

From the front cover by Acting Editor Michael Clift

Well here we are again. If a week is a long time in politics two months is a dynasty in the affairs of the BSTS. We promised you a bumper number this month and we are having to break the promise for an accumulation of reasons which include some remaining commitments of Ian Wilson's. However most broken things can be repaired which in the present instance means postponement and you will need, meanwhile, to steel yourselves at having to have me once more shivering in the editorial chair. The more generous Members, which means the overwhelming majority, will express delight at this (whether they feel it or not) but I have a notion that one or two might be infuriated. I hope I hit the right note of humility when I say that the only pleasure I dare to take from the burden of this office is the sound of ungrateful teeth being gnashed.

Why, I hear you all asking, must we have this broad sheet again instead of the more usual quality tabloid? Well it is mainly because it continues to be a fairly quiet time, newswise, for the Shroud and notwithstanding my forecast in February of its imminent 'Resurrection' (a word which, by the way, has called forth howls of protest because it is religious and we mustn't have that) patience is the watchword. The Shroud is no hothouse plant to be forced into blossom but a slowly maturing fruit whose nourishment is commensurate with long ripening. Meanwhile the Rome Symposium awaits us with its own possible surprises and reassurances for our Autumn edition. MRC.