The Data Cyclotron: Juggling data and queries for a data warehouse audience
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Acknowledgments

The conclusion of a PhD dissertation is the last step of a long journey. However, the departure, the first step of the next journey, is the one which makes you think how much you have changed and what was the lesson of the previous journey. During these seven years in Amsterdam I have learned that "it is all about the crowd".

In this summary, of my eternal gratitude to the "crowd", I will not name anyone, with the exception of one person. A person who was my brother, my friend, my enemy, my father, my matte, my supervisor, my boss, and also my slave. Mr. Martin Kersten, also known as the fellow, the lunatic man, or some time ago, the guy with a mustache. He has shown that a mustache is what distinguishes a crazy scientist from a kid full of dreams. However, to succeed you must learn that good is enough.

The DB team supported and protected me during the seven years I spent with him. A team composed by a great programmer and parttime "English dictionary"; the eagle eye; the SQL master with golden hands; the sailors, one on the ocean another on the cluster; the mafia people with a loud guy and a smart caveman, both commanded by the frappe girl. Bulgarian sweetness and an oriental touch were the ingredients for their balance often challenged by the "Vector ghetto", lead by the "Google geek" and the wellknown "You are wrong" superstar.

More people have left and entered the group over the years. To them a big thanks for telling me that more than getting a PhD, I should appreciate that I work at one of the best places in the Netherlands, CWI (Centrum Wiskunde & Informatica). The gadget boy from the Dacha, the Dacha Queen/Sergeant, and the cute blond girl who was always smiling, even on rainy days, were the ones that welcomed me to CWI. At the new wing of CWI, more people joined us and turned the group into a family. A family who succeeded in achieving an old dream of the Dacha’s Queen, barbecues at MK’s house.

Outside the office I never walked alone. Next to me was always someone from the famous Valkenierstraat, the amazing ISN (International Student Network), the Doos crowd, the glorious Amsterdam gang, dance floor queens and kings, random freaky
people, an old lady from the supermarket, *birds*, and the most important ones, the lovely *Mokummers*.

Valckenierstraat people and ISN introduced me to the international life. Many were the ones I met at the borrel or in the garden with five couches to watch world cup games. With them I had wonderful house parties, nights at ”Paradise, i.e., Paradiso”, or shopping at ”Free Market, i.e., Flea market”. They showed me the streets of Amsterdam where several times ”I was a loser, i.e., I was lost”.

Few years later I witnessed the rise of the *Amsterdam gang*, also known as *I love you all*. They always made sure that the most painful hangovers were worth it. From India to Portugal, from Greece to Brazil, from Bulgaria to USA, they showed me that my culture is not better or worse than other cultures, it is just different. With this in mind, they wrote the most beautiful pages in my *book of life*. From trips abroad to dozens of dinners, from barbecues to hundreds of nights out, from several bike falls to thousands of liters of beer, they made me feel special, even when a taxi ran over me. Yes, tulip of Coimbra was right, *I love you all*.

So those, including the sweet and lovely snoopy, are the ones who made my life abroad as simple and sweet as back home, i.e., Balugães, place where my lovely family lives. Lately, snoopy gave it a magic touch. For whatever sweetness, joy of cooking, willingness to help people, and care for my guests I might have, you should thank my mother. For whatever strength, ambition, precision, word of honor, and motivation I might have, you should thank my father. If you think the combination of both personalities is not possible, then you should meet my two sisters. To them an enormous *obrigado* and a thousand apologies for not being there and showing how much I love you.

Thank you Amsterdam, it was an honor.