

Michalis Paraskakis

[...] I once worked for a gardener. He handed me a pair of shears and told me to trim a laurel tree. I immediately began to prune the wild shoots, but no matter how hard I tried to achieve the form of a sphere, I did not succeed for a long time. First I lopped off too much on one side, then on the other. When the tree had at last become a sphere, the sphere was very small. Disappointed, the gardener said: 'Good, that's a sphere, but where's the laurel?'

Bertold Brecht "Stories of Mr. Keuner"