Zeitschrift: Der Kreis: eine Monatsschrift = Le Cercle: revue mensuelle

Band: 31 (1963)

Heft: 8

Artikel: My god, he's stupid...

Autor: McAndrews, John

DOI: https://doi.org/10.5169/seals-570619

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: 01.12.2025

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

he who is willing to pay the price, can find something whereas in America he can be fairly sure that, even if he would be willing to pay the price, he won't find anything. Thus, between summer abroad or summer at home, you pays your money and you takes your choice. Anyone for Asia?

HADRIAN

My god, he's stupid . . .

It is not unreasonable to presume that occasionally Apollo, or Hercules, tiring of their loves on Olympus, come again to earth and momentarily assume a human form, and make love to us poor mortals. And having sex with a god is quite a jolt to one's universe. It takes some little time thereafter for the nebulae to stop their spiral whirling, and for the stars to settle down into their accustomed and familiar constellations.

I looked at him, as my sight gradually came back. He had arisen from the bed, and was standing in front of the full-length mirror, idly flexing his great muscles, treating me to a view of the tanned and wonderful landscape of his back, his torso, those great-columned legs lighted with the soft luminance of the golden hairs that covered them. His eyes, cornflower blue, Nordic (how they could darken and flash as they filled with passion!) now took in, like mine, the poetry of his movements; muscle answered muscle, flickering into indolent or rapid life as he ordered his body to do his bidding. And god-like was his profile as he tilted his chin upwards, and god-like the full-face front, as his eyes, half-smiling, looked at me from under the sweep of his golden hair, bleached by the summer sun until the end-points of it seemed tipped with silver. His massive tawny shoulders tapered down the incredible terrain of his torso to the slender waist, and ended in the smoky gold of the softly curling hair...

So he posed, and moved, and posed again, while from the caverns of my mind I pulled the symphonies he did not hear, and read the poems he could not see. Then I thought of the right thing, the best comparison that I could make (although I had made it before to others, and only half meant it), and I said,

«You remind me, you know, of some young god who has just stepped down from the frieze on the Parthenon.»

The blue eyes sought mine, and a little puzzled frown creased the perfect arch between his golden brows.

«The freeze on the parking-lot? Whatdyuh mean?»

-John McAndrews