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.

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