

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THIS BOOK CONTAINS traces of many lives, continents, and communities. Something of it stretches back to the experience of coming of age in Australia in the 1990s, as Indigenous land rights movements galvanized the public sphere and first drew me to questions of rights, time, and sovereignty. But it took shape very far from home, in contexts and worlds made, not given. And it took shape slowly. I am grateful to the diverse individuals and institutions who have nourished it in Australia, Europe, and the United States over many years.

At the University of Sydney, Chris Hilliard modeled the life of the mind and first told me about something called graduate school. His support was pivotal—both in my path to the United States and when I returned to Sydney as a postdoctoral fellow—and I cannot thank him enough. The same is true of Glenda Sluga, most generous of mentors across many years. I was almost improperly happy as a PhD student at Columbia. Reading European history with Mark Mazower was a formative and humbling experience: I am grateful for his wisdom, guidance, and gracious example, including an important late intervention in the book manuscript. I owe Sam Moyn and Susan Pedersen an incalculable amount—for all they have taught me and the myriad ways they have supported me. In conversation with Sam, the world of ideas acquires a plasticity and a power that remains endlessly inspiring for me. Susan's preternatural facility with historical argument serves as model and unattainable goal. I could not have begun this project at Columbia without Debbie Coen, who gave generously of her time and insight. Her work at the intersection of Central European history and the history of science illuminates so many paths for the rest of us. In my first semester at Columbia, I stumbled into a seminar on "epistemic order/social order" taught by Matthew Jones. It turned out to be the best class I ever took, anywhere, and one that reshaped my methodological horizons. I owe thanks also to Volker Berghahn, Janaki Bakhle, Vicky de Grazia, Sheldon Pollock, and the late Fritz Stern.

The profound happiness of those years owed just as much to a world of new friendships. Simon Taylor, Tom Meaney, Jude Webre, Justin Reynolds, Simon Stevens, Liz Marcus, Maria John, Brigid von Preussen, James Chappel, Isabel Gabel, Noah Rosenblum, Kristen Loveland, Mathew Lawrence, Arthur Asseraf, Tareq Baconi, Alex Bevilacqua, and Helen Pfeifer became treasured co-conspirators in New York and beyond. So much of the road was shared with Stephen Wertheim, and I am so grateful for it. Despite its inauspicious beginnings over a cheap cheese platter at the Columbia visiting day, my friendship with Seth Anziska has grown into one of the most meaningful experiences of my life. From our shared apartment on 112th Street to much more complex lives

beyond it, his existential companionship has warmed my life from the inside. Tehila Sasson, Emily Baughan, Ana Keilson, and Maja Spanu became and remain the most precious of friends. I am so lucky to have Sally Davies, soul sister, as an interlocutor in all the largest questions. As this book was going to press, we lost Philippa Hetherington, brilliant scholar, beloved friend, and irreplaceable companion along so many of these roads.

An Ernst Mach fellowship from the Österreichische Austauschdienst, and Oliver Rathkolb's gracious sponsorship, enabled a long research stay in Vienna, where Hans Peter Hye and Barbara Haider-Wilson helped me track down tricky sources and Dirk Rupnow provided social cheer and impeccable culinary guidance. Across many visits since, I am further indebted to Miloš Vec, Franz Fillafer, Johannes Feichtinger, Gerald Stourzh, and Philipp Ther. I owe particular thanks to Peter Becker, whose generosity, good temper, and insight has made our rewarding collaborations a pleasure. My dissertation research and writing were also supported by a fellowship from the Central European History Society, a yearlong traveling fellowship from the Columbia Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, a Jerrold Seigel Fellowship from the New York Consortium for Intellectual and Cultural History, and a write-up fellowship from the Doris G. Quinn Foundation. I was very lucky to move into a postdoctoral fellowship at Glenda Sluga's ARC Laureate Research Program in International History at the University of Sydney, which offered generous support for research and travel as well as much intellectual stimulation. I am grateful to the Australian Academy of the Humanities for a traveling fellowship, and to the Lauterpacht Centre for International Law at the University of Cambridge for the Brandon Research Fellowship that enabled a wonderful term at Cambridge: special thanks to Sarah Nouwen and Chris Clark. I learned a great amount at the Hurst Summer Institute in Legal History at the University of Wisconsin–Madison, expertly led by Mitra Sharafi, and at the Law and Humanities Junior Scholars Workshop at UCLA.

The Department of History at Princeton University has opened wide new horizons for intellectual growth and exploration. This is a much better book for what I have learned there, and I am grateful for the myriad ways the department has nurtured it. I am especially indebted to David Bell and Yair Mintzker for their warm support, sage advice, and thoughtful mentorship; and to Angela Creager. My thanks also to Jeremy Adelman, Michael Gordin, Dirk Hartog, Ekaterina Pravilova, Shel Garon, Margot Canaday, Ed Baring, Federico Marcon, Harold James, Gyan Prakash, Bill Jordan, Keith Wailoo, Helmut Reimitz, Janet Chen, and Judy Hanson. The friendship of Beth Lew-Williams, Casey Lew-Williams, Rosina Lozano, Peter Wirzbicki, Meg Rooney, Divya Cherian, Rob Karl, Iryna Vushko, Michael Blaakman, Barbara Nagel, Daniel Hoffman-Schwartz, and Sophie Gee has meant a great deal. Mike Laffan and Vanita Neelakanta have enabled and given so much, sharing their home and lighting a dark winter with some Pearl Bay sunshine: I

am so grateful for their friendship and care. The same is true of Anurag Sinha and Lupe Tuñón, who arrived just in time and saved the day. One of the great privileges of being at Princeton is the opportunity to work with such wonderful graduate students, including Disha Jani, Nick Barone, Austen Van Burns, and Anin Luo, among so many others.

This book began to grow into its current shape during a yearlong fellowship at the Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin, a slice of paradise stranded in the Grunewald woods. Truly uncanny luck, especially while working on this project, to have the chance to think and learn at close quarters with Barbara Stollberg-Rilinger, Christoph Möllers, Lorraine Daston, and Franco Moretti. Conversations with Dieter Grimm were a sparkling highlight. Katharina Wiedermann, Stephan Schlak, and Dunia Najjar offered such grace and good cheer, and Stefan Gellner and Anja Brockmann in the library provided valuable assistance. Daniel Schönplflug became an interlocutor unlike any I have had.

To Sebastian Conrad and Stefan-Ludwig Hoffmann I owe much professional support, in many contexts and phases of life, as well as intellectual inspiration and friendship. I thank them both with warmth. I am so glad to have Holly Case as a co-adventurer in the world of ideas, all the way from my dissertation defense, where she served as external committee member, to the philosophy of history reading group we share with Claudia Verhoeven that provided vital intellectual sustenance this past year. Stefanos Geroulanos has given of his mind and time with incomparable generosity since the day we met. His care, encouragement, and companionship in thought and life have often made all the difference. Stef: thank you. For their friendship, spark, and warm support, I am grateful to Camille Robcis, Thomas Dodman, Dan Edelstein, Maks del Mar, Malgosia Mazurek, Tara Zahra, Stephanie McCurry, Antonio Feros, Andrew Fitzmaurice, Liz Anker, Alison Frank Johnson, Madhav Khosla, Alanna O'Malley, Hussein Omar, Harshan Kumarasingham, and Henry Moynahan Rich. Thanks also to fellow travelers, collaborators, and colleagues Jamie Martin, David Armitage, Megan Donaldson, Gerry Simpson, Rohit De, Lisa Ford, Aimee Genell, Dominique Reill, Patricia Clavin, Nick Mulder, Isabel Hull, Massimiliano Tomba, Lasse Heerten, Helen Kinsella, Cristina Florea, Miranda Johnson, Rose Parfitt, Fleur Johns, Nehal Bhuta, Benedict Kingsbury, Dan Lee, Sophie Loy-Wilson, Rebecca Sheehan, Frances Clark, Georgios Giannakopoulos, and Nathaniel Berman.

I owe particular thanks to those who have engaged closely with this manuscript. The two peer reviewers for Princeton University Press, one of whom subsequently revealed herself as Lauren Benton, read the manuscript in such a generous and constructive spirit and suggested many insightful paths forward. That sort of collegiality is a real gift, and I owe it also to Pieter Judson, Martti Koskeniemi, and Judith Surkis, conscripts for a manuscript workshop generously funded by the department. They helped me re-meet the manuscript as

though from the outside, refracted through their knowledge from three very different fields: a powerful and energizing experience, and one that improved the book enormously. Sincere thanks to Pieter, Martti, and Judith for entering into the project with me in the way that they did. A writing group with Anurag Sinha and Justin Reynolds offered valuable advice and invaluable solidarity. A number of others read drafts and offered helpful comments: my thanks to David Bell, Michael Gordin (heroically, at short notice), Ekaterina Pravilova, Ed Baring, Yair Mintzker, Michael Blaakman, Peter Holquist, Peter Becker, Gábor Egry, Michael Waibel, Dirk Moses, Adil Haque, Hussein Omar, Katharina Schmidt, Austen Van Burns, Nick Barone, and most of all Stefanos Geroulanos, Sam Moyn, and Matthew Karp. You all taught me so much, even when and where I was not able to take up all your suggestions and ideas. For advice and guidance, I am also grateful to Balázs Trencsényi, Thomas Olechowski, Jeremy King, and Christian Neumeier.

I am indebted to many people for invitations to present this research, and the enlightening discussions that followed: David Armitage and Erez Manela; Lauren Benton; Sam Moyn; Antonio Feros; Nick Mulder and Cristina Florea; Chris Clark, Jean-Michel Johnston, and Celia Donert; Pieter Judson; Emily Greble and Iryna Vushko; Andrea Orzoff; Shruti Kapila; Robert Gerwath and William Mulligan; Alanna O'Malley and Anne-Isabelle Richard; Philippa Hetherington and Jan Rüger; Jana Osterkamp; Jannis Panagiotidis; Peter Becker; Franz Fillafer and Johannes Feichtinger; Chris Dietrich; Karolina Partya and Charis Marantzidou; Georgios Giannakopoulos; and Stefan-Ludwig Hoffmann. I would like to express special thanks to the particularly engaged audiences at the Penn Annenberg Seminar and the Cornell European History Colloquium, who gave me new energy and orientation when spirits were flagging.

At Princeton University Press, I owe profound thanks to Priya Nelson, dream editor, for her many-sided help, her understanding, and her savvy insight. Thanks also to Barbara Shi and Erin Davis, and to Tobiah Waldron for assistance with the index. It was a delight to work with Kate Blackmer, mapmaker extraordinaire. I likewise extend my thanks to Kristina Poznan for her research assistance with Hungarian sources.

Elly Carroll and Claire Nakazawa, oldest of friends, anchor me in ever-new ways. I am grateful to Dirk Moses for the support he offered over many years, especially while I finished my dissertation, and to John and Ingrid Moses. Jarrod Wheatley is one of the best people I know, and my brother to boot: I feel so lucky to be sharing this life with him. The same is true of Luisa Krein, who brings such light everywhere she goes, light now doubled in little Dia. The sprawling family they have built, including Karin Krein and Vincent Krein, makes life all the richer. Warren Percy contributes so much and so thoughtfully. I thank Freddi Karp for her spirit, her company, and her loving support. As I reach the end of a long road with this book, I think of my

grandfather, Colin Beevor Pryor, witness to the twentieth century, who died at age ninety-seven a few months before I submitted my dissertation, and who was always asking me if I was finished yet.

To Matthew Karp I am grateful in all the ways—and with unbridled joy.

This book is dedicated to my parents, Glenda Pryor and Robert Wheatley. I thank them for their life-shaping love and for the quietly remarkable childhood they gave my brother and me. They opened a wide, free path into the world, something neither of them had. And they showed us, by example, how to think expansively about all the forms love and family can take.