

The Last Byte

3-D TV? We Got 6-D TV!

Scott Davidson

■ **MY FRIEND GEORGE** rang the doorbell. I opened the door carefully.

"Remember, six feet away." I let him in, as I hid behind the door.

"No worries," George said. "That will be perfect." He rolled a large suitcase through the kitchen and to the living room. He opened the case and took out a big piece of equipment.

"Is that a camera?" I asked.

"Yep," George said, attaching components.

"When did you get interested in film?" I asked. George has done many strange things, but never this.

"This isn't just any movie camera, it is 3-D plus," he said.

"3-D?" I said. "You're usually ahead of the times." I just researched new television sets and 3-D wasn't mentioned at all. I know there are standards and hardware implementations to make 3-D filming faster, but do you think you can succeed where the industry failed?

George tightened the last connection and stood. "Tell me this: why did 3-D fail?"

I thought for a second. "Wearing glasses was a pain, and since our eyes are good at turning flat images to 3-D, the improvement in realism wasn't worth it."

"Right again. And the reason that we can do that is that our brains model what we see in 3-D. You can say that we have hardware assist also, just like the proposed cameras."

"What do you have?" I asked. "And what's the plus?"

"Our brains enhance our vision more than just by adding 3-D," George said. "Why are people married 50 years still attracted to each other? Our studies

show that it is because they see each other the way they were when they were young. Our brains edit what we see and transform it. This camera," he patted the hardware, "does that, by looking on social media for better images of what it sees."

"That's nuts," I said.

"Let me demonstrate." George pointed the camera at me. "Hmm, that shirt doesn't really go with those pants. Let's see if we can do better." He typed onto a keypad built into the camera. "Here we go." He plugged the camera into a high-definition multimedia interface (HDMI) port of my television and turned the TV on.

There I was, standing in my living room, wearing a red shirt and dark blue jeans. The image moved as I did. I had to admit it looked better than what I was really wearing.

"Nice," I said, "but still not a great picture of me."

"We can fix that also," George said. "Let me have it find a decent image of your face." He clicked a button. One minute passed. Two minutes. "That's odd," said George. "It usually doesn't take that long."

"Hey," I said. Finally, the camera displayed me—with my face as it was in college.

"Hah," said George. "See what I mean. This is exactly how you look to your wife."

"Humph. So, what are you going to do with the thing?" I asked him.

"The prospects are endless. Making actors younger. Campaign films. Films for people's websites. Once I get my patent cleared, it will sell like crazy."

"You'll never get a patent," I told him. "Prior art."

"What prior art?"

"Every image on every dating site in the world must have gone through something like this." ■

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