



The Lavender Salon Reader

Volume 1 Number 5

Michael L. Mitz, editor & publisher

October 1993

Meeting Highlights

September's Meeting Capsule

The September meeting was a huge success. Several of our usual participants absent. You all were sorely missed! Eric Marcus's book *Making History: the struggle for gay and lesbian equal rights, 1945-1990* provided an excellent forum for discussion about some of our members experiences of being gay in the 1950's, how horrible the times were and how difficult it was to have an acceptance of yourself. Tim pointed out how the book made himself aware of how our history has been written out of the textbooks. He was embarrassed by how little he knew of our history.

October's Meeting Update

The October meeting will be at Michael's house on the 17th. We'll be watching a video of John Schlesinger's film *Sunday, Bloody, Sunday*. Since the movie is 110 minutes long the potluck portion of the Salon meeting will begin a half hour earlier than usual at 5:30. Again there is no special theme for the potluck.

November's Meeting Preview

The book for November's discussion is Joe Keenan's very funny comedy, *Blue Heaven*. Copies of the book are available for loan at the public libraries, and for purchase through any bookstore.

New Titles of Interest at Appleton Public Library

📖 Contemporary Gay American Novelists: a bio-bibliographical critical sourcebook.

📖 Kennedy, Elizabeth. Boots of Leather, Slippers of Gold: the history of a lesbian community.

📖 Lesbians, Gay men, and the Law

📖 Marcus, Eric. Is it a choice: answers to 300 of the most frequently asked questions about gays and lesbians.

📖 Michaels, Grant. Dead on your feet.

📖 Shilts, Randy. Conduct Unbecoming: gays & lesbians in the U.S. military.

NATIVE, BY WILLIAM HAYWOOD HENDERSON,

DUTTON, HARDCOVER, \$20.

This review of *The Native* has been removed from the online version at the request of the reviewer.

"Native" Review by Stephen Kyle
Originally in Bay Windows 5/20/93



Sunday, Bloody, Sunday a review by **Roger Ebert**

taken from *Roger Ebert's Movie Home Companion*

The official East Coast line on John Schlesinger's *Sunday Bloody Sunday* was that it is civilized. That judgment was enlisted to carry the critical defense of the movie; and, indeed, how can the decent critic be against a civilized movie about civilized people? My notion, all the same, is that *Sunday Bloody Sunday* is about people who suffer from psychic amputation, not civility, and that this film is not an affirmation but a tragedy.

The story involves three people in a rather novel love triangle: A London doctor in his forties, a divorced woman in her thirties, and the young man they are both in love with. The doctor and the woman know about each other (the young man makes no attempt to keep secrets) but don't seem particularly concerned; they have both made an accommodation in order to have some love instead of none at all.

The screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt takes us through eight or nine days in their lives, while the young man prepares to leave for New York. Both of his lovers will miss him - and he will miss them, after his fashion - but he has decided to go, and between them, they don't have enough pull on him to make him want to stay. So the two

love affairs approach their ends, while the lovers go about a melancholy daily existence in London.

Both the doctor and the woman are involved in helping people, he by a kind and intelligent approach to his patients, she through working in an employment agency. The boy, on the other hand, seems exclusively reoccupied with the commercial prospects in America for his sculpture (he does things with glass tubes, liquids, and electricity). He isn't concerned with whether his stuff is any good, but whether it will sell to Americans. He doesn't seem to feel very deeply about anything, in fact. He is kind enough and open enough, but there is no dimension to him, as there is to his lovers.

It is with the two older characters that we get to the core of the movie. In a world where everyone loses eventually, they are still survivors. They survive by accommodating themselves to life as it must be lived. The doctor, for example, is not at all personally disturbed by his homosexuality, and yet he doesn't reveal it to his close-knit Jewish family; maintaining relations-as-usual with them is another way for him to survive. The woman tells us late in the film, "Some people believe something is better than nothing, but I'm beginning to believe that nothing can be better than something." Well, maybe so, but we get to know her well enough to suspect that she will settle for something, not nothing, again the next time.

The glory of *Sunday Bloody Sunday* is supposed to be the intelligent, sophisticated - civilized! - way in which these two people gracefully accept the loss of a love they had shared. Well, they are graceful as hell about it, and there is a positive glut of being philosophical about the inevitable. But that didn't make me feel better for them, or about them, the way it was supposed to; I felt pity for them.

I insist that they would not have been so bloody

civilized if either one had felt really deeply about the boy. The fact that they were willing to share him is perhaps a clue: They shared him not because they were willing to settle for half, but because they were afraid to try for all. The three-sided arrangement was, in part, a guarantee that no one would get in so deep that being "civilized" wouldn't be protection enough against hurt.

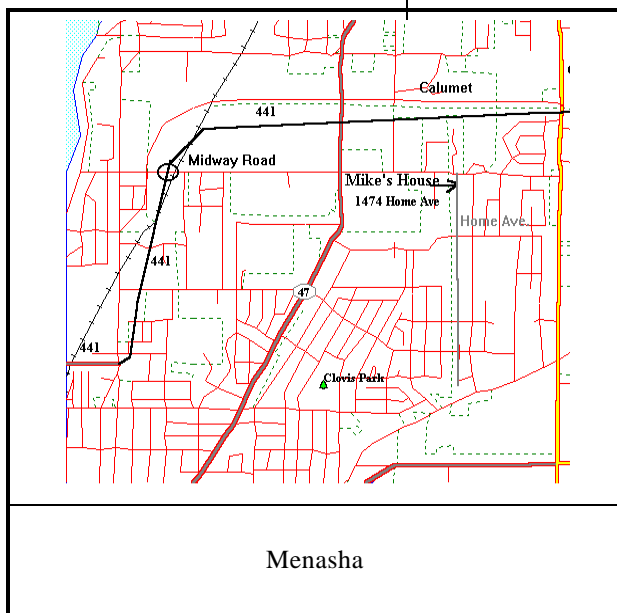
The acting is flawless. Peter Finch is the doctor, Glenda Jackson the woman, and Murray Head the young man. They are good to begin with and then just right for Gilliatt's screenplay and Schlesinger's direction. They are set down in a very real and sad London (seen mostly in cold twilights), and surrounded by supporting actors who resonate in a way that fills in all the dimensions of the characters. I think *Sunday Bloody Sunday* is a masterpiece, but I don't think it's about what everybody else seems to think it's about. This is not a movie about the loss of love, but about its absence.

The Living One by Lewis Gannett

The *Living One*, by Lewis Gannett. Random House: New York, 380 pages, cloth, \$20.00.

[[This review has been removed from the online version at the request of the reviewer.]

Reviewed by Stephen Kyle. Printed from Bay Windows 2/11/93



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Academic Opportunities

~~The Center for Lesbian and Gay Studies (CLAGS) of the City University of New York (CUNY) is offering two Rockefeller Residency Fellowships for the 1994-95 academic year. The theme for this year will be Self-Concepts in the Lesbian and Gay World. Under this general rubric, we are looking for projects that address issues of identity; for example, the implications of different self-characterizations (e.g., "queer") or the debate on whether sexual orientation is fluid or fixed.~~

Proposals relating to the shaping of sexual identity in different historical/cultural contexts would also be relevant. Fellows will receive \$35,000 plus a \$2,000 travel /relocation stipend, for residency from Sept. 1 to

June 1. For participation as a Residency Fellow for 1994-95, applications must be completed and returned by February 15, 1994.

Application forms are available from: Martin Duberman, Director, CLAGS, CUNY Graduate School, 33 West 42 St., New York, New York 10036. Tel: (212) 642-2924

Member Listing

Barb

~~Dick~~

Gregory

~~Jeff~~

Len & Ken

Marge

Michael

Sandy & Debbie

Sheila

Tim & Pete

Tom & Andy

Tom & Fred

More Reviews

Real Heroes by Marilyn Kaye.
Gulliver Press, 1993 (0-15-200563-3) \$16.95

After his mother leaves his father, eleven-year-old Kevin's love for his dad, Charley, takes on a fierce loyalty and admiration. His conviction that his father is the greatest guy in the world is strengthened when Charley (a cop) rescues a family from a gunman and becomes a television hero. But Kevin's hero worship is strained when Charley joins a campaign to get Kevin's gym teacher, Mr. Logan fired, after learning he is HIV positive. Forced to realize that his brave, upright father can be both cowardly and unreasonable, Kevin must learn that obvious heroism is not always the best answer to a situation - and that just because you love someone, it doesn't mean they're always right.

Real Heroes is a sincere but rather limited book. Many of the characters exist merely to serve as mouthpieces for attitudes or information, giving the book a didactic feeling - and Mr. Logan is simply a plot element, whose

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problems are trivialized, important only because they affect Kevin. But Kevin and his father are believable, sympathetic characters and their relationship - and what Kevin learns about it - is the real core of the story.

From The Web Online Review
Book reviews by Wendy E. Betts.
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