

Tree rings are my memories.

A Linden Tree's Life in Tiergarten

1722-2022



1722, planted



I am a Linden growing in Tiergarten since 1722. As the King was expanding Unter den Linden, a roadway that connected the City Palace and the Tiergarten, I was planted along the roadway.



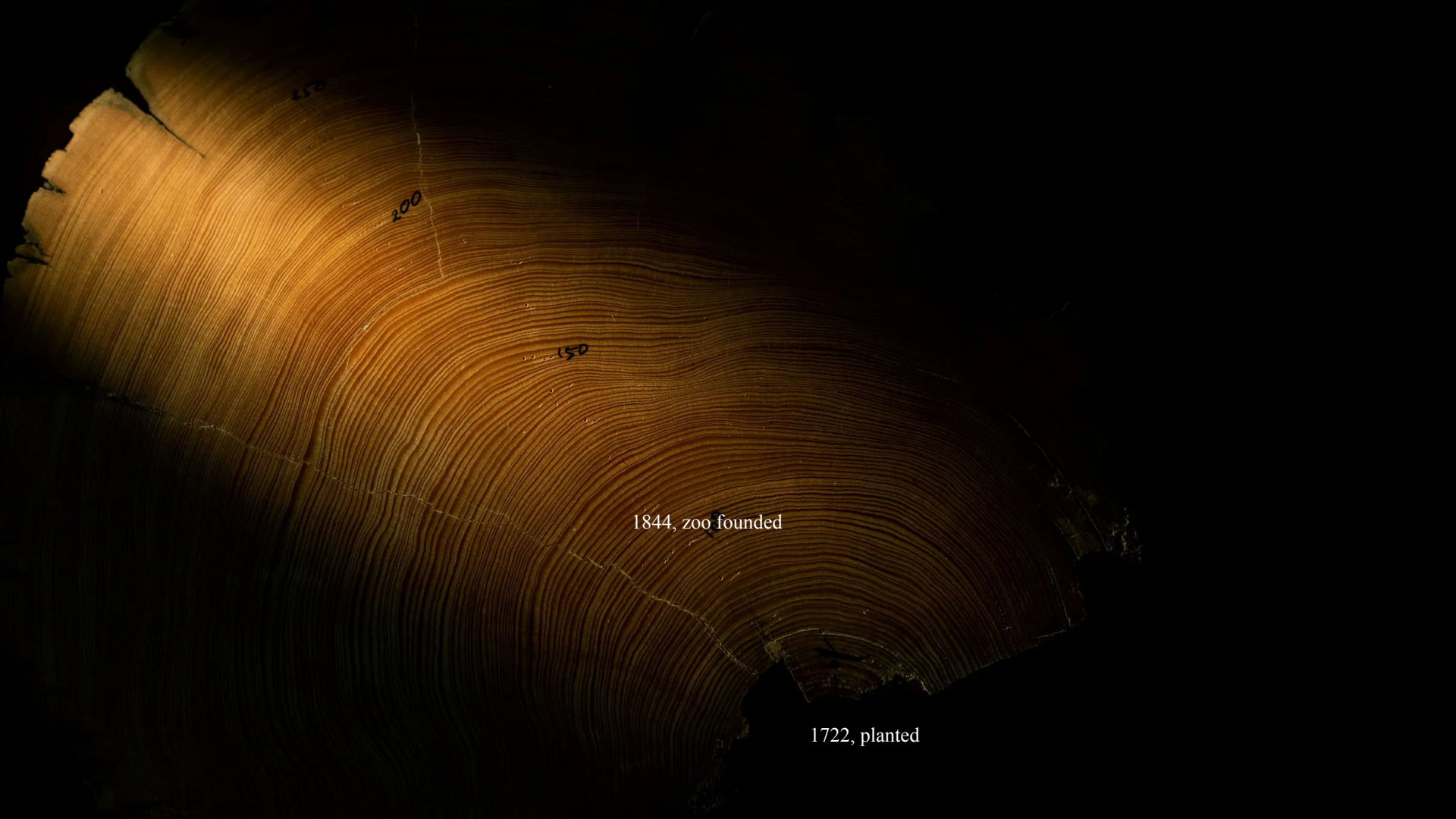
If there is any thing unquie about my senses, it is most obvious that I am extra sensitive to sounds. The wind blows through my leaves with sounds in all directions, and I enjoy them telling me what's going on in the park.



I talk with other trees using a secret network underground, which enables me to know the geographic and life changes quickly. We also use this network to feed our young trees - they are deeply shaded and cannot produce food themselves.



Fungi are our important partners. There is an economic exchange between us - we provide 30 percent of the sugar that we photosynthesize from sunlight to them. In return, they scavenge mineral nutrients from soil for us.



250

200

150

1844, zoo founded

1722, planted



Children, wild animals, and insects loved to play around me. I used to be surrounded by my other tree friends - we've been neighbors for decades.

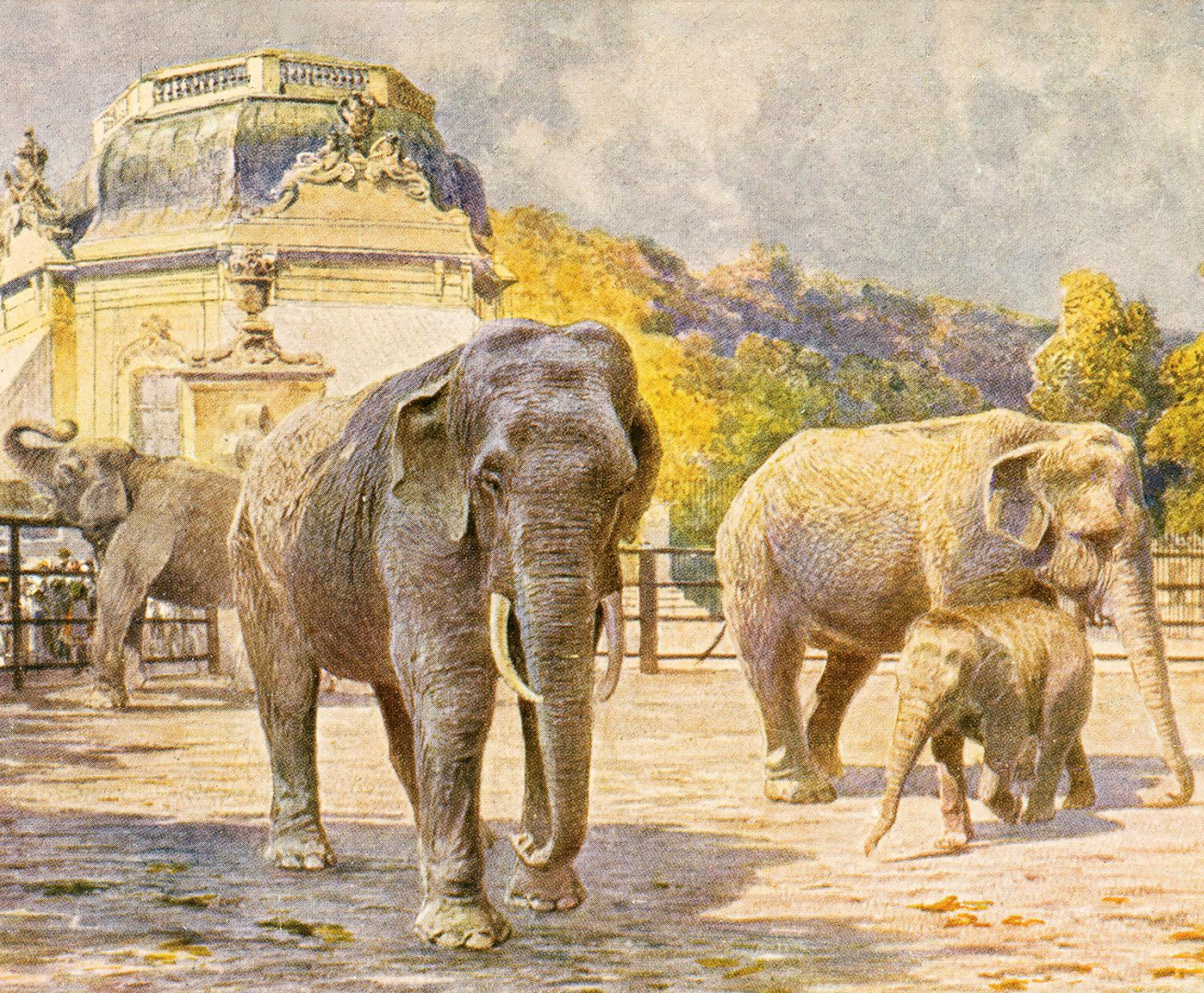




Wiener Leben.

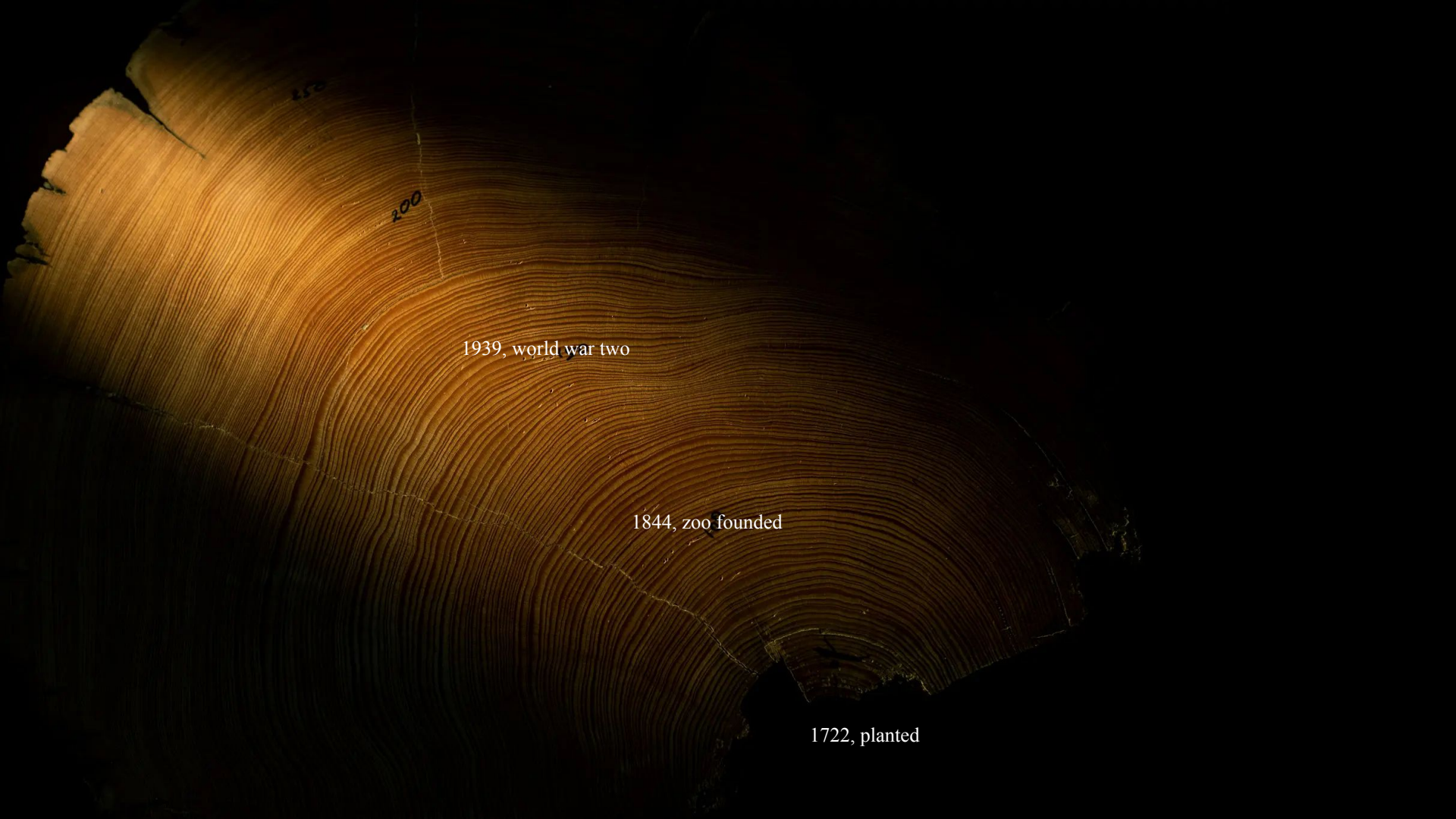
Schönbrunn

Then my tree friends, wild animals and insects became less and less. People became more and more. There were quite a few captive animals emerging though - zoo, it was a new word I learned.



Still, elephants are my favorite animals in the zoo. They always played with me by hooking my branches with their long noses.

For a while I enjoyed listening to the sounds coming from the zoo. It was a pretty good time.



1939, world war two

1844, zoo founded

1722, planted



I enjoyed talking with my friends via roots, as well as listening to the sounds around me. I thought the life would last until I became very old.



Until one day the sound changed. It was September 8, 1941. I heard a loud explosion nearby. Then gradually, my tree friends were felled and turned to firewood.



The fields were turned into temporary farmland by troops, growing potatoes and vegetables. The empty, treeless field, like a great vacuum and frontier, separated me from the world and my past life.



The turnaround came in 1949. One day a group of people came to the park, along with them, were some young friends. The first tree to be planted was a young Linden. After sixteen years, the dead silence around me was finally broken.





2022, climate change

1939, world war two

1844, zoo founded

1722, planted



The war never really ends. Unexploded munitions litter the landscapes and forests. I can feel them. As they age and the climate warms, they become more and more dangerous.



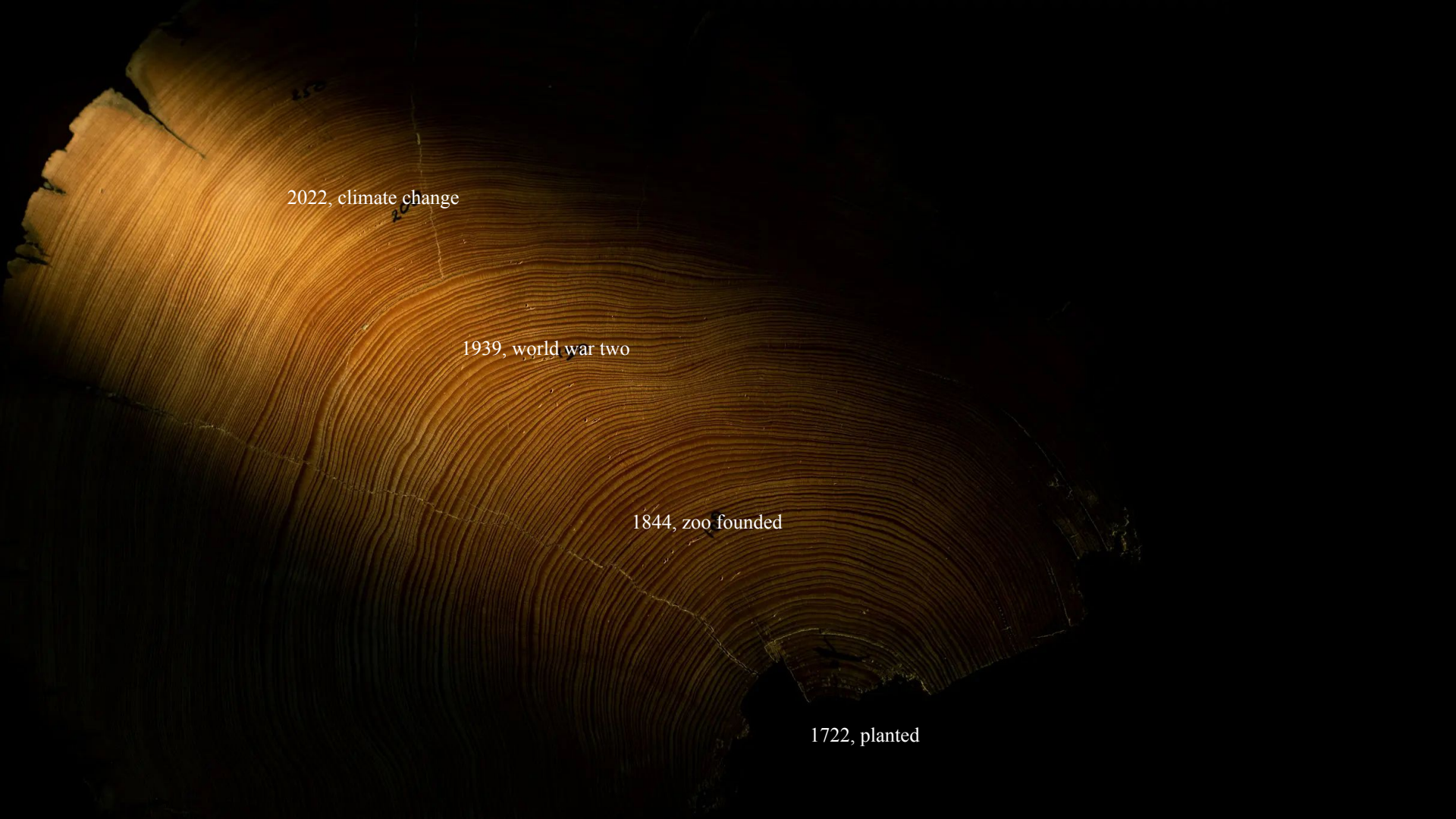
In 2018, a large forest fire caused by warm temperature and unexploded munitions hit an area close to me. I saw the blaze spread overnight to an area equivalent to 500 football pitches.



And with following years also turning out to be warm and dry, there is no end in sight. Many of my friends became victims of the bark beetle – a small insect that is causing major destruction across Germany.



The beetle invasion is a consequence of warmer weather and less rain. When we have a drought we have less sap flow and less resin. Therefore, the bark beetle can easily infect us - we need a lot of resin to get the beetle glued up so it can't eat us.

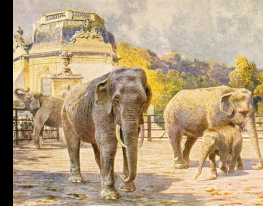


2022, climate change

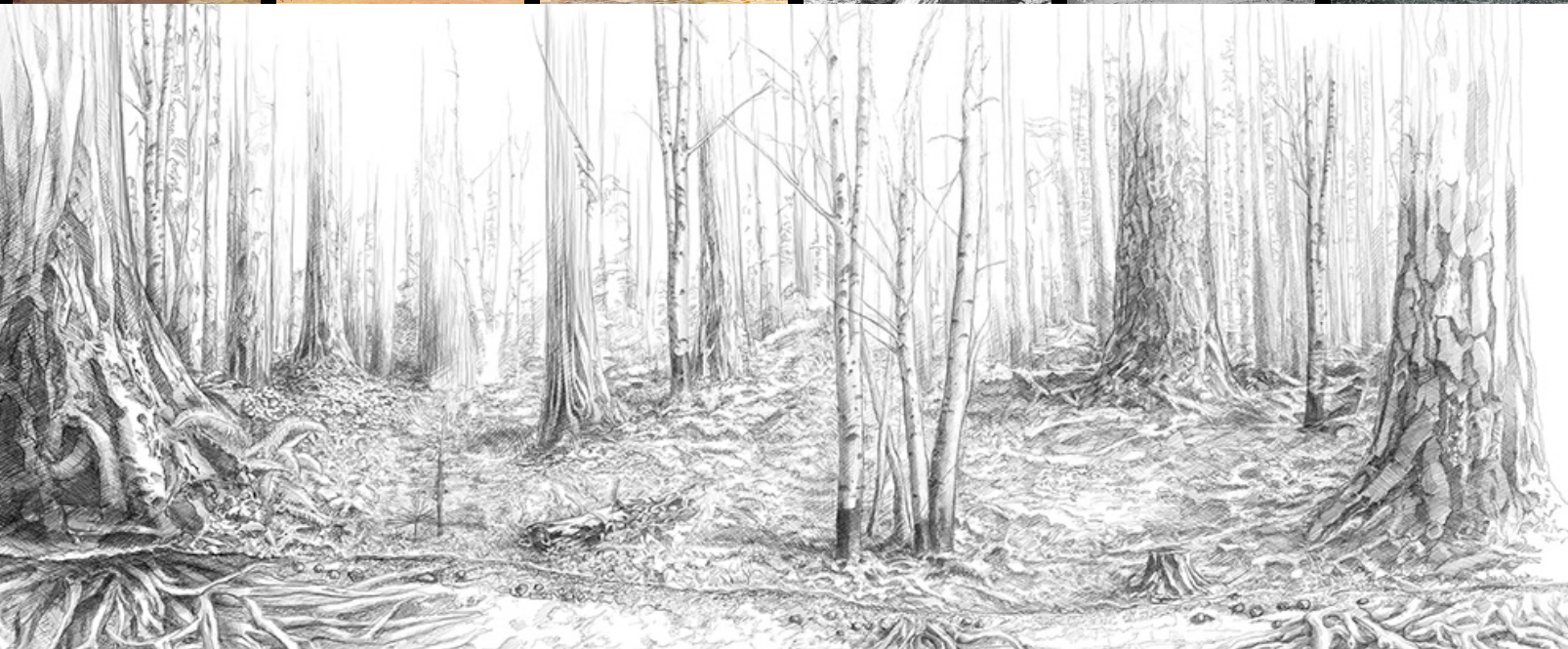
1939, world war two

1844, zoo founded

1722, planted



on the ground



underground

