Bose-Einstein condensation into non-equilibrium states

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what Metropolis really meant, where the centre of the Universe was and why it was there. It is to Peter’s credit that I can now navigate without a compass, and it is Dmitry’s fault that I no longer fall off a windsurfing board. They know the rest.

I know I will get into serious trouble for writing this, but when I think what Hinco Schoenmaker was to our lab all these years, the only image that comes to mind is that of a guardian angel. An angel, masquerading in heavy boots, a black overall, and on a mean-looking motorcycle. Admittedly it was as good a replacement as any for the wings.

The thought of Hinco naturally brings me to the magicians from Mechanical Workshop. Henk Neerings always kept our machine under his patronage and worked big and small miracles as a matter of routine. The same goes for Martijn Witlox, Jan van der Linden, Wim Barsingherhorn and Wim Brouwer who all made me suspect that “nominal” was actually a synonym for “state-of-the-art”. As for Iliya Cerjak and Dirk-Jan Spaanderman from Design Office, I can only say that sometimes I would walk in there just to picture how Olympus really looked.

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I know I did not name a lot of colleagues and friends whose help was invaluable through all these years. However, I am already on the third page of this chapter and hope you will forgive me for an utterly inadequate “You know who you are, and … thank you all!”

I don’t really know how to properly thank my beautiful wife Aksinia who agreed to marry a man in the last months of his PhD work. Trying white-water canoeing on a moonless night would take less courage. It was her love and support that enabled me to get where I am today.

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