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## Costa Del Sol, at Night

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Vita Andersen · *Denmark*

COSTA DEL SOL, AT NIGHT

when I was at Costa del Sol  
I had a love affair  
with a French diplomat  
anyway an affair  
I met him one night  
at a reception on the training ship, Denmark  
he was very beautiful  
I had always heard that the French were good lovers  
so before we had even talked  
I decided  
that I wanted to try it

when I was at Costa del Sol  
one night I went to a party with him  
where everyone said how do you do  
and talked about how difficult it was to get servants  
and I tried to look as if  
it was a big problem for me too  
and a lady in a horrible draped green dress  
asked what my father did  
luckily I could tell her  
that he was a writer  
but since they had never heard of him  
they supposed it was because he was Danish  
(in Denmark no one has heard of him either)

when I was at Costa del Sol  
we drove in a taxi to his hotel in Malaga  
and we petted so violently  
that he had an ejaculation  
and we lay drenched in sperm on the backseat of the car  
and when we finally go to bed at the hotel  
after first smuggling me in  
so none of the staff would see me  
he was not able to  
and he broke down  
tore his hair and yelled

I am not a man I am not a man  
I comforted him as best I could  
and was on the verge of saying  
that this after all wasn't why I had come

when I was at Costa del Sol  
I had a French lover  
who rubbed his prick everytime we made love  
with a strange fluid  
which I detested  
but I was too polite  
to say that I didn't like it  
and most of the time he was not able to  
and again cried I am not a man  
and asked me if I despised him  
but when, unconscious from champagne, fatigue, petting  
and melancholy from the humiliations in our relationship  
and more than anything I wanted to sleep  
then he was able to  
and was as perky as a cock

when I was at Costa del Sol  
my lover poured  
champagne in my navel  
and licked it up  
every night we dined in a small restaurant  
one night he got so excited  
that he pulled me out into a small yard  
and in the moonlight he rubbed his prick  
against my black velour-clad ass  
so the sperm ran out in the moonlight  
afterwards he broke off a white flower  
and stuck it in my hair  
it fell out at once  
but I kept the flower as a souvenir  
and pressed it in a hotel brochure

when I was at Costa del Sol  
I had a lover  
whose father was an industry magnate  
and whose mother descended from nobles  
unfortunately I was not allowed to tell anyone  
that would really have been something

to tell the other girls at the travel bureau  
where I worked during the day  
he had a wife three children and a Swedish nurse in Madrid  
(I wonder if he fucked her too)  
I felt anyway that I was living the life  
like in a French movie by Truffaut or a novel by Sagan  
in the morning he said something in French  
I did not understand one word of it  
but it was very romantic  
unfortunately I always had to be out of the room  
before the maid brought the breakfast

when I was at Costa del Sol  
I got champagne every day  
went to a ball  
where I met a prince  
didn't get a whole night's sleep for two weeks  
on the whole never got my make-up removed  
more than ten minutes at a time  
before the next batch was daubed on  
used my siesta for thinking of him  
and looking forward to the night

when I was at Costa del Sol  
I often thought of his wife  
and although I envied her life  
in the long run I thought  
that if my desire made him impotent  
maybe he had the same problem with his wife  
he was good at petting though

when I was at Costa del Sol  
I hoped the last night to get a present  
not something expensive  
just a small thing  
I also hoped that he would ask for my address  
and quite sick at heart  
I watched for a sign from him  
that it had meant something

and inside my head  
I had already fully completed the story  
and of course he was going to divorce his wife

and to hell with his children  
and it was evident that he loved me  
and our last night  
when he was sleeping  
and I knew  
nothing would happen  
I tore a button from his white dinner-jacket  
found the corks from the champagne under the bed  
and hid it all in my handbag

when I was at Costa del Sol  
the word 'love' never passed our lips  
all I had  
was a dinner-jacket button two champagne corks and a pressed  
flower  
but there had been some misunderstandings  
and my English wasn't too good  
and sometimes I didn't understand what he said  
but nodded and smiled all the same  
tried to make a good impression  
and perhaps he had said something to me  
and I had not understood it  
and long after I went back to Copenhagen  
he fed my daydreaming  
elevated me above the dullness of my everyday life  
with fantastic stories  
and a diplomat might easily fly to Copenhagen I supposed  
and I long hoped for secret love letters  
flowers, perfumes, furs, clothes from Yves St. Laurent, jewelry  
and that he would send for me  
that he actually loved me  
everything that always happens in movies and in novels  
but never in life

*translated by Jannick Storm and Linda Lappin*