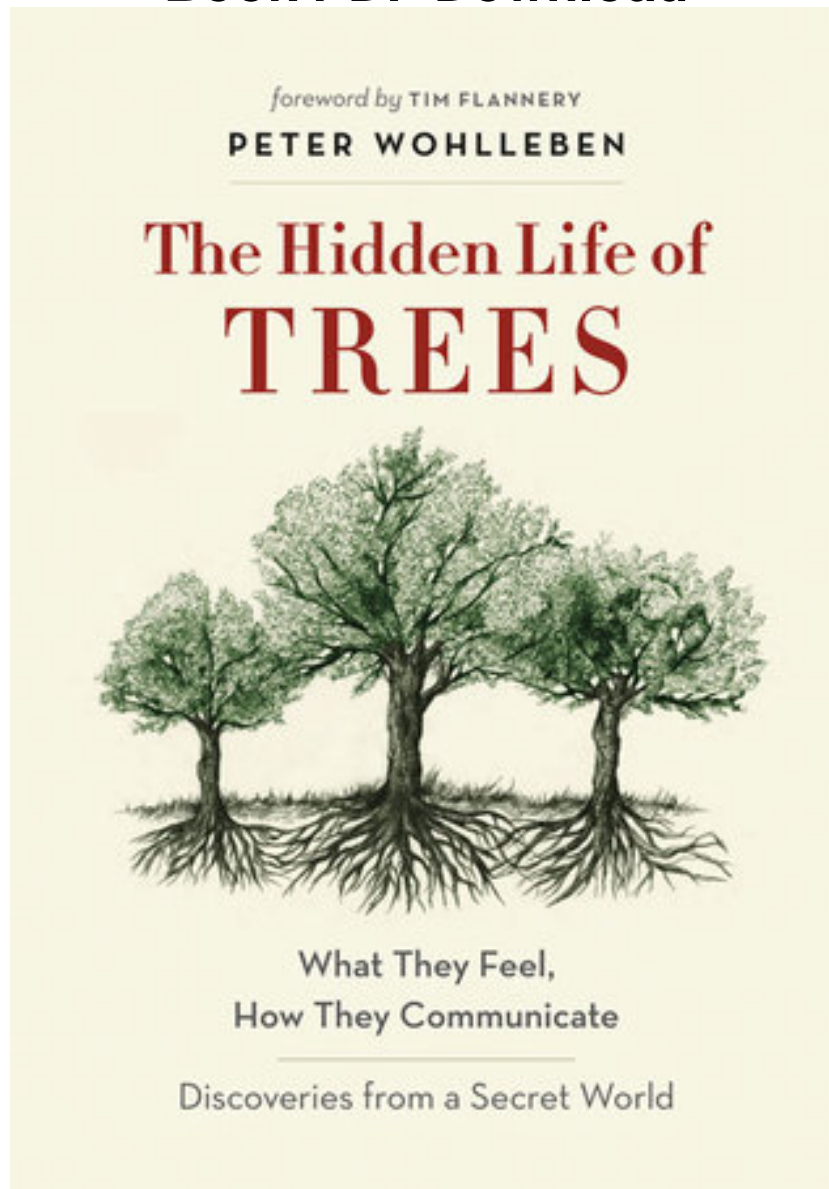


The Hidden Life of Trees: What They Feel, How They Communicate â€™ Discoveries from a Secret World Book PDF Download



By:
Peter Wohlleben

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What people Say:

Cathrine

The first time I fell hard for a tree was in the Sequoia National Forest standing at the base of General Sherman. I was always a treehugger in my head but at that moment I was literally a treehugger. If you've never gazed up at one of the giants you are missing out on one of the earth's wonders.

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[I don't know these people but it was wiser to post their picture than mine because it's not legal to step over that barrier and get so up close and personal though after reading this book I'm wondering how the General felt about it. We're talking a Jack and the Beanstalk moment here.]

Back in the hippie days I knew people who talked to their plants, played classical music for them, and claimed there was a silent scream while trimming them back. Apparently these same compassionate people suffered no remorse when they smoked them, nor did I, but I digress so let's move on.

So I couldn't resist reading this after watching a fascinating PBS program called

. Who knew there really is a

in which trees, shrubs, and grasses exchange information. My hippie friends apparently didn't it wasn't the THC after all!

Chrissie

I do recommend reading this book, even though I have given it only two stars! Remember two stars is a book that

OK!

The book reports up-to-date information about the complex, symbiotic networks underlying communication between trees. It stresses that trees should be seen not as separate entities but rather as parts of a community where individuals are aware of their neighbors, relate to them, communicate with them and help each other

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The book reports up-to-date information about the complex, symbiotic networks underlying communication between trees. It stresses that trees should be seen not as separate entities but rather as parts of a community where individuals are aware of their neighbors, relate to them, communicate with them and help each other survive. Absorbing information about particular tree species, plants, fungi, insects and birds is provided. Anyone who appreciates nature, anyone who quite simply enjoys a walk in the woods, will find tidbits of interest.

So what was wrong?

The writing all too often lacks clarity. Ecological and natural processes were not clearly explained. I would follow an argument and not understand why a particular conclusion was drawn. I would see other alternative explanations. One example is the discussion of the respective amounts of CO₂ stored by young respective old trees. We are told that plants of the same species living in the same soil and under the same conditions do not act in the same manner. An example is given of three oaks that dropped their leaves at different times. What we are told is that this was an “individual choice, a question of character.” Ah huh!..no more explanation than that?! Later in the book it

said that plants of the same species often have widely different genetic composition. (It is interesting to note that the variation is much more limited in animals.) Anyhow, this must be the explanation but this is just my guess. It should have been explained more clearly.

Conclusions drawn should more often have been backed up with reference to particular scientific studies.

Andrew

Tolkien was right. Trees live in the sloooooow lane (imagine healing a skin wound over decades) but what lives they lead! They have incredible social networks, share food, rear children, and care for the ill. Yes, there's some anthropomorphization here, but still...

When evolution has figured out how to tell time and talk to one another, you wish the trees could also talk to us and tell their stories. Peter Wohlleben has come pretty close to speaking for them and I will never look at trees the sa

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Or Ents.

Tony

My father's father was a legendary grafter of trees. So I was told. He died a few years before I sprouted so I never knew him. But my father, who had a sense of wonder at the way things worked, learned the art; and so, I was able to see a peach tree that had one branch full of plums; and he grafted a white dogwood to a pink one. No reason. Just to show he could. This technique, like many mechanical things, was not passed on to the next generation.

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My father, the occasional grafter, decided to get a mimosa tree. This was odd because I grew up in a place not known for its ornamentals. The houses were just a few feet apart and backyards tended to be repositories for rusting junk, chained dogs and old tires. It was not a sweet-smelling place. But our backyard had a mimosa tree as a centerpiece. Which was pretty cool for a pre-adolescent boy, because you could do this:

Eventually, the mimosa got sick and died. A life lesson. It was removed. It was then my father decided he would like to grow figs.

I love trees, but I can not cut a 7-iron:

João Carlos

fotografia de Gordon Welters para "The New York Times"

(n. 1964) – um guarda-florestal alemão que trabalha para o município de Hummel, na região de Eifel, sudoeste da Alemanha.

O livro

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