

THE ARENA

STANFORD, CALIFORNIA

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The A3M Declassified

by Harvey H. Hukari, Jr.

Perhaps the most interesting response to the violence and destruction that resulted from the April 3 Movement's abortive occupation of Encina Hall last week has come from the mass of confused and concerned students and faculty who were unable to comprehend how the A3M had become so radical so rapidly. While many were quick to point out that the actions of those who forced their way into Encina were not representative of the A3M as a whole, there seems to be a general reluctance on the part of many liberals who had previously supported the goals and actions of the A3M to admit that the Movement has been dominated by radicals since its inception and that the debacle at Encina was a logical extension of the radical's control.

Writing in the April 29 issue of *New Left Notes*, the national publication of SDS, Fred Cohen, Virginia Linsley and David Pugh revealed how the SRI Coalition had actually been formed by one faction of SDS in order to consolidate general support for radical demands relating to SRI and war-related research. As evidenced by what happened with the AEL sit-in, SDS was extremely successful in coopting the support of hundreds of liberal students who otherwise would never have associated with SDS. With respect to that cooptation, the following excerpt from the article by Cohen, Linsley and Pugh is illuminating:

"The central problem facing us in the sit-in was how to maintain a coalition of radicals and self-proclaimed liberals without compromising our politics. However, we found that at the large daily meetings of the sit-in all attempts by liberals to gain leadership

Stanford Judicial Council for their role in the violent disruption of the January Board of Trustees meeting and who were also closely involved with the activities of the A3M and the subsequent sit-ins.

Non-students such as SDSer Mary Hanson and Berkeley veteran Steve Weissman contributed their time and rhetoric to many A3M meetings as did Bob Cullenbine, of the Mid-Peninsula Free University. The Free U. was instrumental in providing the A3M with printing facilities, bodies and financial assistance during the occupation of AEL and after.

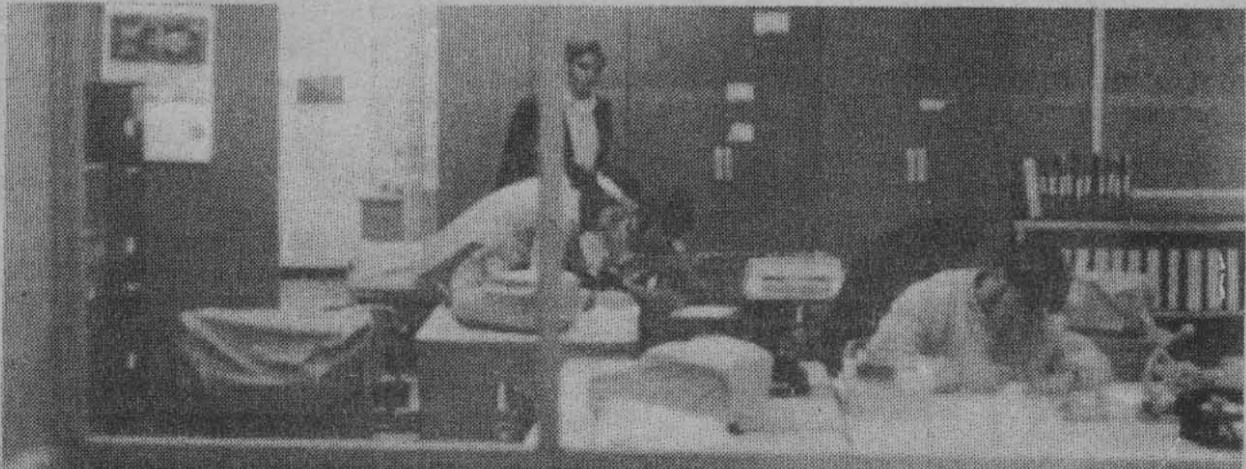
One of the most volatile speakers to appear regularly at both SDS and A3M conclaves was the Middle East's answer to George Wallace, one Mr. Lincoln Malik. Mr. Malik, whose real name is Lincoln John Edgar, demonstrated remarkable skill at arousing the passions of any number of bourgeois radicals who



THE BIG MOMENT! Members of the A3M assault the door of Encina Hall as concerned students look on.

were undecided about storming Encina or AEL but he himself managed to avoid being charged with any violation of campus regulation and has not been suspended. Mr. Malik is presently a member of the newly formed Third World Liberation Front as is Neal Okabayeshi, one of the students who has been temporarily suspended for his involvement with the Encina incident.

The radical influence in the A3M did not go unchallenged and it would be unfair to say that the leadership was totally radical. Many individuals with a genuinely liberal political outlook such as David Jones, John Kramer and our newly elected ASSU President Pat Shea were important members of the A3M. Unfortunately, too often the views of such SDSers as Jeanne Friedman, Marc Sapir and Doran Weinberg prevailed and the A3M became a vehicle for radical interests and goals. Yet, that was exactly the way the SDS had planned it and as a monument to their success at cooptation we have over 60 Stanford students suspended, thousands of dollars worth of damage done to University facilities and serious divisions within the academic community.



Pictured above are Stanford radicals on an executive power trip. After breaking in to Encina Hall, a number of students rushed into administrative offices and enthusiastically began to act like their fathers.



Prof. Kline attempts rational dialogue with A3M.

ROTC Reality

by Leo

The vote in the Academic Council to abolish academic credit for ROTC has put President Pitzer into an extremely sensitive position. For, protestations to the contrary, the Council quite clearly voted against ROTC as a protest against the virtue of military service, military training on campus, and the Vietnam War.

If the faculty is so concerned with academic standards, why does it support credit for golf and credit for a film seminar which the instructor himself admits doesn't deserve it. And why has the faculty so unreservedly supported a Black Studies program, which, if experienced at other universities is to serve as a guide, may well degenerate into a center for the propaganda of Black Power political views with no interest whatsoever in academic standards?

No, there is little question that the anti-ROTC vote is another attempt, similar to the recent vote to impose external political restrictions on SRI, to force groups with unpopular values off campus, or, more euphemistically, to aid in the "re-orientation of national priorities".

The crusade against "morally objectionable" studies will not stop with ROTC and SRI. Aerospace (satellites can be used for military as well as meteorological and communications purposes), SLAC (high energy physics is the basis of the BOMB), and the Business School (the training ground for capitalistic imperialism) are all certain to find themselves under attack in the near future.

Continued on page 4



Moderate student (center) is "radicalized" by A3M.

failed....The clearest example of a liberal failure was the student body president's bid for leadership which was permeated with pious morality, but which offered no political suggestion other than to leave the building. Only the radicals were able to present proposals which were meaningful in terms of the goals. The effect was not a compromise of radical politics but rather a rapid process of radicalization of liberals."

RADICAL GROUPS

It is important to realize that when the so-called coalition was first formed, it was primarily an amalgamation of radical groups that included Stanford SDS, the Resistance, the Peninsula Red Guard, the North Santa Clara Peace and Freedom Movement, the Mid-Peninsula Free University, the Palo Alto Concerned Citizens and the United Student Movement, a high school based radical organization. The core of the leadership and active membership was drawn from these groups. Many of the same individuals who had played a prominent role in earlier disruptions on the Stanford campus were similarly involved with the A3M right up thru the sit-in at Encina Hall.

John Avery, Anne Bauer, Rick Bogart, Art Busse, Fred Cohen, Hal Hamilton, Marc Heller, Virginia Linsley, David Pugh, Jim Shoch, Leonard Siegel, Donald Stuart, Mike Vawter and Marc Weiss were among those radicals who were convicted by the

Funny, Farm Faculty Fails

by Spectator

Somewhere on the faculty of this funny Farm there must be 50 professors sufficiently exercised to demand a full Academic Council review of the Academic Senate's resolution of April 24 purporting to outlaw "secrecy" in research at Stanford.

This is the number who must so petition for a "special" meeting of the Council, since the body's regular session for the spring quarter already has taken place. A petition signed by one-third of Senate could effect the same full Council review of the resolution, but that route seems less likely to be taken.

There are at least two large reasons — one essentially procedural, the other quite substantial — why the Council will be abdicating its responsibilities if it does not meet.

First, procedurally speaking, one hopes and trusts that a principal reason for the existence of both the Council and the Senate is to provide for the President and the Trustees, as the occasion may require, some idea of what the faculty are thinking. There is no such thing as "faculty opinion" in the singular, but by parliamentary processes in both of the named bodies some rough notions of majority and minority sentiments may be conveyed.

Has the Academic Senate, in its research resolution, expressed the predominating attitudes of the faculty? Perhaps. But the ROTC issue casts some doubt on the Senate's representativeness. The latter body's 25 to 8 vote to remove academic credit for ROTC was not nearly so close as the whole faculty's 403-356 verdict.

Yes, the ultimate decision was the same, but the magnitudes of pro and con make some difference — or should make some difference — to the President and the Trustees. For they now must decide how to balance a faculty vote of roughly 8 to 7 (instead of the Senate's 3 to 1) against a student ROTC referendum going the other way by about 3 to 2.

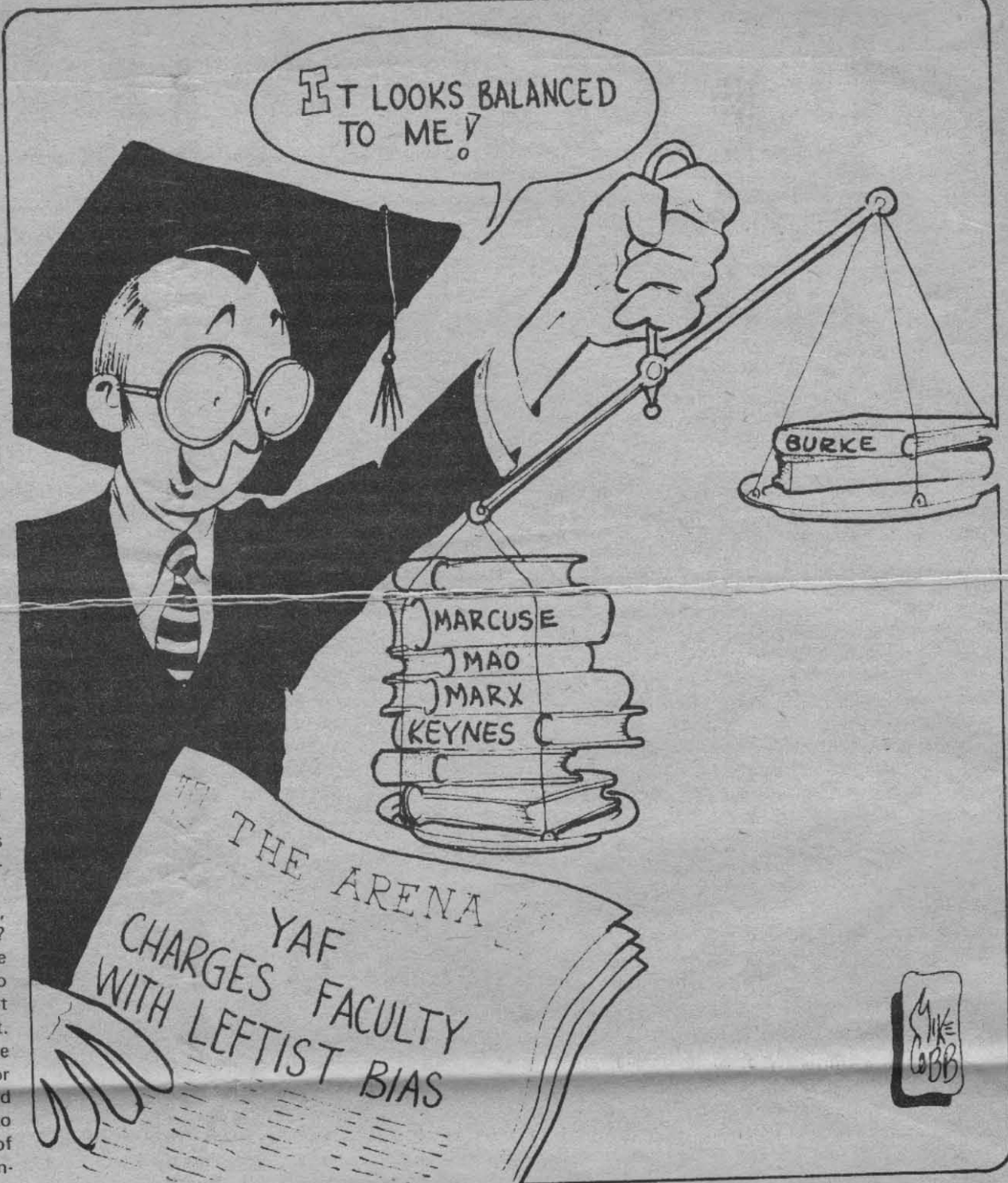
Had it not been for action in the Council by a small but determined group of professors, the closeness of faculty divisions over ROTC credit might never have been made known. Unless the required petition for Council review is brought successfully, a Senate recommendation moves directly to the President and the Trustees.

It appears that as between the Council and the Senate, the latter is the more "activist", the more "progressive" in its outlook. One of the arguments for creation of the Senate turned on the greater mobility and flexibility the smaller body could bring to faculty decision-making. Nor is it surprising, if indeed this was the case, that faculty members tended to elect to the Senate the more politically active of their colleagues.

But none of this relieves the Council of its responsibilities, unwieldy as their exercise may be. If on critical questions the larger body's review is more ponderous, even let us say more "conservative", that is not all bad. Sufficient unto the zealous progressives is the power to propose in their Senate. But then let the less zealous dispose, at least insofar as deciding whether the Senate is representing fairly the thinking of the faculty.

Equally important for council review are the substantive puzzles raised by the Senate's research resolution. These will be considered in next week's *Arena*.

(to be continued)



Advice for Radicals

To the Editor:

In order to aid all erstwhile revolutionaries in their endeavors to destroy an important institution I make the following suggestions:

- 1) Don't be so boring — everyone has heard those self righteous statements before. Do something unusual like having an ordinary wedding at AEL.
- 2) Don't cry for amnesty — it's very embarrassing when you do. Aspersions are cast upon such folk heroes as Lenin, Che, and Mao. They were willing to take their medicine.
- 3) Don't half fast — full fast — suffering comes across so enthralling and sincere.
- 4) Don't leave confidential files alone. Go into all of them to show your outrage. This will make a big impression on trustees, alumni, let alone the government.

5) Don't view the difficulties in solving complex problems. Merely insist that at the age of 20 you know more than anyone else? that the problems are easily solved, and "They" never even thought about the problems anyway.

6) Don't fail to cash your weekly \$150.00 check from home. After all, what's a revolutionary without a little bread with which to swing.

7) Don't use the same crew of "intellectuals" to state what you believe. It's no wonder they're pacifists, they're so intellectually underarmed that it's not even laughable, just sad.

8) Don't get discouraged. In about two more days you'll solve all the problems of the world.

Sincerely,
Ed Abbott, GSB

THE ARENA

THE ARENA is published weekly at Stanford University. All correspondence should be directed to Box 3678, Stanford, California, 94305. All contributions are considered: letters to the editor, short features, articles and any graphic work. Letters and articles should be typed and double-spaced. Armadillo.

TAURUS: Bill Randolph; GEMINI: Harvey H. Hukari, Jr., Susan Hudgens, Mark Venezia; CANCER: Leon Eymil; LEO: Mike Hirsch; VIRGO: Anne Castle, Bruce Borgerson; LIBRA: Craig Ostfeld; SAGITTARIUS: Spectator; CAPRICORN: Doug Hamilton; AQUARIUS: Bob Tvedt, Leo; SCORPIO: Rich Grey, Jack Stevens; PISCES: Mike Cobb, Joe Frawley, Rich Nelson; AIRES: Martin Taylor.

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The Grateful Dead-Alive!

by Bruce Borgerson

The Grateful Dead and the Jefferson Airplane got it all together and brought it all back home to Winterland last weekend. Mongo Santamaria, also on the bill, started the journey at eight-thirty and at quarter to four, when the Airplane finished, we were still shouting for more.

First, Mongo Santamaria deserves more than the passing mention I'm going to give them. If you like labels — and I don't — you'd call them Afro-Cuban jazz-soul, which may give you some idea of the rhythmical smorgasbord they spread before you. The sheer power of their music surprised me and left me staggering, not knowing quite what to say. So I won't.

The Grateful Dead were introduced by Bill Graham as "seven insane people who make beautiful music". The key words in this phrase are "seven" and "insane". The Dead's music is not that of one homogeneous group, but rather the collective musical expression of seven distinct individuals. This might be clearer if you compare them to Creedence Clearwater Revival, another beautiful group but with an entirely different structure. Creedence has only the one personality of John Fogerty; the other three members serve only to emphasize and color facets of Fogerty's concept of music. But it would be ludicrous to suggest that the Dead are merely extensions of lead-guitarist Jerry Garcia. They may cluster

loosely around him — you can see this physically on the stage — but they are always interacting, building on one another, constantly creating instead of fitting into a pre-structured mold. Creedence comes across well on a record because that one solid personality is easily captured in the studio; the Dead, on the other hand, weave a complex tapestry of sound that could never be reproduced artificially.

The "insane" part of the Dead comes right down to the way they look on stage: Pigpen with his Stetson and white tennis-shoes, Garcia in his purple-and-yellow "Anthem" T-shirt, and Phil Lesh's impossible head of hair. The Dead are also the only first-rate group I would call unprofessional — in the best possible sense of that word. Lesh plays most of the time with his back to the audience, Pigpen strays away from the mike, a drummer nails down his hi-hat in the middle of a number, and all the time two little girls — I've forgotten who they belong to — are dancing back by the amplifiers. This is part of the spontaneous, liberated beauty of their music, and it's got the rare power to bring thousands to their feet and start them dancing.

If you want to simulate this in the privacy of your home, the Dead have some new things on the way. The first will be an all-studio product and should be out in two weeks if there are no further foul-ups. It was originally scheduled for release several weeks ago, but somebody dubbed the final

masters wrong and the whole thing had to be re-done. And you may recall that last November I suggested that the Dead do an all "live" album. Well, they took my advice (?) and the two LP set will be released probably in June. The tapes were previewed on KSAN and, although it may be the finest "live" rock album yet, it still hasn't captured the essence of the Dead. Nevertheless, Jerry Garcia will take you on a wandering journey through the many states of his consciousness, Pigpen and the two drummers will "Turn on Your Love Light" whether you want them to or not, and all together they will attack you with a feedback serenade — an orgy of pure sensual sound that only the Dead could create. Listen to it loud. Listen to it long.

I'll take up the Airplane next week.

Here, There and Everywhere

During The Band from Big Pink's debut I was puzzled by this old man in a grey suit who stood at the side of the stage during the whole set. It turns out that he was a hypnotist, casting a spell over Robbie Robertson who was too ill to play "straight" ...Jimi Hendrix may soon go into a one-year period of semi-retirement...After cutting another album (to follow Nashville Skyline), Bob Dylan headed for rest down Mexico way...At the Fillmore: Albert King, It's a Beautiful Day, Aum.

Stanford In Spring

by Rich Nelson

Stanford, a University of some fame in the Western United States, slowly drips of its own strangulation. Change is promised by the Liberal masters, as Radical Conservative rejection grows. Middle security unproblematic slot orientators nothingly uncared. Their social apathy Blankets as pollutant across sterile friction air. Democratic consciousness exists but in small pockets that as beading water swells to a lake evaporate Lagunita. Lovemaking is dancing candle selling dogs smiling barefootedly on the Plaza of White. Flowers do bloom as oasis in the concrete Sandstone sea.

Preachers of Love write columns but only partially realize their own unloving. And if those who speak of love fail, who can love? And the peoples voice raises timidly, uncertainly "We can", and that's why hope is of eternal spring, youth in all ages. Stanford a block of Sea Rock, Palo Alto farm. Lake and tower locked in obscenely beautiful embrace. If the clouds fill the sky, there is no sun, but the sun would act to kill the lake.

And next year the blacks may start their own traditional bonfire at Stanford. Burn baby, Burn. Make it, fake it, take it...easy. Honor code, but to violate it may be necessary to keep our own. Part time trustees. Full time business. And who decides their business is us? SRI, SDS, SES. YES. NO. Just who really does care.

Packages from home. Mom and Dad on the Phone. Just leave me alone. Stand up. Sit down. Sit in. Fight Fight Fight. Truth.

Live unclothed in a room full of mirrors. Let's try. Try what? Try peace. Why not, for a change? And somebody always comes up with a reason not to.

The Market. Remember the Market. "Bully" You've heard of Bullish the Bear. He owns a market. A Place of exchange. And our lives are traded every day. And if the Radicals took power would life be better? You'd better know if its yes or no. So you can stand. For the times have become the flood. And White Plaza the sea bottle beach. And the skeleton of Stanford, the buildings continue to withstand.

But the earthquake is coming, if not in April. Someday. "Over the rainbow...Over the top!...Over hill over Dale...we've hit the dusty trail". I wonder what the President of Stanford fantasizes and dreams

about. Stoned out, the Glass houses outdo the housing office, yet the stones are all around. David is calling to Goliath. Mighty King Kong.

And what's it like to fall from Up high. Empire State building. Hoover Tower, Hoover Tower let down your gold hair. Up against the wall, and you stand there, hands to the sky, forced to rest upon the mirror of yourself. And the wall is cardinal red.

Root! Root! Otis and the cheerleaders lead us on to victory. Victory! What a thing, what a wonderful thing it is to win! And just what have we won? A Tuition raise.

And aren't we wonderful. We're allowing 5% of the student body to be black next year, and sorry to the other balcks who applied they'll just have to go somewhere else. Construction work. That's what we need. So the new buildings rise, for the new technicians to create their nice little boxes.

But we're tired of hearing about that. Got to go study in the library or else I won't get educated. And my parents are thrilled to come to my graduation. I've got my diploma. And business wants me. If I've got short hair. Christ is crucified every day, every way. How many positions do you know? You've got to remember your position after all. What would the debs think? Just what would people think? Do you think at all?

Bluebirds. And now where have the buffalo gone now that the Springfield is Broken Arrow? And as the red tiles fade into the California sunset, let us bid a fond adieu. Happy Trails.

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DO YOU KNOW THIS MAN? The above individual attempted to prevent an ARENA photographer from taking pictures of the A3M break-in at Encina Hall on the morning of May 1. If you know this person, please send his name to Box 3678, Stanford.

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Walpurgisnachtfest

by Pedro Ramet

(Written the night of April 30, the traditional date of the Witches' Sabbath.)

And the breath of death
(of calm commitment to a pre-chosen path)
settles upon the crowds,
upon the masses,
the people,
the proletarian,
the majority . . . (?)
Idealism lost in the idea of the ideal
lost in the restatement of the image of the idea
of the ideal
And the murmuring rushes fluidly, chaotically,
as the sands of fate run out,
and amid cries
of "all power to the people"
of "Non-violence should be an individual decision"
of "...the great need to confront the corporationist monster..."
of "all power to the students...the citizens...the workers..."
of "War is Evil!"
of cats and dogs, jungle noises, screams, hisses,
booes and-intoxicated cheers
cries of "a war to end all wars"
(the violence of non-violence)
of "all power to the majority"
of "all power to the movement"
of "all power to the committee",
the meeting breaks up.
Freedom of speech can mean stopping the press,
seizing the radio...
But the shouting continues, the debate drags on...
Memories of memories of memories of things that
were said yesterday that were said yesterday
were said yesterday...
Repetition — reiteration — forty minutes to define a
definition — an hour to close a debate — four
hours to decide (or postpone decision) on
group goals.
Tactics are irrelevant to them (of course)
For an idealist, the end can justify any means.
The Ideal is All.
The Ideal is Truth.
(Memories of Truth, Justice and...)
The Ideal is God...
And they rehash the tedium of history, move on to
old ground, mistake regression for progression.

Their songs sing of freedom
their brand of freedom.
"An end to autocracy!"
"Banish Authority!"
(Oedipus unwittingly slays his father.)
The cycle completes its absurd circle...
And then the siege begins.
A surge of shoving, brawling, frenzied people mobbing,
squeezing, gasping.
A bystander who falls down a flight of stairs is left
ignored — no pool of blood yet of course; no,
of course not, but injured nonetheless.
Their brand of freedom
fierce, individualistic
Where anarchic fraternity and brotherly love mean
the exaltation of one's brother:
Ropes are fastened securely to the neck and waist of
the stone statue, the mob tugs, sweats, swears
and down-it-comes in a thud.
Big Brother replaces the Father Image.
And ideals topsie-turvy themselves.
What has changed, however, is not the ideals, slippery,
ambivalent, elusive, intangible abstractions from
the reality that is changing in the process of
being molded not to the tastes of the molders is
out of the hands of the molders is passing to
another mode which surreptitiously decries the
ideals of the molders while paying blank
homage...
A French businessman sits soberly in a cafe perusing
the newspaper.
"Mass Rally — Sit-In — Violence — Property Damage
— Bloodshed" the headlines tactfully whisper..
Mention of blood on the stairs.
He sips his coffee.
"The Dean further stated that he could see no reason
for the seizure of this building, which is "...not con-
cerned in the least with those procedures to which
the movement ostensibly objects". The building, he
added, was nevertheless crucial to the life of the
community..."
but irrelevant to the ideals
the actions do not stem from the words...
He put the newspaper down and finished his coffee
in a single swallow.
Ironic it seems.

ROTC...

Continued from page 1.

While the liberal establishment may deplore tactics used by extremists in the fight, it will probably commend extremist goals and even accept certain extremist demands for controlling "objectionable" research. Then perhaps those members of the departments under attack who once considered themselves so enlightened — Cannon of Aerospace, Panofsky at SLAC, Solomon at the Business School — and were so eager to cooperate with the SDS will have second thoughts. It is a fact of life that some people can only learn things the hard way.

But the groups on campus which the SDS likes to lump under the title of the "military-industrial-educational complex" — the Business School and the Science and Engineering schools — will not be the only people to suffer at the hands of Stanford's youthful, energetic dragon-slayers.

Genuine reformers will also suffer. There is serious need to develop new programs and approaches in American higher education, and the amount of reforming zeal necessary to bring constructive evolution is so great that we cannot afford to waste energy looking under beds for nonexistent fascists. Stanford needs to consider seriously the development of an Urban Studies Center. We need to consider much more widespread and fully developed programs of independent research, combined with small group seminars, for undergraduates.

We need to seek greatly expanded programs, during both summer and term-time, in which students can blend real life experience with academic pursuits; the ROTC program, in which command experience is combined with studies in military history, is a good example; so was last year's series of seminars held in conjunction with the March on Washington.

POSITIVE ACTION

But the keynote of radical change — of creating an environment conducive to individual exploration, or personal commitment, or special study centers — is positive action. The deplorable restraints on individual inquiry and commitment — be it thru ROTC or engineering or Black Studies or urban studies — must be resisted.

And the administration must guarantee these freedoms. The capricious or methodical attempts to bar unpopular ("morally objectionable") pursuits from campus must not be permitted. This trend, simply because it has been endorsed by the faculties of some of the greatest universities in America, must be described for what it is: suppression of freedom. Without such freedom, universities become propaganda factories rather than centers of inquiry.

THE CINEMATIC EYE

The Same Old Story...

Well, fans, here's the latest from movieland's wasteland. Surely this area must be the Bizmark, North Dakota of the Bay Area as far as the quantity and quality of first-run pictures go (unless you want to see the Obscene Rug at the Park Theater which has got to be the most pop art feature I've seen in a movie theater since Viva's navel).

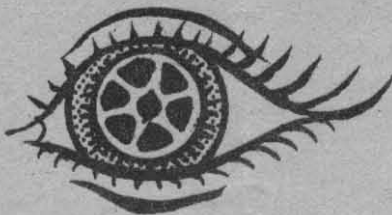
But, at least Franco Zeffirelli's *Romeo and Juliet* is still showing at the Guild in Menlo Park and may I suggest that — if you're not in jail, suspended, sitting in, signing petitions, or if you just want to get away from it all (ask your jailer if you can have the evening off), see this beautiful love story.

Like *Elvira Madigan*, it is a film to be loved, not liked; it is a story to weep about, not talk about. Cinematically, *Romeo and Juliet* has its problems, but for one am glad that I saw a film that played to my more sentiment emotions, rather than playing around them, twisting them, or teaching me the awful truth that they have no place in this dismal world. It is too often embarrassing to admit to such feelings, but at least in a movie theater one still feels free to give away to sentimental emotion (read Pauline Kael's recent article in *Harper's* on this point).

Romeo and Juliet is plagued throughout by a basic problem — is Shakespeare too theatrical and verbose

for cinematic adaption? — Zeffirelli handles this stickler adequately, if not brilliantly (as with the Royal Shakespeare Company's television production of *Midsummer-Night's Dream*).

The greatest features of the film — its two stars, Olivia Hussey, and Leonard Whiting — are its worst problems. Zeffirelli did a superb job of casting the two (and he got them for peanuts — \$3500 each for



nine month's shooting). They are young (Miss Hussey is sixteen, Whiting, eighteen) and beautiful. They are talented — Miss Hussey costarred for two years with Vanessa Redgrave in *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*, and Whiting played the Artful Dodger in the London production of *Oliver* for fifteen months and in *Love for Love* with Laurence Olivier for thirteen months.

Zeffirelli's idea was to make the two typically adolescent — exuberant, brash, impetuous, overly-roman-

tic. Unfortunately, it appears that all he did was to suggest the idea; he failed to direct his two stars adequately. Frequently, their gestures and actions simply do not blend with the lines they deliver. Olivia Hussey especially fails here. She is called upon to cry frequently, but other than being able to produce a loud sob, she seems unable to shed real tears. She also frequently is unable to say verse without its sounding like a choral reading.

Only John McEnery, in the role of Mercutio, is accomplished enough in his acting to appear natural. And, appearing natural while doing something as dramatic as Shakespeare is especially crucial when the performance is on film. Cinema is an intimate medium — any action that is stilted, such as Miss Hussey's obvious pretend-crying, spoils the close contact between film and viewer.

Otherwise, Zeffirelli does well in making *Romeo and Juliet* cinematically alive. The outdoor scenes, especially during *Romeo's* duel with Tybalt (Michael York), are shot in natural lighting; the indoor scenes, for example during the exquisite dancing sequence at the Montague's festivities where *Romeo and Juliet* meet, are shot through subtle filters, making the screen shimmer in antique gold.

Susan Hudgens