

My god, he's stupid...

Autor(en): **McAndrews, John**

Objektyp: **Article**

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

Band (Jahr): **31 (1963)**

Heft 8

PDF erstellt am: **07.07.2024**

Persistenter Link: <https://doi.org/10.5169/seals-570619>

Nutzungsbedingungen

Die ETH-Bibliothek ist Anbieterin der digitalisierten Zeitschriften. Sie besitzt keine Urheberrechte an den Inhalten der Zeitschriften. Die Rechte liegen in der Regel bei den Herausgebern.

Die auf der Plattform e-periodica veröffentlichten Dokumente stehen für nicht-kommerzielle Zwecke in Lehre und Forschung sowie für die private Nutzung frei zur Verfügung. Einzelne Dateien oder Ausdrucke aus diesem Angebot können zusammen mit diesen Nutzungsbedingungen und den korrekten Herkunftsbezeichnungen weitergegeben werden.

Das Veröffentlichen von Bildern in Print- und Online-Publikationen ist nur mit vorheriger Genehmigung der Rechteinhaber erlaubt. Die systematische Speicherung von Teilen des elektronischen Angebots auf anderen Servern bedarf ebenfalls des schriftlichen Einverständnisses der Rechteinhaber.

Haftungsausschluss

Alle Angaben erfolgen ohne Gewähr für Vollständigkeit oder Richtigkeit. Es wird keine Haftung übernommen für Schäden durch die Verwendung von Informationen aus diesem Online-Angebot oder durch das Fehlen von Informationen. Dies gilt auch für Inhalte Dritter, die über dieses Angebot zugänglich sind.

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