Erratum to: Inge Grundke-Iqbal, Ph.D. (1937–2012): the Discoverer of the Abnormal Hyperphosphorylation of Tau in Alzheimer's Disease

Alejandra del Carmen Alonso · Ezzat ElAkkad · ChengXin Gong ·
Fei Liu · Toshihisa Tanaka · Takashi Kudo · Yositaka Tatebayashi ·
JinJing Pei · JiangZhi Wang · Sabiha Khatoon · Michael Flory ·
Bernardino Ghetti · Illana Gozes · Michal Novak · Maria Novak ·
Nikolaos K. Robakis · Mony de Leon · Mala Iqbal

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The original version of this article unfortunately contained mistakes in the poems contributed by Michael Flory and Sabiha Khatoon.

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A. Alonso (✉)
Biology Department, Center for Developmental Neurosciences,
College of Staten Island, The City University of New York, 2800
Victory Boulevard,
Staten Island, NY 10314, USA
e-mail: Alejandra.Alonso@csi.cuny.edu

E. ElAkkad · C. Gong · F. Liu · S. Khatoon · M. Flory
New York State Institute for Basic Research, Staten Island, NY,
USA

T. Tanaka · T. Kudo
Course of Internal Medicine, Division of Psychiatry, Osaka
University Graduate School of Medicine, Osaka, Japan

Y. Tatebayashi
Affective Disorders Research Team, Tokyo Metropolitan Institute
of Medical Science, Tokyo, Japan

J. Pei
Department of Neurobiology, Care Sciences and Society,
Alzheimer's Disease Research Center, Karolinska Institutet,
Stockholm, Sweden

J. Wang
Department of Pathophysiology, Key Laboratory of Neurological
Diseases of the Education Committee of China, Tongji Medical
College, Huazhong University of Science and Technology,
Wuhan, People's Republic of China

The correct presentation are as follows:

Sestina for Inge

September's chill arrived and we lost Inge
as the trees showed their first hints of orange.

B. Ghetti
Department of Pathology and Laboratory Medicine, Indiana
Alzheimer Disease Center, Indiana University School of Medicine,
635 Barnhill Drive, MS A138,
Indianapolis, IN 46202, USA

I. Gozes
Clinical Biochemistry, The Lily and Avraham Gildor Chair
for the Investigation of Growth Factors, Adams Super Center
for Brain Studies, Tel Aviv University, Tel Aviv, Israel

M. Novak · M. Novak
Institute of Neuroimmunology, Slovak Academy of Sciences,
Bratislava, Slovak Republic

N. K. Robakis
Department of Psychiatry, Neuroscience and Experimental
Therapeutics, First A.P. Slaner Professor for Alzheimer disease
research, Mount Sinai School of Medicine, New York University,
One Gustave Levy, Pl. Box 1229, New York, NY 10029, USA
e-mail: nikos.robakis@mssm.edu

M. de Leon
Department of Psychiatry, NYU School of Medicine, 145 East
32nd Street, 5th Floor,
New York, NY 10016, USA

M. Iqbal
Simon Parkes Art Conservation, New York, NY, USA

At such a time years seem like moments;
remembrances would counterbalance sorrow...
It doesn't work, and Inge's friendly
smile in memory just makes us thoughtful.

Now we gather in October. All are thoughtful,
remembering ordinary days with Inge,
the punctuation of a friendly
smile during a meeting, an orange
tree's light fragrance; there's no sorrow
save in the memory of such moments.

Uncountable, the pleasant moments
and other sad ones—we are thoughtful.
This is our meditation, in our sorrow.
We were with Inge, then without Inge.
An instant and the light turns, green to orange
and to red. We stop. Fate seems unfriendly.

But the solace of the memories is friendly,
a soft rain of remembered moments:
the still-green leaves upon the orange
tree, the faithful, thoughtful
contributions we came to expect from Inge...
The kindly eyes—no, this will not break sorrow.

The wounds are real, the loss, the sorrow.
I—we all, I'm sure—are grateful for the friendly
thoughts and memories of Inge.
But how shall we spend our moments?
For a moment we are silent, thoughtful.
We're here today. We think through pain,
look at the orange

tree, think of our work. The orange
tree is silent. Our hearts are filled with sorrow.
We are sober, silent, thoughtful,
we go on without the friendly

smile, but all the million moments
yet to come will be better because of what we keep of Inge.

We will work through our sorrow, and Inge's friendly
faithful help will live in us. In thoughtful moments
we will think of the orange tree and carry on. Farewell, Inge.

Michael Flory, Ph.D., M.P.H.

Inge and the Orange Tree

The soothing aroma, the sober glee,
A thoughtful mind with a soul so free,
From the chamber east, as we all see,
A friendly Inge and the faithful Orange tree:

Gone they are, never to return;
Waving them good-bye, the hearts still burn,
In moments, the fare-well eve would adjourn:
Come close by, as them we mourn!

Tears flow with no intention to stop,
It's okay, if on these lines, a few drop,
For a soft 'kerchief, we wouldn't shop:
The eyes, only their sweet memory may mop;

The violets of the yester years soon may bloom,
Filling, with whispering fragrance, the silent room,
As the spring comes on a pleasant boom,
Will fade away all the sorrow and the gloom;

Would you o canaries! care to chant again?
Thence, lessening the stress and this killing strain,
O solace-laden clouds! would you kindly rain?
To launder these wounds and this piercing pain.

—Sabiha Khattoon