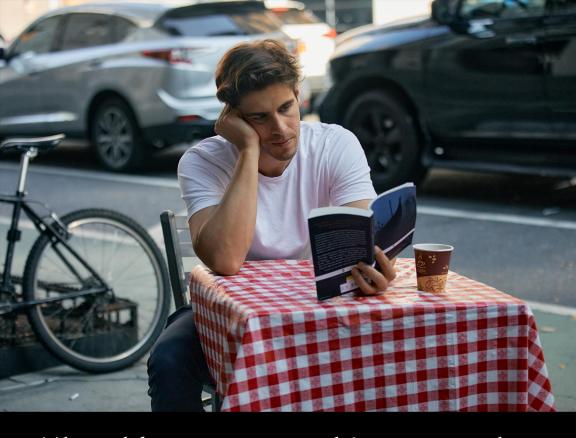




TADZOD





The old man was rushing somewhere to do nothing.

The young man was reading a book, doing something.



The old man was a flaneur, wandering with his yesterdays as companions.



STOP, LOOK, THEN, NOW, SEE, HIM





The old man's left foot stopped midair, a glimpse of the young man disrupted his daydreams.





He recognized the harmony in the young man's perfection, an observation worthy of Socrates.

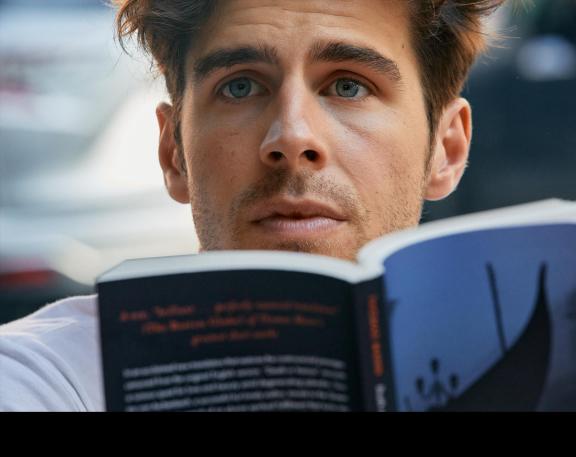


This random event halted his trajectory with a quick flicker of desire, a residue of romance.



The flaneur circled Tazio's table, a satellite moon drawn to perfection's orbit, as in a Greek tableaux.

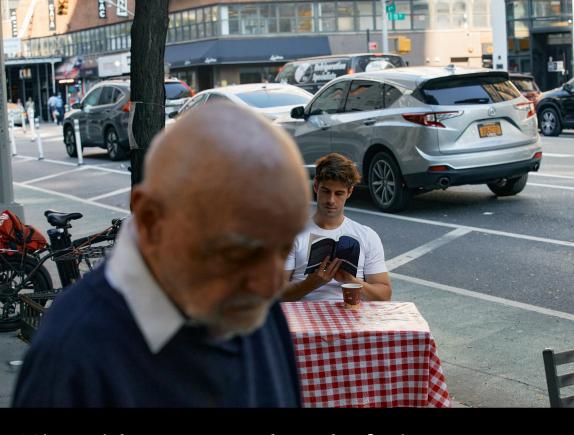




Their eyes touched as faint as an echo.







The old man wondered if the young man would forgive him for not being beautiful the way he had forgiven the young man for being too beautiful.





The old man felt he had received an ancient sacrament.

THOMAS MANN Death in Venice AND OTHER TALES

JOACHIM NEUGROSCHEL