

fake documentary like "Battle of Algiers" with "not one foot of newsreel stock" is more of a "documentary" than a news film. We can play with any technique on film or on stage. The problem with "Far from Vietnam" is that it wavers between techniques, and thus directions. Godard's statement is mitigated by newsreels of fighting, even jazzed-up newsreels, and too-long coverage of protest marches.

The film could be cut 30 minutes or lengthened to seven hours. It could have been an exhausting panorama of situations exposed by the Vietnam holocaust. Andy Warhol's technique with balls. And I almost expected the film editor to take the risk of barreling on for seven hours. But somewhere in the middle he made a movie for sale, a movie with a "message."

Should people see this film? Yes, in place of TV. Is it good? It could be better. If the film were seven hours in length, done in a low key like a Sartrean crustacean investigation (Godard's aesthetic) it might have been a masterpiece, because we who are very, very far from Vietnam would have to live through seven hours instead of two headlines or two minutes as TV dictates. Facing the emotional, psychological, economic, aesthetic, political crises of this war (if such unity is possible) would have been a magnificent creative act to spring upon an audience. Or, if you appreciate brevity, then cut 30 minutes and hit at least one nail. The eclectic scatter with all points of view being represented is what begs to be changed. Color footage of war action is ineffectual: burned kids will do, or burning civilians, or aesthetically pleasing bomb placement by clean-cut kids, but battle scenes and protest marchers will not.

The editor wavers between too long and too short, between direct confrontation with film makers' moral crises and fancy collage, fast cuts and tricky pictures. It wavers between "Far From Vietnam" and Up Front in Vietnam, between factual documented opposition and pictures of amorphous pro-war demonstrators. (We know they are honkies!)

The difficulty with the eclectic open-minded statement is that one is trapped in the basket of junk called an "objective point of view," or what may be termed the "liberal aesthetic." We see it in the work of many recently politically awakened artists.

Presented with the partial totality of impressions about Vietnam, and contradictory points of view (we who live with TV, the New York Times and trash media are bombarded with the same trivia daily), we select no action as significant and therefore sit stupefied as before, trying to remember what Godard said that was valuable.

R. G. Davis is the director of the San Francisco Mime Troupe.

Diaries:



SANTA RITA JOURNAL

by Lawrence Ferlinghetti

C SANTA RITA REHABILITATION CENTER, January 4, 1968—what are we doing here in this dank tank?

Probing the limits of legitimate political dissent in this unenlightened country? Nonviolent gesture of blocking the entrance to war at Oakland Army Induction Center hereby judged beyond that



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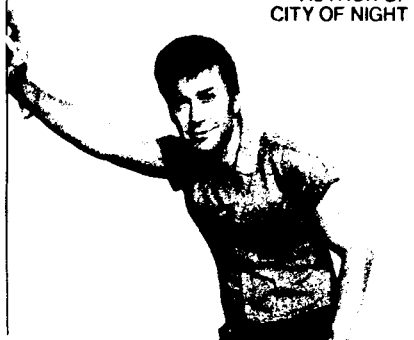
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limit. Rehabilitate us, please . . . First rough impressions of anybody's first time in jail: suddenly realizing what "in-carcerated" really means. Paranoid fear of the unknown, fear of not knowing what's going to happen to your body, fear of getting thrown in The Hole. . . . Routine of being booked, fingerprinted, mugged, shunted from bullpen to bullpen itself a shock for any "first offender." . . . Naive vestigial illusions about the inherent goodness of man fly out the barred window. . . . From Oakland jail, shunted through a series of sealed boxes, the first on wheels—long gray bus, windows blinded, 50 inmates behind locked grate, the freeway where yesterday we rode free now visible only through holes in grate. . . . Prison sighted half hour later on a forlorn plain at Pleasanton. . . . Barbed wire fences and watchtowers. Poor man's concentration camp? . . . Shunted through another series of holding cells, several more hours of not knowing one's immediate fate, just as likely you'll be put in "Graystone" maximum security pen as in General Compound. . . . I take the easier way out: I don't refuse to shave or work. Reforming the prison system is another issue. Rather have a pen than a beard (and so keep this journal). Pen mightier than beard. Opportunity to infiltrate general prison population with nonviolent ideas? Another naive liberal illusion!

The prison is about two-thirds black, and the other third is Mexican, Pachuco and white North American. They've got their own problems and their own enemies, and they've no use for "non-violence." The jungle is full of felons and, as for the war, most of them have the attitudes of their jailers and think what we're doing in Vietnam is great, violence being one way of life they fully understand. This sure deflates the myth promoted by Our President equating anti-war demonstrations with "crime in the streets" and with ghetto wars. If there were any blacks busted this time at the Oakland Induction Center, I didn't see them. (And if I were black, in Oakland, I'd stay away too). . . .

JANUARY 5—There's not a political prisoner in my barracks. The most "uncooperative" of the demonstrators are in Graystone, two in a cell or in The Hole on bread and skimmed milk. A larger group is in

Compound 8 with no privileges and a meal-and-a-half a day. A little incident happened today when they were marching back from the mess hall. The last in the line suddenly went limp and sat down in the middle of the Compound street. He was a kid of about 20 with medium-long hair he'd refused to cut. One officer ran up to him and tried to make him get up. He would not. The officer made a signal and four other officers wearing black leather gloves came at the double up the center of the street from the gate. They had no guns or night sticks. Each took an arm or a leg of the boy and started dragging him. He was a big kid, and they couldn't get his tail off the ground. They got him out of sight in a hurry. When I got back to barracks, someone had an Oakland Tribune with a photo of four Marines carrying a dead Marine buddy away from a Vietnam battlefield in the same style. . . .

JANUARY 6—I told them I had printing experience, and they put me stencilling pants! "Santa Rita" in pure white on every pair. "Gives us something to aim at!" the deputy told me, laughing, sighting his fingers at the stencil marks. Very funny. Holy prison, named for a Spanish saint. . . . Goya should have seen a place like this. He did, he did. Goya faces in the morning chowline, a thousand of them sticking out of blue denims, out of Goya's "Disasters of War." These are the disasters of peace. Down rows and rows of long wooden tables, half of skid row mixed with Oakland ghettos and the backwash of various nearby penitentiaries, long-term cons now here hung up on short-term crimes—petty boosters, bad check artists, child molesters, freeway drag-racers, car thieves, armed robbers, mail frauds, sex-freaks, winos, hypes, pushers, you name it. And political prisoners. . . . Sit swine-like at the trough, gobbling the chow from metal trays. Great place to keep from getting too refined; dig these myriad beat faces. . . . Here comes "Orfeo"—very handsome young Negro dude with a fine great black beard. Walked out of a Genet prison novel. Just stood there smiling like a black angel without wings when they told him to shave or get thrown in The Hole. They came back later and took him away. Now he shows up again in the mess hall, looking as wild and

What is Psychology?

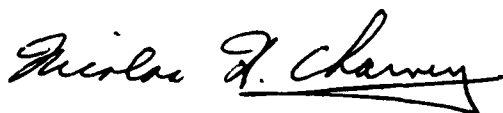
Psychology is being used more and more as a standard for the conduct of human behavior. People are fascinated with its findings, yet they remain relatively uninformed and unable to place it in proper perspective. Some exaggerate psychology's potential to control man's actions—and become frightened. Others treat psychology as a trivial pastime—and play games with it.

No other scientific subject affects everyone as frequently and as deeply as does psychology. However, newspaper and magazine articles on topics in psychology like racial prejudice, psychedelic drugs, mental illness, brainwashing, extra-sensory perception, and intelligence testing are often superficial or just plain wrong. The modern public has been educated to look for prime sources of information, but these have not been available in psychology—until now.

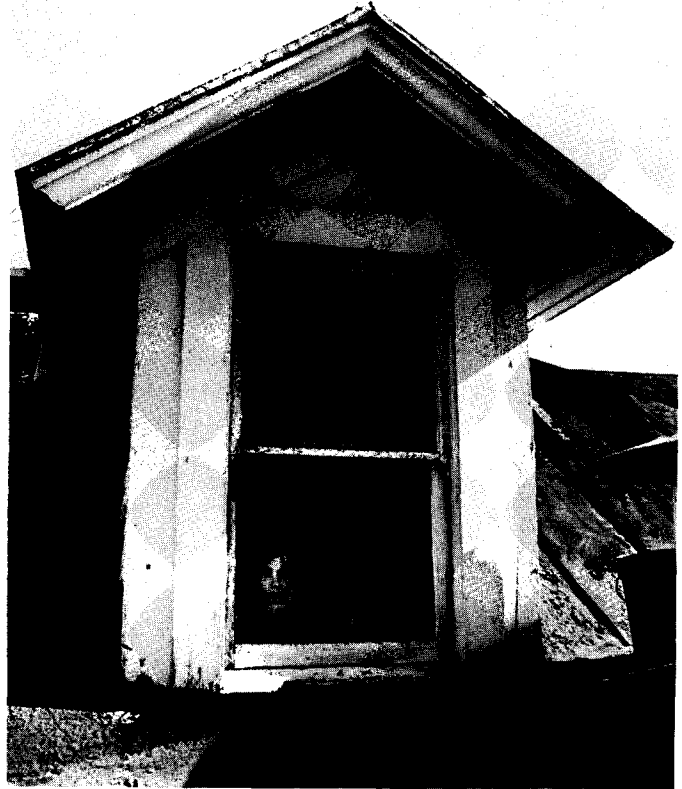
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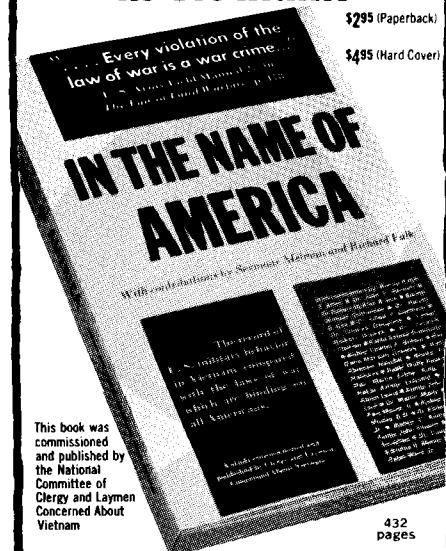
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Nicolas H. Charney, Ph.D., Editor/Publisher *PSYCHOLOGY TODAY* MAGAZINE



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gentle as ever. I believe he is truly mad and they know it. I don't believe he understood anything they told him. They let him keep his beard. He'll fly away over the rooftops one day, to a shack on a hillside above Rio and live with a beautiful mulatto and tend goats, blowing a wreathed horn. And the horn full of grass. . . .

Another face in the gallery across the table from me: enormous ragged gray head, with hoghead snout, on a 200-pound body in ragged jeans. Great hams of white hands. But the face, the face: white stubble from shaggy hair to throat, rum-pot eyes. Small pig-eyes, but not mean looking. Just dumb and staring. This is what has become of "The Man with the Hoe." Long, heavy jaw with great, protruding rows of white teeth. Grunted and snuffled as he slurped his pancakes. When he called for the coffee pitcher, his voice came out in a thin squeal. Man, what have you done to this man? Man, who made you like that? Man, has Mother ever seen you, seen what has become of you? Man, you still alive inside? (I hear your stentor breath.) Man, are you to be born again? Live again, love again? Man. Who is there to redeem you. Fidel Castro? The true revolutionary, Fidel said, is one whose first concern is the *redemption* of mankind. . . . Faces fallen out of wombs somewhere, long ago. Now rolled down streets and come to rest among writhing bodies in a painting by Bosch, Garden of Paradise. . . . Feed and shuffle out, doubles of models Goya used in a Toledo madhouse. "By Graystone's foetid walls." . . . One doesn't eat here to consume food; one eats to consume time. And time is life. . . .

JANUARY 7—Sunday in the Compound, and "religious services": let them explain away the existence of evil here. The older one gets, the more one learns to believe in the very real existence of evil. This place proves it. The making of criminals. The redemption of mankind? The rehabilitation of man? They put 19-year-old Judith Bloomberg and Joan Baez on bread and milk for three days. (On the men's side, Gary Lisman fasted for 12 days.) These kids are the greatest. They are busted for disturbing the "peace" and are hauled away. They plead *nolo contendere*. They do not wish to contend. They are telling their elders they can have it.

They are telling the Establishment that they want nothing to do with its power structure and refuse even to dispute the legal terms of that evil. . . . As long as there are guns, they will shoot, telescopically. . . . At the weekly movie tonight, the inmates spy Joan Baez through a crack in the curtain hiding the balcony where the women prisoners sit. A hundred felons turn and raise their hands in the Peace Sign and shout, "We love you, Joan!"

JANUARY 8—The Enormous Room of my barracks: a black inmate is reading "Synanon" (the place is full of junkies). He doesn't realize what an elite place Synanon may be. Diedrich, the founder, must have read Hermann Hesse's *Magister Ludi* (the Bead Game) and seized upon the conception of an elite world-within-a-world depicted by Hesse in Germany—Castalia being the name of the German intellectual elite created to govern society, with its own special *esprit de corps*, its own hierarchy, its own pecking order—a self-contained world of its own—Synanon also having developed its own cadre of first leaders framed on the wall, approval and status in its society dependent on length of residence, etc., the drug user rejected by the outside straight world here able to reject that society himself in favor of Synanon's own hierarchy: the Bead Game on its own level. And the prison system with its own Bead Game. . . . Shigeyoshi Murao comes to see me during visiting hours and tells me it looks just like the prisoner of war camps they kept Nisei in during World War Two.

JANUARY 9—Obscenity: violation of the Penal Code: today in the Commissary line when I tried to exchange a word with Dr. Lee Rather (a political prisoner), Officer Dykes hollered at me: "Get your fucking ass out of here, you motherfucker!"

JANUARY 10—Back in the barracks, the sealed life goes on. We are on some blind ship, all port-holes sealed. Siren sounds and loud-speaker barks. Up for the count. Then down again, felon shipmates stretched in their bunks, staring at the overhead. . . . You spend a lot of time staring at nothing in a place like this. Great place to develop the Tragic Sense of Life.

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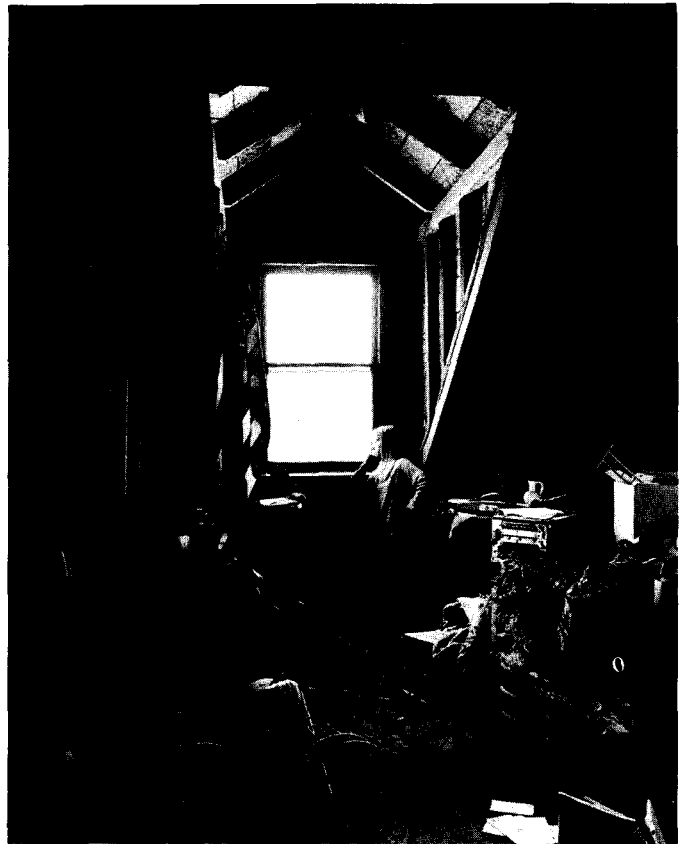
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"Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds" comes over the barracks radio, and I picture myself in a boat on a river, where newspaper taxis await on the shore, waiting to take me away. . . .

JANUARY 11—Awakened at exactly three a.m. by a guard with a flashlight and told to get up and stand by my bunk. "You're going to court today." From three to eight a.m. I wait in a bullpen with over 50 other inmates going to court. The cell is 20 by 20, and over half the inmates have to stand up all that time. I talk to one black felon who has been gotten up like this three days in a row, and if he wants to fight his case this is the way he can do it. . . . Life goes on at Santa Rita. Or death. . . . I got the Santa Rita blues. . . .

AFTERTHOUGHTS and vituperations: Really realize how a hole like this literally makes criminals: 18-year-old first-offender thrown in for disturbing society's deep sleep now making his first hard connection with hard drugs (they are shooting it up in the john!) and enforced homosexuality (bend over, buddy!)

Guards with hard-edge voices careful not to show any human feelings for inmates, on the watch for the slightest lack of obsequiousness on the part of prisoners, now and then goading them a bit with a choice obscenity . . . a slip of the tongue in return, and you're in The Hole with your tongue hanging out. . . .

Plus mail officers with German names withholding mail and books at will, first class letters opened and censored. . . . Working in the mailroom I note two books (sent directly to an inmate from City Lights Bookstore) withheld: Debray's *Revolution in the Revolution?* and *Black Power*. . . . Burn, baby, burn—but in here, baby, it's you who'll be burning. . . .

Unhappy Dehabilitation Center, man-made excrescence befouling the once-beautiful landscape in the shadow of distant Mount Diablo: Devil's mount!

If only revolution can blot out such scenes, let there be revolution; but not a revolution of hate leading in the end to just another super-state. . . .

Lawrence Ferlinghetti, a San Francisco poet, is best known for Coney Island of the Mind (New Directions).

POSTERS &

DESIDERATA

GO PLACIDLY AMID THE NOISE & HASTE, & REMEMBER WHAT PEACE THERE MAY BE IN SILENCE. AS FAR AS POSSIBLE WITHOUT surrender be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly & clearly; and listen to others, even the dull & ignorant; they too have their story. Avoid loud & aggressive persons, they are vexations to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain & bitter; for always there will be greater & lesser persons than yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs; for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals; and everywhere life is full of heroism. Be yourself. Especially, do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity & disenchantment it is perennial as the grass. Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue & loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees & the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be, and whatever your labors & aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life keep peace with your soul. With all its sham, drudgery & broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy.

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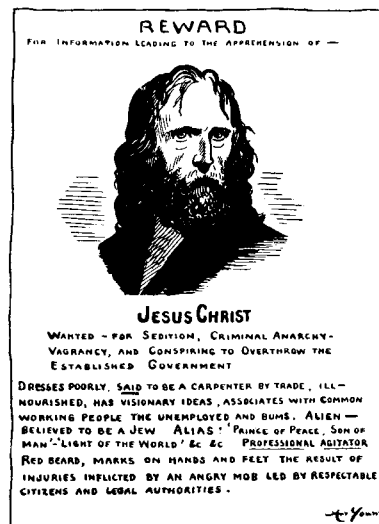
Trump Card: 6x9)

DESIDERATA

THOU SHALT NOT KILL

GOD

(11¼x35, on parchment) THOU SHALT NOT KILL; also, not shown: "BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS."



(14x20)

CHRIST'S REWARD



(Poster: 23x29. Trump Card: 6x9) KAR