ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

This book, more than my previous ones, is laden with memories, emotions, and experiences that extend far beyond the parameters of my professional life. The research for this book led me to Algeria and the discovery of a country and a people far removed from my own history. And yet in many ways this book weaves together the threads of an adult life spent traveling between France and the United States questioning how education makes a difference, especially for girls. It is such a pleasure to acknowledge here how my encounters during these travels have enriched me and, I hope, the book that follows.

Several institutions have allowed me to pursue this project from article to book. The Université Marc Bloch kicked the adventure off by granting me a sabbatical in the spring of 2004. I have not forgotten that sorely needed respite from university politics. The history department at the University of Michigan welcomed me and provided the sort of intellectual community that explains why the project developed as it did. The Université Paris Descartes granted me a two-year research leave (a "délégation CNRS") that gave me time to write a book. I am immensely grateful to the CERLIS (Centre de recherche sur les liens sociaux), my research laboratory, and to its director, François de Singly, for believing that a historian is a congenial addition to a group of sociologists. This project has matured in the collegial atmosphere of the education department at Paris Descartes and benefited from the insights of colleagues and students from a wide range of disciplines. We may spend too much time filling out tables for five-year plans, but we also talk about each other's work, reminding ourselves in the process why we went into higher education.

Archivists throughout France and in England and Algeria have taken the time to answer my questions, find documents, and help me navigate unfamiliar archives. Particular thanks to Anne-Cécile Tizon-Germe and her staff at the departmental archives of the Loir-et-Cher in Blois. Their welcome and expertise during a very cold and snowy January of 2009 warmed my heart. Christophe Leblan at the departmental archives of the Oise sent me precious documents, Frédéric Gilly at the Centre des Archives d'Outre-Mer in Aix-en-Provence has

cheerfully responded to inquiries for years, Kate Perry at Girton College sent me documents from the Bodichon collection, Moya Carey at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London allowed me to handle embroideries from Madame Luce's workshop, and archivists in the Quai Branly welcomed me into their offices and allowed me to print out vibrant color images of their embroidery collection. François Debarre remains my favorite genealogist (and father-in-law), even if he only contributed a few birth certificates to this book, compared with the thousands he uncovered for my previous book.

My research took me to Algeria for my first experience of the Maghreb outside of books and archives. Like so many, I am in debt to Robert Parks and the Centre d'études maghrébines en Algérie for helping me get access to archives and for the ways the center promotes exchanges between North African, European, and American scholars. The community at the Glycines in Algiers offered the perfect living place for a single woman seeking to get a feel for the city and the archives. Bouzid Khelili helped me navigate the Bibliothèque nationale and its collections, Meriem Messaoud allowed me to roam the stacks of colonial newspapers at the Bibliothèque Frantz Fanon, and the archivists at the Wilaya archives of Algiers patiently pulled years and years of General Council reports off the shelves. Amel Soltani at the National Museum of Antiquities encouraged my interest in their collections, and the guardian in the Saint-Eugène cemetery has my eternal gratitude for showing me Henriette Benaben's tombstone. This first trip to Algiers will remain forever colored in my mind by these encounters, as well as by the experience of walking the streets with Louafi Abid searching for movie houses, of savoring a beer on the roof of the Glycines at sunset while talking about Algerian history with Deborah Harrold, and of admiring that breathtaking view over the city and the Mediterranean from the Bibliothèque Frantz Fanon, without forgetting the cats whose pictures I took at the entrance to the library.

My unexpected middle-aged encounter with things Algerian has unquestionably added a great deal to my life. In France, I will treasure the time Leïla Sebbar spent with me over tea at the Coupole. Her gracious curiosity and the intensity of her engagement with my project not only encouraged me, but also set off thoughts for future work. Eugénie Luce's descendants, the Crouzet family and especially Claude Crouzet, welcomed me into their homes; showed me furniture, lace, and jewelry that came from Algeria; lent me books and documents; and enthusiastically responded to my interest in their family. They regret, of course, that I am writing the book in English.

Colleagues throughout the world have, as always, made a huge difference, especially as this short project ended up taking years and years to complete. It is a bit embarrassing to admit the number of talks I have given about this subject (twenty-three, but who's counting?) since the first one in 2003 in Basel. I cannot help but think that Madame Luce would be amused to learn that people have heard me speak of her adventures from Strasbourg to Sydney, from Amsterdam to Algiers, from Paris to Purdue, from São Paulo to Saint-Denis. As a result, I have had the good fortune to get feedback, interesting questions, and inspiration from a great many people. While I cannot possibly name everyone, I thank in particular those who invited me to speak at seminars and conferences, as well as those who have shared their friendship, their knowledge, and their interest in women's history and education over food and wine: Claudia Opitz, who inaugurated my tour of four continents in Basel; my Strasbourg friends and colleagues: Nicolas Bourguinat, Arlette Bothorel, Céline Grasser, Irini Jacoberger, Nathalie Hillenweck, Roland Pfefferkorn, and André Rauch; my British community across the English Channel: Michèle Cohen, Joyce Goodman, Jane Martin, Gary McCulloch, and Ruth Watts; without forgetting the Irish contingent: Mary O'Dowd, Deirdre Raftery, and especially Phil Kilroy; my new Brazilian friends Angela Xavier de Brito, Paula Leonardi, and Maria Alzira Colombo; and Mineke van Essen, who shares my interest in teachers. My American friends and colleagues made more difference than they can imagine, welcoming me to their universities and into their homes or getting in touch with me when in Paris. Thank you to Jim Albisetti, Laird Boswell, Tom Broden, Linda Clark, Suzanne Desan, Sarah Farmer, Dena Goodman, Cathy Kudlick, Howard Lay, Karen Offen, Lou Roberts, and Bonnie Smith. Steven Kaplan responded enthusiastically to an early proposal about Madame Luce, and Whitney Walton was the first person to suggest that I might have the makings of a biography.

Like Madame Luce, I have spent most of my adult life in my adopted country, France. French scholars and friends have accompanied this project from the outset: the Cliotines, and especially Françoise Thébaud, Pascale Barthélémy, and Michelle Zancarini-Fournel; the broader community of gender scholars: Nicole Pellegrin, Béatrice Rollet, and another transplanted American, Laura Lee Downs; and of course my companions in the field of education, the members of the Service d'Histoire de l'éducation. It has been exciting over the past few years to interact with the community of scholars working on colonization or empire. My thanks to those who invited me to speak, asked useful questions, and steered me toward

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Some people deserve more specific thanks for the ways they have accompanied my intellectual travels in the new century. Some are old traveling companions, such as Sarah Curtis, who got her book about empire out before I did and who read big chunks of the manuscript. Or Susan Whitney, who introduced me to Ottawa, asked me tons of questions, and then read the entire manuscript when it was finally finished. Her six pages of comments pushed me to sharpen arguments, rethink the introduction, and get rid of my Gallicisms. Jean-Luc Pinol offered his time and expertise for two of the maps when he had many other things to do. Just like in our college days, Pat Howard Hudson read the introduction and chipped in her two cents. Mira Velimirovic would have read the introduction but opted instead for a more medically oriented stay in Paris; cousin Lisa Redburn told me she did not like my working title and she was right. Anne Epstein read the introduction and conclusion at a moment of self-doubt and gave me a response that allowed me to move on. The no-longer-anonymous readers for Stanford University Press, Julia Clancy-Smith and Whitney Walton, wrote just the sort of reader's reports one longs for: praise and only a few suggestions for revision. A bottle of Madiran was downed the evening their reports came in. Odile Goerg, Sheryl Kroen, Isabelle Laboulais, and Daniel Payot have listened to me endlessly on the topic of Madame Luce, helped me work out arguments, and read bits and pieces of the project as it developed. Their questions, their interest, and most especially their friendship have buoyed me during the eight years it took me to write this book. I have followed much of the advice given and appreciated the ways it has forced me to defend the ultimate decisions I have made. Above all, the collective response I received has bolstered me during these final months, which have not been a lot of fun. I can hear my family echoing this latter statement. Neither Olivier, nor Alice, nor Thomas has clamored to read the book in

progress, but the Luce family tree is thanks to Olivier, and I am sure they all secretly love Madame Luce. They have accepted patiently the way she has pushed her way into our family. She is at times a cumbersome presence, and I think we will all appreciate seeing her nicely contained within the covers of a book.

The staff at Stanford University Press deserves special thanks for responding so quickly to questions on all subjects and for moving the manuscript so expertly through the phases of production. I am immensely grateful to Norris Pope in particular for taking the risk of publishing the biography of an unknown woman.

If my "quick" book took so long, it is partly because life intervened when my parents died one after the other in 2005 and 2007. Saying goodbye and sorting through their legacy brought vividly home all they have given me: a curiosity about others; a love of France; a passion for books, reading, and writing; and a tendency to keep too many postcards. Their presence lies lightly on this entire project. My mother, Jacqueline Rogers, would have been puzzled by my interest in Algeria while approving of the biographical focus and urging me to reread Camus (which I have not). My father, Thomas Rogers, lived long enough to know I was working on a biography; I will never forget the delight he took in hearing me tell the story of Madame Luce's life. It is his voice I heard when I made writerly choices, relayed by my sister, Susan Fox Rogers, whose own authorial voice blossomed as life intervened for her as well. Writer, editor, kayaker, teacher, my sister read the entire manuscript as well as rewrites and made just the right comments. Family matters, I write when describing Madame Luce's life. Family matters. Indeed.