Floating Signifiers and Fluid Identities: Feminist and Other Queer Travels

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I suspect that I came into my feminism own in the mid-1980s, a time when the ideas of political awareness and activism were a part of our daily lives. Feminist and queer groups like the women's studies and the English Department at the University of Amsterdam. In other words, feminism was not just a political or social issue; it was a problem that needed to be addressed.

My grandmother, who had supported a husband, was the first woman in a family of five children to go to university. She was a doctor and a lawyer, and she was well beyond her retirement age when she died. I believe that the dream of the Happy Hamlet was never allowed to live longer than work. Her husband's death left her to continue their careers and act as primary caretakers for her family. My grandmother, who was widowed at an early age, was forced to make their own living and provide for their family. She worked as a secretary, but she never returned to the university.

The University of Amsterdam was a hub for leftist activism and political movements. The streets of Amsterdam were a meeting place for radical leftists, who came together to demand a solution to the problem of poverty and injustice. The streets were often blocked by protesters, and the police were called in to disperse the crowd.

I remember seeing the students in the streets, and I remember the anger and the determination. It was a time of tremendous energy and creativity. The students were fighting for their rights, and they were not afraid to make their voices heard. I was inspired by their courage and their dedication.

Of course, there were also many who were not interested in the political aspects of the movement. They were more interested in the English Department, which was a hub for literary and cultural studies.

I was a student at the University of Amsterdam, and I remember the excitement of the streets. The students were not just fighting for their rights; they were also fighting for their culture and their heritage.

I remember the sense of community and the sense of purpose. It was a time of hope and possibility. I was proud to be a part of it.