

Nature has its own Laws

Von Jyll

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Kapitel 1: England-Ausschnitt

1. Januar 1757

Eaden lag halb sitzend auf dem Bett, das eine Knie hatte er aufgestellt und sein rechter Unterarm ruhte darauf. Zwischen seinen Fingern klemmte eine angefangene Zigarette. Er blies den Rauch aus und man konnte im sanften Morgenlicht erkennen, wie er in weichen Kringel über die Haut schlich.

Er fuhr mit dem Daumnagel seiner rechten Hand über seine Unterlippe. Er überlegte in die Ferne starrend. Die graue Säule die seinem Mund entstieg, hob sich von den weissen Wänden ab, durch das Sonnenlicht in helles Gelb getaucht. Eaden biss sich leicht auf die Lippe und schob seine Zähne darüber.

Neben ihm regte sich langsam der kleine Dunkelhaarige. Eaden sah ihm lächelnd dabei zu, wie er wach wurde. Er fuhr sich durch die blonden Haare und erwiderte Mylons Blick, der seine Arme hinter seinem Kopf verschränkt hatte und ihm wortlos zusah. Eaden verzog seine Lippen zu einem Grinsen und liess seine Zunge aus dem Mund fahren, auf dessen Spitze der Rauch tanzte und zog sie langsam zurück, worauf der Rauch sanft über die Kante kippte und nach und nach verblasste.

Mylon verzog amüsiert das Gesicht und setzte sich auf, klaubte Eaden den eingerollten Tabak aus den Fingern, hob den Filter an seinen Mund und sog das Nikotin tief in die Lungen ein.

Eaden lächelte und dachte, dass dieser Charakterzug des Strichers wohl einer der Dinge war, weshalb er ihn um sich wissen wollte.

Er beugte sich hinunter und schloss seine Lippen um Mylons Mund, bevor dieser wieder ausgeatmet hatte. Der kalte Rauch verteilte sich in ihren Mündern und ihre neckenden Zungen vermischten ihn. Mylon liess seinen warmen Atem in Eadens Mund, mit ihm getragen die schwere Luft, die Eaden langsam aus der Nase entliess.

„Hmm...“ Eaden drückte den Stricher zurück in die Kissen. Dieser grinste leicht und kratzte mit den Nägeln, in den Fingern der rechten Hand die Zigarette eingeklemmt, über den Rücken des Blonden. „Du solltest deine Brille öfter nicht tragen...“

Die dünne Brille die Eaden normalerweise auf der Nase trug und seine Augen unauffällig hervorhob, lag neben dem Bett. Die Träger waren gekreuzt und es spiegelte sich bereits das aufkommende Morgenrot in den geschliffenen Gläsern.

Eaden erwiderte nichts und vergrub seinen Kopf an Mylons Hals. Er fuhr seine heisse Zunge aus dem Mund und leckte damit über die Haut, an der er wusste, dass der Schwarzhaarige empfindlich war.

„Mhm“ Mylon drehte den Hals leicht weg. „Weshalb trägst du eigentlich eine Brille? Du hast doch gar keine starke Sehschwäche.“

„Halt die Klappe!“, knurrte Eaden und biss ihn leicht in den Hals.

Der Kleinere griff in den blonden Schopf und, nachdem er ein leises Stöhnen vernehmen lassen hatte, zwang ihn das Gesicht zu ihm zu drehen. Er lächelte und hielt ihm als selbstverständlich die Zigarette vor den Mund. Eaden sah sie an, liess den Blick grinsend zum anderen schweifen und schloss lasziv den geöffneten Mund darum. Mylon beobachtete ihn aus halb geöffneten Augen, er hatte den Kopf ein wenig in den Nacken gekippt und unbewusst den Mund leicht geöffnet, als er den Schauspieler beobachtete. Das Papier kringelte sich nach hinten und die Asche wurde zu schwer. Sie flog und hinterliess grauen Staub auf seinem Oberkörper. Mylon hob die Hand und

schob sie zu Boden.

Der Blonde übergab über gab ihm die Zigarette und senkte den Kopf. Er stiess den Rauch langsam aus und er kräuselte über die Muskel des Schwarzhaarigen über die sich nackte Haut spannte. Eaden blies ihn in seinen Bauchnabel und leckte ihn aus. Mylon nahm einen tiefen Zug, während sein Grinsen sein Wohlwollen verriet und mit einem lang gezogen, leisen Stöhnen schwebte der Rauch hinaus.

Während Eadens Zunge über seine Lendengegend strich, drückte Mylon den Rest der Zigarette an der Bettkante aus und warf sie hinunter. Der Schauspieler beobachtete dies mit einem missbilligenden Blick. „Ich hab gesagt, dass du es unterlassen sollst.“

Mylon rollte die Augen zur Decke. „Die Glut wird schon kein Feuer entfachen...“

Der Blonde liess von ihm ab und warf sich zurück ins Kissen.

„Und ausserdem...hast du doch gesagt, dass wir weggehen, dann brauchen wir die Bruchbude auch nicht mehr.“

Eaden erwiderte nichts.

Mylon hörte aufgeregtes Treiben von der Strasse. Eaden hatte sich wieder neben ihn ausgestreckt und döste vor sich hin. Vorsichtig schob er seine Hand weg, schwang seine Beine über die Bettkante um aufzustehen und tappte zum Fenster. Nervöse Rufe der Menschen, die zahlreich auf dem Platz erschienen waren, hallten herauf. Mylon runzelte die Stirn und beugte sich weiter vor um besser sehen zu können, nachdem er sich kurz vergewissert hat, dass Eaden nichts von alldem mitbekommen hatte.

Der Stricher war schon einige Zeit nicht mehr draussen gewesen und so hatte er nicht gemerkt, wie Männer des Gerichts im Laufe der letzten Tage einen Holzstoss aufgebaut hatten.

Mitten auf dem Platz überragte die mondäne Konstruktion nun hoch die Köpfe der Menschen.

Als die Masse aufgeregter wurde und sich bewegte, bemerkte Mylon, wie andere Männer, in sonderbarer Kleidung, sich näherten. Die Menschen wurden nun ganz ruhig und verstummten vollends. Da hörte der Dunkelhaarige auch das dumpfe Geräusch, das monoton in gleichmässigem Takt ertönte. Andächtig wirkte das Volk, als der erste Mann, und nun sah Mylon auch woher das Geräusch stammt, festlich gekleidet mit einer Trommel vor seinen dicken Bauch geschnallt und mit den Klöppeln draufschlagend, die Gasse, die die Menge gebildet hatte, hinunter kam. Hinter ihm schritt ein wichtiger Mann, der Schriftrollen trug. Mylon beugte sich noch weiter vor und war versucht das Fenster zu öffnen, aber er getraute sich nicht. Auch könnte Eaden etwas davon mitbekommen. Noch schlief er.

Der Kleine wandte seinen Blick wieder auf den bizarren Zug. Erst jetzt bemerkte er die zwei Männer, die sich von den anderen abhoben durch ihre schmutzigen Kleiderfetzten. Sie waren sehr dürr und geschwächt und mussten von Wachen gestützt werden, damit sie laufen konnten. Sie wurden gestossen und die Menschen beschimpften sie wüst. Was genau sie sagten, konnte Mylon nicht verstehen, aber das wollte er auch nicht. Seltsamerweise wagte es jedoch niemand ihnen etwas an den Kopf zu werfen.

Mylon biss sich auf die Lippen, verfolgte das Szenario aber weiterhin.

Hinter dem Zug, der mit einem weiteren Trommelmann beendet wurde, schloss sich

die Gasse wieder und die Menschen drängten sich zum Holzstoss vor. Die mageren Männer wurden nebeneinander angebunden, sie hatten nicht die Kraft sich zu wehren.

Der Kleinere betrachtet sie genauer. Der eine war grösser und stand mit einem geraden Rücken, auch wenn man erkennen konnte, dass es ihm Mühe bereitete und seine Beine zitterten. Seine kurzen Haaren waren dreckig und klebten an seiner dunklen Haut, wie beim kleineren Mann, dessen Oberkörper erschöpft nach unten hing, nur gehalten von den Fesseln aus Seil, die ihnen ins Fleisch schnitt. Beide hatten Striemen im Gesicht und auch auf den Stellen an denen sich die Haut über die Knochen zog, die man durch die Löcher in ihren Kleidern sehen konnte. Das Faszinierendste jedoch, war der Ausdruck in den klaren blauen Augen des Grösseren. Sein Blick war so stolz und ungebrochen und er schaute ohne Furcht in die dunklen Gesichter der Menschen die nach Strafe schrien.

Eaden legte seine Arme um Mylons Schultern. »Was machst du da?« Mylon starrte angeregt durch die schmutzige Scheibe. Eaden bemerkte die Trommelschläge, die in diesem Moment verklangen. Er starrte angestrengt hinunter und in dem Moment, als er registrierte was vor sich ging, weiteten sich seine Augen und seine Züge entgleisten ihm für einen kurzen Augenblick. Er packte Mylon heftiger als er wollte an den Schultern und schob ihn unsanft zur Seite.

Mylon wollte etwas erwidern aber er sah in den Augen des Grösseren, das er es wusste. Das sich sein Verdacht bestätigte. Er presste die Lippen zusammen und musterte das bleiche Gesicht des Blonden. Draussen war es wieder still geworden.

Natürlich wusste Eaden was dies zu bedeuten hatte. Er wusste es sogar so gut, das er Mylon nicht in die Augen blickte, um den Ausdruck der nun darin lag, nicht sehen zu müssen. Seine Knöchel traten weiss hervor, als er seine Hand zu einer Faust ballte. Für seine eigene Naivität, seine Hoffnungen musste er nun bitter bezahlen, das wusste er. Die Menschen waren verstummt, denn der gewichtige Mann hatte eine seiner Schriftrollen aufgerollt und sich vors Volk zu stellen und mit lauter und klarer Stimme zu verkünden begonnen.

Mylons Blick wanderte unbewusst und unfreiwillig wieder zum Geschehen.

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Bevor Mylon noch genau begriffen hatte, was er sagte, rollte der Mann die Schriftrolle zusammen und nahm von der Wache die Fackel entgegen, was sofort dazu führte, dass das Volk seine Stimme erhob.

»So möge London mit diesem Feuer gereinigt werden!« Mit einem dreckigen Grinsen trat der Mann an den mit Teer getränkten Holzstoss um die Flammen daran lecken zu lassen.

„...Sieh nicht hin...“, flüsterte Eaden leise neben Mylon, obwohl er ihn immer noch nicht ansah.

In diesem Moment begann der Grössere zu sprechen und die Stimme hallte über den Platz.

»Die Liebe ist das natürlichste was geschieht auf dieser Welt. Und trotzdem straft ihr die Menschen dafür. Wir sind euresgleichen. Aber ihr behandelt uns wie Aussätzige. Aber Gefühle kann man nicht auslöschen, in niemandem. Man liebt sich über den Tod hinaus und geht gemeinsam in die Ewigkeit ein.

Ihr seid nicht fähig Liebe zu erfahren, weil ihr die Würde nicht besitzt. Unsere Körper könnt ihr zerstören, aber unsere Seelen nicht. Kläglich scheitern werdet ihr, und über eure Dummheiten wird man nur noch den Kopf schütteln und sich seiner Ahnen schämen.

Und eure Taten verblassen mit der Zeit die ins Lande kommt.«

Mylon und Eaden standen am Fenster und betrachteten den von Russ und Rauch geschwärzten Himmel.

Kapitel 2: England - Sodomy

So, jetzt gehts hier endlich mal wieder voran. Tut mir Leid, dass es so lange gedauert hat! Hier ist das fertige Kapitel über Sodomie im 18. Jahrhundert.

Die englische Fassung kommt so schnell als möglich. Bitte sagt mir, was ihr davon haltet und vorallem ob es logisch ist, denn es steht als feste Kurzgeschichte ohne dass man weitere Hintergrundinformationen hat!

Wichtig sind mir auch die Scheiterhaufenszene und der zweitletzte Satz mit dem Ärmelkanal. Passt es?

Ach ja, die Namen. Ich habe Mylons Name in Matthew verwandelt für breiteres Publikum, da er nun ja weniger exotisch ist. Eaden liess ich noch, aber vielleicht sollte ich ihn ebenfalls ändern?

Vielen Danke für Bewertung <3

Smoke

Though law cries "hold!" yet passion onward draws;
But nature gave us passions, man gave laws,
Whence spring these inclinations, rank and strong?
And harming no one, wherefore call them wrong?
DonLeon, 1866, anonymous

London, 1. Februar prov. 1757

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Und eure Taten verblassen mit der Zeit die ins Lande kommt.«

Noch bevor die letzten Worte erklingen waren, hatte der Staatsmann die Fackel auf den Stoss geworfen und gierige Flammen verspiesen das trockene Holz. Ausgehungert erklimmen sie Stufe für Stufe undleckte bald schon hämisch an den dreckigen Füßen und Hosenbeinen. Ihre Schreie hoben sich vom begeisterten Gekreische der Meute ab und alles vermischte sich zu einem grausigen Crescendo.

Matthew und Eaden standen am Fenster und betrachteten den von Russ und Rauch geschwärzten Himmel.

Etwas Warmes, Weiches legte sich auf seine Haut. Es strich langsam über die empfindliche Stelle an seinem Hals.

Matthew schlug die Augen auf. Vor ihm hingen wirre, blonde Strähnen. Er pustete zwei weg. Fuhr dann mit der Hand darunter und kraulte Eadens Nacken. Dieser war an seinem Ohr angekommen, knabberte kurz an Matthews Ohrläppchen und flüsterte dann: »Es ist Zeit.«

Matthew drehte Eadens Gesicht so, dass er ihre Lippen aufeinander pressen konnte. Die Zunge fuhr aus seinem geöffneten Mund und strich Eaden über die Ober- und Unterlippe und verlangte Einlass, Eaden aber zog seinen Kopf weg. »Wir müssen gehen.« Er stieg aus dem Bett und verschwand im angrenzenden Raum.

Matthew strich mit seinen Fingerspitzen über seine Wange, benetzte dabei den Ringfinger und biss auf den Nagel. In seinem Kopf war Leere. Stille, dunkel Leere. Seine Augen wanderten über die wenigen Gegenstände die im Zimmer standen.

Die Truhe die sie als Esstisch benutzten, sie war alt und morsch, wie die Holzdielen. Die Oberseite war zerschabt, Lack abgeblättert und an einem Ort prangte ein roter Fleck. Matthew hatte einmal billigen Rotwein ausgeschüttet. Eaden hatte missbilligend das Glas von Matthew geschnappt und gemeint, er werde auf Wasser gesetzt. Sie hatten gelacht.

Auf der Oberfläche stand noch die angefangene Whiskyflasche. Als Matthew und Eaden die letzte Bar verlassen hatten, war der Jüngere bereits ein bisschen trunken gewesen, und Eaden hatte erst zu Hause bemerkt, dass Matthew die Flasche immer noch in der Hand hielt. Während er sonst über die Erinnerung hatte lachen müssen, brachte er jetzt nur noch ein trauriges Lächeln zustande.

Daneben lag die Pistole. Matthews Pistole. Er hätte Eaden damit verletzen können. Hätte ihn töten können. Aber vielleicht war das ja jetzt nicht mehr nötig, vielleicht würden sie auf einem anderen Wege sterben. Sie beide.

Da fielen seine Gedanken auf den letzten Gegenstand. Eine kleine, unscheinbare Tasche. Sie war aus rotem Samt. Eaden hatte sie aus einem alten Bühnenvorhang geschnitten. Es war alles was ihnen jetzt noch blieb. Ihr wenig Hab und Gut bereits darin verstaut.

Matthew stand auf und schlug die Bettdecke über die Kopfkissen. Seine Kleider hatte er über die kurzen Nachtstunden nicht abgelegt.

Er nahm die Pistole zur Hand. Sie lag schwer, schwerer als sonst, wie ihm schien. Er wog sie noch ein wenig und steckte sie dann auch in die Tasche, liess danach die Verschlüsse zurasten und hob sie auf. Neben ihm stand Eaden. Er sah ihm in die Augen, der Ausdruck darin war neu, neu und fremd. Er wusste nicht, was er bedeutete. Eaden schlug Matthew seinen Schal um den Hals. Den, welchen er zu ihrem ersten bescheidenen Fest bekommen hatte.

Eaden nahm die Whiskyflasche von der Truhe und gab sie Matthew in die freie Hand. Er griff die Henkel auf den Seiten und trug sie ans Bettende, stellte sie auf den Boden. Darauf nahm er Matthew den Schnaps wieder ab. Mit einer kleinen Kopfbewegung fragte Eaden ihn, ob er bereit wäre. Matthew nickte, seine Kehle war trocken.

Mit einer kräftig ausholenden Bewegung schmetterte Eaden die Flasche auf das Bett. Sie traf den Bettpfosten und die Truhe, zerbarst und die Flüssigkeit lief über das Lacken und das Holz. Dann zündete er mit einem leisen >Zitt!< ein Streichholz an. Er beobachtete einen kurzen Moment die flackernde Flamme, während Matthew wie gebannt auf das Feuer und Eadens Hand starrte. Rasch spickte Eaden das kleine Stück aus seiner Hand. Es flog nicht sehr weit, gerade weit genug um auf der Bettkante liegen zu bleiben. Das Feuer griff um sich, das Lacken fing Flammen, sie fraßen sich durch, kamen mit dem Alkohol in Kontakt und plötzlich war das ganze Bett ein einziges Brandspiel. Auch auf der Truhe züngelten die ersten Flämmchen. Es bildete

sich Rauch und Russ, die Decke schwärzte sich.

Und in alldem Spiel aus Gelb und Rot, sah Matthew eine hämische Fratze, die ihn anstarrte und er war nicht fähig den Blick abzuwenden. Die Hitze schlug ihm bar ins Gesicht und seine Wangen glüh-ten auf. Er spürte kaum wie Eaden ihn endlich wegzerzte, denn Matthew wandte den Blick nicht ab, wie gebannt musterte er das höhnische Grinsen des teuflischen Gesichts. Dann schlug die Türe vor ihm zu und er bemerkte erst jetzt, wie sein Hals kratzte. Er hustete ein paar Mal. Eaden schleifte ihn über den von ihm so verhassten Teppich, an der Couch vorüber, durch die nächste Türe, über den Flur und zur grossen, roten Eingangstür. Matthew liess sich in Trance mitziehen. Das Rot der Türe brannte in seinen Augen und erinnerte ihn unwillkürlich an das Feuer im Schlafzimmer.

Sie stolperten die Treppen hastig hinunter und stürzten in die kalte, frische Nachtluft. Matthew sah nach oben, alle Fenster waren dunkel, teilweise eingeschlagen, bei anderen hing noch ein Rest eines Fensterladens lose hinunter. Nur hinter einem, das im obersten Stock ganz links, hinter diesem glomm ein roter Schatten.

»Das Feuer wird bald auf die anderen Zimmer übergreifen, die Wohnung und das ganze Haus.«, bemerkte Eaden neben ihm knapp. Matthew nickte nur stumm. In fünf Tagen hätten sie den Ärmelkanal erreicht um nach Paris zu flüchten.

Erst jetzt hatte er verstanden, dass wirklich nichts mehr je wie vorher sein würde.

Kapitel 3: How the blossoms of a fan revealed the true desire

*A youngling without a paramour is, so they say, like a wife without a husband;
Yet with change of time the love between man and woman sank into darkness
And marvelous as the day blew the love between boys.*

Ihara Saikaku

Edo, 1687

Edo was a blooming empire and the centre of the country where the sun had its bassinet and was rising at this moment to alight the busy city in a fair red. Everyday people, citizens and foreigners surged over the big bridge, the intersection of Nippon. All the streets on which messengers, bearers and dogs cavorted all-around sooner or later led hither, Shogun Ieyasu had made a metropolis of power and fortune out of the small fisher village, had built channels, ramified like the roots of an orange tree. The houses were arranged like paddy fields, whose rice granary loomed against the sky on the shore of the wide and blue ribbon of the Sumida-River.

Tagawa Kimpachi was a samurai of the most honorables. With earnings of 2000 koku rice, he lived near the inner circuit. However, the period of Edo was a peaceful time and Tagawa had no need to fight. At any rate, not if his honor did not demand it.

So it happened that one day, on which the cherry blossom was in full bloom, Tagawa strolled through the narrow streets of the city; the stores' entrances were concealed by heavy curtains, the merchants blatant and offering, traps and pushcarts jolted over the brickearth. One could buy everything in the salerooms: Knives and swords, paper fans, clothes out of cotton or silk, plates and bowls out of china, as well as cutlery out of dark wood. Glass and Buddhistic prayer utensils, living animals and tea, dried or pulverized. Everywhere there were little kitchens to order domestic food: grilled fish, sushi or soba, a soup with steamed vegetables.

Rather than withdrawing, people rushed to the bridge. The sedans took most of the space, and dogs ran around one's feet.

When Tagawa passed the Nihon-Bashi he caught sight of a dainty youngling. His age could have been compared with the young cherry blossom tree next to the shrine of Shinto. The sleeves of his kimono were wide with slits, and his hair poured down his neck. He was of an intoxicant beauty. Priests and several young servants accompanied him, for thus he had to be the favorite of a daimyo.

Spellbounded Tagawa followed the group over the bridge and deeper into town. The attractive young man seemed not to recognize him on their way into the heart of the city. The street became steeper, up to the castle of the shogun, but shortly before the youngling scurried in a white house. The entrance was ornate with sumptuous wood; two sculptures of dragons with golden scales flanked it. It revealed how wealthy the daimyo was.

Several days were to pass before the samurai would see the youngling again, although Tagawa visited the house every day. He decided to satisfy his desire meanwhile and boarded a cocki the same evening. The rower hauled the small boat off the shore and along the Sumida-River. The rice granaries looked bizarre in the darkness of the night. From a distance there was sweeping a thin melody through the tepid air, which grew with each stroke of the paddles until the red lights came in sight. Tagawa was set in quite before the intricate path lined with tea houses and leading to the huge gate, which represented the entrance to the fading world.

It was not the first time that Tagawa passed the border between the city and the inner world, and thus he knew where he had to go. The main part was occupied by the large avenue of blossom trees. Lampions in all colors alighted the whole district and his secret houses. The ageya he had chosen was very vaunted for it's one geisha, playing the shamisen adorably. When the samurai was waiting for the courtesan to come, he always eavesdropped this one male entertainer. The sake standing ready for the following conversation between suitor and his madam. What ought to happen in the nebulousness of the night, stays nebulous.

The sun, which gave the country its name, already stood high up on the day when Tagawa finally saw a sedan held by two athletic men in front of the daimyo's archway. He caught a short glimpse of the youth, fancily dressed ascending the vehicle. Then the whole entourage disappeared around the corner. Tagawa approached and asked the gate keeper. He learned that the young man was Inosuke Kakubê, favorite of the daimyo, who ruled over the domain Owari.

Day and night Tagawa suffered from his craving and his covert love to Inosuke whom he was continuously thinking of. Finally, driven by insatiable desire, Tagawa took the decision to write a letter and describe his pains and aspirations. Then he sent his confidant to the servant of Inosuke to hand him the letter over.

When Kakubê heard of the infatuation of Tagawa and noticed an enclosed fan, fondly painted with the tender contours of cherry blossoms, he immediately took Indian ink and paper and wrote his answer, in which he promised to release the samurai of his pains and establish ties with Tagawa regardless of his duty to the daimyo. The servant hurried to the samurai, and in the same night they walked on the path of love.

Their bond had to stay secret, and for a year of time no one took notice of their alliance. When Inosuke commemorated his sixteenth autumn, another samurai fell in love with the favorite. The foreign samurai thus wrote many letters, but never received an answer of the loyal youngling. Eventually desperate he summoned Kakubê to fight. Inosuke, aware that he had deeply insulted this samurai, saw no other way and agreed to meet him at the grove of Divine Oaks in the night of the new moon. Tagawa accompanied him as one should in the bond of love. As it was their duty, the servants escorted them through the night. As soon as they caught sight of the enemy and his companions, they took up the arms and went into battle. Tagawa immediately beheaded two of them and Inosuke's sword killed another one. They fought on for a while until six of them were dead and three wounded fled.

Inosuke's servant was dead and he himself had a deep cut on the shoulder. Tagawa had a scratch over his cheek and his sleeves were lacerated.

They had won the battle luckily, but had become committers of another crime.

The two lovers went to the temple nearby. They doffed their kimonos and knelt

down on the tatami mats in their white undergarment kimono. The faces and the dark hair were carefully done to preserve their beauty and therefor their honor forever. Inosuke drew his short sword and they changed a glance for the last time. Then he stroke out the blade and pushed it deep into his left abdomen. While he cut to the right side Kampachi watched him closely and with the incision to the navel his beloved beheaded him, so the pains would not distort Inosukes face. Thereafter he followed him on his path of Seppuku.

Kapitel 4: The nature of a letter

The mightiest Kings have had their minions
Great Alexander loved Hephaestion,
The conquering Hercules for Hylas wept,
And for Patroclus stern Achilles droop'd.
And not kings only, but the wisest men;
The Roman Tully loved Octavius,
Grave Socrates wild Alcibiades.
Then let his grace, whose youth is flexible,
And promiseth as much as we can wish,
Freely enjoy that vain lightheaded earl;
For riper years will wean him from such toys.

Mortimer, Edward II, by Christopher Marlowe

Syracuse, 400 BC

There once lived a man, who upheld the principles of love and honesty very accurately. His name was Damon and he was a Pythagorean. Damon had a friend, with whom he spent much time and shared all his ideas and principles. Never had the reciprocal agreement with another man been of such perfection. For thus there was little they had not done together or did not know of each other, and over the years a very dearly love between them had developed.

One year around the turn of the century they decided to travel to a small island, one of Greeks colonies near Italy. The Mediterranean island was ruled by a tyrant named Dionysius. He was told to be bloody and remorseless with his enemies. Any man, who insulted him, had to face death.

When the two friends stayed in the capital city of the island, they often held their fervid conversations in taverns, and since they, as Pythagoreans, did not concur with the politic of the despot, there were soon rumors spreading through the inns. It took not a long time for the gossip to reach the court of Dionysius, and the same took immediate reaction.

The tyrant ordered to capture Pythias, of whom he thought to be the head of the resistance, and boiling in rage he enacted to punish him with death.

Meanwhile the two foreigners were strolling and chatting in the centre of the city and suddenly got disturbed by the guards, who caught the two men, but let Damon free, for they had no orders of dealing with Pythias' beloved friend. Pythias was drilled to court.

In front of Dionysius the accused did not deny his words, nor did he beg for his life. The only thing he asked for was a delay, because he wanted to adjust his affairs at home. The ruler, distrustful in nature, refused to give the allowance.

Unawares, a man stepped forward from between the guards and bowed down. "I am Damon, my lord. May you allow me to make a suggestion? Accept me as a pledge and I will replace my true friend Pythias!"

Dionysius still hesitated and asked Pythias, how far away his home was. The home of the questioned was many miles distant and he would need several days for his intention.

It looked as if the tyrant would refuse a second time, but then he claimed for a tradeoff.

Damon would stay in prison for the exact period of time Pythias needed to arrive at home and return to Syracuse. If Pythias did not fulfill this requirement, Damon would be sentenced to death.

The exact day and hour was fixed and Damon was sent to prison, while Pythias took his long journey.

Day after day passed by and there was no sight and no message of Pythias.

But Damon was not worried. Contrary, he hoped that Pythias would never return and therefore would survive. When the guards were teasing him, he always repeated one sentence: "Perhaps he has met with some accident along the way."

Damon's room was quite small and empty except for a pallet and a bucket. He spent the hours with looking out of the window, where the world as he had known it seemed so foreign and distant. Damon had not much need of sleep and often enjoyed himself in the nights reading old letters of Pythias, he had kept.

Some of them were just dealing with ideas and discussions about their ethic belief, proposals and complaints. Others were of much more intimate content.

Pythias had always been a dedicated writer and soon began to devote filling pages of letters to Damon. The receiver was less enthusiastic to write, but enchanted to read them. And he could remember every single one of them.

There was one he especially loved:

Dearest

After our discussion today in the ambulatory, I came up with another idea to solve the problem of the diversion but I will tell you this when we next meet tomorrow. This will be soon enough, for I want to write to you about a matter of different nature.

As always I agree with you and accept your proposal you made in the night two days ago. Why not having a journey, it's been so long since we last went on a sustentative travel.

You would like to go to an island as I learned of your whispering. Well, I heard about the one colony gaining fame of his, let's call it, interesting ruler.

I could not discuss it with you since your hands were carrying me to a place where I was not able to think anymore. I'm talking about the island Sicily, you certainly know where it is. The ruler I mentioned is Dionysius, a man of malicious character. A shame that a Greek can be of such ill nature, this is not honorable! Can't more men be like you are?

But we are not going to the island just to examine the politics there as you would tell me, and you are right. I promise to give you my best attention, I promise. As you have

given to me the last time the moon was full. Appreciation to your new technique. It was quite delightful.

However, I'm looking forward to experiencing a new part of Greece, especially with this different form of state. And enjoying a new landscape with you by my side.

So many days have passed since our last journey. I remember exactly the details. And where we first met. You were so young of age and I was a little bit younger. I will not repeat that I chose you the first time I saw you, since you always start a discussion at this point, because you do not believe me.

You had just reached the bloom and were in need of a philetor. I wonder if we'll see philetors and their kleinos, too.

We sure visit some taverns, won't we?

Well, I caught sight of you in this very thin cloth and you know that I aimed a question at you. Certainly you were astonished. Ah, I have the expression of your beardless face still in mind. And soon you became my eromenos.

You often told me I was a good teacher. And I agree since I see all the virtuousness, honesty and braveness a Greek should have in you.

I assume Dionysius wasn't as lucky to own an erastes to make him an honorable man.

I ought to go and arrange our journey

Erastes

The day of the execution was approaching fast and there still had not been any sign of Pythias. Damon was imperturbable and did not fear the path to his death, if so his dear friend could be saved.

With his head held high Damon stepped out of the prison and paced in front of the tyrant. His hands were captivated behind his back, but his glance was full of pride and relief.

Dionysius on his throne leaned forward and examined the moribund man. "So, Damon, where is your friend, whom you were so confident of? I fear you have allowed him to take advantage of your simplicity."

"It is impossible for me to doubt my friend's constancy," replied Damon. "Perhaps he has met with some accident along the way."

Of course Pythias had not, because Damon was absolutely sure he would have felt, if Pythias had been hurt.

Dionysius was gradually annoyed by the cheerful face of Damon's and commanded to fulfil the obligation. Damon did not move, for he was determined to die.

At the very same second the patter of hooves rose and a white horse suddenly appeared, squirted with mud. The crowd scattered screaming in all directions. The man with waving hair half jumped, half fell out of his saddle, when the animal abruptly stopped. He ran towards Damon, who looked at him in shock.

"I am here!" Pythias flung his arms around Damon's neck. "I am in time!" Damon tried to step back. "No! No, you fool! Go back! I am going to die. It's fine!"

But the other man shook his head. "I hurried – to come in time! My family refused to

let me go, but you may not be killed!" He gasped. "It is my place and I am going to face it!"

Damon turned his head to Dionysius. "Kill me instantly!", he claimed.

"No! I am here to save you! Kill me!" Pythias took the sword from a guard, but Damon went in between.

"Hold on!" Dionysius' voice sounded over the dusty place. He had stood up and approached. The discussion between the two men and their will to die for the other one as a matter of course had moved Dionysius.

"Never in my life have I seen such loyalty. I hereby set both of you free."

Kapitel 5: Smoke

Smoke

Though law cries "hold!" yet passion onward draws;
But nature gave us passions, man gave laws,
Whence spring these inclinations, rank and strong?
And harming no one, wherefore call them wrong?
Don Leon, 1866, anonymous

London, 1810

Eaden was half lying, half sitting on the bed, the one knee he had bent upwards and his right forearm was resting on it. Between his fingers was clamping a half-smoked cigarette. He blew the smoke out and one could recognize in the gentle dawn, how it crept over the skin in smooth curls. He struck with the dumb nail of his right hand over his lower lip. He was thinking while peering into the distance. The grey column, which rose from his mouth, clearly silhouetted against the white walls, due to the sunlight lit in fair amber. Eaden bit softly into his lips and shove his teeth over them.

Beside him, the small Dark-haired slowly bestirred. Smilingly, Eaden watched him awaken. He went with his fingers through his blond hair and returned the gaze of Matthew, who had crossed his arms behind his head while observing him without saying a word. Eaden twisted his lips into a grin and let extend out of his mouth the tongue, on which's tip the smoke was dancing and then slowly withdrew it, whereupon the smoke mellowly toppled over, fading by and by.

Matthew distorted his face in amusement and sat up, picked the curled tobacco out of Eaden's fin-gers, lifted the filter to his grin and inhaled the substance deep into his lungs.

Eaden smiled and thought that this characteristic was one of the reasons why he wanted to have the rent boy around him.

He bent down and with his lips enclosed Matthew's mouth, before he had exhaled. The cold smoke spread out in their mouths and their teasing tongues stirred it. Matthew let his warm breath into Eaden's mouth, with it the heavy air, which Eaden released gradually out of his nose.

"Hmm..." Eaden pressed the rent boy back into the pillows. The same was grinning fairly and scratched with his nails, between the fingers of his right hand clutching the cigarette, over the blonde's back. "You coul'do without your glasses more often..."

The small glasses Eaden was usually wearing on his straight nose and which emphasized his eyes discreetly were lying next to the bed. The spectacles frames were crossed and the rising red sky was reflecting in the polished glass.

Eaden didn't respond anything and hid his face at Matthew's neck. His hot tongue crawled over his lips and along Matthew's skin, licked over the part of which he knew

that Matthew was sensitive.

"Mhm." Matthew slightly turned away his neck. "Why d'you actually wear spectacles? You don' even have a failing eyesight."

"Hush!", Eaden growled and softly bit him into the neck. The smaller one grabbed the blonde's shock of hair and, after he had let hear a low moaning, forced him to turn his face towards him. Matthew smiled and held out as naturally the fag in front of Eaden's mouth. Eaden looked at him, let the gaze sweep to the other one and enclosed it lasciviously with his open mouth. Matthew looked at the actor with eyes half shut; he had canted his head back a little and had opened his mouth unconsciously. The paper curled backwards and the ash became too heavy. It fell and left grey dust on his upper part of the body. Matthew raised his hand and shifted it on the floor.

The Blonde handed him over the cigarette and lowered his head. He expelled the smoke steadily and it cockled over the Dark-haired's muscles, over which fair skin strained. Eaden blew it into the belly button and licked it out. Matthew took a deep drag, while his grin whistle-blew courtesy and with a quiet drawn out moaning, the smoke floated out.

While Eaden's tongue slid over his lumbar part, Matthew ground out the rest of the cigarette at the edge of the bed and threw it down. The actor disapprovingly followed this with his eyes. "I told you to desist from this!"

Matthew rolled his eyes to the ceiling. "The glow won't spark a fire..."

The Blonde drew back and flung himself back into the pillows.

"And besides...you've said, we're goin' away, so we don't even need this dump anymore."

Eaden did not reply anything.

Matthew heard excited hustle and bustle from outdoors. Eaden had sprawled himself again next to him and dozed. Carefully Matthew shoved his hand away, swung his legs over the edge of their bed to stand up and lumbered to the window. Nervous screams of people, which had appeared in large numbers on the square of Saint Paul's Cathedral, clanged up. Matthew frowned and bent further to have a better view, after he had shortly ascertained that Eaden had missed the noise.

The rent boy had not been out for quite a long time and so had not recognized how court-men had arranged a pile of wood in the course of the week.

In the middle of the plaza now towered a swank construction over the people's heads. As the mass became agitated and started to move, Matthew made remark of other men, who ap-proached in peculiar clothes. The mob was now all silent and finally hushed completely.

At that point the Dark-haired noticed a dull beat, which resounded monotonously. The public seemed devotional, when the first man came along the small lane of people. He was festively dressed having a big drum strapped around his bulge, beating it hard with bobbins. Behind him paced an important looking man, carrying scrolls. Matthew leaned even further and was tempted to open the window, but he did not dare to do it. Eaden could notice it. Yet the latter was still asleep.

The Dark-haired turned his gaze back to the bizarre cortège. Only now did he notice two men standing out against the others with their dirty shreds of clothes. They were both very scrawny and enervated and had to be held up by the guards to be able to walk. They were pushed and the people rant and raved at them. What the exact insults were, Matthew did not understand, but he did not even want to. Paradoxically

no one dared to cast something at them.

Matthew bit his lips, but followed the scenario still.

Behind the procession, ending with another drummer, the lane closed again and people pushed to the pile of wood. The skinny men were tied next to each other; they had not any power to resist.

The boy examined them more precisely. One of them was taller and standing up straight with his back, although one could discern that it incommoded him, and his legs were shivering. His short hair was filthy and adhered to his dark skin. As it did to the smaller man, whose torso dangled exhaustedly downwards, only held by the fetters made of cord, which cut their flesh.

Both had weals over their faces and also on the body parts where the skin stretched over the bones, which one could see through the holes in the clothes. Yet, the most fascinating was the expression in the clear blue eyes of the taller one. His gaze was so proud and so unbowed, and he glared without anxiety into the dark faces of the people claiming punishment.

Eaden placed his arms around Matthew's shoulders. "What are you doin' there?" Matthew stared through the dingy glass. Eaden beheld the pulse of the drums, which died away at this moment. He peered down intensely, and as soon as he knew what was going on, his eyes dilated and his features derailed for a short instant. He grabbed Matthew by the shoulders more fiercely than he had wanted and pushed him ruggedly aside.

Matthew wanted to respond something but he saw in the eyes of his partner that he knew. That their suspicion confirmed. He pressed his lips together and examined the pale face of the Blonde. Outside, it was silent.

Certainly Eaden knew what this meant. He even knew it that well that he could not look into Matthew's eyes, because he did not want to see their comprised expression. His knuckles emerged white as he clenched his fist. For his own naivety, his hopes he now had to pay dearly. Matthew's glance wandered unconsciously and unwillingly back to the action, when people kept quiet for the severe man had rolled out his scrolls and stepped forward in front of the crowd to declare with loud and clear voice:

"After the law of her majesty Henry VIII...the offenders being hereof convicted by verdict confession or outlawry shall suffer such pains of death and losses and penalties of their good chattels debts lands tenements and hereditaments as felons do according to the Common Laws of this Realm. And that no person offending in any such offence shall be admitted to his Clergy..."

Ere Matthew had fully comprehended what he ought to tell, the man convolved the scrolls and took the torch from the guard, which led to raising voices in the crowd.

"So may London be cleansed with this fire!" With a smirk the man approached the tar soaked stack of logs to allow the blazes to lick.

"...don't look...", Eaden was whispering mutely, although he still did not look at Matthew.

At the same moment the taller man of the two convicts began to speak, and his voice reverberated around the square.

"Love is the most natural thing happening on earth. Nevertheless you amerce humans for it. We are people of your kind. But you treat us like lepers.

But you cannot destroy feelings; of anyone! Love goes beyond death and punishment into eternity.

You are not able to experience love, because you do not own dignity. You can discrete our bodies but not our souls. You will fail miserably and one will shake his head about your inanity and will be ashamed of one's ancestors.

And your fatuities will fade with time.

Even before the last words had faded away, the man of the law had thrown the torch on the pile, and edacious blazes were eating up the logs. Ravenously they climbed stage by stage and soon nibbled derisively at the cruddy feet and trouserlegs. Their screams stood out against the ardent shrieks of the pack, and everything immingled to a ghastly crescendo.

Matthew and Eaden stood by the window and beheld the sky blackened of smoke and grime.

Something warm, soft abate on his skin. It stroked unhurriedly the sensitive parts of his neck.

Matthew flung his eyes open. In front of him dangled some blonde, confused hair. He blew two of the streaks away, run his fingers through and caressed Eadens neck. This one had reached his ear and shortly nibbled his earlobe before whispering: "The time is nigh."

Matthew turned his face to press their lips at each other. The tongue leaped out of his open mouth and followed Eaden's upper- and lower lip, demanding entrance. But Eaden withdrew his head. "We have to go." He got out of bed and vanished in the adjacent room.

Matthew tickled his cheek with his fingertips, moistened his middle finger and bit on the nail. His head was blank. A silent, dark emptiness. His eyes went over the very few things kept in the room.

The chest they used as dining table was old and brittle as was the timber floor board. The surface was scratched, the paintwork peeled of and on one point there was spotting a stain. Matthew had once spilled some cheap red wine. Eaden had disapprovingly drawn off the glass from Matthew's hand and meant to put him on water. They had laughed.

On the top of the chest still stood an inchoate whiskey bottle. When Matthew and Eaden left the last Pub, the younger one had been a little drunk already, and Eaden noticed not until they were home that Matthew still held the bottle. While he normally had to grin about the memory, he now could bring up a sad smile.

They probably were going to die. Both of them.

Then Matthew's thoughts fell upon the last object. A small, inconspicuous bag, out of red velvet. Eaden had cut it out of an old theater curtain. It was everything that remained for them. Their few belongings secured in it.

Matthew rose and covered the pillows with the blanket. He had not changed his clothes for the short night hours.

Then Matthew closed the breeches of the bag and lifted it. Next to him was Eaden standing. He looked him in the eyes and the expression glooming inside was new, new and foreign. He did not know what it meant to say. Eaden wrapped the scarf around Matthew's neck. The one he had received at their first humble feast.

Eaden took the whiskey bottle from the chest and passed it over to Matthew's free hand. He grabbed the arched handles on the sides and carried it to the bottom of the bed where he put it down on the floor.

Thereupon he recaptured the booze. With a little movement of his head Eaden asked

him, if he was ready. Matthew nodded, his throat was dry.

With a forceful, out-striking motion Eaden dashed the bottle on the bed. It met the bedpost and the chest, burst asunder and the liquid poured over the sheet and the wood. Then he lighted a match with a quiet >Zitt!<. For a moment he stared into the flickering flame, while Matthew gaped into the fire and on Eaden's hand. Quickly he cast the small piece out of his hand. It flew not very far, just far enough to stay on the edge of the bed. The fire gained ground, the sheet caught fire, flames devoured the cloth, mingled with the alcohol and suddenly the whole bed was ablaze. On the chest too the first flamelets flickered. Growing smoke and grime blackened the ceiling.

And in all the game of yellow and red, Matthew saw a malicious grimace, staring at him, and he was not able to turn his gaze away. The heat stroke him in the face, his cheeks began to glow. He hardly felt how Eaden finally hauled him off, because Matthew did not look away. Spellbound he eyed up the smirk of the devilish face. Then the door banged in front of him and he recognized only now that his throat was itching. He coughed once or twice. Eaden dragged him over the abhorred carpet, past the couch, through the next door, beyond the corridor to the huge, red entrance door. Matthew let pull him in trance. The red color of the door burned in his eyes and reminded him involuntarily of the fire in the sleeping chamber.

They hastily tripled down the stairs and rushed into the cold, refreshing night air. Matthew looked up, all windows were dark, partly smashed, some had the rest of a shutter dangling down. Only behind one of them, the one on the top floor leftmost, behind this one glowed a red shadow.

"The fire will soon spread to the other rooms, the flat and the entire house", remarked Eaden briefly. Matthew nodded in silence. In five days' time they would have arrived at the British Channel to escape to Paris.

Only now he understood that absolutely nothing would ever be like it had been before.

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 fell 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)