

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

This book originated out of a curiosity to determine whether the observations I had read in a great deal of feminist scholarship concerning men and their desires—observations made largely, although in no way exclusively, by women—were true. My curiosity turned to frustration when I realized that if I couldn't determine whether the observations were true about me, then there wasn't any hope for determining their veracity for men in general. I nevertheless continued interrogating situations in which I or others I knew (not all of whom, by the way, were men) did or did not evince the particular features deemed characteristic of masculinity. Thus was born a hypothesis of masculine hysteria, which, if it didn't yet have the clinical or theoretical backing, nevertheless had the particular advantage that it just felt right.

Fortunately for me, a great number of people were willing to put up with the hysteria. It is often the case that one's closest friends are not one's best readers. Emotional or affective proximity sometimes seems to oppose critical distance. My friends, however, have been only too happy to tell me when I don't make any sense; my students seemed to consider it their duty, and those in "Contemporary French Thought," "Constructions of Masculinity," and "Freud and Lacan" helped shape significant portions of this book.

Friends and colleagues at the University of Rochester in the Department of Modern Languages and Cultures and the Department of English, as well as in the interdepartmental programs in Visual and Cultural Studies and the Susan B. Anthony Institute collaborate in producing a lively intellectual climate, and a great deal of this book grew out of our discussions and debates. I am also indebted to specific people for their special help. In particular I thank Sue Gustafson, Cilas Kemed-

jio, Trevor Hope, Joel Morales, Noreen Javornik, Tim Walters, Kien Ket Lim, Michael Holly, Douglas Crimp, Claudia Schaefer, Darby English, Eva Geulen, Babacar Camara, Beth Newman, Kathleen Parthé, and Mohammed Bamyeh (who did me the added favor of making me realize I needed a much bigger house). To Pat Gill, who is sometimes me, there is no need to express thanks, because she'll finish this sentence for me anyway. Randall Halle valiantly defended my defense of the phallus, and John Michael let me get away with nothing, which requires more energy than anyone should have to expend. Thanks also to Richard Estell, who showed me that you actually can learn how to see, and to Sharon Willis, who over the years has done me the tremendous favor of reading me especially well. I thank Rajani Sudan for her theoretical insights, and also and especially for asking difficult questions totally in the dark. I thank Jeff Hilyard for still hearing the saxophone music after so many years.