

## Acknowledgments:

This book, which took many years to write, carries for me the indelible imprint of conversations, arguments, and professional exchanges with numerous interlocutors. No list of names could properly thank the friends and colleagues whose generous acts, provocative questions, and sustaining companionship both enabled and improved it. That their brilliance could make it no better than it is speaks to my limitations, not theirs.

I want to express my gratitude to the Faculty Research Awards Committee, the deans of the School of Arts and Sciences, and the trustees of Tufts University for the generous research support they provided, including funds to underwrite the color images included in this book.

The insight and rigor of the following people helped me to develop the ideas in this book and to hone them on the whetstone of their intelligence; I am grateful to them all: Henry Abelow, Jean Allouch, Matt Bell, Bobby Benedicto, Courtney Berger, Lorenzo Bernini, Jelisaveta Blagojevic, Pearl Brilmyer, Eugenie Brinkema, Kent Britnall, Judith Brown, Judith Butler, Russ Castronovo, Isabelle Châtelet, Anne Cheng, Rey Chow, Claire Colebrook, Joan Copjec, Cathy Davidson, Nick Davis, Penelope Deutscher, Slavco Dimitrov, Carl Fischer, Anne-Lise Francois, Carla Freccero, Diana Fuss, Jane Gallop, Irving Goh, Jonathan Goldberg, Jack Halberstam, Ellis Hanson, Melissa Hardie, Sonia Hofkosh, Lynn Huffer, Britt-Inger Johansson, Donna Jones, Benjy Kahan, Jacques Khalip, Ranjana Khanna, Karen Kopelson, Kate Lilley, Heather Love, Lisa Lowe, Corey McElenev, Todd McGowan, Petar Milat, Michael

Moon, Hilary Neroni, Andrea Nicolini, Francois Noudelmann, Kevin Ohi, Frank Palmieri, Stanimir Panayotov, Jean-Michel Rabaté, Kane Race, Pallavi Rastoggi, Kenneth Reinhard, Marilyn Reizbaum, Frances Restuccia, Valerie Rohy, Ellen Rooney, David Schalkwyk, Heike Schotten, Kathryn Schwartz, Matt Scully, Christina Sharpe, Ashley Shelden, Kathryn Bond Stockton, Mihoko Suzuki, Rei Terada, Gautam Basu Thakur, Filippo Trentin, Henry Turner, Johannes Voelz, Rebecca Walkowitz, Calvin Warren, Elizabeth Weed, Frank Wilderson, Michele Wright, and Xiang Zairong.

Five colleagues, friends, and interlocutors who were crucial to the formation of this book, and to the field of queer studies itself, died while it was being written: Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick and José Esteban Muñoz both raised questions that queer theory and literary studies continue to address. Like those questions, my long-standing relations with Eve and José, as critics and as friends, leave their trace in ways both large and small in the arguments I make here. Barbara Johnson was a much-loved friend and an endlessly dazzling thinker who perfected the art of the critical essay as a form both rigorous and playful, rhetorically focused and politically *consequential*. I would like to think that something of her practice, however pale the imitation, is legible in this book. As *Bad Education* made its way to press, my collaborator, coeditor of Theory Q, and friend of many, many years, Lauren Berlant, died too. Lauren was involved in the progress of *Bad Education* from the start; while writing *Sex, or the Unbearable* together we often spoke about its relation to *On the Inconvenience of Other People*, which she was working on at the time. It is bittersweet that Duke will be publishing both our books this year, sad that we won't get to mark the occasion with another book party together, and unbearable that she isn't here to read my words of enduring gratitude. Finally, while I was reviewing the copyedited pages of this book, I learned that Leo Bersani had died. No one reading this book needs reminding that Leo was a giant in the fields of gay studies and queer theory and that my thinking is indebted to the brilliance of his work on psychoanalysis, sexuality, and aesthetics. For me, the man and his kindness were inseparable from his genius. I'll miss the joy of our talks and our dinners and the living example of his mind.

At Duke University Press, I have had the great fortune to enjoy Ken Wisoker's patience, counsel, and support. His knack for shepherding books from ideas to gorgeously realized objects never fails to impress me. His keen judgement and generous spirit make him an outstanding editor—and also a valued friend. The remarkable group of people at Duke with whom he works so brilliantly have all contributed to bringing out the best of *Bad Education*. I am delighted to acknowledge the invaluable assistance of Lisl Hampton,

Aimee Harrison, Michael McCullough, Kim Miller, Christopher Robinson, Chad Royal, and Joshua Gutterman Tranen.

For their cogent, detailed, and intellectually generative readings of the manuscript, I am deeply indebted to Stephen Best and Elizabeth Wilson. That both are critics and scholars whose work I profoundly admire makes their faith in this book the more precious. I give special thanks to David Marriott for his ongoing engagement with my projects and for the combination of brilliance, sophistication, and fearlessness that inspires me in his work.

I want to add to the names of those cited above these friends and family members whose presence in my life makes living it that much more fun: Anne Bayley, James and Paul Bayley-Linhart, Alan Edelman, Avi Edelman, Erica Edelman, Leah Edelman, Sam Edelman, Samantha Frank, Barbara Glissant, Pierre Linhart, Joni Litvak, Larry Litvak, and Barbara Mellul. In particular, I want to name those friends who have gone the extra mile for many more miles than I can count. David Halperin has contributed not only through his enlivening companionship, vast knowledge, and generous advice but also through his warmth and persistent encouragement and confidence in my work. Madhavi Menon, who has lived through it all and never wavered in her hyperbole, has shared, in equal amounts, the radiance of her spirit and the sharpness of her mind; I am grateful for that and for a closeness before which even continents shrink. D. A. Miller, my near-daily companion in conversation for thirty-odd years, has contributed the gift of his critical acumen, his astonishing erudition, and his loyalty to friendship and honesty at once. For all of that, but far more for his ongoing enlargement of my life and thought, I give full-hearted thanks.

Joe Litvak alone can know what I mean when I say that this book, like everything else that I do, is done for him, with him, and through him. I owe whatever I may be as a critic to all that I've learned from him. You can call that a good education or a bad one, but I couldn't have asked for a better one.