Endemism in Sardinia: Evolution, ecology, and conservation in the butterfly Maniola nurag
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Now, that the shuffle of more than three years went so much faster than it appeared it was you who trusted me first believed in the spirit and that this plan could be reared gave me a place your time the space to grow and catch the butterfly before it flew out of sight

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VII
O man of wings, how does it come, that you always chose a meal so much worse than mine, in the streets of L.A. all asphalt and steel, or the Hawaiian paradise? While drinking some wine and catching no birds sometimes three words. And at the end of the day your inescapable graphs. We can see Clearly now, the rain is gone
Daniel Cleary.
VIII
Nobody I know
can cut starch-gels in an equally
elegant manner,
like the jam in my Viennese Sachertorte
your buffers between the layers,
and the stainings
the topping of whipped cream.
Really, how could I ever have
scored a single gene
without your gentle introduction
into the basics of biochemistry and
how to get DNA out of a butterfly's leg
that's as simple as cooking an egg
says Wil van Ginkel,
my mother in the laboratory
no other word for that story.

IX
You make
the museum
with its timeless corridors
and dusty gloom
have a face
be a place,
a livingroom,
a kitchen,
and an office
together,
for all kinds of weather
never hesitated to assist
would have guided me through mist,
always had a paperclip,
some advice for a trip
Anna Achkatova in your pocket
and your heart never locked
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Thank you for smiles,
books,
sometimes a chat,
and much more than that,
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Rob Moolenbeek
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XI
Spirals of colours
coiled in your drawers
full of DVDs, CDs and film,
whatever you will
see
in air, forest or harbour
Jan van Arkel
Photographs it sharper.

XII
A tick of the molecular clock
always made our discussions
work,
but I don't count that way,
nor do you,
and almost everything
is millions of grasshoppers' heartbeats ago,
Katja Peijnenburg
Patrick Meirmans
Peter Kuperus
Martijn Egas
Hans Breeuwer
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XIII
The right words
written in the right moment
without further comments.
Ronald Vonk?

XIII
You sing for birds, you sing for fish,
and ambitious scientists,
read my manuscripts many afternoons
while you could also have been
drawing moons,
Steven Weiss
Vasiliki Kati.

XV
Easy to hear, harder to see
that's what statistics were
for me
until you switched on your screens
to tell me
what it all means
Pim Arntzen
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Access to a -70° freezer
indispensable to let enzymes survive
when butterflies died,
was given by
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Dipartimento di Genetica
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and
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XIX
How many degrees is the angle
in which butterflies
hold their wings
on Corsican meadows?
How to photograph the smile of a moth?
And is this really what I thought?
Many things you taught
me.
Thank you for your enthusiasm for
the scaled beings with wings
David Jutzeler
Rob de Vos
Harry van Oorschot.

XX
Your Australian butterfly nets,
which came as an emergency package
across the sea,
when the basic equipment of
Lepidopterology
was stolen by i ladri,
captured (and released)
thousands of butterflies,
while you remained
invisible, in the shadow
of a grass, drinking a glas
of snow, and writing
about another island
than this,
Raoul Schrott.

XXI
Fascinating that one
can capture Maniola with a T-Shirt,
and send a post-card from China
addressed to an
Institute of Higher Butterfly Studies,
which actually arrives,
Hans Genser.

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‘De vlinderstichting’ was the birthplace of
my knowledge on butterflies,
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XXIV
O you have your indispensable share
in the making of this scientist.
And did not despair
crawling through shrubs and Rubus bushes
to catch only bugs, not even a hare.
One entire day of the three you were free
you dedicated to butter and fly
who else would that buy
but Qemal Mullaj.
(Faleminderit per gjith fluturat
qe me ke kap dhe
lsptsr
dhe per te keqen e henes tate)
two years.
You drove me to
trains, buses, airplanes, and ferries,
about 350 times a year.
You gave me books,
and sometimes a beer,
and the freedom to decide.

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*In memoriam* Heinz Pammesberger who
generously sponsored the printing and binding
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XXIX
Jo Oma, iatz is soweit, und’s diandl is enldich
gross wuan und fertig mitn studium, und des
kimb sica duach deine hoizknechtnocka, dass i
so guat nodenga ho kina.
Opa, nua du woast wia oile pflonzn hoassn.
My grandmother, the cook,
no need of a book,
my grandfather, the gardener,
who knows all plants’ scientific names.

XXX
The moth is a moth is a moth is a moth.
That’s not what you wrote.
How beautiful science and life can be
that’s what you showed me.
You gave me raspberries,
strawberries and cherries
of just the right colour and taste,
and made every allele number
find its place
before the summer.
_EN_ _dugong is een zoogdier_
_flying in a green light.
_León E._

XXXI
The green and white at the tops
of the mountains behind your back-yard
were the things you showed me first,
The sun, you said, is the law of all things,
if someone catches her wings,
he will forever have the brightest flowers.
You gave me your back,
your arms and neck,
the way I walk,
and the meadows of _Helleborus niger_ in the
forest,
my ancestors better known as ‘da Pfandl Opa’,
‘de Pfandl Oma’),
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