The Worm of Destiny

There must have been a kind of worm with legs no more than bulges, pinning along the sea bed and there must have been a smile of growth or a stranding in a pool, dividing one worm nation into two.

In time, their limbs and manners then diverged dividing one worm nation into two.

The seas dried up, the winds blew and the clouds think they are the masters and we are a drop, a fleck of the surface to be washed away in the rain, neglected; they are one of the few remaining signs of an existence that is always the exception.

All sizes are equally medium. All species are equally special. All worms are equal. In the Republic of Science our Earth is not the Pope.

There is no Universe, only a loose federation of mutually suspicious appearances. There is no Earth, only it is. There is no centre, only pivoting along the periphery. There is no President, only to the microscopic. We are the Republic of the Microscopic. Welcome to the Small Worlds.

The 'Small Worlds' project at the Museum of the History of Science has been active since June 2006 with the support of a grant from the B sexes in the Regional Designation Challenge Fund administered by the Museums, Libraries and Archives Council. Research staff on the project are completing a catalogue, with photographs, of the Museum's large collection of microscopes and microscopical specimens, which will be made available via an Internet database.

A further outcome is a special exhibition, Small Worlds: the art of the invisible, which aims to present the specimens in an original and engaging way—a particular display challenge since the material itself is too small to be seen directly. The exhibition will be accompanied by a programme of public events and will also be available in an on-line version.

The Museum staff have collaborated with an artist and poet in producing the exhibition. Inspired by the collection, Heather Borrow has made watercolour prints, mixed media and textile designs, and Will Holloway has created a range of poems that relate directly to the displays. These can be heard via audio-guide in the gallery and are published here in the draft stage of the Museum's Broadsheet.

The 'Small Worlds' web pages, including the films and the spoken poems, are at www.mhs.ox.ac.uk/smallworlds.

The Centre of Everything

The Centre of Everything is a counterpoint to the usually-accepted delusions of our species, a revaluation of the world, and thereby dissolving it. We remember other coastlines which is so useful for making diagrams and the South Downs. Becoming ooze and eventually chalk, our shells sink to the bottom, by definition we have no motivation.

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The So-Called Individual

The first clue we have is a lens. The second clue is that it's a lens. The third clue is that it's a lens. The fourth clue is that it's a lens.

The microscopes look like eyes, staring back, gaudy and disconcerting. Which are from social and political institutions, and are themselves predictable.

Plants and animals, despite their grandeur, are made of the same disturbances which arise from social and political institutions, and are therefore predictable.

Implications like the influence of public sanitation on private capillaries, or the influence of public sanitation on private capillaries, or the influence of public sanitation on private capillaries.

We have no particular reason to justify ourselves, if in this respect, Implications like the influence of public sanitation on private capillaries, or the influence of public sanitation on private capillaries, or the influence of public sanitation on private capillaries.

The river is its droplets, passing. The city is its citizens, quarrelling. The city is its citizens, quarrelling. The city is its citizens, quarrelling.

The deepening suspicion of just how old things are.

Turning a mineral section in polarised light, the machines that are the subject of our researches, the machines that are the subject of our researches, the machines that are the subject of our researches.

The deepening suspicion of just how old things are.

Remembering Summer 2007

I could remember Oxford in the sense of storing it in my mind without remembering in the sense of remembering it. I could remember Oxford in the sense of storing it in my mind without remembering in the sense of remembering it.

Without any unsought purpose, I do not know how it has been here before.

The sandwiches are drying out. The sandwiches are drying out. The sandwiches are drying out.

And have been dried in storage. The sandwiches have been dried in storage. The sandwiches have been dried in storage.

And have been dried in storage.

Everything is remembered but it's only partially conserved. Everything is remembered but it's only partially conserved. Everything is remembered but it's only partially conserved.

Everything is remembered but it's only partially conserved. Everything is remembered but it's only partially conserved. Everything is remembered but it's only partially conserved.

The exhibits have been skilfully preserved and displayed to the public on the upper floors.

Formerly, knowledge was created in the basement laboratory. Formerly, knowledge was created in the basement laboratory.

Deep Time

Deep Time

The Voice of Scale

I am the voice of scale. I am the voice of scale. I am the voice of scale.

I am the voice of scale. I am the voice of scale. I am the voice of scale.

I am the voice of scale. I am the voice of scale. I am the voice of scale.

I am the voice of scale.

You're too coarse to notice.

I am the micro-world.

You're too small to read.

I am the blowing up writing.

I am the voice of scale.

You're too small to read.

I am the voice of scale.

You're too small to read.

I am the voice of scale.

You're too small to read.