Preface

The succession of EuroProj meetings continues, but for how long? This was the succession of the meeting outside Barcelona, but instead of taking place in the early fall, which is the custom, it was scheduled for June. The location was Nordfjordeid, famous, or rather potentially famous in mathematical circles for being the birth-place of Sophus Lie. No one is a prophet in his own home-town, and the fates of Nordfjordeid and its great son soon diverged. It is not clear whether the inhabitants of that town ever realised in his time his international celebrity, in fact most likely not. To know about Lie you have to be either a mathematician or a physicist, and it is safe to assume that the town produced none since the fortuitous advent of Sophus Lie himself. At the sesquicentenial in 1992 of the birth of Lie, the mathematical department of Oslo contacted the town, which was delighted to find out that a famous man (of sorts) was connected to it. Contact being made, a committee set up, and a bust of the mathematican commissioned. Finally there was a ceremony, a banquet, and the bust was put in place outside the white wooden church overlooking the fiord. From then on the town has been very eager to accomodate mathematical meetings and conferences (hoping maybe to attract money to the small town, little knowing that mathematicians live like bums on tight budgets). The 'Folkhögskola' of the town was able to offer food and lodging at a very reasonable price, something which is hard to find in Scandinavia, so the choice of Nordfjordeid was natural for the organizers of EP95 at Oslo.

The organising committee consisted of Ellingsrud, Piene and Ranestad, with me as a kind of figure head. Of those Ellingsrud being stuck as the chairman at the mathdepartment did almost nothing, apart from giving moral support and pulling some strings with the adminstration; while Ranestad did essentially everything. He came up with the idea of arranging the bustrip up from Oslo with an overnight stay in the mountain hotel, he arranged the excursion to the famous glacier at Briksdalsbreen (a tourist trap if anything), and last but not least he headed many a hike up to the surrounding mountains. All the adminstrative chores of the meeting, the channeling of funds, the filling out of forms, the rearranging of money and fiddling with sources, all of that he took upon himself, as well as the daunting task of dealing with Bruxelles. At the end of the meeting he returned to Oslo, drove his family to Stavanger, and then collapsed for three days.

But at the meeting he did not collapse, and certainly not on the mountains. So what follows is indeed yet another blow by blow account of the meeting, with all kinds of irrelevant (and occasionally irreverent) details.

Göteborg

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