

Judgement Day for the Turin Shroud

by
Walter C. McCrone

Now you can read this account of Dr. McCrone's microanalytical research on this "Holy Relic of the Catholic Church."

In nearly 350 pages with 11 color plates and 68 figures, he covers the details of Shroud research since 1969. He emphasizes the work he did, contrasts it with the STURP approach, and details the reaction of the Catholic Church through his long correspondence with Father Peter Rinaldi in Turin.

Dr. McCrone's conclusion, in a nutshell, is that the "Shroud" is a beautiful painting. The image consists only of red ochre, vermilion, and collagen tempera applied by a talented artist in 1355. There is no blood on the "Shroud."

This just-completed book by Walter McCrone is available from Microscope Publications, the publishing arm of the McCrone Research Institute.

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Abort, Reentry, Ignore?

Once upon a midnight dreary, fingers cramped and vision bleary,
System manuals piled high and wasted paper on the floor,
Longing for the warmth of bed sheets, still I sat there doing spreadsheets.
Having reached the bottom line I took a floppy from the drawer,
I then invoked the SAVE command and waited for the disk to store,
Only this and nothing more.

Deep into the monitor peering, long I sat there wond'ring, fearing,
Doubting, while the disk kept churning, turning yet to churn some more.
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token.
"Save!" I said, "You cursed mother! Save my data from before!"
One thing did the phosphors answer, only this and nothing more,
Just, "Abort, Reentry, Ignore?"

Was this some occult illusion, some maniacal intrusion?
These were choices undesired, ones I'd never faced before.
Carefully I weighed the choices as disk made impish noises.
The cursor flashed, insistent, waiting, baiting me to type some more.
Clearly I must press a key, choosing one and nothing more.
From "Abort, Reentry, Ignore?"


With fingers pale and trembling, slowly toward the keyboard bending,
Longing for a happy ending, hoping all would be restored,
Praying for some guarantee, timidly, I pressed a key.
But on the screen there still persisted words appearing as before.
Ghastly grim they blinked and taunted, haunted, as my patience wore,
Saying "Abort, Reentry, Ignore?"

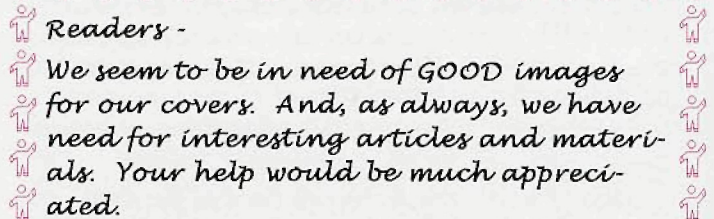
I tried to catch the chips off guard, and pressed again, but twice as hard.
I pleaded with the cursed machine: I begged and cried and then I swore.
Now in mighty desperation, trying random combinations,
Still there came the incantation, just as senseless as before.
Cursor blinking, angrily winking, blinking nonsense as before
Reading, "Abort, Reentry, Ignore?"


There I sat, distraught, exhausted, by my own machine accosted.
Getting up I turned away and paced across the office floor.
And then I saw a dreadful sight: a lightning bolt cut through the night.
A gasp of horror overtook me, shook me to my very core.
The lightning zapped my previous data, lost and gone forevermore.
Not even, "Abort, Reentry, Ignore?"

To this day I do not know the place to which lost data go.
What demonic nether world is wrought where lost data will be stored.
Beyond the reach of mortal souls, beyond the ether, into black holes?
But sure as there's C, Pascal, Lotus, Ashton-Tate and more,
You will be one day be left to wander, lost on some Plutonian shore,
Pleading, "Abort, Reentry, Ignore?"

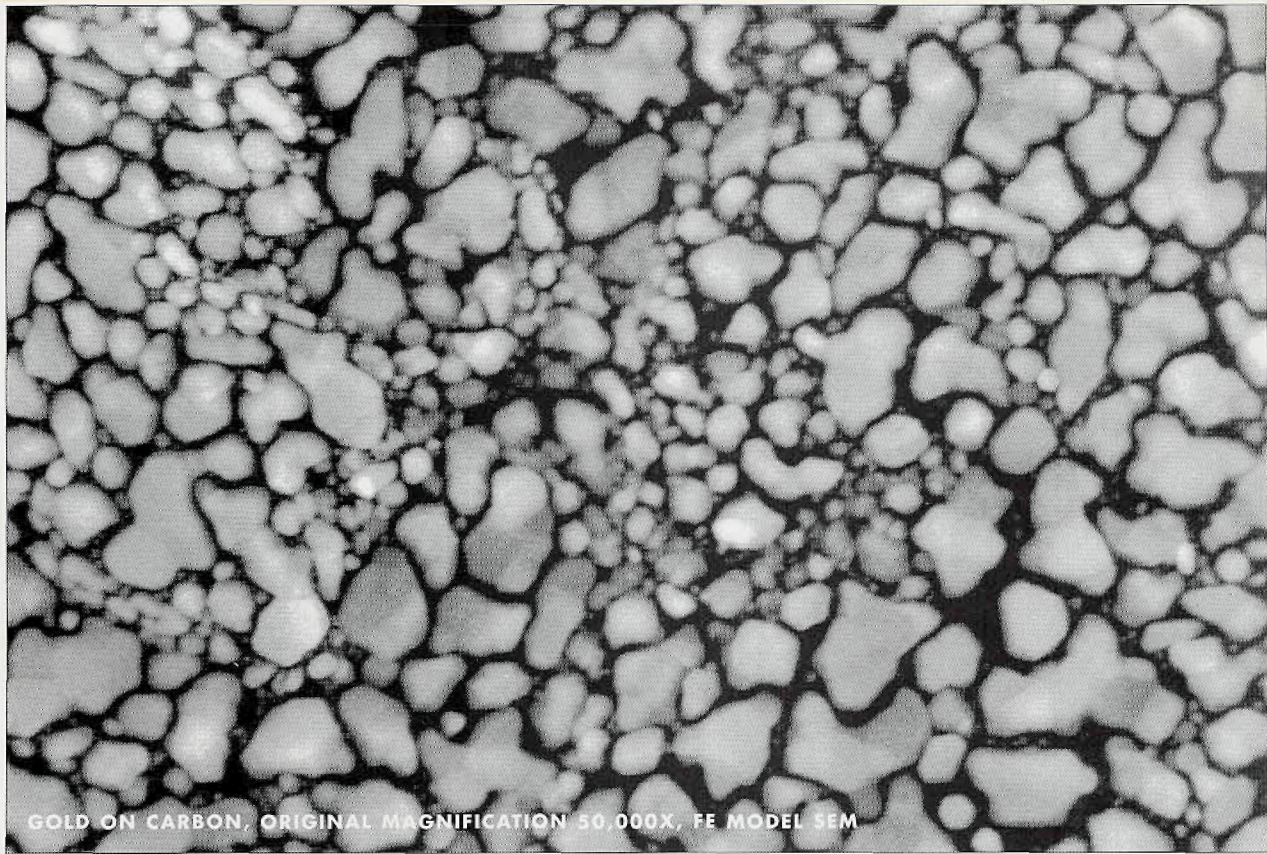
This poem, contributed to the Microscopy Listserv by Tobias Baskin, University of Missouri, is from an unknown author. We would like to know who he or she is and give proper credit.

 Readers -

 We seem to be in need of GOOD images for our covers. And, as always, we have need for interesting articles and materials. Your help would be much appreciated.

 - - - The Editor

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