story--in which Sacks's journeys to a tiny Pacific atoll and the island of Guam become explorations of the time, and the complexities of being human."Sacks's total immersion in islands life makes this luminous, beautifully written report a wonderous voyage of discovery. As a travel writer, Sacks ranks with Paul Theroux and Bruce Chatwin. As an investigator of the mind's mysteries, he is in a class by himself."--Publishers Weekly

From the Trade Paperback edition. From the Publisher "With aplomb, Sacks wears many hats -- cultural anthropologist, naturalist, explorer, ethnographer, neuroscientist -- as he delves into the islands' volcanic origins, their archeological wonders, their unique flora and fauna, their bloody colonial history under Spanish and German rule, their still active indigenous myths. As a travel writer, Sacks ranks with Paul Theroux and Bruce Chatwin. As an investigator of the mind's mysteries, he is in a class by himself."-Publisher's Weekly

From the Inside Flap

has always been fascinated by islands--their remoteness, their mystery, above all the unique forms of life they harbor. For him, islands conjure up equally the romance of Melville and Stevenson, the adventure of Magellan and Cook, and the scientific wonder of Darwin and Wallace. Drawn to the tiny Pacific atoll of Pingelap by intriguing reports of an isolated community of islanders born totally color-blind, Sacks finds himself setting up a clinic in a one-room island dispensary, where he listens to these achromatopic islanders describe their colorless world in rich terms of pattern and tone, luminance and shadow. And on Guam, where he goes to investigate the puzzling neurodegenerative paralysis endemic there for a century, he becomes, for a brief time, an island neurologist, making house calls with his colleague John Steele, amid crowing cockerels, cycad jungles, and the remains of a colonial culture. The islands reawaken Sacks' lifelong passion for botany--in particular, for

About the Author

Oliver Sacks was born in London in 1933 and educated in London, Oxford, and California. He is a professor of neurology at the Albert Einstein College of Medicine, and the author of seven books, including *Awakenings*, *The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat*, and *An Anthropologist on Mars*. He lives on City Island in New York, where he swims and raises cycads and ferns.

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Islands have always fascinated me; perhaps they fascinate everyone. The first summer holiday I remember -- I was just three years old -- was a visit to the Isle of Wight. There are only fragments in memory -- the cliffs of many-colored sands, the wonder of the sea, which I was seeing for the first time: it's calmness, its gentle swell, its warmth, entranced me; its roughness, when the wind rose, terrified me. My father told me that he had won a race swimming round the Isle of Wight before I was born, and this made me think of him as a giant, a hero. Stories of islands, and seas, and ships and mariners entered my consciousness very early -- my mother would tell me about Captain Cook, about Magellan and Tasman and Dampier and Bougainville, and all the islands and peoples they had discovered, and she would point them out to me on the globe. Islands were special places, remote and mysterious, intensely attractive, yet frightening too. I remember being terrified by a children's encyclopedia with a picture of the great blind

statues of Easter Island looking out to sea, as I read that the Islanders had lost the power to sail away from the island and were totally cut off from the rest of humanity, doomed to die in utter isolation. I read about castaways, desert islands, prison islands, leper islands. I adored *The Lost World*, Conan Doyle's splendid yarn about an isolated South American plateau full of dinosaurs and Jurassic lifeforms -- in effect, an island marooned in time (I knew the book virtually by heart, and dreamed of growing up to be another Professor Challenger.) I was very impressionable and readily made other people's imaginings my own. H.G. Wells was particularly potent--all desert islands, for me, became his Aepyornis Island or, in a nightmare mode, the island of Dr. Moreau. Later, when I came to read Herman Melville and Robert Louis Stevenson, the real and the imaginary fused in my mind. Did the Marquesas actually exist? Were Omoo and Typee actual adventures? I felt this uncertainty most especially about the Galapagos, for long before I read Darwin, I knew of them as the "evilly enchanted" isles of Melville's *Encantadas*. Later still, factual and scientific accounts began to dominate my reading -- Darwin's *Voyage of the Beagle*, Wallace's *Malay Archipelago*, and my favorite, Humboldt's *Personal Narrative* (I loved especially his description of the six thousand year old dragon tree on Tenerife) -- and now the sense of the romantic, the mythical, the mysterious, became subordinated to the passion of scientific curiosity. For islands were, so to speak, experiments of nature, places blessed or cursed by geographic singularity to harbor unique forms of life -- the aye-eyes and pottos, the lorises and lemurs of Madagascar; the great tortoises of the Galapagos; the giant flightless birds of New Zealand -- all singular species or genera which had taken a separate evolutionary path in their isolated habitats. And I was strangely pleased by a phrase in one of Darwin's diaries, written after he had seen a kangaroo in Australia and found this so extraordinary and alien that he wondered if it did not represent a second creation. As a child I had visual migraines, where I would have not only the classical scintillations and alterations of the visual fields, but alterations in the sense of color too, which might weaken or entirely disappear for a few minutes. This experience frightened me, but tantalized me too, and made me wonder what it would be like to live in a completely colorless world, not just for a few minutes, but permanently. It was not until many years later that I got an answer, at least a partial answer in the form of a patient, Jonathan I., a painter who had suddenly become totally colorblind following a car accident (and perhaps a stroke). He had lost color vision not through any damage to his eyes, it seemed, but through damage to parts of the brain which "construct" the sensation of color. Indeed, he seemed to have lost the ability not only to see color, but to imagine or remember it, even to dream of it. Nevertheless, like an amnesiac, he in some way remained conscious of having lost color, after a lifetime of chromatic vision, and complained of his world feeling impoverished, grotesque, abnormal--his art, his food, even his wife looked "leaden" to him. Still, he could not assuage my curiosity on the allied, yet totally different, matter of what it might be like never to have seen color, never to have had the least sense of its primal quality, its place in the world. Ordinary colorblindness, arising from a defect in the retinal cells, is almost always partial, and some forms are very common: red-green colorblindness occurs to some degree in one in twenty men (it is

much rarer in women). But total congenital colorblindness, or achromatopsia, is surpassingly rare, affecting perhaps one person in thirty or forty thousand. What, I wondered, would the visual world be like for those born totally colorblind? Would they, perhaps, lacking any sense of something missing, have a world no less dense and vibrant than our own? Might they even have developed heightened perceptions of visual tone and texture and movement and depth, and live in a world in some ways more intense than our own, a world of heightened reality--one that we can only glimpse echoes of in the work of the great black-and-white photographers? Might they indeed see us as peculiar, distracted by trivial or irrelevant aspects of the visual world, and insufficiently sensitive to its real visual essence? I could only guess, as I had never met anyone born completely colorblind.[Read more](#)

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