Acknowledgments

One of the things that kept me going while writing this thesis was the promise that the book would one day be finished and that then the acknowledgments could be written, in which it would finally be possible to mention the 'team' that sustained me.

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Last October, I received the following e-mail: ‘Dear Yolande, we have just come back from the jungle (I am exaggerating) and we are now in Lima, so that I can finally give an extensive comment of your chapters. I will start with chapter one.’ What followed were a range of precise comments, typed in a café in Lima. This e-mail was from René Gabriëls, and it could not have come from anyone else. René has been supportive of my work from the very first time we met, and he has read versions of practically all my chapters. In the last stage of my writing, he meticulously read my first two chapters and I regret that I have not yet been able to process all of his critical comments. René’s e-mail was not only characteristic of the wonderful person he is, but also of the atmosphere among the editorial team of *Krisis*; *tijdschrift voor actuele filosofie*. I would like to thank the other members of the editorial team, with whom I shared numerous hours of debate and many new ideas: Hans Harbers, Noortje Marres, Ruth Benschop, Peter-Paul Verbeek, Frank Rebel, Niels Cornelissen, Maartje Schermer, René Boomkens, Tsjalling Swierstra, Ruth Sonderegger, and Irena Rosenthal. Odile Verhaar, a former member of the editorial team, read large parts of my work and commented very accurately and supportively. Ido de Haan, another former member, gave me some important reading advices about French-Jewish history.

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My parents have been very supportive over years of finishing subsequent master's theses, a theatre play, and then a Ph.D. When I suffered from RSI, my mother even typed my entire M.A.-thesis and also long quotes from Proust for the current study. Moreover, my parents' financial help has been substantial and together they deserve to be officially baptised the 'B.C.P. Jansen and Hiske Zijlstra's daughter's sponsoring Foundation'. My mother read the whole manuscript in one week just after I had finished it, and it made me really happy to feel that she was proud of me, even though our opinions do not always
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After I finished writing my chapters, they were not really finished. From my own file they were moved to two other files. First, after the folder called ‘Af’ [finished], they went to the folder ‘Afester’. Esther Peeren meticulously corrected my English from A to Z, sometimes rereading texts she had already seen as articles at least once, and she also checked all my translations from the French. She never forgot to correct anything, sometimes adding, at crucial moments, precisely the right small advices about content as well, and especially about how to keep relaxed in stressful moments. I really hope that academia is going to provide her the place she deserves.

Yet after the folder ‘Afester’ came the folder ‘Afhuub’. When the documents reached this folder, they were totally transformed, suddenly looking like real book pages with headers and footers, cartoons in the right places, and with all the references double-checked. I cannot say how grateful I am to Huub, my long-time beloved partner, for not having to do this all alone. All the credit for the lay-out and the index goes to him; all the remaining mistakes must be the result of my sometimes being too slow or unorganised. (A word of thanks should also be addressed to Fred Zurel from ‘F&N Eigen Beheer publishers’ in Amsterdam, who designed the cover in a way sensitive to my preferences, and who printed the book carefully).

Huub has appeared several times in these acknowledgments already, and this is because our lives are interwoven at all levels. Love, topics of interest, jobs, hobbies, help, people we like, we share all that. This may sound a bit odd and a little romantic, and indeed, we are not like sorb-apples. But we learnt to write together when we were editors of the student magazine in the philosophy department; we share a love of the same kinds of literature and music; an interest in critical political debate; a love of travelling, of Paris and Prague, of discussing our ideas during long walks in the Flevopark, the dunes and elsewhere. I am proud that Huub has asked me to take pictures while he
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