

Criteria Estertor

The Allegory of the Tree

I feel obliged to write this chronicle, not for myself, but for others, well, not all, but some, to understand a philosophical problem that I consider relevant in today's political reflection. So many people talk nonsense, as Carrilho used to say, so can I, listening to a little Duran Duran.

Yes, I draw, I have never been one for fine arts, but I like to feel the sharp chalk stick tracing out lines and paths on blank paper, which is not the best because the budget is also getting smaller. Until one day, when it will come, after so much effort and porfia, everything will come flooding in, hopefully not for me, but for my people.

So I see a tree. Full of fruit. If I were Newton, it would be apples, even if it were the ones on my face. But I am not. I am something else, I am for a day the one who shakes the tree and doesn't try to imitate the MEC. I had no need for that, I never did. But I do it, because I am among those who do something, in the face of the gasp of the most varied possibilities of early existence in the rattle of a spotted cat.

So, they are all, I think, clinging, like fruit, to the tree, some fruit, which we would say apples, are healthy for consumption, just grab it and bite it, others are quite rotten and their consumption putrifies of themselves, fixing the others however

for the same, for that life of letting go and that nothing is worth doing, even if the time is to blame?

Yes, I see only that tree, full of fruit, I see no other tree, although there are many, as many as there are countries, nation-states. I get close and try to shake it, its trunk resists and I look for an axe to start chopping it down, regardless of the rights of trees... I look in my tool for an axe, then, and start digging, uncovering the root, striking at the trunk to see if it falls? What is my intention? I am not sure... to disturb a forest of symbols that grows invariably, without my will? But the land is mine, so I can do whatever I want on it, even if it were to create barnacles in the dry earth...

I am only focused on that particular tree, I don't care what it might do to or for the others, because that tree somehow represents my country.

Then, I have trouble understanding the diversity of my orchard, even though all the trees in it instantaneously are apple trees. For, they are always the same, it is clear that the trees are the politicians and that planning, instead of complaining, appears every day in the media as an expression of interest. Then, the tourists, we are somehow dependent on the sympathy of others. Somehow this is bad, harmful even for democracy and its breathing....

The problem could drag on indefinitely, if I wanted to pose it as a philosophical problem, as Hume did in his Treatise. But no, I am looking for some synthesis, something concrete and practical, that is to say, to understand which apple is the most rotten. And that if

do to a rotten apple? It is separated from the others, as if it had a contagious disease, and left to rot in a hole in the ground, but its putrid manifestations of disinterest will yield herbs that, ironically, are not weeds. So, I start to shake it, but none of it falls, nor do I feel like eating one or another, the one that is, as they say around here, early...

So, I start to cut the trunk, then I shake it hard, I hit it with the axe, but nothing falls, so I bring the shaking machine, as they do with the olives in Alentejo. I turn on the machine and start shaking, to my surprise, one falls, the rotten one, then another and another. I would like to say that one falls, the most rotten, the most rotten fruit, like Moutinho or, according to some, Costa, but they don't all start falling and then the beautiful tree is stripped of fruit. I end up with it, because it might be coming to wood...

Here is my problem with the tree. There's more on that farm. All the apples fell! They were all clinging to the tree, so here is the allegory, in a story that could go on, but nevertheless stops there...

Victor Mota

