

**Zeitschrift:** Der Kreis : eine Monatsschrift = Le Cercle : revue mensuelle  
**Band:** 27 (1959)  
**Heft:** 9

**Buchbesprechung:** Last minute book review

### **Nutzungsbedingungen**

Die ETH-Bibliothek ist die Anbieterin der digitalisierten Zeitschriften auf E-Periodica. Sie besitzt keine Urheberrechte an den Zeitschriften und ist nicht verantwortlich für deren Inhalte. Die Rechte liegen in der Regel bei den Herausgebern beziehungsweise den externen Rechteinhabern. Das Veröffentlichen von Bildern in Print- und Online-Publikationen sowie auf Social Media-Kanälen oder Webseiten ist nur mit vorheriger Genehmigung der Rechteinhaber erlaubt. [Mehr erfahren](#)

### **Conditions d'utilisation**

L'ETH Library est le fournisseur des revues numérisées. Elle ne détient aucun droit d'auteur sur les revues et n'est pas responsable de leur contenu. En règle générale, les droits sont détenus par les éditeurs ou les détenteurs de droits externes. La reproduction d'images dans des publications imprimées ou en ligne ainsi que sur des canaux de médias sociaux ou des sites web n'est autorisée qu'avec l'accord préalable des détenteurs des droits. [En savoir plus](#)

### **Terms of use**

The ETH Library is the provider of the digitised journals. It does not own any copyrights to the journals and is not responsible for their content. The rights usually lie with the publishers or the external rights holders. Publishing images in print and online publications, as well as on social media channels or websites, is only permitted with the prior consent of the rights holders. [Find out more](#)

**Download PDF:** 03.04.2026

**ETH-Bibliothek Zürich, E-Periodica, <https://www.e-periodica.ch>**

the darkened shadows of faraway bodies crouch to watch you.

The slow maelstrom of my bed received me, the vortex turned slowly around: lights winked, colors came and went, there was silent music crashing (now loud, now pianissimo) in my secret ear. And turning, turning, the bed bore me in a circle around the square limits of the room.

«Come to bed!» I rose half upright, and shouted. «In a minute!», he called. I stumbled to the door of the bathroom, peeked through the crack. He stood naked, one hand caressing the shoulder and arm of his other side. Over and over again, whilst he watched in the mirrors a thousand tall and ivory figures stroking their arms, their thighs, the flatness of their bellies, posing, turning, the face in profile, in full — the rosy lights catching and weaving a pattern of light and shadow, beautiful, beautiful . . .

I reeled to bed again, and the slow circular turning bore me down, down, down, and red poppies filled the air with slumbrous fragrance, and a lute struck a note like a crystal bell.

Then it was dawn. Through the black curtains sliced a thin edge of chill grey light. I listened, moving my tongue over dry lips. The rosy lights were still on, and I heard the faint sound of rustling, of stroking . . . I staggered to the crack of the door, and looked.

The window was a little open, a vagrant breeze flitted through. It rustled the green leaves of a gigantic flower, rooted in the mosaic of the floor — seven feet tall, the green stem slender and swaying, and the white calyx drooping. The sweet odor overpowered me. «Tom!» I called, opening the door.

Nothing, nothing — only the thin rustle of the pointed leaves, caressing the stem, the whisper of the white flowers turning ever so lightly, paper-thin, funereal sweet. And in the silent mirrors, a thousand milk-white narcissi bowed a little.

Oh, I am the envy of my friends! Now they come every night to visit me, to see my wondrous bloom! So little trouble — a bit of water once a day! The scent — as of heaven sprinkled in my room!

And I, so happy with my flower, tending it, loving it (the hunting days are ended), caressing its stem, plucking its petals, inhaling the terrible odor of its chalice, and (a secret!) oft-times at night feeling it slip into my room, to wind its tendrils gently around my body, pinioning my arms to my side, fastening my legs to the bed — almost like wide webbed straps, whilst I lay in the gentle embrace of my flower, knowing it cannot escape, for I hold it and it holds me, and the wide window has grown bars of itself, so that my Tom cannot leave.

— — Steward.

## Last Minute Book Review

«*The Feathers of Death*» by Simon Raven, 15 sh., published by Anthony Blond, London. Here is a worthy successor to Walter Baxter's «*Look down in Mercy*» and surpassing Baxter's novel in so far as it deals nearly exclusively with the homosexual theme. This first novel tells the, alas, tragic love story of a 23 years' old English officer and an 18 years' old private in an English colony, somewhere in Africa. Written in a prose equally excellent in its descriptive passages as in its dialogue, full of subtle irony, typically English in its understatements, entirely human and understanding in its approach to the homosexual theme the book moves on to its tragic conclusion with the inevitability of a Greek tragedy. Definitely one of the best books to have appeared in years and highly recommended. B.

### *Notice to our new subscribers*

If you are interested in former bound volumes of THE CIRCLE you can order them at the price of eight dollars for each volume. The volumes from 1953 to 1958 are usually in stock.

We would also like to remind our English speaking subscribers that there are usually quite a few ads in English in «*Das Kleine Blatt*». Ads in it cost three dollars for one to four lines, four dollars for five to eight lines. *The Circle.*

# ARCADIE

*Revue littéraire et scientifique*

Paraissant le 15 de chaque mois. 66 pages.

*Philosophie - Biologie - Littérature - Etudes etc.*

Abonnement I an: France Italie 2700 FF; 6 mois 1400 FF.

Etranger 3800 FF; 6 mois 2000 FF.

Envoi sous pli fermé.

162 RUE JEANNE D'ARC, PARIS. XIII.

---

## JUVENTUS

Revue de langue française, illustrée, paraissant le 1er de chaque mois.

Abonnement	France	Etranger
6 mois	1.500	2.500
1 an	3.000	4.500

envoi sous pli fermé.

Tous renseignements à JUVENTUS — 90, rue des Archives — Paris 3<sup>o</sup> — France.

Spécimen sur demande contre 6 coupons réponses internationaux ou 3 timbres français à 85 francs.

---

## *ONE The Homosexual Magazine of America*

Fiction, poetry, essays, scientific research, legal reports, written for readers of all ages and for acceptance in every home.

Six dollars per year, 1st class (scaled); ten dollars for 2 years; single copies 50 cents.

Airmail rates on request.

Write to ONE, Inc., 232 South Hill Street, Los Angeles 12, California, USA.

---

## *Mattachine Review (from U.S.A. in English)*

Magazine of distinction which seriously examines and discusses human sex problems, especially homosexuality, with emphasis on legal, medical, social, religious and cultural aspects. Published monthly by MATTACHINE SOCIETY, INC., Office of Publication: Room 312, 693 Mission Street, San Francisco 5, California, U.S.A. Foreign subscription rate: Dollars 5 per year. Single issue. 60 cents.

---

## *Kameradschaftliche Vereinigungen und Zeitschriften des Auslandes:*

Die ausführlichen Angaben finden Sie im Juliheft.

---

## **Bruxelles: Fêtes du Vème anniv. du club belge CCL**

Samedi, 10 oct. de 14 h. 30 à 18 h. 30: Matinée dansante au club.

20 h.: Banquet Officiel — Discours.

Dimanche, 11 oct. 14 h. 30: Gala de variétés (Salle Porte Verte)

Lundi, 12 oct., 20 h.: Soirée dansante.

Nous espérons avoir le plaisir de vous rencontrer nombreux à Bruxelles en Octobre.