Whose pain? Childhood, trauma, imagination

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I have placed the third way in which many of you played a part in my academic undertaking at the end, because the encounters involved were more transpersonal than personal, though not less intense. I refer here to your dissertations. Reading them often gave me the moments of searing insight that are the motor of my intellectual life. Although your books brought me a pleasure that I mostly savored on my own in Kudelstaart, thanks to the interpersonal background my reading never resulted in loneliness.

Reading a dissertation as well as writing one can be – necessarily is – a very singular activity, and this singularity harbors the danger of solipsism. I am grateful, therefore, that my home outside of Amsterdam has a room with a view of a beautiful garden. My study in Kudelstaart is
an ideal place for concentration; it provides me with open surroundings, neither threatening, nor distracting. For many years, it served as my dark room. I hope the subsequent occupants of Bungehuis 501 forgive me my preference for that room of my own.

There are many people in between ASCA and my private world who should not go unmentioned. I regret I cannot be exhaustive. I think of the encouraging conversations with Heleen Pott, for example. The subtle way in which George Dimock weaved my Learning to Read into the web of an ASCA congress. The beautiful letter Birgit Hansen wrote me in reaction to a paper. The few, intense encounters with my colleague photographer Ruud de Brouwer (and his work), not to mention his help with making my photographs ready for print. I think of Onno van der Hart making time for my questions about dissociation and for the promotion committee. The profound talk I had with filmmaker Thom Verheul. The astonishingly rapidity with which my corrector Kate Delaney returned my texts in polished English. I think of how Margriet Zwarthoed’s attentive listening and didactic skills helped me to orally articulate difficult issues. I think as well of Kees Ostendorf who helped me to get injury time and of the tireless Els Voorham who took care of my house and cheered me up. And I think of designer Caro de Gijzel who decided to make the best of a far too small budget for a lay-out.

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