

Acknowledgments

This book has been a long time coming. The essays collected here span almost four decades. Since each of the essays included acknowledgments when they were published, the comments here address those who helped in the preparation of this collection, and the individuals and institutions that have had an enduring impact on my life and work.

As a reviewer recently noted, I have had an atypical career. For much of my working life I was part of the itinerant academic labor force, or what Richard Walker (Geography Department, University of California, Berkeley), calls the “lumpen professoriat.” While marginality is commonly romanticized, I am acutely aware of its challenges. I have been sustained by a network of exceptional friends and colleagues, a series of informal study groups, and some of the more anomalous institutions of academia. This book is a joyous occasion to express my gratitude and appreciation.

I have been immensely privileged to have been educated and inspired by many brilliant thinkers and scrupulous scholars. Richard Bailey, Alton (Pete) Becker, Kent Flannery, Raymond Kelly, Marshall Sahlins, Charles Tilly, and Henry Wright were among my most influential teachers when I was a student at Michigan. Each had a unique and formative impact on my intellectual habits and sensibilities. Since my return to Michigan as a faculty member, Tomoko Masuzawa and Tom Trautmann have been similarly influential as colleagues: their work has profoundly reshaped my own. I can never thank Gillian Feeley-Harnik, David Halperin, Erik Mueggler, Abigail Stewart, and Valerie Traub enough for their generosity, wise counsel, and intense engagement with my work. I am deeply grateful for the support of a small writers group into which I was warmly welcomed: Rebecca Hardin, Nadine Naber, Julia Paley, Damani Partridge, Elizabeth (Liz) Roberts, and Miriam Ticktin, all struggling with manuscripts of their own.

There are a handful of rarified academic programs and places that operate on the periphery of departmental structures and the demands of regular teaching. By providing a respite from the routines of academic life, they nurture new scholarly and artistic endeavors. Several such institutions have aided my unconventional career. The first of these was the Michigan Society of Fellows, in which I was a Junior Fellow from 1975 to 1978. Junior Fellows were appointed for three years, during which they were prohibited from teaching and encouraged to focus entirely on whatever research and creative tasks they chose. The freedom of that Junior Fellowship and its generous stipend enabled me to inaugurate a dissertation on gay leathermen when other possibilities for funding such an unusual project were remote.

During the recession of the early 1970s the society's funds shrank with the swooning Dow Jones. The program was reconstituted, such that the Junior Fellows were required to do some teaching in departments that partially subsidized their cost. Despite this increase in Fellows' obligations and some dents in the original vision, the society survived and has thrived. However, the changes were a cautionary lesson on the impact of hard economic times on academic institutions whose value may not be immediately obvious or easily measurable.

I was extremely fortunate to be invited as a Visiting Fellow at the Humanities Research Centre of the Australian National University (ANU) in 1993. We visitors had few responsibilities aside from attending daily tea and having conversations with one another and a fantastic group of ANU faculty. This visit was intellectually and professionally rejuvenating. I am intensely grateful to John Ballard, Graeme Clarke, and Jill Julius Matthews for having hosted the events and including me among the participants.

The Social Science Research Council launched the Sexuality Research Fellowship Program (SRFP) in 1995, with funds provided by the Ford Foundation. For ten years the SRFP facilitated an unprecedented avalanche of social and behavioral research on sexuality at the doctoral and post-doctoral levels. I suspect that only the Rockefeller Foundation grants for the original Kinsey studies have had as significant a cumulative impact on the academic study of sexuality in the United States. I applaud the Ford Foundation for having supported such an innovative program, and was exceedingly fortunate to have participated as a pre-doctoral Research Fellow (1999–2001) and as a Research Consultant (2005–6). I am grateful to Diane di Mauro for running the program so brilliantly, and for the opportunity it gave me to meet so many other social scientists actively working on sexual topics. The SRFP facilitated sev-

eral pilgrimages to the Kinsey Institute and Library and enabled me to spend precious time with John Gagnon, one of the most inspirational figures in the study of sexuality in the second half of the twentieth century.

In 2001 I was invited to be the Norman Freehling Visiting Professor at the Institute for the Humanities at the University of Michigan. This was an exhilarating experience, the most thrilling aspect of which was the opportunity to read through classical texts of European and American race theory with Tom Trautmann. Mary Price and Eliza Woodford helped make that visit memorable and productive.

In 2006–7 I was a Fellow at the Center for the Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences (CASBS), a bucolic site overlooking the campus of Stanford University. For more than fifty years, CASBS has provided a chance for scholars in the social sciences to do their own work, wander intellectually, and discover new interests. The vibrant cross-disciplinary interchanges made my sojourn on the hill one of the most intense learning experiences I have had since graduate school, and the presence of Paula Fass, Dolores Hayden, Alison Isenberg, Peter Marris, and Stephen Mintz was markedly serendipitous for my work. The CASBS staff was superb, and I was especially appreciative of the efforts of its director, Claude Steele, director of services, Linda Jack, housing and meetings coordinator, Christy Duignan, and chef, Susan Beach. The library services were outstanding, and I am indebted to librarian Tricia Soto and assistant librarian Jason Gonzales. Ravi Shivana provided exceptional technical support. Like the Michigan Fellows during the recession of the 1970s, CASBS faces financial perils and an uncertain future. I fervently hope that it will survive, and that its uniquely revitalizing intellectual culture will emerge intact from the Great Recession in which the country is currently mired.

I have a passion for libraries and archives, several of which have been critically important at various stages of my work. The first was the Labadie Collection at Michigan, where Ed Weber amassed an unparalleled collection of homophile and gay liberation documents and Julie Herrada continues to cultivate and shepherd the collection. When I first visited the incomparable Kinsey Library, Paul Gebhard was my tour guide through its wonders; Katherine Johnson-Roehr, Jennifer Yamashiro, and Liana Zhou have performed that function on subsequent visits. The GLBT Historical Society in San Francisco is a treasure trove whose navigation has been made possible by a succession of dedicated archivists: Paula Jablons, Willie Walker, Kim Klausner, and Rebekah Kim. Susan Goldstein has steered me to crucial resources held by the San Francisco History Room of the San Francisco Public Library. Rick Storer keeps

the Leather Archives and Museum running smoothly, and also serves as a pilot through its as yet largely uncharted holdings. I am also grateful to the superb staff of the Bentley Historical Library at the University of Michigan.

Advances in certain kinds of knowledge, especially stigmatized subjects, depend not only on scholars, libraries, and archives but also on collectors and dealers who occupy the front lines of resource acquisition. Rare-book dealers and collectors are often the unsung heroes of the “primitive accumulation” phase of new areas of exploration. They are frequently the first to assemble primary sources before institutional libraries become aware of new topics of inquiry, or when such subjects are still considered disreputable. With the exception of a handful of places such as Labadie and Kinsey, this has certainly been the case for LGBTQ sources specifically and for sexual materials more generally.

Dealers and collectors are often exceptionally erudite as well. Several have provided me not only with sources but also with a good bit of my education, much of it unavailable elsewhere. My earliest purchases of rare lesbian books were from Ed Drucker, who ran a gay out-of-print book service called Elysian Fields Booksellers. He was succeeded by Bob Manners of Books Bohemian. C. J. Scheiner was one of the earliest dealers from whom I was able to acquire erotica and sexological texts. His catalogues were like a graduate seminar in the field of sexuality, and I was privileged to visit his mammoth collection all too briefly in the early 1980s. I have also benefited from Joseph Vasta’s deep knowledge of erotic publication. The bulk of my sexology collection was provided by Ivan Stormgart, who has been incredibly generous in sharing his own encyclopedic command of sexual bibliography.

Todd Pratum helped build my collections on right-wing occultism and nineteenth-century racial taxonomy. For decades David Sachs has provided me with all sorts of literature I did not know I needed until he explained its relevance. Among many other things, he introduced me to the early right-wing pamphlet literature on sex education. Sachs and P. Scott Brown supplied me with the core of what has become a substantial library of government reports on urban planning and land use. Bolerium in San Francisco keeps me well provisioned with gay books, left and anarchist texts, and right-wing literature on homosexuality. Gerard Koskovich wears many hats: collector and dealer extraordinaire, but also scholar, curator, editor, and educator. Many of these people have helped build not only my library but also the special collections of many universities.

This book has benefited from many skilled editors, including Dianna Downing, Linnea Due, Lynn Eden, Liz Highleyman, and David Lobenstine.

Jill Matthews devoted several days of her vacation to some of the chapters. Carole Vance was positively heroic in her detailed comments on many parts of the book as it neared completion. It was a joy to work with Tim Elfenbein, my excellent editor at Duke University Press. I deeply appreciated the meticulousness of the Duke copy editors, and Fred Kameny's Herculean efforts to shepherd this project to completion. Ken Wissoker's persistence and willingness to go the extra mile made this book possible. I have a deep sense of books as physical objects, and am delighted by Amy Ruth Buchanan's elegant design.

Melinda Chateauvert, Susan Freeman, Sally Miller Gearhart, Rebecca Jordan-Young, Gerard Koskovich, Rostom Mesli, and Carole Vance supplied last-minute citations and factual details. Sora Counts has helped tame my papers and manage my files for over two decades: she is the finder of lost folders, clippings, and obscure leaflets. Moonyean has systematized my library and kept it usable when its growth threatened to make it unmanageable. Andrew McBride was a matchless research assistant throughout the preparation of this manuscript: he edited and formatted the text and bibliography, and tracked down innumerable citations. Brad Bunnin has been my wonderful guide through the perilous legalities of publication. Linda Alperstein, Neal Powers, Lana Sandahl, and Erda Sanders have kept my body and soul together and functioning.

I have been exceptionally blessed with many long-term friends and interlocutors. Some go back to my undergraduate days, and many date from graduate school. I have encountered others during my subsequent peregrinations. I would not think as I do, or know what I know, were it not for conversations over the years with Henry Abelove, Allan Bérubé, Sally Binford, Wendy Brown, Judith Butler, Lawrence Cohen, Lynn Eden, John D'Emilio, Ellen Dubois, Lisa Duggan, Jeffrey Escoffier, Estelle Freedman, Eric Garber, Barbara Grier, David Halperin, Susan Harding, Amber Hollibaugh, Isabel Hull, Nan Hunter, Jonathan Ned Katz, Liz Kennedy, Gerard Koskovich, Ellen Lewin, Donald Lopez, Jay Marston, Jill Matthews, Joan Nestle, Esther Newton, Rayna Rapp, Lisa Rofel, Eric Rofes, Mary Ryan, Erda Sanders, Ruth Schoenbach, Tobin Siebers, Larry Shields, Victoria Sork, Judith Stacey, Susan Stryker, Daniel Tsang, Carole Vance, and Martha Vicinus. Several of these have been so much a part of my life and in so many capacities that it is difficult to even articulate all the ways they have contributed to my work and well-being. Carole Vance has been friend, colleague, and comrade in arms: we have talked through countless issues and walked through many hells together. I have known Lynn Eden, Isabel Hull, and Victoria Sork since we were all students. They are more than close friends and treasured colleagues: they are family.

One of my regrets is that my parents are no longer alive to see this book

come to fruition. My father read constantly and was rarely without a book in his hand. He had an extensive home library in which I spent countless happy hours. His love of reference books was contagious. We used to play a game that might have been called “Look It Up.” We would argue heatedly about some factual matter, then eagerly rush to consult an encyclopedia or dictionary to determine who was more correct. His boundless curiosity and his fierce joy in learning are no doubt primarily responsible for my having ended up as an academic.

My mother applied her own considerable intelligence to practical matters, but she was no less thorough. She was an information hound, with a knack for asking the right questions and an instinct for detecting flawed answers. She could recognize patterns with lightning speed, based on minimal data. She was a logistical whiz, fanatically attentive to small details, and a perfectionist in all things. If my father made me an intellectual, my mother made me a careful and probing one. Their training, example, unconditional love, and enduring support made my work possible even when its content left them uneasy or bemused.

Above all, Jay Marston has been my best friend and beloved partner for over two and a half decades. She has given me support, motivation, contentment, and purpose. She has put up with long absences, the stresses of my writing, and the anxieties of my career with fortitude, love, and humor. Going through life with her makes every day a joy. This book is for her.