

TPU has the basic boot camp mentality that adds up to the insipidity that favors cartoons over the "Sunday Morning" news commentary program. I personally could have puked when the gang switched on Woody Woodpecker, but there is nothing you can do, but the slow burn and puke. I'll never forget the homesick acne cases staring at me or the tube as I spit and left in utter disgust. In the Navy the moron rules, simple as that, but it's still disgusting no matter which way you slice it. These boobs are so wasted on weed, booze, or pills Woody Woodpecker honestly does fit their mentality to a "T". I am the exception, the misfit because the half a brain the Navy hasn't burned out still discerns TV, music, or literature of value as opposed to pop fed to the common idiot. By now the Navy has me totally convinced I am a worthless idiot and mentally ill. I got balled out by two different morons for playing my clarinet in the room at 9:30 Sunday morning. These assholes have their top ten rock on constantly day and night and the minute I break out the clarinet they suffer a rupture and call my practicing shit. There are some squeeks and dull fingering exercises, but assholes like that never heard nothing but top ten trash and don't know good music when they hear it. I have no friends and the majority even avoid giving me the time of day. I'm like a marked man here, but I have my vindictive streak too and I'll brain wash those idiots to my way of thinking and work the idiot Navy the way I see fit to my advantage. If they blast the TV and radio I can blow the horn. Being confined in TPU with nothing to do leads to so many difficulties you act like an animal. All I have in mind is keeping out of disciplinary trouble.

I had time to philosophize in TPU. My mind was working on a premise of a book using bootcamp experience, quite unlike the one with Goldie Hawn "Private Benjamin". I thought taking the dialogue experience and all and concocting a device framed in a futuristic commando or pilot camp, and another Orwellian premise; we have devised warped definitions in sociology, philosophy, and government due to the total shitcanning of wise and ancient human dynamics, not situations, mostly caused by the over use of drugs and electronic entertainment, education, and brainwashing in the form of mass media sports, media "issues" and "trend" mentality which develops into a self-fulfilling prophecy. I thought some more.

I think as TV deals in creating societal phenomenon, i.e. sensations, a poet captures the real in man in the form of the actual nomena at work. That day I checked into sick bay with a headache.

I finally got news that I would be going to Florida. This caused me a lot of consternation, because I had my heart set on taking an upper Atlantic cruise out of Newport. I visualized sailing into London, Stockholm et al. I viewed Florida as a sort of Guam, a cultural vacuum. It was hard to even express the depression I felt. I kept in the back of my mind that I could run into some publishers in New York by working out of Newport and sell my book and work into literary circles. I felt this total immersion in cretinism would definately dry up my work and I'd probably die in the tropical heat. Time at Great Lakes was drawing to a close. I had to work for the CBs and one day before I left the kid who was driving was pitching me all over with some heavy gear in the back, I got put on the pad because I pounded on the roof of the truck for him to slow down. I was gone in three days, who cares.