

intermittent vol.1 no.1



Nineteenth century purples spurious I

Not he whose unexperience'd eye
Kens not the woof of Sidon's dye,
Dup'd by the **spurious purple** hue
Aquinum's thirsty fleeces shew,
Foil'd in his finery, shall endure
A loss more touching, or more sure,
Than he who lacks the art to know
Substantial truth from specious shew.
The mind, in wealth too much elate,
With ten-fold sting arms adverse fate.
How keen the pang, if doom'd to part
With the frail bliss that charm'd your
heart!
Fly, fly Ambition's dangerous lure:
Beneath the lowly roof secure,
Each sun a store of blessings brings,
Unknown to Kings, and Mates of Kings.

LINES *Written in a Garden* at Islington (anonymous) from *Selected Poetry* in *The Gentleman's Magazine*: November 1810, Volume 80, Part 2

Nineteenth century purples spurious II

But all this gaudiness fades and dies away the moment of being compared with any thing better, as cloth dyed red may please, when not seen near purple. If it should also be compared with cloth of an inferior dye to purple, still would it be, as Ovid says, defaced by it in lustre, as a greater beauty is by a smaller. If then this corrupt eloquence should be put to the test, by comparing it with that which is good, it will be like a * spurious purple compared with the true. That which

* *Ut buccinis purpuram* : he calls *buccinum* the juice expressed from a sort of shell-fish, by which a colour is dyed like that of purple, but thinner, fainter, and paler.

But when anything more happily expressed than ordinary falls upon the ears of the illiterate, of whatever kind it be, provided that they themselves cannot hope to speak equally well, it gains their admiration, and not without reason, for even to speak just beyond the capacity of the uneducated is not easy. Such moderate excellence, however, fades and dies away when it is compared with anything better, as "wool dyed red pleases," says Ovid, "in the absence of purple, but if it is contrasted even with the purple of a common riding cloak, it will be thrown into the shade by the presence of something brighter than itself." 76. If, again, we apply the light of a keen judgment to such tasteless eloquence, as that of sulphur to inferior dye, it will immediately lose the false luster with which it had deceived the eye and grow pale with an indescribable deformity. Such eloquence will accordingly shine only in the absence of the sun, as certain small animals appear to be little fires in the darkness. In short, many admire what is bad, but none condemn what is good.

Scanned text and note to version of Quintilian's Institutes of the orator: in twelve books, Volume 2 — an edited version of all twelve books from the 1856 English translation of the Rev. John Selby Watson.

wellerversal alterities & invitations to cartoon reality

Max Pillong's co-author tag is pending your approval
Academia.edu (noreply@academia-mail.com) Add contact
To: Michael Weller (mjweller@talktalk.net);

19/02/2016 07:52

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Hi Michael,

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Computer-assisted quantification of motile and invasive capabilities of cancer cells

View Paper

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3World in 4Time

welcome to wellerverse

weller co-author

February 19, 2016

A prototype New Olympus Hospital has been built in 3World Zone Four (south).

MJ's invitation to co-author a neuroaesthetic clinic in this first Earth Corporation super hospital bodies well/er for new clinics in 4Time's thirty-four Planetary Society Regions.

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MICHAEL WELLER DISCUSSES THE ROLE OF TGF-BETA IN GLIOBLASTOMA

SPECIAL TOPIC OF SUBCUTANEOUS INTERVIEW, NOVEMBER 2015

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According to our Special Topics analysis of Glaucoma research over the past decade, the work of Prof. Dr. Michael Weller ranks at #1 by total papers and #2 by total cites, based on 138 papers cited a total of 7,148 times. Four of these papers appear among the top 20 papers over the past decade and over the past five years.

© Essential Science Information® from Thomson Reuters. Weller's work appears in the top 1% in the field of Clinical Medicine and Neuroscience & Behavior. He is the Chairman of the Department of Neurology at the University Hospital (Jura) in Solothurn.

BELOW, SCIENCEWATCH.COM CORRESPONDENT GARY 'GUBBS' TALKS WITH WELLER ABOUT HIS MOSTLY CITED WORK AS IT RELATES TO GLIOBLASTOMA

Q: What prompted you to take up glioblastoma research as a career?

A: One of the first things you do in medical school is that a really challenging disease on which to do research, and glioblastoma is certainly challenging. That's the simple answer. I always wanted to do something that was the intersection, something between neurosurgery, oncology, and psychiatry. But I also wanted something challenging and practical, which means wanting the really common problems to patients and problems that needs to be addressed. So with glioblastoma there was and still is an obvious medical need to improve treatment options, and I found that interesting area from a science practical view—how do you introduce new treatments into medical practice?

As you'll see, most of the highly cited papers in this field are clinical trials. They're not derived from rigorous work done in the laboratory, but from large cooperative studies where a lot of people have to contribute and only a way to get the credit at the end. That's what we get credit for, but then there's the laboratory research, where we're actually looking at single cells, sometimes animals.

In that work, what we want to know is what does the life of these cells? Why don't

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TALES FROM WELLERVERSE

Mike Weller began his commercial art career as comic book lettering artist for Mogul Studios with colleagues Sid Muddleton (1925-2016) and graphic novelist Nick Muir: make-believe characters in wellerverse.

As a former comic-book artist Mike hand-lettered TALES FROM WELLERVERSE (above).

Earth Corporation Systems operate Wellerverse. In a fiction EarthCo's Global Communications Network (News and Information) publish *Daily Chronicle* and *Croydon Reporter* (FREE with EarthCo/90z where sold).

wellerversal croydon reporter



Adding(combe)ton Road tram-stop

Sandilands is the stop character Mr Weller takes when travelling by tram Route from Addington Village to Beckenham Road. Passengers have often requested the driver slow down on this Addiscombe track near a tunnel. Locations Addiscombe and Addington are visual and word-association inspirations for Weller's fictional creation Addingcombe. Buses and trams are his imagined transport, the Somnambulance Special, from dreamtime reality Addingcombe to socially real Beckenham Road and back again to Weller's made-up Dedbrickton dreamtime reality.

Early Wednesday morning November 9th 2016, just before last votes confirming Donald Trump as United States' president-elect, the Duke of Hell struck this busy Croydon intersection by pathing the driver of the Addingcombe tram into dreamtime for a nanosecond, causing him to collapse on the accelerator -- increasing the vehicle's speed from its 12mph limit to 43mph -- derailing and overturning the public transport: throwing one of the tram's estimated sixty-eight passengers through a window, decapitating him, fatally killing five other men and a woman; and injuring fifty-one others -- eight seriously trapped between vehicle and track, two subsequently requiring amputations; with other passengers needing hospitalization for injuries both major and minor. Most of the human-beings on this tram were travelling to Croydon workplaces to begin their day's labour.

The Croydon Reporter says --

Dorota Rynkiewicz, a mother of thirty-five years lost her life. She was married with two small children and laid to rest in Poland. Mark Smith, also in his mid-thirties was killed, too. He had a baby son and was engaged to be married. Dean Chinnery was nineteen-years old when the young Crystal Palace football fan died. Another Palace fan Philip "Tank" Seary, fifty-seven year-old dad and grandfather was taken by the Divine Producer. Philip Logan was in his early fifties also. Donald Collett, grandfather-of-three; and Robert Huxley, dad and grandfather, were taken from the earth in their early sixties.

**It was just like a
normal journey,
then it was like
a terrifying film**

(Survivor quote from the *Croydon Reporter*, November 11 2016)

It is believed that the service was the 5.53am from New Addington with passengers in the second carriage believed to have been most seriously injured.

The investigation branch has released a statement revealing the tram was operating an "inbound" service from New Addington to Wimbledon via Croydon.

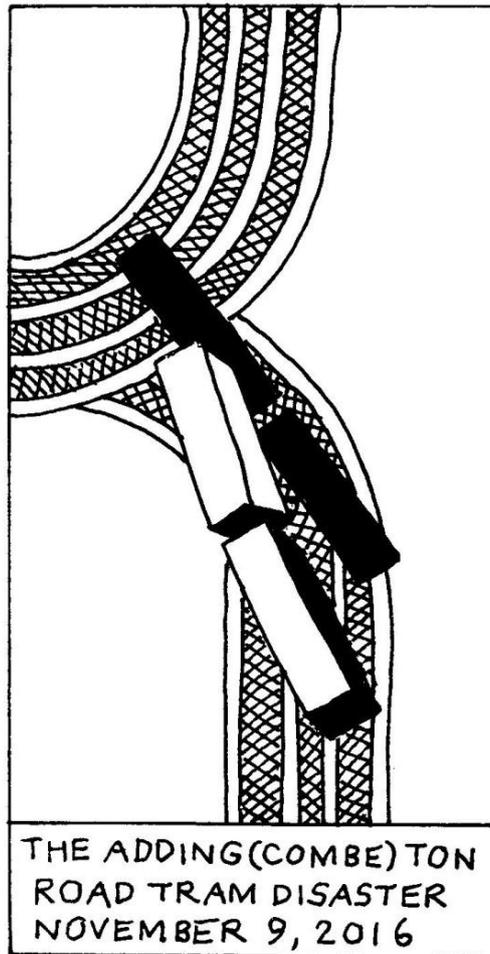
The statement reads: "Sandilands Junction is the point where inbound trams from the Beckenham Junction/Elmers End and New Addington routes converge, shortly before they arrive at Sandilands tram stop (to the east of Croydon town centre).

"Trams approaching from New Addington have to negotiate a sharp, left-hand curve with a speed limit of 20kph (12mph) before reaching the junction.

Derailment

"The derailment occurred on the curve and initial indications suggest that the tram was travelling at a significantly higher speed than is permitted.

"We are currently collecting evidence needed to identify factors relevant to the cause of the accident and its consequences."



A "folder full of Mick" assessment of Mike Weller's talents

MIKE WELLER'S WORK
PROSE: DULL
ART: VERY GOOD
POETRY: YERKIDDIN^g

A short story featuring Larry K, Gavin S, Will R, Stephen M, Mike W, RTA P and several cameo appearances

Contemporary Poetics Research Centre, Tuesday 23rd May 2017

An elderly man is trawling luggage as a woman accompanies him. They are walking towards Tottenham Court Road. The woman asks Mike Weller if he knows where Gordon Square is. A young female pedestrian overhears this inquiry. A minute later she provides the couple with directions using her smartphone. Mike checks his old paperback A-Z as Torrington Place demands a paused moment of geographic hesitancy. Finding Birkbeck's various units often have a foggy day in London town feel despite sunny spring evenings like May 23 2017.

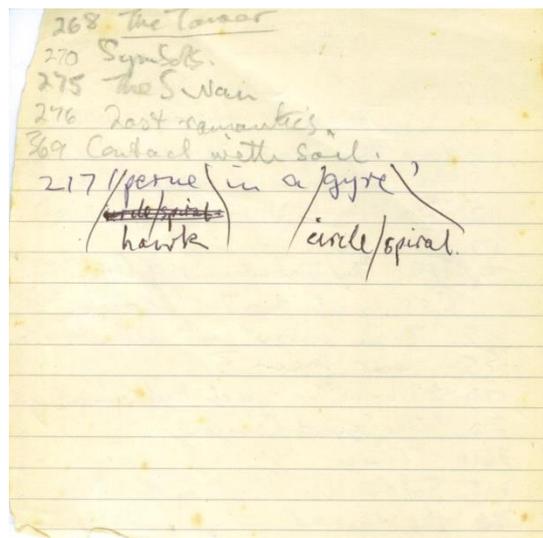
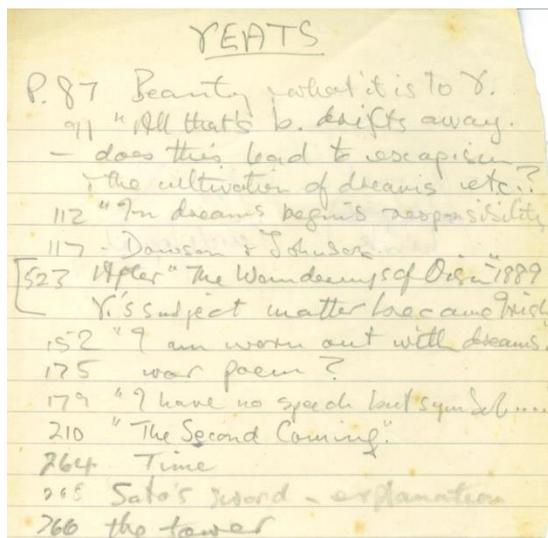
There was a comic moment ten minutes later when Weller caught up with the couple, informing Birkbeck's travelling companions he preferred the printed A to Z to phone apps. The man agreed with Mike. As they turned to walk the long way round Gordon Square, Mike asked them what number they required.

"Forty-three," the couple simultaneously replied.

"Yeats?" asks Mike.

"Yes, Larry's the speaker," says the man's female travelling companion.

"Wish I'd brought along Yeats' collected poems left me by Sybil May. Her pen and pencil notes," thought Mike.



“It’s easier at the next turning. Forty-three is roughly in the middle of the terrace,” says Weller.

“I thought you didn’t know where Gordon Square was?”

“I didn’t,” says Mike. “There are so many squares here. I’ve only just recognized this as Gordon Square. Next we have to find room three-one-seven in the building itself.”

Larry the speaker didn’t trust Weller’s judgement. He counts the terraces down.

“Forty-six, forty-five, forty-four. There we are, forty-three.”

“Now we have to find the room 317.”

“Well, it’s the third floor at least. Here’s a lift,” says Mike.

“Those numbers go that way. 317 must be this way.”

“It may be the up the stairs here. I remember this floor being a bit of a labyrinth, says Mike.

“No, it’s here, says Larry standing in front of a door by the stairs pointing. Look, it says 317 up there.”

Settled in Room 317 Larry Kearney then says very quietly, “I’m in a fog.”

Gavin Selerie has brought along his Yeats student edition from the very early ‘60s.

RTA quietly reads Samuel R Delany’s *Trouble on Titon*, sitting at a table amongst the small gathering, after he delivers printed copies of William Rowe’s *Collected Poems*.

William gifts Mike a copy of his *Collected Poems* which moves slowly toward 1992’s *Working the Signs* from 2016’s opening *Death Purge*.

RTA Parker’s Crater Press 41 sits comfortably with Sean Bonney’s and Frances Kruk’s *DIY Poemas Vallejo* (yt) gifted by Will a decade ago, and William’s *LVB Zurita* (Veer) translations purchased by Mike from Stephen Money couple years back.



book row—different shapes, sizes and colours: sitting on Michael Weller’s social housing accommodation unit shelf—alongside an Oxford Spanish-English English-Spanish dictionary.

The 1961

An LP entitled *The Two Sides of John Leyton* bought by schoolboy Michael Weller with money earned on a paper round inspired his notion of becoming both text and visual artist—two sides of Mike Weller, characters MJ and Mike.

Weller as fiction

When I was a boy, we had a garden. Mr Weller was eighty-five, and he came in every Wednesday and did things in the garden, and the roses grew, and the vegetable garden put forth vegetables, as if by magic. In the garden shed every kind of strange hoe and spade and trowel and dibber hung, and Mr Weller alone knew what they were good for. They were his tools. I get fascinated by tools.

The miracle of prose is this: it begins with the words.

(Neil Gaiman's speech transcript for 2013's the Fantastic in the Arts conference published as 'The Pornography of Genre, or the Genre of Pornography' – *The View from the Cheap Seats*, 2016)

Naming not shaman

I only ever choose a name for its sound and appearance, not its meaning.

(Howard Jacobson writing on making up fictional characters -- *Zoo Time*, 2012)

Lulu's print-on-demand and Amazon's CreateSpace printing are contemporary owners of today's means of literary production, distribution and exchange fictionalized by Weller as Earth Corporation Pride Publishing.

EarthCo's Pride Publishing's kobotic process encodes both written and drawn data. Data algorithms will change, if or when, "late" or advanced capitalism undergoes structural transformations.

Takes the biscuit

EarthCo's Team protest, insurrection & subversion work 4Time decoding data for transformative modes (sponsored by EarthCo biscuit confections).