

# Nature has its own Laws

## Short Story Cycle

Von Jyll

### Kapitel 6: No way

No way

“If the homosexual does not rise up and demand his rights, he will never get them, but until he gets those rights, he cannot be expected to expose himself to the martyrdom that would come should he rise up and demand them.”

Donald Webster Cory alias Edward Sagarin  
The Homosexual in America, 1951

Fort Campbell, Kentucky, 1999

May 5th

Today Fisher told me, they wanna take me to town. Maybe seeing some clubs and so on. Amuse ourselves. Could be a great idea to finally forget this f\*\*\*\*\* letter. Still can't believe she did this to me. Why couldn't she have told me before I went to the Army? Or taking the freaking phone and telling me directly that she's breaking bonds?!

Anyway, looks like I need a change.

May 6th

Haven't managed going to Nashville yet. The commander is demanding as always and I had to make some extra running. Just because his wife wants to divorce, we have to suffer. It's not our problem, we have problems by ourselves! I sometimes hate this chain of command.

May 8th

Yesterday there was this Special Day. I thought we would have it next month, but looks like they lied to us and surprise, surprise shooed us to and fro. I'm still so tired. I almost succeeded in burning the letter. I really tried but I didn't manage. I'll try it

again tomorrow. Perhaps finally we can go to some clubs in Nashville and have some beers.

Next week we're on leave.

May 10th

On leave. Going home to Missouri for a few days. Looking forward to having people around me, who are not teasing me.

May 16th

Just back and Fisher starts trouble again. Seems like he learned some new words the days he was at home. Can't see why I have to share a room with him. But with whom else should I? There all the same in their content.

Actually I have decided to stop writing about all the insults, but I cannot help it, it's stirring me!

Anyhow, he caught me right after I left the bus and predicted a punishment. I don't know what he exactly meant, but he made clear, that it's not gonna be pleasant.

His teasing is just going on for months now. I really should think about the permission of a transfer. But first I just try to ignore it further.

May 18th

Fisher is pretty silent. Is it just the calm before the storm?

May 19th

Fears came true. My right eye is black, but Fisher is luckily not as strong as I am. His blood is on my uniform and I'll need to wash it immediately. If the Corporal had caught us red-handed...my, I don't want to think about that.

I just have to be prepared for the revenge of Fisher. He threatened it already. Maybe he'll never give up.

May 20th

Again all silent today. Talked about the clubs. Fisher seemed calmer today. Almost as if nothing ever happened. Of course, we all know that this is not true and I'm just waiting 'til the bullying starts again. We'll go tomorrow.

May 21st

It's already late. I'll write tomorrow, although it actually is already tomorrow. So tired, but satisfied.

May 22nd

Yesterday was the day. Haven't got the time to explain. Postpone it to tomorrow.

May 23rd

Finally found time to write. We went to a club in Nashville downtown, called 'The Connection'. And there I met a woman. A nice woman, who made this letter so unimportant that I should thank her.

Well, so we were in this club. Actually Fisher and the others first hesitated. They told me about this thing, but then we just tried to ignore and went. That was by God a good idea!

After a few drinks, I had a Manhattan or maybe two, we talked about the performer. You almost can't recognize, you know. I thought it would be...more obvious, but it wasn't. They looked real to me. At least the main part. Her name is Calpernia. I'm not quite sure if she is...one of them. I guess so, but I haven't had the courage yet to ask her. We were just talking a little and having some drinks, I paid. Of course I heard Fisher and Glover whispering and laughing behind my back, but I pretended like I wouldn't notice. Anyway, I'll meet her again. Maybe even ask her this time.

May 24th

Just a short notice: Day was awful, looking forward to seeing Calpernia. Have to change clothes, departure in five minutes.

May 25th

Yesterday she performed on stage. I was amazed. Then we talked again, she could easily remember my name. I'll take this as a good sign. Fisher is teasing me the whole day; I just act as he was not there.

May 26th

Almost forget that we have the special training week in Tennessee next week. This means tomorrow preparation will start and then we're abroad. We'll be set out somewhere in the woods or just in nowhere and have to find back to the base. I should pack only the most necessary stuff. So no entries till next week.

June 3rd

There was not one thing that wasn't full of mud, when I came back. I showered for almost an hour, but Fisher made some comments and instead of passing me the soap he let it fall on the floor, laughing in his ugly way. I understood the cliché pretty well. Of course I did, his teasing is pointing clearer. I...I don't want to speak further. Won't go out today.

June 5th

Really like to see Calpernia again, but fear the insults following. Try to go alone and tell them I went to...I don't know...just somewhere else. With someone else.

June 6th

Yesterday evening was nice. Calpernia wasn't working, but was there and we had the

evening alone. I'm not thinking about this letter anymore and finally had the courage to ask. He told me it was true. I was...yeah, I was a little bit surprised, but I knew, I had to expect it. I think...I don't care. I mean I like him or her, no matter what gender he is. And at the moment, he has the body of a woman. Actually Fisher should just shut up.

June 8th

I don't want to write anything in here at the moment. What should I write about? I know Fisher is talking and chatting and Glove takes all the nasty words. Sure, when the Corporal is there, no one dares to say a word, but they're no longer talking behind my back. There are no greetings without a hurting word.

June 9th

Insults are going on. Don't Harass. Ha Ha.

June 10th

Today almost ended in fighting with Fisher again. New Privates just arrived in the last second and Fisher hit the bend. Have to be more careful. Or maybe transfer. Transfer.

June 12th

Decided to go on and meet Calpernia. I don't care. I just don't care. I can live by myself.

June 14th

Had two pleasant evenings. I can forget all the shit of the day, when I talk with her. Fisher is still going on. Thought about complaining, but this would violate the Don't-Tell part of this damn law.

And I knew the amount. The discharges. It's not a month ago, when Chestler had to leave the Fort. Of course, they spoke about bad behavior and not following the commands of the Corporal, but everyone knew, that the leave was because of a different content. Although I didn't know him very well, they even questioned me about his acquaintances. I see; the law is just perfectly enforced.

June 18th

Goddamn! I hate this place, and things are getting worse. Two days ago, Fisher and I had an awful meeting and since Glover suddenly joined I finally went to the sanitary station. There is a short scar on my back head now. Five stitches. Thanks very much.

June 19th

Harassment is making me half-hearted. I'm jogging in the early morning hours, working on my condition just to get some change and not thinking about all this shit. I'm even afraid of diary entries, because I see and read all the stuff I had to go through. Once this diary was thought to work up the daily life, the distance from

home and all this kind of stuff. Now it's just the evidence of the things that are going wrong. And will still go wrong, there seems to be no escape. I hardly remember the time I was looking forward to going to the army.

June 20th

Maybe I should just write about the physical part of the day. Like, I was jogging for two hours, than one hour of muscle training. There are some new Privates, who need introduction. Dinner will be mash potatoes.

June 22nd

Can't believe I wrote an entry like the one two days ago. Was so ashamed, that I couldn't write anything yesterday.  
Going out today. Seeing Calpernia.

June 23rd

Our last evening was beclouded by Fisher, the a\*\*\*\*\*. He came in, pretended it was by coincidence. Of course he came to us and immediately started with another comment. Fag was the nicest word. Calpernia felt uncomfortable as well as I did. It was just awful. I don't know, is he attracted by her and envious? Or is it just the pure hate? Guess the latter.

There's just one good thing about this. We're having a date abroad tomorrow. Going to a restaurant.

June 24th

Date today. Don't know what to wear. Maybe I am a fag. Today I don't care.

June 26th

Fisher made some strange comment today. I don't know...maybe he has stolen the diary and read it. Don't like this thought.

June 27th

Date was calm and we shared agreeable conversation. We made another date to meet. Others have started to tease as Fisher is doing. My bed was full of flour when I came back. It wasn't Fisher, because I had service with him. Maybe it was Glover. He has been very aggressive the last days.

June 28th

Situation is getting worse. Do not dare to see Calpernia today. I know there are rumors. A lot of rumors. Someone has written on the walls of the toilet with black marker. >There is no place for fags in the Army<. Fear, it meant me. Atmosphere is strange and I feel glances on my back all the time. Haven't had the courage to write this into the diary, because of Fishers sneaking, but found a better hiding-place.

I took a form for transfer today from the office. Have to fill it out as soon as possible. Leave is at the moment best that could happen to me.

June 29th

Condoms. Condoms in my locker. They were cut in the middle. I don't know what to do. I have to go. Fisher and Glover were talking about something and went silent, when I joined. Can't see Calpernia, they cancelled my permission to leave in the evenings.

This law...this law is just a goddamn fake! Don't Ask, yeah of course they don't ask, they don't have to, they just decide! They just judge over you like you're not human! Don't Tell: is clearly taking your possibility to complain and defend yourself. I don't see this so-called step forward.

Don't Harass. I don't have to say anything about that, I stopped counting the days of harassment. Soap, flour, condoms. What's next? The sanitary station already knows me pretty well, but doesn't say a word. Don't Pursue. Means I am forbidden to meet Calpernia. Means I am forbidden to meet anyone! I feel pursued.

June 30th

Fact is, I am pursued. And I am hated. And there is no help.

July 1st

Transfer form is sent to the higher office. I have to leave. There is no other way out.

July 3rd

I'm writing this entry from the sanitary station. Glover and I had a terrible fight, but luck was on my side. Tomorrow his face we'll be black. My body is hurting, but I just have to be glad, Fisher wasn't participating, otherwise, who would have known how the battle would have gone out. Of course he was cheering on the side, I have never seen Glover so angry. Finished washing not an hour ago. Our uniforms are covered with mud and dust. I have to clean out the blood. Tomorrow is the holiday of the Independence Day. I'd like to see Calpernia. Fisher and Glover are outrageous, because I had won the fight. Beaten by a bloody fag.

Barry Winchell was murdered in the night of July 4th, 1999. His mate Glover smashed his head with a baseball bat while he was sleeping. The 'Don't Ask, Don't Tell' law had at that time been in effect for six years.

(Wahre Geschichte)