

The love which had unfolded within him one ordinary morning and had transformed him into a pattern-book of daisies stripped of their petals, sounds of violins and church-bells, moonlit nights, and many other things he found himself possessing, (that love) was sitting with him in front of the typewriter to write his first love ~~to~~ letter to Maddalena. But the horror of that blank sheet of paper in front of him hypnotized him as usual, and once again, he felt lost and alone.

Then he tried the old exorcism of breaking the purity of the paper with a letter chosen at random. He wrote "R" and then "O", and finished the word with "SE". Then he noticed something strange, because looking at the paper, he found a large red rose with its stalk still caught in the roller. As a test, he wrote "NIGHTINGALES", and there they were on the shelf holding his accounts; the male immediately began to sing.

The word "PERFUME" dazed him and gave him the courage to write down "LOVE".

The philosopher who was the first to enter the room was dressed in white and had a love which had been born in his brain, but had not been able to find its way out.

The love of the nun who followed was made of silence and tears, bathing the feet of a wooden crucifix.

The love of the absent-minded scholar was hidden on the only unread page of the millions of books that the elder had studied.

Then came two pale fiancés who kissed only each other's eyes; they sat down on the sofa in the waiting room and after five minutes were groping in each other's clothes and had gained some warmth.

A mature couple passed by, indifferently bearing their slow sweaty love; but behind them came two old people, dragging a cold, creaking affection.

The door closed and the house was immediately invaded by:

- a man - a woman - an old man - a panting boy with frantic hands on his own genital
- two men - two women embracing closely, with a lost look
- a person with an enigmatic expression, covered in excrement
- a man carrying a dead body and kissing it with trepidation on the mouth
- a very breathless woman masterbating a Great Dane
- a fat woman with a corset, suspender belt and pink hat who, worried, was clutching her adolescent son to her chest
- a very thin man with a rapt air, pressing a woman's shoe into his mouth
- a panting old man with a little girl in his arms, one hand groping under her light dress while she slept
- a man with a resigned expression hitting himself on the head with a stick carved from the head of a dog
- a person with a curious face who had watched everything and then sneaked off into a dark corner

Emptiness and silence returned to the room, but immediately afterwards, a gentleman in old-fashioned clothing came into the circle of light cast by the lamp; he laid the naked, unconscious, blood-stained woman he was carrying down in the armchair in front of the desk and sat on her.

The man writing to Maddalena saw a fat face, divided into squared blocks of stone by the wrinkles of age; recollection of the old print served as an efficacious introduction: "Marquis de Sade"; "Pleasure". An unexpectedly sudden anguish; he quickly tapped the keys "Maddalena" and found her on his lap, softly pressing on his genital. And he explored her: her wide mouth... her small breasts... she was different and perfect; perfect. But she was not the same girl he had taken to the cinema yesterday evening, the same as the girl entering the office now, attacking him with words he had often heard, but which she had never yet pronounced. And, as she had entered, Maddalena left, tearing the others into a thousand pieces.

But the Marquis was still there with his stone face, while the man who was to write to Maddalena made a list of stolen goods (daisy petals, violin notes and bells, rays of moonlight, and other junk).

And when the Marquis signaled with his finger, the man followed him out of the deserted office into the autumn weather. And they met:

- a woman watering geraniums in pots
- an old woman giving tripe and caresses to stray cats
- mechanical nurses putting a wounded man on a stretcher
- a prostitute bargaining with their head in the window of a car and their arse in the air

- a little boy crying and hanging onto his mother, wanting an ice-cream

- two boys fighting about sports
- and many other thing you all know about

And finally they saw the soldiers marching by with their heads in helmets to protect their brains against thoughts; and it was exciting because they had on all the uniforms of the world and with each gust of the wind, the flag changed nation. Naturally the grandstand was full of kings, generals, and presidents; each full of love for themselves and their followers; the grandstand was evidently the same as the one at the Nuremberg trials, or perhaps one belonging to some government, where it is always love for oneself and one's followers which continues to condemn oneself when it is another's.

But it was only when the Marquis caught a passerby by their ~~nose~~ cardboard nose and pulled it that the man who was to write to Maddalena realized how easy it was to look behind the mask of love that we all wear, which changes from Hitler to Ophelia, but made of the single model that can be bought at the supermarket.

Thus, when he arrived at the end of the parade boulevard, before the mirrored door which opens to the other universe, he politely took off his mask, together with his hat, before entering.

He would have liked to write to us describing what he had found there, but not one word in our vocabulary was suitable to explain that world; that ... (adjectives missing) world in which love has been washed away from everything. And for this he apologizes.