

# The Quantum World of Taman Negara

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Twelve years have passed since her last landmark research project on tigers in Malaysia. Wildlife biologist, Dr Kae Kawanishi goes back to Taman Negara with PERHILITAN to monitor the tiger population in the park. She shares with us why Taman Negara touches her so deeply.





**Feeling the unity** of the universe is Taman Negara's greatest gift. The nature is my God.

I am staring at the dark water of a river in front of me. Trekking 10 hours straight in the rain with a backpack sinking into my shoulders with every step taken left me with just about enough energy to take a quick bath at a nearby rapid. I can't move my sore feet covered with talcum powder from the dry surface of my sleeping pad. Underneath is a plastic tarp, wet and muddy from six nights of camping and spread over me is another tarp which keeps me almost dry from nightly rain. In the moonless night, the black water seems as if it's staring right back at me. It is the same river from 12 years back. It is the same water that soaked me, cleansed me and made me a part of the water cycle. The same river from a thousand years ago will continue to be for a thousand years to come. The sense of time gets fuzzy. I am here again. This place remembers me.

Twelve years ago, in the Year of the Tiger, I kick started my three-year research project in the study of tiger ecology in Taman Negara. I am back again and everything is still the same - the trees, trails, rivers and

even tiger tracks as if time had stood still.

Through the osmosis, the boundary between the water inside and outside me becomes vague - a thin layer of cells that are also made up of the same subatomic particles across the membrane. After all, I am made of the same energy matters holding these trees, rocks, water and wildlife in the form as we perceive. I melt into the environment and the notion of 'me' and 'not me' becomes indistinguishable. The blank space that fills the air is full of dynamic web of energy interactions. The vibration of the quark contains information on everything it touches. Things that were once in contact remained always in contact through all space and all time. The field of energy absorbs my soul inside this temporary shell.

This strange looking root protruding from the earth, unless I step on to anchor my weight, surely I would sled down the muddy river bank. The tree must be hundreds of years old. Over time, this ladder-like root supported elephants, rhinos, tapirs and tigers, all trying to cross the river like me. Trekking over 1000km of Taman Negara in a big loop in the 12-year cycle of the Chinese

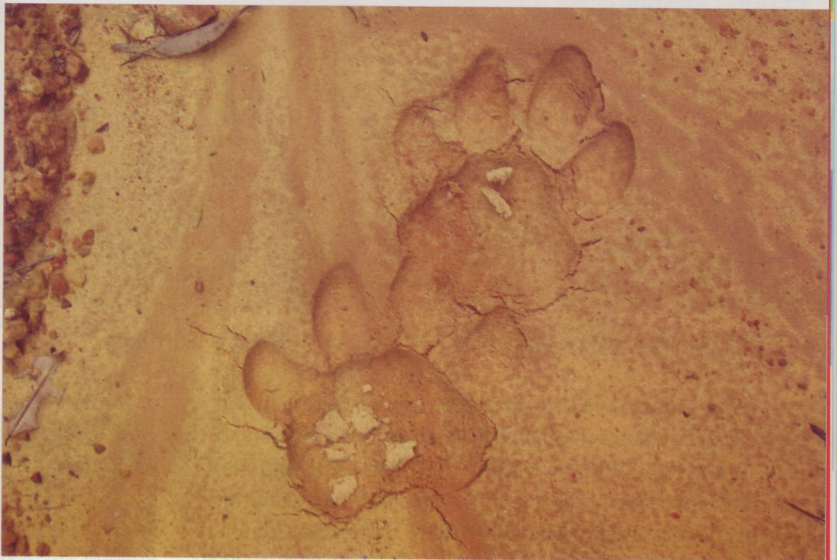


zodiac, I came back to the same river bank. After all these years, the root remains unchanged, "Welcome back Kae, I remember you." Is this real? Had it not been for my awareness, would it still be here? This river, this root, and me? My various consciousnesses from 12 years ago come back to me so vividly. Taman Negara remembers even what I've long forgotten.

I miss my daughters - my two year old and my 14 year old. But one of the two ceases to exist in the physical world. My toddler... now an adolescent. I find myself missing my baby. The guilt of having left her behind in Kuala Lumpur was the greatest pain etched in

my heart, and this place brings me back to a place and time that's become a distant memory.

The rain stopped and the sun peaked from the thick clouds the next morning. Getting out of a warm sleeping bag into the wet and cold clothes from yesterday is a miserable moment. Never mind, I tell myself. Soon I will be all wet with my own perspiration and evapotranspiration of the forest. This repeats every day like a broken record. The morning breeze is chilly, but nevertheless welcome. The wind carries the message of all dead and alive, animate and inanimate. The chatters of leaves are the whispers



of all the important people who passed on before me as if their passing was unreal and here is their genuine presence.

Rich in biodiversity and water, protected from man's self-consuming hunger for materials, Taman Negara is brimming with life-force resonating with one another through its quantum energy field. I am just one of the gazillions. Gracing at the top is the tiger. What shape and color does its energy field take? If I were a sage, I might tune into the same vibration, chanting the same music with the King. So we literally resonate with the world together.

Every time I leave the green heaven for the lonely life in isolation sheltered in the artificial jungle of Kuala Lumpur, melancholy overwhelms me: this might be my last time, my love affair with this place in this body, being united to the world full of energy. The earthy feedback never fails to reassure me in pronto, "Fear not. Transcending the time and space, I am here and everywhere, now and forever- like you."

This is why we must protect the precious from those whose ego destroys his world including himself. 🐅

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