

"Tree and I."

Like water, trees secured a special place in documented human history. With the first records of written adages like "A society grows great when old men..." or woven into belief systems like "Tree of Life", "Tree of Knowledge...", and with the recently coined "Mother Tree". They have been, along with the arts, interpreted by theologians, historians, archeologists and sociocultural anthropologists. For reasons. Since we, as a species, descended to be under the trees, or around them, they have changed our cognition and quality of life throughout an unrecorded human history.

I won't risk much saying that an average New Yorker today, living in air-conditioned apartments and upset about annoying smoke from burning forests in Canada, is aware of why their city planners once allocated a sizeable chunk of "prime real estate" for Central Park. I became aware of the widening divide in understanding trees' ecological functions among rural and urban populations. And I also notice the difference in the number of people I once saw walking in the city's woodlands, with what I can see now.

My interest focused on trees' biophysical impact on my living environment sprang from the above observations. It was harder to withstand the pressure of not understanding with the availability of knowing. Especially with the commodification of everything at the expense of Life's processes.

I could only ponder quietly their multifaceted role, as being the indispensable regulators balancing solar radiation, the energy exchange and its equalization, and driving the hydrological and carbon cycles. It allows me to immerse myself in a range of meanings beyond mere shapes and colours.

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