



Do not tell me that these phrases of Don Quixote do not come as a ring to our finger? Read it, but without thinking of anyone else.

"It happened, then, that, like love among young men, for the most part, it is not, but appetite, which, as pleasure finally ends, in reaching it is over, and it has to turn back what it seemed to love, because it cannot go beyond the term that gave it nature, which term did not put what is true love".

Cervantes, remember it well, was not blind and man is the same at any time. In other words: that of "golfer" was already styled since the golden age and since centuries ago. What the Mancus of Lepanto teaches us in his ancient and perfect Spanish is something obvious.

Have you already grasped the moral? It seems to me that one thing is love and another very different, pleasure. And that our deal, especially with the opposite sex, must be guided by the compass of love.

I have thought about the taboo of sex. That which arouses us so much modesty and what we usually talk about among friends. I think of my marriage and that of so many others. If those marriage acts that bring life are done only for the pleasure that is experienced, the love is slashed. From that moment we will have ceased to be people to become things, robots remotely directed by our appetites.

Pleasure, delight, appetite is very subjective. Love includes them, does not despise them, but goes beyond. It crosses the gate of the self and it is given to the others. It cannot stagnate.

The door of love opens outward, always towards others, and is called happiness. Instead, that of pleasure is closed with the padlock of selfishness. Love lasts. The pleasure is over. Pleasure is nothing more than an effect, a secondary product. A kind of varnish that accompanies the actions of men and dilutes like snow in summer.

The pleasure continues, it is not pursued. Pleasure accompanies love, but it is not loved. Pleasure is not a gentleman, but part of the entourage. Or if you want, in more bullfighting language: love is right-handed and pleasure, one of the gang.

The pleasure is a dove that goes up the flight to feel imprisoned. Only plans truly in

the winds of love.

Always Remember: When you pursue hard pleasure for pleasure, it disappears because it lacks its foundation: love.