Editorial

So, issue two of the new format lies before you. No Oscars yet, although we have received one unfavourable comment – but I never liked the guy anyway (and less so now), so we can discount his submission.

No psychologist could have estimated the devastating impact the transformation of this journal has had on the staff. There was an unprecedented attack on your Editor-in-Chief by an Ulsterbus just before publication of issue one (strangely, the phone number of the Ulsterbus headquarters was found on the BJOG side of this office, with a big tick next to it). Sue, our Managing Editor, took to Rome for a week to seek solace and spiritual regeneration (successfully by all accounts, although why Rome and not Ballymena? the Ulster bigot in me asks) and Clare, her deputy, has acquired a house in a village of two houses and a pub. We understand the future safety of the other house is in doubt…

When I wrote my last editorial we were in the thick of changing over to the new format (we thought) but things became unbelievably thicker as the deadline approached. Here and now I want officially to acknowledge in public and with thanks just how hard the team worked – you are fantastic. If you turn to the back page of this edition we have another circumspect review from the nib of Professor Drife, this time on photographs. The loss of authors’ photographs from this journal has been, for the major part, a service to humankind. The terrible thought that in a million years’ time the occupants of a spacecraft from planet X might pick up a copy of TOG and think that the photos were a fair representation of humankind in the twenty-first century is too frightening. James, your image beaming at us in every edition was the exception, but there can be no favouritism in these egalitarian times.

So what is in store this month? The fetus gets a fair amount of attention. The radiologists and obstetricians join forces in Whitby, Paley and Griffiths to inform us about MRI and the unborn (at least no pacemakers, tattoos and orthopaedic plates to worry about with them). Illanes, Abdel-Fattah and Soothill go in search of their version of the Holy Grail: evidence of fetal life in the mother’s blood stream. Fowler and Richmond have their own version in their sales pitch for urodynamics, whilst Foon, Elbiss and Moran take us through cystoscopy. I am sure that bladder topography has changed beyond all recognition since my day – is that why I haven’t done a cystoscopy for a long time? Anyway, isn’t it novel to find urogynaecologists writing about something that doesn’t involve a tape? Baxter also updates us on novel things to do with an endoscope, reviewing the latest methods of hysteroscopic sterilisation.

Janet Brockie expounds an alternative approach to the menopause involving neither HRT nor plastic surgery. Our more traditional readers might have expected Moses sandals and beetle juice. Not a bit of it: this is a masterly exposition on the myriad different approaches and deserves much thought and attention.

Alison Fiander reappears by popular demand to update her article on the rapidly developing field of HPV vaccination. Despite our rival journal’s (The Sun’s) views of this there are still many problems to be solved, but what a revolution it will be, eventually.

Finally, Alison Kirkpatrick, one of our overseas correspondents, reports a side of Indonesia the Fellows and Members of this College do not usually see when they moor their boats in Bali Harbour.

Enjoy…

Editor-in-Chief

Neil McClure