Four days in London: MSc Residential

Ken Harris tells all from the second Residential of the MSc in Restorative and Aesthetic Dentistry

London’s iconic Tower Bridge

Wow, what was I drinking last night? Ah, I remember now, it’s the second MSc residential course, and I’m not in Kansas anymore. I’m in London, and the upcoming four days constitute one of the highlights of this MSc course. The venue nestles close within the shadow of the Tower of London, and just a rinse and spit from the iconic Tower Bridge.

Answers on a postcard

First question, first day; “why are we filling white teeth with silver fillings?” answers on all three sides of a postcard please. To the quixotic Professor Trevor Burke. Posterior composite theory from the good prof with practical skills demonstrated by his faithful sidekick, Sancho Panza, in the shape of the excellent Dr Louis Mckenzie; then it was our turn.

Using an entirely new battery of instruments and matrix retainers it was “Showtime” with a hands-on session where our composite work was critiqued by our colleagues, squeaky bum time, work was critiqued by our colleagues, (with the occasional large sirloin thrown in!). However, I still wonder if we have learned enough yet to placate the savage beast that is the “once in a generation phenomenon” known as Dr Martin Kelleher. Check your screen for the latest odds!!

A hugely enjoyable four days with top flight speakers and thought provoking discussions amongst colleagues, (with the occasional large sirloin thrown in!). However, I still wonder if we have learned enough yet to placate the savage beast that is the “once in a generation phenomenon” known as Dr Martin Kelleher. Check your screen for the latest odds!!

A horse, a horse!

I suspect not, and with the news that yet another disillusioned dental colleague (name deleted to protect your ears from the harsh clang of a name being dropped) is selling his practice, I’m thinking; maybe we should all be choosing the primrose path of dalliance rather than studying; maybe we should all be choosing the primrose path of dalliance rather than studying (are you listening GDC?). Maybe right now is the winter of our discontent; “a horse, a horse my practice for a horse!”

The final day began with a hands-on root canal session in the company of the irrepres- sible Dr Daniel Flynn and some extracted teeth. Despite a wide range of nickel titanium to play with it still seems the 3 most important tools remain Irrigation, Irrigation and irrigation. “Plus ça change”

Fatal flaws

The afternoon session introduced us to the wacky world of Research Methods. We listened first in bemused silence, progressing into unsettled mutterings and finally erupting hilariously into almost outright disbelief. It appears that almost all research is fatally flawed, especially the abstracts. I was mightily uplifted to see such disdain for once, as a normally placid profession rose up as one to express good-natured howls of derision. We stood against them, as proud clinicians, and sent them (the academics) homeward, to think again. Such a feeling of togetherness is rare in dentistry; altogether now … “Plus ça change”!

Standing room only

Richard III with the excellent Mark Rylance in the title role, what a piece of luck, but standing room only available, at the admittedly bargain price of just £5.00. However, after more than three hours of standing (its Shakespeare’s second longest play) I needed a very large steak and something red and chateau-bottled as a re- storative. A memorable evening was complete with a stroll home along the south bank of the Thames, through certain hill-deserted streets with the city stretched out against the darkening sky, like a patient etherised upon a table.

A fire alarm had us all outside at 3.00 AM appreciating Tower Bridge by moonlight, as well as a few other eye-opening sights. An ecstasy of fumbling then back to bed.

However, Aurora in her saffron robe soon gave way to Apollo in his flaming chariot, and I made my way snail-like to school, complete with shining morning face, to begin to school, complete with shining morning face, to begin. And I made my way snail-like to school, complete with shining morning face, to begin. All porcelained out, and be- coming the culture vulture I am, I decided to avail myself of some of the more hedonistic pleasures the big city had to offer, and with the proximity of Shakespeare’s Globe theatre it seemed churlish not to take advantage.

Standing room only

Richard III with the excellent Mark Rylance in the title role, what a piece of luck, but standing room only available, at the admittedly bargain price of just £5.00. However, after more than three hours of standing (its Shakespeare’s second longest play) I needed a very large steak and something red and chateau-bottled as a re- storative. A memorable evening was complete with a stroll home along the south bank of the Thames, through certain hill-deserted streets with the city stretched out against the darkening sky, like a patient etherised upon a table.

A fire alarm had us all outside at 3.00 AM appreciating Tower Bridge by moonlight, as well as a few other eye-opening sights. An ecstasy of fumbling then back to bed.

However, Aurora in her saffron robe soon gave way to Apollo in his flaming chariot, and I made my way snail-like to school, complete with shining morning face, to begin. And I made my way snail-like to school, complete with shining morning face, to begin. All porcelained out, and be- coming the culture vulture I am, I decided to avail myself of some of the more hedonistic pleasures the big city had to offer, and with the proximity of Shakespeare’s Globe theatre it seemed churlish not to take advantage.

Standing room only

Richard III with the excellent Mark Rylance in the title role, what a piece of luck, but standing room only available, at the admittedly bargain price of just £5.00. However, after more than three hours of standing (its Shakespeare’s second longest play) I needed a very large steak and something red and chateau-bottled as a re- storative. A memorable evening was complete with a stroll home along the south bank of the Thames, through certain hill-deserted streets with the city stretched out against the darkening sky, like a patient etherised upon a table.

A fire alarm had us all outside at 3.00 AM appreciating Tower Bridge by moonlight, as well as a few other eye-opening sights. An ecstasy of fumbling then back to bed.

However, Aurora in her saffron robe soon gave way to Apollo in his flaming chariot, and I made my way snail-like to school, complete with shining morning face, to begin. And I made my way snail-like to school, complete with shining morning face, to begin. All porcelained out, and be- coming the culture vulture I am, I decided to avail myself of some of the more hedonistic pleasures the big city had to offer, and with the proximity of Shakespeare’s Globe theatre it seemed churlish not to take advantage.

Standing room only

Richard III with the excellent Mark Rylance in the title role, what a piece of luck, but standing room only available, at the admittedly bargain price of just £5.00. However, after more than three hours of standing (its Shakespeare’s second longest play) I needed a very large steak and something red and chateau-bottled as a re- storative. A memorable evening was complete with a stroll home along the south bank of the Thames, through certain hill-deserted streets with the city stretched out against the darkening sky, like a patient etherised upon a table.

A fire alarm had us all outside at 3.00 AM appreciating Tower Bridge by moonlight, as well as a few other eye-opening sights. An ecstasy of fumbling then back to bed.

However, Aurora in her saffron robe soon gave way to Apollo in his flaming chariot, and I made my way snail-like to school, complete with shining morning face, to begin. And I made my way snail-like to school, complete with shining morning face, to begin. All porcelained out, and be- coming the culture vulture I am, I decided to avail myself of some of the more hedonistic pleasures the big city had to offer, and with the proximity of Shakespeare’s Globe theatre it seemed churlish not to take advantage.

Standing room only

Richard III with the excellent Mark Rylance in the title role, what a piece of luck, but standing room only available, at the admittedly bargain price of just £5.00. However, after more than three hours of standing (its Shakespeare’s second longest play) I needed a very large steak and something red and chateau-bottled as a re- storative. A memorable evening was complete with a stroll home along the south bank of the Thames, through certain hill-deserted streets with the city stretched out against the darkening sky, like a patient etherised upon a table.

A fire alarm had us all outside at 3.00 AM appreciating Tower Bridge by moonlight, as well as a few other eye-opening sights. An ecstasy of fumbling then back to bed.

However, Aurora in her saffron robe soon gave way to Apollo in his flaming chariot, and I made my way snail-like to school, complete with shining morning face, to begin. And I made my way snail-like to school, complete with shining morning face, to begin. All porcelained out, and be- coming the culture vulture I am, I decided to avail myself of some of the more hedonistic pleasures the big city had to offer, and with the proximity of Shakespeare’s Globe theatre it seemed churlish not to take advantage.

Standing room only

Richard III with the excellent Mark Rylance in the title role, what a piece of luck, but standing room only available, at the admittedly bargain price of just £5.00. However, after more than three hours of standing (its Shakespeare’s second longest play) I needed a very large steak and something red and chateau-bottled as a re- storative. A memorable evening was complete with a stroll home along the south bank of the Thames, through certain hill-deserted streets with the city stretched out against the darkening sky, like a patient etherised upon a table.

A fire alarm had us all outside at 3.00 AM appreciating Tower Bridge by moonlight, as well as a few other eye-opening sights. An ecstasy of fumbling then back to bed.

However, Aurora in her saffron robe soon gave way to Apollo in his flaming chariot, and I made my way snail-like to school, complete with shining morning face, to begin. And I made my way snail-like to school, complete with shining morning face, to begin. All porcelained out, and be- coming the culture vulture I am, I decided to avail myself of some of the more hedonistic pleasures the big city had to offer, and with the proximity of Shakespeare’s Globe theatre it seemed churlish not to take advantage.

Standing room only

Richard III with the excellent Mark Rylance in the title role, what a piece of luck, but standing room only available, at the admittedly bargain price of just £5.00. However, after more than three hours of standing (its Shakespeare’s second longest play) I needed a very large steak and something red and chateau-bottled as a re- storative. A memorable evening was complete with a stroll home along the south bank of the Thames, through certain hill-deserted streets with the city stretched out against the darkening sky, like a patient etherised upon a table.

A fire alarm had us all outside at 3.00 AM appreciating Tower Bridge by moonlight, as well as a few other eye-opening sights. An ecstasy of fumbling then back to bed.

However, Aurora in her saffron robe soon gave way to Apollo in his flaming chariot, and I made my way snail-like to school, complete with shining morning face, to begin. And I made my way snail-like to school, complete with shining morning face, to begin. All porcelained out, and be- coming the culture vulture I am, I decided to avail myself of some of the more hedonistic pleasures the big city had to offer, and with the proximity of Shakespeare’s Globe theatre it seemed churlish not to take advantage.

Standing room only

Richard III with the excellent Mark Rylance in the title role, what a piece of luck, but standing room only available, at the admittedly bargain price of just £5.00. However, after more than three hours of standing (its Shakespeare’s second longest play) I needed a very large steak and something red and chateau-bottled as a re- storative. A memorable evening was complete with a stroll home along the south bank of the Thames, through certain hill-deserted streets with the city stretched out against the darkening sky, like a patient etherised upon a table.