



Insight Guides

THE INSIGHT GUIDES SERIES RECEIVED SPECIAL AWARDS
FOR EXCELLENCE FROM THE PACIFIC AREA TRAVEL
ASSOCIATION IN 1980 AND 1982.



MALAYSIA

Tenth Edition Published by:

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Printed in Korea by Pyung Hwa Dang Printing Co., Ltd.

Colour Separation In Singapore by Colourscan Pte Ltd

U.S. and British Isles edition: Australia and
Canadian Edition: HARRAP LTD. New Zealand edition:
PRENTICE-HALL INC. ISBN 0245-54121-7 LANSOWNE PRESS
ISBN 013-547992-4 ISBN 0-7018-1855-7

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Distributors:

Australia and New Zealand: Lansdowne Press, 176 South Creek Road, Dee Why, N.S.W. 2099, AUSTRALIA. **Benelux:** Vittevegerij Cambium, Maliebaan 113, 3561 GJ Utrecht, The Netherlands. **Denmark:** Copenhagen Book Centre Aps, Roskildevej 338, DK-2630 Tastrup, Denmark. **France:** Librairie Armand Colin, 103 Boulevard St. Michel, 75005 Paris. **Germany:** Nelles Verlag, Schleissheimer Str. 37/11, 8000 Munich 45. **Hawaii:** Pacific Trade Group Inc., P.O. Box 1227, Kaliua, Oahu, Hawaii 96734. U.S.A. **Hong Kong:** Far East Media Ltd., Vita Tower, 7th Floor, Block B, 29 Wong Chuk Hang Road, Hong Kong. **India and Nepal:** India Book Distributors, 107/108 Arcadia Building, 195 Narina Point, Bombay-400-021, India. **Indonesia:** N.V. Indoprom Company (Indonesia) Ltd., Arthaloka Building, 14th floor, 2 Jalan Jendral Sudirman, Jakarta Pusat, Indonesia. **Jamaica:** Kingston Publishers, 1-A Norwood Avenue, Kingston 5, Jamaica. **Japan:** Charles E. Tuttle Co. Inc., 2-6 Suide 1-Chome, Bunkyo-ku, Tokyo, Japan. **Korea:** Korea Britannica Corporation, C.P.O. Box 690, Seoul 100, Korea. 162-1 2-ga, Jangchung-dong, Jung-gu, Seoul, Korea. **Mexico:** Distribuidora Britannica S.A., Rio Volga 93, Col Cuauhtemoc, 06500 Mexico 5 D.F., Mexico. **Pakistan:** Liberty Book Stall, Inverarity Road, Karachi 03, Pakistan. **Philippines:** Print Diffusion Pacific Inc., 2135-C Pasong Tamo Street, Makati, Manila, Philippines. **Singapore and Malaysia:** MPH Distributors (S) Pte Ltd., 51 Lorong 3, Geylang #05-09, Singapore 1438. **Sri Lanka:** K.V.G. de Silva & Sons (Colombo) Ltd., 415 Galle Road, Colombo 4, Sri Lanka. **Spain:** Altair, Riera Alta 8, Barcelona 1, Spain. **Sweden:** Esselte Kartentrum, Vasagatan 16, S-111 20 Stockholm, Sweden. **Taiwan:** Caves Books Ltd., 107 Chungshan N. Road, Sec. 2, Taipei, Taiwan, Republic of China. **Thailand:** The Bookseller Co. Ltd., 67/2 Soi Tonson, Nang Linchi Road, Bangkok 10120, Thailand. **United Kingdom:** Harrap Ltd., 19-23 Ludgate Hill, London EC4M 7PD, England, United Kingdom. **Mainland United States and Canada:** Prentice-Hall Inc., Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey 07632, U.S.A.

German editions: Nelles Verlag GmbH, Schleissheimerstrasse 37/11, 8000 Munich 45, West Germany. **French editions:** Les Editions Errance, 11 rue de l'Arsenal, 75004 Paris, France. **Distributor:** Librairie Armand Colin, 103 Boulevard St. Michel, 75005 Paris, France.

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To complement Insight Guides and bring readers a more complete package of travel information, Apa Productions — in cooperation with cartographer Gunter Nelles of Munich, West Germany — has begun publication of a series of detailed maps on selected travel destinations. Initial maps cover Asian countries and cities:

INDONESIA MALAYSIA NEPAL PHILIPPINES SRI LANKA THAILAND

malaysia

Directed and Designed by Hans Johannes Hofer
Produced by Harold Stephens and Star Black
Revised and Updated by Desmond J.M. Tate



APA PRODUCTIONS
PRENTICE-HALL • HARRAP • LANSDOWNE

The *Insight Guide to Malaysia* was conceived in the early 70s, shortly after the first book in the Apa series, *Bali*, which won warm acclaim, awards, and eager anticipation of more.

Inspired by the reaction to *Bali* and its sister publication *Java*, the original Apa team — photographer/designer **Hans Hoefler** and writer **Star Black** — conferred on the possibility of producing an equally insightful book on Malaysia, then relatively undiscovered by international travel.

Hoefler and Black had previously collaborated on the multiple-award-winning *Bali Guide* and the *Guide to Java*, both of which were declared the Official Guides to their respective regions by the Tourist Authorities of Indonesia upon publication.

Faced with the task of producing a book on Malaysia that would require a minimum of two years' research, writing, editing, photography and production, Hoefler and Black flew to Bali, for a brief respite before setting off on their self-inspired mission of discovery.

The beneficent spirit that had watched over Apa's previous efforts now took the first step in making the new book a reality: while ideating on the calm beaches of Bali, Hoefler and Black met up with veteran traveler/explorer/photojournalist **Harold Stephens**.

As chance would have it, Stephens was himself considering a similar project, and the chance to work with two other professionals of high standing was not one to be missed. Initial discussions led to countless hours of research in museum and library archives, looking up every rumor, legend, and modicum of anthropological/historical data.

By landrover, plane, riverboat and shanks' mare, the intrepid threesome followed trail after trail on what at times appeared to be a wild-goose chase through remote jungles, lonely islands, forgotten villages and isolated hill stations. Many hours were also spent exploring less-known trails and byways, and special thanks go to Encik Muhammad Khan, who guided the bold explorers through the depths of Malaysia's National Park.

By 1972, they had turned up some amazing discoveries about Malaysia, which they

shared with the world when the book was published in cooperation with the Straits Times Group, one of the region's biggest publishers, later that year.

Since then, the book has seen several comprehensive revisions to keep pace with the rapid and sweeping changes taking place in Malaysia, and now appears in its ninth and most up-to-date edition. The revision was undertaken by contributing editor **Desmond Tate**. The book also contains a comprehensive historical survey of the young nation, written by Malaysia-born Singaporean **Sharifah Hamzah**.

Hans Hoefler started his career in the



Hoefler



Stephens



Black

“black arts” as a printer's and typographer's apprentice in 1960 in a down-to-earth German printing and publishing firm. After four years' study in one of Germany's leading art academies in the city of Krefeld, he graduated with a degree in graphic design and photography. Equipped with a background based on the traditional Bauhaus concepts of design and the practical integration of all art forms, Hoefler traveled extensively, combining photojournalism with his love for exploration and adventure.

In search of the medium to communicate his new concepts in travel literature, he created Apa Productions, producing and publishing a series of award-winning photographic guide books on worldwide destinations under the Apa banner.

Apa's guides to Asian and Pacific destinations have been warmly received in Europe and the West, and as a result have seen translation into French, German, Dutch, and Japanese, greatly increasing their invaluableity to non-English-speaking travelers.

California-born author Star Black, who evolved the style of the book and also made major contributions to the *Bali* and Singa-

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Harold

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PERPUSTAKAAN NEGARA
MALAYSIA

pore guides, has since returned to New York, where she is an editor and photographer with UPI (United Press International). Ms. Black holds degrees in literature and art, has lived in Washington, Paris and Hawaii, and has covered much of Asia in her travels. She completed a photographic book for Penguin-Viking.

Co-author Harold Stephens served with the Marines in China, then returned to the US to take degrees in Foreign Service and International Law at Georgetown University in Washington, D.C. After a brief jaunt to Paris, he gave up his job and family life in



Brooke



Tate



Hamzah

exchange for travel and adventure. He has spent the last two decades in various parts of the South Pacific and Southeast Asia, including seven years in Tahiti, and is currently traveling through the Pacific on a 60-foot schooner built with the help of friends. He has authored six books and over 500 magazine articles.

Scotland-born writer **Marcus Brooke**, who has also contributed text and photographs to the guides to *Singapore*, *Thailand*, the *Philippines* and *Sri Lanka*, has served on the faculty of both Harvard U and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. At various times an agriculturist, bacteriologist, biochemist and immunologist, Brooke left academia 18 years ago to travel. He has written and photographed extensively for various magazines/newspapers around the world, including the *New York Times* and *National Geographic*, while pursuing his interest in anthropology and archaeology.

Of British nationality, Tate (alias Muzaffar Abdullah) was born in London but has been residing uninterruptedly in West Malaysia since 1956. Most of this time he worked as a schoolmaster, and is currently

attached with the university press in Selangor.

Meanwhile, back in Apa's Singapore headquarters, assistant editor **Vivien Loo** wielded her copy-editing pencil on the material Tate staggered to her from his office-home in Petaling Jaya. Loo joined Apa in 1982 and since then has been coordinating work on the annual revisions of the *Insight Guides* series.

Hamzah is a staff writer for *Signature* magazine, the fine Diners' Club publication for Southeast Asia. The holder of a Bachelor of Laws degree from the National University of Singapore, she is a perfect example of the mix of races that typifies Malaysian culture: two of her grandparents were Malays (one from Malacca, the other from Johore), one grandfather was Indian, and one grandmother was Arab.

Much of the content of this edition is a result of previous revision efforts by Singapore writers **Annabelle Morgan**, **Linda Agerbak** and the **Tourist Development Corporation** of Malaysia. Particular thanks go to William Trower for coordinating the TDC effort. Morgan, another London native, moved to Singapore in the mid 60s and has been a frequent contributor to magazines and newspapers throughout Southeast Asia. Agerbak, an American, writes for the *Straits Times* and other periodicals of the region. Educated in California and Berlin, she has taught English to African lab technicians and Vietnamese refugees.

Thanks go to the people of Malaysia who aided in bringing about this book with their inimitable hospitality, generous nature and warm smiles. Especially, we would like to thank Tan Sri Mubin Sheppard, whose willingness to share his knowledge of the Malaysian culture was invaluable. Special thanks are also due to freelance journalist Suzanna Range who rendered editorial assistance and devoted many precious hours to the final production of the book. Thanks are also due to Nancy Brokaw, Sylvia Toh, Raymond Boey, Sam Chan, and countless others.

To each and every one, *terima kasih banyak*.

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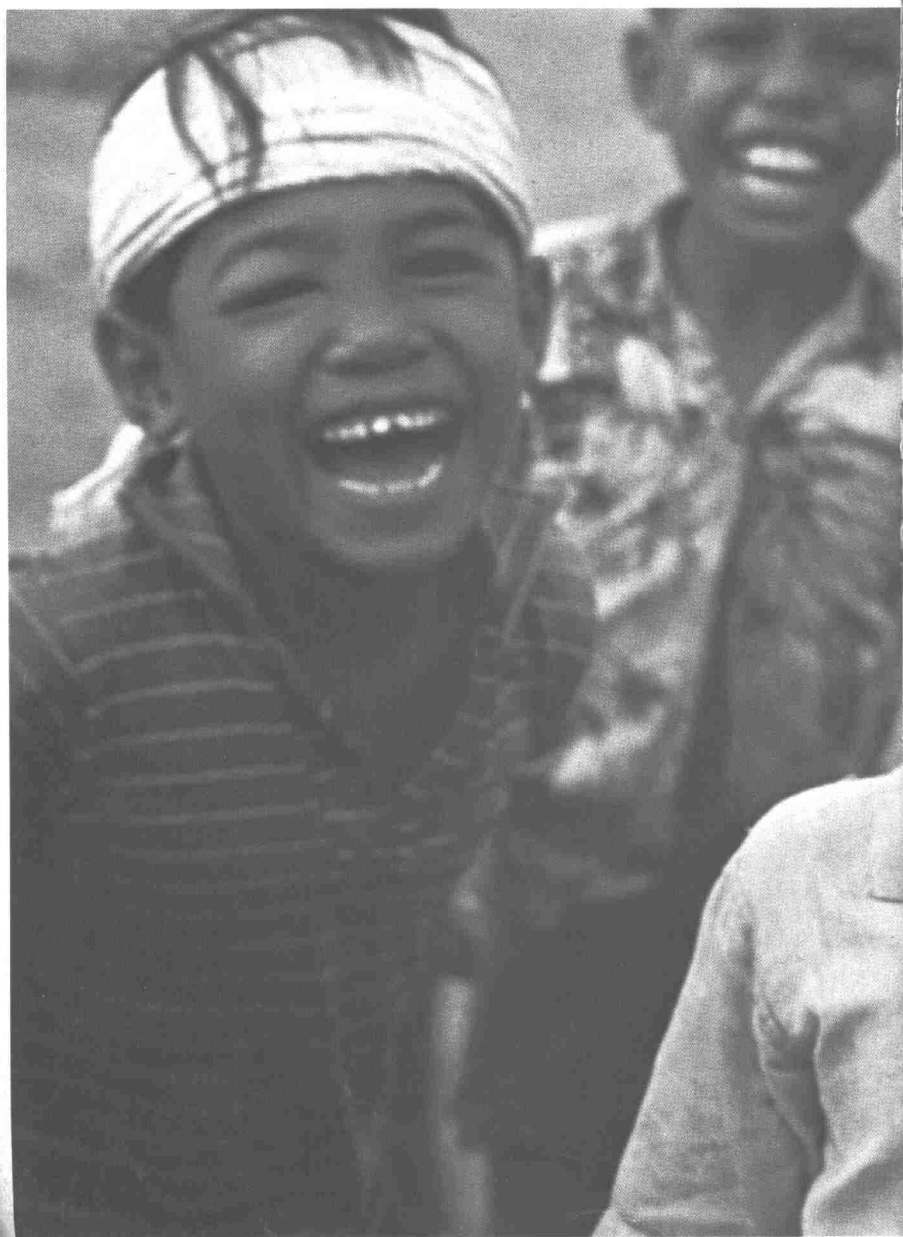
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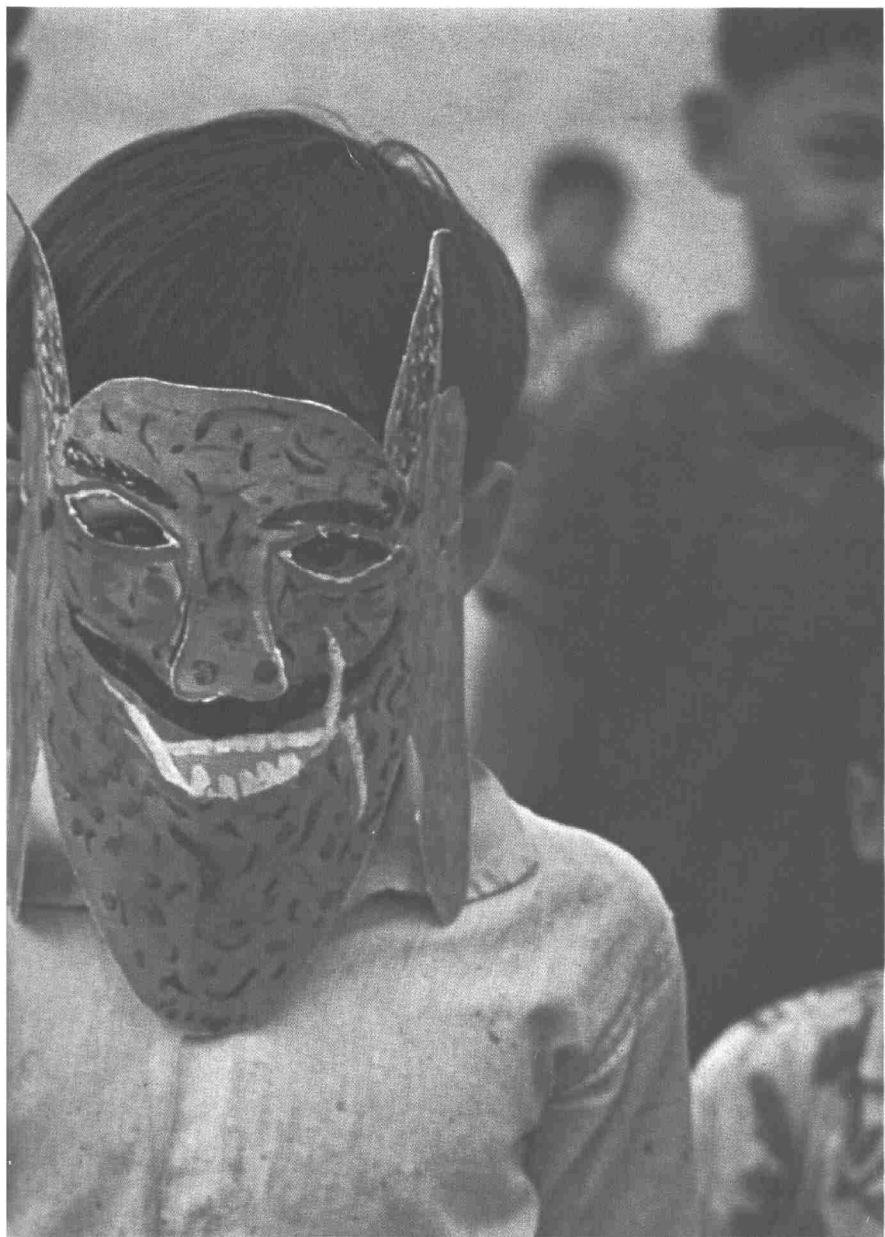
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Maps



malaysia, a step closer





introduction to the unexpected

A graceful, mosque-like structure with taxis screeching and blaring under its arched eaves stands near the busiest intersection in Malaysia. It seems at first bizarre that traffic assaults the building, but the mosque-like edifice is the capital's main railway station. Malaysia is full of such surprises.

Take the name, for example. "Malay" is clear enough: the ethnic term for the Muslim, tradition-abiding people with handsome features and a regal past who make up about half the population. But the "-sia" covers an additional six million Chinese, Indians, tribesmen, aborigines, Eurasians and others who settled there generations, if not centuries, ago.

Malaysia, the nation, is a federation of thirteen states which were fused into a political entity in 1963. Formerly, it comprised a collection of British colonies, and before that the realm of various Malay sultans whose powers reached their zenith in the 15th Century.

Peninsular Malaysia was originally Malaya, the lower 132,000 square kilometers of the long finger of land shared in the north with Thailand and Burma, and reaching down to the Indonesian islands in the south. Sabah and Sarawak, two colorful and distinctive Malaysian states on the giant eastern island of Borneo, are separated from Peninsular Malaysia by nearly 1,000 kilometers of the South China Sea.

The federal capital, Kuala Lumpur, is a throbbing but relaxed city of nearly one million that grew from tin miners' shacks to its present size in less than a century. "KL" rocks to electric guitars and sways to ancient flutes. Neon signs in English advertise Japanese television sets while hand-lettered placards announce a Punjabi newspaper. It is a safe bet that no linguist in the East can understand all of KL's street-corner conversation or read all the writing on its walls.

As any city sidewalk immediately reveals, it is the Malaysians, all 15 million of them,

At a top-spinning contest (left) children crowd the scene, while an elderly master awaits his turn to hurl the hardwood cone.





who are the key to the country's vitality, diversity, and character. Few other nationalities have such a knack for eluding the stereotype. The man on the street in Malaysia may be a Malay teenager shouting "Hello John" from behind the handle bars of a motorbike. He also can be a wizened Chinese chef boiling noodles below a row of plucked chickens hung on hooks. Or an Indian at a newsstand selling paperback palmistry books wrapped in cellophane.

Truthfully, one cannot even speak about the man on the street in Malaysia, because there are nomadic aborigines roaming the deep jungle who have never seen asphalt, much less roads.

Each of Malaysia's many ethnic groups adds a distinct heritage to the pluralistic society. Malays, early settlers of the land, retain a continuity with their past. Many pursue a rural, traditional life as farmers and fishermen. Their carved, wooden dwellings standing on stilts overlook fruit trees and flower gardens. Malay *kampung* (villages) merge with fields of golden rice. Yet, just when the indelible image of the rice farmer seems sealed, along comes a young Malay executive in a chic shirt. In cities, Malay technicians and economists find jobs at airport counters or on the top floors of the Parliament building.

Malays contribute largely to the country's identity: Islam is the national religion, Malay the national language. Sultans, descendants of the original Malay royal families, remain ceremonial rulers in most states. Every five years they elect one of their number King of Malaysia, to reign under yellow umbrellas amid court etiquette that survives from the earliest days.

Malaysia's Chinese community adds a hard-driving workaday spirit recalling the early 1800s when thousands of migrant laborers arrived from China's southern provinces to hack down the jungle and to pan for tin. In every town of any size, splashy red characters are to be seen on two-story "shop houses"—stores on the ground floor, bedrooms on the upper.

Today, the Chinese control fortunes in rubber, import and export companies, and in industries—dominating the country's economy to a far greater extent than the 35 percent

A Malay girl eyes a visitor with friendly curiosity, in a country accustomed to greeting newcomers since early times. Malays constitute 45 percent of the population, shaping most strongly the country's identity.

that they constitute in numbers. Even their Chineseness has modern aspects.

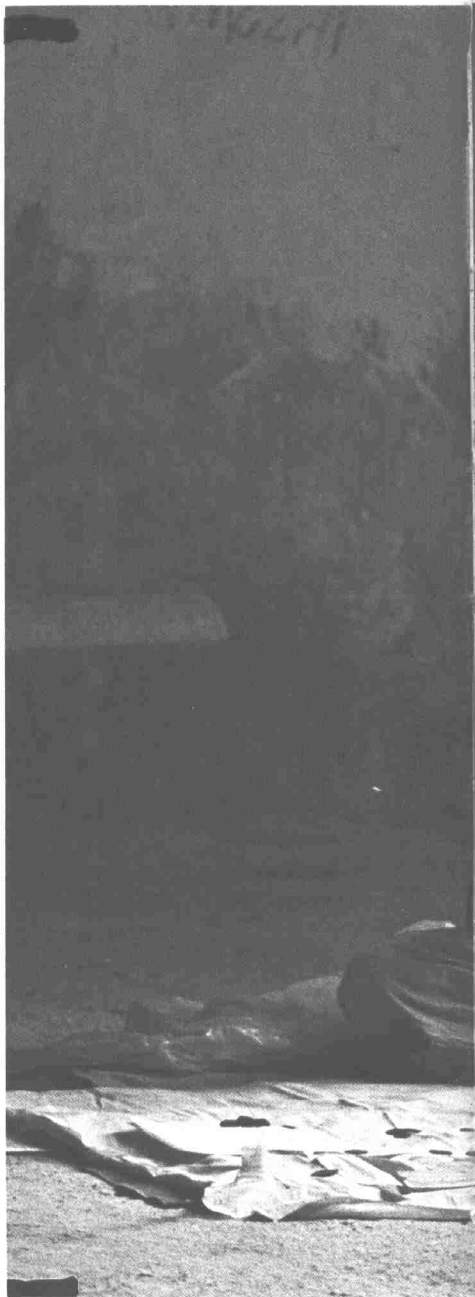
Indians, a bright minority of 10 percent whose ancestors came mainly as rural laborers under British management, sprinkle flavors from the subcontinent in a myriad of trades. In corners of Malaysia's towns that resemble Old Delhi, some Indians sell sugared peanuts and candied limes. Others trade in rupees, francs, and dollars. Tamils from South India, Sikhs, Bengalis have all settled in Malaysia, attaining distinguished positions in the professions and in the civil service, manning rubber estates and the railways.

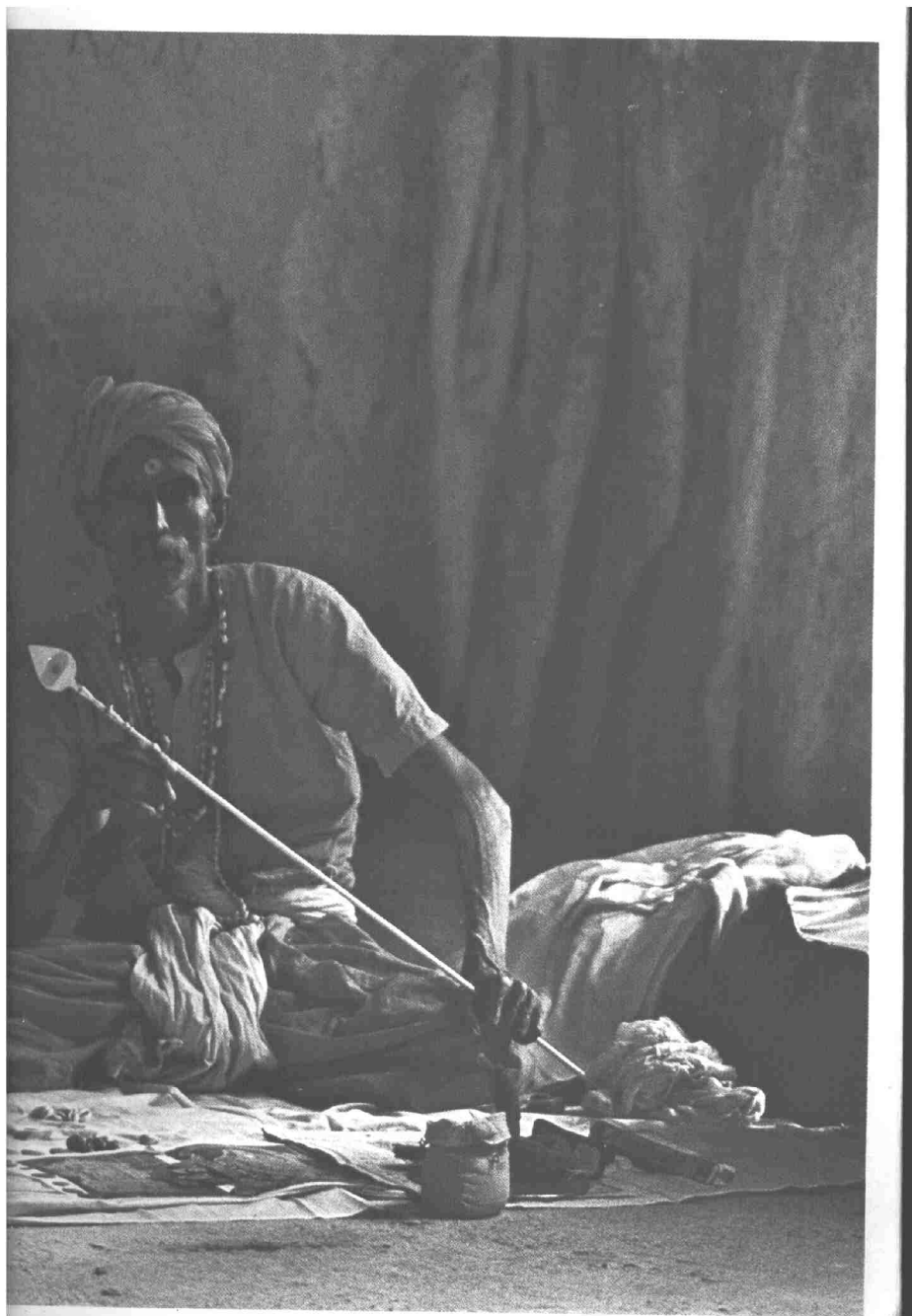
Travelers wishing to meet other Malaysians can journey by steel-plated motorboat up Sarawak's log-ridden rivers and chat with an Iban patriarch about the times when "white Rajahs" ruled and war dances were common. Human skulls bound in raffia still hang from eaves in some longhouses, but head hunting is the pride of bygone generations. Most of Sabah's and Sarawak's nearly one million tribesmen have long since settled down to rustic lives, farming hill rice or pepper. Still, some old customs remain to embellish the present with vivid contrasts. One Kenyah chief in Sarawak startles visitors by wearing a shiny, black business suit with brown shoes, no socks, and boar's tusks through his pierced ears.

Malaysia's varied people now get along with remarkable harmony, although some communal tensions do exist. The waves of immigrants that flooded the country during British rule in the last century changed the social structure so rapidly that the indigenous population soon found that it was no longer an assured majority. Economic imbalances between the races remain a sensitive issue. Young Malaysians grow up aspiring to common national goals, yet their elders continue to practice their widely divergent cultures and customs.

Amid the colorful confusion, travelers eventually discover that the basic unity about Malaysia—the one solid invariable—is the ground on which they stand. It is Malaysia the country that links all the pieces together in a comfortable continuity. In Sabah the land drops from Southeast Asia's tallest mountain down to its most strategic waterways. On the mainland it moves from ageless,

A Hindu holy man tells fortunes beside a gnarled roadside tree. Constituting 10 percent of the population, Indians also distinguish themselves in the professions, the civil service, and man rubber estates and the railways.





untamed wilderness to fast-growing urban centers with suburban sprawl, and in between it catches the vitality of a nation in transition.

The jungles are Malaysia's ever-present greenhouse of untapped potential. Two-thirds of the country lies under a dangling profusion of incredibly dense rain forest and mangrove swamp. Timber camps trim the jungle's edge, toppling giant trees in a cloud of sawdust. But they hardly touch the vast hinterland that has covered Malaysia for a hundred million years.

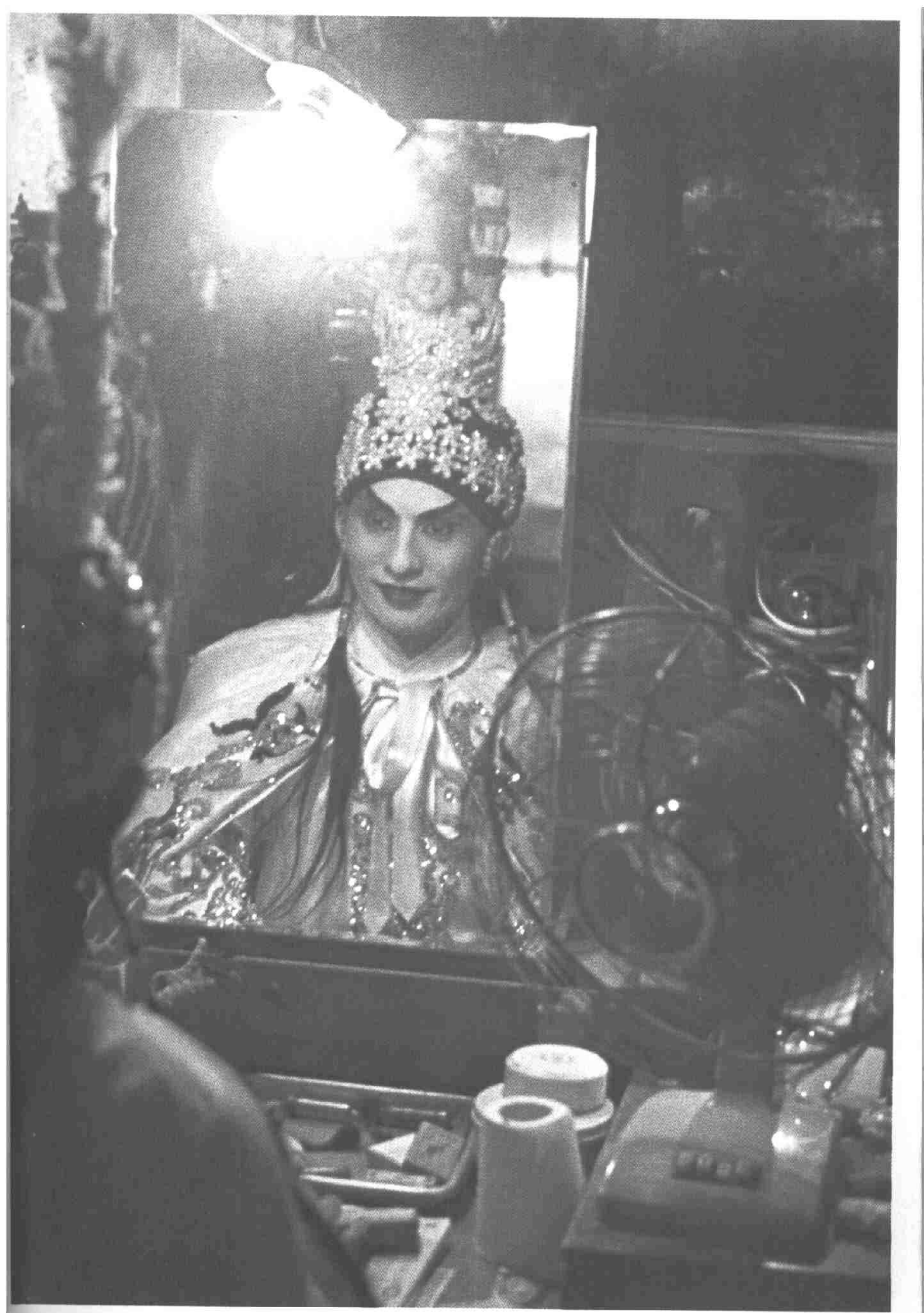
Economic development has been, and still is, carving up virgin jungle into the geometry of well-ordered countryside, where roads sweep past innumerable lines of rubber trees and sticky-looking oil palms. Tin dredges sputter and creak, gouging out rich tin ore from the red earth. Ribbons of asphalt increasingly pierce the jungle floor, as bulldozers crush forested terrain into modern highways. And huge tankers stand by offshore oil rigs like sea-going mammoths loading precious cargoes of black gold in the new-found oil fields off the coasts of Trengganu, Sabah and Sarawak.

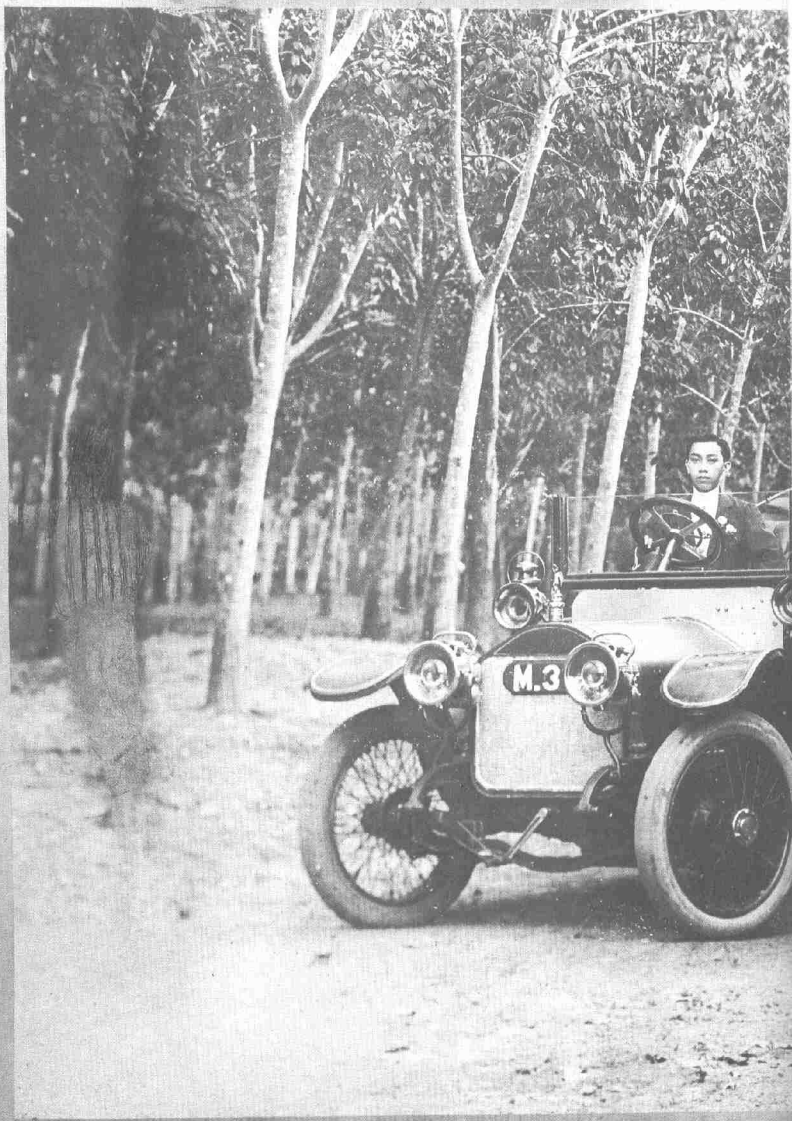
Traffic includes shiny imported sedans and Mercedes taxis, whose drivers spend half their time dodging cumbersome lorries that carry logs to the sawmills. Rubber, petroleum, tin, timber, and palm oil all bring to Malaysia a steady wealth in export earnings, and constitute the mainstay of a solid economy that supports one of Asia's highest standards of living. The further the jungle recedes, the faster change accelerates; and the jungle hardly seems visible behind the glistening bank buildings and luxury hotels that spring up in the big towns. Urban Malaysia is a mixture of East and West, where an American denim jacket is as much a teenage status symbol as is knowledge of the Chinese martial arts.

But the overlay of Western imports and new-fangled fashions extends far beyond the busy downtown districts. Cities send out their vibrations to all corners of Malaysia, extending cosmopolitan greetings on television which reaches more and more remote villages. A Borneo tribesman may find it difficult to follow the plot of an English drama set in the 1930s, but the TV novelty is too exciting to miss, and it leaves a lasting impression.

A Chinese opera star admires his grease-paint portrait of a character from the ancient imperial court. Constituting 35 percent of the population, the Chinese have contributed beyond their numbers to the culture and economy of Malaysia.











THE KALEIDOSCOPE OF HISTORY

Gentle, young and growing — Malaysia is all this. But peel away the layer of modern-day life, and the kaleidoscope of Malaysia's history unfolds with a cast of Malays, Portuguese, Dutch, Chinese, Indians, Ibans, Englishmen and others. The legacy of the land abounds with ancient temple ruins, impregnable Portuguese fortresses, Malay krisses, native blowpipes and imposing British colonial buildings. It all started in 35,000 B.C.

Prehistoric Malaysia

The beginnings of human habitation in Malaysia are enveloped in shadows as deep as those cast by the equatorial rain forest, pieced together from ancient Indian, Chinese and Arab sources and archaeological discoveries. This period of origin is still rife with theories and speculations.

In Sarawak's Niah Caves, the skull of a *Homo sapiens* dating back to 35,000 B.C. was discovered, providing the earliest evidence of human habitation in Malaysia. In the Malay Peninsula itself, the earliest remains to have been excavated are only about 10,000 years old.

There is evidence that during the period of the Middle Stone Age (about 8,000 to 2,000 B.C.), Mesolithic men lived in rock shelters and caves in the limestone hills of the Malay Peninsula. They used stone implements for cutting and grinding, as well as for hunting wild animals. A typical tool of these people was the hand axe, made by chipping a rounded pebble until a cutting edge was formed on one side. These people may have been the ancestors of the Negrito aborigines, today known as Semang and Jakun.

Around 2,500 B.C., the Proto-Malays spreading south from Yunnan in China made their way to the Malay Peninsula and the islands beyond. They were also Stone Age people, but their stone implements were more sophisticated than those of the Negritos. Besides being hunters, they were also cultivators and sailors and thus lived a more settled life. Eventually they forced the Negritos into the hills and jungles.

But around 300 B.C., a new wave of immigrants in turn pushed the Proto-Malays

inland. They were the Deutero-Malays and had advanced to using iron weapons and tools. The Deutero-Malays and the people from Java, Sumatra and other parts of Indonesia are the ancestors of the Malays of today.

Indian Influence

Through trade, the early inhabitants of the Malay Peninsula were exposed to older civilizations. Located at the convergence of two major sea routes linking the great markets of India and China, the peninsula was a convenient stopover for Indian ships traveling further east.

The first Indian voyages made to the peninsula were estimated to have occurred early in the Christian era. In order to prepare for the long voyage, some of the ships carried not only a big crew, but also a year's supply of food, including live chickens and goats as well as a vegetable garden at a corner of the vessel.

In the peninsula, the ships waited for the monsoon winds to change before continuing their journey. The Indian traders discovered that they could obtain gold, aromatic woods and spices here. They also discovered that by transporting their goods overland, from one side of the peninsula to ships waiting on the other side, they could minimize the threat posed by pirates rampaging in the Straits of Malacca.

Soon, many settlements developed along the straits. Through contact with Indian traders, many native inhabitants became Hindus or Buddhists and built temples, the remains of which have been found in Kedah. Some of the settlements grew to become Indianized kingdoms in which various features of Indian culture were adopted. The local rulers came to be known as *raja*, and many Brahministic rituals were adopted in the courts.

Even today, this early Indian influence can still be seen. Some Malay words are borrowed from Sanskrit, and Malay wedding rites contain numerous Indian customs.

The Chinese also had trading contacts in the Malay Peninsula and in northwest Borneo. In particular, the Chinese sought a prized delicacy — birds' nests — from which they made soup. But their influence on indigenous culture was minimal.

Preceding pages: the future arrived in Malaysia with the automobile, which gave impetus to the rubber industry. Left, an Italian map showing the Malay Peninsula, probably in the 17th Century.

The Founding of Malacca

The Indianized kingdoms of the Malay Peninsula were constantly subjected to the dominance of stronger Indianized kingdoms in Southeast Asia. First the kingdom of Funan in Cambodia, then the Sumatran power of Sri Vijaya, exerted influence. Borneo was under the control of the Javanese kingdom of Majapahit. However, a quiet village in the Malay Peninsula soon rose to prominence as a major center of power.

The *Sejarah Melayu* or *Malay Annals*, written in the 16th Century and comprising legends based on historical events, traces the transformation of a small coastal village into a famous trading center.

The island of Tumasek (now Singapore), at the tip of the Malay Peninsula, was ruled by Iskandar Shah, also called Parameswara. When the Javanese attacked the island, he and his followers were compelled to flee to Muar in the peninsula. Monitor lizards drove him onward in 1403. One day, when he was hunting near a fishing village, one of his hounds was kicked by a white mouse deer. The king, always appreciative of spunk, exclaimed, "This is a good place! Even the mouse deer are full of fight!" Taking a cue from this good omen, Parameswara decided to build a settlement on the site. As he happened to be standing near a *melaka* tree, he decided that the settlement should bear the name of that tree. Under his rule, Melaka (now Malacca) grew to be a thriving trading center.

Parameswara and his followers planted new crops in Malacca and discovered inland deposits of tin. Gradually, as the community grew, passing ships stopped at Malacca for replenishment. News of this flourishing settlement began to spread and within two years, the population had increased to 2,000.

Meanwhile, the emperor of China was expanding his maritime activities. In 1409 he sent his famous admiral, Cheng Ho, to Malacca to proclaim it as a city and a kingdom, and to present Parameswara with Chinese tiles for the roof of his palace. In 1411, the admiral took Parameswara on a visit to China — a trip which confirmed Parameswara's status as an independent king owing fealty to China alone.

Parameswara's readiness to accept China's protection was a clever diplomatic move, for it not only guaranteed protection against the Siamese, but also added prestige and respectability to Malacca.

Not only did Malacca lie geographically at the convergence of major trade routes extending eastward to China and westward to

India and Europe; the city was also ideal as a port. The harbor was free of mangrove swamps and was deep enough for safe passage. It was fortunate also to have the monsoon winds blow in the right directions twice a year. The northeast monsoon brought the Chinese, Siamese, Javanese and Bugis vessels early in the year; in May, Arab and Indian vessels arrived with the southwest monsoon.

The port was a colorful sight with vessels of various shapes and sizes, from Chinese junks with eyes painted on the bows in the belief that it would help the vessels to "see," to the robust-looking three-masted Bugis schooners.

The city was an equally exciting bazaar with an exotic range of goods — silks, brocade and porcelain from China, carvings and precious stones from India and Burma, spices and pepper from the East Indies archipelago, and tin, gold and jungle produce from Malacca's hinterland.

Another reason for Malacca's success was its ability to assure the safety of traders. The rulers of Malacca commanded the allegiance of the Orang Laut, or sea gypsies, who managed to curb the pirate menace in the Straits of Malacca. In Malacca itself, four *shahbandars*, or harbor masters, were appointed, each representing a group of nations. The duties of a *shahbandar* included overseeing affairs and disagreements among sailors and merchants in his group.

The Coming of Islam

Towards the end of the 13th Century, Muslim traders from India brought Islam to the Malay Archipelago. By the 15th Century, Malacca had embraced the religion. The rulers took the title of "Sultan" and the Jawi script — the Malay language written in Arabic — evolved. By 1488, the kingdom of Malacca included the west coast of the Malay Peninsula, Pahang and much of the east coast of Sumatra. These subsidiary states eventually embraced Islam too.

In about 200 years, Malacca had risen from obscurity to become the strongest state in Southeast Asia. Its population at the zenith of its power was 40,000 — mainly Malays, but also including Indian and Chinese settlers. The city was located at the mouth of a river and was divided into two halves. The sultan's palace and the Malay *kampung* or villages were situated south of the river, while on the north bank the houses and stores of the merchants provided the cosmopolitan bustle and activity of the city. The two halves were linked by a bridge over

the river. Everyday, the population moved to and fro across the bridge; some enterprising merchants built their shops on the bridge itself.

The palace was the center of life. Peasants, traders and noblemen had the right to present their petitions to the sultan in his *balai*, or audience hall, at his palace. The sultan sat on a raised platform, surrounded by richly embroidered cushions, flanked by his ministers, two or three steps below him.

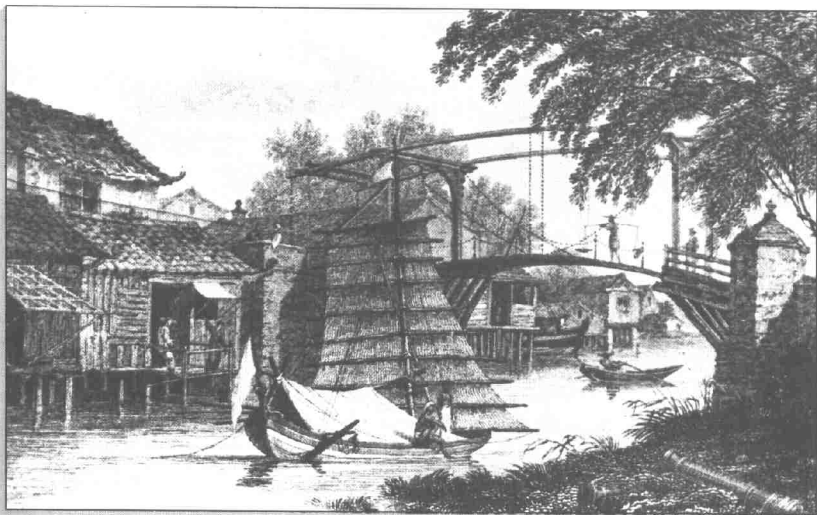
The ruler's power was in theory absolute, and the people believed in the concept of undivided loyalty to the ruler; no one could disobey him even if wronged. There are many tales of Malaccans who would rather kill their friends or relatives, or suffer in

of government. Apparently, it worked for Malacca.

The Shapers of Malacca

Parameswara had died in 1424, leaving behind him a prosperous trading port. When his son died in 1444, there was a power struggle in the court. The Malay chiefs supported the younger heir, as his mother had royal blood, while the elder heir was the son of a common Muslim-Tamil consort. But 17 months after the younger son was installed as ruler, he was killed and replaced in a Muslim-Tamil coup.

Sultan Muzaffar Shah was a fervent Muslim who declared Islam as the state religion. He was also an able ruler, remembered for



silence, than incur the ruler's displeasure.

Royal power also took the form of other privileges. No commoner could wear yellow clothes, as it was the color of royalty. White umbrellas were to be used only by rulers, and yellow umbrellas only by princes. Only royalty could wear gold anklets.

The ruler was assisted by a *bendahara* (chief minister), a *temenggung* (chief of police), and a *laksamana* (admiral) in his administration. Below them were the various titled nobles. The royalty, the common people and the traders abided by this system

A Dutch bridge over the Malacca River, probably on the site of the old bridge linking the two halves of the city.

his code of laws. And he received undivided loyalty. On one occasion, his *bendahara* observed the sultan's door being slammed by the wind, and wrongly believed that it had been slammed by the displeased sultan. Dismayed by the thought of having incurred his ruler's wrath, he went home and committed suicide by taking poison.

In 1456, Tun Perak became the new *bendahara* and successfully repelled a Siamese invasion. Tun Perak was to be the brains behind Malacca's expansion, and a leading figure in Malaccan politics for 42 years. During the reign of Sultan Mansur Shah, who succeeded Muzaffar Shah, Malacca was at the peak of its glory. But the glory was largely attributed to Tun Perak, who built a for-



A FOSO · DA · BOQUERQUE

midable fighting force and honored brave warriors with the title of *Hang*, or captain. He led expeditions and conquered many other states.

One of Tun Perak's fighting men was a young warrior named Hang Tuah. He was so handsome that he turned heads wherever he went. When he joined a Malaccan mission to visit Majapahit in Java, the womenfolk there were so struck by his beauty that they composed many songs, like this one:

"Here is betel leaf. Take it to allay the pangs of a whole day's love — but you will still yearn for him!"

A famous episode tells how Tuah killed his best friend to prove his loyalty to the sultan. Mansur Shah had ordered Tuah to be killed but the sympathetic *bendahara* imprisoned him instead. Meanwhile, Tuah's friend, Hang Kasturi, had an affair with one of the sultan's concubines; he was discovered and surrounded in the palace, but no one dared go in and attack him. Told that Tuah was still alive, the sultan immediately summoned him to kill Kasturi. In the ensuing duel, Kasturi three times permitted Tuah to free his kris when it stuck in the wall. But Tuah refused his rival the same privilege, instead stabbing Kasturi in the back. In his dying moment, Kasturi cried, "Does a man who is a man go back on his words like that, Tuah?" To which Tuah coldly replied, "Who need play fair with you, you who have been guilty of treason?" And he stabbed Kasturi again and killed him. Tuah was appointed *laksamana* for his deed.

Sultan Mansur Shah was an admirer of beautiful women. He married many Javanese and Chinese princesses, and at one time the object of his admiration was the exquisite princess of the mountain of Gunung Ledang. He sent an expedition to scale the mountain, where his men met the princess — who had disguised herself as an old woman. They told her of the sultan's desire to court the princess and she in turn laid down her conditions: bridges of gold and silver from Malacca to Gunung Ledang, seven trays each of mosquitoes' hearts and mites' hearts, vats of areca-nut water and of tears, a cup of the sultan's blood and a cup of his son's blood.

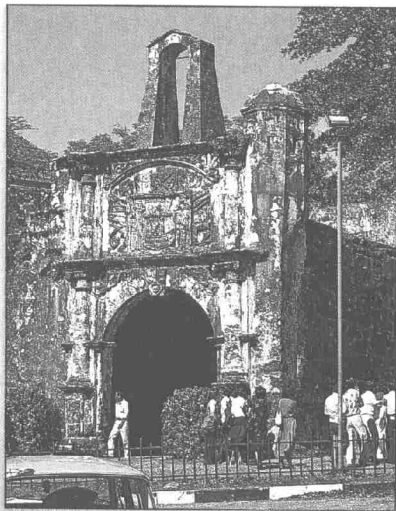
When this message was relayed to the sultan, he answered sadly: "All that she demands we can provide, save only the blood of our son; that we cannot provide, for our heart would not suffer to take it."

Alfonso de Albuquerque (left) led the Portuguese conquest of Malacca in 1511. Today, the gateway of *A Famosa* is a remnant of that era.

Sultan Mansur Shah was succeeded by Sultan Alauddin Riayat Shah. He was an able ruler who had the habit of walking the streets at night to check the enforcement of law and order. One night he personally caught two robbers, and reprimanded the red-faced *temenggung* the next day. His independence made many jealous enemies. He died when he was only 26, apparently poisoned. In contrast, the next sultan was heavily influenced by his chiefs and though he did not know it, his days on the throne were also numbered.

The Invasion of the 'Franks'

The 15th Century was Portugal's Age of Discovery. The Portuguese were eager to



expand to the far corners of the world for a number of reasons — a search for the mythical priest-king Prester John, believed to live in a Christian kingdom in the East; a crusading spirit against Muslims; and a desire for Asian Spices.

Spices were the most important commodity in the trade between Europe and Asia. Portugal wanted to divert the trade away from Muslim traders via a new trade route around Africa's Cape of Good Hope. Malacca was one of their targets as it was the collecting point for spices from the Moluccas, also known as the Spice Islands. As the Portuguese writer Barbosa put it, "Whoever is Lord in Melacca has his hand on the throat of Venice."

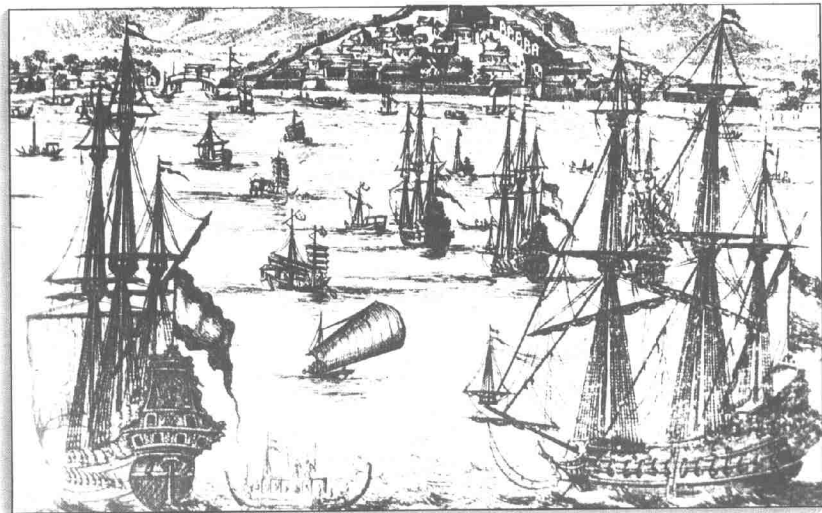
The Portuguese went to Malacca to seek permission to establish a trading post. The locals were excited to see the foreigners, whom the Malays nicknamed the "Franks." Backed by the Indian Muslim traders, the *bendahara* attempted to capture the Portuguese fleet. Warned by a friendly Malaccan woman, the Portuguese escaped. But 20 of their men were left behind and taken prisoners. This gave them a reason to return in force.

In 1511, a large Portuguese fleet led by Alfonso de Albuquerque, the architect of Portuguese expansion in Asia, arrived at Malacca. They concentrated their onslaught on the bridge over the river. The Malaccan defenders put up a courageous resistance and even Sultan Mahmud and his son were

walled area, a medieval Portuguese city developed with a town hall, offices and homes for the Portuguese civil servants. The other races lived outside the wall town.

The trade that the Portuguese established in Asia was extremely lucrative. For instance, pepper bought in the East for the equivalent of US\$45 could be sold in Portugal for US\$1,800. Malacca also became the center for Catholic missionary work, and in 1545 Francis Xavier, the well-known missionary, arrived to spread the Christian gospel.

But Catholicism did not appeal to the local population and the arrogant Portuguese were not well liked either. They attempted to obtain a monopoly on the spice trade; all ships using the Straits of Malacca had to



in the thick of battle, riding on caparisoned elephants. But most of the non-indigenous population were either apathetic or on the side of the Portuguese.

On Aug. 24, 1511 Malacca was captured. The sultan and his followers fled to the interior. Malacca had lost its independence, and under a string of foreign rulers, never regained its days of glory.

The Victor and the Vanquished

De Albuquerque set up a Portuguese administration and built a fort. He called it *A Famosa* ("The Famous"), and it was so impregnable that none of its enemies could penetrate its walls for 130 years. Within a

obtained passes from them, and arbitrary duties were imposed at the port of Malacca. This aroused strong anti-Portuguese feelings. The Europeans found themselves continually fending off attacks from other Malay states; in many cases, *A Famosa* proved to be the saving factor.

After his flight from Malacca, Sultan Mahmud established himself at Bintang in the Riau Archipelago. He made two unsuccessful attacks on Malacca, but he died in 1528. His elder son established himself at Perak, while his younger son started a sul-

Malacca still thrived as Southeast Asia's leading port (above) during the period of the Dutch.

tanate in Johore. The new sultan of Johore continued to harass Malacca. Meanwhile, in North Sumatra, Aceh was an ambitious power that was growing in strength. It launched attacks on Malacca and also waged wars against Johore and other Malay states. This Aceh-Malacca-Johore power struggle for political and economic supremacy dragged through the 16th Century.

The Siege of A Famosa

The arrival of the Dutch and the English in Southeast Asian waters was the result of certain events in Europe. In 1580, Spain had annexed Portugal; in 1594, the trading port of Lisbon was closed to Dutch and English merchants. So the northern Europeans were compelled to turn to the East for spices and other goods.

Dutch trading companies combined to form the "United East India Company" in 1602. Although their main interest was focused on the Spice Islands, they considered control of Malacca necessary — not only because of the geographical position of the Straits of Malacca, but also as an expression of their antipathy towards the Portuguese.

In July 1640, after blockading the port of Malacca and bombarding *A Famosa*, the Dutch landed and encircled the town. As the siege continued, the Portuguese garrison and the people trapped in the fort ate whatever came into sight — rats, dogs, cats and snakes. It was reported that a mother even ate her dead child. The acute hunger was aggravated by diseases such as malaria, typhoid and cholera. Finally in January 1641, after a seven-month siege, the Dutch forces stormed into *A Famosa* and fought on to victory.

The Dutch government had decided that Batavia (now Jakarta) should be their capital. Malacca was acquired principally to prevent another power from using it; it was to be just another outpost in the Dutch Empire.

As the only traders then buying spices in the East, the Dutch were able to offer low purchasing prices. To maintain this monopoly, any Indian or English trader who wanted to trade in Southeast Asia had to obtain permits from them. This system of monopoly made many enemies for the Dutch, and although they held Malacca for 150 years, they left no significant influence on the local inhabitants.

Meanwhile, the other states in the Malay Peninsula continued the saga of prosperity and decline. When the Dutch occupied Malacca, many merchants diverted their

trade to Johore, and the sultanate there grew stronger. But after an attack by a Sumatran state in 1673, Johore started to decline. Perak also grew in strength, as it was rich in tin.

Other settlements on the peninsula were founded by immigrants. Minangkabau people from west Sumatra brought a matrilineal social system to Negri Sembilan. The Bugis, who migrated from the Celebes in the 17th Century, possessed exceptional navigational and commercial skills. They infiltrated and occupied positions of power in the Malay states and established an independent state in Selangor.

The Arrival of the English

The East India Company was an association of merchants who were granted a charter by Queen Elizabeth in 1600 for the monopoly of all English trade in the regions east of the Cape of Good Hope. A very important trading contract that belonged to the Company was the export of tea from China to Europe. Not only was this trade very profitable for the Company; it provided Great Britain with substantial revenue from tax on tea imports.

The British displayed an active interest in Southeast Asia primarily to establish a port on the sheltered side of the Bay of Bengal for replenishing supplies and refitting ships along the China trade route.

In 1785, the Sultan of Kedah allowed the Company to establish a settlement on the island of Penang. He saw this as a golden opportunity of obtaining protection against his enemy, Siam, in exchange for the trading rights granted to the Company. Francis Light landed in Penang in July 1786. The Union Jack looked rather odd on the sparsely populated, jungle-smothered island. But Light officially took possession of the island.

Light had promised to assist the Sultan of Kedah against Siam, but it soon became obvious that the Company had no intention of fulfilling this vow. The sultan felt that he had been deceived and assembled a fleet to recapture Penang. But Light was swifter, and attacked the sultan's fleet before it even began the offensive. This time, Light made sure that everything was in black and white. A treaty guaranteed the sultan \$6,000 a year, while the Company got Penang.

Light cleared Penang's jungle and made it into a free port. To the annoyance of the Dutch, ships from throughout Southeast Asia and India began to trade in Penang. The population grew rapidly and Light followed the Malay and Dutch practice of

appointing *kapitans* — community leaders with authority to hear all minor crimes committed by members of their respective communities. For major crimes, Light himself tried offenders with his rough-and-ready sense of justice. He died of malaria in 1794.

In 1808, "civilization" arrived in Penang when the Charter of Justice introduced English law to the settlement. Penang continued to prosper for a while, but it was too far from the Spice Islands to become really important.

The French Revolution led indirectly to the British occupation of Malacca. The revolutionary armies of France had overrun The Netherlands, and the Dutch naval bases were due to come under French control. To forestall French use of the bases, Britain and the Dutch government-in-exile agreed that the British would take over the various Dutch possessions during the war and hand them back when the war was over. That was how Malacca was transferred to the British in 1795.

The British were determined that when Malacca was returned to the Dutch, it should be of as little use as possible. The plan was to destroy *A Fomosa* and transfer its population to Penang. For about a year, the historic fort was systematically disassembled. But ironically, the city was never abandoned, and the fort need not have been destroyed at all. The Dutch reoccupied Malacca for only six years, and in 1824, under the Anglo-Dutch Treaty, peacefully ceded it to the British.

The Straits Settlements

The Dutch had returned to Asia when their war with France ended, and reoccupied their former bases, including Malacca. By 1818, they had extended control over many parts of the East Indies. This alarmed a number of British officials, one of whom was Stamford Raffles. He convinced the East India Company authorities that another settlement in the Straits of Malacca would establish British supremacy and would also serve as a port of call for British ships en route from India to China.

In 1819, Raffles landed on the tiny island of Singapore, then populated by about 1,000 Malays and Orang Laut. Raffles established a trading post on the island and in 1824 succeeded in getting the sultan and *temenggung* of Johore to cede Singapore outright to the British.

With its free port status and its strategic geographical position, Singapore achieved phenomenal success. Ships from India, Chi-

na and the Malay archipelago filled the port with a wide range of goods. By 1824, the population had increased to 11,000 with an admixture of Malays, Chinese, Indians, Bugis, Arabs, Europeans and Armenians.

In 1826, Singapore and Malacca were joined with Penang to form the Straits Settlements. The British considered the Straits Settlements as trading centers and protectors of the trade route to China, and had no intention of becoming involved in the Malay states. More territory meant more expenses; hence, the official policy was one of strict non-intervention.

But there were a few occasions when this rule was bent. The Minangkabau people of Nanning had paid annual tithes to the Dutch but refused to make similar payments to the British. This led to the Nanning War, in which armed British troops were sent through thick jungle to capture Nanning and make it a district of Malacca. On another occasion, the first governor of the Settlements, Robert Fullerton, though lacking authority to make war, sent the Penang forces to scare off the Siamese, who were planning an attack on Perak.

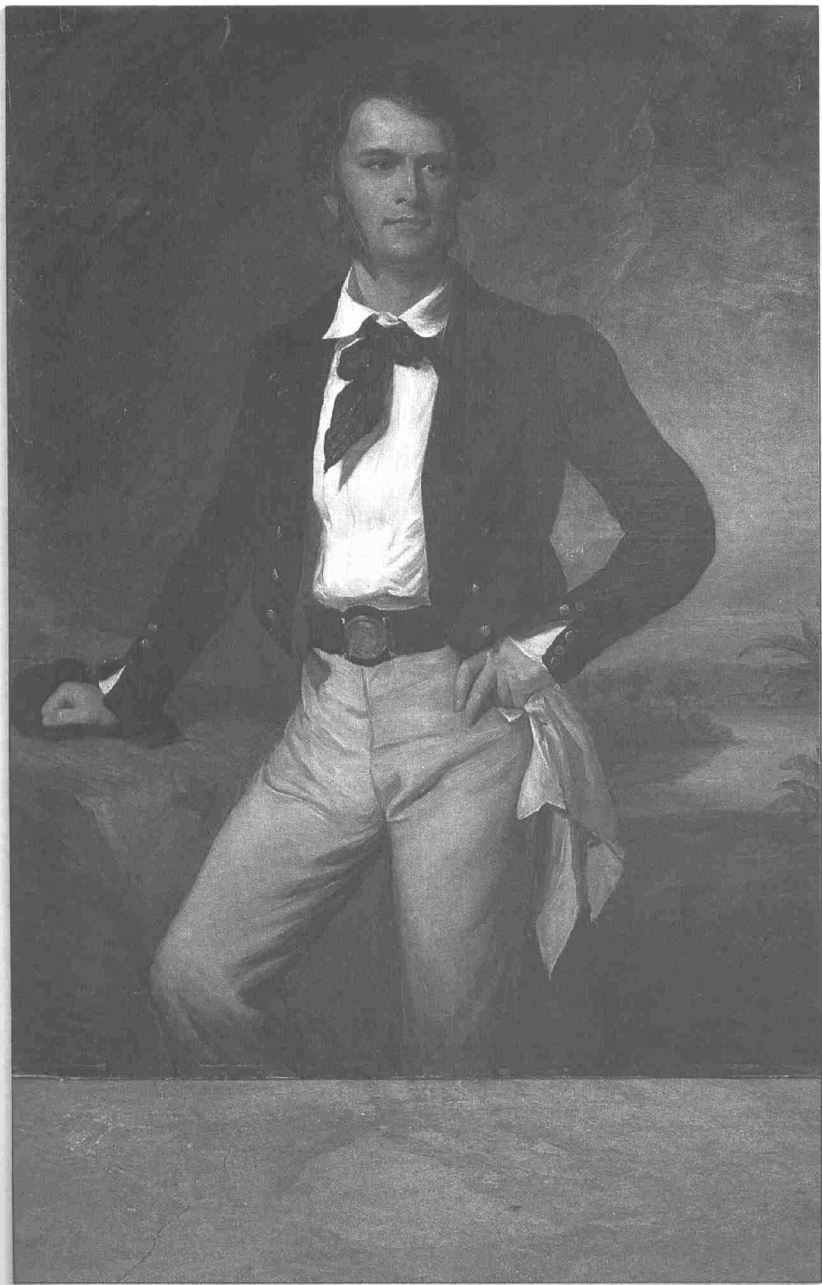
The White Rajas of Sarawak

While the Malay Peninsula was prospering, the territories on the northern shore of the island of Borneo were undergoing a separate development — Sarawak with its "white *raja*," Sabah under the British North Borneo Company.

James Brooke was born and raised in India where his father worked for the East India Company. As a young man, he was an ensign in the Sixth Native Infantry in Bengal, but resigned from service in 1830. When his father died in 1835 and left him a sum of money, Brooke used it to buy a schooner. He named it *The Royalist* and set sail to explore the East. Little did the dashing adventurer realize that he would gain a kingdom!

Sarawak was the southernmost province of the Brunei sultanate. The sultanate's decline in power had brought about greater independence among the Malay chiefs. Brooke landed in Sarawak in 1839 and found the Raja Muda Hashim, a relative of the Sultan of Brunei, trying to quell a rebellion against the misrule of the Governor of Sarawak. A year later, Brooke returned and helped Muda Hashim bring the four-year

James Brooke (right) was the first of the "White Rajas of Sarawak." The dynasty he founded in 1841 lasted more than a century.



rebellion to an end. For his contribution, he was awarded control of Sarawak.

In 1841, against a backdrop of Malay guns firing a salute, James Brooke, then 38, was installed as the Raja of Sarawak. It marked the beginning of over 100 years of rule by the white *rajahs*.

With the help of local chiefs, Brooke tried to establish peace and order in Sarawak. He made no attempt to introduce new laws, but based his administration on existing customs and consultations with the chiefs. Brooke was not strong on finances, and his administration was always in the red. But he refused to introduce foreign capital because he believed that "the activities of European government must be directed to the advancement of native interests... rather than... aim



at possession only." Under Brooke's rule, the population grew, more territories were brought under Sarawak's control, and peace and order were restored. An 1857 revolt by Chinese gold miners was quickly suppressed. In 1863, the ailing *raja* left Sarawak to retire in England, where he died five years later. His dream of a voyage of adventure really did come true.

Brooke's successor was his nephew, Charles Brooke. The second *raja* was a better administrator than his uncle. He brought Sarawak out of debt, reduced head-hunting, expanded trade, and brought greater prosperity. Whereas James was debonair and charming, Charles was reserved, preferring solitary recreation like tending his pri-

vate betel-nut plantation. The English ladies in Kuching did not fancy his lack of social graces, and he must have created quite a stir when he declared that the most suitable population for Sarawak would be derived from intermarriage between Europeans and the native races! But he himself married a European lady 20 years his junior.

Sovereignty over North Borneo (present-day Sabah), meanwhile, was obtained in 1877 by Overbeck, the Australian Consul-General in Hong Kong, in partnership with the British company of Dent Brothers. In 1881 Overbeck withdrew, and the remaining partners formed the British North Borneo Company under a royal charter. While the Company agreed to provide facilities for the British Navy, it was allowed to "borrow"



various senior officers from the Straits Settlements to assist in administration.

But the North Borneo Company was not as successful as the Brookes in fostering a recognition of white rule. It encountered recurring resistance, the most significant of which was the Mat Salleh Rebellion of 1895-1905. The introduction of new taxes had created general discontent, and Mat Salleh gathered many supporters in his revolt against the Company. Prestige and mystique enveloped Mat Salleh. He carried flags and

Sir Hugh Low (left) and Sultan Abdullah of Perak (above).

the umbrella of royalty, and it was said that his mouth could produce flames and his *parang* (cleaver) lightning. In 1900, Mat Salleh was killed, but the rebellion was not quelled until five years later. Today, he is still regarded as one of Sabah's most famous heroes.

The Pangkor Engagement

The Malay Peninsula has always been rich in tin. The ore has been mined and sold in the peninsula for centuries, but after 1861 — with the growth of the canning industry in America — there was an increased demand. Merchants from the Straits Settlements invested money in the new mines in Selangor and Perak, and consistently petitioned for

cularly Germany. A new governor, Andrew Clarke, was sent to investigate the situation.

Clarke went one step further. He met the Malay chiefs on his ship, anchored near beautiful Pangkor Island. In January 1874, the parties signed the Pangkor Engagement. The treaty settled the dispute of the Perak throne and the new Sultan of Perak agreed to accept a British Resident whose advice "must be asked and acted upon on all questions other than those touching Malay religion and custom." By August, Clarke had made a similar agreement with Selangor, and British influence began to spread to the Malay states. Meanwhile, in 1867, the Straits Settlements had become a Crown Colony under the direct control of London, and no longer ruled from British India.



British intervention in these states to safeguard their commercial interests.

Selangor and Perak were plagued by unrest. There were power disputes among the Malay chiefs. Chinese miners had formed rival secret societies that constantly fought against one another. This unsettled condition caused the export of tin to drop to a slow trickle. What was even more stressful to the Straits Settlements merchants was that the demand for tin began to exceed its supply.

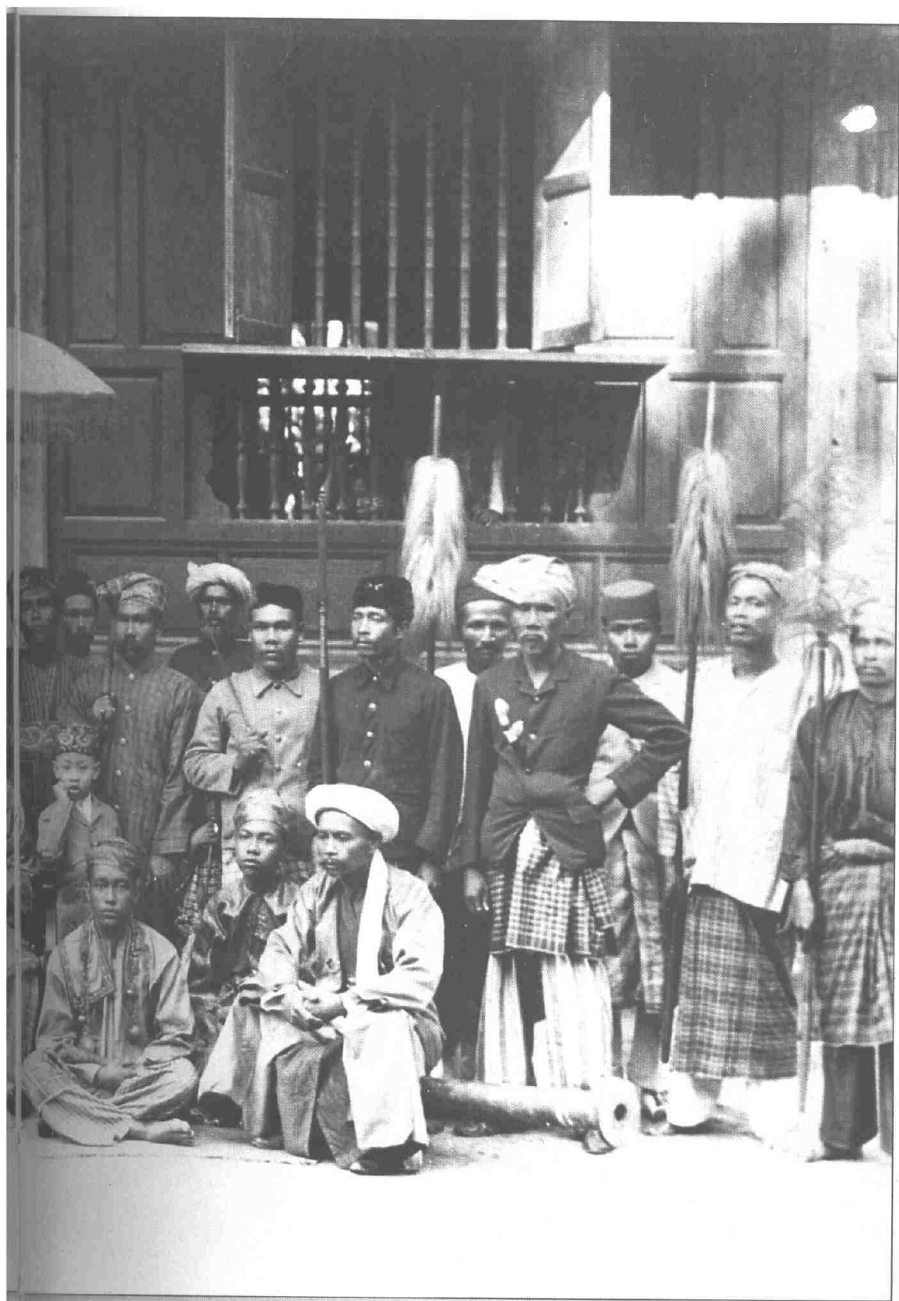
Meanwhile, officials of the British Colonial Office were fearful that if Britain did not intervene in these states, the merchants who had invested money in the mines would obtain assistance from another power, parti-

The British Residents

The procedure in the Malay states of government by advice was carried out by appointing British "residents" to advise the rulers on how to improve the administration of their states. This control by indirect rule was to a large extent dependent on how well the resident could exercise his influence.

In Perak, the first resident was J.W.W. Birch. He was intolerant and tactless enough to lecture the sultan in public. He had little regard for local customs and wanted to change immediately anything that displeased him. Birch wanted to abolish debt slavery but failed to see its lack of similarity to the Western concept of slavery. Debt slavery

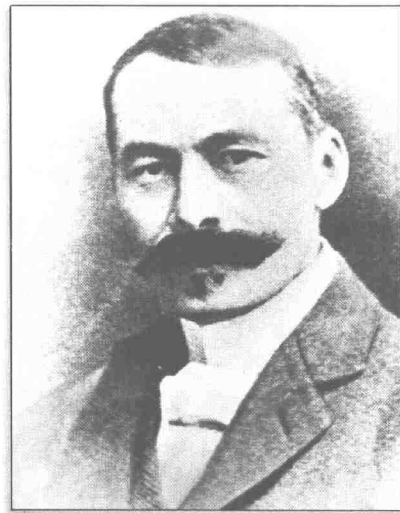




involved a person mortgaging himself in return for financial assistance from his creditors. In bad times, debt slavery was the only way a peasant could raise finances. If he was unable to redeem his debt, he was absorbed into the creditor's household to carry out his orders until the debt was paid off. The locals resented Birch's interference.

There were additional sources of friction. The introduction of centralized tax-revenue collection system took away the rights of the sultan and his chiefs to collect taxes. Then in 1875, the new governor of the Straits Settlements proposed that British officials directly govern on behalf of the Sultan of Perak. Birch exerted great pressure on the sultan to force him to acquiesce to this proposal.

Birch began to post notices announcing



the British government's intention of directly administering Perak. But he was killed while bathing in a floating bathhouse at a Perak village. Those found guilty of conspiracy against Birch were hanged, while several chiefs were exiled for their involvement in the assassination plot.

Perak's third resident was Hugh Low. He made no attempts to interfere with Malay customs and was friendly with the local population. Consequently, he was more successful than Birch. He brought the revenue from the tin mines under his control and constructed roads, a railway and a telegraph line for Perak.

Elsewhere, things were less problematic than in Perak. In Selangor, the resident,

Frank Swettenham, was doing fine. He spoke good Malay and was quick in winning Sultan Abdul Samad's approval. Swettenham often accompanied the sultan on game-hunting and snipe-shooting expeditions. In 1889, Negri Sembilan also accepted the appointment of a British resident.

In each of these states, indirect British rule was exercised through a state council which discussed the policies to be implemented. The members of the council were the resident, the sultan, major chiefs and one or two Chinese leaders. While the council provided a useful sounding-board for public opinion, the resident alone was the real policy-maker. He nominated all council members who met only about seven times each year.

Resistance in Pahang

Reports of "great wealth" in the large eastern state of Pahang whetted the British appetite to gain control. By 1887, Pahang's ruler, Sultan Ahmad, was persuaded to accept a British agent. But the first agent, Hugh Clifford, found the sultan and his chiefs unwilling to relinquish their rights.

The atmosphere in Pahang grew tense with the lack of understanding between Brit-

Preceding pages: Sultan Abdul Samad of Selangor and his retinue in 1874. Above left, Sultan Abu Bakar of Johore (1886); above, Sir Frank Swettenham (1901). Far right, a colonial remnant.

ish and Malays. Rumors began circulating of an impending British attack on the sultan's palace. In 1888, when a British subject was murdered in Pahang, the British enforced a demand that Sultan Ahmad write a letter requesting a British resident.

The Pahang chiefs resented the interference of the resident and their subsequent loss of power and income. In 1891, Dato' Bahaman, an angry and defiant tribal chief, openly declared rebellion against the British. This rebellion became known as the Pahang War, and proved to be an expensive and arduous affair for the foreigners.

Bahaman's men were acknowledged guerrilla fighters, and many stories and legends are told of the rebellion and its leaders. Even now, the Pahang War symbolizes the struggle for Malay independence. One of its famous fighters, Mat Kilau, is a hero of Malay nationalism. (In 1969, there was great excitement when an old man in Pahang identified himself as Mat Kilau. The Pahang government conducted an extensive investigation to confirm his claim).

In 1892, a general amnesty was issued. Most of the rebels surrendered while others fled to Trengganu. In 1895, a force led by Clifford chased the rebels further north to Kelantan where they were eventually arrested.

The Federated Malay States

In 1896, the Federated Malay States were created. The federation consisted of the states of Selangor, Perak, Negri Sembilan and Pahang, with its capital at Kuala Lumpur. A resident-general was appointed with jurisdiction over all other residents. To ensure uniformity of the civil service, all laws, except those of a local nature, were drawn up in Kuala Lumpur.

The sultans had agreed to federation under the belief that they would exercise more control over the residents. But the sultans did not regain their lost authority. To the contrary, the resident-general now became the initiator of policies, and greater administrative control was exercised by the resident without any reference to the sultan. In effect, "federation" meant centralized power. The original aim of indirect rule was swallowed up as the states came to be run almost entirely by British officers.

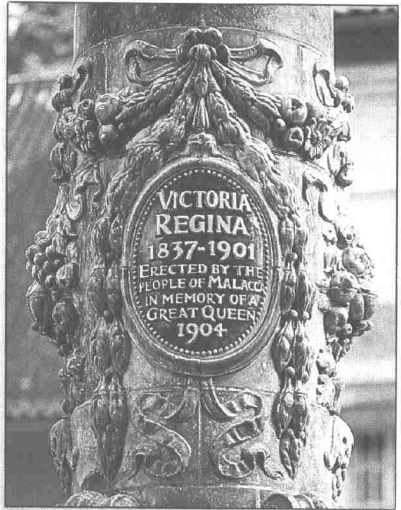
Meanwhile, the northern states of the Malay Peninsula recognized the general overlordship of the King of Siam. This "suzerainty" was demonstrated by the sending of the *Bunga Mas*, gold flowers, to the Siamese capital. But the power that Siam

had over these states was somewhat vague and differently interpreted from one generation to another.

In 1909, the British made a treaty with Siam whereby the latter handed to Britain whatever rights and power it possessed in the northern states of Kedah, Perlis, Kelantan and Trengganu. These states became British protectorates, and British advisors with similar status to residents were appointed.

'Mad' Ridley's 'Miracle' Crop

At the southern end of the peninsula, the state of Johore was pressed to accept a British advisor in 1914. British control over the Malay Peninsula was almost complete,



although three different groups of states existed — the Straits Settlements, the Federated Malay States and the Unfederated Malay States. "British Malaya" was born.

In the latter half of the 19th Century, new technology brought about an increased use of tin-plate in the West. This affected the demand for tin ore and more mines were opened in Selangor and Perak, leading to an influx of Chinese immigrants to Malaya. By 1904, Malaya was producing half of the world's tin.

More spectacular was the success story of rubber, which arrived in Malaya as a foreign "stranger" but grew to become the mainstay of its economy. Rubber seeds had been transported from Brazil to London's Ken

Gardens for experimentation as an Asian crop. When the seeds germinated, a handful were sent to Malaya. They were immediately planted in Singapore and in the garden of Hugh Low's residency in Kuala Kangsar. From these seedlings developed the millions of rubber trees in Malaysia today.

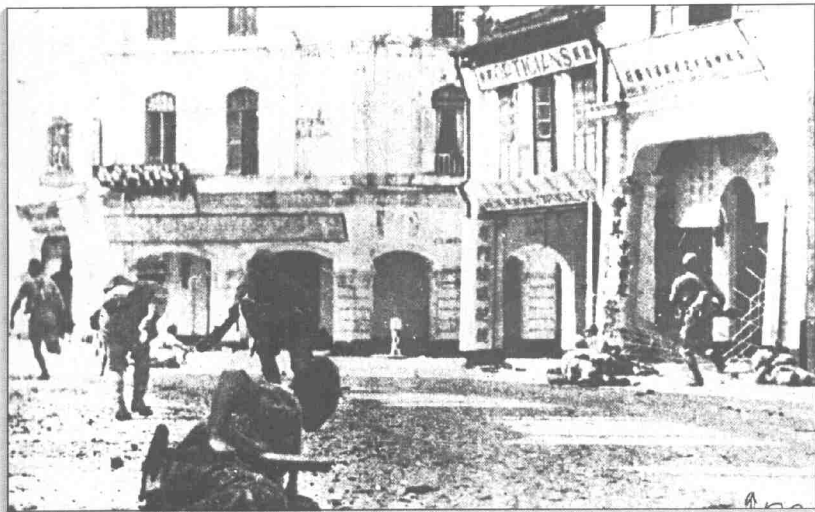
The development of rubber was slow until H.N. Ridley was appointed to direct the Singapore Botanical Gardens in 1888. Ridley had no doubts about the future of rubber and persuaded coffee estates to experiment with the growing of this new crop. Soon, planters and estate managers sat on the verandahs of their bungalows, nursing their gin-and-tonics, and talked about "Mad Ridley" and his enthusiasm for this new crop. But those who sniggered at him had their

Attention was focused on the mining and estate areas, however, at the expense of the less economically profitable areas.

At the same time, as tin and rubber were booming, Malaya's plural society had developed. In 1931, the population of Malaya excluding Singapore was 3,788,000. It comprised 49 percent Malays, 34 percent Chinese and smaller groups of Indians and other races.

The Japanese Invasion

The first sparks of the Second World War reached Malaya in 1937. That was the year the Japanese launched military attacks on Peking and Shanghai, after having occupied Manchuria six years earlier.



tables turned when, at the beginning of the 20th Century, the increased popularity of the motor-car brought about a high demand for rubber. By 1920, Malaya was producing 53 percent of the world's rubber. Many fortunes were made in the great rubber-boom years from 1910 to 1912.

Indian labor was brought into Malaya to work the rubber estates. Many Malays became smallholders, although the British tried to discourage them from holding this new economic role. The rubber industry went through gluts and slumps, but it survived and remains a thriving industry.

Revenue from tin and rubber was used to build up the government infrastructure of communications and social amenities.

By 1941, the Japanese were making no more than slow progress in their conquest of China. This sluggishness was aggravated when the Americans, British and Dutch governments froze the shipment of all essential raw materials and oil supplies to Japan. Japan was forced to look to Southeast Asia, which produced these important raw materials, to guarantee its supply. Already the Japanese had occupied Indochina, and the threat of Japanese invasion loomed over Malaya.

Japanese troops swept through the streets of Kuala Lumpur in 1941, left. Their subsequent successes were duly reported in an occupation newspaper in K.L. in 1943, right.

Meanwhile, Britain was preoccupied with defending itself against the threat of German invasion and the possible capture of the Suez Canal. It could not do much to protect Malaya. Besides, Britain and the United States had secretly agreed that Europe was to be the area of first defense priority.

On Dec. 8, 1941, at around 1 in the morning, Japanese warships began shelling the beaches of Kota Bahru in the north eastern state of Kelantan. The forces landed almost without opposition. At 4:30 a.m. bombs were dropped on the sleeping island of Singapore. Within 24 hours, the Japanese had mastery of the air and had seized the British airfields in north Malaya. On Dec. 10, Japanese bombers sank two British warships off Kuantan and established naval sup-

back to defeat after defeat while the Japanese infiltrated and outflanked the British defensive positions. One by one, they fell to the invaders. By Jan. 31, 1942, the remaining Commonwealth troops withdrew across the causeway that linked the Malay Peninsula with Singapore.

Singapore was invaded on Feb. 8, and there was fierce fighting. Many civilians perished in the bomb raids, and the island was also choked by a water shortage. After a week-long siege, on Feb. 15, 1942, General Officer Commanding Malaya Lt.-Gen. A.E. Percival surrendered Singapore — the "Gibraltar of the East" — to the Japanese.

Troops defending Sarawak, meanwhile, were hopelessly outnumbered. Kuching was captured by the Japanese on Christmas Day 1941. By Jan. 16, 1942, North Borneo fell. For the next 3½ years of Japanese occupation, natives of these outposts suffered a brutal existence. Some broke down, while others became a testimony of bravery and resilience.

Life in 'Maraiee'

The Japanese pronounced Malaya as "Maraiee" and came with promises of a "Co-prosperity Sphere" and an "Asia for Asians." But they ruled with an iron hand and imposed hardship on the population.

The brunt of Japanese brutality was directed against the Chinese. The war in China had made many of them especially hostile towards the Japanese, who in turn accused them of being British sympathizers. Thousands of Chinese were executed or put away in prisons.

Food was extremely scarce. The Japanese currency was useless, and there was spiraling inflation. Trouble-makers and suspected criminals were treated harshly and often tortured by the *Kempetai* or military police. Paranoia was rampant. Young women blackened their faces and hands to avoid being ogled by Japanese soldiers who might drag them away as "mistresses."

The entire European population was made prisoners-of-war or civilian interns. Conditions in the prison camps were squalid, and the prisoners were made to do heavy manual work. Those who disobeyed the guards or who were found committing the "heinous" crime of keeping a radio were brutally tortured. Many of them, together with Indian laborers, were sent to construct the infamous railway in Burma where many died from diseases and ill-treatment.

But amidst the torture, disease and mental suffering, the prisoners shared a tenacious

remacy in Malayan waters.

The "little men" drove relentlessly down the Malay Peninsula with their tanks and bicycles. Lt.-Col. F. Spencer Chapman, in his book *The Jungle Is Neutral*, wrote that he saw the enemy pouring in and noted:

The majority of them were on bicycles.... They seemed to have no standard uniform or equipment and were travelling as light as they possibly could. All this was in very marked contrast to our first-line soldiers, who were at this time equipped like Christmas trees...so that they could hardly walk, much less fight.

The Commonwealth troops defending Malaya were poorly trained in jungle warfare and lacked ammunition. They staggered

will to survive. A feeling of camaraderie existed among those who shared the same fate.

On Aug. 6, 1945, the United States devastated the Japanese city of Hiroshima with an atomic bomb. Three days later, Nagasaki was obliterated. On Aug. 14, Japan finally surrendered and the war ended peacefully in Malaya. In September 1945, British forces landed in Malaya and reestablished their authority as the British Military Administration. The Administration began the grueling task of restoring the country to peacetime normality.

The Doomed Malayan Union

In 1945, as the British were reoccupying Malaya, the British Cabinet approved a plan

protested and petitioned Downing Street. Even stronger protests came from the Malays, who took a united stand against this plan. In March 1946, delegates representing 41 Malay associations met in Kuala Lumpur to form a national movement against the Malayan Union. Differences in philosophy were cast aside as the United Malay National Organization (UMNO) was born. UMNO was inaugurated with Dato' Onn Jaafar as its leader. It declared the treaty signed by the sultans null and void, and demanded a repeal of the Union.

The British went on to inaugurate the Union in 1946, but opposition was so strong that the plan was never brought into effect. It was finally revoked on Feb. 1, 1948, when the Federation of Malaya was created.



to incorporate the Federated and Unfederated Malay States — as well as Penang and Malacca, but excluding Singapore — into a Malayan Union. The Union was intended to embody a unitary state with a central government and a governor.

Sovereignty was to be transferred from the sultans to the British Crown. The effect would be tantamount to turning the whole of Malaya into a colony. Eager to prove their loyalty to the British, who had questioned it during the Japanese occupation, some sultans agreed to sign the Malayan Union treaty. Those who were reluctant to sign were subjected to British "persuasion."

When the plan was announced, certain ex-Malayan civil servants like Swettenham

The Federation was accepted by all parties because it provided for the sovereignty of the sultans, as indicated by the appointment of a high commissioner instead of a governor. Although there was a central government, the states had jurisdiction over a number of important departments.

Meanwhile, in July 1946, Sarawak and North Borneo became Crown Colonies. The cost of post-war reconstruction was beyond the resources of the Brooke government or the British North Borneo Company.

Japanese leaders surrendered their swords in 1946, left. During the Emergency, communist guerrillas were mocked in propaganda (right); British soldiers hunted them down (far right).

The War of Nerves

During the Japanese occupation, guerrilla groups of British officers, Malays and Chinese had lived in the jungles and organized resistance forces to harass the Japanese. Chinese Communist guerrillas, calling themselves the Malayan Peoples' Anti-Japanese Army (MPAJA), recruited many supporters for a republic in Malaya after the defeat of the Japanese.

The MPAJA was disbanded after the Japanese occupation. The Communists began to infiltrate trade unions and in 1946 and 1947, organized strikes to disrupt the economy. Internal problems plagued the Communist Party, however. The Secretary-General, discovered to be a double agent,



abscinded with the party's funds.

The infamous Chin Peng became the new Communist leader. He reorganized the party and moved all its activities underground. When violence escalated after a spate of murders and attacks on European miners and planters in June 1948, the Malayan government proclaimed a State of Emergency throughout the country. The tense situation came to be described as the "War of Nerves."

The Communists planned to attack the estates and mines in order to disrupt the economy. They organized themselves into regiments and lived in camps in the jungle. These camps were well-screened from the air, and had escape routes and well-

organized living quarters. A camp could often accommodate 300 men. Political indoctrination was a major activity.

Communism Quelled

During the Emergency, the estates and tin mines built high wire fences to keep out Communist attackers. People who lived in remote villages were in constant fear that the Communists would appear and force them to supply food and money. Traveling was risky as the danger of a Communist ambush lurked behind every roadside bush.

There was not much coordination between the various security forces until the appointment of Lt.-Gen. Sir Harold Briggs as Director of Operations in 1949. Briggs, a



veteran of the Western Desert and Burma campaigns immediately put on his military thinking cap. His war Executive Committees coordinated emergency operations, and his settlement plan created 500 new villages for Malayan citizens who lived in remote areas beyond government protection.

The latter plan succeeded in removing to safer places the people who were most vulnerable to coercion by the Communists, thereby depriving the insurgents of their crucial sources of supplies and information. As Briggs anticipated, the Communists began to attack the new settlements. But the security forces, now fighting on their own grounds, proved to be too strong for them. These forces were soon able to concentrate

on jungle operations to destroy the Communists and their camps.

Nationalism and Merdeka

In 1953, areas from which the Communists had been eliminated were declared "white areas." Their food restrictions and curfews were relaxed, inducing the people to cooperate more fully with the government. By 1954, a large number of the Communist guerrillas had been destroyed. Many more surrendered in 1958, and the few remaining guerrillas retreated deep into the jungle. The State of Emergency officially ended July 31, 1960.

Merdeka means "freedom" in the Malay language. Stirrings of nationalism were felt

Abdul Rahman became the Chief Minister. For the first time, Malaysians had real influence in the government.

Tunku Abdul Rahman, born into a royal family, was a son of the Sultan of Kedah. From 1930 to 1945, he worked as a district officer in Kedah and was very popular with the people there. After securing a law degree, he surged along with the tide of Malayan nationalism and entered the political field. "Tunku," as he soon became known, took over the leadership of UMNO in 1951.

In 1955, Tunku's government offered amnesty to the Communist terrorists. In a dramatic development, he met Communist leader Chin Peng for talks to end the Emergency. The meeting was unsuccessful,



throughout the country soon after the Second World War. With the Communists virtually wiped out by 1955, the Malay people began to clamor for independence.

In 1951, the Malayan Chinese Association formed a political partnership with UMNO. The Malayan Indian Congress joined in 1954, and the political grouping — called the Alliance — came to represent the interests of various races in Malaya. It was to play a major role in the path to independence.

The Alliance demanded that elections be held for the Federal Legislative Council. The wish was granted, and in 1955 Malaya's first national election determined 52 of the 98 members of the Council. The Alliance won 80 percent of the votes cast. Tunku

however, and Chin Peng went back into the jungle.

Tunku's government also turned its attention to the question of national unity in Malaya's multi-racial society. A common syllabus, for schools of all language streams, was implemented for the younger generation.

The Malayan Constitution

In 1956, Tunku led a delegation to London to negotiate for independence. Britain

Tunku Abdul Rahman gave the "Merdeka" salute in Kuala Lumpur, above, when the Proclamation of Independence, right, became official.

شہزادان کھریکاؤ

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سید
شہزادان کھریکاؤ

کوالہ لنگور
31 اپریل 1957ء

was ready to grant Malaya its Freedom. The Reid Commission was assigned to draw up a constitution; the draft document was based on a memorandum submitted by the Alliance, and was accepted by the sultans and the British and Malayan governments.

The Malayan constitution was a federal constitution. While the states retained certain rights and powers, the central government held supreme power in all important matters.

The government was set up as a constitutional monarchy. Sultans from the nine ruling families were to elect among themselves the paramount ruler or Yang Di-Pertuan Agong, who would reign for five years. The Agong would rule through a Parliament composed of a fully elected House of Representatives and a Senate of nominated members. Executive power would lie mostly in the hands of the House, while the Senate would have the power to delay legislation for one year. Each state would have its own fully-elected State Assembly. Malay was chosen as the national language of independent Malaya.

On Aug. 30, 1957, huge crowds gathered at the Selangor Club on the Padang in Kuala Lumpur to witness a historic occasion. As midnight struck, the Union Jack was lowered for the last time. Among the crowd, many experienced mixed feelings — a certain sadness about the end of a familiar era, uncertainty and excitement about the future.

The next day, crowds gathered again at the Merdeka Stadium to witness the handing over of the formal instrument of independence to Tunku — Malaya's first Prime Minister. The nine states and two settlements had become the independent Federation of Malaya.

Amidst impassioned shouts of "Merdeka!" that vibrated throughout the stadium, the people felt a new sense of pride and were certain that whatever lay ahead, they were ready for the challenge.

Malaysia ... and 'Confrontation'

Independence brought with it a new period of vitality and reform. Rural development improved and a national industrial policy was formulated. The Alliance continued to win popular support; in the 1959 federal elections, it took 74 of a possible 104 seats.

In 1961, Tunku proposed a political association — called Malaysia — which would include Malaya, Singapore, North Borneo, Sarawak and Brunei. There was consider-

able enthusiasm in Singapore; Brunei, however, decided to stay out of it. A commission of Malayan and British members, set up to determine the reaction of the inhabitants of the Borneo territories, discovered that more people were in favor of the idea than against it. Thus the British and Malayan governments agreed that the new states of Malaysia minus Brunei, would come into being on Aug. 31, 1963.

Meanwhile, the Indonesian government voiced strong opposition to the Malaysia plan, alleging that the inhabitants of the Borneo territories had not been consulted and that the whole thing was a British plot. In January 1963, Indonesia announced a policy of "Confrontation" against Malaya. Many suspected that the real reason behind the antagonism was that Indonesian President Sukarno's dream of a Greater Indonesia, to include Malaya, Sarawak, North Borneo and Brunei, would be frustrated. Meanwhile, the Philippines also opposed the creation of Malaysia, claiming that North Borneo belonged to them.

The Confrontation took the form of armed Indonesian invasions across the borders of Sarawak and North Borneo from Indonesian Kalimantan. Indonesia and the Philippines both repudiated a United Nations' survey which confirmed that the Borneo territories wanted to be a part of Malaysia.

When the Federation of Malaysia was officially inaugurated on Sept. 16, 1963, both countries served diplomatic ties with Malaya. Indonesia intensified its "Crush Malaysia" campaign. Attacks along the borders of Sarawak and North Borneo (now renamed Sabah) increased, and Indonesian terrorists began landing on the coast of the Malay Peninsula to carry out acts of sabotage. But they were quickly killed or captured by the security forces.

In 1966, Sukarno was ousted from power by a new army-dominated administration. This new Indonesian government was not keen on continuing the Confrontation, and a peace agreement brought the conflict to an end. The Philippines also dropped its claim on Sabah and recognised Malaysia.

Meanwhile, political differences had surfaced between Malaysia and Singapore. On Aug. 9, 1965, Singapore left the Federation and became an independent nation.

Nationhood

In 1969, the Alliance again won the federal election. More attention began to be paid to the pressing problem of unifying the na-

tion's diverse peoples. In 1970, Malaysia's population stood at 10.4 million — Malays forming 46.8 percent; Chinese 34.1 percent; Indians 9 percent; Dayaks 3.7 percent; Kadazans 1.8 percent; other native groups 3.2 percent; foreign immigrants 1.4 percent.

Bringing this "anthropological museum" of people under one national flag was not an easy feat. In 1969, a Department of National Unity was set up to formulate a national ideology and social programs. Today, Malaysians live and work by the *Rukunegara* (Articles of Faith of the State):

Belief in God

Loyalty to King and Country

Upholding the Constitution

Rule of Law

Good Behavior and Morality



The new Malaysian mixes easily with his neighbors. At every religious or racial celebration — such as the Muslims' *Hari Raya Puasa*, the Chinese New Year and the Indians' *Deepavali* — celebrating families have an "open house" to allow their friends of other races to visit and enjoy the food. This practice has become almost a national institution.

The British left Malaysia with economic roles rigidly defined and unequally divided among the ethnic groups. To encourage a

Datuk Seri Mahathir Mohamad, Malaysia's fourth prime minister, has led the nation in new directions since he took office in 1981.

fairer distribution of wealth, the New Economic Policy was introduced. This involved setting up development corporations and shareownership schemes designed to elicit greater Malay participation in diverse areas of the economy.

Attempts at diversifying the economy have been successful. By 1966, Malaysia had become the world's largest producer of palm oil; now timber, iron ore and manufacturing also contribute to export earnings. Throughout the 1970s, Malaysia enjoyed a real growth rate of about eight percent.

On the political front, the Alliance was expanded in 1971 to form the National Front of 10 political parties. It won the 1974 federal elections.

Present-day Successes

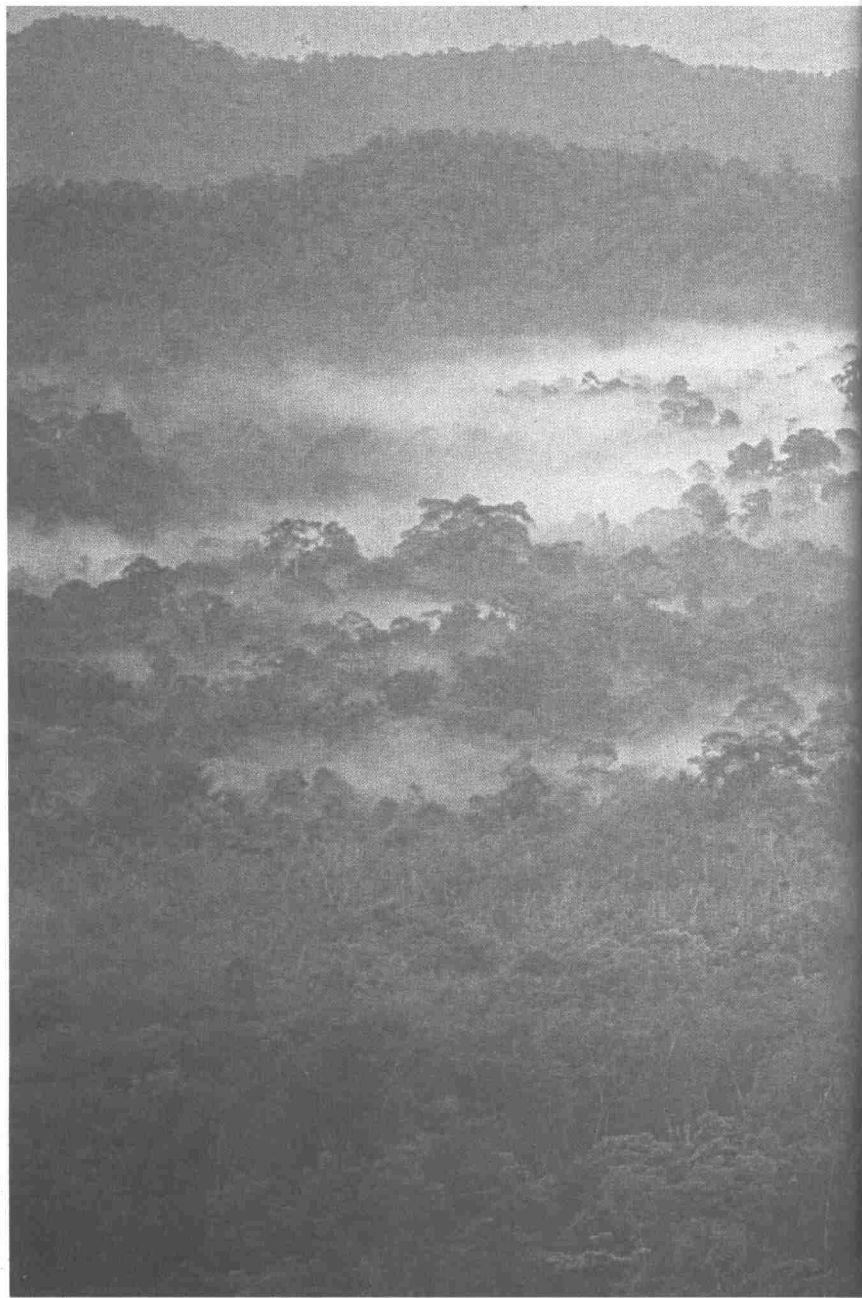
In 1981, Malaysia's fourth Prime Minister, Datuk Seri Mahathir Mohamad, took office. A controversial figure in politics in his younger days, the new Prime Minister excited Malaysians with his brand of dynamism, pragmatism, forthrightness and genuine concern for the people.

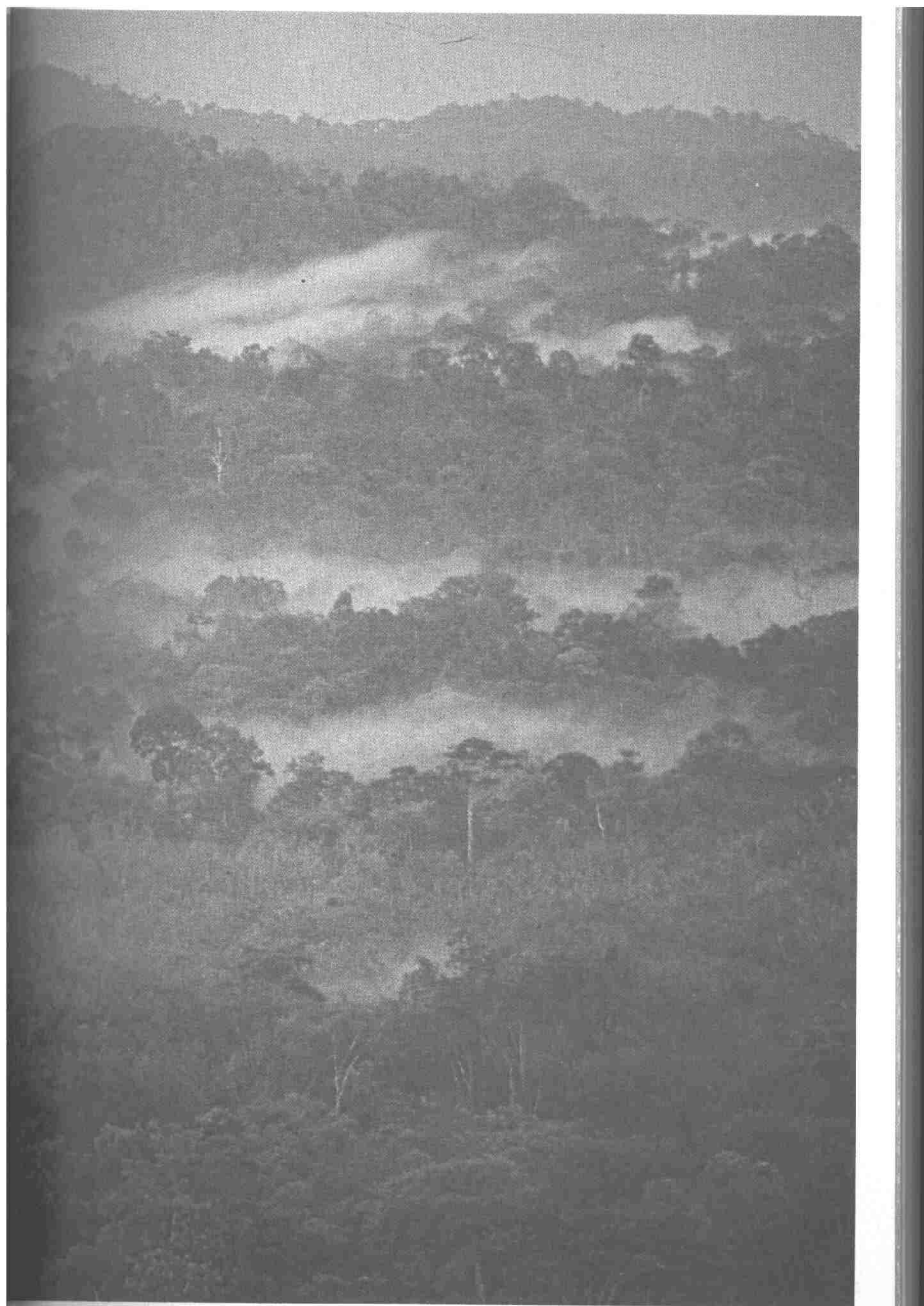
Groans were heard among civil servants when Datuk Seri Mahathir introduced "clocking-in" regulations, which required all civil servants — even the top echelon — to be punctual in their arrival times every morning. But many began to see the wisdom in his precept of a "clean, efficient and trustworthy" government. In April 1982, his government won a massive mandate in the federal elections securing 132 out of a possible 154 seats.

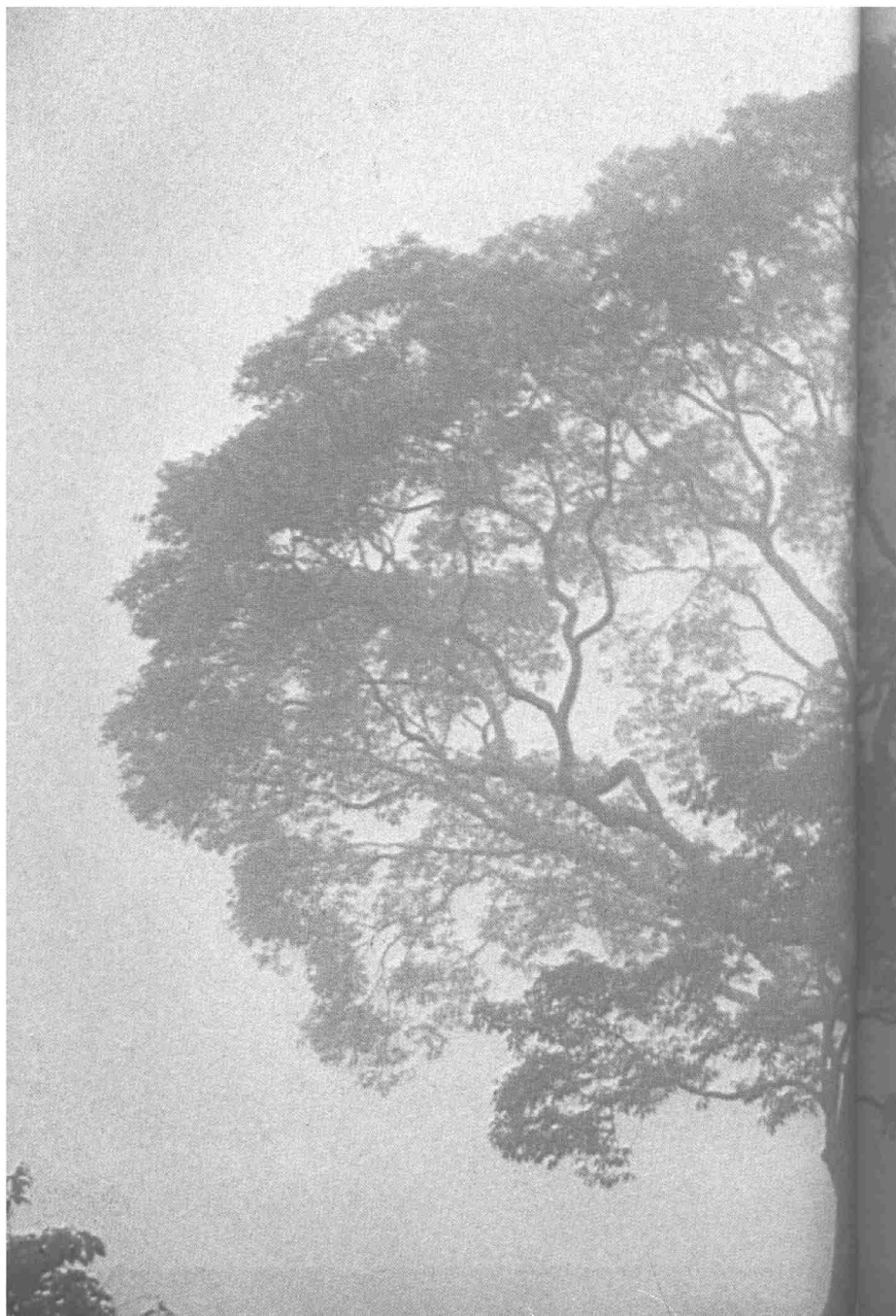
In 1983, two important events brought back memories of Malaysia's past. On Feb. 8, Tunku Abdul Rahman, Malaysia's "Father of Independence," celebrated his 80th birthday. The whole nation paid tribute to this man.

The Malay Regiment, which had fought in the Japanese invasion, the Emergency and the Confrontation, celebrated its 50th anniversary. Malaysians are constantly reminded of those who fought for the country's integrity. The Regiment's commitment to the security of a united Malaysia is reflected in its anniversary battle cry: "One bullet, one enemy."


Through the centuries, Malaysia has withstood the visits, occupation and influence of various foreigners to its soil, and has emerged with its own identity. It is with this realization that Malaysia forges into the future with optimism.







the jungle ever beginning



Naked, save for a breech cloth, a man, dark as stained mahogany, stands with feet apart upon a crude bamboo raft which floats silently downstream. Sitting cross-legged in front of him is a girl, perhaps fifteen, maybe sixteen. Her bare arms give warmth and protection to an infant child.

The man, his woman, and their child are Negritos. Their only possessions are freshly picked jungle fruit, a blowpipe, a bamboo container packed with poison darts and a *parang* ("long knife"). Their needs are few. They inhabit the Malaysian jungle.

The raft moves among the strange wreckage of the jungle in the slow motion of the stream. It hugs the bank to take advantage of the swifter current there. From the darkened forest, startled monkeys watch it pass, until a sudden shrill cry scatters them. In order to ward off rocks and giant trees floating downstream like themselves, the young Negrito uses a long pole. He steers the raft at a careful angle as the current quickens into rapids. In a moment the gushing and gurgling ends, and again there is silence.

Man, woman, and child are surrounded by an ageless jungle, living free from the realization that they and their world are growing older, for to them life is not a timetable, divided and subdivided into units of time. Time is but a vague concept and not a pattern. They live in the 20th century, but it could be the year 1000. Like his father, and his father's father, and his before him, the young Negrito on the raft lives in a timeless environment. His history is his memory; his present is what he can see and hear around him; his future is what is beyond the next bend in the river.

The Negritos, like other aboriginal people of Malaysia, inhabit the oldest jungles on this planet, so old they make the tropical rain forests of Africa and South America seem adolescent by comparison. While creeping ice fronts were swelling and shrinking across the Northern Hemisphere, the Malaysian jungles slept through an estimated 100 million years of uninterrupted slumber. And

A blue-green canopy of forest (previous pages) has covered Malaysia's hinterland since the dawn of time. These rain forests make those of Africa or South America seem young in comparison.





while the far-reaching climatic changes were affecting the rest of the globe, and the animal species there were forced into new evolutionary channels, Malaysia's wildlife was left undisturbed.

Leaping Lizards!

The process of evolution is slow and mysterious. Given enough time, under the right conditions, anything can happen. In the upper foliage of the jungle trees, where branches are dense and interlaced, there live bizarre species. Frogs and lizards, which have grown leathery membranes that pass for wings, fly from tree to tree. Then there is the flying lemur, a furry animal that has existed on earth for about seventy million years, dwelling only in the Malaysian region and in the southern Philippines. There are also tree snakes living in the same matted vegetation 10 meters above ground. These reptiles have developed over centuries of existence without ever coming down to earth, while their nearest relatives elsewhere in the world burrow in the ground.

Malaysia's profusion of rare wildlife stimulated a trade in luxuries which has thrived for more than a millennium. Before the days of Kublai Khan, Chinese merchants journeyed to Borneo in quest of exotic medicines like bezoar stones, extracted from the stomach of a monkey, and rhinoceros horn, used to make cups which could detect poison. Powdered rhinoceros horn is still an expensive ingredient for the Chinese apothecary, just as birds' nests, fetched from gigantic caves in Sarawak, are for the Chinese chef. Recently a young Indian girl, riding a bicycle on a deserted *kampung* road, sighted a tiger lying motionless by the roadside and went to pluck out its whiskers. Tiger whiskers, some believe, have extraordinary medicinal powers. But in this case, the cat was only taking a nap and the girl was lucky to escape injury.

Leopards, tapirs, elephants, deer, wild pigs, and porcupines still roam the isolated hinterland. But big game is elusive. Due to the denseness of the undergrowth, animals other than monkeys and gibbons are frequently heard but seldom seen. Years of callous butchery at the hands of profiteering hunters have depleted the ranks of some beasts. The

Only thin shafts of light pierce the dense foliage of the triple-canopy forest, which is home to a profusion of unusual wildlife, including flying lizards, flying lemurs, and tree snakes.

One-horned Rhino, which Marco Polo mistook for the mythical unicorn, has vanished from Malaysia's jungles and is on the verge of extinction. The Orang-utans, famous "wild men" of Borneo, have been rounded up and placed in a special sanctuary in Sabah.

The Malaysian government has set aside vast tracts of land as game reserves, and strict hunting laws are enforced. The Chief Game Warden has proposed that instead of shooting wild elephants that tear up garden patches in remote *kampungs*, the elephants should be captured and relocated in protected park areas. The Taman Negara, "National Park," is one game reserve where visitors are invited to perch on elevated lookouts above salt licks that attract big game. A snapshot of a wild tiger may take a long wait, however. For many travelers exploring the jungle, the most vivid encounter with Malaysia's wildlife is nothing more hair-raising than an occasional leech bite.

Trees Topple in Clouds of Sawdust

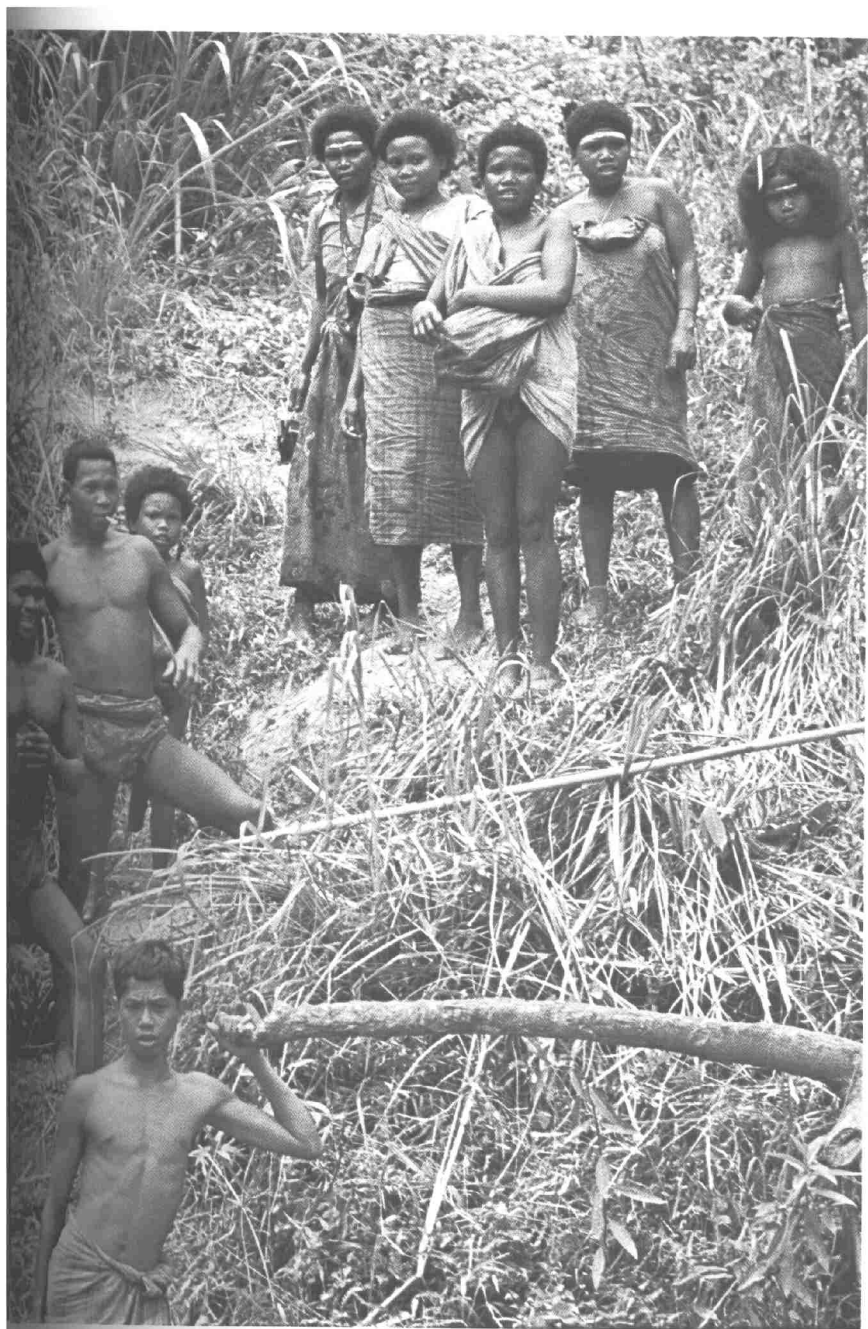
More than two-thirds of Malaysia is jungle. The green cover begins at the edge of the sea and climbs to the highest point of land. Along the coastline there are extensive areas of mud swamps and mangrove forests. Behind the mangroves are the "lowland" dipterocarp forests which extend up to an altitude of 600 meters. Trees grow to majestic heights of 60 meters or more, with the first branches perhaps 30 meters above ground. They call it "the triple-canopy" forest. Commercially, this region is the most important: from here comes timber for the sawmills.

It is difficult to imagine Malaysian traffic without the picture of a huge, sputtering lorry rumbling down a narrow country road with 15 tonnes of giant logs chained to its back. Hundreds of logs float downriver from inland camps in Sabah and Sarawak, and sawdust is a common denominator in Peninsular Malaysia's industrial towns. Along with rubber, petroleum, palm oil and tin, sawn timber is out of Malaysia's main exports. Timber exploitation is carefully controlled, and the immense fecundity of the Malaysian jungle assures the industry a green future.

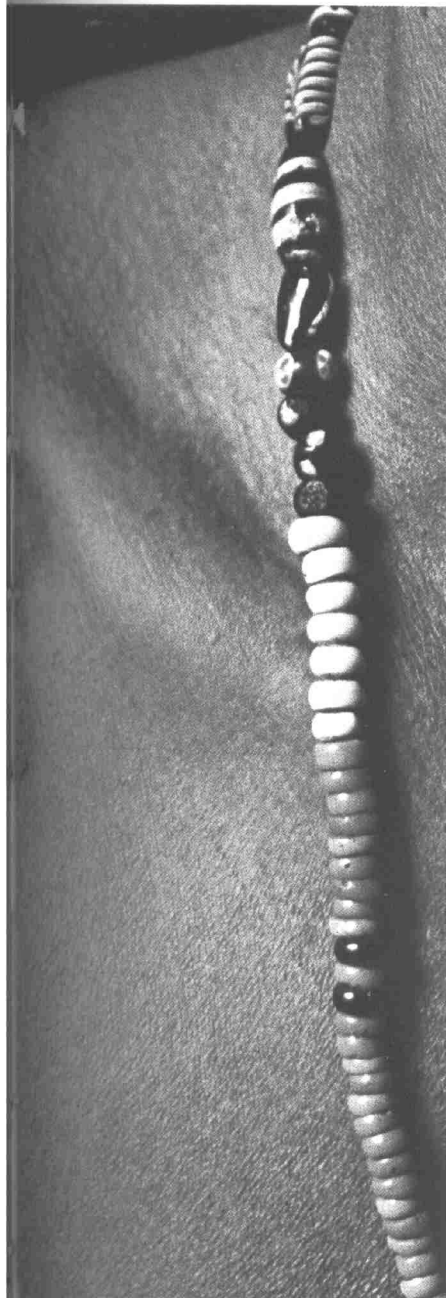
The next level of forest is mostly oak and chestnut, and above 1,500 meters it becomes a

At home in the jungle, Negrito aborigines gather near their encampment in northern Peninsular Malaysia. Until recently leading a Stone-Age existence, the orang asli ("original people") now are moving into government-sponsored settlements.









kind of never-never land with elfin forests consisting of small, gnarled trees 3 to 5 meters high, covered with folds of hanging mosses and lichens. The highland forests, for the most part, are left untouched as catchment areas which ensure the fertility of the soil. Some, like the silvery "Cloud Forest" that twists 4,000 meters up Mount Kinabalu, are scenic jewels.

Shifting Horizons for the Jungle Dweller

The aboriginal tribesmen who have inhabited the Malaysian hinterland for 7,000 years are called *Orang Asli*, meaning "Original Man," a name in which they take pride. They are the residue of various early migrations down the peninsula from southern China. They are physically and racially mixed, some resembling South Sea islanders, others the Khmer people of Cambodia. Their forefathers were hunters and food gatherers who lived in caves and rock shelters. They knew the use of fire and cooked their own food with the aid of crude instruments hewn from stone. Their migrations were hardly a conscious effort. Children were born into a family, grew up, mated, needed more space for their family, and shifted to the next cave. In twenty generations they had moved only 200 kilometers.

Sixty percent of the *Orang Asli* are deep jungle dwellers, living in closely knit groups under the leadership of a headman. They are animists, acutely aware of the benevolence of nature and of its wrath. The *pawang*, or tribal medicine man, mediates with the spirit world to cure sickness through incantations and a knowledgeable use of herbs. The *Orang Asli's* beliefs, their diverse and difficult languages, are little known outside their tribes. The isolation of the jungle has set them eons apart from city life nearer the coasts. They exchange jungle products for their basic necessities, such as iron objects and salt.

However, although the *Orang Asli* remain an economically depressed group, the pattern is fast changing. With government support, the Department of *Orang Asli* Affairs is providing land settlements, schools, hospitals, and medical training in an effort to provide channels of integration with Malaysian society should the *Orang Asli* want them.

In Sarawak, tattooed patterns like twisting vines decorate the torso of an Iban tribesman, whose village occupies a single close-knit longhouse. Ibans have just recently abandoned headhunting for more peaceful ways.





Many tribesmen now live in clearings on the jungle's fringe where they cultivate crops of hill rice, maize, and tapioca. But the bonds which have sustained a self-contained inland community are not easily broken, and the identity of the "Original Man" remains strong.

Sabah and Sarawak

The people of Sabah and Sarawak, 1,000 kilometers to the east across the South China Sea, have an entirely different heritage from that of the *Orang Asli* of the peninsula. Their links stretch back 40,000 years to the earliest known *Homo sapiens* to inhabit Borneo. Pro-vocative cave paintings of burial ships survive from a civilization that frequented Sarawak's Niah Caves forty millennia ago.

Many inland jungle dwellers—the Ibans and Land Dyaks in Sarawak, the Muruts in Sabah—live in longhouses close to the innumerable rivers that serve as the highways and byways of Borneo. Most of them have given up the hunt and have cleared surrounding jungle to grow hill rice and pepper. The Punans, who dwell in the far recesses of Sarawak's jungles, carry on the nomadic life that once characterized all the Borneo tribes, but instead of hunting with blowpipes they hunt with guns. Sabah's Kadazan people gave up the impermanence of shifting cultivation generations ago and have settled in rural villages nestling in rice fields.

There are 900,000 indigenous jungle dwellers in Sabah and Sarawak. Their folklore, languages and spiritual beliefs are as diverse as the striking designs they tattoo on their bodies. Their heroes are great warring chiefs who either rebelled against the encroachments of British rule or aligned themselves with foreign rulers to establish unprecedented peace treaties. Now, movie magazines, toothbrushes, tennis shoes and other Western imports have found a prominent niche in longhouse life. Barter trade has bowed to a money economy which holds more promises in the towns than in the jungle. More and more young tribesmen leave the longhouse for the school in the city, never to return.

While Punans and Negritos use the jungle as a living room, urban Malaysians

An orangutan makes a rare appearance through the tangled treetops in a wildlife reserve of East Malaysia. Some members of this endangered species must attend clinics to help them return to their natural habitat.

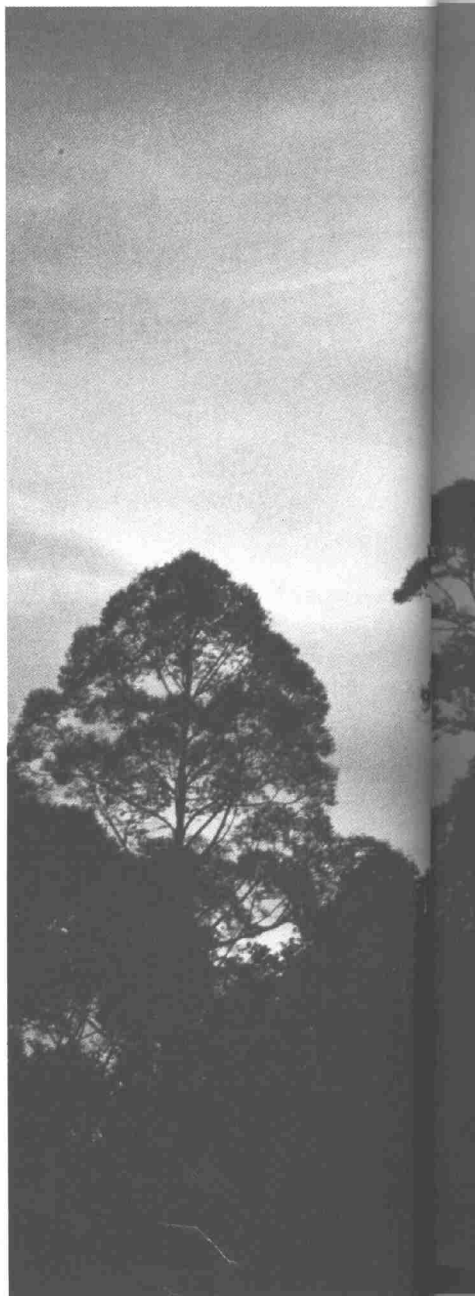
fight a constant battle to make sure the jungle stays beyond their backyard. Less than a half-hour's drive from the national capital is wilderness without any trace of civilization. Stretches of Malaysia's roads are nothing more than ribbons of asphalt that skirt beneath the triple-canopy forest. Pragmatic gardeners, who know they could spend a lifetime ceaselessly trimming the foliage, clear weeds by burning them.

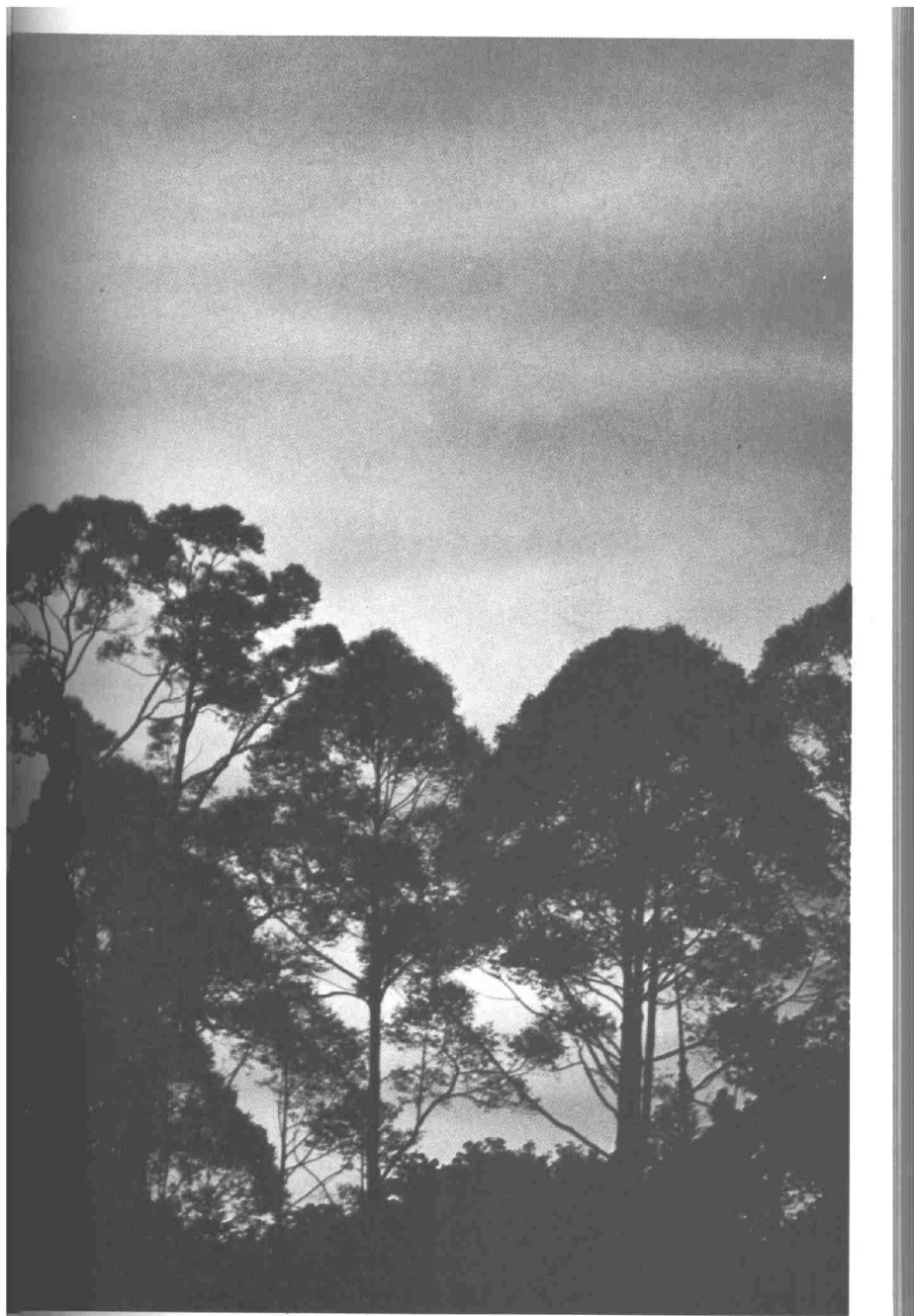
Sunken Cities and Giant Men?

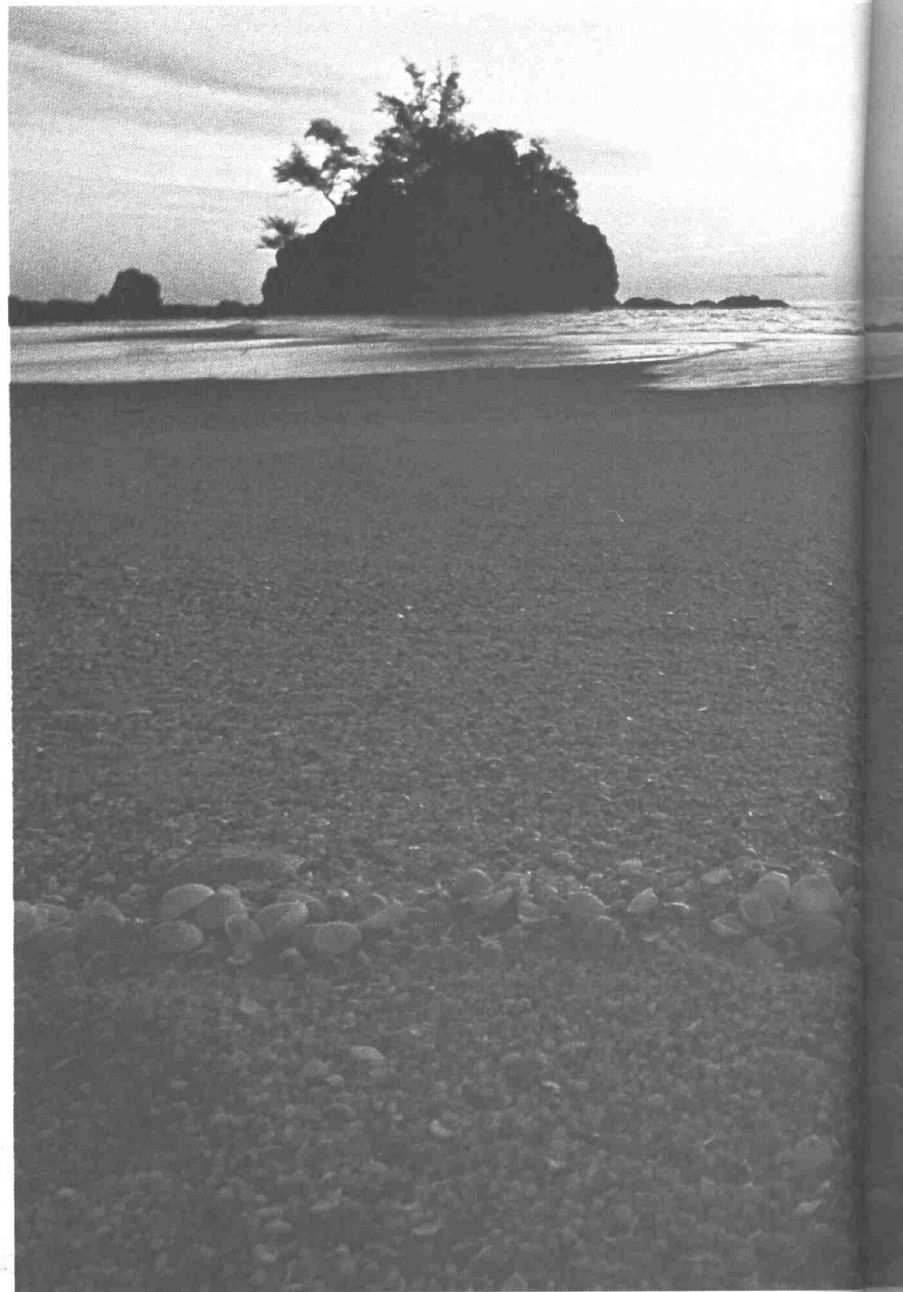
What other ruins and rarities the jungles conceal will always remain a Malaysian mystery. Rumors tell of a lost, sunken city beneath Lake Chini in the Pahang wilds. Aerial photographs suggest that an ancient city might have existed, but all that is known of it are *Orang Asli* stories about a walled palace, surrounded by lily ponds, on an island. Jungle dwellers further insist that the lost city is guarded by a sea monster that occasionally rises above the lake's surface. About fifteen years ago, a British engineer working in the area swore he saw a strange water beast "with a red eye the size of a tennis ball."

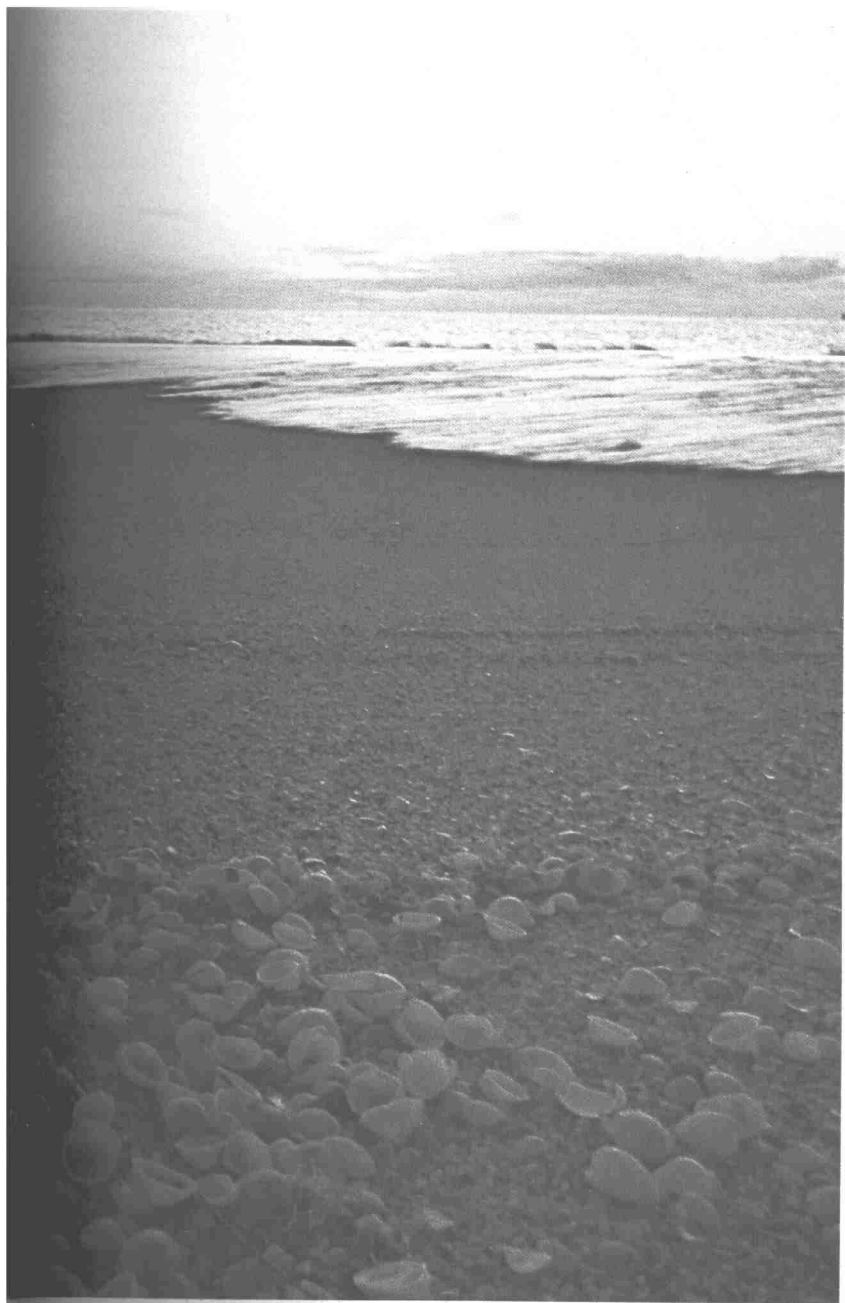
More recently, two Americans on a fishing trip up the Endau River came upon what appeared to be human footprints that measured 45 centimeters long. Their *Orang Asli* guides casually explained that they were left by "big foot," a subhuman giant covered with hair who roams the deepest part of the jungle. Whether there is any more to "big foot" than an enigmatical footprint is an open question. Large parts of the Malaysian jungles are only minimally recorded on maps. Many trails have been left totally deserted since the state of emergency more than a decade ago, and there are many more dark corners of the jungle that remain totally unexplored.

Malaysia's green carpet is its foundation. The jungle's importance to Malaysia's economic future is inestimable. The jungle controls the flow of water feeding the rice fields and valuable agriculture lands; and it prevents the erosion of hills and the flooding of rivers. Yet the jungle is forbidding and harsh, its soil difficult to till, its terrain dangerous to live in. The jungle dwellers who developed their separate societies within were left isolated by the uninviting triple-canopy forest. Their existence was self-contained. They had no visitors until the last century, and even then foreigners in the hinterland were few and far between.









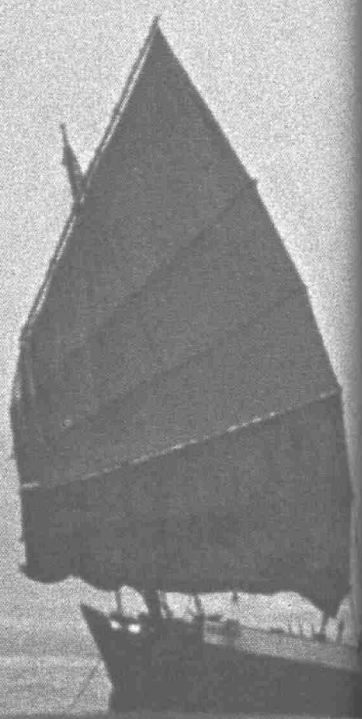
tides upon the sea

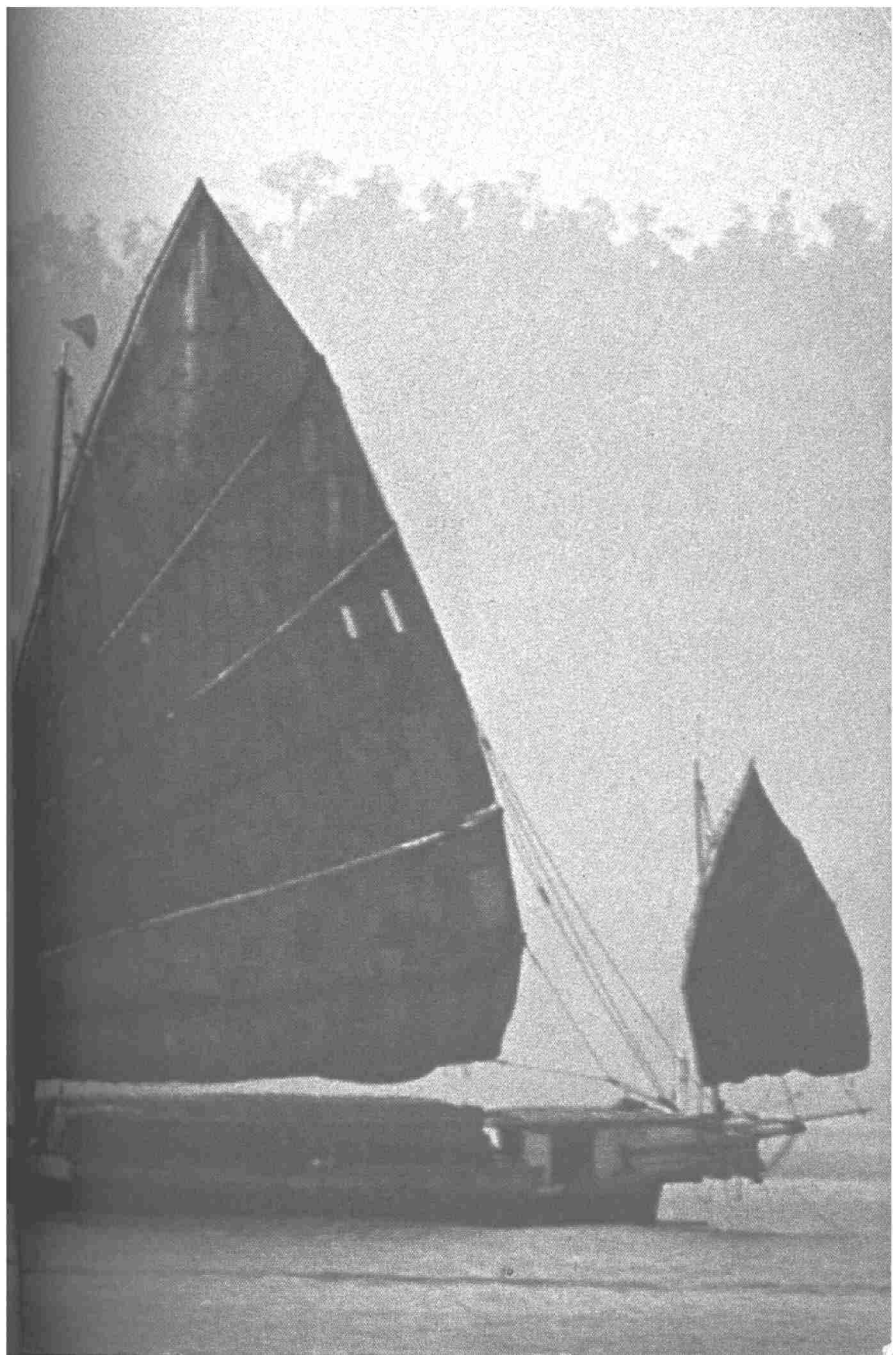
The sky, a misty gray umbrella, releases streaks of rain that splash down on a white-capped sea. Along the coast fishermen have built barriers of thatched palm leaves to meet the winds sweeping inland from an unsettled surf. Their wooden huts are bleached silver from the intense sun and heavy downpour. The willowy casuarina trees that line the shore bend low in windblown curves. Fishing *prahus*, deprived of their buoyancy on turbulent seas, wait empty-handed on the beach. Tires squeak on the film of water covering the coastal roads. The rivers run quick and high: it is the monsoon season in Malaysia.

Three months in a year, Malay fishing folk who live in small villages along the East Coast of the Malay peninsula store away their fishing nets, dock and repair their boats, and settle down in the shelter of their clapboard houses to wait for the winds to change. They cannot sail their *prahus* against the force of the monsoon. The food they have gathered during fair weather must last them through this period.

This pattern of life has characterized Malaysia's shores for ages. Seas were the thoroughfares of antiquity. Long before the Christian era, bold sailors sailed over unknown seas in low, square-rigged sailing craft. They came from India with the southwest monsoon in search of gold nuggets, camphor, clove, pepper, and sandalwood. They came from China in primitive junks loaded with silks and porcelain, blown across the China Sea by the northeast monsoon. Almost surrounded by water, Malaysia was where the monsoons met, where the tides of the Indian Ocean and the South China Sea flowed together in the Straits of Malacca. Seafaring merchants traveling in either direction stopped along these coasts to wait for the winds to change. Malaysia was the halfway point in the ancient interchange, linking China to India, and India to the Spice Isles.

Along the eastern coast of Peninsular Malaysia (previous pages), a swift tide sweeps out upon the South China Sea, leaving behind a shell-strewn littoral and a stranded rock islet. Through the Straits of Malacca, which links the South China Sea and the Indian Ocean, plies a weathered Chinese junk (right) trading as its forebears did in ancient times.





The Lucrative Spice Trade

It was the Spice Isles, a small cluster of islands in the Indonesian archipelago, that set Asian maritime kingdoms against each other and in Europe sparked off the Age of Discovery in the 16th Century impelling Columbus to cross the Atlantic and Magellan to circumnavigate the globe. The Moluccas produced the spices which European aristocrats craved. In time the exports to Europe became so lucrative that a vessel loaded with spices from the Far East could make enough profit from one trip to pay ten times over the cost of the voyage, including the value of the ship.

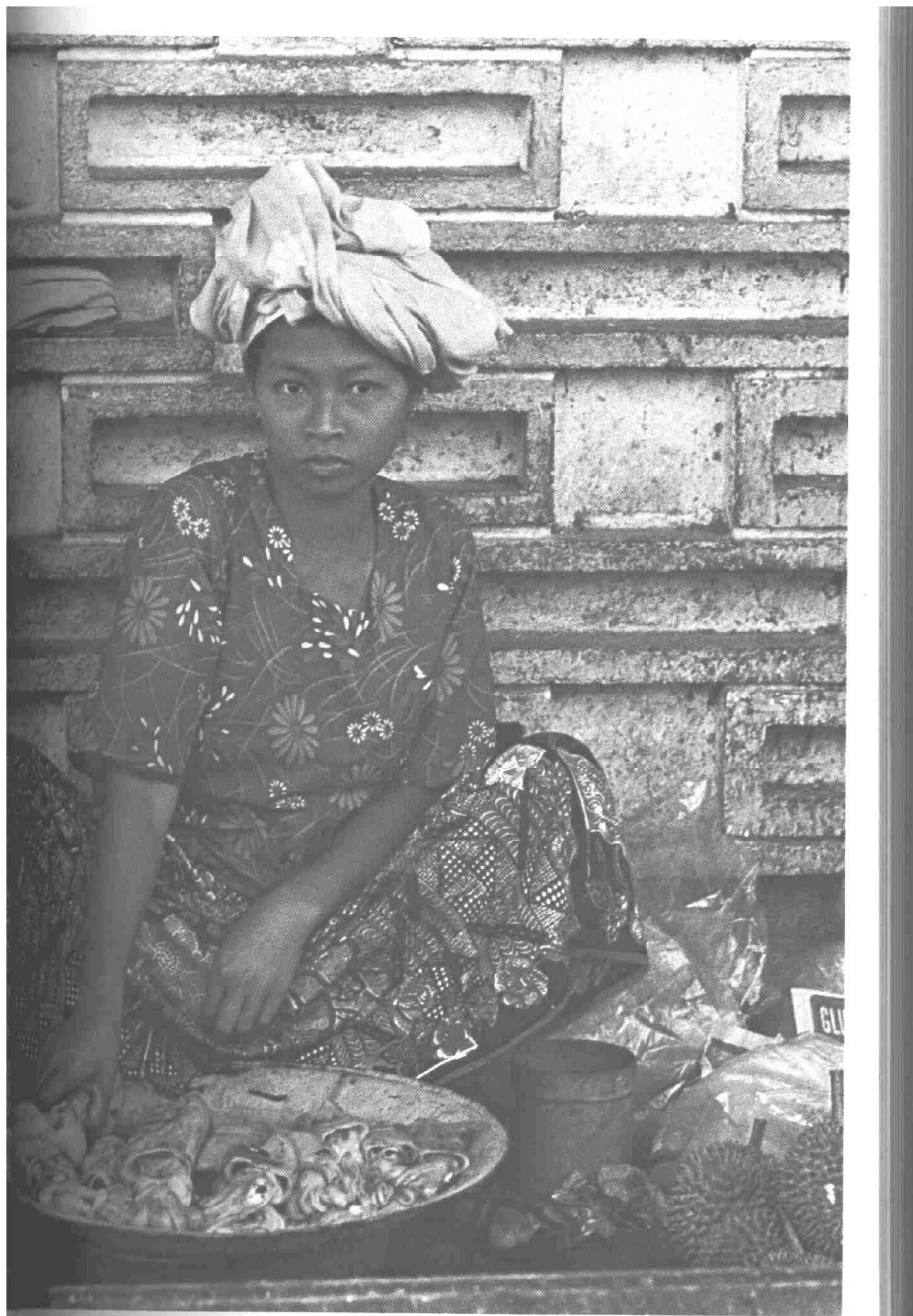
Trade, however, was a hazardous business. Traders sailed on merchant ships carrying up to 200 men who endured violent storms and a constant fear of pirates. A Buddhist pilgrim named Fa-Hsien, sailing from Sumatra to China in A.D. 414, wrote: "In the darkness of the night, only great waves were to be seen breaking on one another and emitting a brightness like that of fire. Large turtles and other monsters of the deep were all about." Ships cautiously hugged the coasts and called at various river-mouth settlements for supplies and water. Where these settlements prospered as commercial centers, merchants remained behind to look after the business of the port. One such port grew into an empire.

Greatest Seaport in the Old World

Malacca today is like an eccentric old lady adept at hiding her age. The little sea town spreads out under low red-tiled roofs in a maze of narrow alleys and well-trodden roads. Streets come alive with the jingle of trishaw bells, the buzz of rickety sewing machines at the tailor's shop on the corner, and the steady thumping by the local cobbler who still does most of his business on the sidewalk. It seems a bit odd, then, that in about 1460, merchants who bartered for luxuries in the local bazaar conversed in no less than eighty-four different languages. "Malacca is the richest seaport with the greatest number of merchants and abundance of shipping that can be found in the whole world," wrote a Portuguese sailor in

In the early morning market at Trengganu, a young fishmonger sells the previous night's catch of cuttlefish, a Malay delicacy when fried with chilies. Fish along with rice are Malay staples.









the 16th Century. Yet even by then the illustrious harbor-kingdom had passed its prime.

Early Malacca epitomized the Malay bazaar that dealt in everything from Persian perfumes to Javanese daggers. A Sumatran prince named Parameswara, who claimed to be descended from Alexander the Great, founded the city in 1403 and swiftly established an opulent emporium that lured all ships passing through the straits. Five years later, the Emperor of China sent his Imperial Envoy Cheng Ho to Malacca laden with gifts. The Chinese admiral arrived with 62 ships and 37,000 men. Parameswara returned the magnanimous gesture by visiting China in 1411; he returned to Malacca on a ship half-submerged under the weight of precious stones, horses with saddles, gold, silver, and copper.

Prosperous merchants from India and the Middle East married into the local aristocracy, and before Parameswara died, Islam had become the religion of the Malay elite. The sultans who succeeded him guided the Malacca court to the heights of ceremonial pageantry. Whenever the ruler left his walled palace, he was carried on a litter by his ministers and surrounded by retainers beating drums and gongs.

The heritage of the international trade bazaars had a lasting effect on Malaysian life. While the Cambodians of Angkor and the Javanese of Borobudur built astounding monuments of stone to immortalize their more isolated inland kingdoms, Malaysia's ancient monarchs ruled over realms that touched upon dozens of distant civilizations via the diplomacy of the sea. Entrepôt trade instilled a cultural give-and-take that probably explains why the greatest monument the ancient Malays built is the Malay language, replete with words adopted from Arabic, Sanskrit, Persian, Portuguese, and, lately, English. The inhabitants of the harbor towns were as cosmopolitan as the trade was diverse. What remained uniquely Malaysian was the selectivity of the native rulers, who retained Hindu customs while adopting Islamic laws.

Too Precious Not To Be Shared

It took Western explorers little time to realize that whoever controlled the sea controlled the wealth of the land behind it. Marco

Stevedores in Penang Island unload cargo from a flotilla of merchant ships anchored in this emporium's strategic harbor, which is nestled between the island and the railroad of Butterworth on the mainland coast.

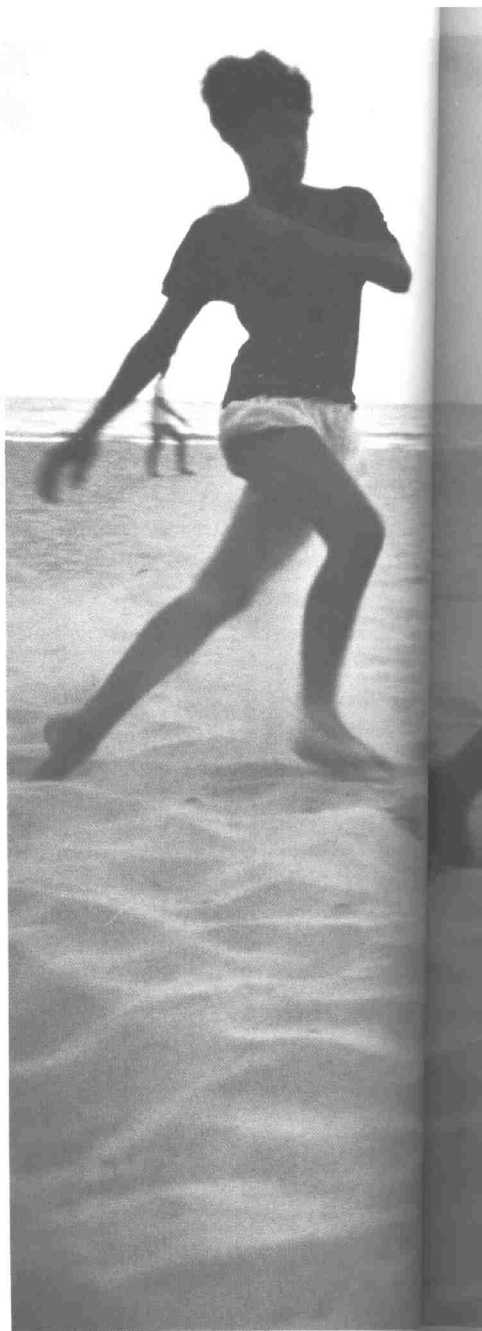
Polo sailed through the Straits of Malacca in 1292, but it was not until the 16th Century that the first European traders decided to step ashore. They landed with a bang. On St. James' Day, July 25, 1511, Portuguese soldiers knelt on the decks of their ships to receive the blessing of the Holy Church before beginning a bloody siege on Malacca that lasted for ten days. Malacca's sultan fled, leaving the prosperous harbor in the hands of the conquerors who opened the first direct trade links with the West.

Trade with the Spice Isles was too precious not to be coveted, and within two centuries Portuguese Malacca had fallen to the Dutch who eventually traded it with the British in 1824. Britain's Honorable East India Company hastily established itself with an additional settlement on the island of Penang. Handsome *Indiamen* competed for harbor space with ancient junks from China and Siam. Treaties with Malay sultans secured for the British the use of several ports, and these prospered so quickly that some local rulers soon discovered that their signatures had granted more concessions than they had intended. The spheres of influence emanating from London and encompassing the British Empire had reached Malaysia and were to remain there for 150 years.

In the early 19th Century there was still a spirit of adventure on the high seas that fired the fantasies of armchair travelers back in England. No one embodied the heroic image of the dashing young adventurer who left home to seek his fortune in the Orient more than James Brooke, ex-officer in the Bengal army. Brooke bought a 140-tonne schooner and set sail for Borneo on a commercial venture that was never to materialize. By chance, the young captain helped quell a rebellion of native chiefs in Sarawak. He was so successful in procuring a peace treaty that the local governor offered him land in return. In February 1841, James Brooke became the first "white Rajah" of Sarawak. It took him the next two decades to convince the world that it really happened.

Brooke, along with a hardy band of British captains, was a pirate hunter who set out in a warship to extinguish probably the

Schoolboys from Kelantan play a sandy game of barefoot soccer, on one of the many beaches along the eastern coast of Peninsular Malaysia that attract oceangoing turtles, skin divers, and sun bathers.



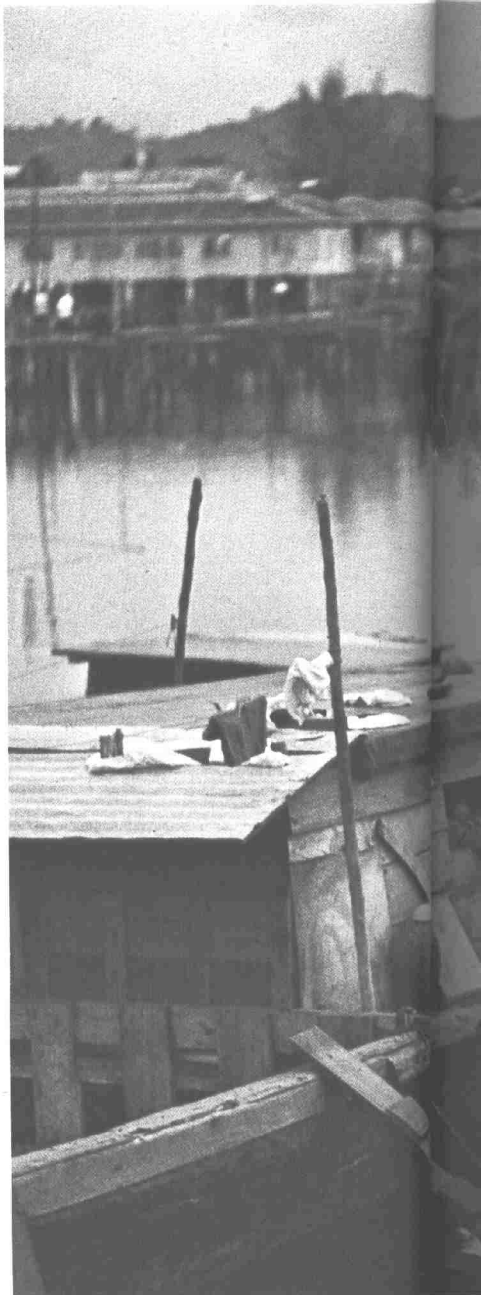


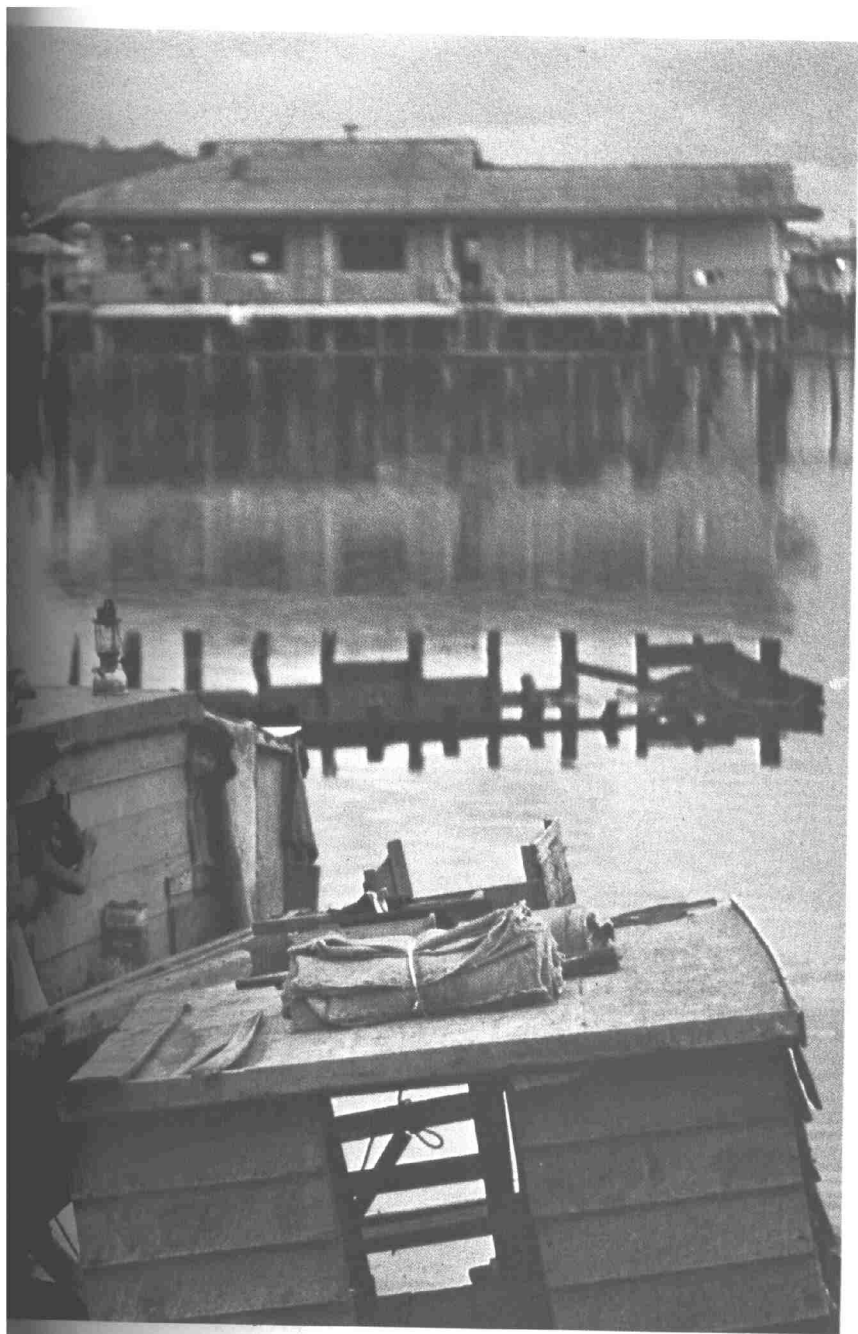
most lucrative profession on the South China Sea. Piracy was a widespread and an honorable calling in Brooke's day, one which attracted merchants, noblemen, and fishermen alike. A native aristocrat who replenished his treasury through a fleet manned by highly skilled seamen hardly considered himself an outlaw. He was more likely to define Brooke as a pirate for stealing land from fellow chieftains. Nonetheless, for centuries sailors trembled at the thought of passing unarmed through Malaysian waters at night. The most formidable pirate bands were the Lanuns from Mindanao. They would pounce on innocent ships with the terror of an approaching torpedo, in crude but frighteningly swift boats. Sometimes they recruited head-hunting warriors from the Borneo interior, and while the captains pillaged the cargoes, the crew collected war trophies.

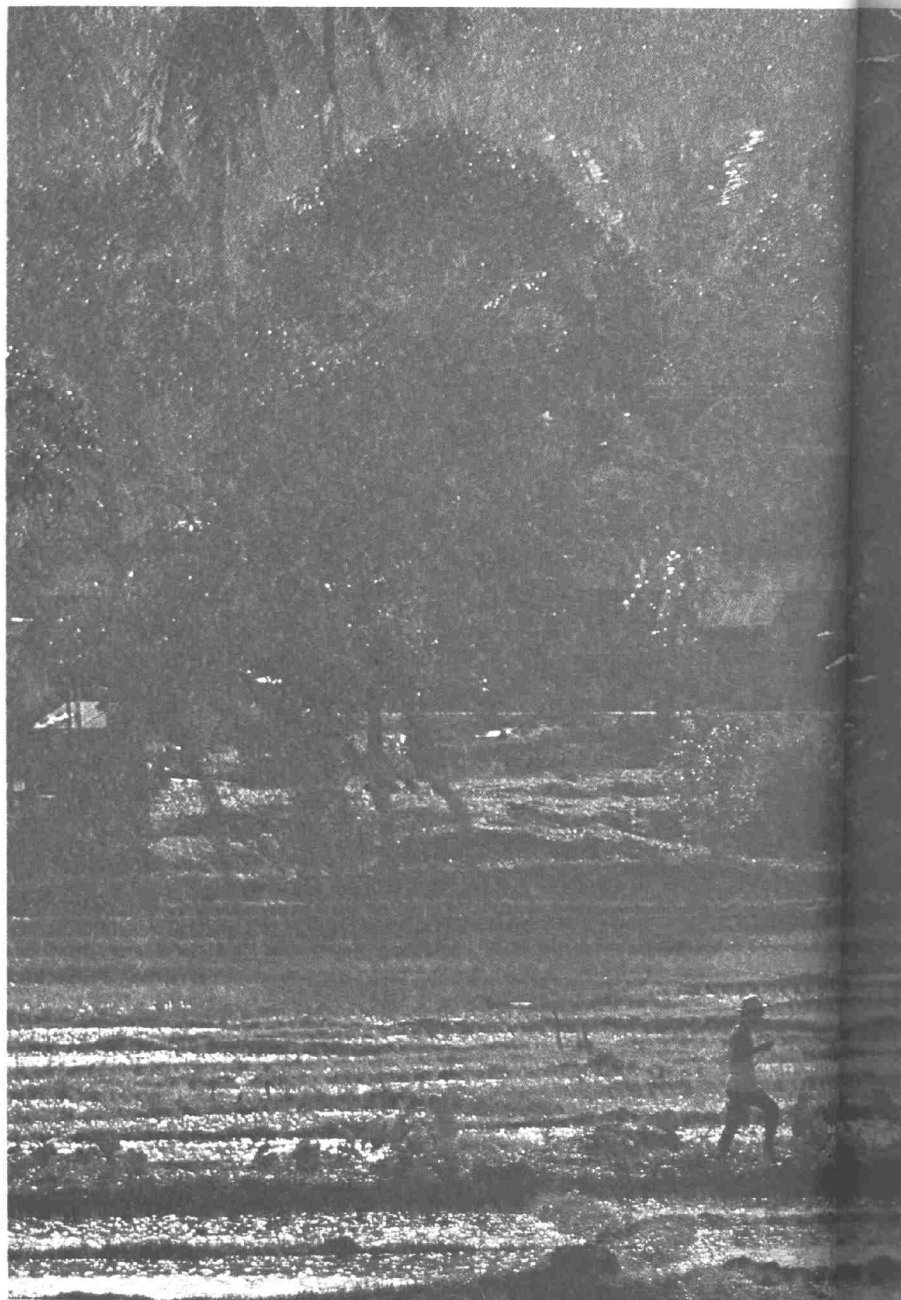
Malaysian seas today hold untold riches from ships wrecked by storms or plundered by pirates. Rumors still circulate of hidden treasures buried in caves on islands off the east coast of the peninsula. D'Albuquerque, the Portuguese captain who demolished ancient Malacca, set sail three months later with a fleet laden with the spoils of war, only to see all his ships lost in a storm. His loss was never recovered.

Now, a steady stream of 200,000-tonne oil tankers and cargo vessels, replacing silks and porcelain with black gold, rubber, and tin, sail through the Malacca Straits, which still has the same strategic importance that spurred ancient kingdoms to war. Control of the Straits of Malacca remains an international controversy because both Malaysia and Indonesia claim rights to supervise all traffic sailing within their territorial waters. The recent increase in offshore oil exploration has greatly enhanced the value of sea territory, and the trading ports established by the British are now the leading commercial centers of the region. Even the wide, white beaches that spread over much of Malaysia's 5,500-kilometer shoreline have taken on profitable possibilities as tourists, eager for sunshine and palm fringed coral strands, flock to newly developed holiday resorts on the East Coast.

Living on water in houseboats or homes on stilts, fishing folk grow up with the sea in Kota Kinabalu, Sabah, East Malaysia. The Malaysian coasts are dotted with such villages, from where the menfolk set out in traditional wooden prahus to catch cuttlefish, squid, carp, crab, cockleshells and tiny ikan bilis.









the countryside evergreen

Eighty years ago the Malayan press reported an unprecedented mishap. While thundering over newly laid track in dense jungle near Telok Anson, a passenger train met head-on with a wild bull elephant. Defending his herd and territorial right, the elephant charged and derailed the train.

Malaysia today makes the gallant beast seem like a hero of a tall tale. Order and propriety now pervade much of the countryside. A smooth, well-maintained highway unrolls through green hills. Rubber trees flash by in never-ending, even rows. Monstrous tipples of tin mines, with pole scaffoldings spread out over white sludge, appear where plantations leave off. Freshly planted oil palms stitch the horizon in a patchwork of deep green against cleared and cultivated red earth. In the northern and coastal areas, fields are rich with stalks of golden rice.

As far as the eye can see, the lush, green vegetation of the tropics smothers the landscape. Yet, contrary to its looks, Malaysia is not ideally suited for agriculture. Unlike the Nile River Basin or the Ganges Valley, where seasonal rains flooding the land bring new fertile soil, the torrential downpours in Malaysia wash away the valuable top soil. In many places, only harsh red mud remains.

Erosion is one of Malaysia's oldest problems. For millenia, the land and its fertility have been washing out to sea. The many limestone outcrops that protrude from the lowlands like huge bubbles are evidence of this. Geologists believe the Malay peninsula and Borneo beyond were once a lofty, rugged land mass running the entire length of the Indonesian archipelago. It was the meticulous work of nature, the slow process of wearing down of the earth by the sun, rain, wind, and more rain that over the ages reduced mountains to hillocks and outcrops. Such changes continue to take place today. Stand on the ramparts of St. John's Fort in Malacca and you may wonder how the old cannons could shoot so far out to sea. Maps of that early period show that the area, including the

Monsoon showers splash the wet rice fields of Negri Sembilan, Peninsular Malaysia. Rice was probably introduced from India more than a millennium ago, and the planting cycle from seeding to harvesting sets the pace of rural life.

present parade ground, was then all covered by sea. Alluvial soil washing down from the hills has reclaimed it in less than 400 years.

Despite the shifting landscape, Malaysia's early settlers were basically food growers as well as fishermen. As far back as A.D. 500 Malays were growing crops for export: sugarcane, bananas, pepper, coconuts.

In centuries past, control of the land rested entirely in the hands of the aristocracy. The sultans were the source of all authority. They alone, in theory at least, held the powers of life and death. Their realms were administered by district chiefs, who could call for compulsory labor for any length of time, should they wish. Slavery was a regal institution. The deputy of the last Sultan of Malacca had so many slaves that if one of them arrived to work smartly dressed he might be mistaken for a stranger and invited into the local *kampung*—until his identity was discovered.

The rakyat, or common people, lived only to serve and obey their ruler. Yet, often, the ruler was as far away from a village as a one-month river trip. Communications were slow; travel was arduous. Little of the power struggles among the ruling class penetrated the rural *kampung*. Farmlands passed from generation to generation with scarcely a ripple of change.

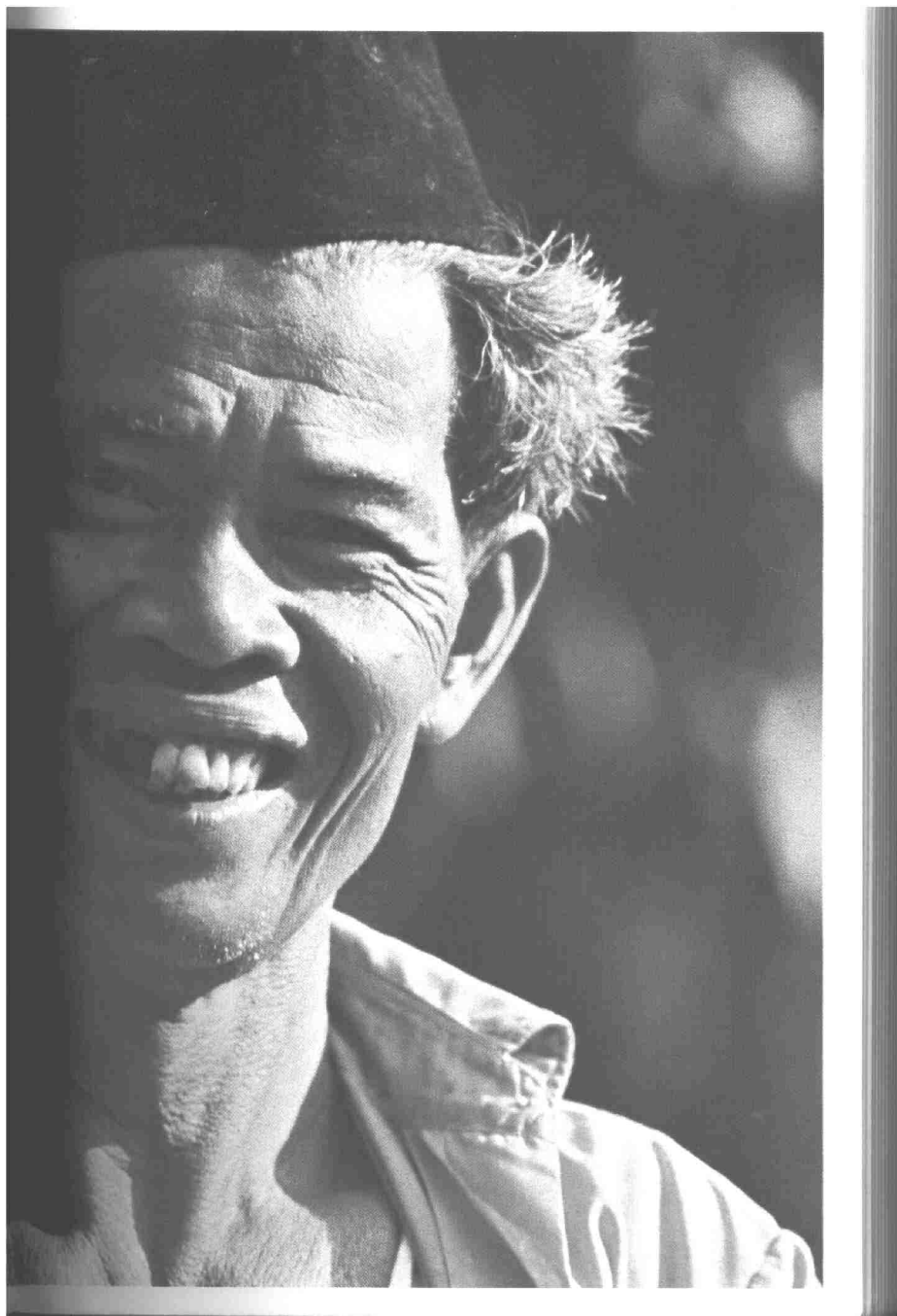
Honoring the Rice Spirit

The continuity persists. Nothing typifies the Malaysian countryside more than the small, wooden homes shaded by a green awning of coconut palms and papaya trees. *Kampung* houses, as always, are propped up on stilts above a neatly swept courtyard to keep the living rooms dust-free and breezy. The sound of chicken feathers rustling under the house mingles with the smell of cooking curry. A portrait of the Yang di-Pertuan Agong, King of Malaysia, formally clothed in the rich, traditional garb of the sultanate, hangs prominently from a clapboard wall decorated with glossy calendars and magazine clippings. Narrow paths weave from house to house to the flooded rice fields behind the *kampung*, where farmers trudge through soft mud behind a water buffalo and a single-blade plow.

The planting cycle of rice, a crop introduced 1,000 years ago, continues to domi-

A Malay farmer in Kedah, Peninsular Malaysia, can reap two harvests annually with hybrid rice which has a shorter growing season. This helps Malaysia decrease its dependence on imported rice.





nate rural Malay life. Women hide their faces under wide, conical hats and hitch their sarongs up to the knee when they plant seedlings in the hot sun. Men tend the fields until harvest time when the women return to help reap the riches. Rice, the staple food and a prime source of income for the rural Malay, is a recognized and respected necessity. The ancestors of today's farmers believed all living things were imbued with a spirit, called *semangat*. In honor of the rice spirit, bountiful harvest was followed by a thanksgiving feast during which villagers reveled in gay rounds of flirtatious folk dances and shadow plays that lasted for days.

The tempo of *kampung* life has quickened with double cropping, using new rice hybrids which permit farmers to reap a second crop during the time that was once off-season. Malaysia produces 85 percent of the rice it consumes, filling the gap with imports from Thailand and China. However, a rice revolution is high on the list of objectives in the government's development plans, and more and more fields are yielding two crops a year.

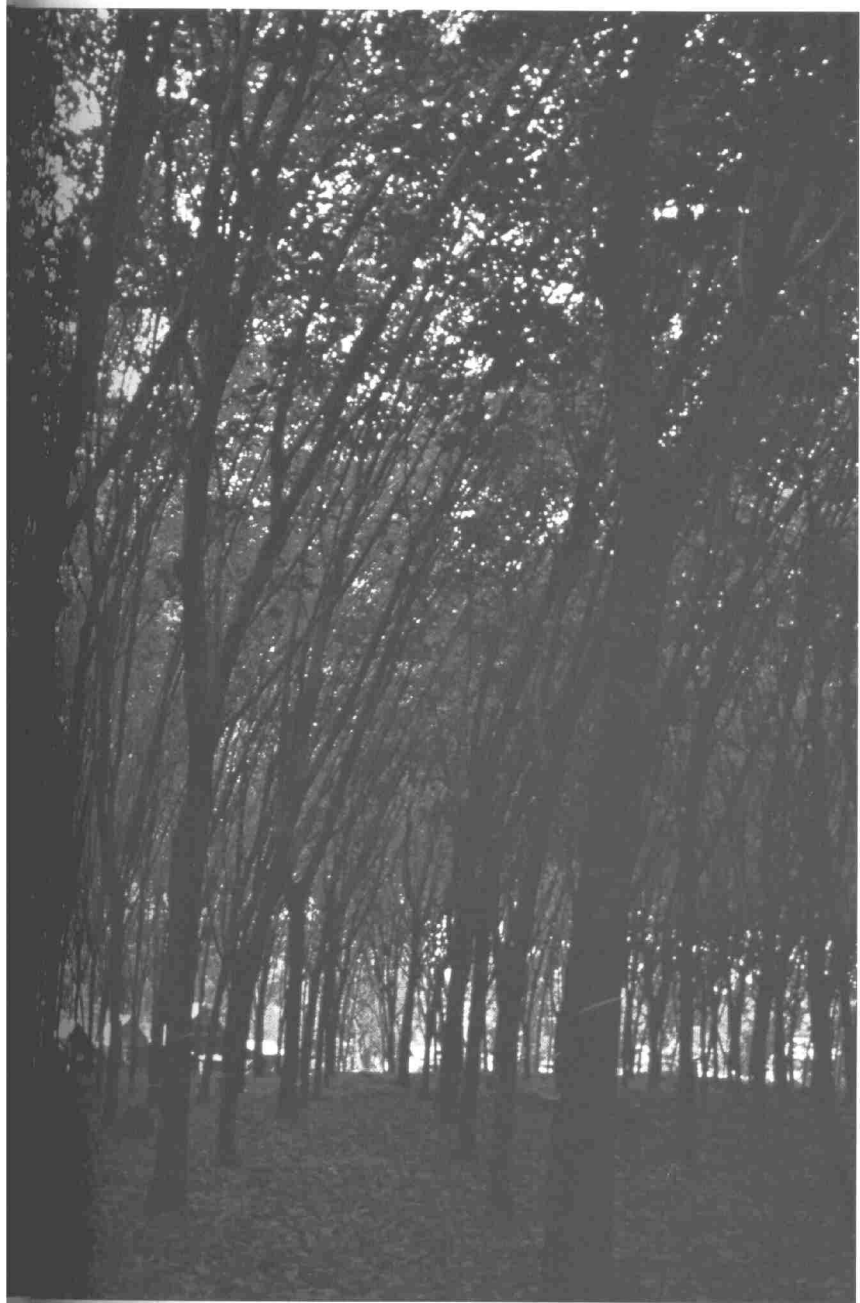
A Fortune in a Tin Pan

Remnants of the dynamic expansion inland linger alongside country roads in the shape of huge mounds of dirt gouged out of the earth to tap the tin deposits below. Malaysia is not exceedingly rich in mineral deposits, with the exception of tin, and there the country knows no rivals. When the mining boom was in full swing during the 19th Century, it seemed that half the tin cans in Europe originated in Malaya. Tin mining led to new settlements that sprang from a few prospectors' shacks and became cities as big as Kuala Lumpur. It gave the British administration the revenue to build roads and railways through jagged jungle terrain, and it introduced the Chinese pioneer to the heartland of Malaya.

Envoys from the Dragon Throne were nothing new. Chinese navigators had charted Malayan waters when the Roman Empire was at its peak. But it was not until the last century, when the British established the Straits Settlements, that Chinese immigrants came en masse as merchants, artisans, and traders.

Mesmerizing rows of rubber trees will earn Malaysia millions in export earnings. Plantations of rubber and oil palm cover most of the peninsula's cultivated land.





In the late 1840s, when rich deposits of tin were discovered in the state of Perak, Malay chiefs encouraged Chinese immigrants to journey inland to work their mines and to prospect for new fields. When news of the profitable opportunities awaiting the pioneer reached China thousands of workers arrived from the southern provinces, many bringing nothing but a spare change of clothes.

All-male mining settlements were rough and risky. Malaria and cholera, at that time diseases which medicine was unable to cure, wiped out hundreds of prospectors who sweated in the intense heat. Those who survived did so under a constant threat of tiger attacks, recorded at one stage as a daily occurrence. Law and order was a vicious balancing act between rival Chinese secret societies clashing over mining rights. Societies imported professional fighters from China and would commonly signal the success of a fight by dyeing their shirts with the blood of the vanquished. Thousands perished in gang wars. Others made a fortune.

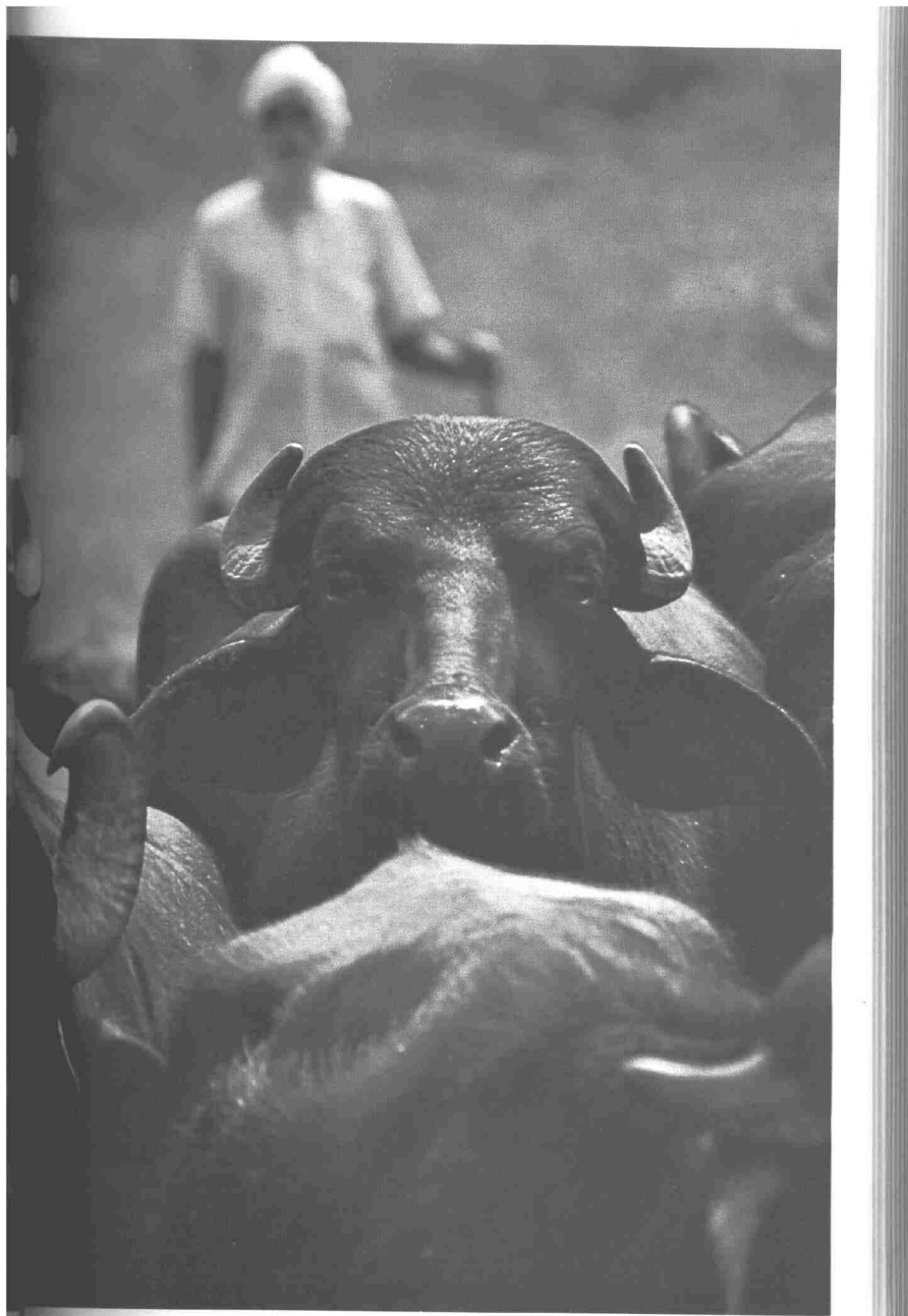
To maintain a semblance of government in the early mining communities, the Malay chiefs appointed a sort of civil governor called "Kapitan China," who was often a Chinese prospector who had gained power and respect among his compatriots. This practice of self-rule through the Kapitans continued after British intervention in the Malay States in 1874. For the most part the Chinese were not interested in politics. They were contented working the mines and engaging in commerce. For decades, they held a virtual monopoly on the tin mining industry and their settlements slowly grew into towns, as women from China made their way inland. Their descendants continue to operate huge tin-dredges that pour metal into Malaysia's second largest industry. For more than seventy years, Malaysia has been producing over one-third of the world's tin.

Rubber Seeds, a Reckless Gamble

But what stands out on the green scene countless times more frequently than the cumbersome tin tippie is a plant first grown in the soil of Brazil—the rubber tree. Its modest debut in Malaysia hardly heralded a crop that was later to take up three-fourths of all the developed land in the nation. Coffee planters, who had been fighting a losing battle against plant diseases, pests, and plum-

Called the Asian tractor, the versatile water buffalo is also a source of milk, meat, hide, manure, and dried dung fuel.





meting prices, greeted the idea of rubber trees with wry pessimism. Many simply packed up and returned home to England. Those who stayed on and ventured to plant a few rubber seedlings in the soil of their estates considered their effort a reckless gamble.

The man who did not agree was Henry Ridley. Director of the Botanic Garden in Singapore at the end of the 19th Century. "Rubber Ridley," as the planters called him, was convinced that his crop had great possibilities and was known to journey around the countryside with seeds in his pocket for anyone he could convince to plant them. Ridley's was a far-sighted and lonely crusade, until John Dunlop invented the bicycle tire and Henry Ford put the automobile on the assembly line. By that time, humbled planters had to wait their turn to get the seeds that Ridley once could not give away. The man who could claim "I told you so" has been remembered fondly ever since.

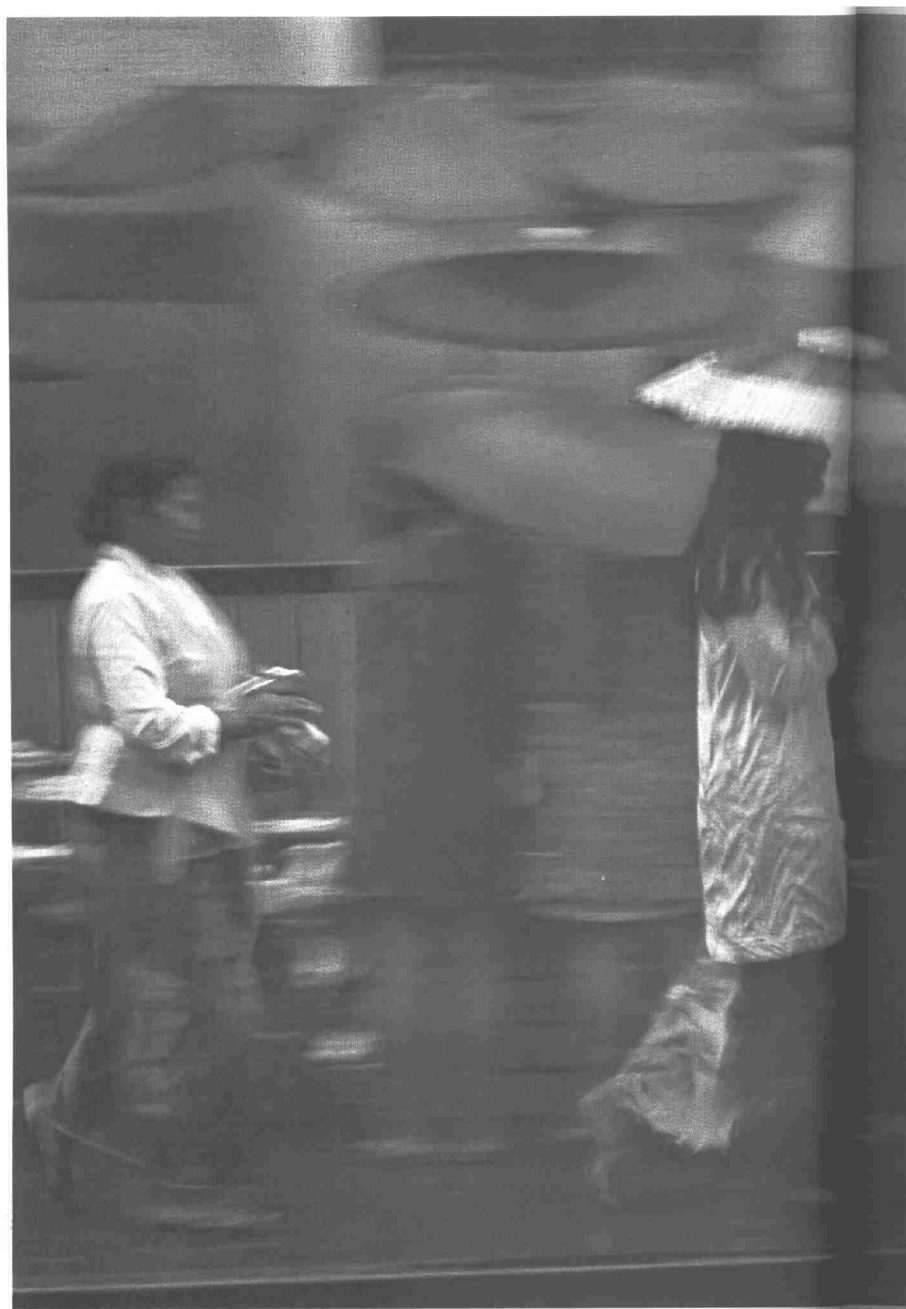
The rubber boom brought new waves of immigrants from South India and Ceylon, now Sri Lanka. Planters with long experience on the Indian subcontinent imported the laborers they knew best, and before long Tamil became the new language of the rubber estates. Though Indian merchants had been trading with the peninsula for 2,000 years, the freshly recruited rubber tapper found himself estranged from a familiar society, and the separation from the motherland was keenly felt. Workers bound to one estate for a number of years under a harsh, indentured labor system, clung to the village life they knew in India. Soon lighted prayer lamps in small Hindu temples and the electrifying beat of Indian drums merged with Malaya's increasingly varied ways of life.

The rubber tapper continues to set out before dawn to collect the cups of latex that make up 42 percent of the world's natural rubber supply, but now he often stops short of the old boundaries of his estate to view a field planted with oil palm trees. The government encourages farmers to diversify their crops by growing coconut, coffee, tea, fruits, nuts, and spices. Palm oil increased in dollars earned in the late 1970s by 20 percent a year, bringing Malaysia's share up to nearly half of the world's palm oil production. Then again, so did the number of television antennas, Japanese-made motorcycles, and Western synthetic clothes seen in the country.

On his way from an evening bath, a boy in Perak, Peninsular Malaysia, walks on the clearing for a new road slicing through the red-clay jungle hills.









city and town— from 'wild west' to the big time

Half of Malaysia's population is engaged in agriculture, but the once isolated and self-sufficient village is now linked by paved road and out-station taxi to the nearest town, where a farmer can stock up on Guinness stout and rubber boots as well as the age-old dried fish and batik sarongs. Villagers, who toil day after day on the same small plot of rice, can return home and tune in their portable radio for news from anywhere between London and Peking. The lure of big city life enters the daydreams of more and more teenagers in rural Malaysia. Many young men leave the family and the farm in pursuit of other worlds.

Encik Mansor bin Zainal Abidin, agricultural officer in the town of Pasir Mas, let his pencil drop on his desk. Glass doors that swish open at the weight of a footstep, push-button elevators with piped-in music, and a prim secretary in high heels flashed through his mind. He picked up his pencil and filled in an application requesting a transfer to the booming capital of Kuala Lumpur.

If most Malaysians do not live in the big city, enough is heard about it to make life under neon signboards and revolving restaurants the topic of long conversations. Country youths let their imaginations glide up escalators and down jet runways in the place where TV Malaysia began. The only hitch attached to their vision of boundless possibilities is the "before generation" — *kampung* grandparents who may listen in wonder, but relate to far different times.

One hundred and twenty years ago Kuala Lumpur did not exist. Apart from a dense jumble of jungle trees with their simian occupants, all that was there were the swampy banks of the Gombak and Klang rivers. The scene stood out from the rest of Malaysia's interior as much as one swell on the high seas. It was only by chance that a couple of Chinese merchants poling their boats upriver decided that they had had enough exercise for the day and set up a shop selling supplies to tin miners in nearby Ampang. Being down-to-earth

Monsoon rains do not deter village women from going to market (previous pages), a colorful collection of stalls and shops that links town and country. On sunnier days bamboo shades unfurl (right) advertising what is sold inside.



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pioneers, they named the place exactly as they saw it: Kuala Lumpur, "Muddy Estuary."

Pioneers in Wild West Malaysia

Dirty feet hardly got scarcer as the years went by. After the first shop gained some haphazard neighbors, Kuala Lumpur developed into a shockingly filthy, diseased, and violent village, plagued by fires, floods, and feuds. Chinese secret societies warred over tin holdings; nightfall became a dangerous time. The toughest men around wielded power like a hatchet on the downswing. Kapitan China Yap Ah Loy, the town's boss, was a racketeer with interests in gambling, brothels, dormitories, and tin. He was also the most astute administrator that squalid Kuala Lumpur could hope to find in the 1860s. His formula for law and order was clear-cut: He paid M\$100 for the heads of his enemies; and he once remarked, "It has been as much as I could do to count out the money fast enough."

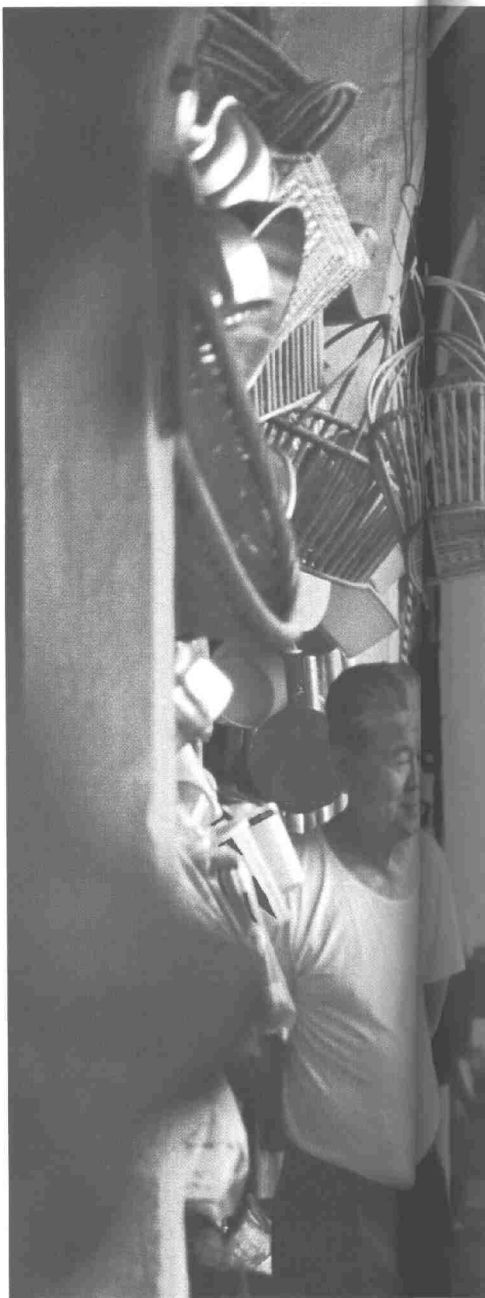
The days of Wild West Malaysia have almost vanished beyond memory in the innumerable small towns that sprang up as the tin miners dug in. However, there are still traces of the cluttered trading posts that provided pioneers and farmers with their basic supplies. Main street of an average Malaysian town today has become a trunk road slicing through the center of town, on which traffic consists of a peddler gliding by on a bicycle, or a huge timber lorry trundling past at highway speed. Enough through-traffic pulls up at the curb to give streetside stalls a steady clientele. The Chinese frying pan sizzles and steams as a burly cook in an undershirt and drawers tosses noodles, sprinkles spices, and takes orders at the same time.

In the sundry-shops located side by side on main street, Malay housewives browse over counters overhung with mops, dusters, school bags, pots and pans. A gruff mechanic, whose work clothes would shame a chimney sweep, revs engines and adjusts spark plugs amid a debris of disemboweled motorbikes spilling onto the street.

A Spontaneous Tack-Up Job

Typical Malaysian small towns have no sidewalks. The business of the day goes on

Chinese festive mobiles are on sale in the arcades beneath two-story shop houses, where Chinese merchants work and live.





under the shade of "five-foot ways," arcades under double-storied shop houses whose tenants only have to descend the staircase to work. Many shop houses plastered together in town blocks have festoons and flower pots carved on their pastel facades bearing a date in the 1920s; but these old-fashioned adornments now face keen competition from plastic petrol signs and garish movie posters.

The Pepsi Cola cult, at most, is a veneer. Much about a small town falls into an easy pattern established at the turn of the century. Main street branches off at right angles into smaller lanes that crisscross into alleys fanned by flapping clothes lines. A bird's-eye view in most cases would reveal that town planning amounted to little more than a spontaneous tack-up job, as more merchants moved in to compete with the man next door.

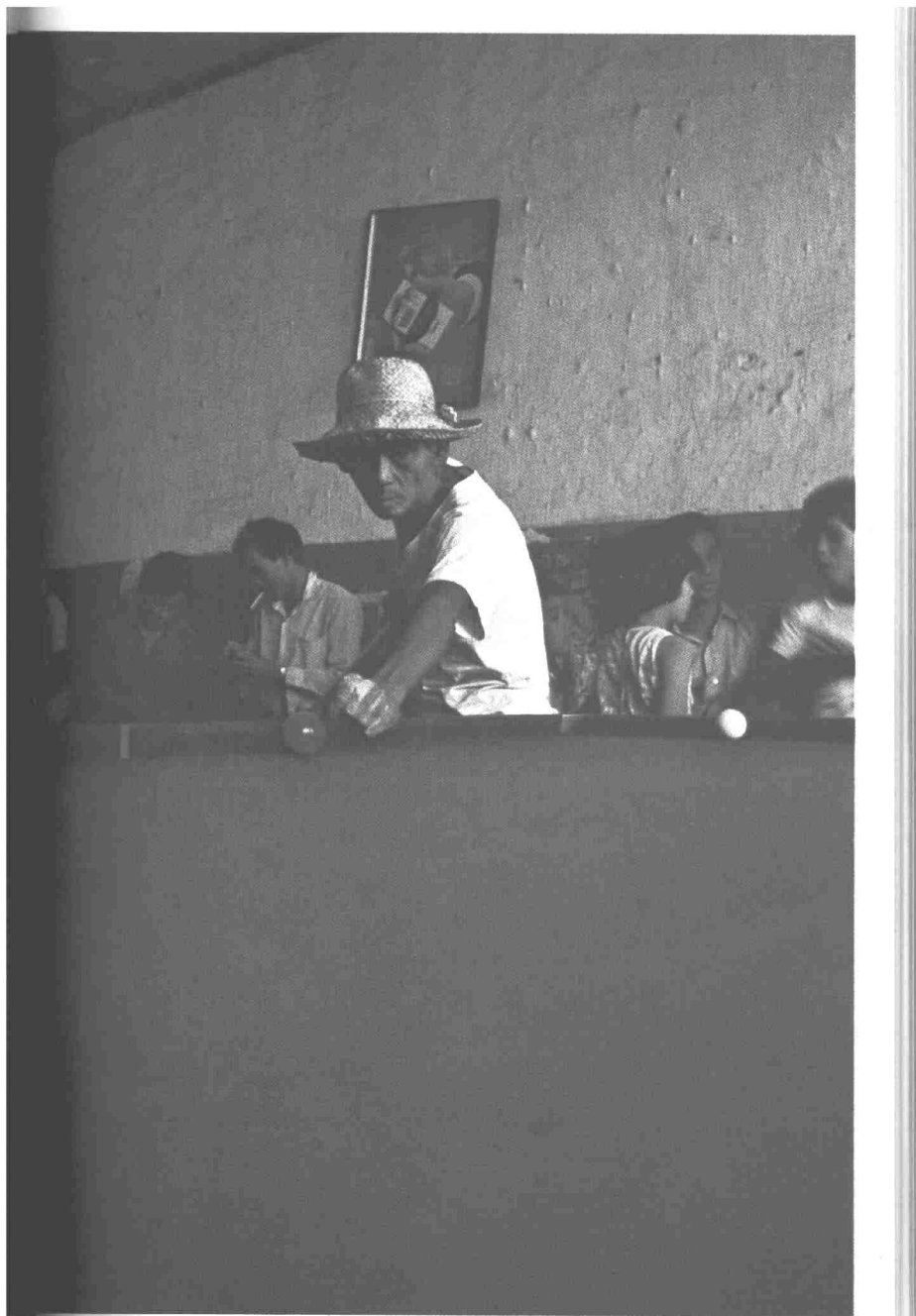
Our Town Today

Over the decades, hometown Malaysia grew in size and character. Beyond the cramped commercial center today still rise the stately trimmings of the colonial past, under which Order, Health and Cleanliness were the reigning deities. Though the white-wash may look drip-dried and the Doric pillars slightly out of date, government buildings still exude the stolid, if somewhat faded, dignity of the British Raj. Invariably, there is the *Padang*, a wide rectangle of green that gallantly bears up beneath football boots and Sunday picnics. The Lake Gardens, the most attractive of the innovations introduced by British residents, mirror nature with a slight manicure.

Not all towns popped up in the wake of the tin mining boom. Many grew around the fringes of the sultan's royal residence, or in Sarawak across the river from the majestic estate inhabited by the "white Rajahs." Roads terminate at riverbanks in the timber centers of Sabah and Sarawak, where waterborne laborers reinforce the bindings of giant logs floating downstream. On Sundays in Sabah's rural towns, the central square transforms into a Borneo bazaar, down to which barefoot tribeswomen trudge from the hills carrying baskets of bananas and betel nut. The marketplace, where fishermen dump their catch and farmers' wives collect the dollars, remains the prime link binding countryside to town.

Whether it is the local movie house, coffee shop, or billiard hall, Port Dickson offers a welcome change in entertainment for its rural neighbors. Towns lure thousands of newcomers each year in search of work and excitement.







Yet, instant kitchens on the main street of town and betel nut bazaars are but peepholes to the flashy city centers that lie at the intersection of rail tracks and trunk roads. Ambition links the towns to the new cities. Kuala Lumpur, now basking in its role as the national capital and nexus of new happenings, is heavily endowed with number one status.

Top-level students, leaving longhouses and *kampungs* to enter Standard Six at a high school in the nearest town, can aspire to serious studies (and more traveling) by joining the young elite behind the musty library shelves in the national university. Kuala Lumpur's two dozen technical training institutes offer courses ranging from dental surgery to radio operating.

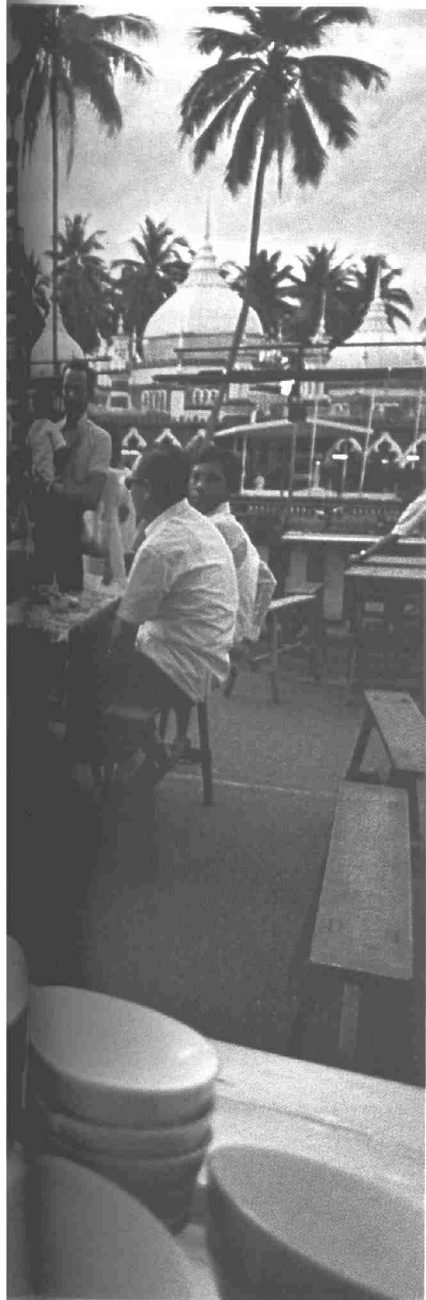
Prestige as well as opportunity lures out-of-towners dreaming of the big time. A village athlete who kicks his way to the state soccer championships can set his goals on the ultimate match in the National Stadium. Even the venerable court musician, who once played music for his sultan's pleasure, may be re-called to his gongs in the banquet room of a luxury hotel to entertain visiting VIPs.

The capital is also the destination of religious pilgrimages. Indian rubber tappers, who seldom see horizons beyond the trees, count away days on the Hindu calendar until *Thaipusam*, the great celebration when past sins are purged and divine blessings bestowed. For three days, Kuala Lumpur's Indian curry cafeterias are monopolized by more than 300,000 pilgrims who arrive in busloads at the lofty shrine in Batu Caves.

On Prophet Muhammad's birthday, the traffic police turn out in full force to keep cars away from the ceremonies. Malay drums pound over avenues in the midst of a jubilant parade of Muslims representing hundreds of *kampungs* throughout the country. Banners fly atop the marble steps of the National Mosque, center of Islam, symbol of the national faith. Behind its tapered minaret soars the new Parliament Building, commanding a skyline that creeps a little higher every other week.

Kuala Lumpur, like most Malaysian state capitals, is half complete. The future hangs in the air as heavily as the humidity. All that remains of the rickety water-wheels that

Conviviality a keynote of Malaysian life, friends in Kuala Lumpur get together to enjoy evening satay and fried noodles at an instant kitchen on wheels.



scooped tin ore from the ground are warped, sepia-toned photographs salvaged from scrapbooks. Clapboard rooftops that tumbled down the hillsides in the back of the town are slowly disappearing. Behind the nostalgic serenity of colonial bungalows, forests receive a clean shave by the bulldozer. Geometric neighborhoods, offering a house and a garden in the same style for all, have become as Malaysian as satay.

Tomorrow's City

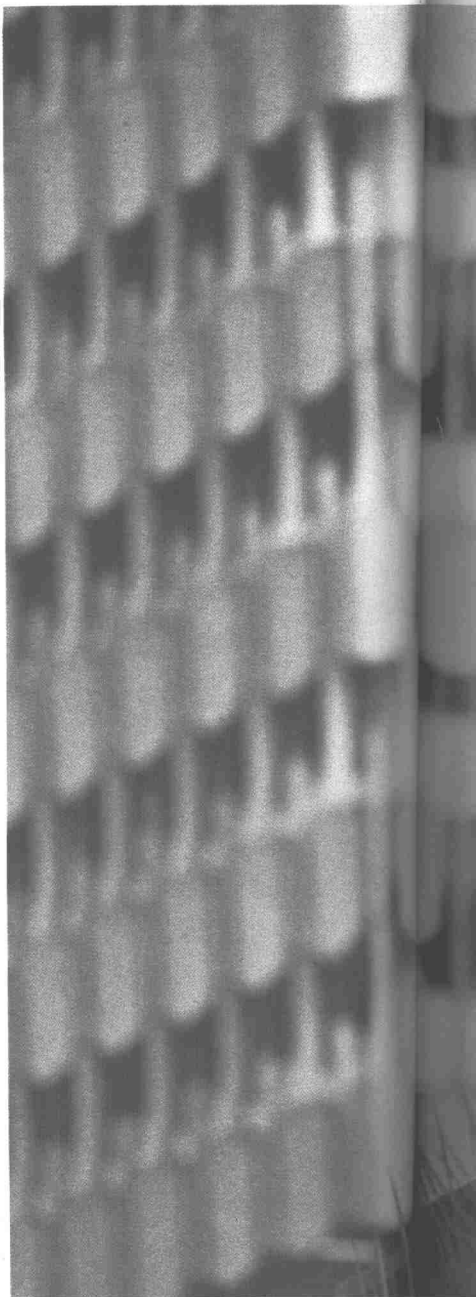
Urban Malaysians live in places no one would have dreamed of before World War II. Twenty eight years ago, city planners in Kuala Lumpur struck upon the idea of building a low-cost squatter resettlement 6 kilometers away. It is now Petaling Jaya, boasting 160 factories and a population of 222,000, a satellite city and industrial showpiece where government ministers and blue-collar workers share the same post office.

Tomorrow's city offers a scintillating range of services. "PJ" residents can shop for caviar and cream cheese at the local supermarket, dine on root beer and Texas hot dogs at the A&W Drive-in, or munch on Chinese spring rolls in sparkling new hawkers' stalls. They can pray at a Thai wat, Hindu temple, Malay mosque or Cantonese clan house. They need not journey to KL for recreation, since PJ provides everything from lectures on child care to judo.

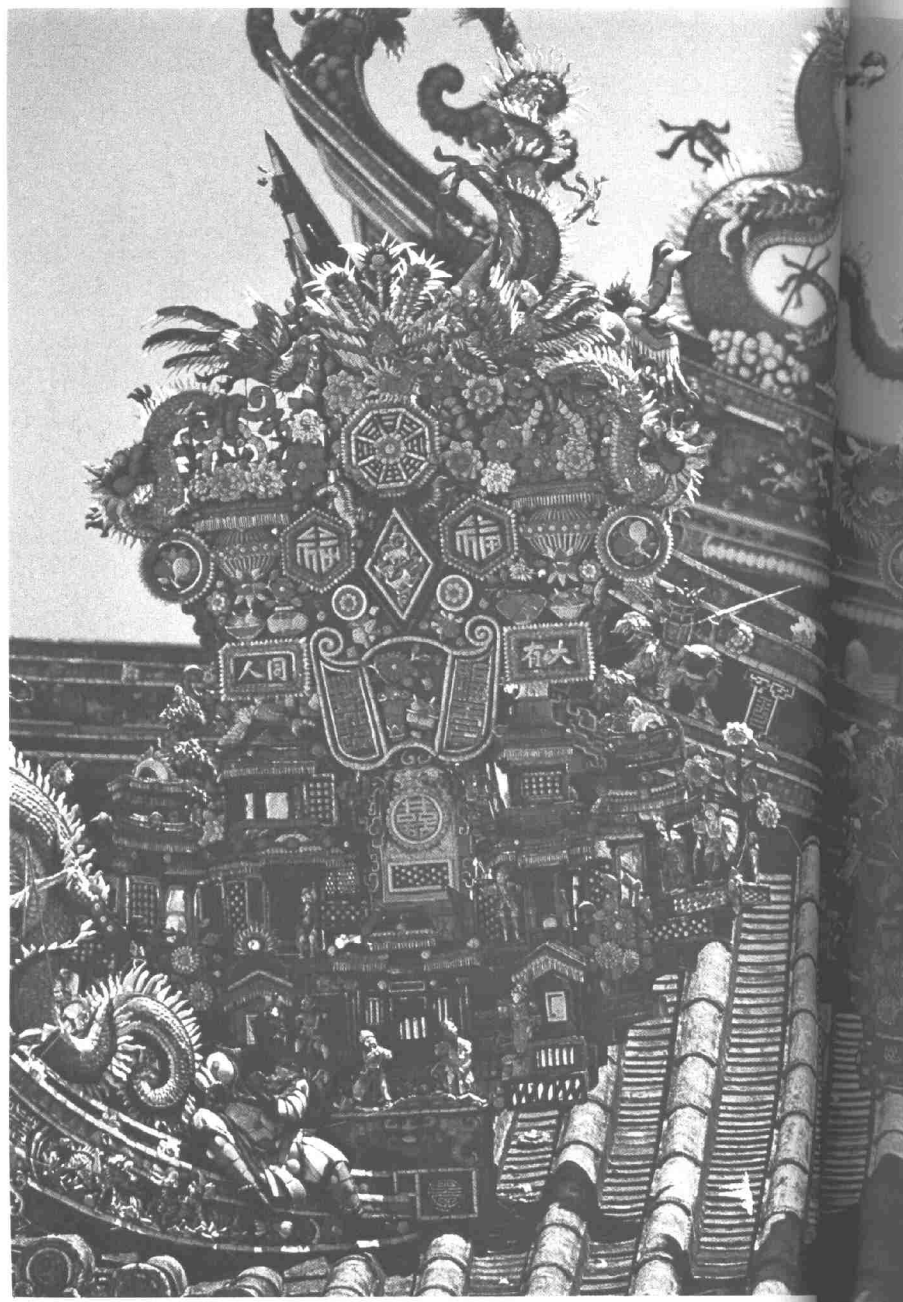
Despite sporadic signs of the stereotype metropolis, there are Asian overtones in Malaysia's towns totally undiminished by the concrete cosmetics favored by urban planners. The Chinese assert the culture of their ancestors by combining pioneer stamina with the romantic memories of ancient Cathay. Signboards spring out from shop houses, painted with elegant calligraphy that spells "Everlasting Harmony Shoemakers," or "Virtuous Accomplishment Goldsmiths," or "Mercers of the Thousand Prosperities." There is not a town in Malaysia without Chinese opera singers wailing over the radio.

Yet cities have neighborhoods completely Malay where the urban squeeze and the *kampung* sprawl compromise with neat rows of bungalows on stilts, so that the Malay bureaucrat can still spend days at his office and cultivate fruit trees outside his living-room window.

Once a ramshackle collection of squatters' huts, Petaling Jaya today brimming with modern skyscrapers is the capital's satellite city of tomorrow.









A Malaysian cultural expression is about as predictable as a Miss Universe contest. It can appear before you as a Malay farm lad in a rice field demanding recognition from passengers in a passing train by communicating via "the peace sign." Or a light-hearted, bare-breasted Iban grandmother unpacking her betel-nut kit, while her grandchildren pass around a snapshot of their brother studying in England. It can be a Chinese fishmonger cracking up with laughter when a foreign photographer asks him to pose with a 7-kilogram carp as if he had won it in a fishing contest. Or an *Orang Asli* guide explaining to hikers deep in the jungle about the time a tiger followed him to his village, when one false move would have been fatal—for the tiger, of course. It is a thousand other revelations characterized more by where they happen than by a common source.

"Malaysia" as a word is as new as the postwar baby boom. Before it entered the language of nationalism during the '50s, Malaysia was eleven states on the Malay peninsula, North Borneo, and Sarawak. The people in these regions spoke one of a dozen languages, followed one of several religions, and adhered to traditional beliefs that varied from the exorcism of evil spirits to portents bought from a 25¢ fortune-telling machine. The roots of family trees reach over the globe—to Sumatra, India, Sri Lanka, England, Portugal, Fukien, Canton, Thailand, Java, and the Philippines. Malaysians unify the land and the land unifies them, but within the recesses of private homes, customs are as varied as the ingredients of curry.

The Malays: "Sons of the Soil"

The Malays, long linked to the land as *Bumiputra*, "Sons of the Soil," generally prefer the sound of a cock crowing in the morning and crickets at night to noisy traffic horns and congested sidewalks. As farmers and fishermen living in close-knit neighborhoods, rural Malays cherish the simplicity of

Like a Confucian Disneyland (previous pages), lucky dragons and signs decorate the enameled rooftop gardens of a Chinese clan house in Penang. Chinese immigrants have contributed distinctive elements to Malaysia's cultural expressions.

an uncluttered outdoor life. In between harvests and fishing seasons, men pass their free afternoons lounging in a communal open-air pavilion or knotting fishing nets on a wooden platform by the shore. Women dust off the front shelves behind the sunlit facade of a traditional *kampung* house, or spend hours tending the small flower garden clustered around their doorsteps. Everyday routine gives way to an exuberant show of flying kites, spinning tops and bouncing *sepak raga* balls when villagers celebrate during a festive season. Come nightfall, the pattern returns. Children gather at the religious teacher's house to recite verses from the Koran under the glow of a gas lamp. *Kampung* life nurtures a provincial conformity laid down centuries ago. The ultimate of travel is a prestigious journey to Mecca, but other than the great pilgrimage, few *kampung* dwellers wander far.

The inherent talents of the Malays, however, find outlets far from the countryside. Well-groomed professionals, educated at Oxford and speaking impeccable English, make up the cream of the government service. Though a village elder may look askance at the freewheeling city life which permits stripe-tease and the brandy glass, a city Malay edges his Alfa Romeo into the parking lot of a high-class restaurant with the ease that comes with practice. Urban youths pick up the latest mod styles in clothing only weeks after they first appear in fashion magazines imported from London or Tokyo. Some young men arrive at religious ceremonies with long tufts of hair under their traditional *songkok* caps, in a style that resembles a rock musician—and many are. A suburban clapboard house may have electrical wiring running through the premises like cobweb, in order to hook up an amplifier for the lead singer in the local band practicing his Mick Jagger accent.

Though the rift between the farm and the city widens as years go by, it does not threaten the strong unity Malays derive from a common faith. The laws of Islam immediately set a Malay apart from fellow Malaysians. Pork, a food relished by the Chinese, is forbidden to Malays. Inter-marriage between races is uncommon, though Malays will accept a foreigner into the family if he or she is Muslim.

Yet Islam in Malaysia has little of the rigid dogma it has in the Middle East. Malays are an easy-going, shy people with an abhor-

rence of open conflicts and clashes of words. Their way of life, and their faith, is marked by a tolerance and self-control that have largely contributed to the peace Malaysia now enjoys.

The Chinese: From the Bottom Up

The Chinese, forming about 35 percent of the population, have a heritage so different from the Malays that for generations neither group knew much about the other. Malaysian Chinese worked their way up the hard route—from scratch. In the turmoil of 19th-Century China, leisure was a luxury no one could afford. The Manchu dynasty took its toll on those who refused to bow to its tyranny. Class structure was disintegrating; officialdom was corrupt; the land was riven by floods, famine, and rebellions. Yet not even the rugged, seafaring Chinese of the southern ports of Amoy and Canton were anxious to part from a motherland with 4,000 years of written literature. It was half escapism and half necessity that drove pioneers to Nanyang, “the Southern Seas,” and to save up meager wages earned from backbreaking labor. They arrived willing to endure hardships other men shunned. They tolerated constant outbreaks of jungle fever to build railroads, mine tin, and establish new settlements. It was a transient existence with a definite goal: to return to China a rich man. The pastimes of the migrant laborers were not the carefree sports which Malay farmers enjoyed, but the more tense preoccupations of gambling and opium—the quickest means for forgetting the demands of a laborious day. Nanyang as a whole was a gamble, taken at great risks but with tantalizing promises of wealth to those who succeeded. Rags-to-riches stories kept migrant laborers awake far into the night, and it was universally understood that any man who worked hard enough could become a millionaire.

Many did. The stately row of mansions along Jalan Ampang in Kuala Lumpur was built largely by Chinese *towkays* who made fortunes from tin. Spinning roulette wheels in the gaming rooms at Genting Highlands casino are surrounded by intense Chinese businessmen who calmly place a fistful of chips on a dozen numbers before each throw. There are places among the cluttered alleys in Malaysia's Chinatowns that resemble the seedy Shanghai of five decades ago. The

Chinese opera continues to ignore all realities other than the powdered, pampered, glorious days of the Chinese imperial court.

The parents who pack up bundles of clothing for relatives back in China have children more intent on buying a new car to show the neighbors, or a new evening dress for a Saturday night party. Uniformed students march off to the local high school loaded with bundles of science, engineering, and economic textbooks. If a scruffy, old shopkeeper has trouble deciphering the foreign accent of his customer, he calls for his twelve-year-old son who is proficient in Malay, Mandarin, Cantonese, Hokkien, and English. Malaysian Chinese, descended from a hardy class of merchants, continue to work their way up in the professional world. China provides the tradition—a festive calendar, a focal point for family ancestry, a language and a religion—but Malaysia provides the future.

The Indians: Stargazing and Rain Prevention

Indians came to Malaysia much as the Chinese did, following rumors of fortune in a land their ancestors knew as the “golden peninsula.” They came from South India in the early years of this century to tap rubber. The dream of instant wealth attracted many credulous villagers who later found themselves yoked to an alien rubber estate as indentured laborers. Thousands returned to India at the earliest opportunity and the Indians who remained, now forming 10 percent of the population, kept a close watch on the old country.

The rural culture of South India left a bright stamp on Malaysian life as vivid as a saffron silk sari. There are still hundreds of solitary men who live in humble barracks upstairs in an Indian shop house where they accumulate savings for a trip to the village back home. Indian weekly magazines, vegetable curries on banana leaves, the astrologer's calling card and the indomitable prevalence of the Hindu faith that continues to absorb change like an ink blotter have all become part of Malaysia. So has the Indian newspaper editor who plays golf in the morning, commands the news desk in the afternoon, and drinks beer with fellow jour-

alists and diplomats at his favorite pub in the evening.

With the awakening of a national consciousness and with the ever-increasing stimulus of modernization, Malaysian leaders seek an overriding unity to their plural society. National Culture Congresses convene to redefine the country's history and art with a pragmatic inclusiveness that draws upon the new and the old. Often the result is an eclectic collection of elements that span several centuries. Malaysian stage shows now combine Borneo war drums with ultraviolet floodlights. Even at the most prestigious diplomatic reception, when government dignitaries stand at crisp attention above a lavish parade ground, there will also be present a *homoh* — Malay village magician — hired by the protocol committee to make sure that it does not rain that day.

Islam: The Binding Spirit

If Malaysia has a single sound, it is the deep, melodious chanting of the muezzin — the man who turns the country's spiritual hourglass by calling Muslims to prayer five times each day. Though Indians, Sumatrans, Chinese, Thais, and Europeans each played their role in the history of Malaya, it was the Arab merchants who introduced Islam and it was Islam that revolutionized Malay life.

The two are synonymous: all Malays are Muslim, identified by Arabic names, married by Islamic law, guided by the moral precepts revealed in the Koran. Kuala Lumpur, the national capital, resembles a tropical dream of the Moors. Mecca is the supreme destination for any Malay villager wealthy enough to leave the country. Sultans, traditional rulers of the land, have combined spiritual prestige and political power for centuries. Today, Islam is the religion of the state, Friday the day of worship, and Islamic bonds the basis of diplomacy with the Muslim world.

Islam permeates everything Malay, from a soft-spoken greeting to the daily meal. The local *surau* or village mosque, is the heart of every Malay neighborhood. There is not a wardrobe in the entire village that does not contain the *songkok* cap men wear to mosque and the long, white garment women drape over their bodies when praying. Cleanliness

If you could single out a particular sound heard throughout the country, it is the chanting of the muezzin, calling together the faithful five times a day. Although all Malays are Muslim, freedom of worship is extended to all religions.





is a prime virtue. Villagers say the brighter the house, the more blessings God will bestow. A devout housewife keeps her dominion spotless. The typical Malay home, propped up on stilts to assure dust-free floors, is a picture of bright flower pots arranged on a freshly-swept courtyard. Each house has large, open windows to catch the sunlight, and a water basin at the foot of the stairs for bathing the feet before ascending. Unclean things — pig's meat and the saliva of a dog — are never touched. Food is prepared in accordance with religious law; wisdom is acquired through the words of God as spoken through His Prophet.

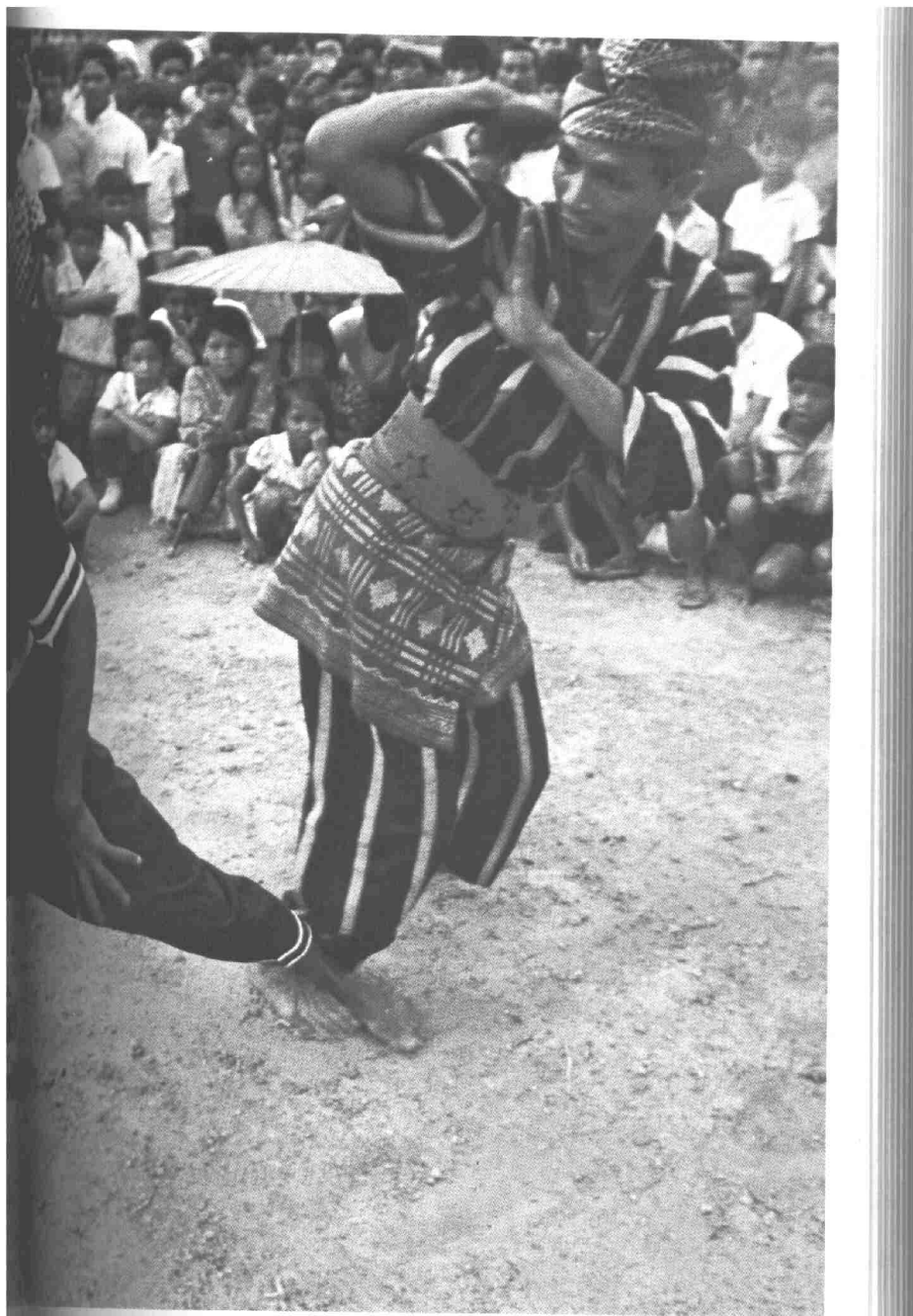
Kampung children, under the keen eye of the *Ustaz*, or religious teacher, can read and recite Koranic verses in Arabic long before they are able to cope with multiplication tables. Koran-reading contests merit prime time on national television and attract almost as many viewers as Muhammad Ali did during the heavyweight championship fight. Traffic is hopelessly snarled in Kuala Lumpur on Prophet Muhammad's birthday when thousands of Muslims parade through the streets singing praises to the Chosen One whose word has united much of mankind in faith.

Silat: Slithering Serpent, Glaring Owl

In some countries it may be lucrative to corner an unarmed man in a dark alley. In Asia it is fatal. Enough young men study the martial arts to form a weaponless army, and one expert can take on ten amateurs single-handed. In *silat*, the ancient Malay art of self-defence, unarmed fighters mimic a kris duel unto death—a reality in ancient times when a Malay who did not master the *silat* art dared not leave his *kampung*. During the lawless years of World War II, Malay leaders revived the martial art by creating a uniform system of teaching *silat* as a means of promoting godliness, loyalty, self-defence and self-discipline. Now, black-clad youths practice studied forms of potential violence behind the seclusion of high walls. Modesty and secrecy are among the basic precepts of a *silat* fighter. Like Japanese *karate*, Korean *tae kwon-do* and Chinese *koon tuo*—the legendary feats of which appear in popular Asian thriller films—expertise in *silat* in-

Malaysia has its own traditional martial art of self defense called silat. Enjoying a revival since World War II, silat like most Asian martial arts calls for gracefully disciplined movement and inner power—cloaked by modesty and secrecy.





volves meditation and spiritual powers, believed to help ward off evil blows. Fortunately, today evil blows are so few and far between that *silat* fighters are much more likely to highlight a national youth rally than to bruise an opponent. The most popular form of *silat* is merely a refined dance that epitomizes masculine grace.

One sideshow at almost every *kampung* wedding is a spontaneous round of exhibition *silat* to the dramatic tunes of long drums, gongs and melodious *serunai* trumpets. As the music speeds up, all eyes focus on the two fighters who crouch like wary panthers, lunge like arrogant cocks, slither like serpents and glare like owls. With limbs taut for instant reflex, they encircle each other in slow but perfected motion. Toes grip the earth for instinctive balance. Eyes meet in conniving attacks of psychological warfare.

Exhibition *silat* has great impact. Its latent violence sets the audience on edge. Its refined control conjures up all the virtuosities of the unvanquished Malay warrior. It was not so long ago when a *silat* fighter had to possess all these qualities. Fifty years ago, a Jelui chieftain humbled Mat Aris of Kelantan, who was the most famous *silat* fighter of his time. Said the proud Jelui man: "I slewed around and beheld him leaping upon me. A swift movement to one side served to avoid his blow, and as he passed by me my hand smote him full in the face. He was caught completely off his balance, and with a crash came headlong to the ground, but not so quick that I, with the bony edge of my left foot, had not cut his face open from chin to eye-brow."

Top Spinning: Hottest Item in the Village

Throughout most of the countryside top spinning is a teenage pastime, but among the Malay communities on the northeast coast, a champion spinner is the village folk hero. Tops there have mythical origins. No one knows when they first started spinning in Malaysia, but Semang aborigines who live in the jungles insist that lightning is the flashing of top-cords in heaven, where dead medicine men compete in a game; and thunder is the murmuring of the tops as they spin.

On the northeast coast, husky villagers hurl their platters of polished hardwood like Olympian discus throwers and send them twirling for a record time of one hour and forty-seven minutes. Top spinning requires such strength that boys under sixteen are barred from village contests for fear they may tear the ligaments in their shoulders. Tops

vary from a simple wooden cylinder that a farmer whittled in his spare time to fantastically streamlined discs with spindles trimmed with inlaid gold. A master top-maker, who does not even begin work until he first inspects the tree, is admired throughout the region.

With the harvest completed and all the rice stored, farmers settle down to betting on the local top team. Contests feature either the long-time spinners or the war-like strikers who spin down 7-kilogram fighting tops faster than a speeding bullet. Attackers need as much skill as muscle, since the defensive team contrives sinister spinning formations designed to eliminate an attacker's top from the tiny playing circle. In addition to enemy strategy, top spinners have to contend with the roars from the peanut gallery. Every other farmer looking on is an amateur spinner, and no rope cracks without a loud comment.

Top spinning in the rice fields is like British wrestling on TV: totally absorbing—the answer to how to forget the monotony of a workday without even trying. Farmers follow their champions to neighboring villages or receive an outside challenger and his band of supporters by holding a feast. The long-time spinners are most revered in village lore since in their flawless form, they can send a top purring for over an hour. In contests, the two village champions meet like rustic gladiators. Teammates scoop up each top in a flash and place it under a bamboo-canopied stand. Long-time spinning tops are said to be "sleeping" and perhaps in the shade they will sleep longer.

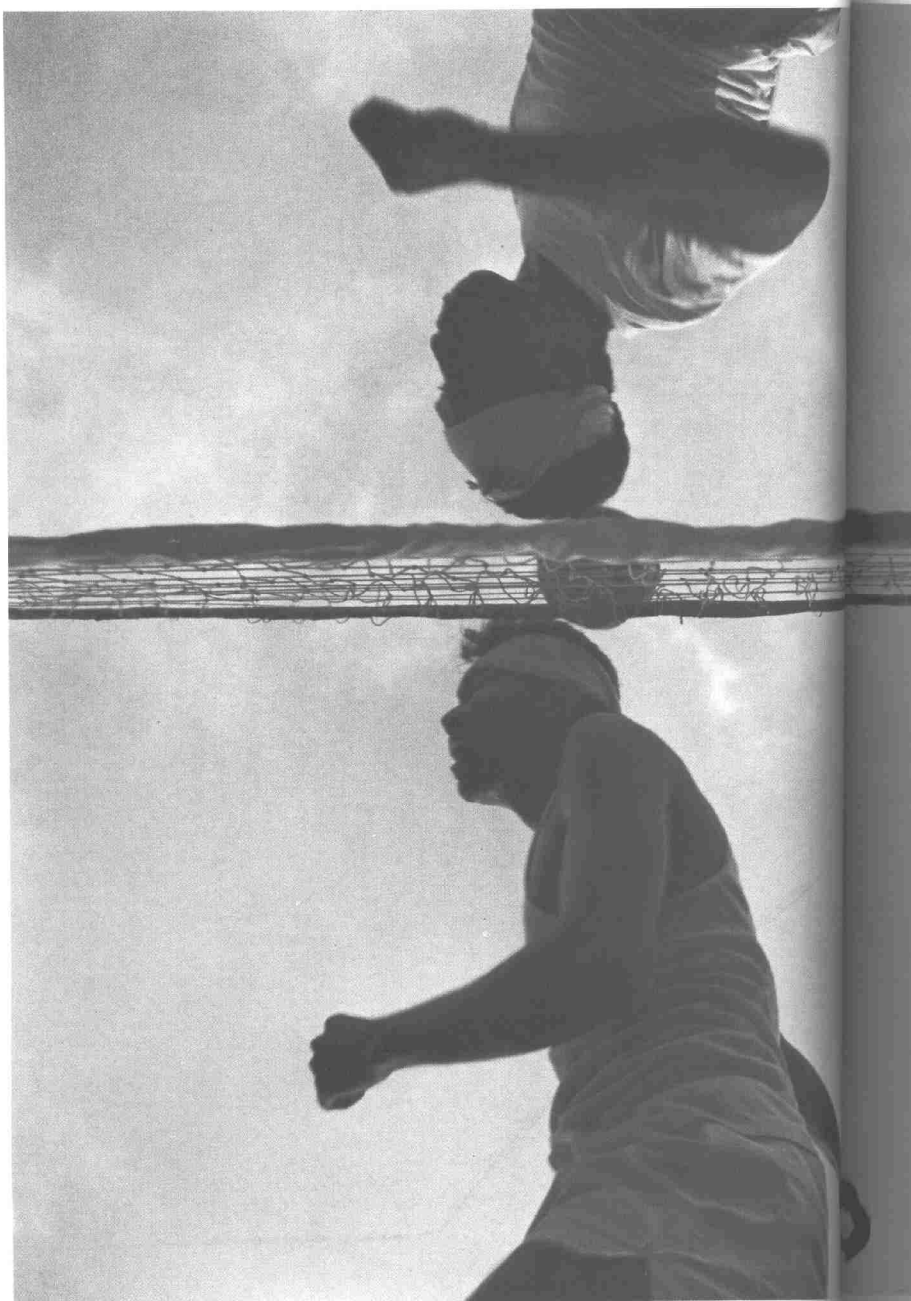
Sepak Raga: Bobbing in Space for Hours

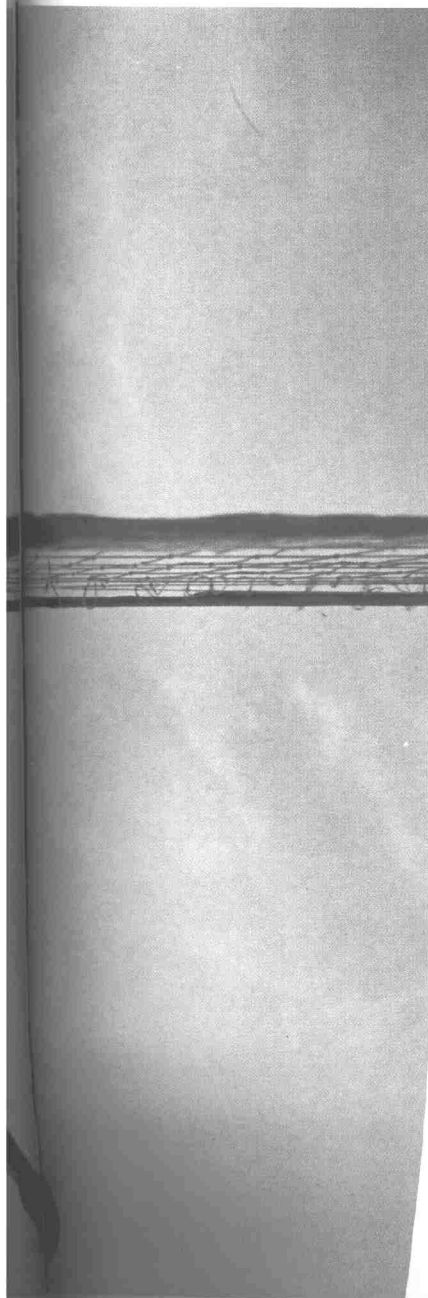
In the backyard of a clapboard *kampung* house, on a stretch of beach in south Sabah, in the parking lot of a shopping center or on a ship's deck, Malaysian youths shed working clothes for T-shirt and shorts, and start kicking and heading a ball about. *Sepak raga* is the most adaptable popular sport in Malaysia. All that is necessary is a small ball made of rattan and an open space, thus permitting a contest that demands the agility of a tap dancer, a high jumper and a sharpshooter combined.

Sepak raga traces its origins to a regal show-off in the 15th Century, when four Malay

Top spinning has been raised to a major sport in Malaysia, where masters can keep the hardwood cones turning for hours. Played during the period of ripening of the padi main gasing, as it is called, is reputed to bring in a good harvest.







rulers strolled out of the Malacca throne room to a space within the palace walls and proceeded to engage in some fancy footwork that sent the rattan ball bobbing in space for hours on end. The star of the show was the Raja of the Moluccas Isles, who held his audience spellbound by sending the ball skyward with foot, heel, sole, instep, calf, thigh, knee, shoulder, head (everything but the hands), without letting it touch the ground until it had risen and fallen more than 200 times.

Kampung folks have been following his illustrious example ever since. A village festival crowd breaks into circles as soon as the ceremonies permit, each circle of men giving the rattan ball a full aerial workout until someone's legs tire of the expertly aimed kicks, jabs and jumps. Comical dramatics and a show of muscle embellish the big games. A *sepak raga* superstar delights not only his ebullient sports fans. The ladies of the village are watching, too.

Other Southeast Asian countries play variations of *sepak raga*. Arising from a desire to standardize the game and gain international recognition for the sport, Laos, Thailand, Singapore and Malaysia met in 1965 and devised a game with a set of rules acceptable to all. *Sepak takraw* made its appearance at the first Southeast Asian Peninsular Games in 1965 and Malaysia walked off with the gold medal. They have dominated the game ever since. Who knows, but if interest in *sepak takraw* continues to grow the rattan ball may soon be bobbing in the midst of the Olympic Games.

Wayang Kulit and the Dancing Shadows

No one knows who the first man was who tapped the heavens and invited the mythical personalities dwelling there to appear on earth as shadows. A thousand years ago, puppeteers of the shadow theater were entertaining imperial hosts in the courts of China. Otherworld figurines punched out of buffalo hide have bickered and flickered in the lamp light for centuries, in Turkey, India, Burma, Cambodia, Java, Thailand and Malaysia. Malaysia's shadows allude to immortal tales spun through the great *Ramayana* Hindu epic — tales revealing the heavenly virtues of filial

Action-packed volleying and balletic movements may someday carry sepak takraw beyond Southeast Asia to worldwide arenas of sport. Malaysians excel in this game, in which every part of the body except the hands may be used.

piety, marital devotion, valor in war, loyalty to one's brethren. The *Wayang Kulit*, or "Shadow Play," is unabashedly moralistic. The characters, after all, are either immortalized heroes or infinitely doomed villains. They clash in shadow battles time and time again, yet everyone knows that Prince Rama, personification of godly grace, will eventually prevail over the hideous, ten-headed demon king called Rawana. The question, and the entertainment, is simply: how? This is left to the skill of "the Master of the Mysteries," known to Malays as *To'Dalang*.

The *To'Dalang*, puppeteer and almighty guiding hand behind the shadows, has a nearly superhuman task. It is a tremendous job to memorize, conduct and sing all the parts of as many as fifty different puppets, lead the Malay orchestra providing the background music, and direct the action on screen all at the same time. Yet the *To'Dalang* carries on a single-handed performance for up to six hours without stopping. His repertoire of personalities includes strange animals in warrior's clothing, princes, priests, sages, giants, ghouls and the inevitable monkeys. But his favorite characters, as every shadow fan knows, are two sassy slapstick clowns named Pa'Dogah and Wak Long. Their wit and acrobatic contortions can keep a village audience howling until their eyes water.

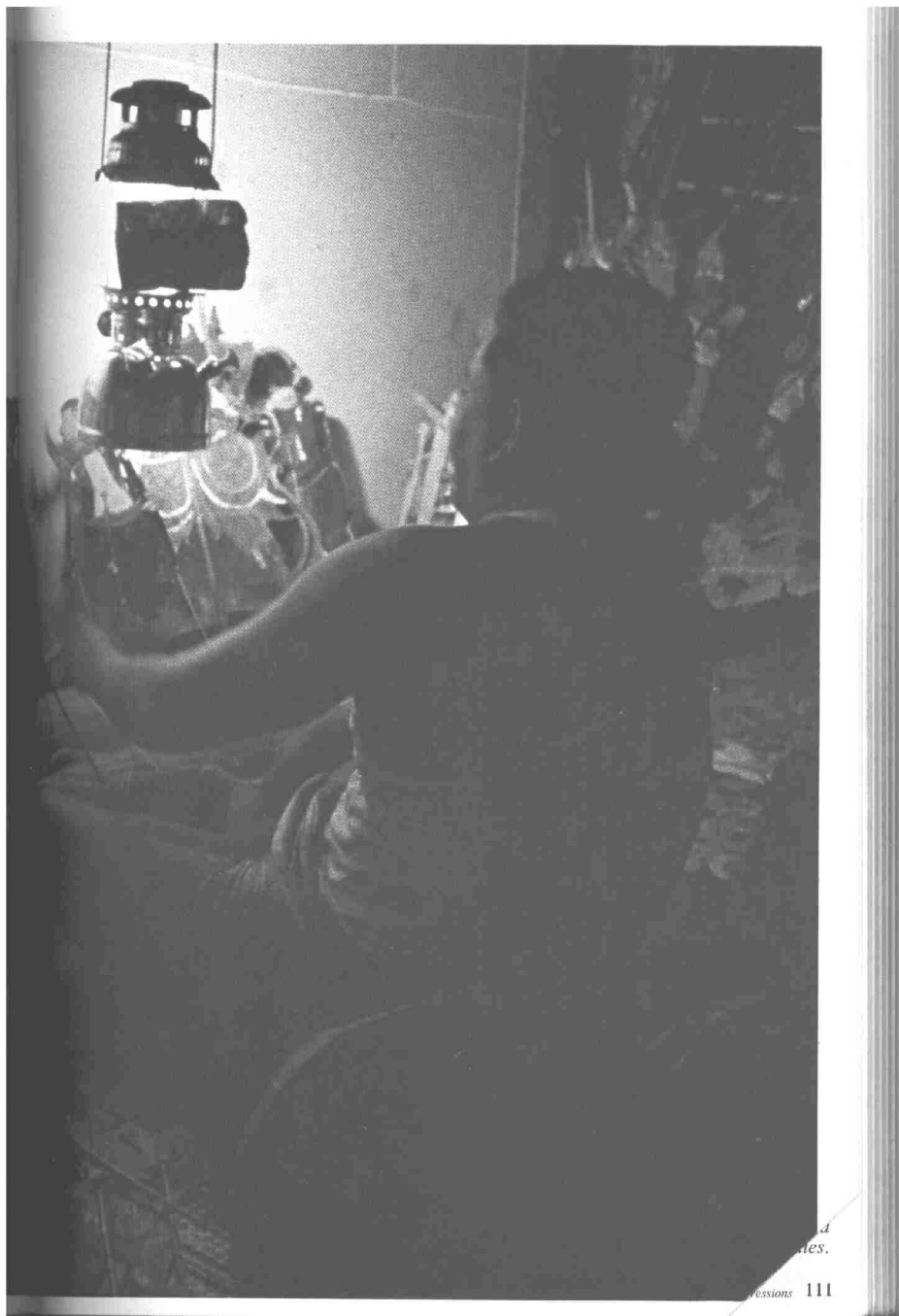
The Kris: Quintessence of Power

In the 15th Century a wavy-bladed double-edged dagger entered the courtly intrigues of the Malacca Sultanate. Some scholars insisted it originated from a sting-ray's bone, others pointed to Javanese ironsmiths who forged the vicious dagger, or kris, as a royal weapon.

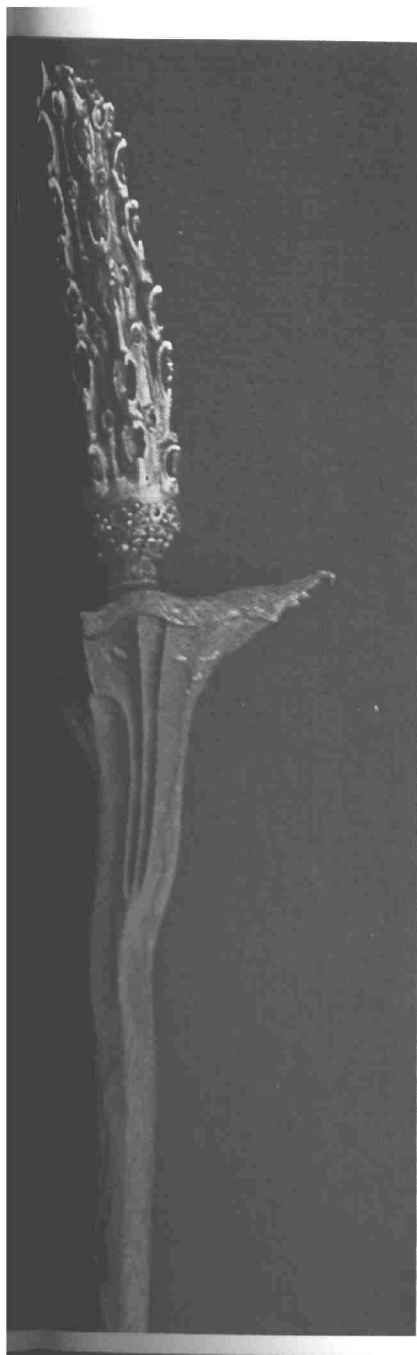
Small, poisoned-tipped krisses could easily be concealed in a sarong. The pistol-like grip, designed for thrusting with greatest reach, made the kris most lethal. It was not long before every man carried at least one kris into combat. By 1586, Europeans sent out warnings about "daggers as sharp as a razor." The kris soon took on regal overtones as the symbol of kingship and authority. To the Malay bridegroom, the kris sealed his position as *Raja Sahari*, "King for a Day." To a royal

For more than a thousand years the puppet master has entranced audiences of the shadow play. Episodes from the Indian epic, the Ramayana provide the basic plot for Wayang Kulit performances, but the puppeteer is free to improvise, mixing in anecdotes and local news.









attendant, a golden kris was the ultimate status symbol.

In olden days, when psychic powers were on the prowl, the kris attracted cosmic vibrations like a magnet. Each kris was thought to be possessed by a spirit. The exquisite carvings on the hilt—a kingfisher's head or a stylized figure of a Rajah hugging himself to keep warm—were thought to please the spirit. But though the spirit could be appeased, the kris still had a will of its own. Its mystical qualities generated a slew of popular legends. It was said that a man might be killed if his footprints were stabbed by a kris. To so much as point a kris at anyone was to place him in danger. Some "magic" krisses could suck fire away from an object, cure snake bites or break evil spells. One old farmer insisted that his kris could bring relief to people with a hair stuck in their throat.

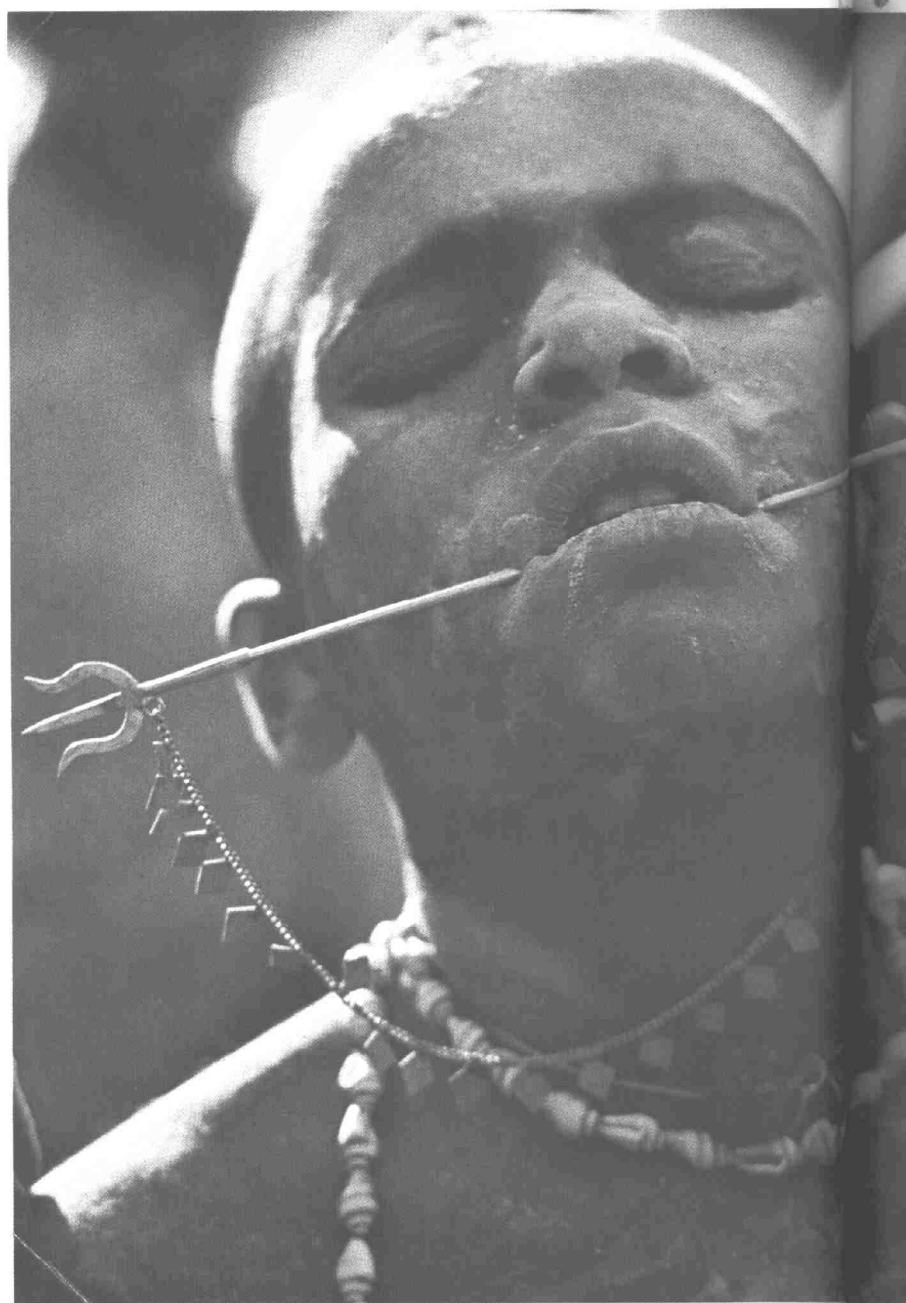
The wavy blade was the key to its powers. Malays call the blade *mata keris*, "eye of the kris," and treasure it above all else. The kris of Hang Tuah, a heroic Malay warrior, contained twenty varieties of iron. As late as 1952 an item appeared in the press about a kris named *Berok Bergayun*, "The Singing Ape," which had taken ninety-nine lives. Its blade, it was claimed, was made from ape bones and steel. Its original owner was a wicked monkey who lurked in the trees where he dangled his kris from a string and dropped it on unwary travelers.

Now most kris fables have been rationalized out of existence and emerge only in occasional headlines such as "Poison Kris Stolen from Flat." But if the magic is gone, the glory remains. To Malay rulers, the kris is still the quintessence of power, present at every investiture, served by a warrior on a silver tray, unsheathed and kissed by the king.

Thaipusam: Fulfilling the Holy Vow

At four o'clock in the morning mesmerizing Hindu drums ricochet off the limestone domes of Batu Caves like the heartbeat of a long-distance runner. Dark streams of pilgrims flood the roadside, arriving by the hundreds in lorries and buses. Breakfast foodstalls along the parking lots whip up hot cups of Sri Lankan tea and *murthaba*. Young,

In the annals of Malayan history, the kris became a legendary weapon to which magic powers and heroic exploits were attributed. Though the aura has waned, it remains a symbol of power, displayed at royal ceremonies.





lanky girls dressed in Day-Glo colors, on their first big trip from a rubber plantation in a year, shyly giggle at an ambitious Western journalist laden with camera equipment. By 4:30 the 3-kilometer-long parking lot is jammed. The massive limestone outcrop turns from an opaque glob to a gray specter as the sky pales. Under a gateway inscribed "Divine Life Society, Malaysia Branch" hang strings of Christmas tree bulbs illuminating the path up the gigantic staircase that disappears into the sacred cave.

The day is Thaipusam, a day of reckoning among Hindu devotees, who vow to repent for past sins and who ask future favors by making an extraordinary pilgrimage up the steep steps to Batu Caves. It is a day of thanksgiving and prayer.

Before ascending, repenters drench their bodies in the purifying stream, yield their minds to the frenetic drumbeats and prepare for absolution. The riverbank is a scene of yellow-clothed devotees passing from consciousness into religious abandon. Relatives and supporters gather around the entrance to dab their foreheads with sacred ashes, and pierce their cheeks with long skewers and spikes. Mortification of the flesh is an act of repentance, and the *kavadi*, a simple wooden frame strewn with peacock feathers, is the symbolic burden one carries in sublimated pain. As electric chanting pours out of loudspeakers and crowds thicken, *kavadi*-carriers slowly rise with the heavy weight fastened into their skin through metal hooks. Some zealous helpers use whips to spur on the devotees, others walk away quietly beside them, offering a gentle hand and constant prayers.

Within the hallowed destination is a dim sea of light bulbs, scattered fires and innumerable pilgrims. Shafts of sunlight shoot down hundreds of meters from cracks in the limestone ceiling. In a deep grotto framed with stalactites rests the jewel-encrusted image of Lord Subramaniam, The Spotless One, Son of Siva. A dozen white-clad priests tend to thousands of worshipers and bestow blessings and sacred ash upon the spent *kavadi*-carriers. The burden is lifted, the trance subsides. A coconut is dashed to the ground and camphor burned. The holy vow made unto God has been fulfilled.

Pain is transcended, then joyousness overcomes this Hindu fulfilling his vow to Subramaniam, son of Siva. In February each year worshippers flock to Penang and the Batu Caves near Kuala Lumpur for the Thaipusam ritual of purification.

Chinese New Year: Mystical, Musical Cats

Silence has never been at a premium on a Chinese street. Operatic love songs blare from portable transistors in every other balcony. Sputtering lorries draw up outside the local hardware store where workers heave heavy machinery. Gears growl on command at the motorcycle repair shop two doors down, not to mention the carpenters' hammers or the hefty cooks shouting orders at the corner coffee shop where the best meals are enjoyed in the loudest company.

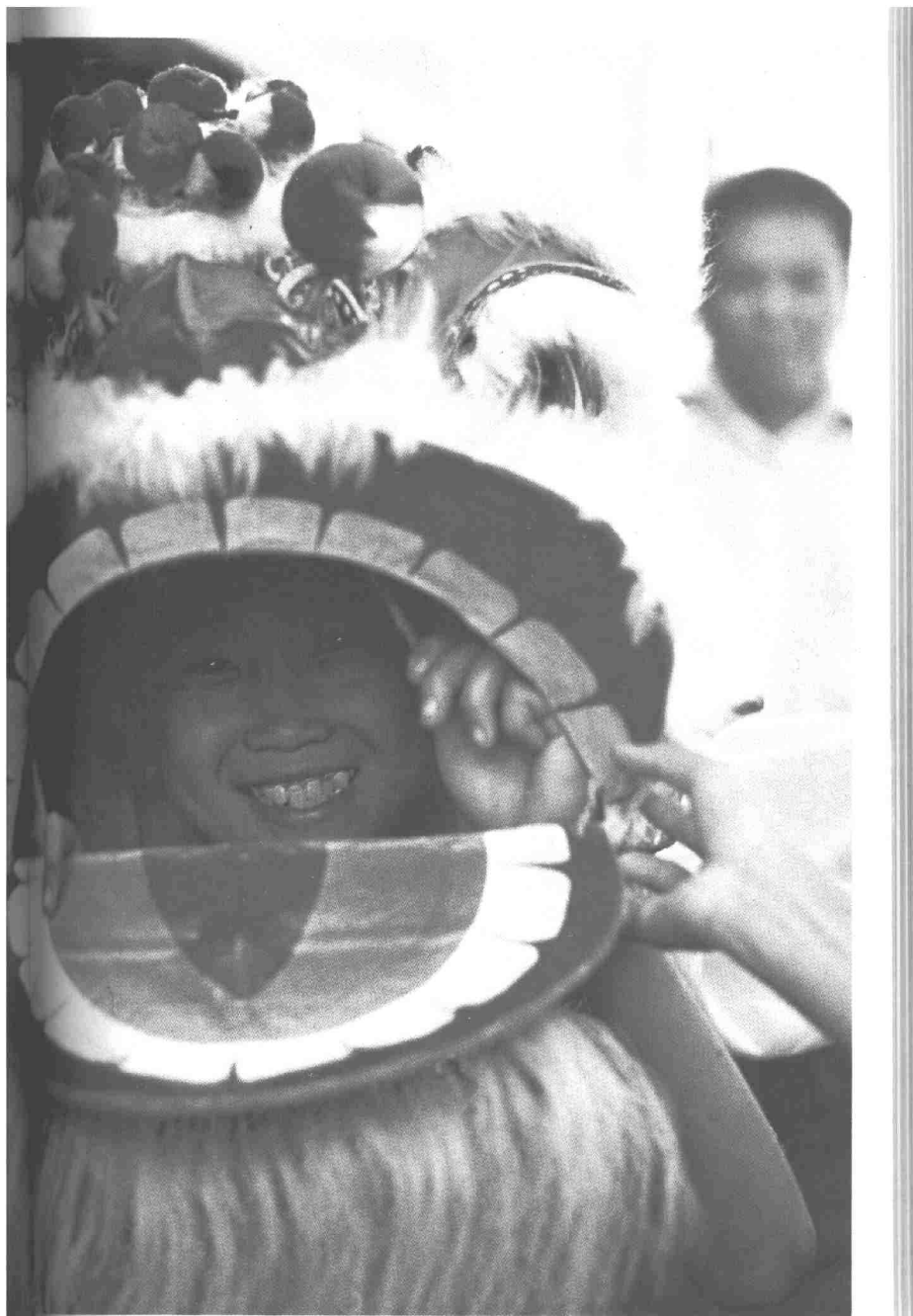
But that is just normal. On Chinese New Year the bustle is amplified across the nation as shopkeepers on holiday splash their doorways with vermilion "lucky" scrolls and dragon-studded signboards shouting happiness and prosperity greetings to everyone in sight. Traffic creeps around a pedestrian parade of fashionable shoppers selecting *Nien Koay*—"cakes of the year"—for the dinner table or bright-colored greeting cards inscribed with joyous tidings. Tickets for the latest Hong Kong swordfighting film have been sold out weeks in advance, and those who are not in the cinema bring their foldout chairs to the neighborhood parking lot and resign themselves to the tears and laughter of Chinese opera stars.

All things positive, powerful and brilliant spark off the new year. Fantastic "lions" appear on the streets and start dancing—in and out of cluttered shop houses, around the corner coffee shop and under the window of a typical tiny hotel room with plastic curtains. As if the everyday radio racket was not enough, on New Year's day music-loving Chinese are blessed with a live cymbal orchestra. Mystical lions always bring their band along, even if the oldest musician has not yet reached his teens.

Every 3 meters or so, the clever and comical king of the beasts strikes up a mischievous song and dance routine, wiggling his hindquarters below a glistening coat of mirror sequins, drinking a soda pop and spraying it out, flapping his jaw and generally captivating his sympathetic onlookers with a wild display of high-stepping joy. Dancing lions are called down from the fantasy world on every momentous occasion. As guardians of the legendary empire and protectors of the

Cymbals crash and horns screech while a mythical lion dances in the Chinese New Year. Things positive, powerful, and brilliant are invoked by the Chinese to chase away the bad and welcome the bearers of good fortune.









faith, lions of stone snarl from the balustrades of Taoist temples. But on Chinese New Year, the mystical cats just dance around from shop to shop collecting *ang pows*—the cash gift packets of the season—and this is more than enough good fortune for their nimble manipulators.

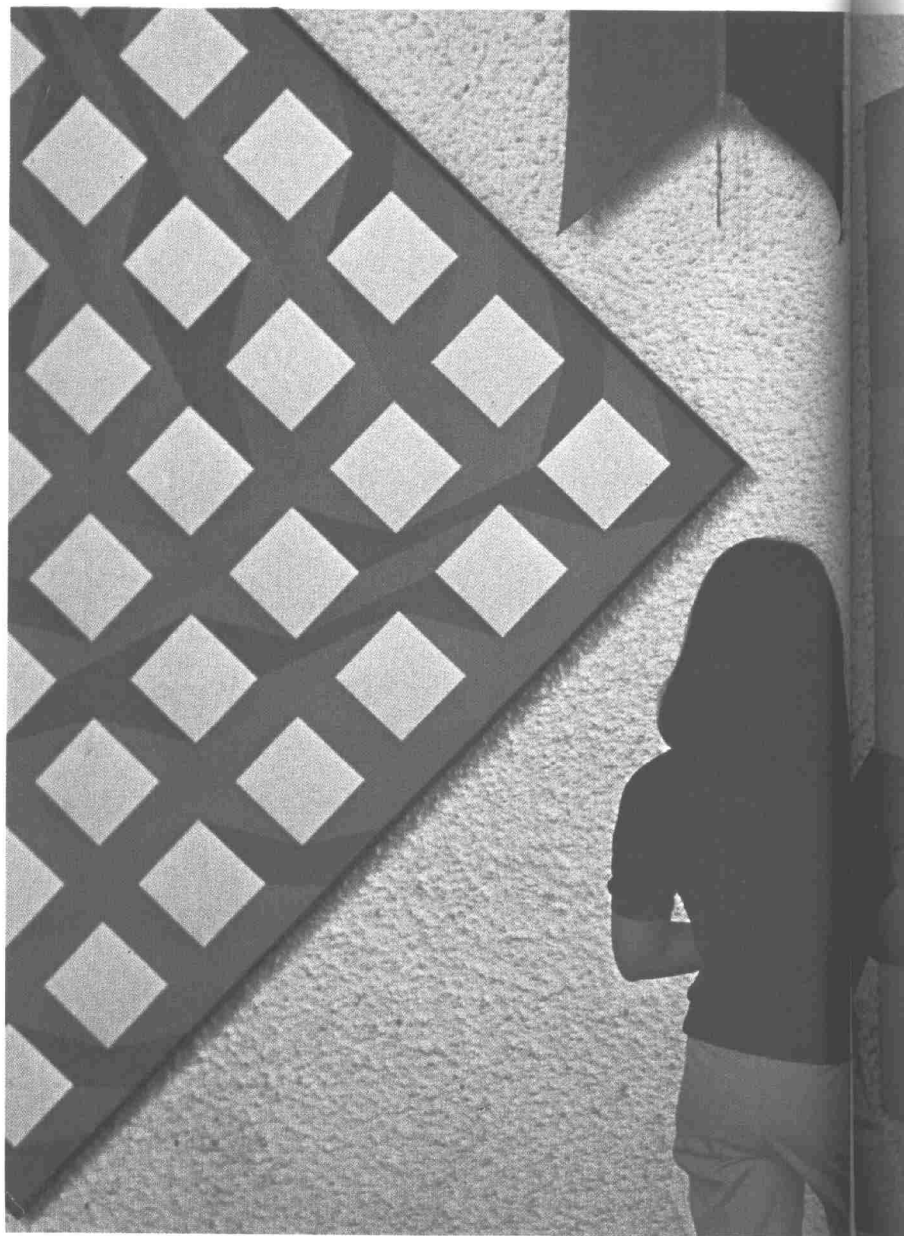
Sarawak Art: Visions from the Jungle

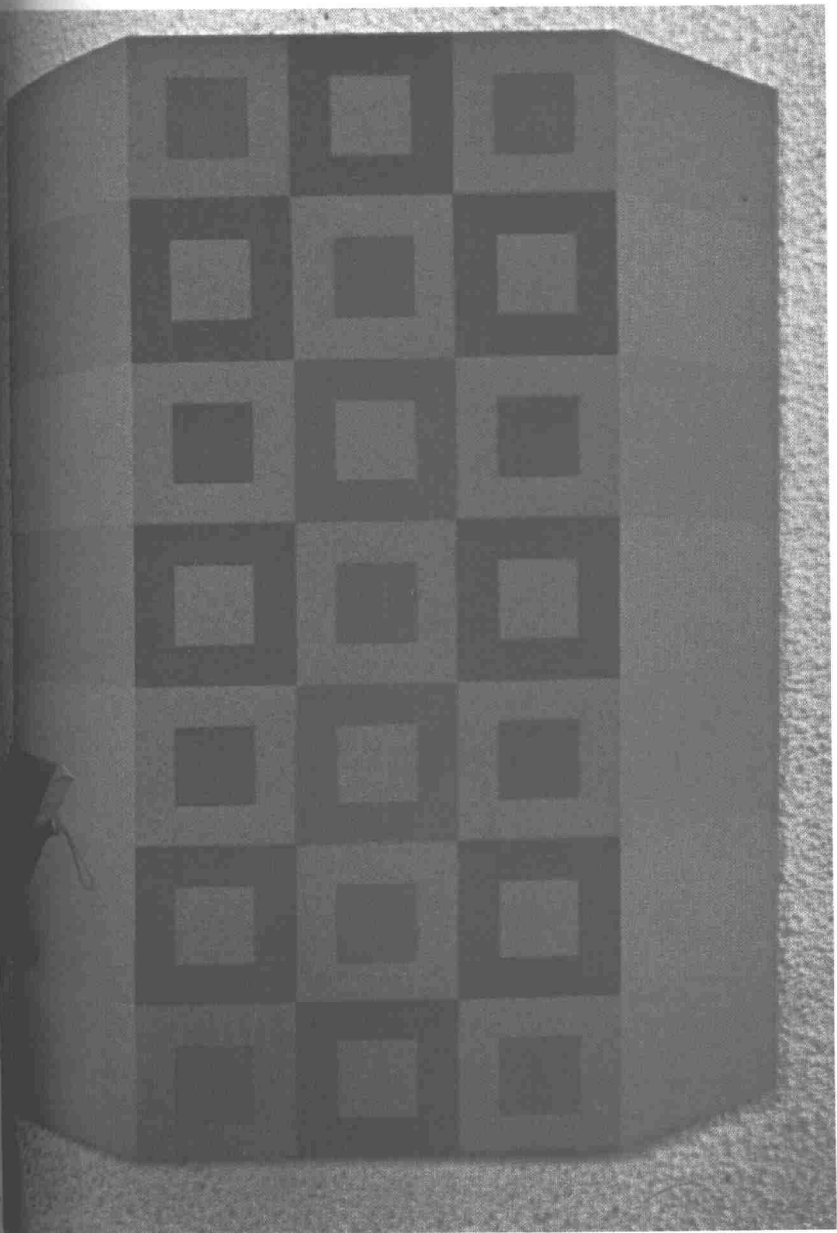
An unexpected eye-to-eye collision with a Sarawak painting is powerful enough to startle a goblin, and with subconscious determination, this is precisely what its creator had in mind. For thousands of years Sarawak's inland people have lived so close to nature that her awesome ways have fused with tribal life and ritual. Spirits animate the trees, birds, skies and rivers as the soul animates man. To live harmoniously with the invisible world one must first respect it.

Supernatural precautions were not the only inspiration for a vivid folk art. Pomp, ceremony, family pride and a dandy's vanity all contributed to high fashion in the jungles. Longhouse-dwellers lived in the midst of a verdant environment strewn with twisting vines, capricious butterflies and luminescent insects. Like the wild life around them, they primped their bodies in natural elegance. Warriors appeared at longhouse celebrations with exquisite hornbill carvings in their earlobes, eagles' feathers artfully arranged on multicolored beaded caps and tattoos adorning their skin with prestigious patterns. Women arrived in delicately woven sarongs trimmed with silver thread and jingling bells, their bodices and torsos smothered by silver jewelry.

Sarawak's decorative art lent a jubilant beauty, but never without a function, to tribal society. Painting popped up on everything from burial poles to bamboo containers but always as an addition rather than an end in itself. Tribal life demanded ceremonial masks to greet strangers, guardian spirits to protect hunters, "sickness figures" to draw out disease. These were finely carved when required by master craftsmen. "Art for art's sake" is an alien principle in the East where crafts either embellish daily life or enrich it with spiritual value. Now crafts are also a means of obtaining money through sales to souvenir shops, but here, speed is more important than precision.

Supernatural motifs decorate a longhouse in Sarawak. In the more modern setting of KL's National Museum, artists and audience ponder newer art forms (following pages).







GULF OF THAILAND

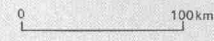


SOUTH CHINA SEA

THAILAND



STRAITS OF MALACCA



Facts at a Glance

Official Name: The Federation of Malaysia

Land area: 330,000 sq km

Peninsular Malaysia 132,000 sq km

Sabah & Sarawak 198,000 sq km

Population: 15 million

Peoples: Bumiputras (Malays and other indigenous races) 53.5%, Chinese

35.3%, Indians 10.5%, Others 0.7%.

Religions: Islam (45%), Buddhism,

Hinduism, Christianity.

Main Languages: Malay, Chinese, Tamil, English.

Birth rate per 1,000: 30.1

Death rate per 1,000: 7

Capital: Kuala Lumpur

Other major cities: George Town, Ipoh, Kuching, Kota Kinabalu

Political system: Constitutional monarchy with elected parliament

Head of State: Yang di Pertuan Agung

(presently, Tuanku Ahmad Shah al-Mu'adzam Billah)

Head of Government: Prime Minister

(presently, Datuk Sri Mahathir Mohamad)

Independent since: Aug. 31, 1957

Joined U.N.: Sept. 17, 1957

Main exports: petroleum, rubber, timber, palm oil, tin

Main imports: plant and capital equipment

(37%), manufactured consumer goods

(22%), raw materials and food (17%),

petroleum (12%)

Main trading partners: U.S.A., Japan,

Singapore, Australia, E.E.C.

Newspapers (In English): New Straits

Times, Malay Mail, Star

Per capita income: US\$1,860

Currency exchange: US\$1 = M\$2.27

Electricity: 220 volts, 50 cycles a.c.

Highest point: Mount Kinabalu 4,100 meters

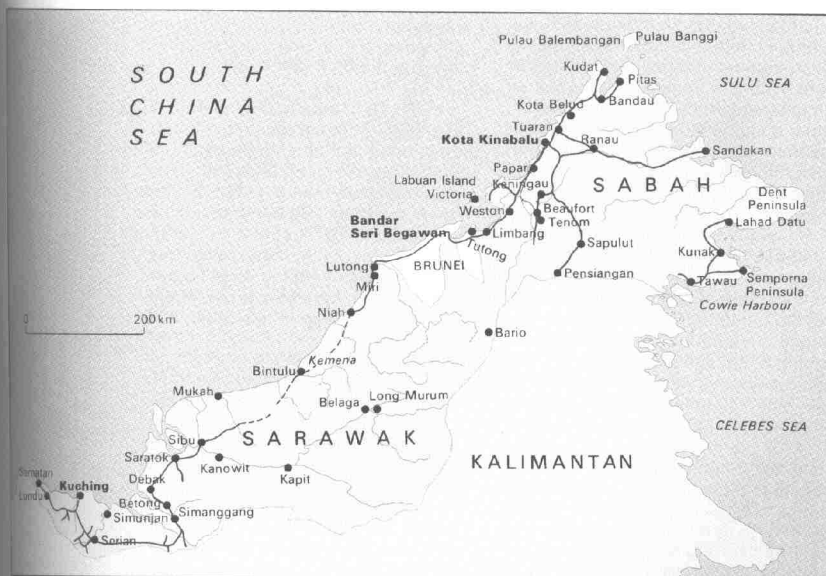
Climate: Daily average temperature range

21°—32°C

Time zone: Kuala Lumpur is GMT plus

7½ hours; New York City plus 12½ hours

Sports: swimming, fishing, soccer, golf, hockey, badminton



finding your way

Malaysia is no ordinary country. Visitors can literally travel any way they choose—via long-boat, helicopter, trishaw, mountain rope, funicular railway or *Orang Asli* jungle trail. Travel has so many dimensions in Malaysia that it becomes an end in itself. And there are more than enough opportunities to keep going.

Malaysia is a big country. Covering some 330,000 sq km, it forms a crescent which extends from the Thai border almost to the Philippines. Big, yes, but the paradox is that getting around in the Federation is remarkably easy. All sorts of transportation are available.

A modern, overnight train crosses the Thai border and follows the sweeping curve of the Malay peninsula to Johore Bahru in the south. Its counterpart, slower perhaps, chugs its way up the backbone of the peninsula, through seemingly impenetrable jungles to Kota Bharu in the north. A speedy riverboat with 100 passengers skims up Sarawak's wide Rajang River, from Sibu to Kapit. A motor launch with a party of weekenders cruises across the blue waters from Mersing to Tioman Island. An air-conditioned bus speeds from Kuala Lumpur through rubber plantations to keep its three-hour schedule to Malacca. A chartered light plane flies over the jungles from Kuala Lipis to Kuantan. A coastal steamer leaves Penang for Port Klang, Malacca, Singapore and then sails to Sarawak and Sabah. Aborigines belonging to the Senoi tribe paddle two sports fishermen up the Endau River to tributaries where no line has been cast before. Traveling in Malaysia can be as exciting and adventuresome as one wants to make it. Knowing how to get around is the secret.

Traveling reveals the charm that hides behind the masks of Malaysia. You may meet rural children at play (previous pages), or experience such contrasts as the National Mosque in a modern, fast-changing capital (following pages).

By Air

Malaysia's national airline, Malaysian Airline System, or MAS (*mas* in Malay means "gold"), has extensive domestic routes connecting all major points throughout Malaysia. These include many small townships in the more remote regions of Sabah and Sarawak which would otherwise be isolated from the mainstream of travel. At night, there are economy flights between Kuala Lumpur and Penang, Kota Kinabalu, Kuching and Singapore.

Malaysia Air Charter (MAC) and Wira Kris operate a fleet of light aircraft and helicopters throughout the country. Both have bases in Kuala Lumpur. The fare is between M\$950 and M\$2,400 an hour depending on the type of aircraft and number of persons. Anywhere on the Malay peninsula is approximately an hour's flight from Kuala Lumpur. Anywhere in Sabah is approximately an hour away from Kota Kinabalu, the state capital.

By Train

The Malayan Railway operates over 2,700 km of track. Day express trains—the Magic Arrow between Kuala Lumpur and Singapore and the Golden Arrow between Kuala Lumpur and Butterworth—run daily. They have air-conditioned buffet cars for first-class passengers and fan-cooled buffet cars for second class. Night trains include the North Star between Kuala Lumpur and Butterworth and the Southern Cross between Kuala Lumpur and Singapore. Night trains consist of first and second class buffet cars. Air-conditioned sleeping cars are also available, but reservations are a must. In addition, the railroad operates an east coast service called the Sumpitan Emas (Golden Blowpipe) which runs daily between Gemas and Tumpat, via Kuala Lipis in the central highlands. A ride on the Golden Blowpipe



The small maps in the margin in Part Two indicate by means of a black dot the area covered in the text on the same page.



is a great change as it provides a view of the triple-canopied forest.

In Sabah, rail service is provided through scenic Padas Gorge between Beaufort and Tenom by the Sabah State Railways. For those who like to travel in style, railcars may be chartered anytime for a minimum of five passengers. This can be arranged through local travel agents or Sabah State Railways. The train passes through jungle terrain and along the famous Padas rapids.

By Sea

Sea travel to Sabah and Sarawak is almost a thing of the past. Until February, 1984, however, the Straits Steamship Company was still offering monthly sailings between Singapore and Tawau.

By Road

Because Malaysia's roads are good, one of the best ways to travel is to rent a car and set out on a spontaneous trip through the peninsula. (Note: driving is on the left-hand side of the road.) There are half a dozen dependable rent-a-car services in Kuala Lumpur and Penang. Rentals, without air conditioning, range from M\$35 a day, plus mileage and gas. Customers are required to have a valid driver's license. Because many of the country roads are dimly lit at night, it is advisable to drive during the day. Travel agents will also arrange for a private car and driver, who will also serve as a guide, for those who wish to go sightseeing.

In most countries, thrifty travelers would not consider traveling by taxi on a long journey. But in Malaysia "outstation" travel between cities is a favorite and inexpensive mode of transportation. A census would possibly reveal that more local people travel by taxi than by train or even bus. From Kuala Lumpur to the smallest village there are centrally located taxi stations, usually near the

market place. Drivers call out their destinations to prospective passengers, and when a taxi has its full capacity—four passengers—it proceeds non-stop to its destination. Fares are rated per passenger, and it is possible to travel from the Thai border down the full length of the peninsula to Johore Bahru in the south for as little as M\$30. But the driving is deplorable!

Bus routes connect all cities in Peninsular Malaysia. Fares on the public transport system are reasonable. Bus companies also offer charter services and sometimes supply guides. MARA's air-conditioned buses make daily runs to Alor Star in the north, Kota Bharu in the east and Singapore in the south. In Sabah and Sarawak, Landrovers connect the rural towns. They are also available for private hire, with guide services.

Within City Limits

Taxis are available in all large towns and may be hired from authorized taxi stands or hailed by the roadside, with the exception of Penang where taxis are prohibited by law from cruising for prospective passengers. If a taxi is required at a hotel or private residence, it can be called by telephone, but the distance is calculated from the stand from which it is hired to the passenger's destination.

All taxis have meters. The authorized fares are 70 Malaysian cents for the first mile or part, 30 cents for each additional half mile, and 20 cents for each eight-minute detention. The normal taxi load, in terms of the meter rate, is two passengers and there is a charge of 10 cents for each additional passenger. Between 1 a.m. and 6 a.m. an additional 50 percent of the normal meter rate is added to the fare. There is no charge for hand luggage; 10 cents per piece for other luggage.

Taxis may also be hired by the hour. The fare is M\$10 for the first

four or part and M\$2.50 for each quarter of an hour thereafter. Air-conditioned taxis are available at about double the rate.

Many local people in Malaysia go by trishaw when traveling short distances. Foreigners may find it a novel means of transport. Trishaws are safe and fun. They cost about the same as taxis, although the rate must be established with the rider beforehand.

Accommodation

Throughout Malaysia there are all types of accommodation to suit everyone's pocketbook and taste. In Kuala Lumpur and other large towns there are fine modern hotels, offering air-conditioned rooms with private bath and telephone. Hotels range from minaretted Moorish-style buildings to towering skyscrapers with more than 600 rooms and suites. On the mountains there are resort inns with magnificent views of rolling hills and green jungles, and by the seaside are chalets overlooking uncluttered coastlines and distant offshore islands.

No town or village, irrespective of size, is without its Chinese hotels. These, of course, lack the luxuries of first-class hotels providing only one sheet per bed and the skimpiest of towels, and you may have to share a bathroom and a telephone. But they are clean, well-lit, and inexpensive. They also express a mood of Malaysia you do not find in modern hotels.

Malaysia offers still another type of accommodation, and that is Government-owned Rest Houses. In many towns, they are on par with the best hotels, but they go one step further. They are a reminder of Malaysia's past when traveling officials relied wholly upon Government Rest Houses for accommodation. At the day's end, after journeying by horseback or bullock-cart over jungle tracks, the traveler eagerly searched the darkness for the glow of a hur-

ricane lamp lighting the porch of the local rest house. On the veranda steps he was certain to be greeted by a white-coated Malay house-boy who led him to his quarters. The sight was always welcoming—a spacious room with windows opened on to a veranda, a mosquito net draped over the bed, a porcelain jug filled with fresh water, sticks of smoldering incense burning in a pot beside the bed to keep the mosquitoes at bay. Air conditioning then was a turbaned youth who sat in a far corner. In a slow rhythmic motion he would pull the cord of the *punkah*, causing the enormous rattan fan to swing in pendulum fashion across the ceiling.

Quite a few such rest houses remain in Malaysia to this day; hurricane lamps have been replaced by electricity, *punkah*-boys by five-speed fans or even air conditioning, and porcelain jugs by hot showers and baths. Chinese and Western food is usually available and the room rates are invariably reasonable.

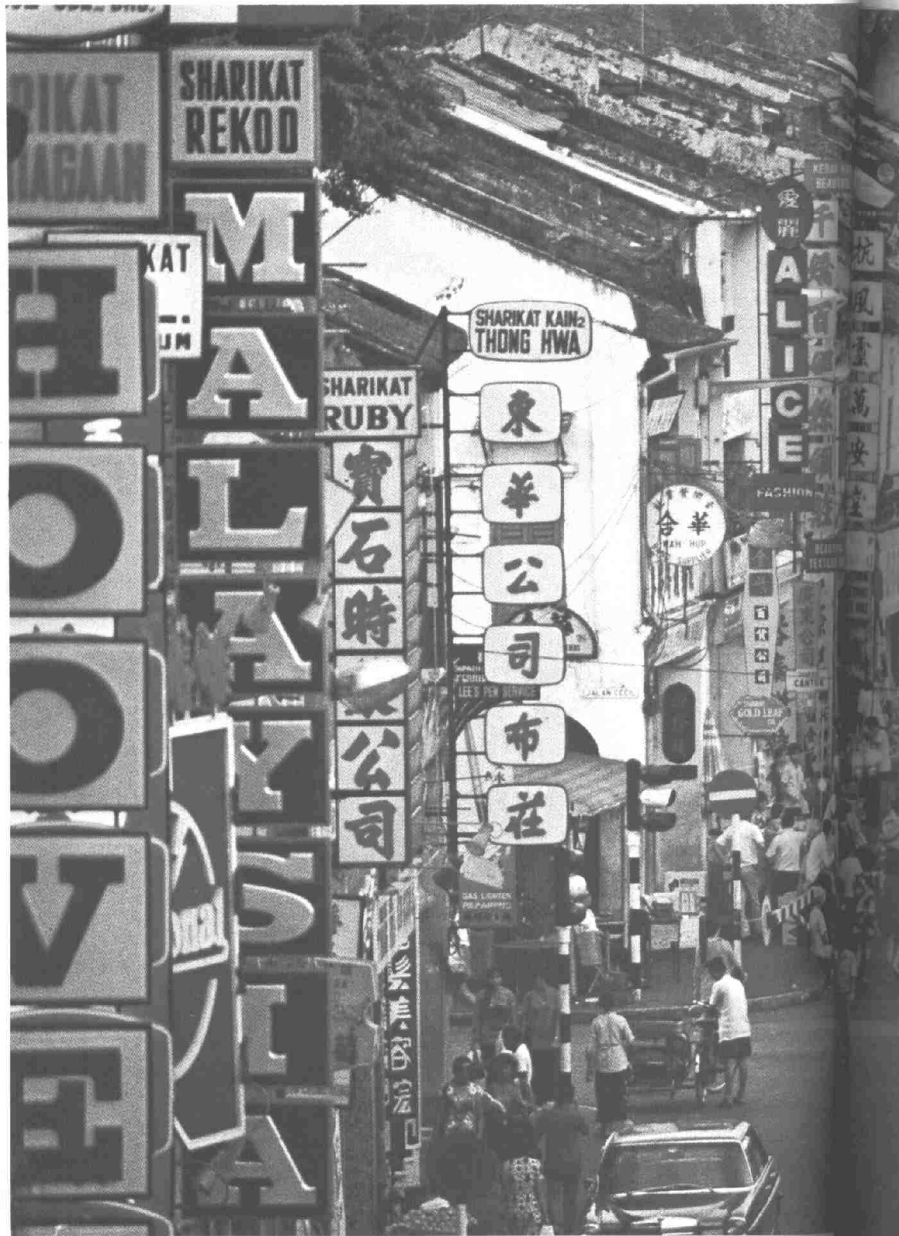
Travelers who wish to "do" Malaysia on the rest house circuit, by modern-day bus and automobile, would be well advised to make arrangements in advance through various state government officials responsible for accepting rest house bookings. There is a scarce and out-of-date but informative booklet entitled "Malaysia Hotel and Rest House Directory," published by the Tourist Development Corporation. It is a handy item for the wandering traveler in Malaysia.

Tourist Associations

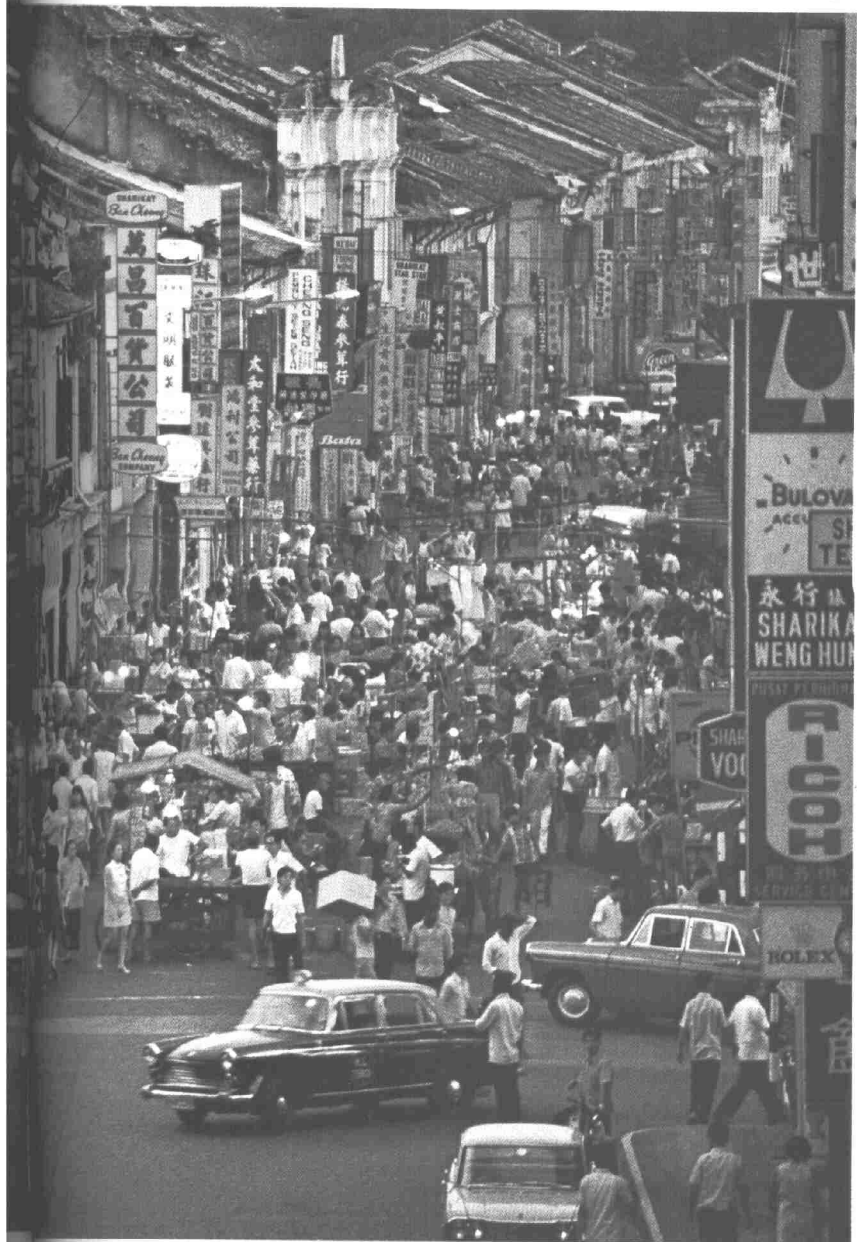
Malaysia's principal cities and resorts have tourist associations with receptionists who offer tips on shopping, restaurants, hotels and local travel. Their offices usually have a supply of literature and maps which offer guidelines for several days of sight-seeing.

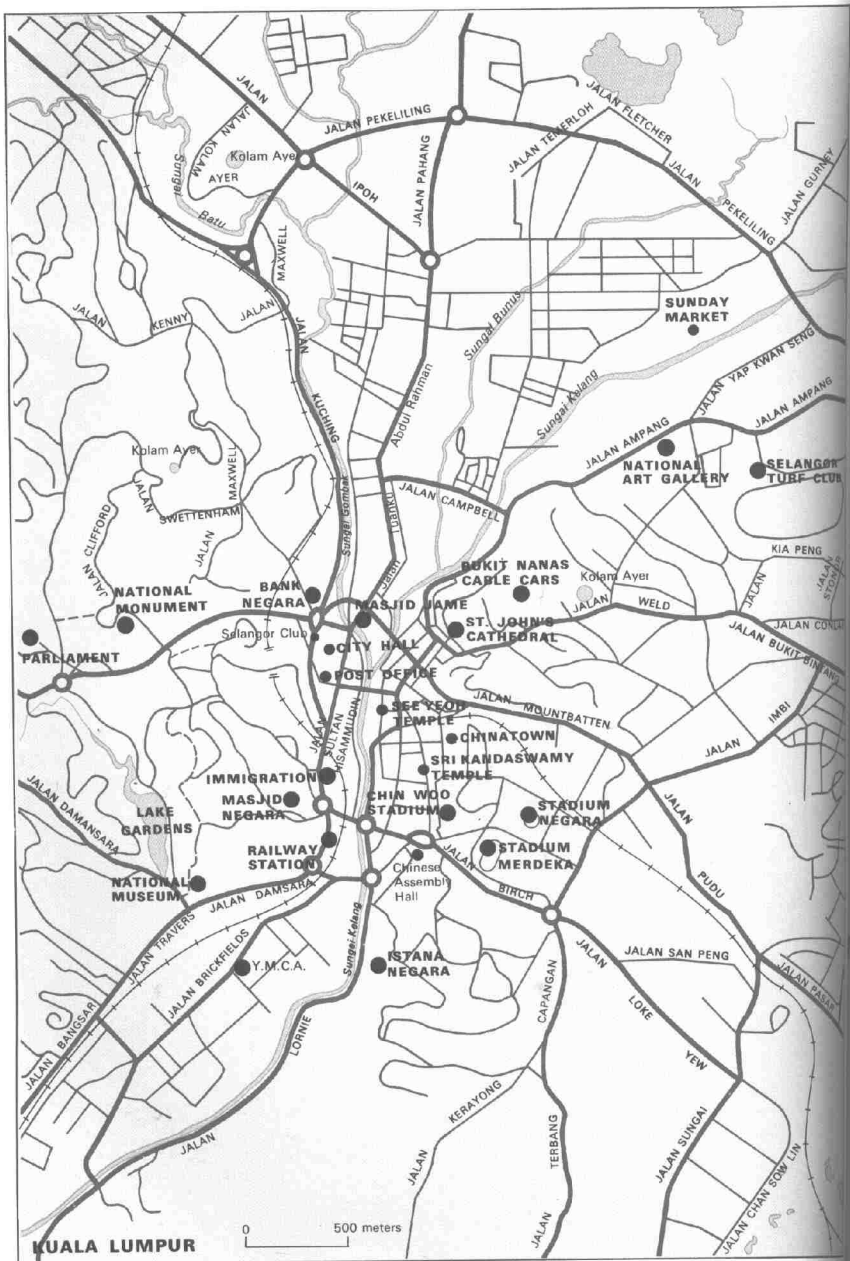







kuala lumpur and surroundings





FROM SHACKS TO BOOMING CAPITAL



A mining outpost 100 years ago, a big city today, Kuala Lumpur is the capital of modern Malaysia and the brainchild of the Malaysians. To the newcomer, Kuala Lumpur — or KL as it is affectionately known — is something else. When the stranger first arrives he might imagine that he is in a Muslim city with its arabesque arches and minarets, only to discover that it is also very much Chinese, except that it has a splash of Hindu color and flavor, with a British stamp of order and priority. It is a city of incongruous mixture.

On the green of the Padang, a cricket match is in progress and its players include a British businessman, a Chinese bank clerk, a turbaned Sikh schoolboy and a Malay government official. A hospital in town announces: "Western medicine in the mornings, Chinese medicine in the afternoons"; shop signs form a checkered pattern of Chinese, Arabic, Roman and Tamil scripts. There are stately mansions of eclectic style, traditional mosques and temples squeezed between modern office blocks, and supermarkets vie with tiny sundry shops. KL is a city that offers food for every palate, celebrates New Year four times a year, and where no Asian is an alien.

Bare Beginnings

Various stories tell of how Kuala Lumpur got its name. The best one is the simplest: the miners and traders who first came in search of tin poled up the river to where the Klang and Gombak rivers converge. The Gombak estuary was the highest point upstream that the miners could land their supplies for prospecting the tin of Ampang, a few kilometers farther inland. The first party of 87 men to do so, however, fared badly, and within a month 70 had died from the fevers that attacked them. But others soon followed and persevered, building shelters and opening trading posts. They named the settlement Kuala Lumpur, which means "Muddy Estuary" in Malay. By the 1860s the miner's landing place had become a flourishing village.

Kuala Lumpur was founded in turbu-

lent times, when fierce rivalries over mining claims and water rights led to civil wars. Gang clashes, feuds and murders went hand in hand with an ever-present threat of devastating fires and pestilence. Essentially a rambunctious pioneer mining settlement, KL was predominantly Chinese, with its brothels, gambling booths and opium dens. It has been under the leadership of Yap Ah Loy, the *Kapitan China* or Chinese headman, who played a major role in the civil wars and who was to continue to direct the affairs of the town till his death in 1885. The *Kapitan* warred against crime, built a prison and quelled revolts. Under his guidance KL was rebuilt, but the damage done during the civil wars was more than skin-deep so that by the time of Yap's death, the town remained nothing more than a jungle outpost built of wooden huts huddled along narrow lanes.

Frank Swettenham, the British Resident of Selangor, made his entry and moved the administration to the town. KL began to assume its modern shape; Swettenham encouraged local businessmen to build brick kilns, and street by street the old town was pulled down, reconstructed with wider thoroughfares and stone-and-brick structures. A rail line from Kuala Lumpur to Klang, connecting the capital city to the sea, was opened in 1886.

KL's development was rapid from this time onwards. With its establishment as the state capital of Selangor, more and more people moved here. It quickly grew in population and area to become an administrative center and the hub of all business and trade. By the end of the century, it was the colonial capital of the then-newly-created Federated Malay States, and graduated in 1946 to become the headquarters of the Federation of Malaya.

After independence in 1957, the pace of KL's progress became even faster. Kuala Lumpur came of age on Feb. 1, 1974, when it was formally detached from its mother state of Selangor and made into a unit of its own called the Federal Territory. Today, 10 years later, it is the seat of government for all Malaysia with its own administration headed by a minister of cabinet rank. Over the past decade, the skyline of the city has changed out of all recognition as new high-rise buildings continue their upward thrust.

EXPLORING KUALA LUMPUR

Stand in **Benteng** at dusk, when the soft light casts loose shadows across the river and when the fine silhouette of the Jame Mosque stands etched against a crimson-velvet sky. You are standing at the roots of KL's past, where it all began, for somewhere near this spot the first miners moored their boats, landed their supplies and made their base. Behind loom the chrome and stone slabs of modern banks where Yap Ah Loy's gambling shed once stood, "a huge gambling booth of jungle rollers roofed with *attap*, in which literally all day and all night long gambling is pursued by a crowd of often excited Chinese and Malays ...," according to a description of 1882.

Until very recently, Benteng had transformed itself each night from a car park for the city's businessmen into a great open-air restaurant consisting of little stalls offering a wide variety of foods at bargain prices. The food stalls and their customers have now moved to Jalan Melayu, leaving Benteng to nurse its memories under the lonely reflection of the streetlights.

Behind Benteng and the banks lies the city's **Chinatown**, with its maze of streets, which were paved from narrow lanes of Yap Ah Loy's days. Present-day **Medan Pasar** (Market Square) marks the site of KL's first market, a large wooden structure described by Swettenham as "a very insecure shed." At one end of the Square, where more modern banks now stand, was Yap's own residence, the most notable building in KL at the time. This was where the *Kapitan China* feted his Western visitors in style and where, during the darker days of the civil wars, he paid out silver dollars as reward for the heads of his enemies.

Memories of a Chinese Pioneer

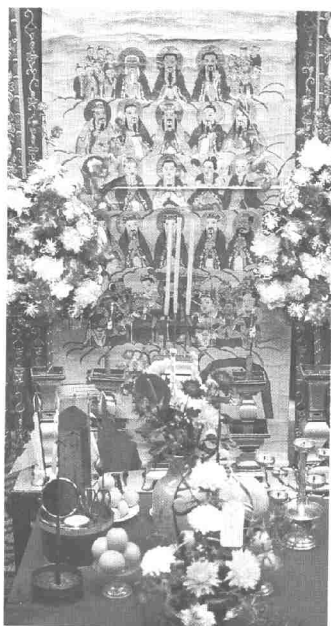
But there are hardly any vestiges of Yap's Kuala Lumpur left; perhaps the only one is the **Temple of Sen Ta** (also known as Temple of Sz Teh), the deity which Yap consulted in moments of crisis. The short alley opposite the Central Market in Jalan Hang Kasturi leads to this temple; ducking so as not

to bang your head against the low-hanging awning poles, walk past the alley's food stalls to arrive at a wall and the temple gate. Although the oldest and most venerable of the Chinese shrines in Kuala Lumpur, the temple itself is small and its ceiling is blackened by a century of incense curling up from the altars below. Fine examples of wood carvings illustrate scenes from the Buddhist canon. A framed photograph of Yap sits on a side altar, looking more like a kindly saint than the tough leader he really was.

Temples were among the first permanent buildings on which the Chinese who have made good lavished their wealth. When Kuala Lumpur was being rebuilt in the 1880s, much money was spent on such buildings. Built in 1884 by Yap, the Temple of Sen Ta became the center of a major Chinese cult for many years. The cult of Sen Ta and those of many other Chinese deities were marked by processions through the town every year, on some occasions with great expense and splendor.

To see the rest of Chinatown, it is best just to wander at will through its streets with no purpose other than to

The adorned altar at the Chinese Temple of Sen Ta.



observe. Stop to buy a souvenir, or a curio, or a bowl of *mee* soup. Savor the scents, the sounds, the color. Each time of day has its own atmosphere, its own mood.

Something for Everybody

In early morning, **Pasar Besar** (Central Market) is quite like any ordinary food market. Its stands are crammed with a host of fruits, vegetables, pulses, meats and fish you may never have seen before. If you know where to look, you can order a snake for breakfast.

For the inveterate shopper and connoisseur of exotic oddities, Chinatown is a paradise. Chinese apothecaries displays their herbs and medicines in porcelain pots, or beneath glass counters to vie with more familiar Western brands. There are jewelers and goldsmiths, casket and basket makers, dry goods shops, petshops, optical houses, frame makers and haberdashers. On the five-foot-ways, which are the covered pavements running beneath the shophouses, you will come across fortune-tellers, swarthy Nepalese

vendors selling beads, amulets and little bronze Buddhas. Look out for a small crowd gathered in one spot and you may find a medicine man trying to sell his wares or a snake charmer coaxing onlookers to part with their dollars.

Move on to **Jalan Petaling**, which is crowded from dawn to dusk. The morning crowd is made up of housewives doing their early marketing. In the afternoon, and especially on the weekends, the rest of Kuala Lumpur comes to do its shopping here, in search of what are some of the best bargains in town. Here are all manner of shops, whose wares include cloth, silk and embroideries, fruits and flowers.

The scene changes again when darkness falls. No longer open to traffic, the street has become a hawker's mall under a galaxy of lights from gas lanterns, neon and naked bulbs. But the theme is the same — buying and selling, for a fortune or a song.

In nearby **Jalan Sultan**, pet shops with their cages of chirping birds dominate the scene. Enter the dark interiors, to find other, more exotic pets — monkeys, snakes and maybe a live komodo dragon as well.

Shop houses spill out onto jam-packed Jalan Petaling of Chinatown.



But not all of Chinatown is Chinese. Wedged between the modern offices on **Jalan Bandar**, parallel to Petaling Street, the riotous architecture of the **Sri Mahamariamman Temple**, erupts with as much vigor as it had when it was first built in 1873. Within its spacious courtyard, incense burns near altars shrouded by silk curtains. Barefoot women enter, adding the colors of bright saris, bangles of gold and precious stones. Men just off from work walk in. Quiet-mannered children follow the guiding hand of an elder sister. All is silent. As the steaming sun yields to the evening shadows, the quiet precincts of the temple suddenly burst into a controlled explosion of activities and movements.

Its halls are most crowded on Friday evenings. The drums of the temples beat the rhythmic spiritual tones of Hindu sacred music as devotees offer up their prayers. Two priests clad in white *dhoti* chant from holy scriptures in Tamil while worshipers prostrate themselves on the floor. The prayers over, the people file out, marking their fore-

heads with white ashes. The temple empties and silence returns.

Once KL's main thoroughfare, **Jalan Bandar** (or High Street) today remains as a busy but rather staid street of business premises and sundry dealers. The old police headquarters, built in 1895, now the center of the city's traffic police lies at the far end of the street. Just beyond sits the simple wooden building which once housed the Victoria Institution, one of the country's first English-medium schools. The school presently functions in a much more imposing edifice on another site about 1½ kilometers (one mile) away.

Minarets and Cricket

While Yap Ah Loy's Chinatown was growing up on the south bank of the Klang River, the British established their base on the opposite side. Government offices, courts and public buildings rose with their distinctive "Moorish form of architecture," which stamps the modern city with a unique mark of its own.

The first government offices, which were no more than a row of single-storied wooden huts, were strategically

Viewing a cricket match on the Padang, facing the Secretariat building.



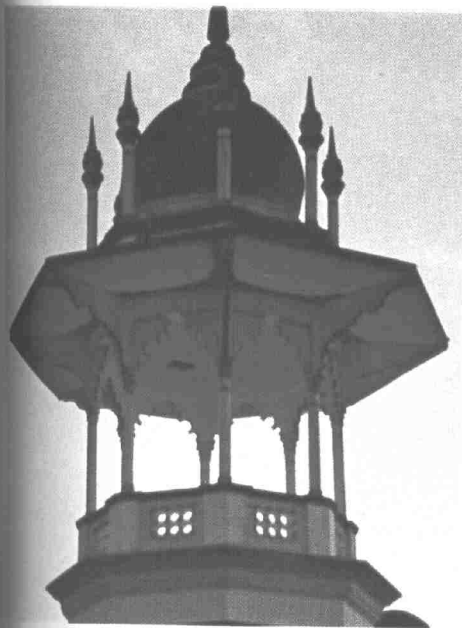
placed on the low hill overlooking the river. The town's *padang* or green spreads itself on the open ground below. Looking at the vast rich-green outline of the *Padang* today, it's not easy to imagine that it used to be nothing more than a swampy vegetable patch.

But the Padang is, indeed, redolent of Malaysia's past. It was here, under the shadow of the clock tower, that the Union Jack was hauled down for the last time at the stroke of midnight on Aug. 31, 1957, when Malaya became an independent nation. And for over 90 years, it has served as a playing field in the late afternoon and as a promenade in the cool of the evening. It has witnessed countless sporting encounters — from hockey, football, rugby and tennis to the very English game of cricket, which still has its devotees in post-colonial Malaysia. Nowadays, the major games are played elsewhere, but cricket fixtures continue to be held here. The *Padang* also serves as a parade ground on national occasions, most notably on National Day, when the King takes the salute in front of the old government offices.

A White Man's Club

Flanking the *Padang* on both sides and directly facing each other are the **Selangor Club**, built in the English Tudor style, and the **Sultan Abdul Samad Building**. The Selangor Club is an unmistakable colonial vestige, built in 1884 and once known by its members as the "Spotted Dog," a name said to originate from a derisive comment on the leopard which was the Club's emblem. The club today still serves as the watering hole for senior government administrators and prosperous businessmen. During colonial times, it was the center of social life, where weary British officials unwound over their *satengah* (literally, "half" in Malay, meaning half a peek of liquor) on the veranda overlooking the *Padang*, and the prototypes of Somerset Maugham's "whisky-swilling planters" rubbed shoulders with their compatriots at the famous "long bar." In those days, it was an exclusively White Man's club. Primped and plumed, ladies in crinolines huddled over their parasols to discuss the latest imported fashions, or to gossip about new arrivals and new faces. A band

A Brahman priest at Hindu Temple; and a cupola adorns the mosque-like railway station in the capital.



played twice a week on the Padang, and there were social and sporting events, musical evenings and fancy dress parties.

Extravagant Buildings

The Sultan Abdul Samad Building, the old secretariat and now housing air-conditioned government lawyers' offices, is the core of colonial Kuala Lumpur with its arabesque arches and 40-meter- (131-foot-) high clock tower, the Big Ben of Malaysia. Its foundation stone was laid in 1898 by Sir Charles Mitchell, the Governor of the Straits Settlements, who could not help feeling that the building was an extravagance. "Your tin won't last forever," he remarked, "...I think you might have waited a little while." In fact, within the next few years the fortunes of the tin industry did falter, but fortunately for Kuala Lumpur and the country, rubber came into its own and the new Federated Malay States prospered.

The Anglican **Church of St. Mary's** occupies a third side of the *Padang*, under the shade of great rain trees. Sunday matins used to take the form of a

parade for the British community in days gone by, with the British Resident in attendance keeping a watchful eye for absentees.

The colonial rulers may have been Anglicans, but the religion of the country is Islam. In 1907, the incomparably graceful **Jame Mosque** rose on the tongue of land where the Gombak and Klang rivers meet. Until the opening of the National Masjid Negara (National Mosque) after independence, Jame Mosque was the principal Muslim center for prayer in the city, a serene and peaceful retreat from the bustling city outside its red brick walls. The pool inside its courtyards adds to the tranquil atmosphere. Like most mosques in Malaysia, this mosque is open to visitors. The only requirements are that shoes must be removed before entering and visitors must not be scantily dressed.

National Symbols

The Jame Mosque may be unsurpassed in its grace but the most beautiful, say many locals, is the grand **National Mosque**, which has been

The minarets and domes of Jame Mosque, in traditional Arabian style.



standing proudly since 1965, much to the satisfaction of Malaysia's Muslims. Although modern in style, it blends well with the older colonial buildings adjacent to it. Its splendor derives from its minarets and marble halls, its dignified galleries and reflecting pools, its 18 spokes symbolizing the 13 states of Malaysia and the five pillars of Islam, and its 48 smaller domes inspired by the design of the Great Mosque in Mecca.

With room for 8,000 people, it is one of the largest mosques in Southeast Asia. Its courtyards are never deserted but on Fridays, the Muslim's rest day, they are jam-packed with faithful from all walks of life, from Cabinet minister to office boy. It is open to non-Muslims daily between 8 in the morning and 6 in the evening. Again, shoes must be removed and dress discreet; if necessary, robes are provided. Women must use a different entrance. An area in the corner of the mosque is reserved for the tombs of Malaysia's great; it is already the last resting place of a former prime minister and other pioneers of the nation's independence.

Farther down the road is the **Malayan Railway Administration Building**, an-

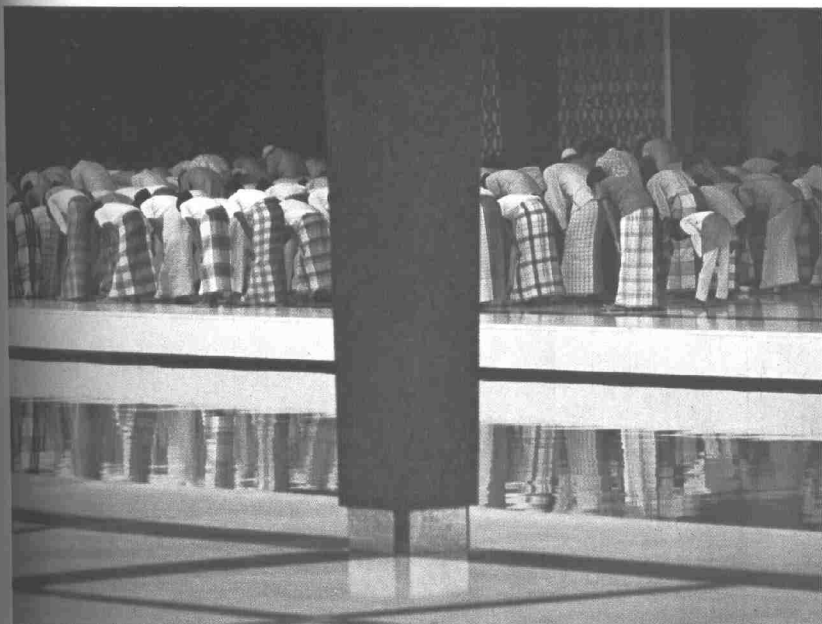
other extravaganza in the colonial vein, and by its side, the plainer **Majestic Hotel**, once the city's leading hostelry, now converted into an art gallery. Opposite is KL's **Railway Station**, completed in 1911. The colonial Moorish style excels itself in this building, with a fantasy of spires, cupolas, minarets and arches.

From here, a logical route to follow is the one that leads to the National Museum, although a little detour in the other direction to the **National Palace** (Istana Negara) is also recommended. Going from the Railway Station, over the railway lines and the Klang River, and onto Jalan Syed Putra, you'll come upon the large white National Palace with its golden domes. The official home of the King, the palace started life as the town house of a wealthy Chinese *towkay* and was later converted into a palace for the sultans of Selangor. Today, it is the scene of royal garden parties, investitures and receptions.

Mirror of Imagination

Retrace the way back to the Railway Station and come upon Jalan Damansa-

In sarong and the songkok caps, the faithful bow to Mecca at Masjid Negara, the National Mosque.



ra, which leads to Jalan Travers, where the **National Museum** (Muzim Negara) is situated. With its curving Menangkabau-style roof and its massive, mosaic-adorned facade, the Museum is impressive even from a distance. Outside the building stand several vintage vehicles — an aircraft, two locomotives and a Rolls Royce — all looking more and more remote from reality with each passing day. Within the Museum's walls, high vaulted galleries serve as a mirror to Malaysia's imagination and its past. On display are not only relics from bygone days, but also complete scenes of traditional Malaysian life.

Each gallery has a different theme and is complete in itself. One is a Chinese home from old Malacca while another displays traditional activities of a Malay *kampung*. Still another portrays the life-styles of the *orang asli*, the aboriginal hill peoples of the Peninsula. Other galleries are devoted to the natural resources and wildlife of the country, the rich variety of flora and fauna of the Malaysian forest, a diagrammatic representation of an open-cast tin mine, and a collection of Malaysian seashells. Preserved behind

glass are the fineries of Malay royalty. Conjuring up images of the regal splendor that still prevails in the royal courts today are intricately carved lintels of palace doors, jeweled medallions, gold and silk headdresses and ruby-studded *keris* (daggers). Tableaux from courtly dramas, folk dances and shadow plays catch the eye.

History, Art and Ceramics

For travelers interested in history and art, the basement of the building houses a reference library with original manuscripts, charts and other documents. Prior permission to use this facility must be obtained from the curator. Throughout the year, the museum has changing exhibits of local and national art and culture.

Lovers of ceramics should proceed four kilometers (2½ miles) down the road to the **Museum of Asian Arts**, seated within the grounds of the University of Malaya. More than 2,000 representative items are on display and these include not only Malaysian finds, but those from China, Japan, India and Iran as well as neighboring Southeast

A giant mythical bird carries a Sultan's palanquin at the National Museum.



Asian countries. Guards watch the gate to the University grounds; the museum is open office hours on weekdays.

A Garden Retreat

The National Museum sits at the southern end of the lovely 70-hectare (173-acre) **Lake Gardens** (Taman Tasek), which stretches from this point to the Parliament Building in the north. While some cities struggle to keep their lawns green, Kuala Lumpur wages a constant battle to keep back the encroaching jungle. As one public works official put it: "Leave a seed unmolested on a pavement overnight, and it starts to grow through the concrete by next morning!" However, much of the threatening jungle has been tamed; the city now boasts about 30 public greens ranging from well-shrubbed roundabouts to spacious parks.

Lake Gardens owes its existence to the vision and devotion of A.R. Venning, a British colonial official who in 1888 persuaded Swettenham that some public gardens for young Kuala Lumpur were desirable. The Resident

agreed, and the following year saw the "valley...in which briars and *lallang*, forest trees, screw pine and tree ferns were interspersed in picturesque confusion" transformed into an ordered park whose stream was dammed to form a shallow lake.

One of KL's favorite recreational places since that time, the Gardens are especially crowded on weekends. It is a gathering place, *the* place where people go — office girls, girl-watchers, joggers, discreet lovers and middle-aged couples. Children play on the grass and swings, while the young and energetic sweat it out, boating on the lake. Avoid the heat of the day. The best time to visit is in the early morning when the air is still cool, or in the late afternoon when the long shadows of the *angsana* or of the flame-of-the-forest creep across its grassy slopes.

To one side of the Gardens is the exclusive **Lake Club**, found by some disenchanted members of the Selangor Club in the 1900s, and on the hill opposite, **Carcosa**, the apotheosis of all British Malayan bungalows, built for the chief administrator of the Federated Malay States in 1896 and today the

The National Monument in the Lake Gardens commemorates the victory over communists in-surgency in the 1950s.



official residence of the British High Commissioner to Malaysia. At the top of another slope on the edge of the Gardens is the **Tun Abdul Razak Memorial Library**, which stocks the papers and possessions of Malaysia's second prime minister.

Monument on the Green

Gleaming white in the green of the Gardens in another corner, the **Parliament Building** is another symbol of independent Malaysia's pride. Traditional motifs have been melded with modern techniques to produce an impressive building with an 18-story tower block and a long transepted chamber.

But the **National Monument** (Tugu Negara) monopolizes the view from the Gardens. Superbly set on a commanding knoll, National Monument commemorates those who died in the struggle against Communist insurgency in the 1950s. Surrounding its base are long galleries whose patios record the names of all units — British, Australian, Fijian, Maori and Malaysian — that made their sacrifice. The Monument strikes a chord of familiarity with some visitors; this isn't surprising since it is modelled after the famous Iwo Jima Memorial in Washington, D.C., which caught the imagination of Tunku Abdul Rahman, Malaysia's first prime minister.

The older, starker **Cenotaph** sets itself directly behind the Monument and was erected by the British in memory of those who died in the First and Second world wars. Originally, this stood near the Railway Station but has been moved here in recent years.

Tai-Chi on the Hill

Back on the other side of the river above Chinatown, **Petaling Hill**, better known to Malaysians as **Changkat** (meaning, a small hill), also functions as a public garden with lawns, trees and shrubs and commanding views of the city. Early in the morning, one can see exponents of *tai chi*, many of them elder citizens, relentlessly performing their daily exercises.

In fact, Changkat, the center for all sports fans, holds three stadiums. **Chin Woo Stadium**, the oldest of these, has a swimming pool, but the grandest is the **Stadium Merdeka** (Independence

Stadium), a huge arena with a capacity for 50,000 spectators, built in time to mark the nation's independence in 1957. The formal handing over of power from the Queen's representative to the first prime minister of the nation took place here in the presence of the nine rulers of the Peninsular Malay States. Today, the stadium continues to function as the venue for national occasions ranging from annual international Koran-reading competitions to military tattoos and cup finals. Soccer enthusiasts take the opportunity to watch a football match by floodlight, for sensibly enough, Malaysians like to play after the sun has set.

Nearby is the **Stadium Negara** (or National Stadium), a smaller, covered arena used for indoor sports, exhibitions of all kinds and even pop concerts by well-known international groups on tour. This stadium is dug into the hill and its roof is one of the largest unsupported roofs in the region.

Saris, Batik and Beef Steak

Northwards from the Padang lies an area that is first and foremost a place for

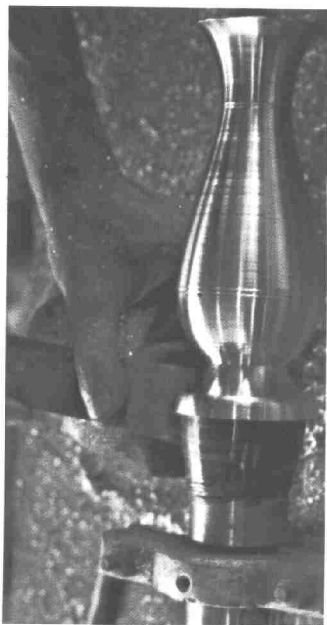
Young women enjoy the search for bargains among cloth merchants at Jalan Melayu.



shoppers, although it has attractions that will satisfy those in search of local color. Like almost everywhere else in Kuala Lumpur, this part of town is changing rapidly as the standard two-story Chinese shophouses give way to modern high-rise blocks. But enough of the old remains for the district to retain its character. Shopping here is like rummaging through an Oriental attic stashed with valuables from half a dozen countries. The best way to discover it is on foot. Visit the small, unpretentious shops which would otherwise be missed. One can find almost everything here: bales of Indian silks, Persian rugs, hand-dyed *batik* cloth, Indonesian handicrafts, Malay *keris* (daggers), Menangkabau antiques, rattan ware and plastic toys.

The main road is officially named **Jalan Tuanku Abdul Rahman**, for the country's first king after independence, but known to generations of Malaysians as **Batu Road**. The street leads off from the Padang, and all along it, one will find both the old and the new: modern department stores and smaller shops, honky-tonk hotels and "eating shops," a number of which are cheap and good.

Lathing a
powter vase
at Selangor
Powter
Factory.



The **Coliseum Cinema**, built in the 1920s and one of KL's first, lies halfway down this road, and the next-door **Coliseum Cafe and Hotel** is the most famous bar and restaurant in town. The Coliseum has been serving customers for more than 60 years, and behind its plain facade, the town's best steaks at the most reasonable prices are offered. For decades, it was the favorite watering hole for planters, miners, government officials and soldiers, and today, its bar is still patronized by a medley of their modern-day counterparts. The decor has not changed much either, and the Chinese waiters look as if they had been hand-picked for the part.

Makeshift Malls

Off Batu Road where the Padang ends, **Jalan Melayu**, which was the site of one of the original Malay *kampung* around Kuala Lumpur, is visited for its Indian shops selling silks, saris and hand-hammered jewelry. After 6 every evening, portable kitchens with tables and chairs take over the street, offering food which is as spicy as you like it. Eating *al fresco* is often more enjoyable than eating in large restaurants. Food stalls set up on the roadside under the stars are common all over the city, but the best known are the ones here along the river. Mutton and chicken soup are specialties. Noodles (*mee*) can be fried (*goreng*), to become *mee goreng*, or boiled (*rebus*), to become *mee rebus*. *Satay* (spiced meat on skewers) is also served along with sugar-cane (*tebu*) or lychee juice, steamed cockles, and a concoction of peanuts in ice (*ice kacang*).

Beyond Jalan Melayu is **Jalan Masjid India**, whose mosque sits on the spot where one of the town's first mosques used to be. Jalan Masjid India leads to what was formerly the red-light district, but now boasts shops, restaurants, business premises and moderate-priced hotels.

Where Batu Road crosses Jalan Dang Wangi, the street broadens and leads to **Chow Kit**, an area filled with cheap hotels catering to those with modest means. Here many "ladies of easy virtue" seek their livelihood. At night, stalls are set up to create an open-air market where almost everything is obtainable — cheap. Stalls by the roadside serve any Malaysian dishes to their

customers' fancy, the pungent smell of the durians (in season) pervades the air, and above the din of the traffic the night air is rent with the raucous sounds of pop music. This is the place to go for those who wish to see Kuala Lumpur's low life.

On the right off Batu Road on the way to Chow Kit, **Wisma Loke** poses as another reminder of KL's past. Cheow Ah Yeok, a crony of Yap Ah Loy and a Chinese miner who made his fortune, built the house, a charming Chinese town house with classical Greco-Roman arches and pillars, balustrades of glazed, jade-colored porcelain from China, Malacca tiles and a "moongate" within. After Cheow's death, the house was bought by Loke Yew, who had landed penniless in Singapore at the age of 13 and went on to become one of the most colorful of Malaya's millionaires. The first house in Kuala Lumpur to be lit by electricity, the mansion became the showpiece of the community. "A first class repast was served at Towkay Loke Yew's house," wrote a journalist in 1897. "By the time that the champagne, hock, liquors and whisky had all amicably mixed, the company had exhausted all their vocal and oratorical

powers." The house has been restored and has been converted into a private art gallery and antique shop.

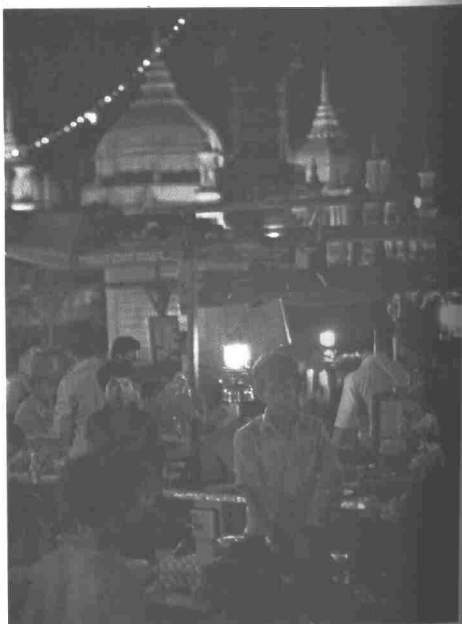
Saturday Night's Sunday Market

In 1899, 90 hectares (224 acres) of land were set aside at the request of the Sultan of Selangor for a Malay Agricultural Settlement to meet the needs of the Malays in that area. This marked the origin of **Kampung Baharu** (literally, the New Village), a large Malay enclave set back behind Chow Kit and adjacent to it. To enter Kampung Baharu is to leave the sounds and smells of a bustling city for a rural world of quiet grass-lined roads and dignified wooden Malay homes shaded by fruit trees. Although this image is perceptibly eroding as the more affluent brick structures replace their wooden counterparts, the feeling of no longer being in a big city remains.

Sheltered under the lee of the block of flats found here, the **Pasar Minggu** (Sunday Market) springs to life every Saturday night. (Malays name their night for the coming day. Saturday night is their Sunday night and the Sunday market, on our Saturday night,

A food vendor at a Saturday night market, Kampung Baharu; and open-air food stalls crowd a Kuala Lumpur's carpark, turning it into a food festival by night.

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is their weekly bazaar.) It is well worth a visit for a look at an "exclusively Malay" market. The *songkok* (fez or cap), prayer books, hand-printed *batik*, and all kinds of handicraft are on sale at the various stalls. Ashtrays, vases, jewelry boxes, flowerpots made from shells, traditional earthenware pots (*labu*), Kelantan silverware and the richly embroidered *sarong* of Trengganu are common merchandise here. All around are *sarong*-clad men, wearing their white skull caps, token of their having performed the pilgrimage at Mecca. The ever-present *satay* and other choice dishes of the Malay kitchens are sold at many of the stalls found here or for those who prefer greater comfort, in most of the air-conditioned restaurants. Smack-dab in the middle of all this is a permanent stage on which Malay pop songs are crooned.

Boisterous Bukit Bintang

About 1½ kilometers (one mile) away from Batu Road, an area of land is being changed and developed into KL's **Golden Triangle**: a district of expensive

shops, high-class restaurants, international-class hotels and a sophisticated nightlife.

A good starting point for exploring this area is **Jalan Bukit Bintang**, from where it runs off Jalan Pudu. The best shopping is to be had at the **Bukit Bintang Plaza**, the **Sungai Wang Plaza** and the **Imbi Plaza**, the three big shopping complexes which run into one another to form a self-contained world of supermarkets, shops, cinemas, restaurants and nightclubs.

Cutting across Bukit Bintang near the shopping complexes is **Jalan Sultan Ismail**, a paved road along which are placed some of KL's leading hotels: the **Regent**, the **Hilton**, the **Equatorial**, the **Holiday Inn** (a little way to the back) and the granddaddy of them all, the **Merlin**. But Jalan Sultan Ismail is not for walking. It is a long street whose scope and dimensions are dictated by the tall, glass-and-concrete towers that line it.

If you follow Jalan Bukit Bintang to its end, where it meets Jalan Raja Chulan, you will come to KL's newest handicraft center. The specialities of each state in the peninsula are displayed for show and for sale in wooden houses.

Miners' Mansions

In Malaysia, the mood changes from one street to another as rapidly as you turn the corner. Just after the Merlin, the road meets **Jalan Ampang**, one of Kuala Lumpur's oldest avenues, which starts from the heart of the city and follows through the jungle trail made by the pioneer miners who dug their tin at Ampang about 10 kilometers (six miles) away. In the 1890s and 1900s, Chinese miners who had made their fortunes built themselves stately mansions here, beyond the confines of the old town. Although Jalan Ampang is fast changing with the erection of high-rise buildings in places where these *towkays'* houses once stood, a number still remain, some of them playing new roles as embassies or schools, others forlorn, solitary and abandoned in their wide compounds. The **Dewan Tunku Abdul Rahman**, situated near the Jalan Sultan Ismail junction, is one of the old mansions that has found a new use; it has become the **National Art Gallery**. Permanent displays of the works of Malaysian artists as well as periodical exhibitions are shown here. The paintings exhibited are for sale.

A classical marble statue at the Loke Mansion.



On the same side of the road, a little farther up, is **Bok House**, the former residence of a rich mining *towkay* named Chua Cheng Bok. Now it is a famous restaurant known as **Coq d'Or**. Its patrons sip at their drinks on a spacious porticoed veranda paved with Italian marble, and dine beneath 18th Century paintings while filled with a sense of a silent gratitude toward Chua, who in his will decreed that Bok House should never be sold nor its interior changed. When he was just a poor Chinese boy, Chua fell in love with a beautiful, rich Chinese girl who lived next door. He wanted to marry her but, of course, her father forbade it. The boy, who ran a bicycle repair shop, vowed he would make the girl's father regret his decision. From then on, he devoted his full energy to making money — from bicycle repair shop to garage to tin buying to tin mining. As can be expected, he became rich and famous. He then built this house to overshadow that of his wealthy neighbor, which has long since disappeared!

Still farther up Jalan Ampang, the **Selangor Turf Club** sports a magnificent race course. On any Saturday, its grand

stand is packed with people, its car park filled with cars while traffic jams form outside. Even when the race is being held elsewhere, perhaps in Singapore, Ipoh or Penang, KL's punters come here in the thousands to hear the odds on radio and to place their bets.

Jalan Ampang meets **Jalan Pekeliling** (Circular Road) to form a cozy corner for a flurry of new buildings, including the imposing new headquarters of the **Malaysian Chinese Association**, a leading partner in the alliance of political parties which has governed the country since independence. Right at the crossroads is **Ampang Park**, one of KL's oldest shopping complexes, and across the road is the **Yow Chuan Plaza**, which is the city's latest and snazziest. Jalan Ampang continues for another three or four miles, leading past several embassies and giving access to one of KL's exclusive residential areas. Those who turn left into Circular Road eventually come to **Taman Tasek Titivangsa**, the city's newest public park, which takes its name from the blue range of cloud-flecked mountains that form its backdrop. It has a large boating lake and is a favorite resort.

A Malay folk dance at nightclub in Kuala Lumpur.



SIDE TRIPS FROM KUALA LUMPUR



The arch across Federal Highway greets visitors to Selangor with the words, "Kota Darul Ehsan."

Ceremonial arches are a part of the Malaysian way of life. They are erected at the slightest provocation — national holidays, state occasions, visits of VIPs, wedding ceremonies, and even simple homecomings. During national festivities, which reach their climax with National Day on August 31, these arches (*pintu gerbang*) spring up across major streets in the Malaysian towns. Some *pintu gerbang*, however, are permanent features erected to mark state boundaries. One such and perhaps the most brilliant, radiating the good taste of Moorish architecture, is the one on the Federal Highway, which sweeps south out of Kuala Lumpur to the Subang International Airport and farther down along the Klang Valley. At the behest of the Sultan of Selangor, the arch was completed in 1981 to remind visitors and locals alike of Selangor's surrender of its soil to the Federal Territory, on which Kuala Lumpur now stands. There was considerable criticism at the time over

the expense involved, but the Sultan knew what he was doing and assured everyone that the grandeur of the structure would satisfy all. He was right. Engraved in bold are the words "**Kota Darul Ehsan**" or "The Bastion of Selangor." (Darul Ehsan means *The Land of Goodwill* in Arabic.)

Petaling Jaya, KL's satellite town, takes its position immediately beyond this arch. It has grown in the last 40 years from a squatter settlement into a urban self-contained center whose tree-lined avenues now house a quarter of a million people. But PJ has never succeeded in detaining the tourist, although it provides a wonderful example of suburban planning at its best.

The Federal Highway, also Malaysia's oldest motorway, picks up its course from here and follows the meanders of the **Klang Valley**, finally ending at the town of Klang. Coming this way, visitors will pass the **Subang Airport** on the right, the new township of **Subang Jaya** on the left, **Batu Tiga** with its circuit for car and motorbike racing fans, and the new state capital of **Shah Alam**. The capital town warrants a stopover; the Sultan of Selangor resides in the **Istana**



Bukit Kayangan, which contests for attention with the **Selangor State Memorial** nearby.

Classic Klang

Klang conceals a long and colorful and violent past. Placed in its commanding position on the river, it soon became obvious that whoever possessed the town, controlled the tin trade. Numerous wars raged here, especially on the southern bank, where the **Fort for Raja Mahdi** now stands. The *raja* was one of the principal protagonists in the mahdi wars of the 1860s, and who later lost his fort to his rival, Tengku Kudin. The **Warehouse of Raja Abdulla**, the oldest building in Klang, was used as an arsenal during the period of unrest, and is now gazetted as a historical monument and scheduled to be converted into a museum. The town is also noted for its large population of crows.

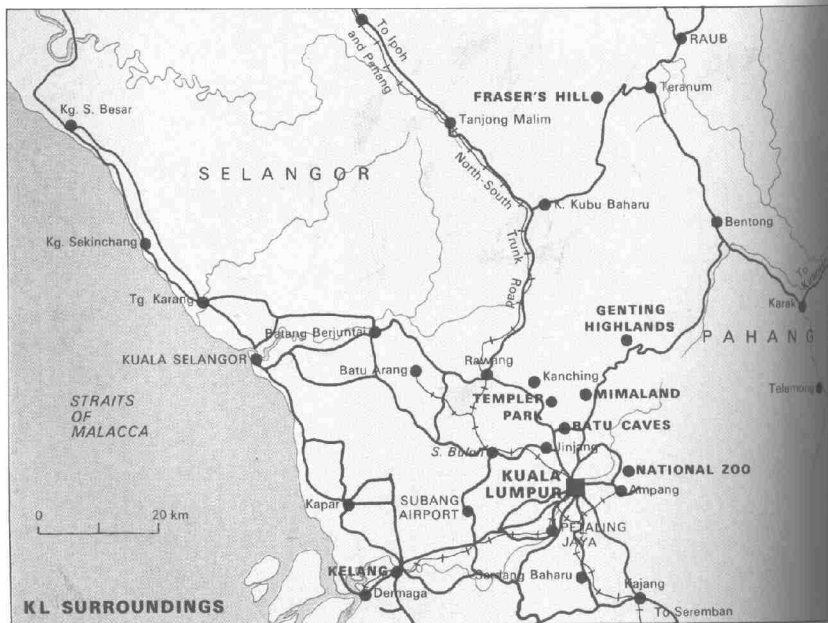
The road from Klang runs for another eight kilometers (five miles) before arriving at **Port Klang**, once called Port Swettenham. Motorists do not usually stop here but if they do, it's to eat at the seafood restaurant by the quayside. No

matter how early you arrive, you're not likely to beat the crowd so it is advisable to make a reservation. However, Port Klang has become the springboard for visitors who wish to visit any of the islands in the estuary of the Klang River. A little *sampan* (ferry), for example, wends its way through the mangrove swamps to **Pulau Ketam** (Crab Island) two hours away.

Sandy Beaches, Hilly Landscape

If not for the beach at **Morib**, about 45 kilometers (28 miles) south of Klang, Selangor would be pronounced a place without good beaches. A visit to this broad sand beach is not a trip to Hawaii or even Bali, but people come here to rest, to relax and to unwind. So does the Sultan himself on occasional weekends.

Geography gives **Kuala Selangor** setting; history gives it mystic. The town is 45 kilometers (28 miles) away from Klang on the coast road due north. Two small hills dominate its landscape; the main **Bukit Melawati** supports the **Fort Altingberg**, where Selangor's first Bugis rulers made their base in the 18th Century. The fort's cannon still points out



to sea offering an impotent warning to traders and seafarers. For company, there are monkeys who have made the fort their colony and thrive heartily on the tidbits handed out by visitors. Ramparts indicative of Selangor's turbulent past includes a gruesome stone chopping block upon which wrongdoers were executed. Lower down on the slope is the modern mausoleum where the state's first three sultans will slumber till eternity, surrounded by their consorts and other members of nobility. The second hill, **Bukit Tanjung**, is only about two kilometers (one mile) away and its peak holds a smaller fort.

For the return trip to Kuala Lumpur, visitors who like to travel along narrow twisting lanes take the route which goes to **Batang Berjuntai** and **Rawang**. The road between the two towns becomes remote as it snakes its way around contours of the thickly jungled hills; all Malayan roads used to be like this before bulldozers razed.

At Rawang the side road from Kuala Selangor joins the main trunk road which links Kuala Lumpur with the northern states of Perak and Kedah and on to Penang.

A tiger prowls
tamely at the
National Zoo.

Much of the land around Kuala Lumpur, particularly to the south, is scarred by the mining of tin, which gave the state its initial fortune. A few kilometers from **Sungai Besi**, just south of KL, a little platform by the roadside provides a vantage point for looking over what is claimed to be the largest opencast tin mine in the world. The **Hong Fatt Mine** has been producing tin since the 19th Century, and obviously its resources have still not been exhausted.

Tackling the Tigers

Gone are the days when one could shoot a tiger in the streets of KL (in the 1880s, an English doctor shot one near the Railway Station), or go hunting for *rusa* (deer) and pig on the outskirts of town, or stalk elephants on the road to Klang. Nowadays, the pride of the Malaysian forest is seen in more orderly surroundings; in the green captivity of the **National Zoo**, 13 kilometers (eight miles) from the center of Kuala Lumpur on the Ulu Kelang Road.

Living in its attractively laid-out grounds is a cross section of Malaysia's wildlife. Plumed birds, six-meter (19-



foot) long pythons, wild buffalo (*seladang*), tapir, crocodiles and, of course, tigers are now on view in concrete enclosures or fenced pastures only paces away from the jungle where they belong. The sight of these at close quarters is enough to elicit a surge of sympathy for the workers who had to clear jungles for the early railroads and mines.

To the delight of young visitors, camel rides are available and boats may be rented for a "voyage" down the lake. The nearby **Aquarium** displays more than 80 different specimens of freshwater fish, including the deadly and carnivorous piranha, which is not, however, a Malaysian fish. Both the Zoo and the Aquarium are open from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. every day.

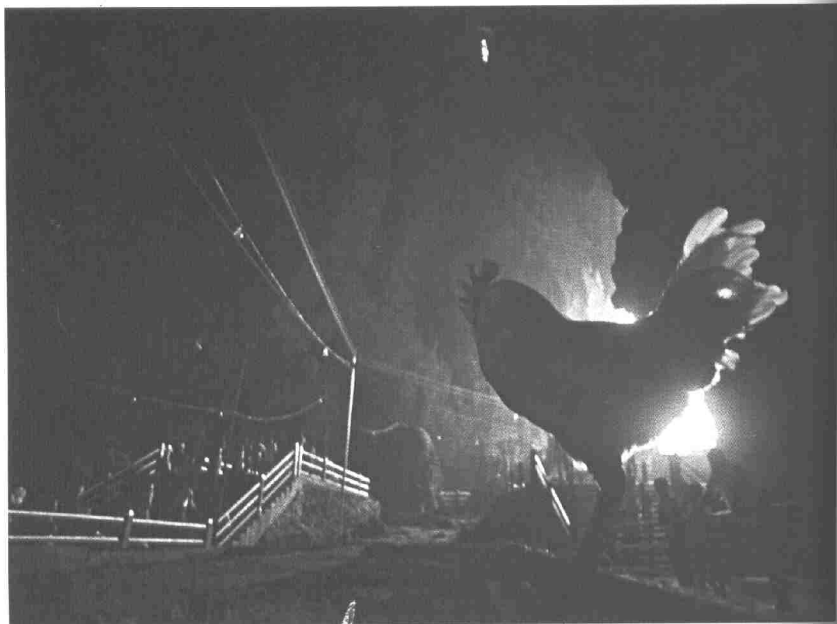
Those who prefer the real thing should visit the **Templer Park**. Sir Gerald Templer, British High Commissioner of the former Federation of Malaya, had an idea. As an outdoor man who loved the Malaysian countryside, especially the jungle, he put forth a scheme to open a vast jungle retreat for the general public, one close enough

to the capital "so that the urban population can recreate after a hard and busy day in the city." A 1,200-hectare (2,965-acre) tract of jungle was set aside 22 kilometers (14 miles) along the trunk road north to Ipoh and Templer Park was officially opened.


Here nature has been left virtually undisturbed and visitors are free to roam the well-marked jungle walks and to bathe in the hillside pools or splash under the waterfalls. Do not worry about tigers; they are either in the zoo or in the deep jungle beyond.

The Park has **Bukit Takun** for its neighbor — a solitary column of limestone 350 meters (1,148 feet) high, clearly visible from the main road. Bukit Takun is a botanist's delight, for more than 200 species of plants flower on its slopes and some of them are species not found anywhere else in the world. A climb to the top is only for the energetic. Ropes are needed and the Malaysian Nature Society provides guides who know the best route to follow. **Anak Takun** (Baby Takun), its lesser neighbor, is riddled with caves for the adventurous to explore.

The cathedral-like Batu Caves are the setting each year for the Hindu ritual of penitence, *Thaipusam*.



A Limestone Cathedral



Closer to Kuala Lumpur, only 11 kilometers (seven miles) away, on the road to Templer Park, a bold cave of limestone outcrop lies across the scarred landscape of tin mines. This is the famous **Batu Caves**.

In the days of the Japanese Occupation only 40 years ago, Batu Caves was still sufficiently remote to serve as a communist anti Japanese guerrilla hideout. For centuries, it had laid obscured by the jungle, known only to the inhabitants of the forest who lived nearby. Then, in 1878, American naturalist William Hornaday, searching for new specimens of moth larva, stumbled upon it by accident. He was wandering around the area on horseback and came to the cliffs that tower above the trees. Hornaday started climbing. Centimeter by centimeter, he worked his way up the sheer face of the cliff. Half-way up he reached a ledge and there found the entrance to the now famous caves. He returned to Kuala Lumpur with news of his discovery.

Years later the local Hindu populace started an annual pilgrimage there to celebrate the Thaipusam Festival. Worshipers had to scale the steep, jagged cliffs to the Hindu shrine in the topmost grotto. As a sign of repentance for past sins, some devotees carried *kavadi*, wooden frames decorated with flowers and fruit and supported by long, thin spikes pinned into the carrier's body. Today, the way to the top is paved with 272 concrete steps and is surrounded by hanging green ferns and tropical flowers. Hindu devotees still struggle up the precipice to seek forgiveness or to make pledges for future favors once a year (see pages 111-113).

Apart from the main cave, there are about 20 known caves, all of relatively easy access, but of which only some are open to the public because of the danger of falling rocks. Most interesting are those situated along the southern face, which bear such names as Hermit's Hole, Priest's Hole, Fairy Grotto and Quarry Cave. How they earned these names is anyone's guess, but the Cathedral Cave needs no explanation. Under a huge vault pierced by stalactites that tumble precariously for six meters (20 feet), spreads an empty hollow. Eerie shafts of light streak down from uneven gaps in the ceiling.

Nearby are the illuminated **Dark Caves** with paths leading far into mysterious limestone grottoes. These can be reached by elevator. A couple of hundred meters from the lower elevator station, one of the relatively small caves has been made into an attractive museum with half-life-size plaster figures of the Hindu deities.

Fun for All

A left turn about 18 kilometers (11 miles) on the old highway from Kuala Lumpur to Pahang leads up to **Mimaland**, a man-made playground fashioned in an elevated hollow in the jungle hills. Recreational facilities include fishing and boating, swimming and jungle trekking. There are also an amusement center and a children's playground. The free-form swimming pool, constantly fed by mountain streams, must be, if not the largest in the world, then at least the largest in Southeast Asia. There are good-sized fish in the 12-hectare (30-acre) lake and you keep what you catch. Beautiful gardens display a wide selection of Malaysia's rich heritage of flowers and shrubs. There is a mini zoo with alligators and crocodiles, lizards and porcupines. No need to wander out of KL to watch the workings of a rubber plantation; 120-hectare (296-acre) Mimaland has its own active plantation.

Mimaland offers a wide variety of accommodations, much of it suitable for families: the native-style *bagan* raised on stilts, housekeeping chalets and a lakeside motel. The best time to go is during the weekdays; on weekends you will have to share the space with half of Kuala Lumpur.

Wooping Lady Luck in Luxury

From a distance, **Genting Highlands**, shrouded in mists which blanket the dense jungle foliage covering the undulating peaks high above Kuala Lumpur, stand aloof — a mystical palace of pleasure perched on the top of the peaks of the Barisan Titiwangsa, the mountain range that runs down the center of the Peninsula. The casino, principally for gamblers, is open to all except Malaysian Muslims who are forbidden to enter the gambling halls by the (Pahang) state government. Here, the rich and the hopefully rich woo

Lady Luck in lushly carpeted, smoke-filled halls. Lovely Malaysian croupiers expertly flip Black Jacks while chip distributors, looking like clean-cut college boys, collect the bets. Those so inclined can risk their money at roulette and baccarat or at the oriental games of keno and *tai sai*, or simply try their luck at, literally hundreds of, one-armed bandits. Shirt-and-tie or national costume is mandatory for those in the gambling salons. At weekends, gambling continues round the clock but during the week the casino closes its doors between 4 a.m. and 10 a.m.

But Genting is not only for gamblers. The journey there is an experience in itself. By road you travel along the Karak Highway, an engineering marvel that carries you up and over the mountains across high viaducts and through a half-mile-long tunnel, and then onto the road to Genting, which affords spectacular views over the jungle-clad hills. The view at the top is no less spectacular, and on a clear day you can look over the Straits of Malacca shimmering on the horizon, and in the other direction, over the hills and valleys of Pahang. The drive takes about one hour.

Including the deluxe one which houses the casino, there are five hotels in Genting. Another is first-class and three are economy. From the summit, a gondola cable car drops guests 750 meters (2,460 feet) in 15 minutes to a height of 1,050 meters (3,445 feet) for the first tee of an excellent 18-hole golf course.

Back on the 1,800-meter (5,905-foot) summit, those too young to gamble have not been forgotten. For them there is a 3½-hectare (8½-acre) man-made lake with row and paddle boats. Encircling the lake is a miniature railway. Its vicinity accommodates a funfair complete with a Ferris wheel, an indoor swimming pool, a cinema, a bowling alley and a whole range of restaurants.

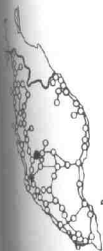
Paradise on a Mule Track

Fraser's Hill, at 1,500 meters high (4,921 feet) high, was created by the British as a cool retreat in the mountains. The resort takes its name from Louis James Fraser, an elusive English adventurer, who had long disappeared when the hill station was built in 1910.

At the outbreak of the First World

Genting
Highlands
glow entic-
ingly in the
twilight.





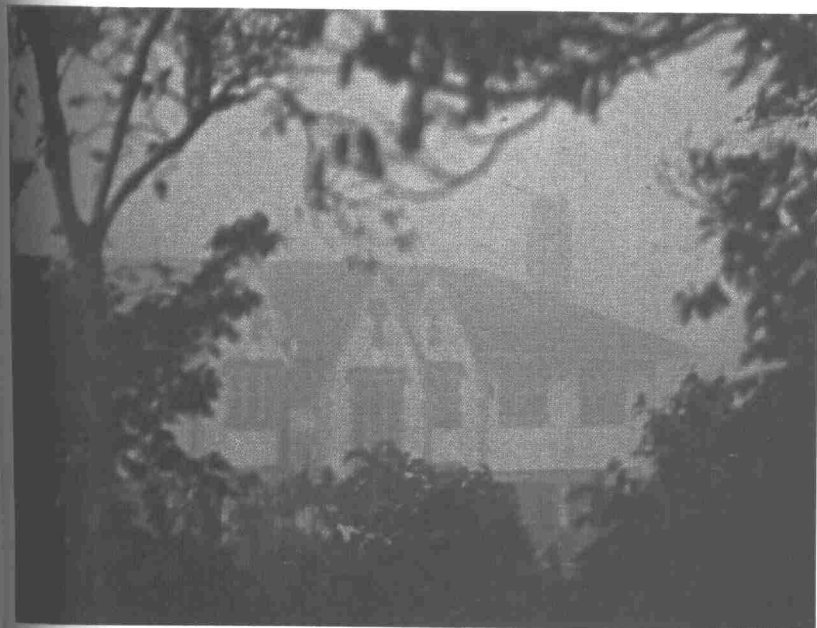
War, Bishop Ferguson-Davie of Singapore thought it his duty to inform his fellow countrymen of world conditions. Fraser was known to be working as a mule-train operator up in the mountains and with the help of a local constable, the good bishop eventually found his way to where Fraser had his shack, only to find that he had fled. His decision to flee when he saw the church and the law coming was perhaps understandable; the hideaway, it seems, was more than a mere rest spot for weary drivers and tired mules. He was running a gambling farm and an opium den. The story is that adventurer and opportunist Fraser was never seen again, having vanished in the more glamorous byways of Singapore.

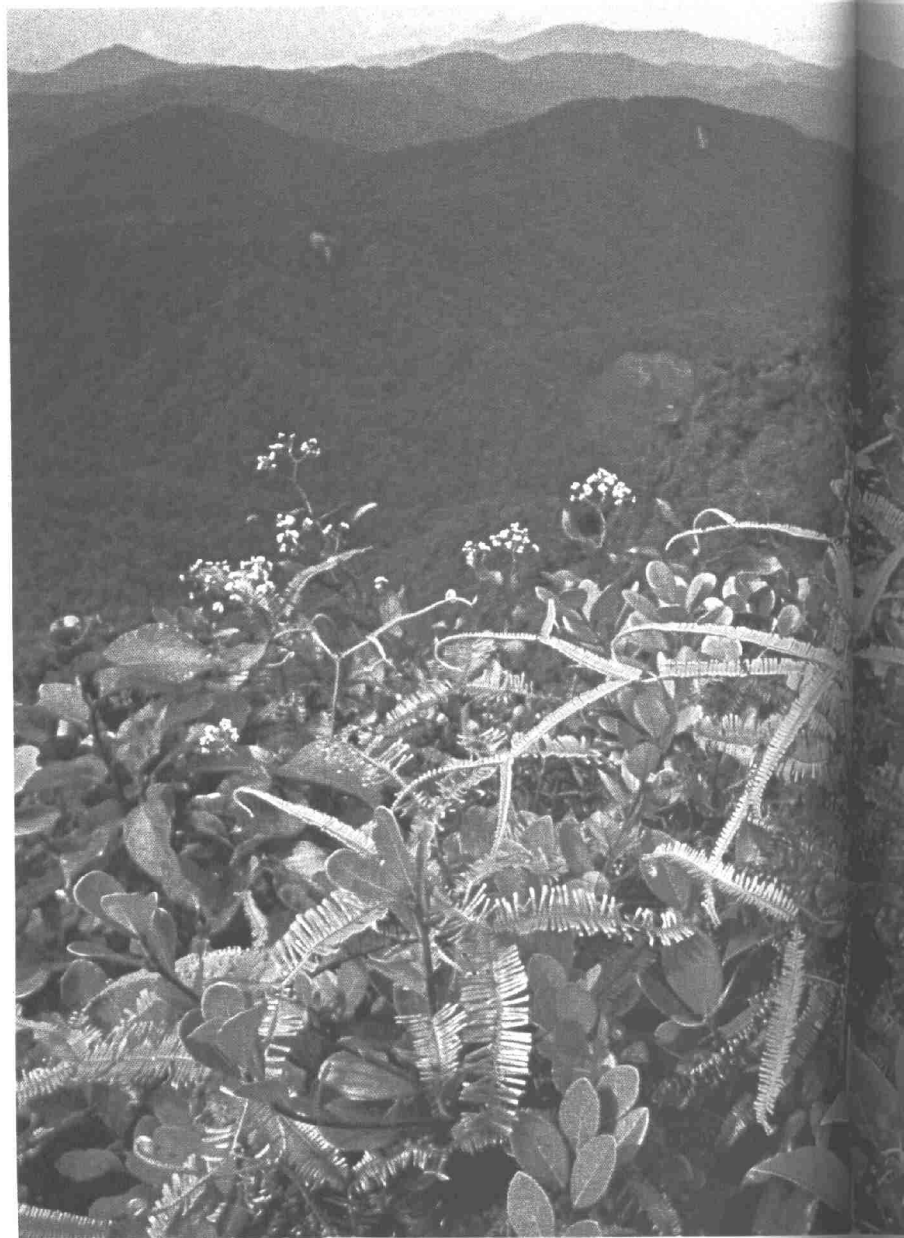
But Fraser's Hill is still there, even if the gambling shack is gone, and what was once the Keys of Paradise on the mule track is now a relaxing weekend retreat for business executives seeking respite from the big cities. Scattered over the seven hills that make up the resort, a series of English graystone bungalows were built, with neat English gardens blooming with roses and hollyhocks. To these have been added more

modern facilities, including a 100-room hotel which unfortunately fails to blend with the landscape. Fraser's Hill is for those who like to relax in the countryside, walk jungle paths or swim in the pool of the Jerlau Waterfall. For recreation there are an easy nine-hole golf course, three tennis courts, and excellent playgrounds and pony rides for children.

Unfortunately, for those without private transport, Fraser's Hill is difficult to reach. It is a one-hour bus journey from Kuala Lumpur (103 kilometers, 64 miles to the south) to **Kuala Kubu Baharu**, from where you have to board a second bus which takes another 1½ hours to get to the top. The last eight kilometers (five miles) is up a narrow road on which a one-way traffic system operates. It was along the winding road from Kuala Baharu that Sir Henry Gurney, the British High Commissioner, was ambushed and killed by communist guerrillas in 1951. But do not be alarmed. The communists, like the tigers, have been severely reduced in numbers and their sporadic activities are now virtually confined to the Thai-Malaysian border.

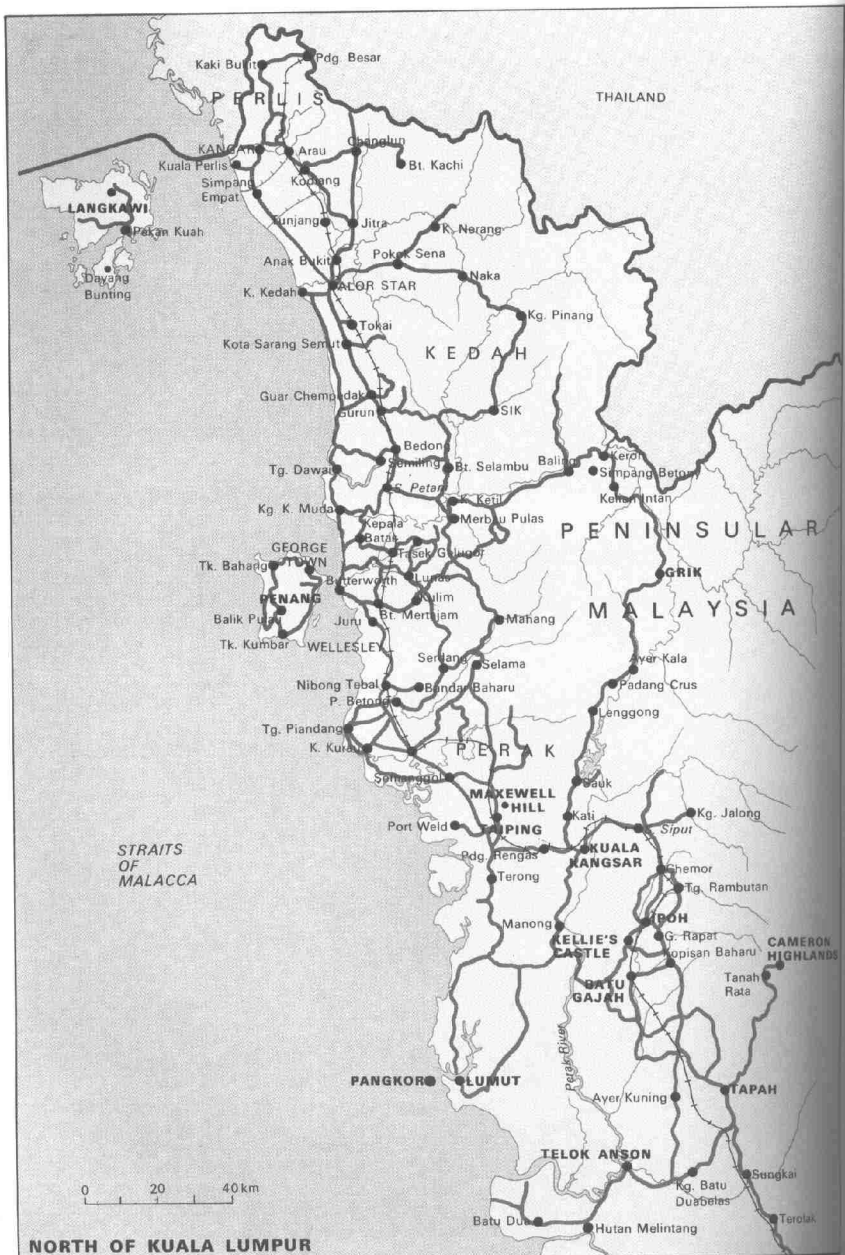
Bungalows and chalets provide a weekend retreat at Fraser's Hill.





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BEACHES AND HILL STATIONS



Cozy fireplaces and air-conditioned beach cottages, warming hot toddies and tall iced drinks, sweaters over *sari* and *sarong* around bikinis; mists rising from green valleys and sun filtering down through palms. Malaysia is a land of delightful contrasts, from cool mountain retreats to sunny beach resorts. The mountain retreats, called "hill stations," are patterned after their British counterparts in India. Malaysia has several, including Fraser's Hill within close reach of Kuala Lumpur and Cameron Highlands near Ipoh. Even Penang Island boasts a hill station with all the prerequisites: cool air, a panoramic view and comfortable accommodations. Penang Hill goes even a step further: it has a funicular railway to carry visitors to the top.

Owing to the presence of mangrove swamps and mud flats, bathing beaches along the coast north from Port Dickson are few and far between, but the offshore islands compensate for this. Pangkor, Penang and Langkawi have good beaches and are easily accessible from the mainland.

All island beach resorts and mountain retreats are within a few hours' drive of one another. A visitor can awake in the alpine breezes at Cameron Highlands, have a round of golf or hike a jungle trail, and bask in the sun on a beach in Penang that same afternoon.

Perak, The Silver State

Perak is the Malay word for *silver*, but the "silver" of the state of **Perak** is its shining tin which has made it into one of the richest states of the Malaysian federation. One of the oldest in the Peninsula, Perak is the only state whose royal house can claim direct descent from the sultans of Malacca. Sultan Idris, today's ruler, is the 33rd of his line founded in 1528 by Sultan Muzaffar Shah, who was the eldest son of Malacca's last Malay monarch.

The history of the state closely revolves around its abundant tin supply, but until the 19th Century that history was concentrated along the banks of the Perak River Valley where state rulers made their capitals. From these royal

bases along the river they attempted to maintain control over the tin wealth which was brought downstream from the mines inland. But they had to contend with outsiders — the Achinese from Sumatra, the Bugis from Selangor, the Thais from the north, as well as the Portuguese and the Dutch. The Dutch, in particular, built forts at the mouth of the Perak River and on the strategic island of Pangkor in order to grab the tin monopoly.

The tin revolution of the 19th Century, however, transformed the face and the politics of the state. Mining on a large-scale for the first time shifted the center of power from the Perak River Valley to the tin-rich areas of Larut and Kinta. During the 1840s, newly discovered deposits in Larut made its Malay territorial chief the wealthiest and most powerful man in the state. It also turned Larut into a cockpit for the struggles of rival groups of Chinese tin miners until their activities, affecting the welfare of the Straits Settlements, led the British to intervene. Within a decade of British intervention, the main interest in tin mining had shifted to the Kinta Valley, which contains the richest tin deposits in the world. Since the turn of this century, Kinta has been the leading district in Perak, and Ipoh, the most prosperous of all its settlements.

The Town that Tin Built

Ipoh, the tin center of the world, lies on the trunk road and rail line about midway between Kuala Lumpur and Penang. Like Kuala Lumpur, it started as a landing stage at the point beyond which navigation of the river was no longer possible, and sprang up almost overnight into another Chinese miners' settlement on the ancestral lands of the Datuk Panglima Kinta, the local Malay territorial chief. By the 1890s, brick buildings were replacing the fire-prone wooden shacks of the miners' town, and by the 1900s it was *de facto* the principal town in the state, although the state capital remained at Taiping until 1937. By this time Ipoh had emerged as the best-planned town in the Peninsula, as can be witnessed today from its broad, regularly laid-out streets.

Apart from its excellent amenities, good accommodations and its convenience as a center from which to explore other parts of the state, Ipoh

Preceding
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single-
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text and
photos
unroll
beneath
slanted
look-
outs on
Malaysia's
hill stations.

does not hold too much to detain the tourist. The official part of the town, between the **railway station** and the **padang** — with its legacy of handsome, neo-classical colonial architecture — has a stately, dignified air. The immense new **state mosque** rises within close proximity to the **clock tower**, another colonial legacy built to commemorate the assassination of James Birch, Perak's first British Resident. The **padang** itself, surrounded by buildings all round — a clubhouse, a large missionary secondary school, offices, a bank and the well-known FMS Hotel — is the epitome of every Malaysian town and the scene of important matches, school athletic meets, parades and public rallies.

On the other side of the Kinta River, off Gopeng Road, Ipoh's race track is set against a magnificent backdrop of craggy limestone outcrops and the more distant hills of the Main Range. These limestone outcrops are characteristic of the Kinta Valley and lend mystery as well as beauty to the scene. Many of them are riddled with caves which in their time have served both as homes for Stone Age men as well as hideouts

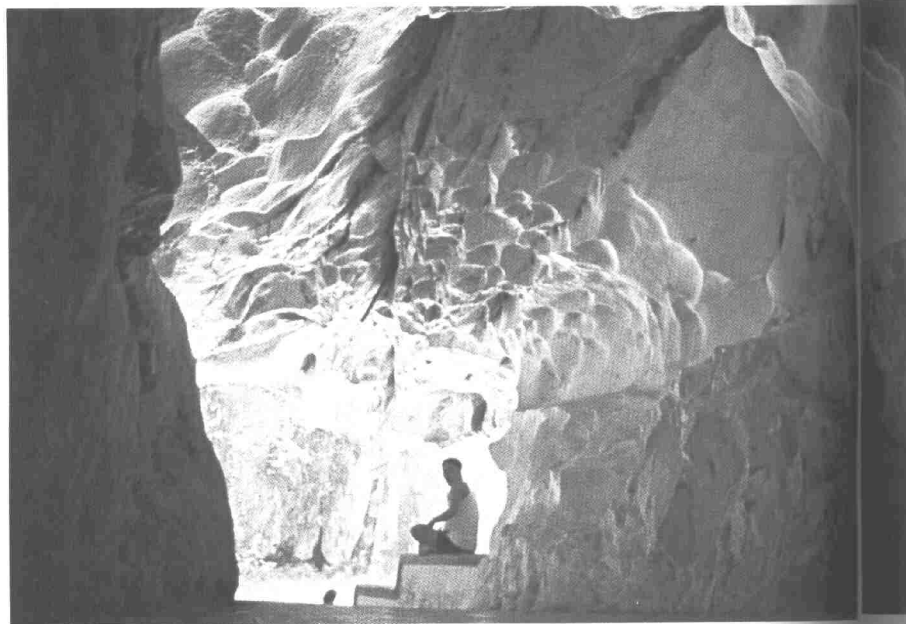
for bandits. In 1959, a British Gurkha army officer leading a patrol hunting for communist guerrillas came across the only prehistoric rock paintings ever to have been found in Peninsular Malaysia. They are on the face of a cliff barely 275 meters (300 yards) from the main road to Tambun and are easily accessible with the help of a guide. While perhaps not qualified for an exhibition in a national art gallery, they are of great importance and value to those interested in man's early history.

Temples in the Rockface

The limestone caves around Ipoh, so reminiscent of similar features in the south of China, present great fascination for the worshippers of Chinese and Hindu deities. Odd-looking white buildings, some with red-tiled pagoda roofs, are seen flat against the cliffs. These are, in fact, facades of caves converted into temples, both Chinese and Hindu.

One of the largest shrines is the **Perak Tong**, six kilometers (3½ miles) north of town on the trunk road. It has the biggest statue of the Lord Buddha (67 meters high) in a sitting position, his

Another of the numerous caverns around Ipoh, capital of Perak state.



half-a-meter eye gazing down. In the natural coolness of the shrine, visitors can wander about, studying the many deities and marveling at nature's unmatched architecture.

Do not hesitate to explore. Go beyond the main altars and visit the 54-meter (177-foot) Laughing Buddha and the painting of Kuan Yin, the Goddess of Mercy. Then, in semi-darkness, climb a stairway (ask the caretaker for the key) to the upper reaches of the cave. The climb is arduous. Follow a thin shaft of light from above and finally, 355 steps later, reach nirvana. Here Kuan Yin, seated atop an elephant, gazes out on Ipoh and the surrounding countryside.

At the other end, at Gunong Rapat, is **Sam Poh Tong**, six kilometers (3½ miles) on the trunk road south of town. The biggest of the rock temples, its origin dates back to the late 1890s when Ipoh was emerging as Perak's largest town. A monk passing through found the cave and decided to make it his abode and place for meditation. He remained in the cave for 20 years until his death. Other monks followed his example. Today, the cave houses a

temple where a group of monks live, having dedicated their lives to the Buddha. A stiff climb of 246 steps leads to the open from where there is an excellent panorama of the mountains and the countryside surrounding Ipoh.

Hollowed out in the center of the outcrop is an almost perfect circle of perpendicular cliff 70 meters (230 feet) high, where an old dilapidated stone house stands. Thousands of turtles swim in a garden pond in front of it.

Apparently, the privacy of this inner chamber has lured other people besides the clergy; on deserted walls carved out of the cliff face are enough romantic graffiti to fill a book.

Underground Riches and Broken Dreams

The **Kinta Valley**, whose tin production a few years ago was half that of the rest of Malaysia combined and 17 percent that of the world total, stretches funnel-shaped for 70 kilometers (43 miles) from Sungai Siput in the north of Ipoh to Kampar in the south. At present, the main trunk road follows the railway up the valley of the Kinta River

Buddhist
statues
around Perak
Tong Shrine,
in a limestone
cave near
Ipoh.



and resumes its course northwards. But a new highway is being built to cut straight across the hills of the Kledang Range which separates Ipoh from the Perak River Valley. When completed, it will shorten the distance to Kuala Kangsar by about 25 kilometers (15 1/2 miles). What was once a vast expanse of forest crossed by sluggish jungle streams and swamps has over the last 100 years been denuded of virtually all its trees, its swamps drained and even the course of the Kinta River straightened out. The land now lies open, offering vistas of deserted mining pools over the bleached scars of tin tailings; dotted here and there are the wooden *palong* of the Chinese mines; and floated majestically in pools of their own making are the huge tin dredges.

Mining townships, occupying land once roamed by wild herds of elephants, scatter themselves over the face of this valley. Some, like Ipoh, rose with the tin industry but when the local deposits were exhausted, they declined and shriveled into little villages or even into ghost towns, like **Papan**, **Tronoh** and **Pusing**. Some, such as **Batu Gajah** and **Gopeng**, were once greater and more prosperous than Ipoh itself. **Kampar**, a very Chinese town at the foot of Bujang Melaka on the main trunk road south of Ipoh, prides itself as being the largest of these towns, while Gopeng has its long gone prosperity wanly reflected in its large wooden market, its Chinese theater and the dignified rows of shophouses.

Just south of Gopeng, a narrow side road to the right branches off to **Kota Bahru**, a little village on the railway. It then leads on to **Makam Teja**, the tomb of Bendehara Alang Iskandar, one of the great state officers of 19th-Century Perak and a direct ancestor of the present ruler. As is often the case with graves of distinguished Malays, the site has become a shrine (*keramat*) visited by humble folk in search of blessings or some special favors. It has also become a tradition that a newly installed sultan of Perak must pay his respects at this shrine.

Between Gopeng and Ipoh, another branch road follows the Sungai Raya, a tributary of the Kinta, across the valley to Batu Gajah. Suddenly, about five kilometers (three miles) before you get there, a bend in the road reveals a large ruins on the other side of the river.


Roots of wild figs and banyan trees have spread themselves out over the brick fabric, splitting the walls. Ceilings have crumpled. Brushing aside creepers and thorny vines, enter and get the feeling that you are treading on a grave. In a sense you are, for here died a dream, the brainchild of a wealthy, rubber planter who in the 1900s began constructing a castle in the jungle. But as unpredictably as it had begun, construction halted, and the dream fell into ruins. The creator of this fantasy was William Kellie-Smith, who owned the rubber estate in which it stands. Building started just before the First World War but it was still not completed when the war was over, and Kellie-Smith died while on a brief trip to Europe. The ruins, now known as **Kellie's Castle**, preserves his memory.

Batu Gajah itself is a small town once destined for greater things; it was designed as the administrative center for the Kinta Valley in the early days of British rule before circumstances placed Ipoh to the fore. The evidence of what it might have been is found in the palatial government offices on top of the hill overlooking the town.

Kellie's castle, now in ruins, was once the dream of a get-rich-quick colonial planter.



The Heart of Perak



A 20-minute drive from Batu Gajah brings you to **Parit**, which is in the heart of the historic Perak River Valley. For centuries the Perak River provided the only means of access to the state's interior and was therefore the main area of Malay settlement and the scene of some of the most dramatic events in Perak's history. Now good roads run along either side of its banks through villages which were the homes of some of Perak's greatest heroes. At various places along the way are simple tombs of Perak sultans, all carefully marked and cared for by the local villagers.

Across the river at Kampong Gajah is **Pasir Salak**, where James Birch was assassinated in 1874. The local territorial chief was executed by the British for his part in the assassination plot and a stone slab declaring "Let this place be desolate forever," was placed just outside the village mosque. The slab has now been removed to the state museum at Taiping, but an obelisk commemorating Birch still remains at Pasir Salak.

The road on the left bank from Pasir Salak eventually crosses the Kinta River

near its confluence with the Perak River and continues across the broad rice fields of Sungai Manik into **Teluk Intan**. Teluk Intan, formerly known as Teluk Anson, is the chief town of Lower Perak and the market for the produce of the surrounding countryside, particularly pineapples. Its main claim to fame is the century old clock tower, with its distinct tilt. Teluk Intan was earmarked as the main outlet for the tin of the Kinta Valley, which was why the railroad was extended to it. But the construction of the main north-south trunk line worked for the benefit of Penang and Port Klang, and reduced Teluk Intan to a backwater.

To the south of Teluk Intan the main road runs on to Sabak Bernam and into Selangor.

Island of Princesses and Pirates

Pangkor lies off the coast of Perak only 50 kilometers (31 miles) from Teluk Intan, but in the absence of a bridge across the broad Perak River at this point, one has to go upstream as far as Bota on the road to Parit in order to join the main road from Ipoh to Sitiawan

Jagged limestone outcrops and hidden valleys characterize the landscape north of Kuala Lumpur.



and Lumut. From Lumut ferries service the island, about five kilometers (three miles) offshore.

Twelve kilometers (7½ miles) long and four kilometers (2½ miles) wide, Pangkor Island is one of the few places on the West Coast to offer palm-fringed sandy beaches beside an azure sea. Legend tells that once a young Sumatran warrior fell in love with a beautiful princess, and to win her favor he sailed north to distinguish himself in battle. When he failed to return after many months, the princess set out to find him. She searched high and wide and upon reaching Pangkor Island learned the tragic news that he had died in battle and was buried there. The villagers led her to his grave, whereupon, distraught and heartbroken she climbed a cliff and flung herself onto the rocks below. **The Beach of the Beautiful Princess** is named after her, as is the hotel built there which can only be reached by ferry from Lumut.

Pangkor has changed little over the years. Primarily an island whose economy depends on the sea, its two main *kampung* are fishing villages, extended on stilts far out over the bay,

looking like scenes on picture postcards. At **Teluk Gadong**, a few kilometers to the south, are remains of the Dutch fort built over 300 years ago in an attempt to control Perak's tin trade. If it looks remarkably well preserved, it is because in recent years it has been partially reconstructed by the Museums Department. Chiseled on a boulder close to the fort is the Dutch East India Coat of Arms.

The name of Pangkor is as familiar to every Malaysian schoolboy as that of Gettysburg is to an American teenager, for it was on board a British warship anchored off the island that the historic Treaty of Pangkor was signed in January 1874, granting the British entry into the Malay states of the Peninsula for the first time. Before that the island had long been notorious as a pirate base and stronghold.

Today, Pangkor is first and foremost a beach resort. The island's three hotels are on the west side, facing the Straits of Malacca. Four times a day, a ferry leaves Lumut for the **Princess Hotel's** quay which is located on idyllic Oyster Bay. The trip takes 35 minutes. The ferry slides down the Dindings River

A small launch anchors off Pangkor Island.



through the kilometer-wide channel where thick jungle growth enwraps the banks. Occasionally, a one-meter-long lizard scampers for cover in the undergrowth. From Oyster Bay a wondrous, antediluvian bus transports guests to the hotel situated on Telok Belanga.

To reach the **Seaview Hotel** and the newer **Beach Huts Hotel**, board the ferry at Lumut bound for Pangkor village, half an hour away. There one of the island's eight taxis or two buses carries you over three kilometers to these hotels at Pasir Bogak. Here, too, is the spacious, but run-down, **Government Rest House**.

For the energetic there is a splendid four-kilometer (2 1/2 mile) jungle-walk from the Princess Hotel across the top of the island (966 meters, 294 feet) to **Kampung Sungai Pinang Kecil** (Kampung Sungai for short), and then, to Pangkor village. Twice daily — in the early morning and the late afternoon — this trip may be made by ferry. For the less energetic, a four-kilometer (2 1/2 mile) path along the shore joins the Princess and Seaview hotels. Midway is the primitive *atap* hut **Minivillage** much

favored by impecunious Malaysian students.

The **Government Rest House** at Lumut contains a mini museum with an excellent collection of seashells, corals, ancient weapons and other items of historical interest. The quiet of the sleepy town is shattered every August during the annual sea carnival which include, besides yachting and boating, Malaysian cultural events.

Gold Dome, Royal Town

About 35 kilometers (21 1/2 miles) upstream from Parit and a few kilometers from where the present trunk highway crosses the Perak River over the graceful 50-year-old Iskandar Bridge lies the attractive town of **Kuala Kangsar**. The **Government Rest House** here overlooks the river and is worth a night's stay both for its own quiet beauty and as a convenient center for exploring the neighboring countryside. Kuala Kangsar, the residence of the sultan of Perak, is a royal town and is famous for three other things besides — for possessing one of the first rubber trees to be planted in the country; for its

Ubaidiah Mosque at Kuala Kangsar is considered one of the country's finest Muslim shrines.



spectacular mosque; and for its Malay College, the earliest residential school of a modern kind. A plaque on **Government Hill** near the **Old Residency** (where the British Resident lived but now used as the premises of a girls school) marks one of the few surviving original rubber trees grown from the seedlings sent from Kew Gardens in London to Singapore for experimental purposes in the late 1870s. The seeds flourished but it was almost another generation before British planters took the cue and planted rubber seriously.

The road which winds along the riverside past the Old Residency and the Rest House ends up on **Bukit Chandan**, the first sight of which reveals the huge, golden dome of the **Ubadiah Mosque**. This is surely the most photographed Muslim building in the country, and rightly so, if just for its truly striking and symmetrical domes and minarets. Beyond the mosque, which was completed in 1919, the road arrives at the compound of the sultan's palace, the **Istana Iskandariah**. Conspicuously placed on a hill overlooking the river valley, the stone vulgarity of the palace is shown up clearly against the much

smaller but dignified and graceful *istana hinggap* or temporary palace opposite, built entirely of wood in the traditional Malay style without a nail being used in its construction.

The **Malay College** is near the main part of the town, set back in its own spacious grounds. Founded in 1904 as a residential school for the sons of *raja* and of the Malay aristocracy, its doors are now open to all Malay boys of talent. A good cross section of Malaysia's establishment today received their education under its roof.

A 30-cent trip in a sampan across the river at Kuala Kangsar takes you to **Sayong** on the opposite bank, also once the home of sultans. A walk of three or four kilometers (get a guide to show the way) brings you to the place where Sayong pottery is made — in particular, the gray-black *labu*, water pitchers distinguished by their broad bodies and tall narrow spouts. Other kinds of pottery-ware are available for sale at low "warehouse" prices as well: ornamental tortoises, elephants, birds and practical ashtrays, vases and bowls.

The Uncrowned King

From the highlands of the interior the waters of the Perak River, the second largest stream in the Peninsula, pour southwards. Formerly, this river flooded the towns and villages along its banks every year. Nowadays, however, its water is controlled by Malaysia's largest dam constructed across the tributary of Temenggor, which lies deep in the jungle 150 kilometers (93 miles) upstream from Kuala Kangsar.

The region in which the dam is built is known as **Upper Perak**, a district which is still largely covered by mountainous jungles and which has only in modern times formed part of Perak proper. In the 19th Century, Upper Perak belonged to the Malay principality of Reman, whose territory extended into southern Thailand and whose rulers paid homage to Bangkok. In 1909 Reman was formally transferred by treaty to Perak, and the story goes that Perak gained a few extra square miles of territory as a result of what Hubert Berkeley did: the British district officer at Grik, with his men, moved the jungle boundary stones in the middle of the night.

For the next few years, Upper Perak



A trishaw cycles down Taiping's tree-lined street.

continued to be so remote from the rest of the country that Berkeley, who was its district officer for almost 20 years, ruled like an uncrowned king. Many are the stories still told about him by the district's old folk; he identified with the locals and by the time he retired he had become a living legend.

On the map a solitary road winds from Kuala Kangsar into this domain until it touches the Thai border at Kroh before swinging back into Kedah. On the ground this road proceeds, equally as solitary, through picturesque scenery which becomes increasingly remote and wild. Not far from Kuala Kangsar, it becomes a causeway as it crosses **Tasek Chenderoh**, a man-made lake formed by the dam of the same name built across the Perak River. It is magnificently silent. The lofty hills behind, with the ever-present halo of clouds, are mirrored in its still waters. Beds of lilies grow lavishly in the water. Fishermen in frail boats glide across its surface, tossing nets that make radiating ripples.

At **Kota Tampan** near Lenggong, the road passes caves once occupied by Stone Age men who left behind their tools and utensils as evidence. As it

continues northwards it becomes progressively more tortuous and lonely, with occasional clearings in the hillside jungle for patches of tobacco and *orang asli* (aborigine) crops. **Grik** is a self-contained colony in this jungle wilderness, important not only as an administrative center but as the starting point for the East-West Highway on its way to Kelantan and the East Coast. There is a Government Rest House and some small hotels in town.

From Grik the road makes its way to Kroh through *orang asli* villages and scenery which becomes ever more spectacular, eventually climbing past the vast open-cast tin mine that sprawls across the slopes of the hills above **Klian Intan**. This mine was sending tin to Malacca in the days of the sultanate, but its resources might have long been exhausted if mining had not been inhibited by the fear of offending the jealous spirits of the hill. After Klian Intan comes **Kroh**, the small and pleasant frontier town about five kilometers (three miles) from the Thai border with a newish Rest House and customs and immigration offices for those who wish to enter Thailand.

A lofty silence settles upon Tasek Chenderoh, a lake formed by the Perak River.



Town of Everlasting Peace

A narrow pass at Bukit Berapit separates Kuala Kangsar and the Perak River Valley from the plains of Larut and Matang, and the north. Both road and rail go through this gap, first passing the impressive rock of **Gunong Pandak** which stands like a sentinel. While the railroad burrows through the hillside, the highway passes above, and as it goes down the other side it crosses a cold, fresh mountain stream which is a favorite spot for picnickers at the weekends.

From there it is a quick 20-minute drive to **Taiping** ("Peace," in Chinese), the chief town of Larut and Matang, and for 50 years, capital of the state. Taiping admits to the heaviest rainfall in the Peninsula and the peace referred to in its name was first acquired at the end of the bloody struggles between rival Chinese mining factions in Larut, when the Treaty of Pangkor was first signed. The town seems to have been left undisturbed ever since.

In the 1890s, long before the word "ecology" was in common usage an

abandoned tin mine on the edge of the town was landscaped to create the beautiful **Lake Gardens**. The architect's name, Captain Akhwi, an Indian inspector of mines, should be high in the annals of the history of Malaysia. Situated in the Gardens is a nine-hole golf course and a zoo which covers an area of about 50 hectares (124 acres). Here too is the **Government Rest House**, built in the Sumatran-Menangkabau style but supported by a row of classical Doric columns, demonstrating the Malaysian genius for marrying different traditions. More architectural gems include the colonial town hall and the government offices standing not far away in a corner of the Gardens. At the foot of the hills is an extensive **Allied War Cemetery**.

The **State Museum**, the oldest in the country, is also housed in a venerable Victorian building placed, perhaps not so appropriately, opposite the state prison. The Museum displays a wide variety of exhibits, many of which were gathered at the beginning of the century and are not obtainable anywhere else now.

An Indian attendant works at Maxwell Hill, the country's oldest hill station which lacks extensive recreational facilities, but is richly endowed by nature.



Privacy in a Rose Garden

Rising above the town, largely responsible for Taiping's reputation as the wettest place in the Peninsula, towers **Maxwell's Hill** or **Gunong Hijau**. Up at 1,020 meters (310 feet) on its slopes is Malaysia's oldest hill station; there are no golf courses, fancy restaurants or swimming pools, but limited jungle walks and a badminton court. However, the cool air and moist clouds hanging low over the jungles below, the ever-changing view as the clouds wash off the Straits of Malacca from Penang to Pangkor, and the comfortable bungalows with their English names and warming fireplaces, give Maxwell's Hill the simplicity of a natural hideaway that sets the heart and mind delightfully at ease.

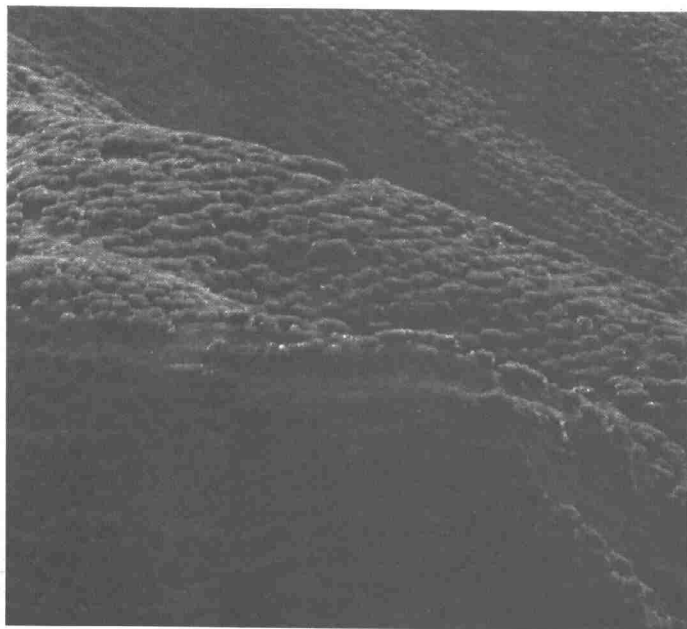
The first road to the top of the hill was constructed after the Second World War with the "help" of Japanese prisoners of war and was completed in 1948. Before that anyone who wished to reach the top but did not fancy hiking had the choice of going by pony-back or on sedan chair. In the early years the trail was lined with porters carrying heavy

loads of fragrant tea down the hill. Now tea growing is no longer practiced and only a handful of Indian laborers remain to keep the all-powerful jungle at bay and the gardens neatly manicured.

Although the road is paved today, access is prohibited to private vehicles. Government-owned land rovers which operate from the far end of the Lake Gardens serve as mountain taxis departing every hour between dawn and dusk. The one-lane road is steep and narrow; at sharp bends the jungle suddenly parts to reveal the green land below divided into a pattern of roads and fields. The air turns brisk and the sun becomes lost in a bow of mist and clouds. At the **Half Way House**, traffic halts until the land rovers coming downhill have passed. The 12-kilometer (seven-mile) journey takes 40 minutes. Land rovers will deliver a traveler to the front step of his bungalow and leave him to the privacy of a Malaysian retreat. If he be energetic, at the foot of the hill, a stone's throw of the land rovers' station, is a large freshwater swimming pool, fed constantly by a waterfall.

Back on the plain, the trunk road pursues its course northwards to

Tea plantations claim the rolling hills of the Cameron Highlands, near Tanah Rata.



Penang, Kedah and the Thai border. At **Simpang**, the crossroads for Taiping, a branch road bends off in the other direction to go to **Port Weld** which is the terminus for Malaysia's first railroad. Opened in 1885, the line runs for 12 kilometers (7½ miles) between the port and Taiping but is now used for occasional goods traffic only.

On the way to Port Weld the road passes at **Matang**, the old fort of Ngah Ibrahim, the Malay territorial chief of Larut made rich by tin but who was unable to master the turbulent Chinese factions who produced the wealth. Later it was used as the first teachers' training college in the Malay States.

The trunk road rushes north through towns with fanciful names like **Bagan Serai** (Lemon Grass Quay), where the rice-growing Krian District begins; **Parit Buntar** (The Bulging Dyke) and **Nibong Tebal** (The Stout Nibong Palm). Another half hour and you are at the ferry for Penang.

Golfclubs and Blowpipes

The **Cameron Highlands** are not part of Perak but of Pahang, but they can

only be reached through Perak. The road to the Highlands branches off the main trunk highway 60 kilometers (37 miles) south of Ipoh at Tapah. It shoots off towards the hills and for 90 kilometers (56½ miles) — four-fifths of which are excellent — it winds and twists its way to the Peninsula's rooftop. As cool air funnels down the mountain pass, the temperature drops almost immediately. Palms and banana trees give way to deep jungle growth. Thick ferns seem to fan the road and clusters of bamboo add the living touch of a Chinese scroll painting. *Orang asli* wearing breech cloths and carrying blowpipes amble incongruously along the roadside.

Cameron Highlands is actually three districts in one. For the newcomer it can be confusing, and perhaps somewhat disappointing, especially when, after 45 kilometers (28 miles), he arrives at **Ringlet**, the first district. Better to push on! Four kilometers (2½ miles) later comes the pleasant **Sultan Abu Bakar Lake**, another man-made body of water formed by the damming of the **Bertam River**. Fifteen kilometers (nine miles) further on lies **Tanah Rata**, the princi-

The Smokehouse, a hotel at Tanah Rata in the Cameron Highlands.



pal township in the Highlands. The scenery becomes superb — cool and clean air, streams, lakes, and a view of rolling green mountains that fade into distant grays on the horizon.

The scenery had not always been so charming. Steep, hostile, seemingly impenetrable, and infested with spirits and demons of the underworld, the Cameron Highlands was unknown even to the Malays until 1885, when William Cameron, a government surveyor on a mapping expedition, reported finding "a fine plateau with gentle slopes shut in by mountains."

Tea planters hastily claimed the plateau, and before long the Chinese discovered that the high altitude was ideal for growing vegetables, and began farming the valley floors. To carry their produce to market they built a road. A wealthy rubber planter came looking for a place of leisure and built a house which his family could use on weekends. The mountain resort of Cameron Highlands has not stopped growing ever since.

Along Tanah Rata's single street are several Chinese hotels and stores which sell the produce of the Camerons —

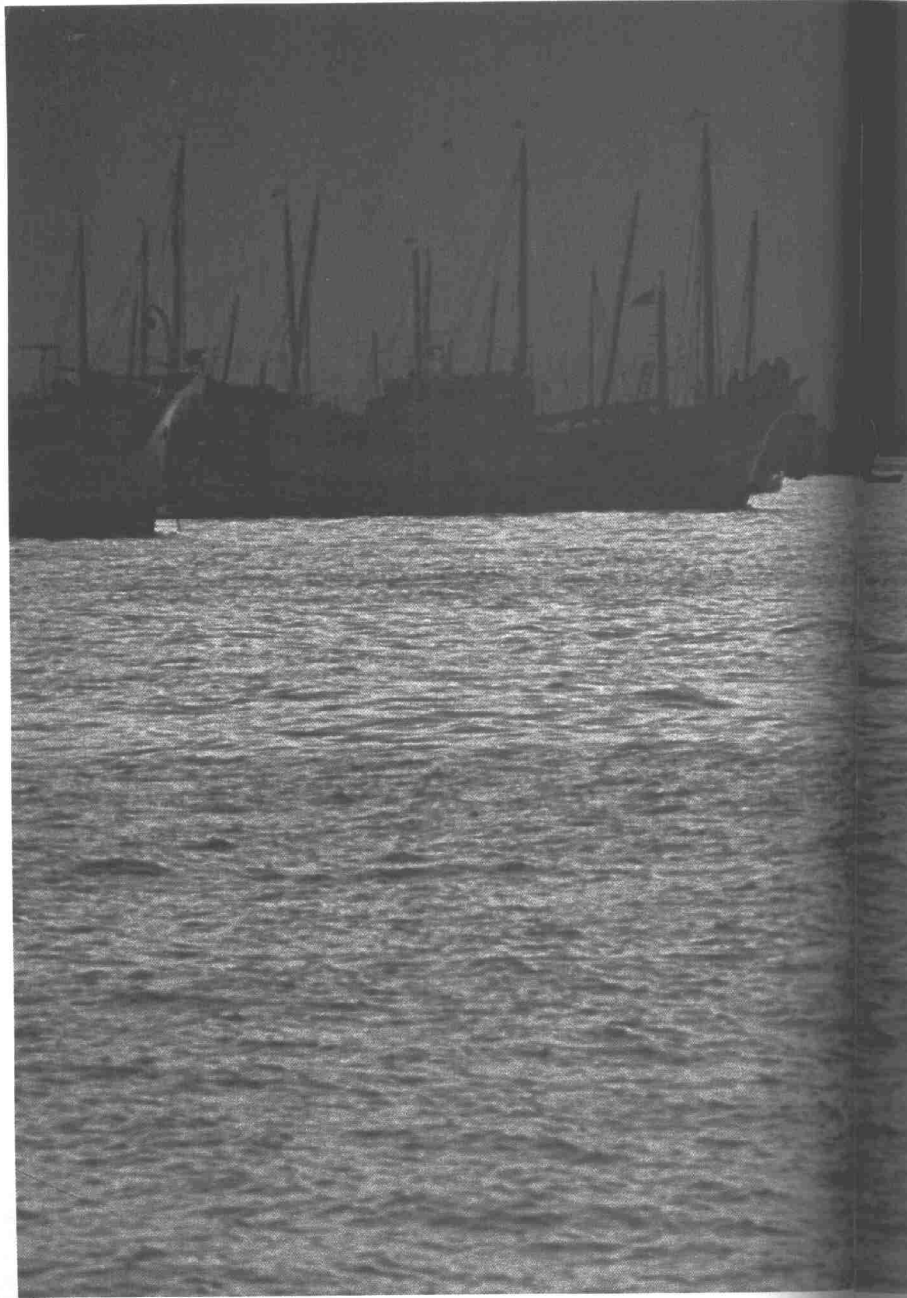
fresh strawberries and cream; mounted butterflies and pinioned scorpions; *orang asli* blowpipes and arrow pouches. Nearby are the **Government Rest House**, a couple of moderate hotels and the agricultural research institute. The latter may be visited, as may several of the tea plantations in the district where the visitor can marvel at the magnificent foliage which looks like monochrome tesserae of a mosaic, watch the tea being processed and become intoxicated on its aroma.

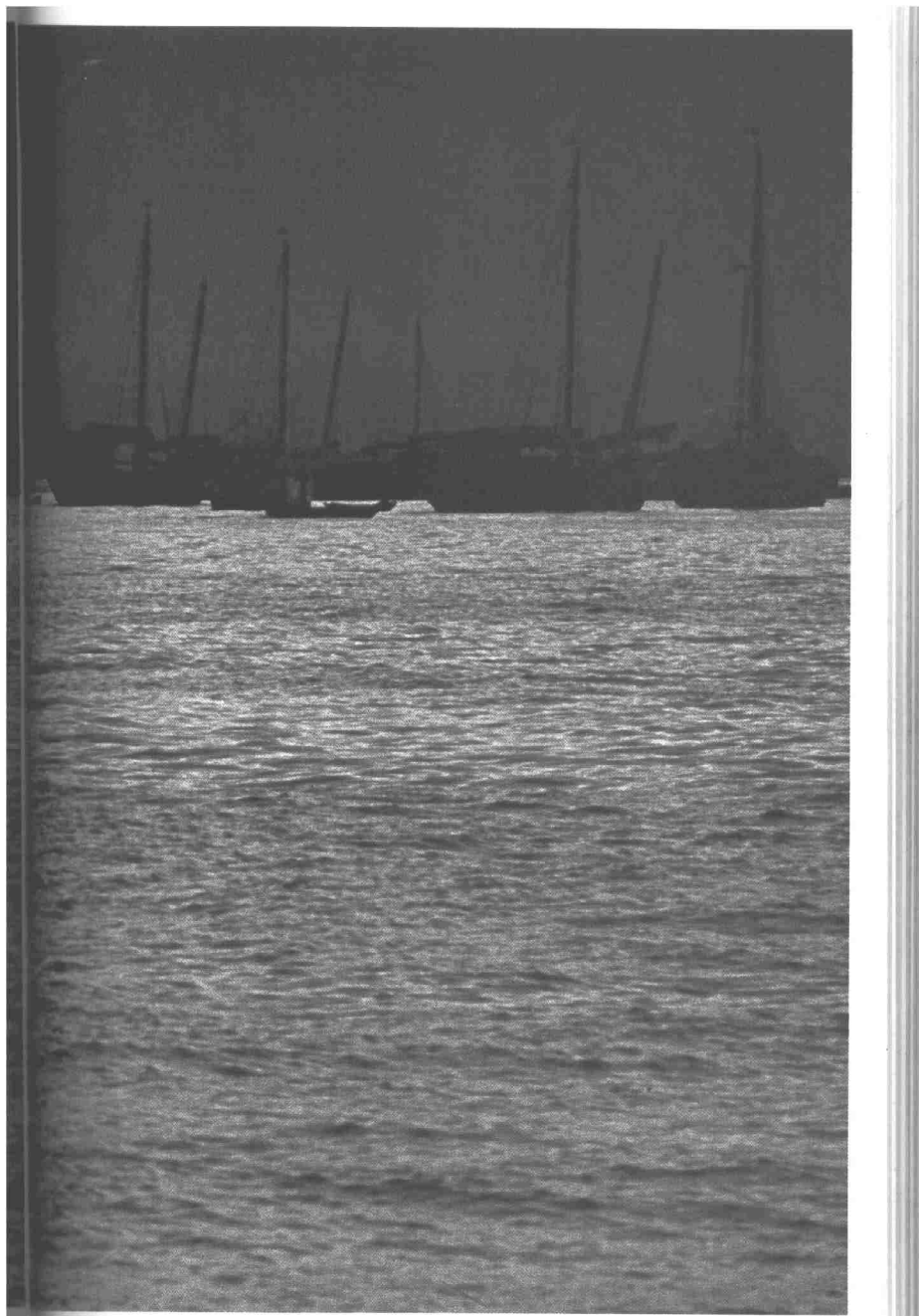
Tanah Rata has blossomed into a holiday destination for Malaysian college students and diplomats alike. Local Boy Scouts with knapsacks on their backs thumb-rides up the winding hills, while expatriates from Singapore lounge on colonial verandas, munching fresh strawberries and cream. Ingenious engineering, careful planning and profound craftsmanship have obviously contributed to the success of this mountain resort which currently boasts two first-class hotels. It is the largest and best organized of Malaysia's hill stations.

Three kilometers (two miles) above Tanah Rata is the Highlands' famous 18-hole golf course with a cozy pavilion equipped with bar and restaurant. Through the dense foliage of the jungle beyond, you occasionally catch a glimpse of an *orang asli* village on a distant mountain ledge. Many *Orang Asli* prefer the simple outdoor existence in the forests their ancestors knew. The 20th Century passes their doorstep with apparently little effect on their way of life; no more than they have upon the contemporary golfer in tartan bell-bottoms. Golf clubs and blowpipes raise no eyebrows in the Cameron Highlands. Visitors go to relax, and while relaxation to some might be a game of golf or tennis, to others it is a hike along some of the jungle trails. These lead to tea plantations, waterfalls, *orang asli* settlements, and for the energetic, to the summits of the surrounding mountains, of which **Gunong Brinchang** (the highest) reaches 2,000 meters (6,562 feet). On clear days Ipoh and other West Coast towns, as well as the Malacca Straits are visible. The jungles of the Highlands are deceptively dense. Information booklets cautiously advise visitors hiking into the interior to tell someone which way they are going and to stick to the paths.

Cameron's well known 18-hole golf course at Brinchang.







THE ISLAND STATE OF PENANG

Although once under the dominion of the Sultan of Kedah, Penang ("Betel-nut Island," in Malay) has always been on its own. Until the British came, it was largely deserted despite its strategic position; less than a thousand Malay fishermen lived in scattered kampongs along the seashore.

To encourage trade and commerce, the British made the island state a free port; no taxes were levied on both imports and exports. This strategy worked and in eight years the population increased to 8,000, comprising many immigrant races — Chinese, Indians and Bugis, among others. Today, the island boasts of more than 500,000 people, over half of whom are Chinese and over a quarter Malays.

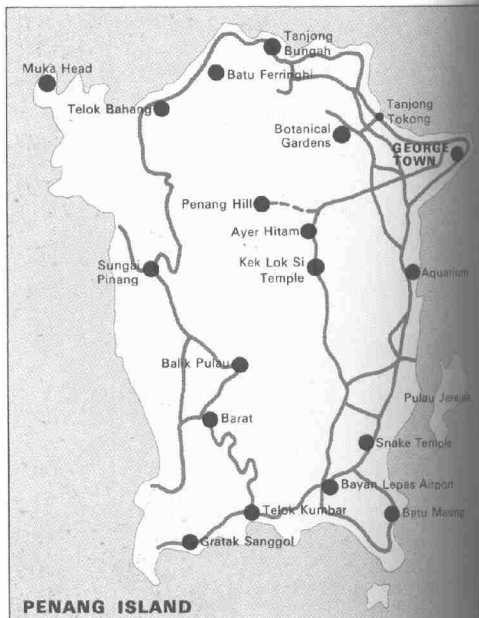
In the Beginning... There was Light

But the story of how Penang fell into British hands and developed into Malaysia's leading entrepôt port does little credit to the British themselves. It was acquired on the initiative of an English trader and adventurer called Francis Light, who lived in the area for over 15 years. Light spoke fluent Thai and Malay and was a familiar figure in the Kedah court. He fully envisaged the advantages that the possession of Penang would hold for the British, who were then represented by the English East India Company. The Company had an increasingly urgent need for a station on the eastern side of the Bay of Bengal in order to secure naval domination of the Bay from the French. Such a base would serve to victual Company ships on their long haul to China in the flourishing tea and opium trade and, also, as a headquarters from which to further British interests in Southeast Asian waters. At last in the 1780s, when the rulers of Kedah sorely needed help against the imminent threats of a Thai invasion from the north and Bugis attacks from the south, Light persuaded them to trade Penang for British protection. The Kedah Malays agreed, and in July 1786, an English East India Company settlement was formed on the island.


The Company confirmed its approval of Light's action in acquiring the island but refused to honor the commitment to protect the Sultan of Kedah against his enemies. The angry Sultan tried to recapture Penang but was easily defeated and, as a result, Kedah had to surrender more land to the British — this time, the land between the Muda and Krian rivers opposite Penang island, which was named Seberang Prai by the Malays. The British called it Province Wellesley, after the governor-general in India then. Today, Seberang Prai and Penang constitute the State of Penang, which is headed by a governor appointed by the Malaysian king.

Throughout history Penang has changed names like the seasons. Early Malays called it Pulau Ka Satu, or Single Island. Later it appeared on sailing charts as Pulau Pinang, or Island of the Betel Nut Tree. The British renamed it Prince of Wales' Island, and finally, with Malaysia's independence, it reverted to Penang. There are still many appendages attached to it — "Pearl of the Orient," "Gateway to the East," "Isle of Temples." Those who know Penang agree they all aptly apply.

Preceding pages, sailing junks and Rhio traders bring back the old days in Penang Harbour.



Island of Many Dimensions



Like most cities of Asia that juxtapose the glass and concrete of the new with the tile and teak of the old, Penang has several dimensions. A newcomer can arrive by ferry, be transported by trishaw to a Chinese hotel on Leboh Kimberley or Leboh Chulia in the heart of Chinatown, eat his meals in the small restaurants and food stalls, walk the waterfront and visit the villages set on stilts, and after two weeks leave Penang not knowing there is a tourist complex. On the other hand another visitor may have cocktails served at the poolside overlooking the sea and later dine in a revolving restaurant 16 stories above the flickering lights of the city and never really know that an exciting, vibrant Chinatown exists.

George Town, named by the British after King George III of Great Britain (who was famous in history for losing the Crown's American colonies) but referred to by the Malays as Tanjong (or Headland), is unmistakably a Chinese town, from crowded streets with Chinese characters spelling out mystic logos, to the thriving port from

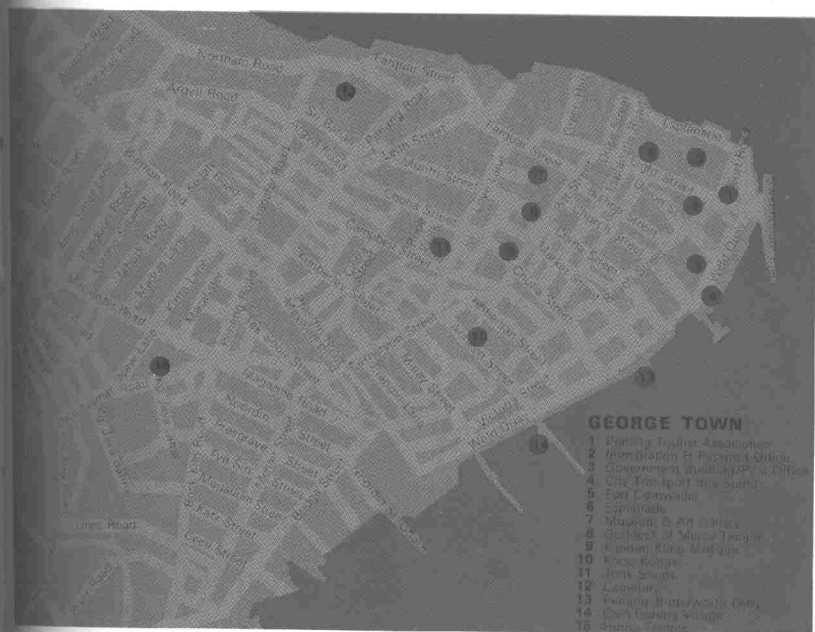
which Malaysia's exports find their way to the world's markets.

As predominantly as the port is Chinese, the countryside is Malay. A few kilometers out of the city, and the hustle and bustle of commerce is left behind; the noise and the crowd are swapped for an agrarian, quiet and thinly populated world. Life becomes peaceful, gentle and unhurried.

But Penang is also Indian. With the British came sepoys (Indian natives employed as soldiers by a European power), Indian merchants, and also Indian convicts sent to build the first roads and fill in the swamps on which the town now stands. Not all of them stayed, but they left behind their stamp. The spicy scent of curry dominates the older section of George Town: a taxi driver speaks Tamil as well as Malay, English and some Hokkien. A Hindu temple stands on top of Penang Hill and a Hindu shrine rises next to a Buddhist image on a promontory in the south.

Traces of Old Penang

Probably the most costly cannon ball in history was shot at **Kedah Point**, near



Fort Cornwallis. The site Francis Light had chosen for his settlement was thick with jungle and the task of clearing the undergrowth proved arduous for the sepoys, who complained of hardship. So Light loaded a cannon with silver dollars and fired it into the jungle. This was enough inducement to get all and sundry set to work to retrieve the coins; before long the land was cleared and the first camp established.

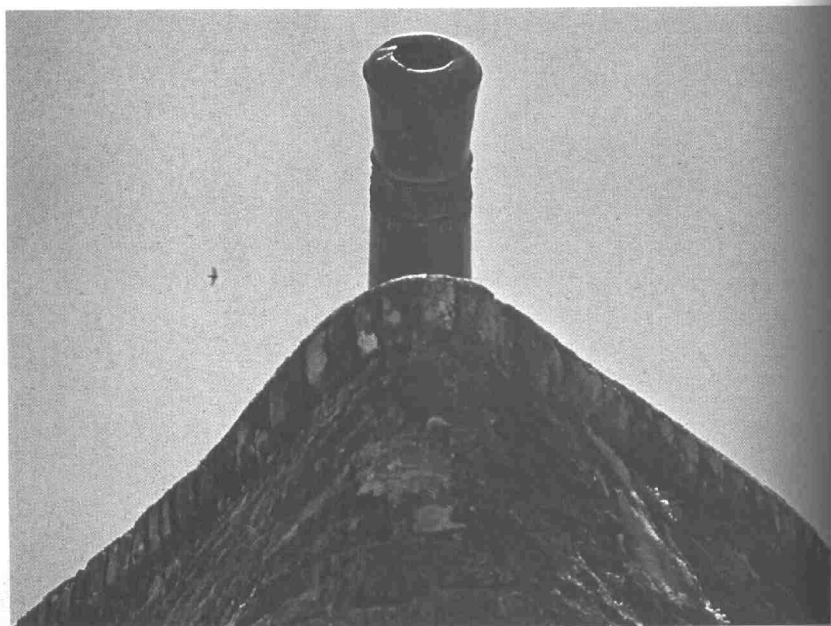
Originally, **Fort Cornwallis** was a wooden structure. Between 1808 and 1810, it was rebuilt with convict labor. Today, the old fort still stands, but its precincts have been converted into a public park and playground. Its ramparts are still guarded by old cannons, the most venerable and famous of which is **Seri Rambai**, known to many Penang residents as "the traveling canon." The cannon has certainly traveled. Cast in Holland, it was presented by the Dutch to the Sultan of Johore in 1606. Seven years later in a devastating raid on Johore, it was captured by the Achinese and taken to Acheh where it stayed for almost 200 years. It was then sent to Kuala Selangor by the Achinese in search of a Bugis alliance, and after the

British bombarded Kuala Selangor in 1871, it was brought to Penang. For several years, it was left lying in the sea off the Esplanade until it was hauled out and placed at its present location. Like most ancient cannons, **Seri Rambai** is attributed with magical powers: it is believed that women desiring children will have their wish fulfilled if they place flowers in the cannon's barrel and offer special prayers.

At the Heart of History

Next to Fort Cornwallis lies the town *padang* (green) and the **Esplanade** (Jalan Tuan Syed Shah Barakbah) which is the heart of historical George Town. Handsome 19th-Century colonial government offices stand at one end of the *padang*; at the other, near the entrance to Fort Cornwallis, traffic circles the city **Clock Tower** presented to Penang by rich Chinese *towkay*, Cheah Chin Gok, in commemoration of Her Majesty Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. The dignified and well-designed **St George's Church** built in 1818 on nearby Jalan Raya Farquhar, draws much attention as the oldest

An old cannon at Fort Cornwallis points blankly to its eventful past.



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Anglican church in Southeast Asia. Francis Light lies buried in the adjoining, frangipani-shaded cemetery, along with a host of other notables of old Penang, many of whom succumbed early in life to the rigors of the climate and life in the tropics.

In **Penang Museum**, on the other side of the street, visitors can peer into a Chinese bridal chamber created in the lavish style of the 19th Century when Malaysian-Chinese girls took great pride in the quality of beadwork on their slippers. One room, dedicated to a glimpse of yesteryear, is hung with old paintings and etchings from the days when Fort Cornwallis was the center of town. Another is an opulent showcase of bejeweled krisses, the dagger-like weapons Malays used for protection and for prestige. There is a rickshaw that rambled through one-lane streets 40 years ago, and beautiful vermilion "birthday tapestries" stitched with gold embroidered dragons and phoenixes. **Penang Art Gallery** upstairs displays batik paintings, oils, graphics and Chinese ink drawings. Most of the techniques are new but the solemn, moody sea scenes and village portraits recap-

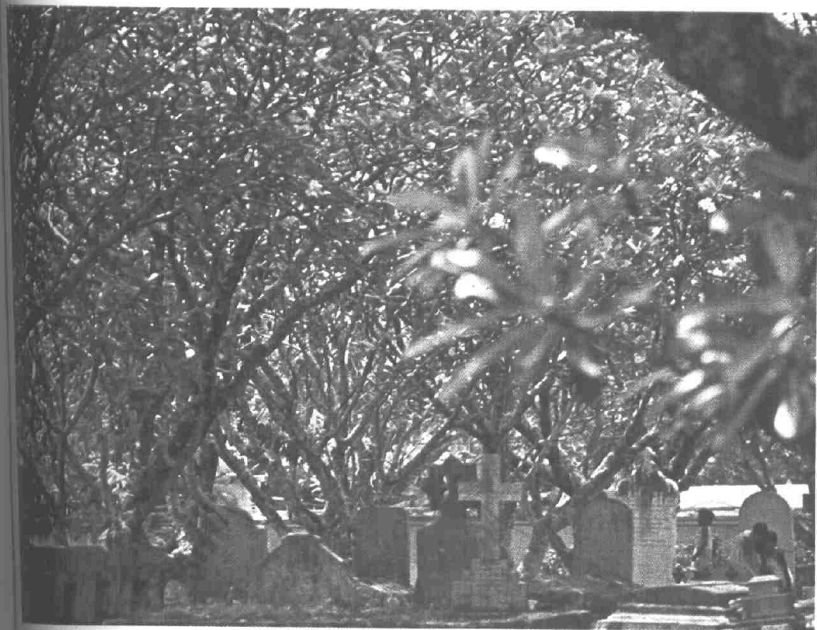
ture a way of life that is little changed from the pioneer days.

Streets of George Town

On arrival, visitors are usually intrigued by the narrow, congested streets of **George Town** and its pulsating waterfront. It is here, on the waterfront, that Penang is linked to the 20th Century by the flotilla of freighters and steamers anchored in the harbor, which cause the ferryboats from Butterworth to zigzag a four-kilometer (2½-mile) course to reach the landing at Weld Quay. The voyage from the mainland to Penang is free but on traveling in the reverse direction you pay a nominal fee.

Penang is a Far East warehouse for everything imaginable, from electronic gadgets to plastic toys. There are silks from Thailand and India, fabrics from England, cameras from Germany and Japan, textiles from America and from Malaysia, brocade and sarongs. **Jalan Pinang** is the main shopping bazaar. Shops open in the early morning and do not close until the bars are empty and the late moviegoers have cleared the streets.

Tombstones at Penang's Christian cemetery read like pages of an early diary.



Jalan Campbell, just off Jalan Pinang, is the main "Chinese" shopping center where Nepalese street vendors sell nylon shirts, fake alligator-skin shoes, laughing jack-in-the-boxes, and precious stones, guaranteed to cut glass.

Perhaps the most exciting shopping in Penang is in the many "junk" shops along **Rope Walk**. Here, shoppers must literally climb over mounds of discarded gear. "What you might uncover will astound you," gleamed a contented antique dealer from Sydney, holding a sandalwood jewel box with the lid hanging hopelessly to one side. "But this can be fixed," she added. She had already found a British army bugle dated 1890, and a rusty tray filled with Buddhist votive tablets. Those who do not mind getting their hands dirty are certain to discover a dusty thing or two. One London boutique salesgirl found a Chinese emperor's robe salvaged from the local opera stage.

Disappearing Markets

One typical Malaysian institution is the *pasar minggu* or *pasar malam* (weekly market or night market). These are temporary markets which spring up in the street or an open space in the evenings or on the weekends. How and where they appear varies from place to place: in Penang, they are called *pasar malam* and move from location to location every two weeks. One Italian tourist returned to Penang after visiting in the south for a week and was greatly disappointed to find that the market had apparently closed down. Only by chance did she learn that it had been moved to somewhere else. The areas, wherever they might be, are well lighted and the bargains range from tiny trinkets to cheap Kelantan batik sarongs and plastic sandals. People-watching here is one sure attraction everyone enjoys thoroughly.

In George Town, walking is a delight and distances pass unnoticed. Taxis are plentiful and inexpensive but they are not allowed to "cruise" for customers. The easiest and most enjoyable way to get around is by trishaw. That way, the city passes by in a kaleidoscope of changing colors, the way it should be in George Town. Even a trishaw ride in the monsoon rain can be enjoyable. The driver zips his passengers into a plastic

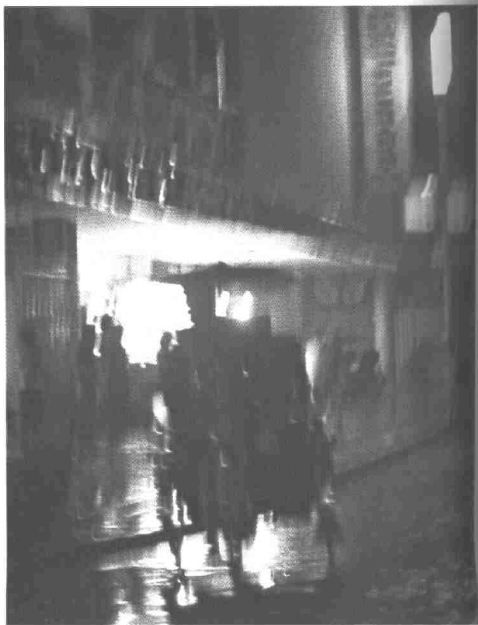
covering, and with the rain falling on the canvas he pedals slowly through the misty streets. At night there is a special romance about riding in a trishaw, when the driver lights small lamps that adorn both fenders. The tiny lights flicker in the inky darkness like glowworms in a field.

Leaning over the railing of a hotel balcony, standing on top of Penang Hill, walking along the waterfront, riding through the crowded streets of George Town in a trishaw — no matter where you are at sunset, you are certain to be awed by the spectacle. The light of day fades, the horizon is streaked with shades of red, mist gathers in the distant hills and day passes. Lights in town begin to come on, the ferries mark their zigzag course-and trishaw riders stop to light their lanterns.

Nighttime Niceties

The streets of George Town are made for nightlife. The Chinese never seem to go to bed. Their open-front restaurants are noisy gathering places where waiters shout your order to someone in a back room. A jukebox, if

Trishaw lanterns flicker furtively on George Town's nighttime winding streets.



there is one, is turned on full volume. Hawker stalls on Gurney Drive and the Esplanade do a thriving business, whilst brightly lit stores cater to late-night shoppers. At the fashionable hotels, latecomers wait in line at the discotheques. There are rooftop restaurants where diners look down over the city lights, hills and harbor, and dark cellar cabarets with no view at all.

Those who prefer their entertainment in bars can find a few around George Town and on the northern outskirts of the city. Some small and friendly establishments, like the **Hong Kong Bar**, keep a "family album" of snapshots showing just about every traveler who walks in and buys a drink. They provide jukeboxes for dancing, game machines for entertainment and good-looking barmaids for conversation. Others are more consciously sophisticated, like the Den in the **E & O Hotel**, where there is a resident band. Penang is undoubtedly a place that makes evening walks fond memories. The weather is perfect for being outdoors, where the most spontaneous nightlife is.

One does not have to look for excite-

ment on the streets of George Town. If you take a room in a Chinese hotel, you will understand why. Early morning might begin with a funeral procession through the streets: there are drums and gongs and mourners. In the afternoon it might be a lion dance, a noisy affair with more drums and gongs, where mobs of youngsters follow the lion, taunting it with shouts and screams. Come evening and it could be a Chinese opera, where people sit for hours and watch heavily painted faces pantomime classical tales of old, or a rock band playing pop tunes on the Esplanade. You can never tell what you might find — a bargain or a baritone.

Penang is still a city with few skyscrapers. However, work on one has begun, and when completed in 1985, **Komtar** will be Penang's civic center housing the most fashionable office block and the most sophisticated shopping plaza. Part of the plaza is now open: there are a few shops, a couple of cinemas, restaurants, and a bus station below. Its almost-completed circular tower already forms a landmark clearly visible from the mainland.

Traffic jams
along
Campbell,
part of
Penang's
Chinese
shopping
district.



It is not just the shops and junk stores that make wandering through the streets of George Town a delight. Narrow alleyways off bustling roads lead to quiet rows of Chinese homes, whose carved lintels and doorways bedazzle passersby: the small family temple erected on Gat Leboh Gereja (Church Street) by millionaire Chung Keng Kwee is one such. Inside the temple, a lifelike bronze statue of Chung in the robes of a Chinese mandarin stands resplendent. Chung made his fortune from the tin of Larut and is remembered as one of the leaders of the Chinese factions in the Larut Wars of the 1860s.

Chinese immigrants arriving in Malaysia for the first time a hundred years ago fell under the protection and control of one of the clan associations, whose functions were not unlike those of medieval European guilds — to promote the interests of their members and to provide help to those of their number in distress. The ancestral halls of these clan associations — such as the Khoo, Ong, Tan and Chung — are called *kongsis* and they are scattered all over town. But the most impressive is the clan hall built by the Khoo Kongsis. The **Leong San Tong Khoo Kongsis** at the junction of Leboh Pitt and Leboh Acheen, comprises two buildings standing on opposite sides; one is the ancestral temple itself and the other serves as a stage for plays and operas on appropriate occasions.

Dragons on the Rooftops

Khoo Kongsis is so elaborate that it almost exceeds celestial proprieties. The clan house was designed to capture the splendor of an imperial palace with a seven-tiered pavilion, wondrous dragon pillars and hand-painted walls engraved with the Khoo rose emblem. The original design was so ambitious that conservative Khoo clansmen cautioned against it lest the Emperor of China be offended. Construction began in 1894 and it took eight years to complete. However, on the first night after the building was finished, the roof mysteriously caught fire. Clan members interpreted this as a sign that even the deities considered the Khoo Kongsis

"too palatial" for a clan house. The Khoos rebuilt it on a smaller scale and the result was one of perfection.

Entering its courtyard is like being guided out of time to a heavenly abode where dragons dance on rooftops and fairies play lutes among the clouds. Sagging eaves are transformed into enamel mosaics of celestial kingdoms. Gilded beams become curvilinear gardens where saintly immortals dwell. The outer walls are a pageantry of legendary episodes carved, painted and polished by experts from Cathay. Giant guardian gods on the main doors prevent the intrusion of evil spirits, while stone lions chiseled from green granite help keep guard. Behind the altar's facade of glistening gold leaf and red lacquer stand statues of the gods of longevity, wealth, prosperity and happiness. On either side of the central shrine are ancestral halls honoring the patron saints of the clan. Surrounding their images are "sinchoos," wooden tablets remembering deceased clansmen. Gold plaques on the walls are inscribed with the names of distinguished members who have earned a high academic degree or who have attained a position of leadership, such as Justice of the Peace.

Joss Sticks for Kuan Yin, the Goddess of Mercy

Of all the Chinese temples, Penang's oldest is the **Kuan Yin Temple** in Leboh Pitt, which is also the most humble and the most crowded. It belongs to the people in the street — the noodle hawkers, the trishaw riders, the housewives who do the daily marketing, the old shopkeepers who count abacus figures, the workers who build cupboards, repair bicycles or sell sundries. Kuan Yin personifies mercy. She hears all prayers and helps anyone who asks her. She is often portrayed by the illustrious image of a serenely composed woman with 18 arms. "Two arms are not enough to help the suffering in the world," explains the old temple caretaker who ceaselessly totters about, dusting altars and emptying incense urns.

Kuan Yin's temple always has a well-worn look. The halls are heavily laden with scented smoke. The floors are littered with joss-stick wrappers and discarded shopping bags. The altar looks

like a plebeian banquet table with roasted chickens, sweet cakes, oranges, pineapples and cookies neatly placed as humble offerings to the goddess.

On the eve of Chinese New Year, when good luck is in highest demand, Kuan Yin's temple catches fire. Hundreds converge at her altars to burn joss sticks, light red candles, and invoke her name. Smoke billows from furnaces set up in the courtyard, as paper "joss money" is sent to Kuan Yin via the fire. Businessmen and beggars alike jam the front gates, carrying a stream of glowing joss sticks. An apparition appears amid the smoke. It is a human face transfigured by colored goggles and a kerchief over the nose. It looks like a space-age bandit or an air-pollution survivor behind a makeshift gas mask. Actually, it is a boy hired by the temple to collect the plethora of burning joss sticks and dump them in the furnace outside.

Kuan Yin is a Buddhist deity, a Bodhisattva who refused to enter Nirvana as long as there was injustice on earth. She is ever-present on Chinese altars, whether the worshipers

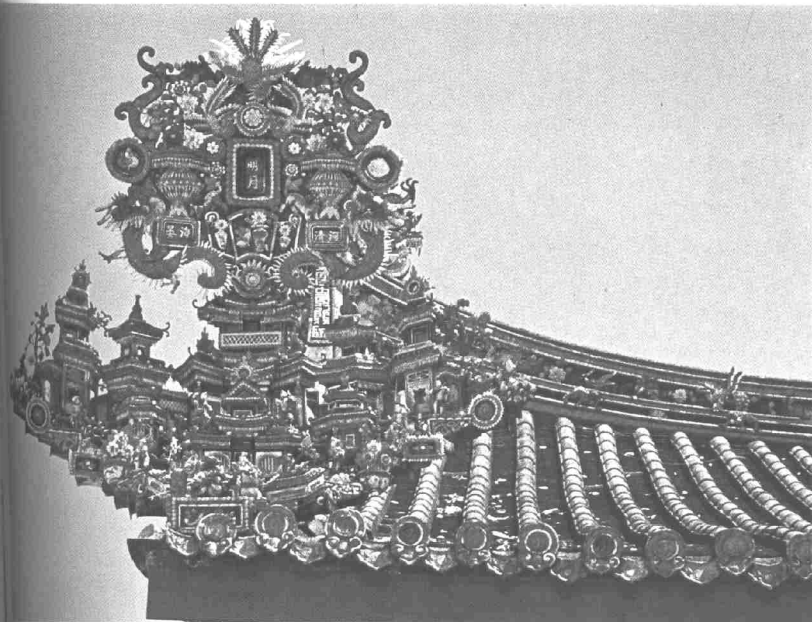
be Taoist, Buddhist or Confucian. Throughout the day, people visit her temple to burden her with problems they cannot solve or to thank her for the blessings which ended their worries. The clicking of "divining sticks" ricochets throughout the halls as devotees ask her advice for the coming week. Men and women on the streets of George Town know that Kuan Yin will reply. She is perhaps the most beloved divinity in the Chinese altars all over Penang. The worshiping of Kuan Yin is a meeting ground between traditional Chinese belief and Buddhism.

Set nearby, in direct contrast, is the Indian-Muslim styled **Kapitan Kling Mosque**; built in 1800, it is the state's oldest mosque.

Penang Buddhism

The eve of Chinese New Year at the **Penang Buddhist Association** less than two kilometers (one mile) away on Jalan Anson, is a more formal affair compared to the mad rush of devotions at other temples. Women arrive in modern and simply cut samfoos or store-bought Western dresses,

The dragon-shaped roof of the Khoo Kongsi clan house in George Town, the crest of its kind in Malaysia.



conscientiously fashionable. A teenage girl patiently leads her dignified grandfather across the wide marble floor where a seated congregation chants praises to Lord Buddha. The Association organizers busily arrange patterns of bright flowers, fruits and colored cakes on a large, shiny table carved out of blackwood imported from Canton. Enthroned on the high altars are six white marble statues of Lord Buddha and his disciples. Crystal chandeliers from Czechoslovakia hang overhead and the walls are decorated with fine-lined paintings depicting Buddha's path to enlightenment. As temple bells tingle, the chanting rises to usher in the new year, to celebrate an eternal rebirth for all generations. Outside the front door, beggars sit quietly chatting among themselves. They know benevolence is a precept of the Chinese New Year and they receive it passively.

Ordinarily, the large, luminous hallway that dominates the Chinese Buddhist Association is the most serene sanctuary in Penang. The building, completed in 1929, reflects the desire of a Buddhist priest who wanted to indoctrinate his followers with orthodox rites

and ceremonies. Joss-stick hawkers or paper-money burners are not found here. Prayers are considered the essence of Buddhist worship, and the Penang Buddhist Association cherishes the simplicity inherent in its Buddhist faith.

The variety of Buddhist worship in Penang is so striking as to make sight-seeing a new experience in every temple. One can enter the gigantic meditation hall at **Wat Chayamangkalam** and find a workman polishing the left cheek of the 32-meter- (105-foot-) long Reclining Buddha, third largest statue of its kind in the world. Wat Chayamangkalam, on Burmah Lane, is a Thai Buddhist monastery. Gigantic Naga serpents, mystical creatures that link earth to heaven, form the balustrades at the entrance of the meditation hall. Fierce-visaged giants tower over the doorways in the role of otherworldly bodyguards who leave little to the imagination. Monks with shaven heads and saffron robes soundlessly tread over lotus blossoms patterned on the tiled floor. All around the monumental image of slumber are smaller statues of

The smoke of joss sticks burdens the air at the Temple of Kuan Yin, Goddess of Mercy, in George Town.



lesser Buddhas with donation boxes on their pedestals. Inscribed on one box are the words: "To devotees who worship this god, your wish will come true, what you wish will come to you."

Inspired by a Vision

High above the bustle of George Town on a hilltop at **Ayer Hitam**, which is about six kilometers (3½ miles) from the Buddhist Association, looms the **Kek Lok Si** or **Temple of Paradise**. This temple, the largest Buddhist temple in Malaysia and one of the largest in the region, owes its existence to Beow Lean, a Chinese Buddhist priest from the Fukien province in China who first arrived in Penang in 1887. Soon after his arrival, he was appointed resident priest of the Kuan Yin Temple in Leboh Pitt, and so impressed was he by the religious fervor of Penang's Buddhists that he decided to found a monastery to propagate the religion. He chose this site at Ayer Hitam, whose hills reminded him of his home in Fukien.

Work on the temple started in 1890, with its main buildings completed by 1904. The great pagoda tower, how-

ever, was not finished until 1930. It is dedicated to all manifestations of the Buddha, hence appropriately named the **Pagoda of a Million Buddhas**, renowned for the three architectural styles it contains — a Chinese base, a Thai middle section and a Burmese top.

When completed, Kek Lok Si became an instant tourist attraction as well as a center for Buddhist devotion. The tourism aspect dominates, however; visitors walk through arcades of souvenir stalls on the way to the top of the pagoda and pay "voluntary" contribution for the privilege of ascending the tower.

On Sundays, Kek Lok Si witnesses a holiday parade as Chinese families spread their free afternoons strolling among the opulent gardens on the threshold of paradise. The spiritually oriented playground has an informal give-and-take atmosphere, free from the solemnity of secluded shrines.

Kek Lok Si is split into three tiers spread over a rocky incline. The three "Halls of the Great" honor Kuan Yin, goddess of mercy; Bee Lay Hood, the Laughing Buddha; and Gautama Buddha, founder of the faith. It is here

Devotees gather for prayer within the Penang Buddhist Association, on Arson Road, George Town.



that the monks pass their hours in prayer. The Tower of Sacred Books on the topmost tier houses a library of Buddhist scriptures and sutras, many of which were presented by the Kuang Hsu Emperor of China when the temple was opened. An edict from the same emperor, cemented into a wall of this block, grants imperial approval to the establishment of the temple.

Neighboring Hills

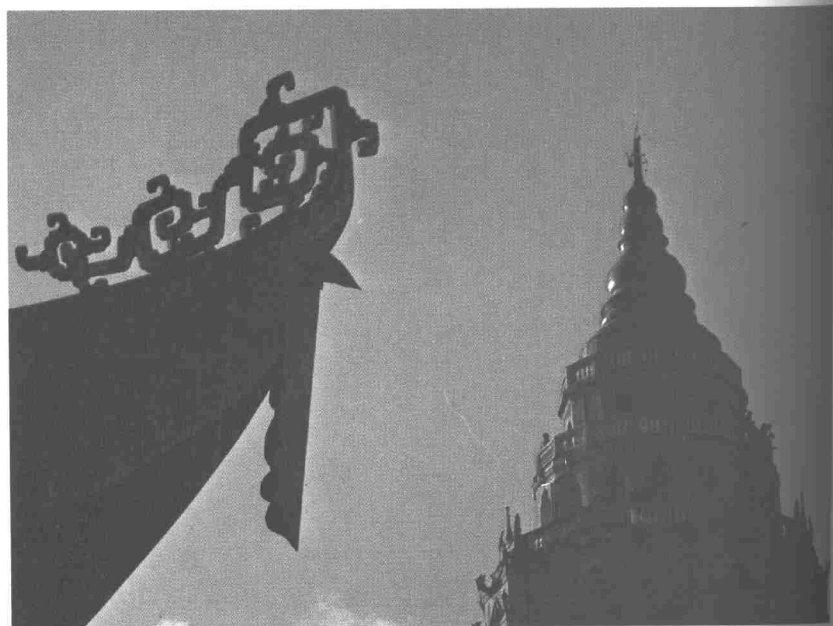
In the northern direction, Jalan Ayer Hitam leads to yet another hill — the **Penang Hill**. Despite the first impressions one might get about George Town being a busy place, it is a town of leisure beneath its facade. People who live here enjoy their city and island. They frequent the parks and gardens, take trips around the island and visit the many temples. Penang Hill is one of their favorite spots. As far back as 1897 people were struck by the scenic beauty and "the desirability of Penang Hill as a health resort."

There was only one problem: getting there. Someone finally came up with the idea of building a railway to the

summit. After years of labor the line was completed. Two passenger cars mounted on tracks were attached to a thick cable, which passed through pulleys. Steam power was ruled out in favor of a Pelton wheel, propelled by water power. "An ingenious method," was the remark of the time. Everyone awaited the day when the railcars would start rolling. But when it finally arrived, the water wheels would not work. They did not even sputter.

In the next 25 years science progressed. After studying the funicular railway systems in Switzerland, Penang residents opened the present line on Oct. 21, 1923. It has been in operation ever since. The ride to the summit is one of the highlights of a visit to the island. As the cars rumble slowly up the steep incline, a panorama of sea and island, mountains and tropical valleys continuously unfolds. From each small substation along the way, paths disappear into the cool forest or gardens of private bungalows on the terraced slopes. One of the most pleasant experiences a visitor can have is to spend a day or two in the hotel at the summit. The 500 people who live on the hill have

Kek Lok Si Temple, largest Buddhist temple in Malaysia, on a hill in Ayer Hitam in Penang.



built a small Hindu temple and a mosque. The funicular railway operates from 6:30 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily. Rates are M\$3 for adults and M\$1.50 for children (return).

Apart from funicular railcars, Penang has much to offer in the way of recreation. George Town is Asia's Monte Carlo where, once a year, racing cars from all over Southeast Asia career around the winding roads and along the sea front to compete in the Malaysian Grand Prix. Horse racing is also popular and races are held five times a year at the Penang Turf Club. There is an 18-hole golf course and the green fees are M\$20 a day.

Penang has its share of cinemas with some showing the latest English language films. Anyone who has not seen a Chinese swordsman of old on the silver screen, wreaking vengeance against great odds, and usually winning, might find it a memorable experience. There are always one or two good sword-fighting films playing in George Town.

Bliss below the Waterfall

"Another very important consideration in a place proposed for a Colony is fresh water," wrote Lt. Popham of the Royal Navy. "No country can be better supplied with this valuable article than Prince of Wales' Island. Water descends from the hills and is collected into several small rivulets, the two principal of which empty themselves into the harbor, the one near, the other 2 km from the town; and in the latter of these the ships' casks may be filled in their long-boats at low water."

After nearly 200 years the fresh-water springs in the hills above George Town continue to lure visitors up from the lowlands. Although they are labeled Waterfall Gardens, situated about three kilometers (1½ miles) due northeast from Penang Hill, they are actually Penang's **Botanical Gardens** in the grounds of which grow some of Malaysia's most beautiful tropical plants. Monkeys inhabit the trees and delight visitors when they come down to the lawns to be fed, especially in the early mornings or late afternoons. The waterfalls start over a hundred meters above the gardens and come tumbling down through the green, where there

are footpaths and small wooden bridges, much like a Japanese garden. On holidays, families round up distant relatives for a picnic lunch by the stream while barefoot children romp on the rocks or play "follow-the-tourist." Benches are scattered throughout the Gardens and provide pleasant resting spots in the shade. And, like other similar places in the world, lovers come to take advantage of blissful nature.

One of the most scenic spots on the island is **Ayer Hitam Dam**, with a 18-hectare (44-acre) lake reflecting the lush green foliage of the surrounding jungle. A three-kilometer (1½-mile) road from Kek Lok Si Temple winds its way up to the dam. The air becomes cool, especially in the evening when the breezes blow across the lake.

Beyond the dam, atop a hill and reached by a long flight of steps, is the Indian shrine of **Nattukotai Chettair**. Here, as well as in Kuala Lumpur, is held the awe-inspiring festival of Thaipusam (see pages 111-113). There are those who claim that the Thaipusam festival in Penang is even more dramatic and interesting than the one in Kuala Lumpur. Certainly, it does not suffer in comparison.

Apart from Ayer Hitam Dam, Penang has a wealth of small reservoirs, most of them constructed not only for their utility value but also with an eye on aesthetics. **Guillemard Reservoir** reposes on the peak of a hill on Mount Erskine. Its dazzling reflection is one of the first things arriving passengers see when flying into Penang. Around the reservoir are casuarina trees planted in rows and trimmed to match the landscape.

Penang has numerous streams and waterfalls. Early Malays believed the water came from springs connected to Lake Toba in Sumatra. In fact, it comes from rainfall, which averages 325 centimeters (128 inches) a year. Nonetheless, it remains a "valuable article" as Lt. Popham said, particularly when it runs through the gentle gardens behind the town.

Round-the-Island Trip

Beyond the outskirts of George Town another Penang begins. By starting at the waterfront in the morning, the visitor can head south, follow the wind-

ing and sometimes mountainous road for 74 kilometers (46 miles) and by evening return to the same spot from which he started. He can visit a temple where poisonous snakes hang from the rafters, watch tropical fish swim in an aquarium, see an alleged footprint of a heroic Chinese admiral, swim in a pool beneath a waterfall, meet Malay fishermen in remote villages, have lunch in a polished teak restaurant and lounge away the afternoon on a soft, white beach that is equal to the best in Asia.

Travelers have a variety of ways to make a round-the-island tour. Hotels and tourist offices can arrange for group tours in air-conditioned buses with guides. Private chauffeured cars with or without guides can be hired through the tourist office. There are also rent-a-car services, offering sedans for M\$32 a day. Or make the trip by public bus transport. For less than a dollar it will take you anywhere. The only difficulty is that unless you want to hike, you cannot leave the main road.

George Town has one of the most unusual waterfronts in Asia. Visitors arriving by ferry usually do a double take when they first see it. The area is what locals call the **Clan Piers**. It consists of villages built on stilts over the sea. The people who live there are either boatmen or fishermen and each group belongs to a clan. On Lim's Pier only members of the Lim family can live, while Chew's Pier is the sole property of the Chew Clan. The houses extend far out to sea, and at low tide the fishermen's boats rest high on the mud banks. On tiny docks that consist of no more than a few narrow planks on the sand and a ware-shed, laborers unload heavy burlap sacks stuffed with cargo brought in by the lightermen. No one minds if a visitor strolls along the often shaky wooden piers, provided he is not a Chew in Lim's territory.

On the outskirts of town are the mills and factories, and the Malay countryside. The roads are well marked with kilometer-stones indicating the distances from George Town. A road map is helpful but not necessary. You cannot really get lost. There are a number of side roads, some worth exploring, but most of them end at remote villages on the coast. Where there is little traffic, the fishermen have the habit of drying their *ikan bilis* (a very small fish) on the pavement. Oftentimes there may be a

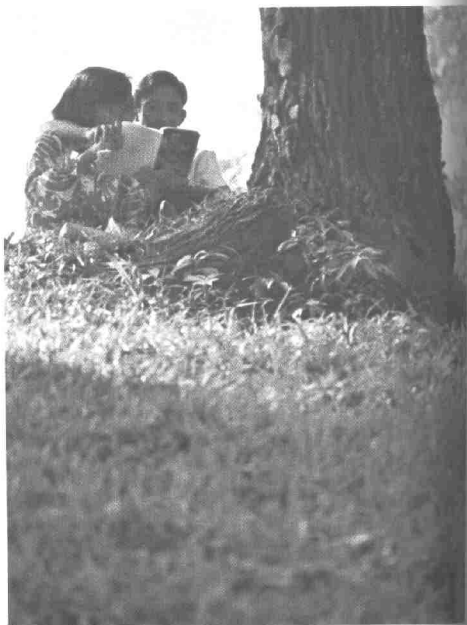
half-kilometer of fish laid out to dry, with slightly more than tire room left on the road.

An Aquarium and A Snake Temple

Those interested in tropical marine life should visit Penang's **Tunku Abdul Rahman Aquarium and Laboratories** at km-stone 6 (3½-milestone) — on the road south of George Town. Winding one-way corridors lead past huge tanks with glass fronts in which swim some of Southeast Asia's most interesting sea life. There are giant Indian carp from the inland rivers and spotted eels from the coral reefs offshore. Each display tank is provided with captions giving illustrations, scientific and common names of the specimen and brief notes. A marine museum exhibits models and charts showing the early development of fish and crustacea, poisonous and venomous aquatic organisms, and fishing gear and fishing products used in Malaysia.

The aquarium is open every day except Wednesdays from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Entrance fee is 50 cents for adults

A couple enjoy Penang's Botanical Gardens, also called the Waterfront Gardens.



and 20 cents for children. A restaurant is nearby.

"Not worry, no bite," a Chinese lad insists as he probes at a small tree. Interwoven among the branches slithers a 1-meter-(three-foot)-long, green and yellow viper. The jaws open and red fangs hiss, "See," the boy repeats, "no bite."

The viper lives in the famous **Temple of Azure Cloud**, more popularly known as the Snake Temple. The road south from the aquarium passes the **Science University of Malaysia** and km-stone 14 (8½-milestone) marks the serpents' shrine. When you climb the steps to the ornate temple, you may think there is nothing unusual about it. Even when you see a few snakes curled up, it does not seem too extraordinary. But then you begin to notice that poisonous pit vipers are everywhere — on altars, shrines, incense burners, candlesticks, vases, tables, underfoot and overhead. There is even a "maternity" tree where many new-born snakes, the size of earthworms, slither along the branches. In an adjoining room a photographer stands by to take your photo, if you care

to pose with a snake or two curled around your arms and neck. These vipers, the photographer guarantees, have no poison fangs.

The snakes are venerated because of their kinship to the mythical dragons of Chinese folklore. It is claimed that, during the day, burning incense in the temple keeps them doped. At night they let themselves down from the ceiling and branches to suck the chicken eggs left for them by worshipers.

One Thousand Years of Hand-Me-Down Experience

Having no luck with lotteries? Do you suffer from poor health, or need business success over rivals? Or is it one of the opposite sex you wish to conquer? If so, you might try joining the multitude of believers who pay their respects at a small shrine on a rocky promontory at **Batu Maung**, a fishing village on the southeast tip of the island about three kilometers (1½ miles) from the Bayan Lepas Airport. The shrine marks the sacred footprint of Admiral Cheng Ho, the Chinese "Columbus" of Malaysia. Villagers believe that Cheng

The original
funicular rail-
way painstakingly
climbs
Penang Hill.



Ho called at this spot on one of his seven voyages to Southeast Asia. On Langkawi Island, 96 kilometers (60 miles) to the north, is a similar footprint. The two are believed to be a pair and anyone who lights joss sticks and places them in the urns beside the footprint will have good luck, great fortune and all his wishes come true.

When it is high tide at Batu Maung, fishing boats are run up on the beach, and left high and dry when the waters recede. Ships' joiners take advantage of nature's drydock to repair vessels before the next tide ends their workday. These skilled carpenters use tools that should be museum pieces, as ancient as their trade, but their finished product is the result of a thousand years of hand-me-down experience. It was in vessels such as these that their distant ancestors explored and traded in the islands of the Malay Archipelago. They have perhaps turned from traders to fishermen but their art remains the same.

Near the fishing village and Cheng Ho's footprint you can see a mermaid and a dragon on the beach and the world's most photographed horse. The

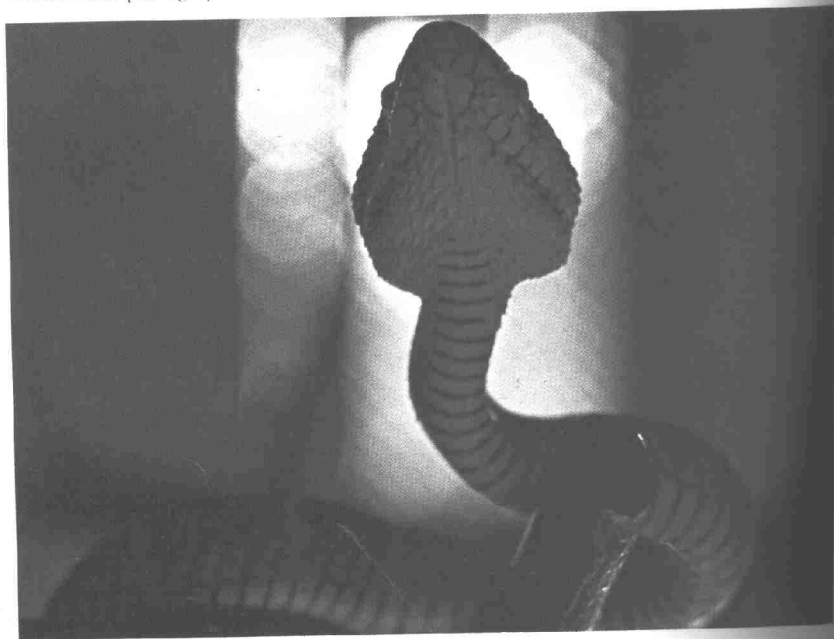
mermaid and dragon are plaster; the horse is real. **Batu Maung Garden Photo Studio** is a miniature fantasy land reminiscent of the Tiger Balm Gardens in Singapore. There are concrete dolphins, a giant frog, a one-meter- (three-foot-) tall ostrich, an elephant and even a helicopter. A sign says: "Only Customers (Who take Photo From Studio) are allowed to Snap our Self-decorated Views." The display is the stock-in-trade of Garden Photo Studio.

Of a Malay Streak

Several small roads in the south branch off to the coast. Usually they are the commercial link between a fishing village and the trunk road. It was in small villages such as these that the few Malays lived when Francis Light established the first settlement.

Malaysian architecture in cities and towns changes constantly with the times but the *kampung* houses look much the same as they did a hundred years ago. Malays take pride in their homes, the interior of which can often be glimpsed from the road. The furnishings are

Poisonous
vipers are
everywhere
in the Snake
Temple of
Bayan Lepas,
Penang.



simple and each house will have a framed photo of the King and Queen. Houses are elevated, making the life-style within cool, dry and clean. There are fruit trees in the neatly swept courtyards, bearing rambutans, mangoes, bananas and papayas. Outside each house is a basin for washing the feet before climbing the stairs. Malays always leave their shoes outside to keep the interior of their house clean. Cleanliness is one of the prime virtues laid down in the Koran and most women sweep their homes several times a day. Often, the scene along Penang's south coast is like one's childhood image of a neat little house with flowers growing outside the doorstep. Only the Imam's chant from the *surau* (village mosque) distinguishes the moment.

Winding Roads to the North

The road skirts around the southern end of the island and turns north. The scenery changes from flat rice land to rolling hills. Cultivation gives way to dense, damp jungles. The road twists upward and where the foliage clears,

there are striking views of the island dropping to the sea far below. Here, too, are spice plantations of pepper, cloves and nutmegs, whose yields lured Arab, Spanish, Portuguese and other Western traders to this part of the world long ago. At **Titi Kerawang**, there are waterfalls in the hills, with a serene view of the Indian Ocean. The natural freshwater pool that is filled from the waterfalls is suitable for bathing, though a big water pipeline mars the scenery. The falls make a good rest spot en route round the island.

Finally at **Teluk Kumbar**, the road reaches the northern end of the island, where it again swings eastwards to run along the coast which has become the preserve of hotels and sunworshippers. As it does so, it leaves behind the rugged jungled promontory of **Muka Head** which has a lonely lighthouse at its tip. Muka Head is part of a forest reserve and there are no roads to its quiet isolated coves: however, hired boats at Teluk Kumbar take visitors out to any one of them to spend the day or to camp for the night. The small forest station near Teluk Kumbar itself is set in a well-laid out arboretum.

Sampans, launches, and junks form a common sight of Penang's coastal towns.



The road on Penang's north coast follows the curve of the land, twisting up and around a hill or skirting the fringe of the sea. Rocky headlands jutting out into the sea divide the shoreline into small bays and coves, each with a different character and charm. All are excellent for swimming and sun bathing.

Most activities are centered around **Batu Ferringhi**, one of the most popular beach resorts in Southeast Asia. Here are the large luxury hotels of **Rasa Sayang**, **Casuarina**, **Golden Sands** and the **Holiday Inn**. Their facilities include waterskiing, sailing, wind surfing, water scooters, and pony or horseback riding. Smaller and older, but comfortable and reasonably priced, are the **Palm Beach** and **Lone Pine**. There are also small inns and motels. Many villagers in this area, especially at Telok Bahang, also offer accommodations.

These beaches are readily accessible from George Town — the road is good and the distances are short. But taxis in Penang do not cruise. The bus journey involves a change of buses.

Sandwiched between the Hotel Rasa Sayang and the Casuarina on Batu Ferringhi beach is the **Yahong Art Gallery**.


The gallery is a storehouse of some of the finest arts, crafts and antiques of Malaysia and China. It is also the home of Mr. Chuah Thean Teng, Malaysia's foremost batik artist, whose work has won international recognition at a number of one-man exhibitions in the major capitals of the world.

There are restaurants galore, from the beginning of the beach area at Tanjong Tokong stretching the 11 kilometers (seven miles) to Telok Bahang. Often they consist of nothing more elaborate than a collection of rickety, wooden tables set on the sands overlooking the distant shoreline of George Town to the south. Waiters approach the tables casually dressed in whatever best suits them for the day. But the dishes they suggest are something else — delicious, fresh seafood soup with sharks' fins, big round, crisp spring rolls and chicken baked in seasoned black sauce. At **Tanjong Tokong**, the **Sayang Masmera Restaurant** serves excellent Malay food. At **Tanjong Bungah**, two of the better restaurants are the **Hollywood**, offering Muslim, Chinese and European cuisines, and the **Seri Batik**, serving authentic Malay dishes.

Lush countryside unfolds in southern Penang.



KEDAH, PERLIS AND LANGKAWI



One of the best views in Penang is from the Esplanade, looking across the water over to the mainland where **Gunong Jerai** or **Kedah Peak** rises majestically — a bluish-gray mass which, at 1,202 meters (3,944 feet), is the highest point in the northwest of the Peninsula. This same peak, standing prominent above the flatland surrounding it, was the first sight the land-hungry sailors from across the Bay of Bengal had of the Malaysian shore. It is hardly surprising that Kedah Peak served as a lodestar to early merchant voyagers and that the Peninsula's first center of civilization should spring up at the foot of its slopes.

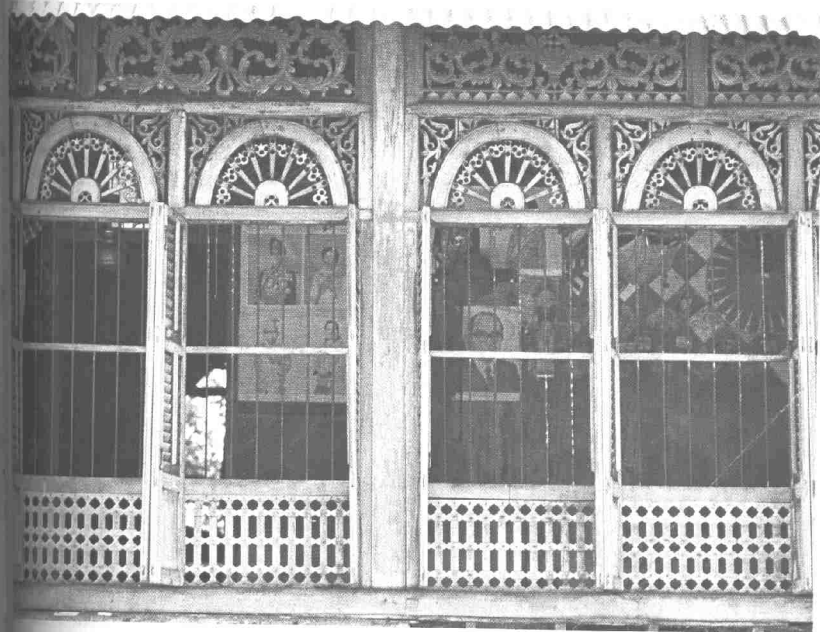
But Kedah's position at the crossroads of Southeast Asian trade also exposed it to constant danger. In its early years, the state was subject to the control of the great trading empire of Funan, based in southern Vietnam, and then of the Sri Vijaya Empire, established near Palembang in southern

Sumatra. Later, Kedah fell under the shadow of the Malaccan sultanate and in the years that followed, had to fight for survival against the Portuguese, the Thais, the Bugis, the Burmese and the Dutch.

Up until the beginning of the 19th Century, Kedah's rulers were remarkably successful in preserving their independence, but having put their faith in British power (and lost Penang in the process), they fell to the Thais. Kedah was under the direct rule of Bangkok for 20 years; the price it had to pay to regain its autonomy from the Thais was the loss of Perlis which became a separate principality under Thai protection in 1842. From that time until 1909, both Kedah and Perlis were vassals of Bangkok; in 1909, the two states were transferred to British suzerainty. They accepted British control but were more successful in maintaining their own way of life than most other Peninsular states during the British period.

The inhabitants of Kedah and Perlis are mainly Malays, and the Malay character of the state is immediately evident as soon as their borders are crossed.

Typical Malay
cottage in a
fishing village.



Ancient Temples in the Undergrowth

A single-span steel bridge across the broad Muda River marks the entrance into Kedah. Penang Island appears as a low hump to the rear and the mass of Kedah Peak looms in front. **Sungai Patani**, Kedah's second largest town, is 15 kilometers (nine miles) away, from where the road runs northwards. At **Bedong**, another few kilometers away, a turning to the left leads to Merbok and the Bujang Valley.

The whole area between the **Bujang Valley** and the Muda River is littered with the remains of ancient Malaysia — buried temples, ancient inscriptions in Sanskrit, the sacred language of Hinduism; numerous examples of porcelain from China; Indian beads; and glassware from the Middle East. These remains paint a picture of the ancient civilization which once flourished here, to the delight of archaeologists who, for over a hundred years now, have been digging and uncovering them from the edges of quiet villages, sides of riverbanks and at the foot of jungled hills.

To get an idea of what has been

found, take the road to **Merbok** at Bedong and follow it to the village at the foot of Kedah Peak, where the **Temple of the Hill of Chiselled Stone** (Candi Bukit Batu Pahat) stands beside a rushing mountain stream. The *candi* is the best known of all those found in the area and has been carefully restored in part by the Museums Department.

Beyond Merbok, the road winds picturesquely on and eventually turns south to **Tanjong Dawai**, a picture-card fishing village on the Muda Estuary, where the day's catch is laid out on concrete slabs to dry in the sun. A ferry crosses the estuary (but not for cars) to **Pantai Merdeka**, a popular beach on the other side for bathers. The beach can also be reached direct from Penang by road.

To get onto Kedah Peak, the young and energetic climb the mountain track; the older and wiser take the narrow, one-way road which winds up from its junction with the main trunk highway near Guar Chempedak. The rooms in the small government resthouse at the top can be booked through the government offices in either Sungai Patani or Alor Setar.

The beauty of the Zahir Mosque can be seen from miles away.



The Rice Capital

Leaving Kedah Peak behind, the main road continues northwards with hardly a bend until it reaches the state capital of **Alor Setar** about 40 kilometers (25 miles) farther on. The country through which it passes is absolutely flat, offering vistas over broad, green (or fallow, depending on season) rice fields which stretch as far as the eye can see until they merge with the misty cloud-flecked hills of the Main Range in the distant background. The flatness of the landscape is only interrupted here and there by clumps of bamboo and palm sheltering a village or a small homestead.

A broad ditch on the left accompanies the highway all the way from the foot of Kedah Peak to the town of Alor Setar. This is a 19th-Century irrigation canal built by Wan Mat Saman, the state *menteri besar* (chief minister) of the day, in order to boost rice production. The ditch's remarkable straightness was achieved, so the story goes, by laying the trace at night with a series of bonfires.

Kedah's rice output has quadrupled in recent years as a result of the construction of a dam on the upper reaches of the Muda River and by the development of a vast irrigation scheme. Known as the Muda Irrigation Project, it is one of the few schemes financed by the World Bank which has fulfilled the aims of its sponsors and provided adequate returns. This jolted Alor Setar out of its centuries of small-town existence.

Unfading Facets

In the heart of Alor Setar is the traditional **padang** that is somewhat marred by a modern and monstrous fountain, but nothing can obscure the grace and beauty of the **Zahir Mosque** found on one side. The charming and unique Thai-style **Balai Besar** (Great Hall), built in 1898, occupies another corner of the *padang*. Balai Besar was used as an audience hall by Kedah's sultans of old when they appeared in public to receive petitions and hear grievances. Today, it is still the place where His Royal Highness the Sultan of Kedah observes ceremonial, festive and other occasions.

The **Balai Nobat** opposite houses the instruments (*nobat*) of Kedah's royal

orchestra. Only four such orchestras exist in Malaysia today — the other three are to be found in Trengganu, Selangor and Johore — and Kedah's is reputed to be the oldest.

According to tradition, the Kedah *nobat* was a gift of Malacca's last Sultan to Kedah's ruler in the 15th Century. The *nobat* is an important part of the regalia of state: no Kedah sultan is considered a legitimate ruler if he has not been installed to the accompaniment of the *nobat*. The Kedah *nobat* is also played on other state occasions when the sultan is present, and may be heard daily during Muslim fasting month when it plays for five minutes before the end of the day's fast from the Balai Nobat. The privilege of being a member of the royal orchestra, by the way, is hereditary and has been handed down through the generations. Special permission to see the *nobat* may be obtained through the offices of the state secretariat in the modern government building nearby.

The **State Museum** near the stadium, on the road to the airport and the north, displays an interesting collection of items connected with Kedah's past as well as exhibits from the Bujang Valley. A few kilometers farther on, at **Anak Bukit**, lies the sultan's modern istana (palace), the grounds of which are open to the public on the weekends.

Side Trips

The small fishing village of **Kuala Kedah**, 12 kilometers (7½ miles) from Alor Setar, has one of the best preserved Malay forts in the country and is renowned for its excellent seafood, which is obtainable "on board" two boat-like restaurants set out on the sea. As you eat your steamed crabs with hot chili sauce, your fried squids, and your *otak-otak* (a spicy fish concoction of Thai origin wrapped in banana leaf), watch the sun set over Pulau Langkawi 50 kilometers (31 miles) away, and savor the fresh salt air.

The fort is on the other side of the river, easily reached by an inexpensive *sampan* trip. At about noon on a calm November Sunday in 1821, "a large fleet of prows full of Siamese was observed standing into the Quedah river." The Siamese landed on the pretext of collecting rice supplies and then, without warning, turned on the Malay

dignitaries who had assembled to greet them. Although the flower of Kedah's aristocracy had been killed or taken prisoner within the hour, the fort held out for another six days before it too fell. This disaster marked the beginning of 20 years of subjugation to direct Siamese rule. The fort was built in the 1770s, precisely to meet the attack which came in 1821. Today it stands, partially restored, with its handsome main gateway bearing witness to strong Western influence on its design.

From Alor Setar, other roads branch inland to remote and less-frequented parts of the state. Along the road to Kuala Nerang at **Langgar**, Kedah's rulers lie buried in stately mausoleums. **Kuala Nerang** is a small market town prettily set at the confluence of two streams. Many of its inhabitants are of Thai descent.

Another road branching off from Pokok Sena runs to Nami, Sik, and eventually, to Baling passing through wild hilly country with occasional patches of settlement. **Nami** is the scene of the *Ma Yong* performances, a traditional Thai-Malay dance-drama which is only seen elsewhere in Kelantan. **Baling**

is famous as the place where talks took place in 1955 between Tunku Abdul Rahman, the prime minister then, and Chin Peng, the leader of the Malayan Communist Party, in an attempt to find a peaceful solution to the communist insurrection. The talks failed, but communism petered out. The massive limestone hill which looms over the town is a landmark for miles around. From Baling, the road climbs up to Kroh and the Thai border, and from Kroh down to Grik and the East Coast Highway or the Perak River Valley. Another road runs from Baling to Sungai Patani and Penang.

Patrolling Perlis

Perlis, Malaysia's smallest state, is really an extension of the Kedah plain and of Kedah itself. The boundary between the two states is invisible except for the large signs posted. However, there is a change in the scenery: the flat rice fields give way to stark, solitary limestone outcrops which stand like funnels on the plain. Spectacular and mysterious, these caverns hand out secrets to those who care to explore

The Moorish-styled mosque at Langkawi's main village of Pekan Kuah.



them. Many are the homes of Stone Age men.



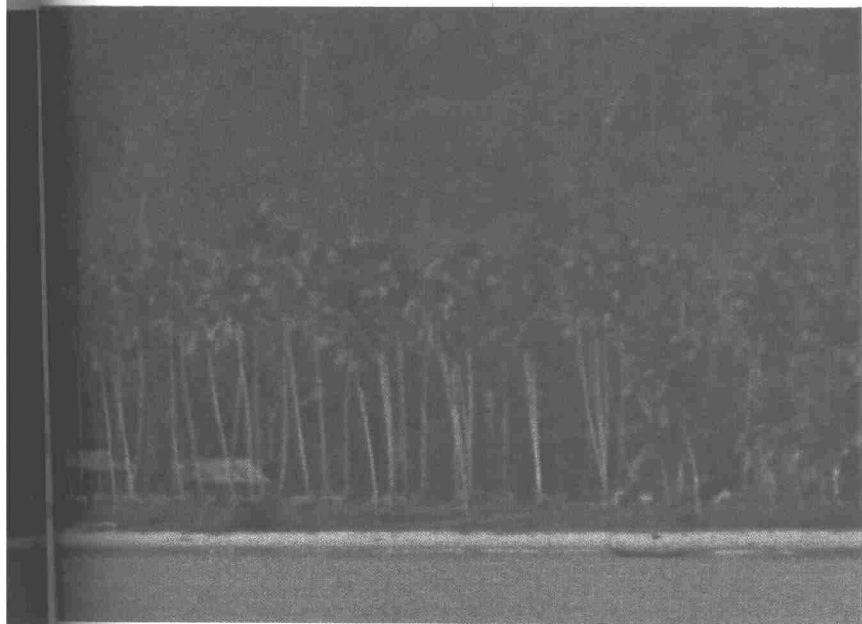
Perlis has two main towns — **Arau** and **Kangar**. Arau is a royal town, the seat of Perlis's raja and it has an attractive royal mosque. **Kangar** is the administrative center, but of little interest to the tourist. Fifty kilometers (31 miles) to the north from here, is **Padang Besar** where the Malaysian and Thai railway systems meet and which has (on the Thai side) a market very popular with Malaysians at the weekends. The road to Padang Besar also leads to **Kaki Bukit**, literally "the foot of the hill," where an interesting tunnel through the hill illuminated by electric light leads to a tin mine on the other side. A road opened in January 1984 connects Kaki Bukit with Klian Intan and Setul (Satun), across the Thai border.

A third route to Thailand is by boat from Kuala Perlis, an hour's voyage to the landing place for Setul. The coastal town of **Kuala Perlis** lies at the mouth of the Sungai Perlis, mere 14 kilometers (8½ miles) from Kangar. Ferries here offer the shortest route (two hours) to Pulau Langkawi.

A Secret Labyrinth

Tucked into the northwest corner of the peninsula and literally a stone's throw from the Thai-Malaysian border are the **Langkawi Islands** — 99 of them. Unlike the other islands of the west coast the vast majority of the 30,000 persons who live on these islands, only three of which are populated and two of these but sparsely, are Malays. You would be told how difficult it is to reach these island, but do not believe it. Fifty minutes get you from Alor Setar to Kuala Perlis from where there is a regular ferry service to the islands. You would be more comfortable in the non-air-conditioned boats. The crossing takes two hours. For those who prefer a faster mode of travel, Malaysia Air Charter operates services from Penang, Alor Setar and Kuala Lumpur.

When the islands are first seen from the ferry they appear as one, spread out along the horizon in a jagged and uncertain silhouette. But, as the ferry nears, the view changes. Shadowed cliffs, topped by dense virgin jungle which, in places, reaches a height of 600 meters (1,968 feet), drop abruptly into the sea



to form channels and narrows, inlets and bays.

More islands and passageways appear. The sea route turns out to be a labyrinth like the fjords of Norway, deep and secretive. It soon becomes obvious why pirates and buccaneers who preyed upon the trading ships in the Malacca Straits used these islands as a place of refuge. It was impossible for the British men-of-war to hunt them down.

Finally, the ferry edges through the last channel and the granite cliffs give way to the sweeping curve of a wide bay fringed by coconut palms and dominated by a Moorish-style mosque. Looming in the background are the serrated fingers of **Gunong Raya** (Raya Mountain). A concrete jetty, where small trading boats unload their cargoes, reaches out into the bay. Here is **Pekan Kuah**, Langkawi's main village. It has the peace and quiet of a slumbering town in the tropics.

Accommodation is not a problem. There are three small Chinese hotels in the village center: a pleasant **Government Rest House** splendidly situated midway between the quay and the

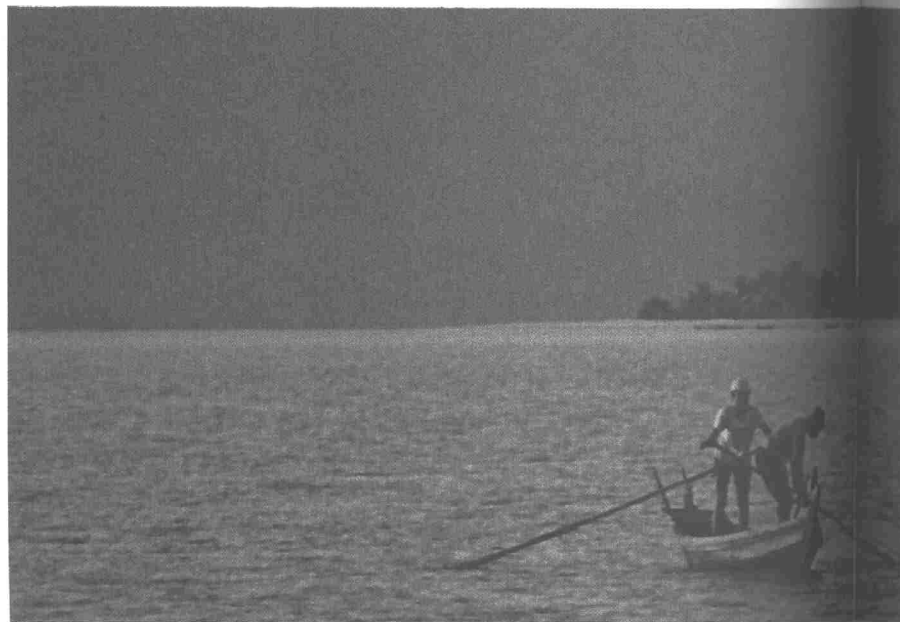
village; the Government-run **Sri Samudra** bungalows and chalets; and the **Langkawi Country Club**, located 800 meters (half a mile) south of the quay.

Coves, Corals and Caves

Ornithologists and lepidopterists will delight in these islands, which have species of butterflies not found anywhere else in Malaysia. For the others the main joys are the desolate, sandy beaches of the islands and the waterways which they flank. Many of the beaches are a mere 10 minutes from Pekan Kuah and transport to them can be arranged with local fishermen or the Country Club. The main island boasts some beautiful coves rich in corals and marine life and splendid beaches like **Tanjong Rhu**, **Pantai Tengah** and **Pasar Hitam** (Black Sands). The government has big plans to turn Tanjong Rhu into a major beach resort.

From Tanjong Rhu fishing boats can be hired to go round the cape to the gray limestone cliffs beyond, where there is legendary cave **Gua Cerita**, inscribed with ancient writings from the

These Langkawi fishermen are Malays, as are the majority of nearly 30,000 inhabitants of the islands.



Holy Koran. To reach its entrance climb a rickety bamboo ladder hung from stalactites.

Another legendary spot is the hot springs of **Telega Air Panas**, 13 kilometers (eight miles) by land from Kuah. Story tells how two of the island's leading families became bitter enemies. The quarrel culminated in a violent fight whereby a jug full of hot water was spilled over this spot and the unfortunate feuding fathers were transformed into the two mountain peaks of the island.

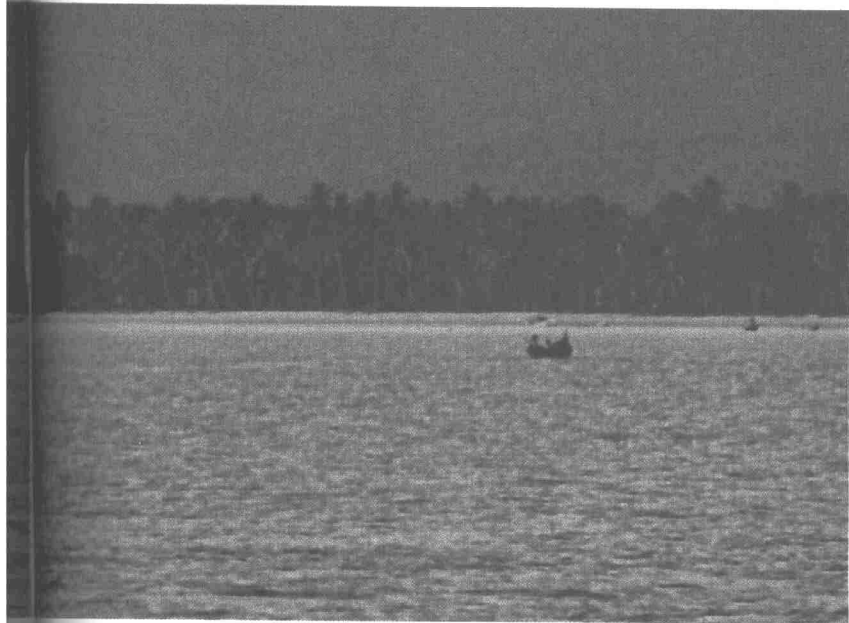
You can reach **Telega Tujoh**, Langkawi's famous waterfalls, by a jungle trek from Kuah or an hour's boat ride from **Kampung Pantai Kok**. Telega Tujoh means Seven Wells, but it is really a fresh water stream that cascades through a series of seven pools forming natural slides from one to another.

Langkawi has 120 kilometers (74½ miles) of paved roads and getting around is no problem. You can hire taxis, minibuses, motorbikes or bicycles. There are also organized tours. The tour passes through rubber plantations, rice fields and coconut groves to distant fishing *kampung* and

isolated beaches. En route, the tour stops at the hot springs, the tomb of Mahsuri. — an island beauty who was involved in a court intrigue and falsely accused of adultery — and **Padang Mat Sirat** (Field of Burnt Rice) where black rice grains can be scraped from the soil. These grains remain from the scorched earth policy adopted by the islanders when they were attacked by the Siamese over 200 years ago.

A Legendary Lake

Another delightful tour, this time by sea, is to **Dayang Bunting Island**, the second largest of the group. Here, set in dense jungle and separated from the sea by a narrow strip of land, is a freshwater lake with a legend — the lake of the pregnant maiden. The maiden was a Kedah princess forbidden to marry her young Malay lover. They fled to Langkawi but were followed by angry relatives. The Kedah princess flung herself into the lake and drowned. It is believed that women, who are barren and desire to have children, will conceive if they only bathe in the lake, or drink its water.







NEGRI SEMBILAN, NINE STATES IN ONE

Rubber plantations and tin mines dot the landscape heading south. Along the road to Port Dickson, travelers leave the state of Selangor behind and enter into **Negri Sembilan**, which means "Nine States" in Malay. The name alludes to the loose federation of Malay chiefs who ruled these lands before they were united under British administration. Much of the countryside — small clapboard homes with batik on the clotheslines and papaya trees in the front yard — is reminiscent of the quiet Malay villages that were sprinkled over Negri Sembilan centuries ago.

The state owes its existence to Malacca, which thrived and waxed wealthy as a trading port at the beginning of the 15th Century. As Malacca rose and developed, Menangkabau settlers from Sumatra moved across the Straits of Malacca and made their homes in the fertile valleys and hills behind the port. They brought with them their unique traditions — the matriarchy system, the social order in which inheritance follows the female line; their laws; their political organization; and their style of architecture. The small principalities they founded formed the nucleus of the "Nine States."

Negri Sembilan is, in fact, a federation within the Federation of Malaysia; some of the original nine states have disappeared, however, and its present ruler is not a Sultan but a *Yam Tuan Besar* (translated as, "He Who is Greatest"). The first *Yam Tuan* was elected in the 1770s and his successors faced the usual problems caused by the great tin rush of the 19th Century — over-mighty subjects and civil wars, which resulted in British protection eventually. Under the new dispensation, Seremban, the principal town of Sungai Ujong (the largest of the nine states), was made the administrative capital, while the *Yam Tuan* continued to reside at Sri Menanti, a safe 26 kilometers (16 miles) away.

Seremban: True to the Past

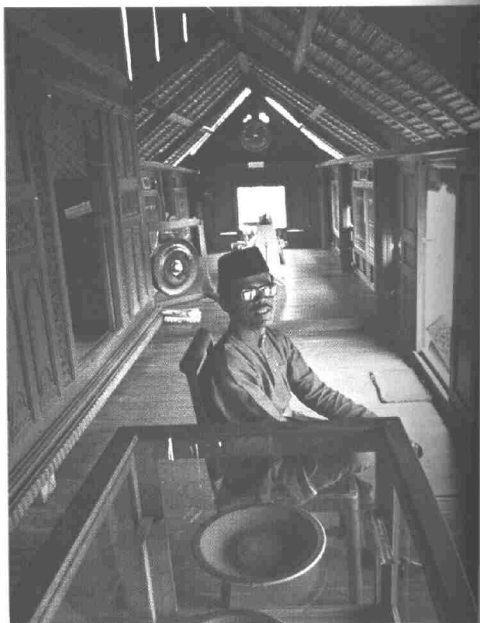
The old road to **Seremban** winds south from Kuala Lumpur, through Kajang and over the scenic Mantin

Pass. Seremban, the state capital till today, could not be more typical of any of the Malayan-Chinese towns that sprang out of the tin mining-boom a hundred years ago.

The town's Chinese kernel is represented by the regular lines of cross streets, laid out in the commercial and shopping district. Characteristic rows of two-story Chinese shophouses sprawl here although their even lines are being increasingly punctuated by taller modern buildings in between. Above the din of trishaw bells and bargain sessions, government clerks mill over their paperwork in colonial buildings set on the hills behind the town. The state council and municipal offices feature late 19th-Century architecture at its best — neo-classical colonial style. They overlook the attractive **Lake Gardens**, formed by a narrow valley running down to the main town. And, true to Negri Sembilan's past, the impressive state mosque rises nearby on nine pillars, symbolizing the nine states of Negri Sembilan.

Seremban is in Menangkabau country, largely settled by Malays from West Sumatra. Menangkabau means "buffalo

Preceding pages, candles, like a sea of stars, engulf 18th-Century St. Peter's Church on Good Friday, and below, a 19th-Century Menangkabau house contains Seremban's state museum.



horns" and many of the town's houses have roofs that sweep to two horn-like peaks. The small **State Museum**, also overlooking the Gardens, cites a fine example of Menangkabau architecture of the 19th-Century. A high building on stilts with an *atap* roof, it was formerly the residence of a Malay prince and had to be dismantled at its original site at Ampang Tinggi and brought piece by piece to the state capital to be reconstructed. Its carved wooden panels show European and Malay influence, however, and it contains an interesting display of ceremonial krisses, a collection of Menangkabau and Dayak swords, and royal headdresses.

The new **Arts and Handicrafts Centre** near the junction of the Seremban-Kuala Lumpur Highway provides an even more grandiose example of Menangkabau architectural style. The Center will be opened to the public later in 1984.

Carpentry with Nails

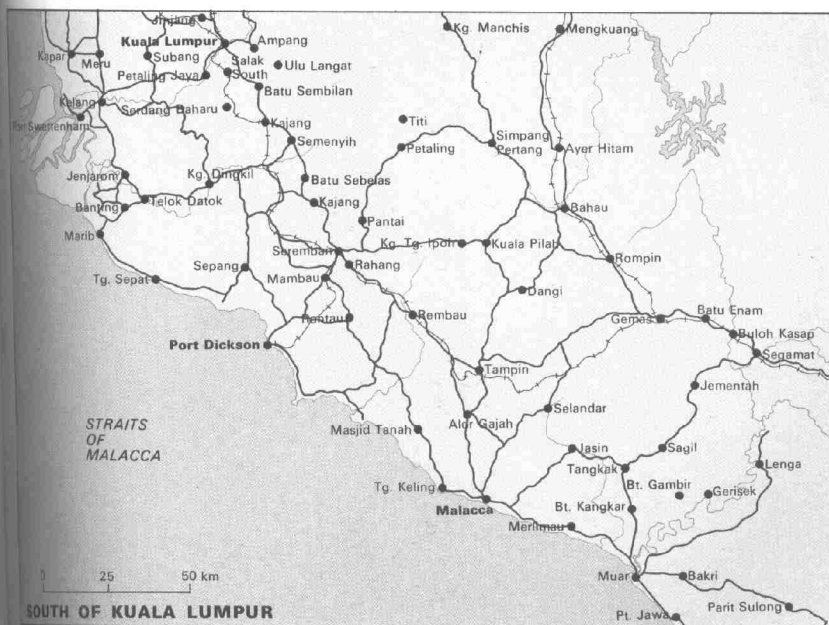
Seremban makes a good center from which to explore the surrounding countryside. Low rolling hills tuck away

small villages, set amidst orchards and rice fields. These towns bear romantic names redolent of Menangkabau history — **Johol, Kuala Pilah, Jelebu, Inas, Terachi and Rembau** — but there is nothing spectacular about them apart from the quiet charm of their location.

About 25 kilometers (15½ miles) north out of Seremban, and **Kajang** (in the state of Selangor) is reached. If you are hungry — or even if you are not — stop awhile. Kajang boasts the best *satay* in all Malaysia. It is not that the meat is better in Kajang than in other parts of the country, but Kajang makes the best sauce.

Satay is the hamburger of Southeast Asia. Chicken, mutton or beef is cut into bite-sized pieces, mixed with spices, salt and sugar and marinated for at least six hours. The meat is then threaded on skewers and grilled over a charcoal fire. From time to time it is basted with oil. The sauce for satay is made from peanuts, chilis and coconut milk with salt and sugar to taste.

For a hot spring dip, head for the **Pedas Hot Spring**, located just before the Pedas Village in the Rembau district, which is 30 kilometers (18½



miles) southeast of Seremban.

A welcome neighbor to Seremban, 49 kilometers (25 miles) west, the town of **Sri Menanti** boasts the **Istana Lama** ("Old Palace"). The palace, built in the 1900s, is really not very old and was the creation of two well-known master craftsmen of the day. Not a single nail had been used in its construction. Made of timber throughout, its 21-meter- (70-foot-) tall tower used to house the private apartment of the *Yam Tuan* as well as the royal archives and treasury. It ceased to be a royal residence in 1931, when a new stone palace was completed and today, it serves as a museum.

"Living Stones"

The tall irregularly shaped stones lining the wayside prove another attraction for visitors who decide to survey the surroundings of Seremban. Local villagers regard these stones with veneration and often use them as shrines (*keramat*), referring to them as "living stones" because they believe that the stones actually grow — although there has been no evidence of growth in recent years. Also believed to mark the graves of long for-

gotten leaders of the distant past, the stones usually appear in pairs with a distinct north-south orientation. Thirty groups of such stones have been located in the Kuala Pilah district of the state. Several can be seen by the side of the Seremban-Kuala Pilah road, particularly near Terachi at the 27th-kilometer (17th-mile). Much mystery still surrounds these stones, but there is little doubt that they have links with Negri Sembilan's ancient past.

But **Pengkalan Kempas**, a small village on the road between Port Dickson and Malacca, owns the most enigmatic of these stones. Popularly known as "The Sword, The Spoon and The Rudder" (on account of their respective shapes), the three stones are elaborately carved to spell their Hindu origin although one of them has the word "Allah" inscribed on it.

They lie next to the tomb of Sheikh Ahmad Majnun, another mystery in its own right. The sheikh died a hero's death in 1467, so said the inscription, during his fight to save "the princess." But time has erased what actually happened from the memories of the local folk, although they continue to

Children
enjoy snorkeling in Port
Dickson's
clear waters.



pay homage to the dead man.

The place's creepiness heightens with the "ordeal" stone, which has a hole big enough to admit a man's hand. The story tells that it will tighten around the fist of any liar brave enough to make the test.

By the Blue Lagoon

Thirty-two easy kilometers (20 miles) south of Seremban, stretches the long sandy beach of **Port Dickson** which was planned, at the end of the 19th Century, to be a new outlet for the tin of Sungai Ujong as well as a colonial health resort where tired expatriate officials could recuperate from the rigors of their work. Today, Port Dickson has become a popular weekend rendezvous for Malaysians.

Do not expect a bustling port, for it is not. Nor is Port Dickson much more than a one-street town. But the 16 kilometers (10 miles) of sandy beach to the south, which terminates at the old **Rachado Lighthouse**, is something else indeed. That first view of the lonely sea, seen through the coconut trees, is a silent spectacle. The sea is deep blue and

seems to merge with the sky in the horizon afar. The drive southward along the uncluttered coast is so exhilarating that it's easy to be tempted to park and dive into the inviting water.

The **Yacht Club**, seven kilometers (four miles) out of town, encourages travelers to use its facilities but you must be introduced by a member, and its four pleasant bedrooms cannot be booked in advance. There are a swimming pool and four good, hard tennis courts, but there is no boats for rental to non-members. Across the road is the nine-hole **Garrison Golf Club**.

Boats can be obtained, however, at the **Si-Rusa Inn**, 12 kilometers (eight miles) from the town. Next door, the first-class **Federal Hotel** completes this holiday resort with its swimming pool, its discotheque and other amenities.

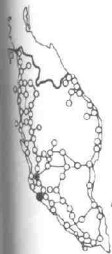
Of Fish and Corals

Travel farther along the same road until in the shadow of the Rachado Lighthouse, you find the **Blue Lagoon Village**. The six beach cottages here can each accommodate six adults in three bedrooms (one air-conditioned) and offer all the niceties to make a stay in Port Dickson most enjoyable. Clown fish, stick fish and live coral compensate for the murky waters of the blue lagoon. Reef shrubs undulate with the tides which flow over jagged submarine landscapes sprinkled with sea urchins.

A half-kilometer winding drive from Blue Lagoon Village and a climb of 63 steps through thick jungle lead to the 16th-Century Portuguese lighthouse. It was built to guide sailing ships toward the historical port of Malacca, then the most important trading station in South-east Asia.

Although the lighthouse is closed to the public, a smile and a nice word will generally gain you entry. Or safer still, obtain a pass from the Malacca Tourist Office, 90 kilometers (56 miles) away. The lighthouse keeper takes you up a narrow spiral stairway to the light chamber above. The sudden view is striking. Across the 38-kilometer (23½-mile) channel lies Sumatra. After the visit, an exciting jungle walk down to the beach can be made from the lighthouse gate.

From Port Dickson it is a 90-minute drive to Malacca, where the past of the southwest coast is very much alive.



Around Port Dickson's blue lagoon is a popular resort.



MALACCA: A SLEEPY HOLLOW

History is everywhere in Malacca, peeping out from odd corners, hinting truths through epitaphs, yet never really telling it. It is a town with a glorious past; about four centuries ago, a Portuguese chronicler and frequent visitor said, "Whosoever holds Malacca has Venice by the throat." Even though present-day Malacca no longer holds the key to the trade by which Venice kept "the gorgeous East in fee," the state still occupies the foremost place in the hearts of all Malaysians.

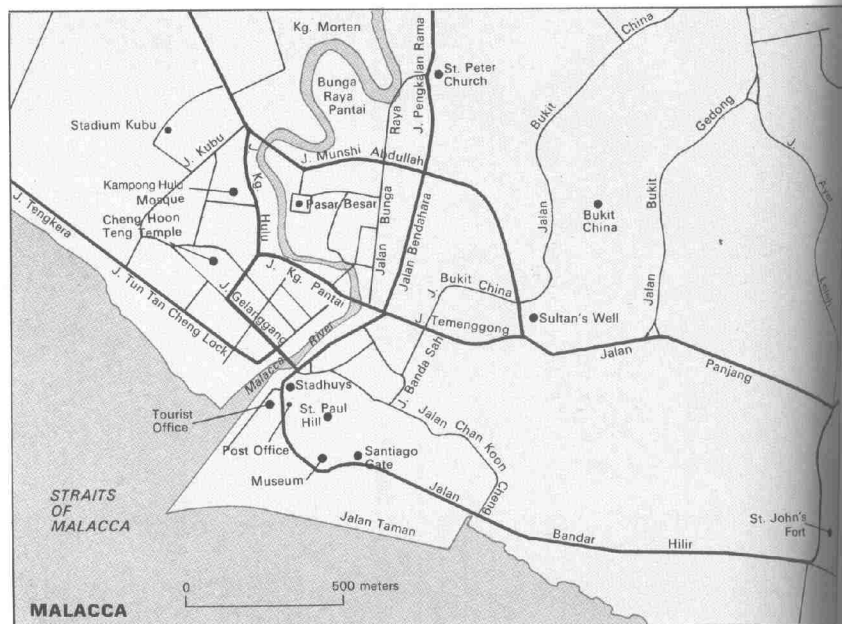
Malacca's history goes back long before the Europeans made the scene. Early Chinese accounts speak of it as "a large trading station" and as far back as the early 15th Century the port was paying tribute to the Siamese. But it was not until Parameswara, ruler of Temasek (later known as Singapore), came to settle in Malacca and establish the beginning of a Malay Empire that Malacca entered the pages of written history. In the 1400s, Parameswara arrived

after fleeing from his own invaded domain of Temasek and proclaimed himself ruler of Malacca and proceeded to mold the obscure fishing village into a powerful center of trade. By the end of the 15th Century, Malacca had become the center of a great trading empire and held undisputed claim over the entire southern portion of the Malay Peninsula, as well as the shores of East Sumatra opposite.

It became a rendezvous for every seafaring nation. Persians, Arabs, Tamils, Malabarese and Bengalis from the west; Javanese, Sundanese and Sulus from the Archipelago; Chinese, Thais, Burmese, Chams as well as Khmers ventured to the harbor town in search of profit through trade, piracy or plunder. And each in turn left something of its own culture behind to be forged and blended into what had never been before.

The Baba and Nonya Community

The small colony of Chinese merchants, in particular, stayed behind to found the *baba* and *nonya* community which has become one of the most strik-



ing and colorful Chinese fraternities in Malaysia today. The *Babas* (or Straits Chinese) are descendants of the Chinese pioneers who accepted the practical realities around them but whose ideas of social relationships and religious aspirations are still derived from the traditions of their forefathers in the villages of Fukien. The womenfolk may have worshipped at a Malay *keramat* (shrine) once in a while, but that is not so much an indication of their respect for the Muslim religion as an expression of the Chinese desire to keep on the right side of all spirits of whatever origin. The Malays, for their part, seem to have been equally unaffected by the Chinese outlook in social and spiritual matters.

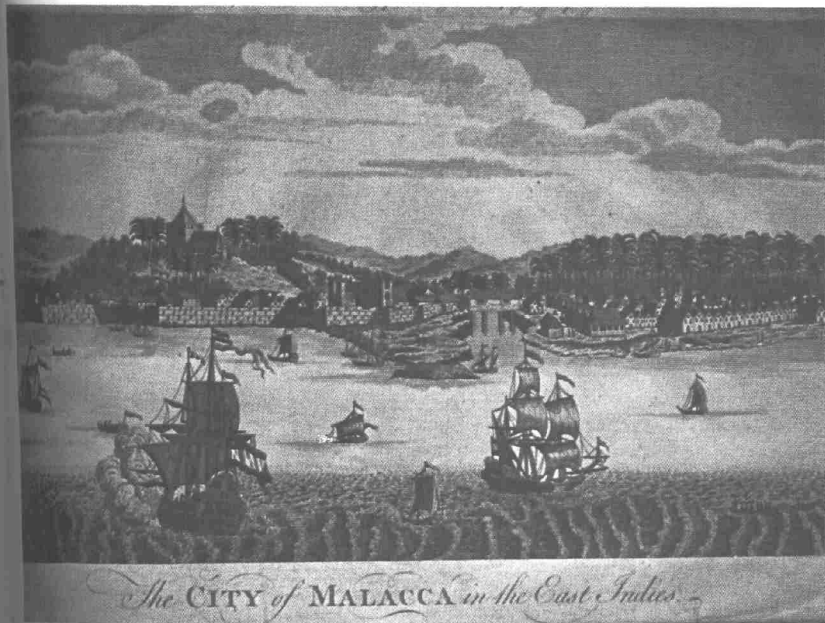
It was also through Malacca that the Islam faith came to Malaysia. All Malays have been Muslims since the later part of the 15th Century, when rich Moorish merchants from Pasai in Sumatra settled in Malacca. From here Islam spread by conversion throughout the peninsula and its neighboring islands.

Geography was responsible for it all. Located at the mouth of the Malacca River, astride the maritime route linking the Indian Ocean with the South China

Sea, Malacca stood where the monsoon winds met. As tillers of the soil depended upon monsoons to bring them rain, so trusting sailors relied upon the winds to move their ships. Sturdy junks from the ports of China and Japan came with the riches of the East in their holds — silk, porcelain and silver — and allowed themselves to be driven up the Straits of Malacca by the northeast monsoon. So did the traders from the islands of the Archipelago arrive with various forms of crafts, camphor, nutmeg and cloves, mace and sandalwood. At the port, their cargoes were discharged and new precious wares from India and the Middle West were loaded — cloths, carpets, glassware, iron and jewelry. When the winds changed, the southwest monsoon assisted the same vessels to return to their home ports.

It was the rich port of Malacca — the key to controlling the spice trade — that caused some of the early East-West power struggles. In 1511 Malacca fell to the Portuguese and remained their fortress for more than 100 years, before they themselves were ousted by the Dutch. After 150 years of occupation, the Dutch in turn ceded the land to the

In the Malacca Museum an old painting depicts the town during the 18th-Century Dutch period.



British. But Malacca's golden age was during the Malay sultanate of Malacca and these great days effectively came to an end when it fell in 1511 to the first Europeans.

Walking through History

The story of Malacca, and all Malaysia in a sense, need not come from a textbook. A one-kilometer walk or a leisurely trishaw ride through town reveals the past. Trishaws are an excellent means of getting around in Malacca. The drivers know the sights and many of them speak understandable English, in which case they make fine guides. You might not only learn that the Portuguese came "a much long time ago" but also that along the seafront there is a great soup stall that sells the best *mee hoon* (very thin noodles) in Malaysia.

The visitor to Malacca may find it difficult to visualize life behind the medieval fortress 400 years ago. But, as he walks the narrow streets, visits old temples and mosques, lingers among ancient ruins and epitaphs, Malacca's history begins to fall into place.

It is easy to get around and although there are many things to see, Malacca can, except for the expert, readily be "done" in one day. However, those who wish to linger awhile and absorb the atmosphere of "sleepy hollow," as the inhabitants of Malacca love to call it, will find that they can intermingle their sight-seeing with sunning and swimming. **Shah's Beach Hotel**, eight kilometers (five miles) to the north, on the main road to Port Dickson, has tastefully decorated chalets and a swimming pool.

Off the coast is a group of small islands. At weekends, there are regular boats to the largest island, **Pulau Besar**. But be warned! Legend has it that should one eat pork within 48 hours of visiting the island, one's boat will sink.

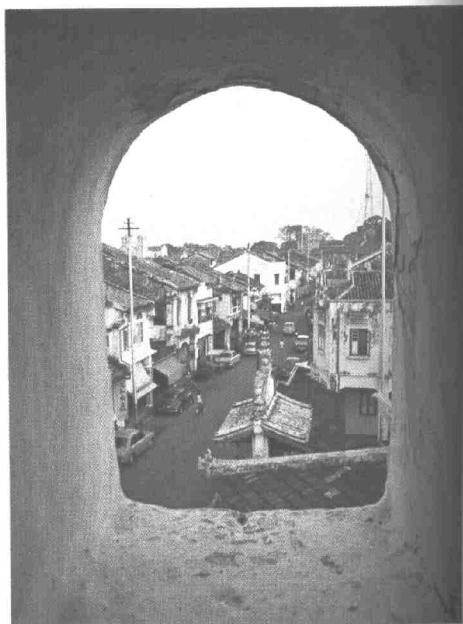
Reflections of a River

The best place to begin is right in the center of the town near the bridge built on the site where the Portuguese made their final successful assault on the town. The Malacca River itself is a history lesson. Time seems to have passed this section of town. Great, ancient junks, high bows and raised poop decks — reminiscent of their distant cousins that once brought Admiral Cheng Ho's

dragon court entourage to Malacca centuries ago — float side by side against the wooden pilings of the dock. Their romantic cargoes of spices, silks and camphor have been forsaken, for these battered, unkempt vessels now carry bulky sacks of charcoal that fire the kitchens of Malacca. The laborers, wobbling up and down the narrow planks that join ship to dock, strain under the heavy loads, and like the sturdy junks they unload, they are part of Malacca's timeless past.

Yet once the Malacca River was different. When the Portuguese colony was at its zenith, the river was a deep, bustling waterway jammed with ships of a dozen nations. Great sailing vessels, loaded to the scuppers, vied with each other to maneuver up the river to tie up at the quay, while countless smaller vessels, anchored in the roads, depended upon flat-bottom scows to load and unload their valuable wares. Ships chandlers did a thriving business selling stores to captains, and there is a story that the town was so vast that it took a cat walking over the tiled roofs a year to make the circuit. Maybe the story-tellers exaggerated but we do know that when

Malacca's main street is a hodge-podge of buildings.



the Portuguese captured Malacca, d'Albuquerque sailed his warships up-river to besiege the town.

Architecture from Holland

As you cross the Malacca River bridge onto the east river bank, you come face to face with a neat, little square with a clock tower surrounded by salmon-colored government buildings and a towered church, and you almost expect to see tulips growing in the gardens or a passing cyclist wearing up-pointed wooden shoes. The square obviously was built by the Dutch, and architecture is Holland's main contribution to Malacca.

The large building facing the square is the old Dutch **Stadhuys** (Town Hall). A broad flight of stone steps fronts this building constructed of incredibly thick walls and massive hardwood doors supported by studded, wrought iron hinges. For more than 300 years after its completion, the Stadhuys served as government offices until the administration finally shifted out in 1980. Today, it houses the well laid-out Malacca Museum and within its galleries, the his-

tory of Malacca unreels in a fascinating way; its exhibits trace the city's past times from the ancient Malay kingdom, through Portuguese and Dutch rule and British occupation to its present status as a state in Malaysia. No other town in the peninsula evokes the past as strongly as Malacca, which was once one of the greatest seaports of Asia. The Museum also contains a unique collection of old coins, stamps, a rickshaw, Portuguese costumes from the 16th Century, Dutch weapons, British cannons, gold and silver filigree jewelry and framed, sepia-toned photographs of sailing ships anchored in the Malacca River, and old Malay krisses and shields. (The court elite carried golden krisses studded with jewels, weapons which have come to symbolize Malay royalty.)

The Stadhuys itself, of course, is an antiquity; it was erected in the 1650s and makes its debut as the oldest Dutch building still standing in the Far East.

On the embankment near the entrance to the Stadhuys is an ancient memorial whose significance has been lost in time. It stands in the shape of a much-weathered stone fish with an elephant's head. This is an Hindu relic of

The Dutch
Christ
Church, con-
structed of
pink bricks
and red
territe.



the period predating the glorious Malacca Sultanate.

As if to guarantee that the Dutch 150-year occupation of the town won't be forgotten, the **Christ Church** next-door had its pink bricks shipped from Holland, then Malacca masons faced them with local red laterite. The church is full of old, engraved tombstones, many of which tell a grim tale about the hardships the early settlers faced. Captain E.L.M. Evans of Her Majesty's 51st Regiment, for example, lost his beloved wife, aged 24, and his three children during a diphtheria epidemic in 1856. The immense rafters within the nave were each carved from a single tree and date back to the founding of the church. The original solid, heavy wooden chairs for Sunday worshipers still remain in use, and above the altar a wooden crucifix hangs from iron hoops fastened to the wall. The story is that when the church started there was no pulpit. The pastor would sit in a chair that had ropes running to the hoops. When he was ready to preach, his sextons would winch him halfway up the wall. Thus, he gave his sermon every Sunday without fail.

Water Fountain and White Mousedeer

Outside, the famous century-old **clock tower** provides a landmark. It was presented to the town by the wealthy Tan family and the small water fountain nearby was built to commemorate the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria. Four white mousedeer (*pelandok*) surround the fountain to remind passersby of how Parameswara selected Malacca as the site of his new headquarters (see page 26). If the clock in the tower strikes noon, chances are the town will be at siesta. Things move slowly in Malacca, and its leisurely timetable is part of its charm. The square is empty at noon, the museum closes and traffic comes to a near standstill. The pace of the town is easy. No one rushes. Even trishaw riders, reclining in sleepy repose in their trishaws, cannot get excited when strangers amble down the street and ask for their services.

The only excitement occurs among the rows of foodstalls that cover an entire block and face the sea. It is cool there in the shade. Local cooks whip up Malay, Chinese and Indian dishes with

The Santiago Gate, all that remains of Malacca's once great Portuguese fort.



astounding speed and serve noodle snacks or curry lunches with great gusto.

Towards the south end of the square is the **Hill of St. Paul** and on its summit, very aptly, once rose the **St. Paul's Church**. Unfortunately, only ruins of this house of faith remain today. A Portuguese *fidalgo* built the original chapel in order to fulfil a vow he made on escaping death in the South China Sea. It was later taken over by the Jesuits who completed the building and painted it white so that it could serve as a guidepost for ships out on the Straits. St. Francis Xavier conducted mass in the church during his several visits to Malacca. After his death near Canton, his body was interred in St. Paul's for several months before being taken to Goa in India.

The Dutch discontinued services in St. Paul's Church when their own Christ Church was built. However, they used the ground around St. Paul's for the burial of their noble citizens. Lining the inside walls of St. Paul's are engraved tombstones reminding all future generations that "Angarieta Roberts Alma, aged 29, wife of merchant Davidt Verdonch, died and was buried here in

1652." Memories create nostalgia.

Early morning or late afternoon is the best time to climb St. Paul's Hill to the church. The beauty of St. Paul's is the fact that it is a ruin. No restoration could make it more attractive.

Gate Without A Wall

The slopes of St. Paul's Hill balance another historical relic besides — the ruins of the **A Famosa** fortress.

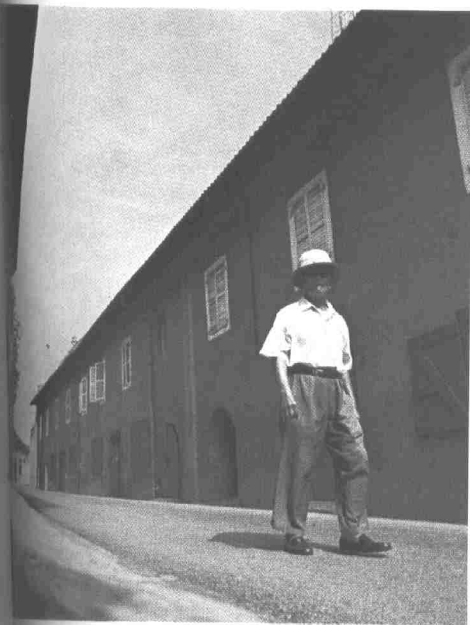
Under the Portuguese, Malacca was to see colossal changes. At first, when the town fell, Sultan Mahmud withdrew to Muar with the hope that the invaders would plunder the city and move on. But the Portuguese had other ideas; they were determined to make it one of the mightiest strongholds in the Orient. D'Albuquerque immediately ordered the construction of a formidable fortress. Hundreds of slaves and captives were put to work. Stones from demolished mosques and elaborate tombs were used to build the thick-walled fortress, which was called A Famosa. When it was completed, with cannons on the walls and soldiers standing guard, it filled the townspeople with both fear and respect.

Later A Famosa was enlarged to enclose the entire hill, including the European settlement. The city walls enclosed a castle, two magnificent palaces, a hall for the Portuguese Council of State and five churches. This fortress withstood attacks for 150 years, until it was finally breached in 1641 by the Dutch.

The Dutch arrived in 1641 as conquerors, having driven out the Portuguese after a siege that lasted eight months. But what they found was not a rich and prosperous port of the fabulous East, as they had expected. The city they struggled so hard to conquer lay in near total ruins. The walls of the fortress were broken down, the castle and its towers were tottering, and the wooden churches were rotting. Hardly a single building was left undamaged.

But the industrious and fastidious Dutch lost no time putting things in order. As soon as they were in control, they began to rebuild the city with a Dutch flavor. The walls of the fortress were repaired and the bastions renamed. A moat was dug around the fortress and a drawbridge built. Protective ramparts were laid round the suburbs and heavy

A section of the Dutch-built Stadhuis, today housing the State Museum.



brass cannons mounted on all the walls. In a short time Malacca became a well-defended port again.

Unfortunately, when the British first occupied Malacca at the beginning of the 19th Century, they decided to blow up the fortifications. The walls and gates were badly damaged and all that was left of A Famosa was the **Porta de Santiago** — a gate without a wall. Although it retains its Portuguese name, the gateway remembers it was the Dutch who restored it and so flashes the coat-of-arms of the Dutch East India Company above its archway.

Visitors here are not far away from the **Padang** which lies on reclaimed land at the foot of the hill. The *Padang* has a special significance for modern Malaysians because it was here that Tunku Abdul Rahman, the country's first prime minister, announced Malaya's independence upon his return from negotiations with the British in London. A small obelisk records the event and another memorial nearby commemorates British soldiers killed in the "Naning War," an almost farcical affair in the early 1830s when it took two military expeditions over two years to subdue Penghulu Dol

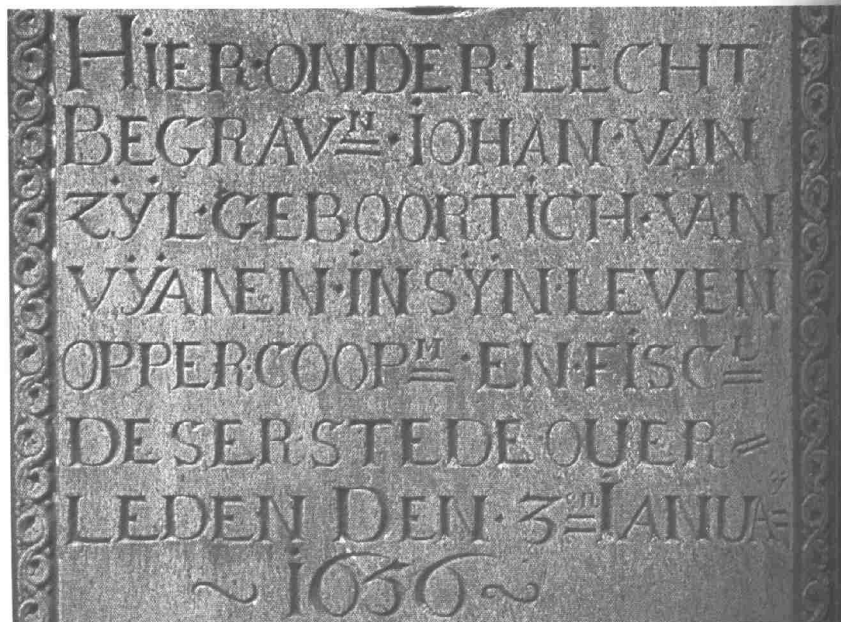
Said, the defiant territorial chief of the petty principality of Naning.

St. John's Fort is a convenient stop due east just before visitors make their way back to the town square. After a short but tiring climb to the top of the hill where the concrete fort stands, you can ponder the most likely location for a tunnel entrance, while recovering your breath and enjoying a panoramic view of Malacca. Apart from the absence of cannons, the fort is much like the Dutch had left it when the British took over after Malacca was exchanged for Bencoolen in Sumatra. Fearing that Malacca might fall into enemy hands, the British had all the strongholds, except St. John's Fort and Santiago Gate, destroyed. Now the old, vacant fort is sandwiched between a very strange-looking water tank on one side and Malacca's tallest building, a 10-story block of flats, on the other. No matter how hard it tries, 20th-century Malacca is still an incongruity.

A Chinese Princess and A Magic Well

On a hill at the back of the town, smother Chinese tombs are left un-

A tombstone
in the yard of
St. Paul's
Church, dat-
ing from the
Dutch period.



attended by relatives for generations. Hills are auspicious burial grounds, according to the Chinese geomancer, for the mass of land blocks the winds of evil and offers the spirits of the ancestors a good view over their descendants. But on **Bukit China**, "China Hill," most names and dates have been eroded by the rains. What remains is an old, half-forgotten cemetery and the story of a Ming princess.

In ancient times, Malaya and China carried on a diplomatic war of wits which grew to be legendary. Around 1460, when Sultan Mansur Shah ruled Malacca, a Chinese ship sailed into port with special orders from the Son of Heaven. The entire interior of the ship was delicately pinned with gold needles, and the message sent to the Sultan read: "For every gold needle, I have a subject; if you could count their number, then you would know my power."

The Sultan was impressed, but not dismayed. He sent back a ship stuffed with bags of sago with the message: "If you can count the grains of sago on this ship you will have guessed the number of my subjects correctly, and you will know my power." The Chinese Emperor was

so intrigued that he sent his daughter, Princess Hong Lim Poh, to marry the Sultan. She arrived with no less than 500 ladies-in-waiting, all of great beauty. The Sultan gave them "the hill without the town" as a private residence and promised that the land they occupied would never be taken away from them. To this day, Bukit China belongs to Malacca's Chinese community. Several of the graves there date back to the Ming Dynasty; they are among the oldest Chinese relics in Malaysia.

Princess Hong Lim Poh's followers built a well at the foot of the hill, whose waters soon became as legendary as her marriage contract. The Chinese say that after Admiral Cheng Ho drank from the well, its water attained an extraordinary purity. It never dried up, even during the most severe drought, and many believed that if a visitor drank from it he would return to Malacca before he died.

Now, the Perigi Rajah, or Sultan's Well, is protected by wire mesh. It has not dried up and its purity has entered history. Young Malaccan students of Chinese descent come to see the landmark and perhaps snap some pictures, but few tread the paths up the hill where

St. Peter's Church built in 1710 by the Portuguese still hosts a thriving congregation of Portuguese descendants.



their forefathers lie buried. Malacca is changing leaving its secrets behind.

Catholic Crowds

Throw a stone in a northwest direction from this spot and it will probably land on Jalan Bendahara, where the **St. Peter's Church** is. When the Portuguese garrison was forced into submission, the Dutch gave safe conduct to the soldiers and amnesty to the Portuguese descendants, many of whom chose to remain behind rather than take up a new life in Goa. In 1710, the Portuguese Eurasians of Malacca built this church, naming it after Saint Peter. Unlike its richly decorated counterparts in Goa, it is simple and relatively unimpressive. Throughout the year, except for an occasional wedding or funeral, not much goes on. Good Friday, Easter and Christmas, of course, are the big exceptions.

Good Friday services at St. Peter's Church are the most elaborate in Malaysia. Thousands of people — Chinese, Eurasian and Indian — crowd the church to attend the services and take part in a candlelight procession. A life-sized statue of Christ, crowned with

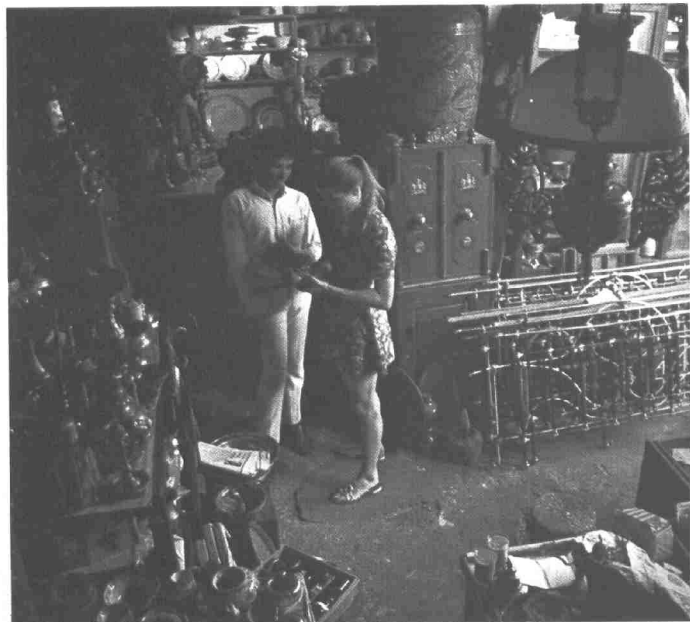
thorns and draped in deep purple robes with gold embroidery, is solemnly borne above the devout Catholic congregation. The churchyard becomes a sea of flames ushered in by the mournful sound of hymns. Malacca Chinese and Portuguese Eurasian Catholics living throughout the country try to return to their home town every Easter weekend and attend the ceremonies at St. Peter's which they had come to know so well as children.

Despite the solemnity of a staunch Catholic mass, the crowds that gather outside the church after the service meet friends and cast flirtatious eyes as if it were carnival time in spring. Children, looking most reverent and pure in their Sunday clothes, romp around the lawns or negotiate coins with the Indian peanut seller. Everyone laughs, including the priest and the young girls selling religious literature, which appropriately includes a biography of St. Francis Xavier.

A 350-year-old Heritage

The legacy the Portuguese left behind is far greater than their ruins, however.

Malaysia's past is the stock-in-trade of an antique shop on Jalan Hang Jebat.



Malacca's Cheng Hoon Teng Temple, the oldest Chinese temple in Malaysia, is dedicated to Kuan Yin the Goddess of Mercy.

Proud descendants of Portuguese soldiers bearing such names as Sequiera, Aranja, Pinto, Dias, D'Silva and D'Souza cherish the traditions of their European lineage. "I gave to each man his horse, a house, and land," wrote d'Albuquerque in 1604 when he reported with pride to Portugal that 200 mixed marriages had taken place. On direct orders from the king, d'Albuquerque encouraged men of the garrison to marry local girls, whom he called "his daughters." Such intermarriages flourished and girls were even sent out from Portugal to marry local men. The Portuguese were instructed to treat local folk as equals and it has been noted that d'Albuquerque would courteously escort local women to their seats in church as though they were noble Portuguese ladies.

As can be expected, a strong Eurasian community grew up with loyalty to Portugal through its ties of blood and religion. After 400 years the Portuguese Eurasians in Malacca, as well as in other towns of Malaysia, continue to speak Cristao, a medieval dialect once spoken in southeastern Portugal. "It is pure 16th-Century Portuguese," remarked

Father Manuel Pintado, a local parish priest, when asked how closely the language spoken conforms to that in his homeland. "Remarkable, but it is spoken nowhere else."

Today, the descendants of the early Portuguese live in a community of their own, three kilometers (1½ miles) from the center of Malacca, near the beach. There are about 500 Eurasians, mostly fishermen. The name "Portuguese Eurasian Settlement," as it is called, is misleading. There are no cobblestone streets, white stucco walls or red tiled roofs as one might find in towns in Portugal. Instead, the dwellings resemble Malay *kampung* houses with clapboard walls and tin roofs. They are all painted in pastel blues and greens, are small, unpretentious and identical with one another. "They are proud people who live within the walls," Father Pintado explained. "The Dutch occupied Malacca much longer than the Portuguese and were here after the Portuguese were expelled, yet little is left of the Dutch occupation."

Pass through the Portuguese Eurasian Settlement quickly and you will be disappointed — there is not that much to see.



But linger and meet the people. Young boys still sing beautiful ballads in Portuguese and their sisters can show you a dance which their grandmother learnt from her grandmother. An old man at a fruit stall tells you about a secluded tunnel from St. John's Fort to St. Paul's Hill, in which the Portuguese had hidden all their treasures before the Dutch overran Malacca.

The Festa de San Pedro, held each year in June, is a happy time for these remarkable people. Then, the fishermen elaborately decorate their boats with bunting and sacred texts. A mass is conducted in the open and after the boats have been blessed by the parish priest the evening is spent in merrymaking.

Another unusual custom is called "Intrudu," meaning "Introductions," celebrated on the Sunday preceding Ash Wednesday. Then the residents wear fancy costumes and throw water over one another. Even those at home are not spared. The merrymakers make a point of visiting and drenching them with water as soon as they open their doors. To show there are no hard feelings they are invited in for refreshments. Later in the day the men dress up as ladies and the ladies dress as men, and go around selling cakes and fruit.

Streets with Changing Names

The main center of Malacca's shopping and business activities is where it has always been, on the western bank of the Malacca River, away from the hills and the forts. On this side of the river bank, visitors find themselves smack-dab in a maze of ancient narrow streets, which keep changing their names. Former Heeren Street became **Jalan Tan Cheng Lock**, after a leading *Baba* of Malacca who was one of the nation's architects of independence. His family house, as well as the town houses of several other Chinese *Baba* families, located on this street, flaunts finely carved doors which conceal even more interesting interiors containing priceless heirlooms and antiques.

Some of these treasures spill out into the antique shops on **Jalan Hang Jebat**, which runs parallel to Jalan Tan Cheng Lock. Hang Jebat was a Malay hero during the days of the Malacca sultanate and is believed to be buried in the

mausoleum halfway down the street, Malacca's main thoroughfare. It has had at least two names (Jalan Jonker and Jalan Gelanggang) before it became known by its present one, but by any name it would still remain one of the town's most interesting streets. Much like Kuala Lumpur's Jalan Petaling, it is a hodge-podge of every shop house imaginable: spirits importer; hairdressing salon; wooden shoe cobbler; rattan shop; sporting goods store; coffin maker; apothecary with Chinese herbs on display; sign printers; acupuncture clinic; furniture factory; dental hospital with office hours printed in English, Chinese, Malay, Tamil and Thai; photo studio; a half dozen temples squeezed between commercial enterprises; and three antique shops. Amidst the cacophony of honking horns and bullock carts thumping over hard pavements, fez-wearing tailors pedal sewing machines in open front shops, furniture makers hammer a table leg into place, and vendors and shopkeepers call out to passersby, "Come look around."

There are three or four shops, each a mirror to Malaysia's past. Heavy brass irons with receptacles for hot coals, ornate oil lamps hanging from the ceiling, pearl inlaid nightstands, opium benches, brass urns and a Chinese wedding bed are what a typical shop offers. Rare stamps, coins in circulation during the sultanate days — recently dredged up from the mud near the estuary — and Malay *keris* are other bargains one might find. The Pakistani shopkeeper points to a carved, wooden jewelry box. "I saved it for a prime minister," he tells you, "but I don't know when he'll be back." You study the box with an unconvinced look on your face. "No matter," he continues, "I like you. You can have it."

Where the Faithful Flock

The streets crisscross one another to form suitable sites for three of the oldest places of worship in Malaysia; while the **Cheng Hoon Teng** in Jalan Tokong pays tribute to the Chinese faith and the **Kampung Kling Mosque**, in the same street, to the Muslim's, the **Sri Poyyatha Vinayagar Moorthi Temple** in Jalan Tukang Mass flies the Hindu flag.

Of the three, the prestigious Cheng Hoon Teng or Temple of Bright Clouds is definitely the oldest although its exact year of foundation is not known. Built by

a fugitive from the Manchu conquest about 300 years ago, it was later embellished and restored by local Chinese leaders. The temple is dedicated to three deities: Kuan Yin, the Goddess of Mercy; Kwan Ti (also known by some as Kwan Kung), the God of War who triples as the God of Wealth and the Patron Saint of tradesmen; and Machoe Poh, the Queen of Heaven.

The building is a beautiful example of Chinese architecture. The carved roof, ridges and eaves are elegantly decorated with exquisite Chinese mythical figures, animals, birds and flowers of colored glass and porcelain. Step through the massive hardwood gates, and you are stepping back through Malaysia's time machine. An inscription cut in a stone commemorates Admiral Cheng Ho's visit to the town in 1406. An illustrious envoy of the Ming Emperor, Admiral Cheng Ho was also the city's earliest Chinese pioneer.

Monks in yellow robes move silently among the gilded pillars while Chinese worshippers with lowered heads walk from image to image, holding smoldering joss sticks firmly in their hands. Shiny tables and beams are lacquered black with panels of inlaid mother-of-pearl. Gold lions standing guard at the entrance have the yellow worn off their heads from countless devotees rubbing them for good luck.

No single name in history was so widely known and respected throughout the East as that of Admiral Cheng Ho, the jeweled eunuch of the Ming Court. His personal and single-minded leadership had so established the prestige of the Ming Dynasty that the story of his seven voyages to the southwest were repeated for centuries afterward. Parameswara, the Sumatra-born Malay ruler of Malacca, gladly welcomed the envoy of the Ming Emperor of China, whom he hoped might give protection against the Siamese who were moving southward down the peninsula. In 1405 the Emperor did that and more. He appointed Parameswara King of Malacca, under Chinese protection, and marked the occasion by giving him a written commission, a seal, a suit of silk clothes and a yellow umbrella — the emblem of Malay royalty ever since. Cheng Ho was later deified by the overseas Chinese.

The Sri Poyyatha Vinayagar Moorthi Temple was built by the Hindu

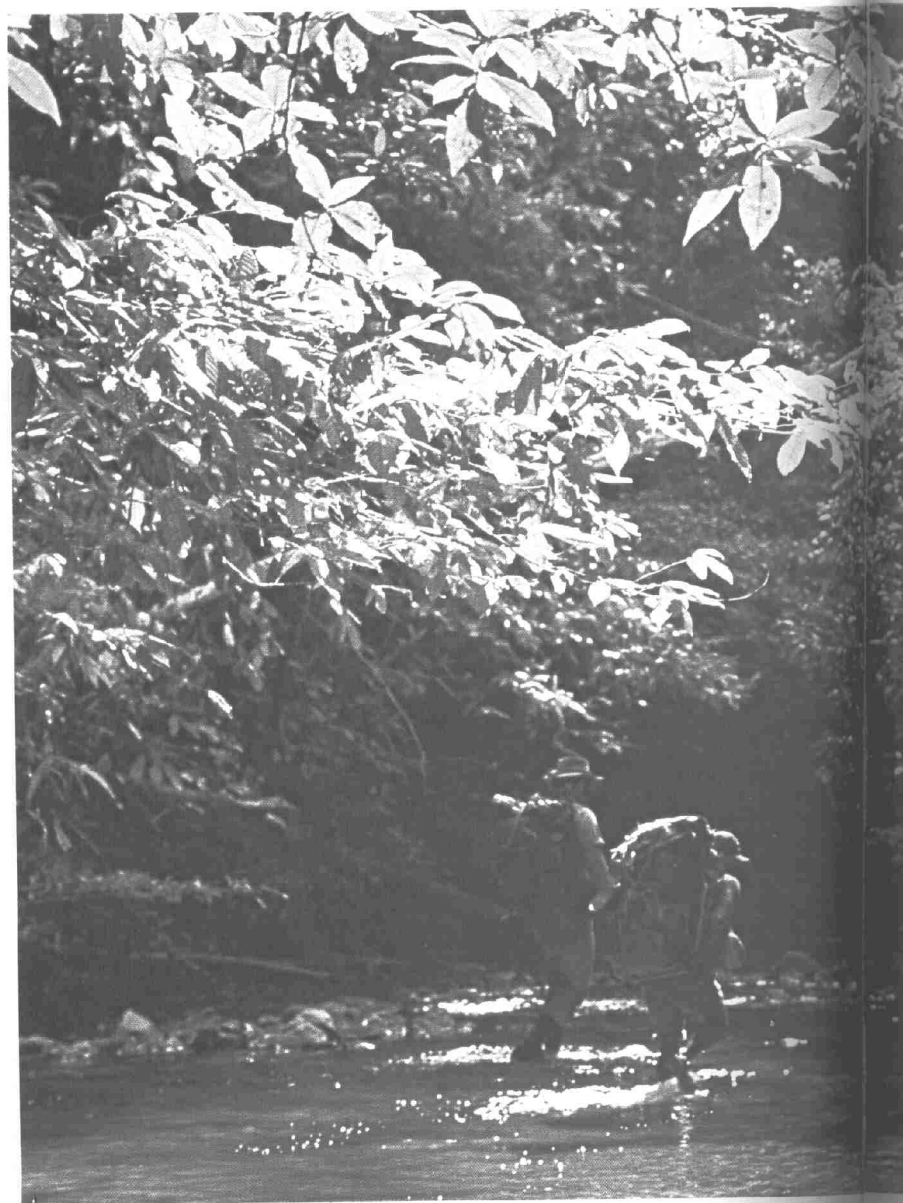
community of Malacca in the 1780s. It is dedicated to the God Vinayagar, to whom is ascribed the power to remove all obstacles for businessmen who want to get rich and for couples who want to be married.

The Kampung Kling Mosque is the town's oldest mosque and sports a typical Sumatran design. Such relics, infinitely graceful, with their three- or four-tiered minarets and elegant roofs, are characteristic of the Malaccan territory. Another good example is provided by the mosque in the suburb of **Tranquerah**. In its graveyard is the tomb of the Sultan Husain of Johore who ceded Singapore Island to Raffles in 1819.

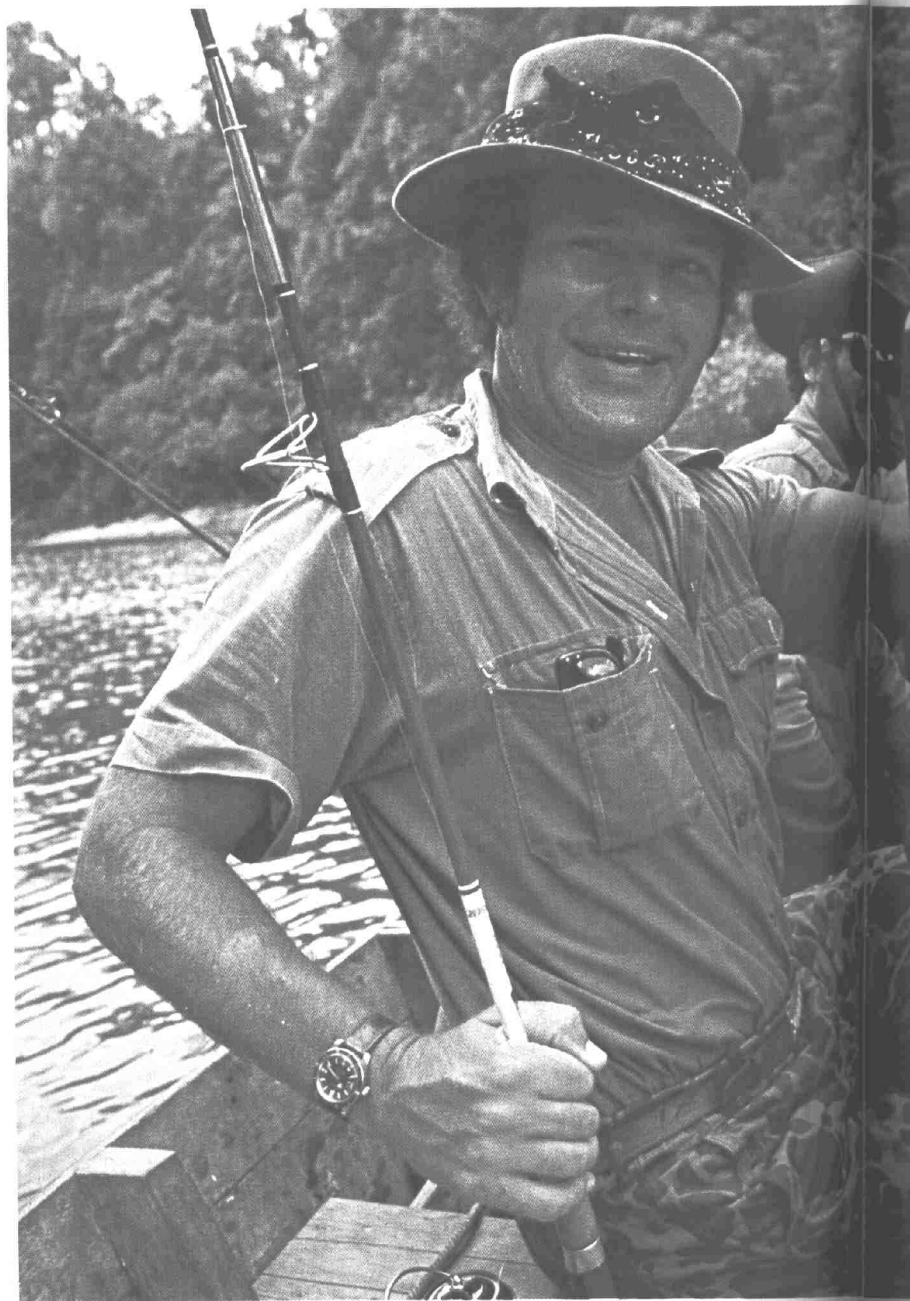
Surrounding Suburbs

It is a delight to drive at leisure through the suburbs of the Malaccan town proper. Beyond and behind it, rice fields stretch into the low hills which continue down to the southernmost spurs of the Main Range. An area long settled, it is interlaced with numerous side roads cutting through groves of rubber and fruit trees and past peaceful villages and compact market towns. Traditional Malay timber houses, with curving gables, carved eaves, wide front verandas and tiled entrance steps, are commonplace all the way to **Tanjong Kling** in the north or to **Merlimau** in the south. Tanjong Kling, about 10 kilometers (6 miles) away, has a beach resort suitable for sun-starved visitors. A trip northwards keeping near the coast ends at **Kuala Linggi**, at the mouth of Linggi River, which separates Malacca from the neighboring state of Negri Sembilan. Here on a low hill is the tumbledown **Fort Filipina**, built by the Dutch during their heyday in the town's history. Named after a Dutch governor of those times, the fort today is nothing more than a spot that commands a pleasant view of the estuary and a good place for a picnic.

The road back to Seremban and Kuala Lumpur goes through the district of **Alor Gajah** and passes **Naning**, the principality whose chieftain defied the British in the 19th Century. Dato Dol Said now rests in peace in his tomb (recently restored) by the roadside. Near Dol Said's grave are mysterious stone megaliths which are as common here as in the Kuala Pilah district in Negri Sembilan.







the green heart

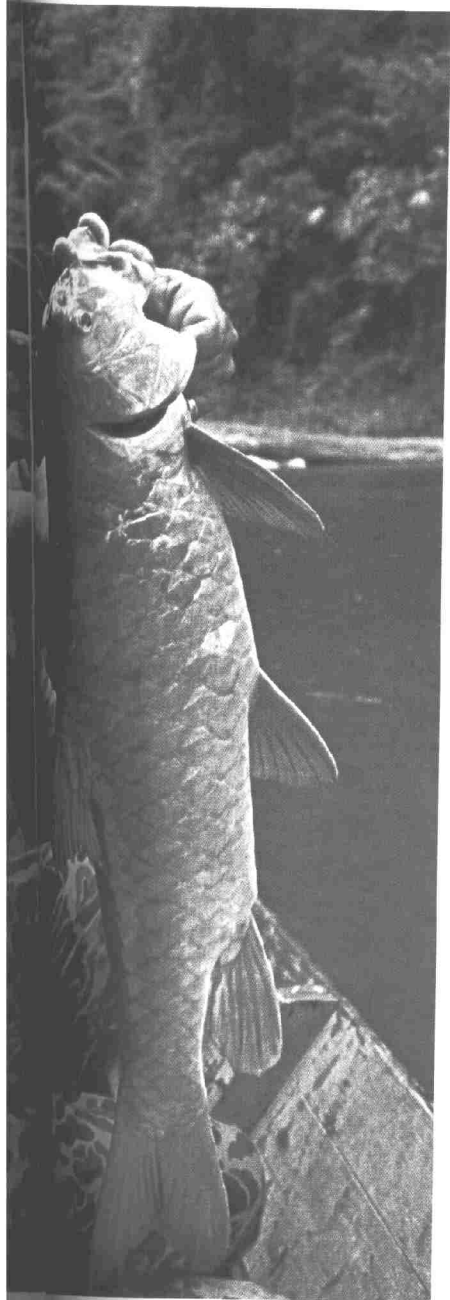
Boating through swirling rapids, fishing for giant carp, shooting game with a camera, climbing mountains, watching birds, exploring caves, swimming placid river waters, going on safari through jungles 100 million years old, visiting Orang Asli settlements — and getting away from 20th-century traffic and pollution. Malaysia has what few countries in the world have — a great, undisturbed outdoor world waiting for discovery. With two-thirds of the country under jungle, where lush greenery begins at the edge of the sea and rises to high mountains, there is certain to be adventure.

Topping all jungle haunts is the **Taman Negara** that spreads over the northern interior of the Malay peninsula. Within this area around the mountain massif of Gunung Tahan, the highest peak in Peninsular Malaysia, there are countless limestone hills thickly covered with forests, fast running streams and an abundance of wildlife. Travel within the park is chiefly by water although visitors, should they choose to, may make a land trip inland from any of the posts on the Tembeling River with equipment, guides and porters supplied by the Park Service.

To discover the "green heart" of Malaysia our writer and photographer team made a lengthy expedition with the chief game warden and his rangers through the northern reaches of the National Park and floated on bamboo rafts down the Lebir River into Kelantan state. Much of the area was unexplored and known only to the Orang Asli Negritos who live there. They report ...

"We set out from Park Headquarters up the Tembeling in three longboats driven by 40 h.p. outboards. Each boat had a helmsman and a lookout, the latter standing on the bow with a long pole and guiding the boat through the rapids. The first night we camped on a sandbank at the tributary of the Sok River. Early the following morning we continued upstream. By afternoon we had traveled as far as we could by river. The boats turned back, leaving our 10 man expedition completely on its own. We had only one way to go now and that was to cross the unexplored jungles in search of the headwaters of the Lebir River, where we would build rafts and pole our way back to civilization.

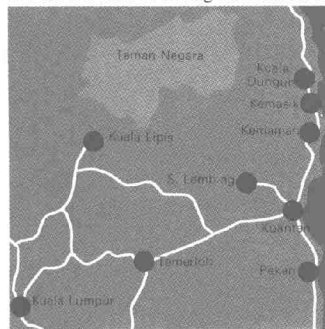
Tapping the unlimited potential of Malaysia's outdoor world, a proud fisherman (our intrepid author Harold Stephens, left) shows off his main course for a campsite dinner.



The main difficulty of such an expedition is logistics. Clothing, first-aid kits, bedding, tents, food all add up and so no luxuries were permitted, for every gram of extra weight would slow us down. Our diet was the same as our guides': rice, dried vegetables, coffee, tinned sweetened milk. We had curry to flavor the rice, and fish from the streams provided protein.

Our three Negrito porter-guides carried the bulk of the supplies in hand-fashioned pandanus sacks with pencil-thin strips of rattan for shoulder straps. When we finally started off, they each carried a staggering load of 55 kilos.

The ability of Negritos to maneuver in the jungles is astonishing. Our first encounter after leaving the river was to scale a steep bank, slippery and muddy, with only thin roots for support. However, they ascended it with the ease of riding an escalator.



The first hour or two in the jungle are always the worst. Everything is magnified. Each shadow lurks like some terrifying, unseen demon. Each overhead branch holds a slimy creature ready to drop. Each turn brings you face to face with a monster of the deep. But this soon passes. You forget, when your clothes become wet from perspiration, when you are more concerned with a sure foothold than what might be there, when you are panting in desperation to keep up with the Negritos cutting the trail and

moving at almost a run.

There are things about the jungle that cannot be learned overnight. You look down to step over a tangled root and a thorny creeper knocks off your hat. You look up to cut away a vine and you trip over a log. And yet these guides (barefooted and swinging knives) move without ever faltering. Soon, a python sleeping on a branch does not alarm you; an elephant rushing through the reeds is just another passerby.

The curse of the jungle are the leeches. No one is immune to them. The Negritos' legs became reddened with blood, especially about the toes. We had our boots laced up, socks tucked into trousers, belts tight. A blotch of red appeared on our leg. A leech had gotten in. A little creature that an hour before was the size of a red ant was now fat as a golf ball.

The first night or two are the most difficult. The ground is hard and damp. But then when muscles tone up, when rice with a little curry is an epicurean delight, and when you can sleep on a log, the jungle takes on new dimensions of meaning.

The sounds of insects and birds are ever present. Gibbons call cryptically to one another. A muddy stream bed reveals that elephants had passed that morning. The Negritos scale trees and bring down ripe rambutans and other fruits. And there are fish. A cast with a spinner brings the evening meal.

The evenings, after tired bodies have bathed in the river and darkness closes in, are the most delightful. There is something intimate about the jungle then. The world is a simple sphere that encompasses the circle of light around the campfire. The light is like a cage, not sealing you in but keeping out the jungle.

Around the warming fire, back to the jungle, everyone sits. The game warden translates the tales our Negrito guides tell. They are great stories, fired with imagination. A rogue elephant that repeatedly des-



Our writer and photographer traveled the unexplored northern part of the National Park, accompanied by the game warden and Negrito guides.

You get used to the python overhead and the elephant rushing by, but the leeches forever are a curse.

troyed a *kampung*; a tiger that trailed Muda as he walked along a river, seeming to know that Muda had a spear and was prepared for him. Muda is the oldest of the Negritos. You ask him his last name. He looks abashed, then raps his chest and says, "Muda." He has no other name. You ask his age. He does not know. Is he married? He lives with two women. How many children? He has to count. Four. You begin to ask their ages, then realize that the concept of time has no meaning here. What is a year when there are no seasons. What is one day when it is like every other one. Life simply moves on.

Talk grows weary and then, singly or in pairs, everyone wanders back to his tent, mosquito nets fall into place, the fire dies and the noises of the forest become more intense. You lie there looking up through the open flaps of the tent at the sky of unhelpful stars. A shrill cry raises you to your elbows. All sounds stop. An animal has made a kill. Nothing more. Lazily, you drop down again. Soon you forget that an elephant trail runs through the camp. Your mind erases the tiger prints you saw in the sand. You no longer think of the jungle; you see it in visions. The stars, the fire, the stories, all melt together into one concept of a night unlike any other.

We learnt a lot from the Negritos. They pointed out fruit and wild berries which we could eat. They showed us game trails and knew almost to the hour when game had last passed. Every turned leaf, every bent twig, every disturbed vine had a meaning. They were unwritten signs in their jungle that are as clear as traffic signs on our city streets. And like city signs, they too had to be obeyed. Certain leaves we could not touch, certain mud holes we did not cross, certain shortcuts we had to avoid.

The days turned into a week. On our best day we could do perhaps 9 km. It seemed like twenty. When we followed game trails we moved faster,

but most often we had to hack every centimeter of our way through the jungle. Then, what we feared might happen occurred: the monsoons started early. We saw elephants cross our trail but when we reached the spot where they had been, there were no tracks. At first the rains were refreshing. They kept us cool. But when they turned into a tropical downpour, in a time-worn jungle, things did happen. We were in a column descending a slope when a loud crashing sound brought us to a halt. It sounded like the roar of an avalanche. One hundred meters ahead a gigantic tree, perhaps 3 meters in diameter and 60 meters high, splintered in midair, as if struck by high explosives. The unbelievable might of nature. The sheer weight of the rain upon the overhead foliage became such a destructive force that mighty trees began to collapse around us. The trunks would splinter, and then bullet-like they would come shooting earthward, pulling other trees, interwoven with vines and climbers, with them. They gave off terrific explosions, sending debris and showers of rain and mist in every direction. We dropped packs and equipment and began running. But where? There were no openings. Suddenly ahead was light; there was sky. It was a river. We reached the safety of the Lebri River. When the rains stopped, we returned to retrieve our gear.

Now came the gigantic task of building four rafts. We felled bamboo from the forest, some of the pieces 10 meters long. These we brought to the river and lashed together with thin strips of rattan. Each raft consisted of nine logs and was about three-quarters of a meter wide. In the center we constructed a raised platform for our gear. Each man cut his own 4-meter-long pole. We shoved off, using the poles to avoid rocks and big trees which were floating downriver like ourselves. Then came the thrill of the first rapid. All stood gripping their poles. The current picked us up, the

At night the world
is a simple sphere by
the light of the
campfire.

The tropical
downpour broke
over softwood
trees, turning the
forest into an
explosion of wood
and debris.

Negritos shouted out a warning. White water was everywhere. In moments it was over. The gushing ended as suddenly as it started. Our rafts moved among the strange wreckage of the jungle in the slow motion of the stream. The sun revolved around us. Banks slipped by, new and yet unchanged. We stayed close to the bank to take full advantage of the swifter currents. Occasionally, the sky disappeared behind a vault of virgin forest.

We drifted round one bend and came face to face with Orang Asli Negritos—a man, his wife and a small child. His only clothing was a breech cloth. She was naked. They were traveling upriver on a three-log raft, laden with ripe fruit.

We wanted to buy several durians. Willingly the man handed them over.

We spent some time after that with other Negritos. Here truly were Rousseau's 'noble savages.' It was the French philosopher who wrote in the 18th century that the ills of civilization could be cured if man returned to his primitive state. Their secret, we learned, is one of adjustment to their environment. They have fears, certainly, but they know how to cope with them. There is nothing complicated about their existence. Life is simple. A man who goes into the forest takes his wife and child with him. They share pleasures, as well as problems.

The Orang Asli are not driven by ambition or obsessed with objectives. Happiness is measured by the amount of leisure it brings. The people of these quiet jungles do not crave excitement. We learned they have no craving for outside civilization. They could, if they wished, float downstream to a government settlement, and the Malaysian Bureau of Aboriginal Affairs would provide for them. But they lead their own lives and they are contented.

After ten days on the river we came to a grass house, and more

houses a few kilometers later. Finally a settlement, then a town."

A jungle trip through the National Park is the closest anyone can come to the green heart of Malaysia, and conveniently it is flexible enough to range from a leisurely two days of fishing to a two-week tropical safari. Outboard motorboats of the National Park Service carry visitors the 120-odd km from Kuala Tembeling Halt on the Malayan Railway to the headquarters of the park at Kuala Tahan on the Tembeling River. Although the mail train "Golden Blowpipe" does not stop at Kuala Tembeling Halt, visitors who wish to alight there can do so if sufficient notice is given the station master in Kuala Lumpur or at Gemas. By pre-arrangement also, the south-bound train may be stopped to pick up visitors at Kuala Tembeling Halt for the return trip to Kuala Lumpur. There is now a small airstrip in the park for helicopters and light aircraft, but permission to land must first be sought from the park's offices in Kuala Lumpur.

Visitors can stay at the headquarters at **Kuala Tahan** in various accommodations that range from a luxury rest house to a youth hostel and tents. Western and local food is obtainable at the rest house. Outlying lodges are equipped with all the basic essentials but visitors must undertake their own cooking. Provisions can be bought at the local store.

Short jungle trips can be made to **Jenut Tahan** and **Jenut Tabing**, two salt licks just a short walk from the headquarters. Further afield but still in a day's walk, or a short boat trip away, are the high hides of **Belau** and **Kumbang**. Here hides have been built among the trees and fitted out so that an observer may remain there for a week without descending. Occasionally, a wide variety of animals visit these licks — elephant, wild buffalo, tapir, deer, wild pig and tiger. However, big game is more often heard than seen. For the less active, river trips are a relaxing way to spend

The Orang Asli seem like Rousseau's noble savages, uncorrupted by the selfishness and rush of so-called "civilization."

The Malayan Railway goes from Kuala Lumpur to Tembeling Halt, whence boats take visitors to National Park headquarters.



The park's rivers and streams are well stocked for excellent angling.

a morning or a day equipped with swimsuit, picnic lunch and a fishing rod.

The rivers of Taman Negara offer excellent fishing for the angler. But for the most successful fishing it is best to be further from the headquarters. It is a day trip up-river to **Lata Berkoh** or **Perkai** where Fishing Lodges are available for those that wish to linger. The rivers are usually clear and cold and well stocked with fish of the carp family. The *kelah* is the most sought after and can weigh as much as 7 kilos. The *sebaru*, a voracious predator, is the fish most frequently caught. It weighs up to 5 kilos or more. Any spinning rod and reel can be used — a light nylon line and either a fixed spool or ordinary spinning reel.

For those who wish to stay longer in the park, there are many more adventurous trips that can be

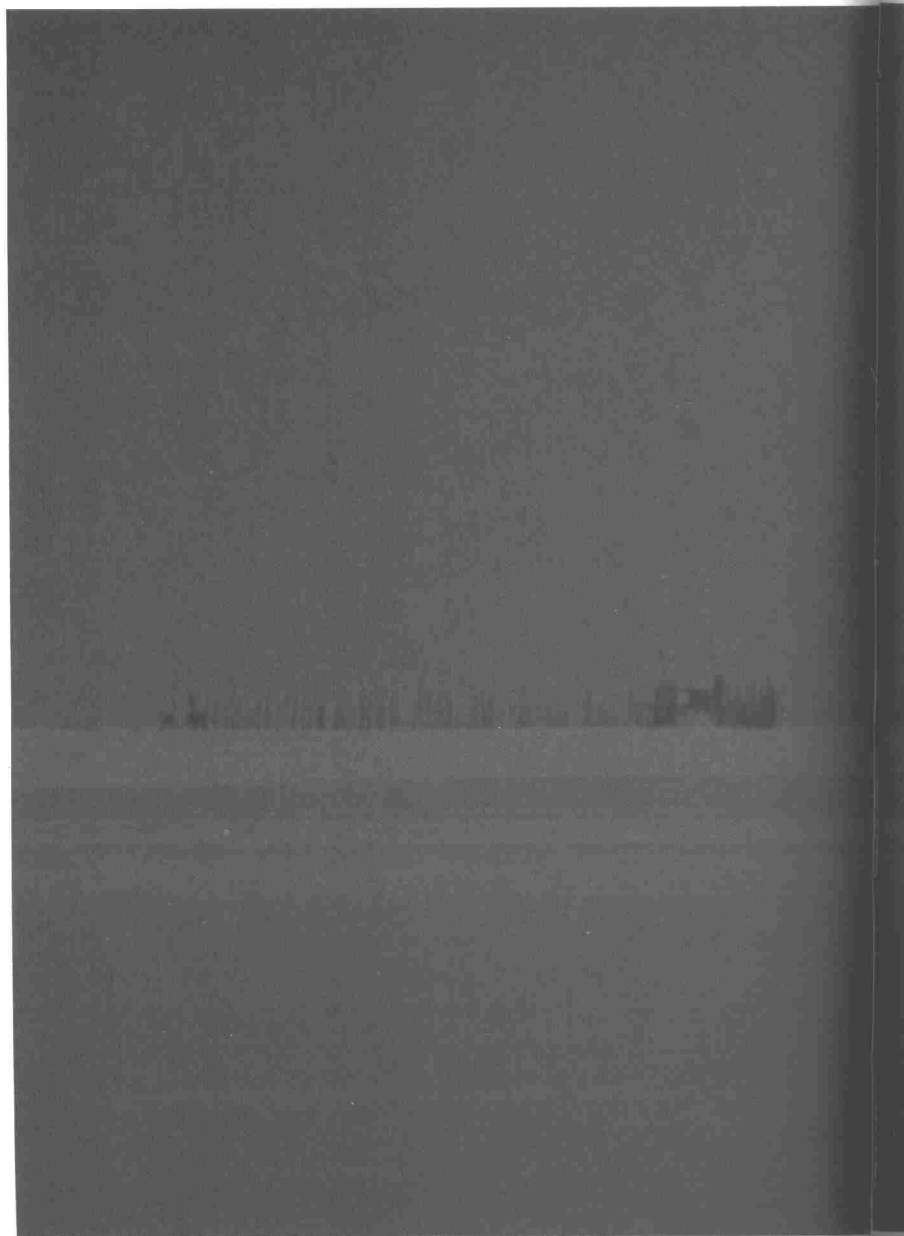
undertaken still further up river and beyond the marked jungle trails for which it is required to take a guide. The climb to **Gunong Tahan**, W. Malaysia's highest peak at 7174' is an exciting nine days adventure trip.

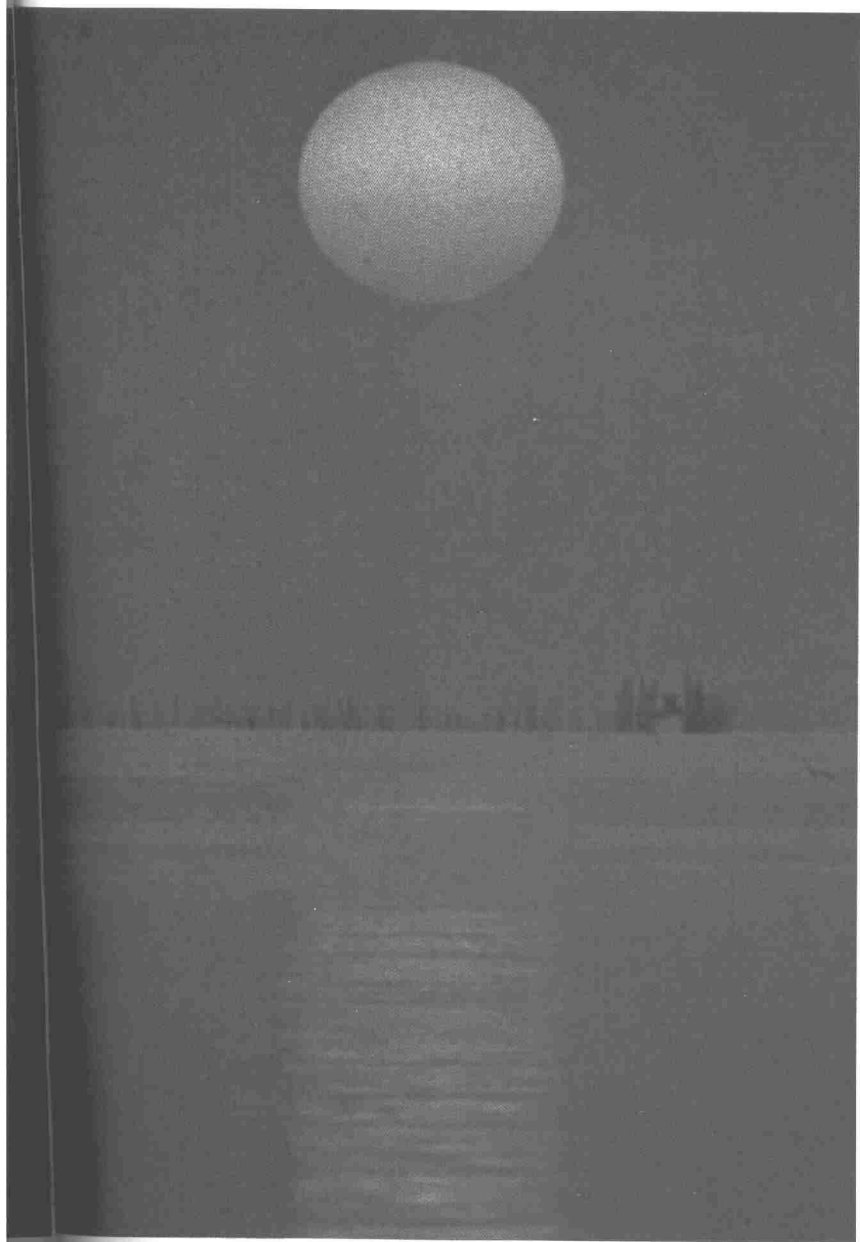
Whatever the choice of activity in the park, binoculars are invaluable for spotting wildlife and particularly the multitude of beautiful birds; a powerful torch is essential equipment for a night spent in a hide, and a warm jacket a wise investment against chilly mornings. Taman Negara is closed between November 15th and January 15th because of the monsoon rains.

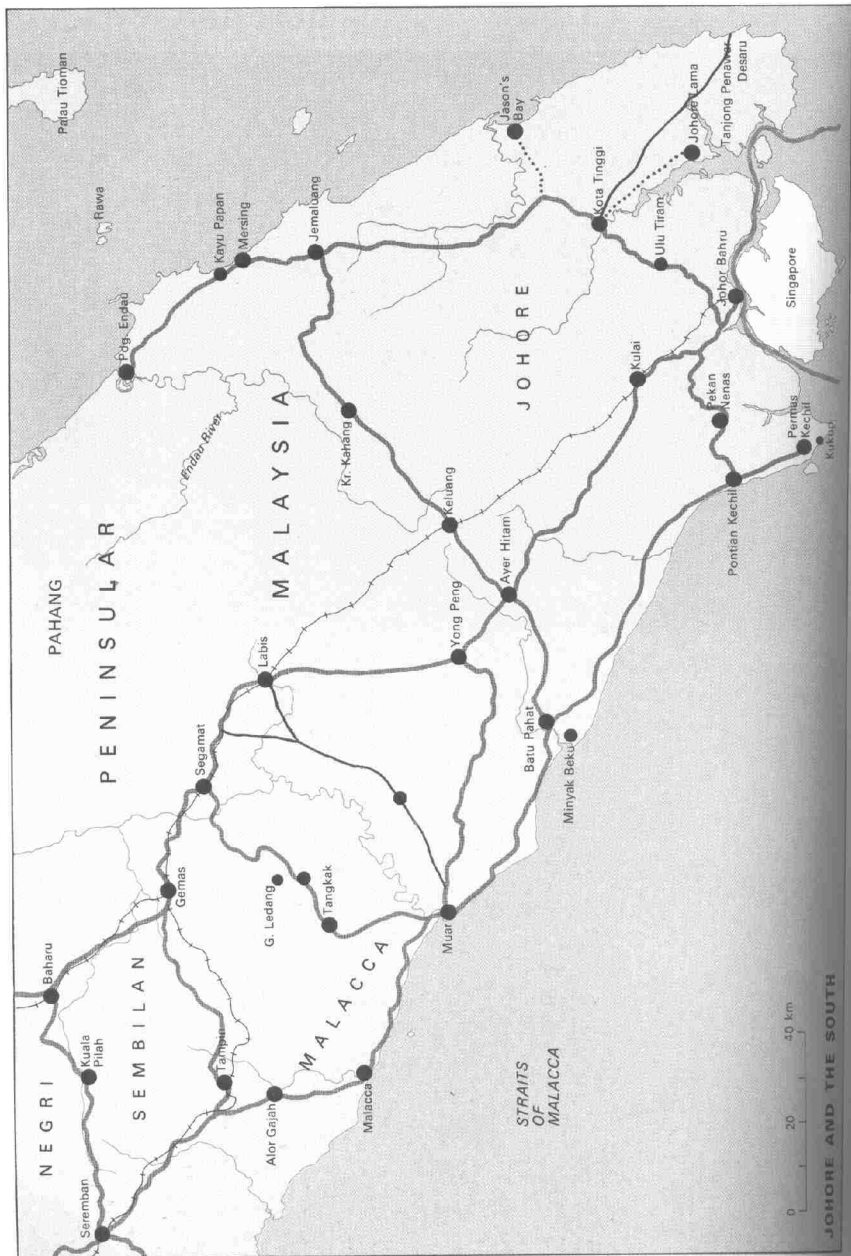
Enquiries about travel to the park should be directed to the Director General, Department of Wildlife and National Parks, Block K 20, Government Offices Complex, Jalan Duta, Kuala Lumpur. Telephone 941272 and 941466.

Evouacking for the night in the heart of the National Park.










JOHORE: A LAND'S END



The state of Johore occupies the entire southern tip of the Malay Peninsula. Its west coast, facing the Straits of Malacca, is well developed but in the center and on the east coast, the population is sparse and vast stretches of jungles separate one settlement from another. But the state is served by a good road network and its hotels and rest houses, if not luxurious, are conveniently located.

One can, for example, dine at a ramshackle restaurant that lures motorists to fight traffic and drive 80 kilometers (49½ miles) over potholed roads to feast on chili crabs. He can hire a fishing boat at Mersing to carry him to the many offshore islands, some uninhabited and the size of a city block. He can cruise down the historic Johore River to Johore Lama, one of the earliest capitals of the Malay Kingdom, or he can peer inside a camouflaged pillbox built before World War II.

Johore is reputed to be the home of

classical Malay culture; its people are known to speak the best Malay in the Peninsula and its women wear the *baju kurong*, the national dress, on everyday occasions.

But Johore only evolved its own identity after the fall of the Malacca Sultanate to the Portuguese in the 16th century. Malacca's last ruler refused to capitulate but fled to Johore. The present royal family of Johore cannot claim direct descent from Sultan Mahmud, but they are related by a collateral line. Despite this pedigree, however, Johore's rulers never attained the pinnacle of power, prestige and influence which the sultans of Malacca had enjoyed.

Johore was basically a trading empire that had its moments of power and prosperity interspersed with the darker days of disaster. Not only did it have to contend with the Portuguese of Malacca, and then with the Dutch, but also with the new power of Aceh in north Sumatra and when Aceh weakened, the marauding Menangkabau and the Bugis began to flex their muscles. At first the rulers of Johore had their capitals along the protected reaches of the

Dusk descending on a mosque in Muar brings a tranquility typically Malaysian.



Johore River but later, had to settle in the Riau archipelago, which was more accessible to trade — and further attacks. Twice a sultan of Johore was taken captive to Aceh, and his royal capital was reduced to ashes. By the beginning of the 18th Century, Johore sultans had become the puppets of Bugis “under-takings” who held all the real power in their hands.

A Fateful Turning Point

The 19th Century saw a decisive change in Johore’s fate fortunately. At that time, Johore was the fief of a *temenggung*, an official of the sultan. Abu Bakar, who became *temenggung* in 1862, elevated himself to *maharaja* in 1868, and in 1885 he was acknowledged by Great Britain as Sultan of Johore, disestablishing the former sultan’s lineage. The present royal family of Johore are his direct descendants.

Sultan Abu Bakar was educated in Singapore by English clergy. He spoke fluent English and came to know influential Europeans in the business world. It was during his rule that the foundations of modern Johore were laid;

local folk today still regard him as the “Father of Modern Johore.” In 1866, he moved his capital to Johore Bahru and within a few years had transformed a humble fishing village into a thriving new town. He was also responsible for founding the modern towns of Muar and Batu Pahat; he introduced a modern bureaucracy and gave Johore the first constitution ever to be written for a Malay state.

The Sultan used Western methods of policies and administration in his conduct of Johore’s internal affairs (Britain still had control over Johore’s foreign matters) and this stood him in good stead in convincing the British that his government was good and stable and so deferred the appointment of a British “Adviser” to help him rule his state. He maintained close ties with Englishmen in Singapore and in London; he was the first Malay ruler to visit England and was a personal friend of Queen Victoria.


But after his death in 1895 British pressure became too strong, and his son and heir had to reluctantly accept a “General Advisor” (British, of course) in 1914. This made Johore the last Malay

At Kukup, beside sheltered waters, the food is guaranteed fresh.



state in the Peninsula to come under British control.

Sulfur Springs and Sultans' Tombs



Johore's west coast road zips through dozens of small towns and *kampung*. En route to Muar, approaching from Malacca, a detour on the road to Segamat leads to some beautiful natural waterfalls cascading 2,500 meters (8,202 feet) down the rocks to the crystal clear pools below. Picturesque and unspoiled, the **Sahil** waterfalls have no tourist facilities. Weary travelers may want to refresh themselves before they reach Muar at the hot sulfur springs of **Sungai Kesang**, five kilometers (three miles) off the main road. Simple changing rooms are provided. At **Pagoh**, 26 kilometers (16 miles) from Muar, there is an old fort containing the tombs of two Malacca sultans. Situated atop a small rise, it was constructed to protect the sultans from attacks by pirates. Nearby, in the graveyard at **Kampung Parit Pechah**, lie 99 tombstones, marking the graves of an entire village which was wiped out by a single spear about 500 years ago. According to legend it all happened at a wedding party. The spear was tossed by a jealous lover into the chest of the bridegroom, removed and tossed again, eventually also killing the bride and all the wedding guests.

Batu Pahat, notorious for its floods at high tides, is a conference center for Johore. There is a small beach and a legendary well nearby at Minyak Beku. Nineteen kilometers (12 miles) south of Pontian Kechil, which has a comfortable Rest House, the road ends at Kukup on the southern tip of the peninsula.

Chili Crabs and Pots

Raised on stilts, **Kukup's** houses are linked to one another by plank walks and look as though they might topple into the sea. Late afternoon is the ideal time to arrive, when the sun is low over the sea and the evening breezes begin. But it is not to watch the setting sun that people come to Kukup. It is to eat chili crabs. Kukup, with its unpretentious clapboard restaurants, is famous for its spicy chili crabs. The restaurants do not have fancy decor, not even walls. But they do have atmosphere, and great food. The food is cheap, but alas, the drinks are not.

Along a railing facing the sea in one restaurant is a huge square net, lowered and raised by an ancient, wooden crank. Boys wind the net up from the sea and scoop out the daily menu — eels, fish crabs, lobsters. Chili crabs, the speciality, are eaten with fingers; it is messy, but delicious. Choose your own style of cooking — chili prawns, steamed fish, sweet-and-sour fish, chili mussels.

On the main trunk road to **Ayer Hitam**, a town 93 kilometers (57½ miles) from Johore Bahru or 32 kilometers (20 miles) from Batu Pahat, nobody misses the **Aw Potteries** where it stands, proclaimed by two colossal earthenware genies. The Menangkabau showroom displays all sorts of pottery in the distinctive Aw glazes. Behind the showroom is the studio itself where you can watch craftsmen at work through every stage of the process. The most spectacular feature is the immense snake kiln. Forty-eight meters (53 yards) long, the brick-built kiln of traditional Chinese design, is the very womb of the potteries giving birth regularly and unprotestingly to some 2,000 individual pieces of pottery at each firing. Mr. Aw Eng Kwang, the founder, came from China in 1940 finally settling in Kampong Machap where there is an abundant supply of clay and firing wood. From a simple beginning manufacturing latex cups and flower pots, the Aw family, representing four generations of potters, have built up a thriving business of international repute.

Street Shopping

Ayer Hitam is a dusty bazaar that has become a popular stopover point for tourists on their way to Kuala Lumpur or Singapore. This becomes evident as one sees the ubiquitous tour coaches and Singapore-registered cars parked on the sandy stretches off the road. Dark musty coffeeshops and rows of heavily laden street stalls become "a drinking hole and a shopping center" for weary travelers, who descend on the stalls to hunt down last-minute souvenirs or snap up preserved fruits, durian cakes, peanut nougat and other typical sweats. Most of which are the town's local produce. So are fruits like bananas, *chempedak* and rambutans, which hang down in luxurious bunches.

Travelers familiar with Ayer Hitam head for **Claycraft Coffee House**, which is an unusual air-conditioned restaurant

doubling as a pottery shop. The place is half-hidden by the street stalls but on entering, it's a different experience altogether. Patrons sit on stoneware stools and drink out of dainty ceramic tea cups. The room is taken up by tables, half of which is filled with the mishmash of arty relics and ceramic odds and ends. Placed where they are, they not only decorate the interior of the restaurant but are also put up for sale.

Drive-In Zoo

A little farther down the road towards Johore Bahru, at the 63rd-kilometer (39th-mile) is Southeast Asia's only drive-in animal safari park. **Johore Safariworld** offers two main attractions — the **animal safari park** and the **Fiesta Village**. The park sports lions, tigers, bears, camels, gorillas, elephants, hippopotamuses and the like, in a "natural" captivity that seems somewhat ill-fitted against its backdrop of a real jungle. There are mixed feelings about the place, among both the locals and the visitors. Some think it's a letdown (you have to drive at least five to 10 minutes before you see a single animal, they claim),

while others are thrilled with the experience of being only a glass pane away from the wild elephants and the unpredictable tigers. Perhaps not all the members of the Animal Kingdom are represented here but it is still worth a drive through, if just to see wild creatures making themselves at home in their natural habitat.

The programs at the Fiesta Village are planned to bewitch the young. Bring them to see acrobatic stunts and exciting car chases at the Revolutionary Cinema 180, a gigantic 180-degree screen. Not far away, the "Texas Cyclone" roller coaster rolls off at a terrifying speed of 40 kilometers per hour. There are of course the indispensable pony and elephant rides, the gorilla and parrots shows, and the pets corner where all the little things — rabbits, porcupines, flamingos, peacocks and such are found. After all this, you can catch your breath and relax at the Safari Lodge Restaurant. Groups may have seafood here at M\$8 per head, but bookings must be made three days in advance.

Safariworld is still youthful — it only kicked off business in 1982 — and it has got good days ahead. Its attractions are

A guard stands before the sultan's palace, Istana Besar, in Johore Bahru.



fast increasing and included in its ambitious development program over the next two years are a Funland, a water park, a Go-kart Track, hotels, condominiums for families and an 18-hole golf course.

Causeway Connection

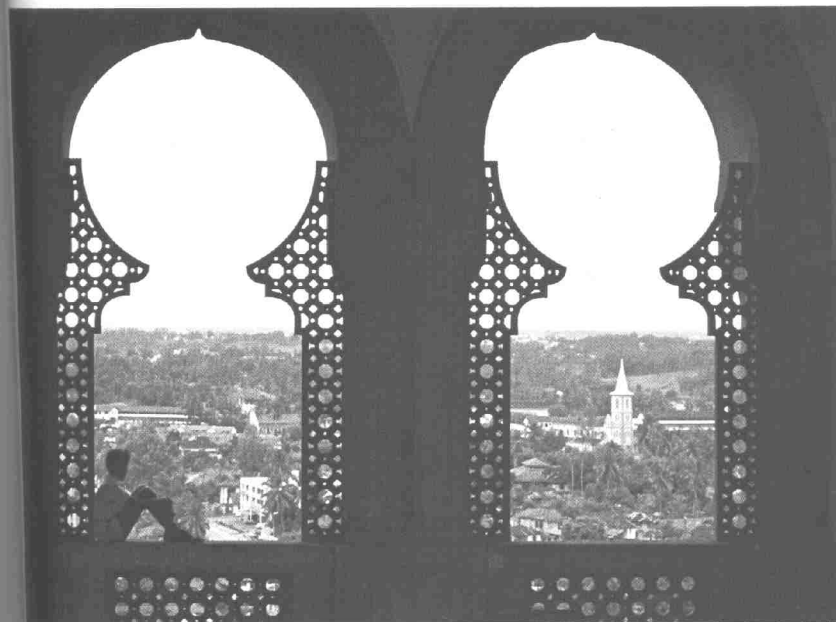
Johore Bahru is connected to Singapore by a causeway carrying vehicular traffic and a railroad. Its proximity to Singapore makes it a gateway for urban vacationers at weekends. Then, traffic slows down to a snail's pace. Timber lorries, tourist buses, outstation taxis, motor scooters and Singaporeans escaping city life in their Holdens and Mercedes vie for positions at the immigration gates. Whether it be to see an X-rated film banned in Singapore, to find a sandy beach, or to try the roulette wheels at Genting Highlands, the crowds flocking from Singapore to Malaysia create traffic jams equal to those found on any highway connecting a busy metropolis. The approach across the causeway offers no subtle introduction to the vast, mysterious and partly unknown country beyond.

To the west is the **Istana Gardens** enclosing the sultan's palace. Adjoining these gardens, which includes a replica of a Japanese tea house, is the famous **Johore Zoo**. It was once the sultan's private animal sanctuary but since 1962 it has been opened to the public.

The **Istana Besar** (the Grand Palace) displays a neo-classical Western style and was built by Sultan Abu Bakar in the 1860s. It is no longer a royal residence but remains till today, as it has always been, a venue for glittering state functions. Many quaint Victoriana are stocked in its halls, but at present is closed to the public, except with special permission. The present Sultan lives in a much more modern palace, called **Bukit Serene**, a few kilometers down the road, which faces the Straits. Beautiful gardens surround the building and its spectacular 32-meter (105-foot) tower is a city landmark.

Work on the elegant **Abu Bakar Mosque**, just next to the Istana Besar, had begun a few years, before the death of the sultan whose name the mosque now takes. Commanding a conspicuous position also facing the Straits, the mosque is draped in a semi-classical Italian-

From the old tower on Bukit Serene, a panorama of Johore Bahru unfolds below.



ate style. The spacious building, with marble colonnade lining the interior, can accommodate 2,000 worshippers.

An interesting introduction to Malaysia's wealth awaits you at **Ulu Tiram Estate**, which is 26 kilometers (16 miles) from Johore Bahru. Here you will see rubber trees being tapped and the various processes which the latex passes through before it is ready for export as either sheet or crepe rubber. The oil palm is also cultivated here and you may visit the estate factory and observe how the oil is extracted from the fruit for subsequent refinings which provide the base for soap, margarine and cosmetics.

Spectacle for the Dinner Guest

Kota Tinggi is a small, quiet town with a loud splash. Fifteen kilometers (nine miles) northeast of the town center is the famous **Kota Tinggi Waterfalls** which thunders down 36 meters (118 feet) to the polished rocks below. Swimming is permitted to anyone having enough courage to plunge into icy waters. Ten well-furnished Swiss-type chalets face the falls, inviting visitors to spend the night. These have cooking facilities with

utensils, gas range and refrigerator. An open-front restaurant serves both Chinese and European dishes. In the evening the falls is gaily illuminated, making a lively, dancing spectacle for the dinner guests.

On the outskirts of Kota Tinggi, on the road to Mersing is the burial ground of the 17th-Century sultans of Johore, and nearby, the last resting place of Johore's *bendahara* or chief ministers during the early days. A little farther down this road, not far from the turning to Kampong Makam, another junction to the right leads to Malaysia's most modern beach resort at Tanjung Penawar, 54 kilometers (33½ miles) away. Before getting there — about halfway along this way — a right laterite track branches off through an oil palm plantation and brings you to **Johore Lama** (old Johore) on the Johore River. It was once a great trading center and a royal capital, boasting one of the most powerful forts in the area. That was history and until very recently, it could only be reached by river. Today Johore Lama is a tranquil sleepy village, on whose fringes archaeologists have uncovered some massive ramparts of the old fort.

Chilly water cascades down Kota Tinggi's waterfall.



At Tanjung Penawar is the **Desaru Resort**, a project in the state's overall development scheme designed to open up this corner of southwest Johore which was once a deserted jungled country. Within the Resort are three first-class hotels that provide all the amenities — ponies to ride, canoes to row, and tennis courts for the energetic. Beach chalets are available for rental and some are equipped with cooking facilities for families.

The sea here is generally clear and calm but during the monsoon months in December and January, the waves tumble down the beach in a froth of crashing surf. At weekends, hawker stalls on the usually quiet beach cater to the influx of guests and day trippers. There are plans to open a direct link by hydrofoil between Desaru and Changi on Singapore Island.

The road northwards from Kota Tinggi pursues its lonely, undulating course, until at the 13th kilometer (eighth mile), a turning heads the way to **Jason's Bay**, or Telok Mahkota, which was once the most popular of Johore beaches. But now the long sandy beach has silted up and there are mud flats at

low tide. There are no facilities at the beach but those who wish to get away from it all will find their solitude interrupted only by sea birds, sandflies, and no more than an occasional visitor.

Mersing, situated on the right bank of the river of the same name, is a peaceful pleasant town, except at the river mouth. Here is a large, bustling fishing fleet and has all the excitement one associates with a fishing port. Accommodations are available in a splendid **Government Rest House** sitting on a bluff above the sea and separated from it by a simple nine-hole golf course. There are also several simple Chinese hotels, notably the **Mersing Hotel** and the **Hotel Embassy**, both with good restaurants. Around the first of May comes the annual festival of Kayu Papan in Mersing, where you may be lucky to see the **Kudang Kepang**, a trance dance seldom seen outside Johore.

"Islands in the Sun"

Mersing is the setting off point for a group of 64 idyllic volcanic islands in the South China Sea. One of these, **Pulau Tioman**, was mentioned 2,000 years ago

Gunong Ledang near Sagil on the way south.



in what was perhaps the first guide to Malaysia. Arab traders then made note in their "sailing directions" that Tioman, lying about 56 kilometers (34½ miles) off the east coast of the Malay peninsula, offered good anchorage and a fresh-water spring for filling their casks. Centuries thereafter, the twin peaks called "Ass's Ears" at the southern tip of the island guided ships at sea. Ming pottery found in caves reveals that early Chinese traders also made Tioman a port-of-call.

Gone are the Arab and Chinese traders, their place now taken by lotuscating sybarites. Today, Tioman is everybody's dream of a tropical island. When Hollywood was looking for a mythical island to photograph in "South Pacific," it chose lovely Tioman to portray the legendary Bali Hai. Lovely sandy beaches fringe the entire circumference of the island and the waters surrounding it is startlingly clear. But be warned: sea-urchins abound in the shallow waters. Swimming, sunbathing and fishing are the most obvious beach activities. The more energetic may want to trek around the island, but check with the locals on the best route to take.

Snorkeling should not be missed, as

the coral reefs around the island (especially those in front of the Merlin Hotel) have some beautiful marine life. But see Tioman at its best during twilight; wander down to the beach before dinner.

There are three ways to get to Pulau Tioman. The economical option is to take a package tour that takes you from Mersing to one of the chalets run by enterprising villagers on the island. Be prepared though, for a four-hour boat ride. Those with the means to splurge are fortunate in that Tioman, 20 kilometers (12½ miles) long and 12 kilometers (7½ miles) wide and devoid of vehicular traffic, has the very pleasant **Merlin Hotel**, that offers plush facilities to pamper its guests. The hotel launch (air-conditioned) leaves Mersing daily and takes 2½ hours to reach the island. In addition to normal rooms, the hotel offers dormitory accommodations at reasonable prices. However, this will interest groups only, because if an individual arrives and there is nobody in the dormitory he must pay for all the beds.

The third alternative available to visitors who wish to make the crossing is a 20-minute plane trip from Mersing.

Pulau Rawa is a tropical paradise for informal holiday-makers.





Smaller, but just as beautiful as Tioman, **Pulau Rawa** is another tropical paradise. Its waters is as clear as a swimming pool's, and swimming in it is simply irresistible. But it's snorkeling that thrills visitors here. It's easy to see clearly down to 13 meters (42½ feet) underwater, and the corals here are excellent. Accommodations provided by bungalows and chalets (shared facilities in both cases) are simpler than Tioman's. Unless you brought your own food, the first advice is to have your meals at the **Cafe de Rawa**, a zinc-roofed comfort; the second is to lunch on fish and chips but bask in the luxuries of a full-course seafood dinner.

Get a two-way boat ticket at the Rawa Safaris Office in Mersing. The boat leaves Mersing at high tide each day for the 60-minute, 16-kilometer (10-mile) journey to the island.

Another interesting island is **Sibu**, the "Island of Perilous Passage," inhabited by aborigines.

The Endau River: Known to Few

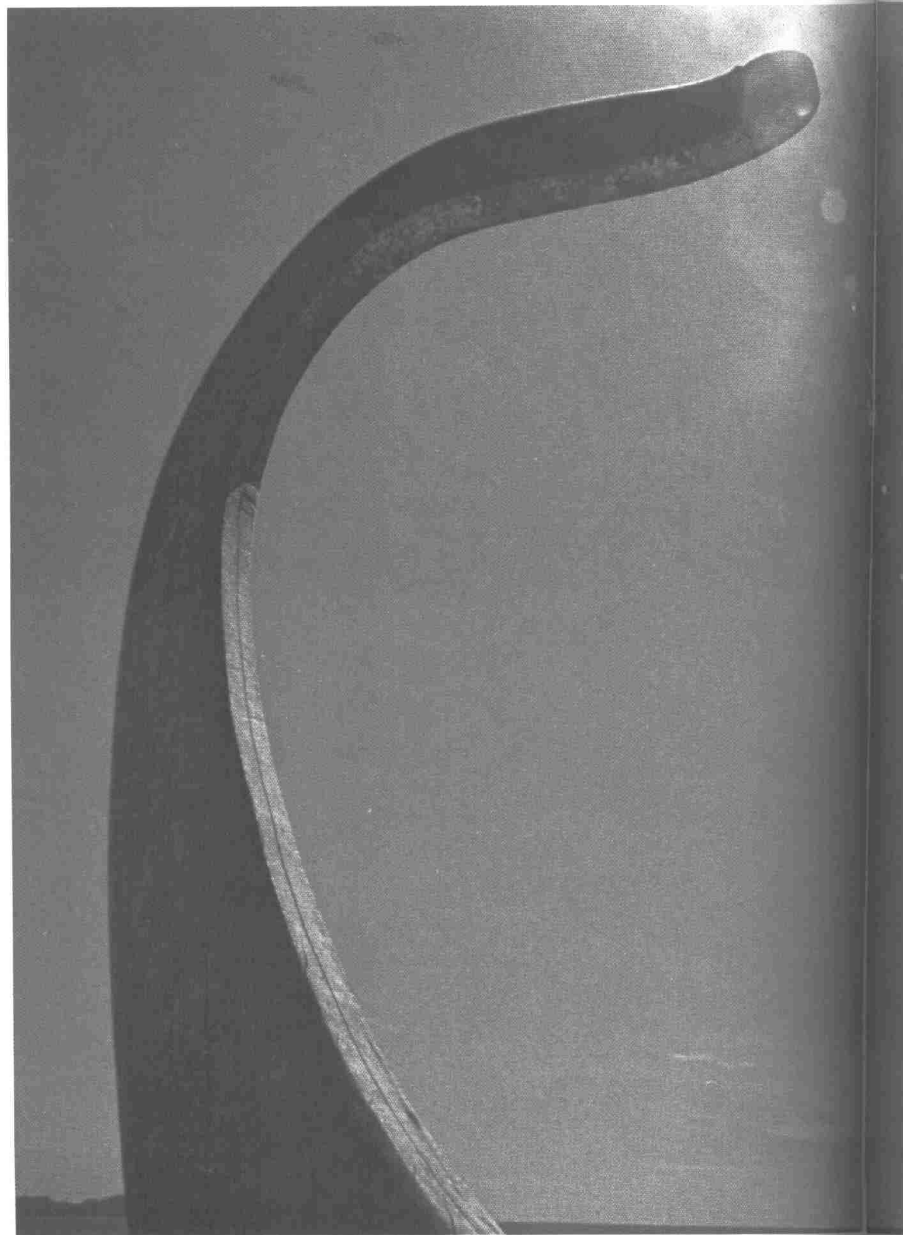
Imagine your campsite on a secluded sandbank of the **Endau River**. A log fire

burns, creating a circle of light in the dense foliage. Apart from the din of insects, an occasional cry from the forest disrupts the silence, reminding you that across the river on the opposite bank are footprints of tigers and rhinos. You recall being awakened that morning by the trumpeting of an elephant. You fought a dozen rapids to reach your present camp. But it was worth it. When you cleared the last rapid Bujong, your *Orang Asli* guide, story-teller and jungle master, handed you a fishing rod. You cast into waters where seldom, if ever, had a spinner been cast. A carp weighing 15 kilos swam cautiously in the deep shadows of a log and in a lightning jolt took your bait. Bujong cooked your evening meal over an open fire.

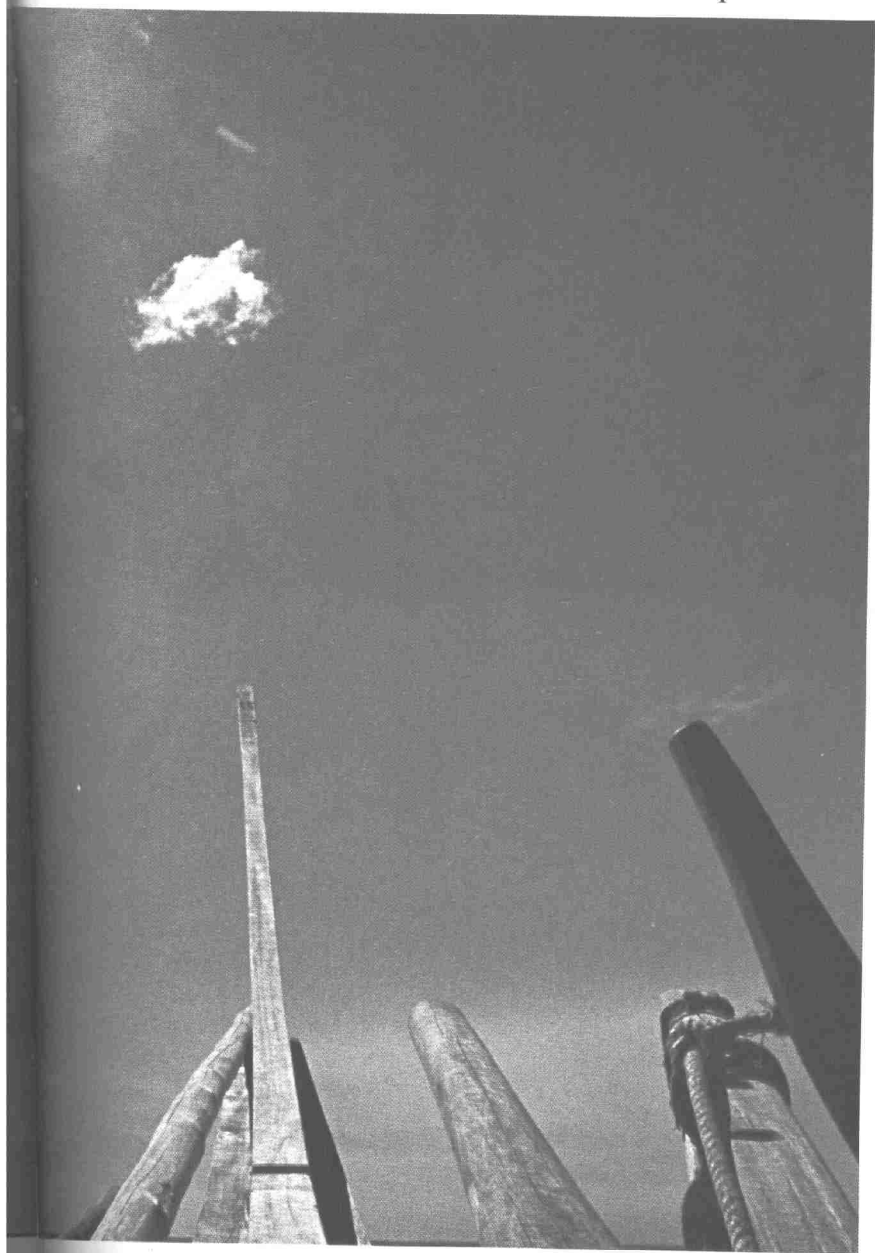
No river in Asia is more remote and yet so close as the Endau, which separates the states of Johore and Pahang — mangrove swamps and mud flats at the lower reaches, *Orang Asli* settlements farther up, and first rapids which often deter the casual visitor. But beyond are the headwaters and a beauty known to few men. For guides and information check with the Tourist Information Center in Mersing or Johore Bahru.

Negotiating rapids on the Endau River where an angler lands the big ones.






east coast of the peninsula



SOUTH
CHINA
SEA



FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD



To discover the soul of Malaysia, one should visit the East Coast. Bordered by Thailand on the north, isolated from the west by a chain of rugged mountains and separated from the south by swamps and rivers, the East Coast has retained its own identity through the ages. Its relaxed villages and *kampung*, where leisure nurtured its arts, have survived more or less unchanged. The Sultan of Johore has a birthday celebration, and the dancers are imported from Kota Bharu. The University of Malaya puts on a cultural show and they recruit the *Ma Yong* actors from Kelantan. Foreign dignitaries are being entertained and the *Wayang Kulit* shadow play comes from Trengganu.

The East Coast's exquisite silver artisans, its cloth weavers and *batik* makers are renowned throughout the country. And where else but on the East Coast can you see seasoned farmers competing in top spinning and kite flying and watch 3½-meter-(11½-foot-) long, 750-kilo turtles lay their eggs on a particular stretch of beach.

Peaceful, timeless fishing villages, palms bending out over a blue sea, colorfully painted fishing boats pulled up on the shore waiting for the tide to carry them to their fishing grounds, islands floating upon an unattainable horizon — these are the scenes on the quieter side of the Malay Peninsula.

Oily Operations

The East Coast is still unsophisticated in the most natural sense of the word. But the modern world is beginning to intrude. Offshore oil installations in the South China Sea off Trengganu have converted the state from one of the poorest in the federation to one of the richest. Over the last few years Kuala Trengganu has transformed from a place "slipped past by time" into a rapidly expanding modern city, while farther down the coast huge new oil refineries and depots, modern bungalows and houses are springing up where palm trees had waved in golden solitude over deserted beaches.

Malaysia's East Coast embraces the states of Kelantan, Trengganu and

Pahang and the eastern half of Johore. Kelantan and Trengganu are two Malay states which have retained much of their traditional character, cut off as they are by the jungle-clad peaks of the Main Range from the rest of the Peninsula. Until the end of the 19th Century, these two states were the most heavily populated in the Peninsula and their inhabitants remain predominantly Malay till today.

An Annalistic Run-down

Kelantan has a long story of independent existence going back to the dawn of history. Important traces of New Stone Age men have been found at various places in the state, which emerged as an important kingdom in the days of the Malaccan Sultanate and was ruled by the legendary beauty, Puteri Sa'adong, in the 17th Century. But Kelantan in modern times was under the shadow of Thailand and its vassalage to the Thais did not come to an end until a treaty signed in 1909 between the Thais and the British, placed Kelantan under British protection instead. However, as a result of the long Thai connection, Thai influence can still be evidently seen in Kelantan architecture, dialect and art forms of today.

The sultans of Trengganu are direct descendents of the Johore and Malacca royal families, and the state itself was once a fief of Malacca and then Johore before it also came under the Thai suzerainty. Although sending "golden flowers" to Bangkok as a token of tribute, Trengganu was largely left to its own devices until finally in 1909, it was transferred along with Kelantan to British overlordship.

Pahang's past does not differ much from its northern and northeastern neighboring states. It was part of the kingdom of Malacca and later came under the control of Johore. Its rulers, the *bendahara*, maintained a precarious independence for centuries and as late as the 1880s, one of them finally shook off the Johore connection and converted his state into a sultanate. But the new sultan was not able to enjoy his new status for long before the British took over.

Until this century the East Coast states possessed no roads. Travel along the coast was by boat, and inland transportation was made on rivers or jungle tracks. During the monsoon season from

Preceding pages, elegant...
...the, their...
...pointed...
...await...
...the fishing...
...season on...
...Malaysia's...
...East Coast.

November to January, the states were cut off entirely from the rest of the world as the northwest monsoon flooded the countryside and closed the beaches. Even today the monsoon season is not the time to visit the East Coast. Rivers still overflow their banks and most routes become impassable.

"All Roads Lead to Rome"

But nowadays access is easy. There are daily flights from Kuala Lumpur or Penang to Kota Bharu, the capital of Kelantan, and to Kuala Trengganu and Kuantan, the capital cities of Trengganu and Pahang, respectively. Three main roads run across to the west of the Peninsula, while a scenic 733-kilometer (455-mile) highway runs the length of the East Coast from Kota Bharu in the far north to Johore Bahru in the south — for a good part of the way, right along the seashore. Anyone who travels these routes takes away memories of beauty.

Ordinarily, it is possible to leave Kuala Lumpur in the morning by taxi or private car and be in Kuantan for lunch. The new **Karak Highway**, tunneling through the Genting Pass, lifts travelers

across the Main Range. Halfway on this road, before reaching Kuantan, is the town of **Temerloh**, remembered by Malaysians as the center of an anti-British revolt which swept the countryside for half a decade. It has several pleasant Chinese hotels and a **Government Rest House**. It is a good stopover for a meal or a night's lodging. Temerloh lies on the mighty Pahang River and on Sundays *kampung* folk from up- and downriver come to town to sell coconuts, bananas, yams, bamboo shoots and other produce. From Temerloh it is possible to take a river trip to Pekan, the royal capital of Pahang. The boat stops at villages established in ancient days when traders from China bartered for gold and tin. Enquire for details at the **Temerloh Rest House**.

From Temerloh, the road crosses the Pahang River and cuts straight to Maran and beyond. Before World War II, travelers had to follow the much more tortuous and longer route which passes through Raub and Jerantut in the deserted heart of Pahang. During the British period, the state capital was at **Kuala Lipis**, 47 kilometers (29 miles) north of Raub. Today Kuala Lipis seems

Off-shore oil industry, Trengganu.



to be caught in a time warp, little changed since colonial days. A rail line connects Kuala Lipis to Kelantan and Kota Bharu; there is no other way currently although a road is now under construction from Lipis to **Gua Musang**, another 96 kilometers (60 miles) up the track. Gua Musang is also linked by road to Kota Bharu and is a small but fast developing community, whose huge dominating limestone caves have disclosed tell-tale traces of Stone Age life.

The East Coast can also be approached by the **East Coast Highway** which runs from Grik in northern Perak to Jeli 80 kilometers (50 miles) away in Kelantan and on to Kota Bharu. Billed as one of the two projects of the decade (the other is the Temenggor Dam in Perak), the highway took 11 arduous years to complete and was opened to the public in July 1982. Objectives of this M\$400 million project were threefold — to deny sanctuaries to the communists by opening up the areas bordering southern Thailand where terrorists had their bases, to bring electricity to the underdeveloped north, and to draw the eastern states of Kelantan and Trengganu closer to the more developed western

half of the Peninsula. The highway is a success and reduces the distance between Butterworth and Kota Bharu by 630 kilometers (391½ miles) to only 375 kilometers (233 miles), or six hours traveling time by taxi. And travel along this route is an adventure. It is the loneliest road in the Peninsula, and at some point near the Kelantan-Perak border, it climbs up to a height of 1,031 meters (3,382 feet) to cross the Banjaran Titiwangsa Main Range. The highway extravagantly hands out spectacular views of mountains and deep valleys to anyone traveling along it, but one of the most majestic scenes belongs to the lake created by the Temenggor Dam about 60 kilometers (37 miles) from Grik. The highway is only open to public travel during daylight hours and is heavily used.

For those who travel north up the coast and do not want to return by the same route, there is a scenic circle route through the National Park from Kota Bharu in the extreme north, to the village of **Kuala Krai**. Here you can board a passenger train together with your car (if you have given several weeks' notice in advance) and make the

A small typical Malay village along the coast near Kuantan.



rest of the journey by rail to Kuala Lipis or all points south as far as Johore Bahru. The southern approach to the East Coast from Johore Bahru is via Kota Tinggi and Mersing.

Island Charms

Another highlight of the East Coast is a visit to any one of the many lonely offshore islands. Thirty-two kilometers (20 miles) off Dungun lies lovely **Pulau Tenggol**. It has a lonely, white sand beach shaded by jungle trees. Good coral gazing can be had at **Pulau Kapas**, an hour's boat-ride from Kuala Trengganu or Marang; of all the islands up north, it is the nearest to the coast. The two most charming island groups are **Perhentian** and **Redang** which can be reached by launch from Kuala Besut or Kuala Trengganu. On each island there is a fishing village run by a headman. Fine coral reefs fringe the islands, and the beaches are long and empty except during the fishing and turtle seasons. Should you wish to linger, obtain official permission from Jerneh District Office to stay at the Rest House on Pulau Perhentian.

On all these islands shells are numer-

ous and interesting; the scorpion, the great tiger cowrie and the large turban shell are among the most attractive. No need to fear giant clams: they are highly sensitive to light and close up at the shadow of a finger above them. The large, black, prickly sea-urchins, which the Malays call *mata bulu* or "furry eyes," are to be avoided as their spines inflict painful wounds if broken off in one's foot. But it is easy to keep clear of them when equipped with goggles, as one always should be when exploring the reefs.

The East Coast is a place to explore. Do not hesitate to travel off the beaten track to a small fishing village. A friendly gesture will be the return of a smile, or perhaps an invitation to tour the village where the soothing rhythms of Malay life have endured for centuries. Only then, does one come to know the soul of Malaysia.

Islam, Royalty and Polo

Pekan occupies the southern end of the estuary of Pahang River, the longest in the Peninsula. The river is gentle and

The East Coast has stretches of bright palm-tree-lined coastline.



sylvan at this point and, with its Christ-craft and houseboats, reminds one of the Thames at Henley rather than the tropics of Southeast Asia. Pekan was a former capital of Pahang and is still a royal town, being the residence of the Sultan. It is a small and unremarkable town but on the way to the **Istana Abu Bakar** (the Abu Bakar Palace), visitors pass a new mausoleum and two handsome, white marble mosques with a riot of golden domes. One of the mosques is newly built and attests to the vitality of Islam in this part of the country — and also to the population boom. The Sultan's *Istana* (palace), farther on, has an enormous polo ground which when not in use for that sport provides what must be the flattest golf course in the world.

Forty-four kilometers (27 miles) north of Pekan is **Kuantan**, the capital of Pahang and its commercial center. There is not much here to detain the visitor unless it be the handsome new stadium, a pleasant children's playground alongside the Kuantan River or the one kilometer of river esplanade where there are some good eating stalls serving Muslim food. However, there

are lots to see and do around Kuantan.

All kinds of accommodations are available in Kuantan but most visitors will prefer to stay at the beach. Drive through town for three kilometers (1½ miles) and a crossroads is reached at the corner of which is a small villa belonging to the sultan. You may drive straight on for a further one kilometer to the splendid beach of **Telok Chempedak** where there is the very pleasant **Merlin Hotel**, the **Kuantan Hyatt** and other less expensive accommodations. Alternatively, turn right and after one kilometer the **Government Rest House** is reached. This *chengai* and tiled building is one of Malaysia's finest rest houses and is a far cry from the days when travelers showered with a dipper in a Shanghai jar and kept cool with a ceiling punkah fan. It has hot tubs and showers, piped-in music and a beautiful beach that is sheltered by a sandbar and is ideal for children. Alongside it are the clubhouse of a sporting eighteen-hole golf course and a splendid 50-by-30 meter (164-by-98½ foot) public swimming pool. About 200 meters (656 feet) away is an excellent children's playground.

The Tourist Bureau will make



A stretch of sandy beach near Pekan.



arrangements — although it may take two or three days — for performances of *Silat* (see pages 102-103), *Wayang Kulit* (see pages 107-108) and two of the local dances — *Olek Mayang* and *Rodat*. The latter is a traditional fishermen's dance in which hand movements feature prominently. *Olek Mayang* is a remarkable trance dance in which one of the villagers clutches a bunch of betel nut flowers and is lulled into a trance by his fellows chanting a song, inviting the spirits of seven princesses to cast a spell upon the dancer. This forces him to dance the steps and movements of their choice. At the conclusion of the chanting the dancer collapses and so tightly does he clutch his bouquet that it takes half a dozen men to pull it from him.

Naturally, the best time to see these happenings is during a festival. The alternative is to have the Tourist Bureau hire an entire village to stage a festival. The charges are moderate if divided among several patrons.

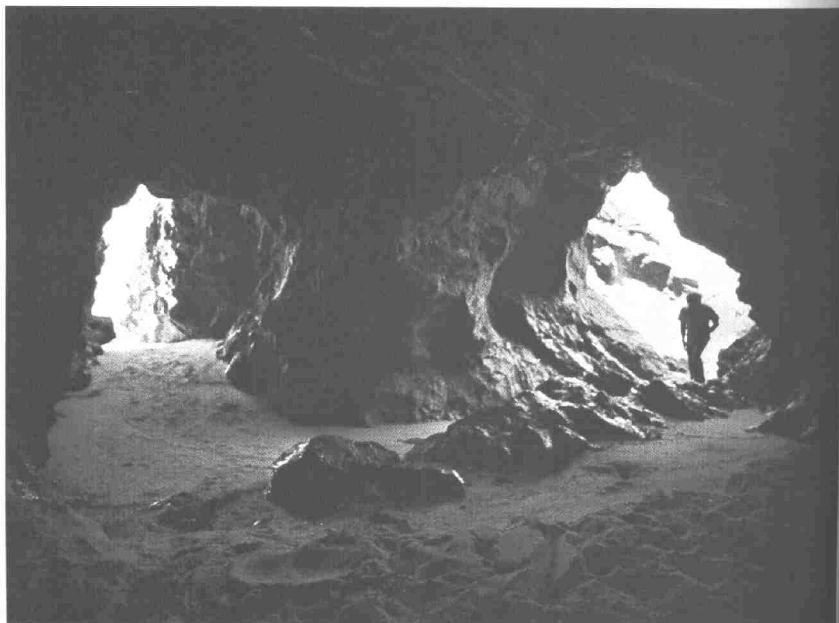
Kuantan and its surroundings are noted for authentic craftsmanship — wood carving, brocade, *batik* and weaving. Places where handicrafts are made or the arts performed are marked by a


board with green, yellow and red circles and 10-point red star. However, most of the signs are dilapidated and should not be taken too seriously. The **Brocade Weaving Center at Selamat** village (part of Kuantan town), where silk *sarong* are handwoven with intricate designs in gold and silver, and one of the block printing shops on Jalan Selamat, which uses primitive methods in preparing designs, can readily be visited. There is also a **Batik Center at Beserah**, a few miles north of Kuantan

A Second Loch Ness Monster?

Some excellent side trips can be made from Kuantan. One unusual journey is to **Lake Chini**, actually a conglomerate of 12 connecting bodies of water. The lake is large and, from June to September, is covered by a brilliant carpet of red and white lotuses which contrast sharply with the surrounding green hills. Legend tells of a sunken city beneath the lake and of a Loch Ness type monster inhabiting the deep. Some British officials claim to have actually seen a mysterious beast swimming in the lake and *Orang Asli* who live along the

Cave near Kemasik on the East Coast, which once may have been a pirate's lair.





shores of the lake believe in this without a shadow of doubt. Their small basic settlements set up in the shade of huge trees may be visited. A headman may, at the spur of the moment, decide to demonstrate his skills with the blowpipe. Monkeys beware, as the soundless darts inevitably find their targets. To supplement their diet, *Orang Asli* collect lotus seeds once the flowers have wilted. When ripe, the cream colored seeds, slightly smaller than quails' eggs, taste distinctly nutty and are a good source of protein.

To reach the lake, travel along the Kuantan-Temerloh highway as far as the 56 kilometer (35-mile) stone. Then, bear sharp left. The road soon deteriorates and becomes little more than a rough track, although it can still be driven over. It ends at the 27-kilometer (16½-mile) stone at **Kampung Tasek Chini** where you can hire a boatman and guide. The safari starts by crossing the wide, placid Pahang River. The boatman expertly navigates his fragile wooden sampan past rocks and fallen trees, beneath a canopy of 30-meter-(98-foot-) high plants covered with moss and vines. Your companions will be many of Malaysia's 900 species of butterflies and the occasional kingfisher. Gradually, the river widens and you are in the lake. If fortune shines, there will be sea-eagles flying overhead and baboons on the shore.

The entire trip can readily be done in one day but for those who wish to linger and enjoy the superb fishing — 5-kilo bites are but nothing — camping equipment and food should be taken along.

Cliffs, Caves and Caverns

Another interesting side trip is northwest along the road to **Sungai Lembing**. Near the 24-kilometer (15-milestone) mark, a turning to the right leads through dusky rubber estates and lush green oil palm plantations until suddenly, without warning, travelers find themselves under the lee of a towering limestone cliff. At its foot are a couple of small shops, and when you look upwards there seems to be no top. But far above are a ledge and a railing, and right in front is a steep and rickety stairway. You are at the foot of **Gua Panching**.

Until about 25 years ago, the fact that this huge limestone outcrop contains great deep caverns was unknown, except

to a few locals. Then a Thai Buddhist monk chanced by and made the caves his own. In the deepest of them, he laboriously built a massive reclining Buddha, carrying the building material up the rugged rock face by himself with the aid of a handful of acolytes. He devoted the rest of his life to this project and by the time he died a few years ago, the task of devotion was completed.

The climb up to the ledge is taxing, the view exhilarating. The path leads up farther into the main cave. A guide will take you through the entrance and into its recesses to the innermost cavern where the Buddha lies. It is like a spook show with oriental overtones. The path leads downward. It is slippery; walking is difficult. It takes a while for your eyes to adjust to the darkness. Suddenly the guide stops and points upward. Unbelievable! It is not a cave but a cathedral. Thin shafts of light filter down through cracks hundreds of meters above. In the half light distances are deceptive. Water drips somewhere in the darkness. Bats flutter away. The guide starts a generator for lights and leads you to a second cave, almost as big as the first. Here is the work of a life time, a giant statue of the sleeping Buddha, measuring nine meters (29½ feet) long. There are more caves, more exploring to do. If you wish, arrangements can be made to venture deeper.

If you continue driving on the same road to Sungai Lembing, and if you have made prior arrangements with the Manager of Pahang Consolidated Ltd, you can tour the world's second largest and deepest tin mine. Tin mines, however, can be dangerous and most supervisors are hesitant to allow visitors on the premises and will certainly not allow them underground. Travelers must obtain special permission in advance before they are allowed a closeup view of one of West Malaysia's most valuable exports.

Chalets by the Coast

At the 40th-kilometer (25th-milestone) is the first of a series of delightful motels and beach hotels which occupy strategic spots along the coast to the north. This is the **Titik Inn**, the pioneer of this kind of accommodations on the East Coast, started by an Englishman who lived here with his wife, a Malay princess. The chalets are spread out

among 25 hectares (62 acres) of trees, green lawns and a profusion of flowers bordering the golden sands of the South China Sea.

A few kilometers farther on is Asia's first **Club Mediterranee** (Club Med) at Cherating, just outside Kemaman (Chukai) on the Trengganu border. The Club only caters for members, but membership can be instantaneous. It is a beautiful addition to the international chain of holiday villages, this one set in 80 hectares (200 acres) of parkland with three private beaches.

Viewed from the sea, the entire reddish-brown complex with peaked roofs blends perfectly well with surrounding olive casuarina trees and ocher sands. Its rooms are made from wood and are connected by covered walkways. The whole structure rests on concrete stilts and does not exceed three stories. Excellent French and local food, free wine with lunch and dinner, and lots of games and fun help create a relaxed and friendly atmosphere. Evening entertainment includes glamorous shows and witty cabaret performances. Children can be kept busy till dinner-time and beyond at the Mini Club. Because of its emphasis

on outdoor activities, the Club closes during the winter monsoon.

A mere 800 meters (half-a-mile) offshore and readily reached from both the Titik Inn and Club Med is the delightful, uninhabited tropical islet of **Pulau Ular** which is ideal for an afternoon picnic. The name means "Snake Island" but have no fear — there are no snakes on Pulau Ular.

At the 46-kilometer (28½-mile) stone is the large **Chendor Motel** which offers a wide variety of air-conditioned and non-air-conditioned chalets and dormitory accommodations. It is a favorite spot for turtle watchers.

Immediately before Chendor Motel is **Cherating** village whose inhabitants are accustomed to having travelers stay with them, so here is your opportunity to live like a Malay. On occasion, the cold-blooded crocodiles are seen in the nearby Cherating River.

Crossing Boundaries

Crossing the border into Trengganu, the road continues north through the fishing village of **Kemasik** and follows the sea to **Kampung Paka**. There is little

Turtles come ashore at Rantau Abang to lay their eggs.



traffic. Waves break along the sandy beaches. Inland there are rice fields, where imaginative farmers have animated the landscape with lifelike scarecrows, some dressed in regal splendor. At Paka, the road leads over a bridge, offering a striking view of the village nestled on the bank of the Paka River. The road now turns inward to Dungun.

Kuala Dungun, a dreamy little seaside town and port, was once an outlet for the state's great ore mining industry at Bukit Besi. But most of the mines have closed down and once again the town has reverted to its ancient trade of fishing. Thirteen kilometers (eight miles) north of Dungun is the government-run **Tanjong Jara Beach Hotel**, especially attractive for its traditional Malay construction style, which uses only timber. Most appealing are the spacious rooms on the second floor for their wide verandas face the sea. The hotel's pointed roof construction, visible from the inside, adds height and enchanting wood carvings to these first-class accommodations. Beautifully snugged in a small cove, Tanjong Jara's gentle pace is ideal for jaded city folk. Waitresses, in *sarong*

kebaya, serve local and Western food in the semi-open restaurant which affords an easy view of a natural lagoon fringed by swaying palm trees. For the energetic, cycling, tennis, squash and water sports are offered.

From Tanjong Jara the road follows the sea along a 65 kilometers (40 miles) stretch of exquisite shoreline. It is dotted with houses and willowy casuarina trees, which the Malays say grow only near the sound of the surf. During the months of good weather the houses are on the east side of the road near the beach, since the folk are fishermen. However, during monsoons the fishermen carry their houses farther inland. Pulled high up the beach are the elegantly designed *perahu*, many of which still display bows call *bangau*, elaborately carved in the shape of mythical birds or demons, forming an art in their own right. Fishing nets hang to dry on trees. Swimming is excellent and one can stop almost any place en route to take a plunge.

A popular entertainment on the East Coast is turtle watching. On a stretch of beach 35 to 50 kilometers (26 miles) north of Kuantan, all seven known species of turtles struggle ashore, lay

Perahu at a fishing village near Kuala Dungun.



their eggs in the sand and then depart, never to see their young. If the eggs survive the attacks of predators, they will hatch after six to eight weeks, depending on the species.

Turtle Watching: A Controversial Subject

There can be no doubt that the star of this attraction is the giant leatherback turtle and, like any great performer — it may be the largest reptile in the world — it is determined not to be upstaged. Although on occasion they do put in an appearance at Chendor Beach, leatherbacks are best seen at the turtle watchers' Mecca. At **Rantau Abang**, 160 kilometers (99 miles) north of Kuantan and 56 kilometers (35 miles) south of Trengganu, giant leatherbacks return to lay their eggs year after year, along the same 32-kilometer (20-mile) stretch of desolate beach. Seldom do other species use Rantau Abang for their accouchement. There is a **Visitors' Center** at Rantau Abang where you may rent self-contained wooden chalets and visit the turtle museum.

The leatherback grows, it is claimed,

to a length of 3½ meters (11½ feet) and may weigh up to 750 kilos. Like the other species, it lays its eggs from May through September, the last two weeks of August being the peak of the laying season. During these months visitors come from the world over to await the turtles. The best time to see them is at night, especially at high tide. All that is needed is a flash lamp and patience. Industrious village folk at Rantau Abang have built shelters along the beach in which travelers can pass the night dozing on a simple bed or drinking coffee. Youngsters with flash lamps search and scan the sands and at the first sighting of a turtle give the signal.

The subject of turtle watching is controversial. Observers are often appalled by the way local people gather up the eggs, ride on the backs of the already straining turtles, flash lights in their eyes and even molest them. It might appear that the magnificent leatherbacks are on the road to extinction, since turtle eggs bring good prices at the marketplace. But a short walk down the beach during daylight would prove otherwise. Here members of the Department of Fisheries keep close tabs on turtles and record

The market
at Kuala
Trengganu.



their habits and migrations across the seas. Even more important is their systematic collection of eggs.

A great leatherback usually lays about a hundred eggs in a large hole it digs in the sand with its rear flippers. The gestation period for the eggs is 54 days. Danger to unprotected eggs during gestation comes not so much from man as from certain predators, such as crabs and various insects. Even more critical is the period after the eggs are hatched when young turtles must make their way to the sea, usually across several hundred meters of open, hostile beach. Many fall prey to the flocks of birds circling overhead. When the young turtles hatch, they crawl to the surface. Each morning before dawn inspectors collect and release them in the sea. Only after about 40,000 young have returned to the sea each year are people allowed to collect the eggs. Leatherbacks have been sighted in waters as far from Malaysia as the Atlantic Ocean, yet the huge turtles return to lay their eggs only on this one stretch of beach. To watch their laborious and brief sojourn on land is reason enough to visit the East Coast.

Setting Its Own Pace

Over the last four or five years, **Kuala Trengganu** has developed from a timeless fishing port and a marketplace of yesteryear into a bustling modern town, that owes its growing affluence to Trengganu's offshore oil. But enough of the old charms remain to set it apart from the contemporary worries of an urban town.

The pulse of Kuala Trengganu is felt in the **Central Market** alongside the river in the early morning when fishermen bring in their catch. They come directly to the market with their boats and soon the scene is alive with heated haggling over prices. The market is a modern concrete building with fresh food stalls downstairs in the courtyard and numerous general merchandise shops on the first floor.

Just beyond the market in the direction of the river mouth is a broad esplanade which faces the **Istana Maziah**, the official residence of the Sultan of Trengganu, who actually lives in another palace a few miles away. The Istana resembles a French country house and was built at the beginning of the century to replace an older palace destroyed

by fire some years before. The Istana is located at the foot of a small hill called Bukit Puteri or, literally, The Hill of the Princess.

The road from the market runs on into what was, until only recently, **Kuala Trengganu's** main thoroughfare — **Jalan Bandar** (Main Street), a narrow, congested crescent-shaped street lined with Chinese shophouses whose architecture dates back several generations when Trengganu was still an independent sultanate. Shopping is good and inexpensive, although the main-shopping-area title has been conferred to more modern premises beyond.

The small jetty at the end of the **Jalan Bandar** is the place to hire a boat to cruise along the island-studded estuary of the Trengganu River and get a close look at typical Malay villages by the shore. **Pulau Duyung**, the largest of the islands, is immediately opposite the jetty and renowned as a shipbuilding center. Once upon a time its master craftsmen were responsible for building the unique junks with fore- and main-masts and bowsprits called *Bedor*. These fine boats used to fish off Trengganu's shores. Today, only a couple of shipyards survive by building yachts for Australian, American and other foreign boating enthusiasts who know that a Trengganu shipbuilder is without peer in the region. Fishing farther upriver is excellent and 10-kilo bites are not uncommon.

Brief Boat Trips

Boats can also be rented to the offshore islands of **Kapas** and **Redang**. Both are a sheer delight for the skindiver, sunworshiper, coral collector and fisherman. It is a voyage of a little over one hour to Kapas Island which, however, can be reached more easily by driving south to the interesting, bustling, large fishing village of Marang. From here, it is a mere 30-minute voyage to the island. Three pleasant hours are necessary to reach Pulau Redang. If you are a solitary traveler and cannot afford the luxury of renting a boat, Thursdays and Fridays are the best time to make this trip. Then you are sure to find locals returning to the island after having spent the week in the office or at school in town. Thursdays and Fridays? Yes! In the states of Trengganu and Kelantan (as well as Kedah, Perlis and Johore) it is the Muslim Friday and not the Christian



Sunday which is observed as the day of the rest. In all these states, everything, banks included, shut down at midday on Thursday, not to re-open until the following Saturday morning.

Fine examples of local artistry and craftsmanship are displayed at the **State Museum**, off Jalan Air Jerneh. The museum, tucked away in a couple of rooms in a corner of the State Assembly Building also houses a wealth of exhibits relevant to Trengganu's past. It is worthwhile to climb the hill for a glimpse into history.

On the way to Marang, about three miles out of town, you will notice a fine timber Malay house on the right. This is the **Istana Tengku Nik**, a traditional house of twelve posts, in which the aristocracy of Kelantan and Trengganu liked to live. This palace used to stand near the Istana Maziah at the foot of Bukit Puteri and was originally built in the 1880s as a temporary palace for the Sultan. It was moved at the expense of a foreign mining company to its present site to make way for an extension to the Istana Maziah, and to save it from destruction. Each wooden panel adorning the istana has entwining patterns

which form Koranic inscriptions. The MARA Center in town will assist travelers who want to see any of the cottage industries at work. Good buys of *batik* from the Trengganu area can be had at the center, which has on display many of the state's arts and crafts.

The adventurous traveler may want to visit the picturesque **Sekayu Waterfall** near Kuala Brang, 56 kilometers (35 miles) west of Trengganu. To reach the falls entails a three-kilometer (1½ miles) hike from the end of the road at Kampung Ipoh. A refreshing swim is the reward. **Kuala Brang** is famous as the place where a 14th-Century Muslim inscription, the oldest in the whole of Malaysia, was found. The stone is now preserved in the National Museum in Kuala Lumpur. For those, especially the photographer, who are looking for a view of the Trengganu coast and the South China Sea, there is the drive or hike up Bukit Besar on the outskirts of the town. It is only one kilometer, but very steep.

Though village life in Trengganu and Kelantan has changed, many of the traditional arts it fostered are as lively as ever. Seasonal fishing and farming

Wooden pavilion with carved windows is a relic of Kuala Trengganu's royal past.



brought village folk leisure and from leisure came time to devote to their arts. Folk dances, shadow plays and traditional games such as kite flying and top spinning were celebrated during festivals after a harvest. Many processions and rituals were related to the spirit of the rice, a carry-over from ancient animistic beliefs. Today village festivals are rarer occasions, since farmers are busy planting rice twice a year instead of once, and the Islam doctrine discourages customs connected with spirit worship. Yet the fun-loving Trengganu Malays have not forgotten the good old times and all the song and laughter that went with them. This is a legacy that lives on.

Patrons may now arrange a festival through the Department of Youth, Culture and Sports in Kuala Trengganu, or at the excellent tourist information center in Kota Bharu. In Kota Bharu, regular cultural shows are held every week at the **Court of Arts** (Gelanggang Seni) in Jalan Mahmud. It is rewarding to patronize native dances because the entire village uses the occasion to enjoy themselves. Visitors never have the feeling of watching a staged performance but rather of experiencing village

life, and since the ceremonies initiated by foreign guests continue all night, visitors always depart in the middle of an impromptu carnival.

The dances most usually performed are the *Ma Yong* and the *Menora*. Both are more correctly theatrical plays or dance dramas. Both dances are similar in that they tell magical tales of old about beautiful and divine princesses and the princely adventures of their suitors. In *Ma Yong* all but three of the roles are performed by women whilst *Menora* has an all male cast.

A festival is sure to include some other traditional dances. The *Ronggeng* with its catchy rhythm is the most typical of Malay dances and has many variations. Probably the most popular is the *Changgong*, a lively courtship dance in which no physical contact is allowed whilst the dancers sing impromptu verses in praise of their partners. *Tari Piring* is a graceful dance symbolizing the offering of gifts to the gods, usually in the form of food served in small *piring* or plates. Another version of this, found in Negri Sembilan, is performed with lighted candles. Two dances of Arabic origin are the *Hadrah*, a slow, graceful

An elaborately designed bird kite, about to take flight during a festival at Kuala Trengganu.



dance in praise of the Almighty and the more dignified *Zapin*. Following Arabic custom, both dances are performed only by men.

Poems, Tops, and Kites

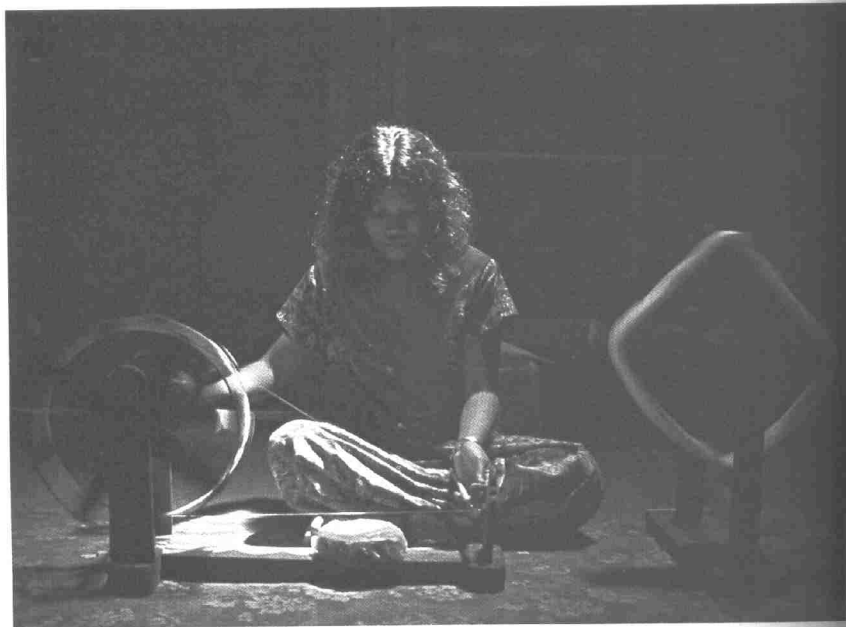
A comparatively new form of entertainment often staged at festivals, particularly in Kelantan, is *Berdikir Barat*, a verbal art form developed after the Second World War. Villagers of poetic inclination form teams who meet in friendly competition to match their verbal ability and poetic wit in an impromptu rhyme-verse exchange of badinage and repartee.

A festival often begins with unseen gongs and drums approaching an open field in the fast tempo of an excited heartbeat. From the coconut trees in the distance emerges an ebullient procession of merry-makers led by lovely Malay girls bearing offerings of food which are later enjoyed as a feast. No sooner have the drums died down, then farmers take out their tops, smooth out a small circle in the earth, and begin hurling spinning objects with the precision of a major league pitcher.

As tops whirl, kites climb the skies under the command of some skilful maneuvering at the far side of the field. East Coast kites are beautiful creations — Moon Kites, Bird Kites, Cat Kites — all completely covered with minuscule designs cut out of thin, translucent colored paper. Some have a bow-like device fixed to their neck so that they hum in the sky. When the weather is good and the moon full, they are often left flying all night so that the pleasant humming sound will lull their owners to sleep. Those copied after birds are so realistic in flight that their strings mar the effect.

According to Malay annals, kite flying as a sport dates back to the reign of Sultan Mahmud of Malacca during the 15th Century, but probably kites were introduced from China a century earlier, along with paper umbrellas and dragon masks. Competitions nowadays are keen. The kite which attains the greatest height is the winner. Formerly, there was also a prize for the most belligerent but this resulted in so many disputes that this practice has since then been forbidden by the Government.

A woman spins thread which will be woven into *kain songket*, at Kampung Tanjong, near Kuala Trengganu.



Weavers and Silversmiths

A day in the life of a Trengganu village woman may include sending the children off to school, cooking the mid-day meal, putting the house in order, feeding the baby, weaving a meter of sapphire blue silk spun with silver, serving dinner, doing the dishes and sending the children to bed. In **Kampung Tanjong**, a suburb on the seaward side of Kuala Trengganu, and on the north bank of the Trengganu River, nearly every home has a loom or two. It usually is set up around the stilts supporting the house so that the housewife can weave luxuriant silks and wash the laundry is dry at the same time. All the East Coast's cottage industries fit into a pattern of life that has endured for centuries. Only the small road signs saying "Basket Weaving Here" in uneven letters are new. Selling household items to world travelers is a 20th-Century phenomenon, but in most cases it still remains a family affair.

Of all the cloths woven on the Malay peninsula, Trengganu's *kain songket* — deep blue, forest green, maroon or purple silks studded with silver and gold

thread — is the most highly prized. One piece of cloth can require the talents of five different weavers, each specialized in a certain pattern interwoven in the overall design. Malay women cultivate a hierarchy of weavers, the most experienced arranging the warp threads on the loom and the least experienced flicking the shuttle. Young girls do most of the manual labor, gradually learning simple patterns and later intricate designs from their mothers and grandmothers. The body of the cloth is usually plain with an ornate border of stylized floral and geometric motifs. In olden days, the entire *kain* was a melody of silver thread on silk and the finest of all were sent for inspection at the sultan's palace.

Weaving mats from screw-pine or pandanus leaves is a more down-to-earth craft, which is practiced from Mauritius in the Indian Ocean down to East Timor. In little huts by the roadside, small girls sit on the floor plaiting dried, shredded leaves as quickly as their fingers can move them. They begin at the center of the floor mat and move outward, using dyes to produce simple crisscross patterns. Their more professional mothers fashion hexagonal boxes out of

Kelantan silverware made at Kampung Sireh, a suburb of Kota Bharu.



pandanus or nipa palm leaves.

A typical roadside shop in Trengganu has enough floor mats stacked in the corner to cover a basketball court. Usually, the lady of the house does the selling, shyly inviting her foreign guests to look around. Her collection may feature hats, fans, bags, baskets and dish covers. Her prices include little or no overhead since her children are her mat-makers and her house is six meters (19½ feet) away. As things go on the East Coast, hospitality is worth more than a sales pitch.

Beautiful Batik

Though all craftsmen on the East Coast share a common heritage, Kelantan State to the north of Trengganu has certain distinctions which link its name to silver and *batik*. *Batik* means wax painting in the Javanese language, but Egyptians were using the same technique 2,000 years ago. Today, there are far easier ways to print cotton, but none of them is in such popular demand as *batik* is in Malaysia. *Batik* hangs on Kelantan clotheslines and boutique mannequins in Kuala Lumpur. Malaysian ambassadors' wives wear *batik* as part of their national dress, while gamblers in *batik* shirts are granted entrance to local casinos without having to wear a tie.

The best Malaysian *batik* is created by hand in Kelantan where artisans use metal stencils to stamp cotton with wax designs. The cloth is then dipped in a dye bath, stamped again and dipped again until the absence of colors caused by the wax combine in a dazzling print. Malaysians favor more modern motifs than their Javanese neighbors, though these are interspersed with stylized birds, flowers and plants that were printed on *batik* centuries ago. Now visitors, if they wish, can fill a room with waxed patterns: *batik* table cloths, place mats, serviettes, bedspreads, pillow cases, set covers and even wall paper.

The traditional center of the silversmith's craft in Kelantan is at **Kampung Sireh** (Jalan Sultanah Zainab) in Kota Bharu. There are a number of silversmiths here and, in particular, a silversmith and handicraft center. Until recently you could see the silversmiths at work, hammering designs onto silver plates, each craftsman engaged in his

own creation, whether it be a filigree butterfly or a repoussé (ornamental metal work hammered into relief from the reverse side) cosmetic case. But now economic realities have forced the craftsmen back to work in their own individual houses in the *kampung*.

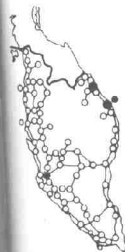
Aside from the individuality of each piece, Kelantan silver is distinguished by its cosmopolitan flavor. Some patterns of the *bunga raya* (hibiscus flower) are found on Javanese Majapahit jewelry 600 years old. Others inspired by shadow play figures show Siamese influence, while the conventional lotus blossom is Indian in origin. In days past, the finest silversmith in the land was summoned to work in the sultan's palace where all his needs were supplied. Now Kelantan silver lies behind velvet showcases in all big jewelry shops between Bangkok and Singapore. Only the precision of the hand is unchanged.

Remote and Unspoiled

From Kuala Trengganu the road runs north for a distance of 171 kilometers (106 miles) to Kota Bharu and soon loses sight of the sea. About midway at Pasir

A sunny day for several of the prettier residents of traditional Kampung Sireh.





Puteh there is a turnoff that leads to **Kuala Besut**, a remote and unspoiled fishing village on the coast. Twice daily, at dawn and at dusk, fishing boats make a dramatic show as they arrive from across the sea and unload their catches at the jetty, where some tough bargaining takes place between fishermen and merchants. Visitors go about completely unnoticed, and photographers can snap away without anyone paying attention. For those who want to stay over, there is a simple Rest House at **Ayer Tawar**, with a double room costing M\$8. Kuala Besut is also a jumping off place for the idyllic **Perhentian Islands**, only 21 kilometers (13 miles) distant. Weather permitting, local fishermen willingly ferry passengers across the waters. They will spend the day waiting for passengers while they picnic and explore, or arrangements can be made for them to return in a day or two. Camping on the islands is excellent and there is a primitive, three-room Rest House. The entire house may be rented by groups if reservations are made in advance at the Jerreh District Office. Twenty kilometers (12½ miles) north of Kuala Besut is **Bisikan Bayu Beach**, which means "Whispering Breeze." It is isolated and offers fine swimming and, as the name says, is cooled by the "whispering breeze" blowing from the South China Sea.

South of the Thai Border

Kota Bharu, the capital of Kelantan, is the northernmost town on the East Coast, only a few kilometers from the Thai border. It is the residence of the Sultan of Kelantan. It has one of the best-known markets in Malaysia, where in the early morning, fishing folk arrive with their catches and farmers bring in their produce from the countryside. The market is also a good shopping place for East Coast arts and crafts, particularly *batik* and silverwork for which the state is famous. Intricately designed beach mats are a good bargain and craftsmen can work up your own design in a day or two.

Another early morning pastime is the training of *burong ketitir*, the merbok, a jungle bird greatly prized for his sweet song. The merbok enthusiast takes immense pains to train his birds for the dawn competitions. But the highlight of the year is the great bird-singing compe-

tion held in Kota Bharu in June. Contesting merboks are hoisted aloft on nine-meter (30-foot) poles whilst an entourage of judges determine the champion on the basis of loudness, pitch and the melody of its song.

Just beyond the market is **Padang Merdeka** (Liberty Square) on one side of which is the state mosque, and on another the old Istana. The mosque exhibits a syncretism of architectural styles and looks, at a first glance when approached from certain directions, more like a house of Christian worship than one of Muslim prayer. But there are few in Kelantan who are not Muslim and even many Chinese have accepted the word of the Prophet.

The old Istana, which was built within a fort, is called **Istana Balai Besar** (Palace with the Large Audience Hall). It was built in 1844 by order of Sultan Mohamed II and has recently been restored. At the first ceremony ever held there the Sultan received a letter from the King of Thailand, recognizing him as ruler. The building, which is open to the public, contains the Throne Room, the State Legislative Assembly Hall and the enormous, multi-columned Hall of Audience. On entering this hall, look to your right. Here is the magnificent Royal Barge with a figurehead of a legendary bird whose head and tail are gold-covered. The barge, named *Pertala Indera Seri Kelantan* (Flower of the Gods — the Splendor of Kelantan), was used once only — by Sultan Mohamed IV for a pleasure cruise on the Kelantan River in 1900.

On another side of the square next to the Istana Balai Besar stands another smaller palace, the **Istana Jahar**, which has now been converted into the state museum. Though quite small, the museum is well worth a visit for an introduction to Kelantan's life and culture. Outside the front entrance is a *wakaf*, one of the wooden platforms with tiled roofs, which not only serve as resting places but also adorn the otherwise plain Kelantan countryside.

Ten kilometers (six miles) south of Kota Bharu, on the road to Kuala Krai, is **Kampung Nilam Puri**, the home of an Islamic college. Opposite the college is a regular four-square building of timber with a pyramidal two-tiered tiled roof, typical of a Javanese mosque. Known as the **Old Kampung Laut Mosque**, it is reputed to be the oldest surviving

mosque in Malaysia (although the Malaccans might dispute that). It indeed dates back to the 18th Century and is built of stout chengal wood. The mosque used to be located at Kampong Laut on the banks of the Kelantan River opposite Kota Bharu. But since the mosque was threatened by the encroaching river, it was removed to its present site with funds raised by the Malaysian Historical Society.

Intriguing Itineraries

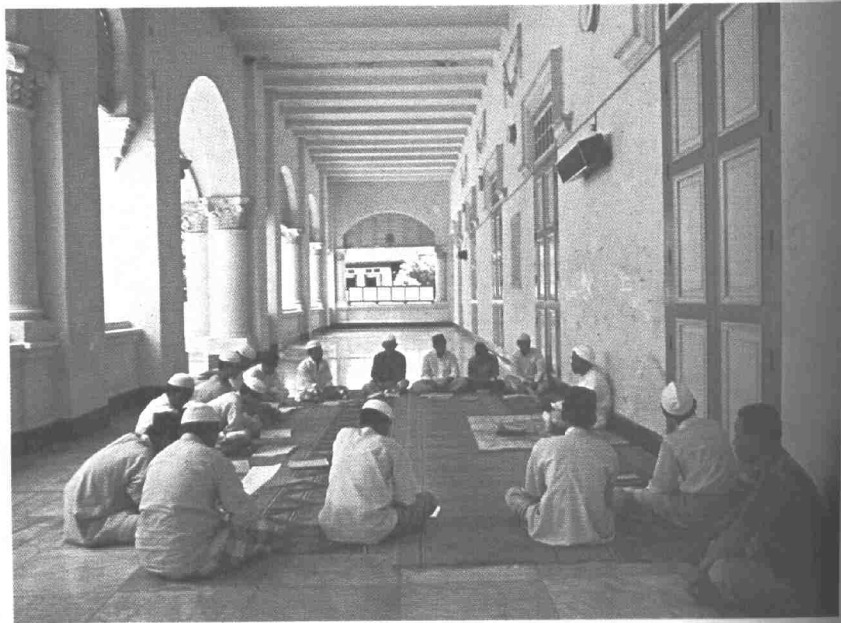
Kota Bharu has many other delights to offer. It is the most "Malay" town in the whole of the Peninsula and it is a thrill to simply wander along its streets, or to be wheeled around on a hired trishaw. Hunt out an antique shop — there are three or four in town—and get lost amongst traditional Malay games, wonderfully graceful bird traps, hand-made Chinese lanterns, wavy Malay daggers, musical instruments, mythical birds, masks and puppets, motheaten yet still resplendent uniforms and exotic coins of a bygone age. The prices quoted are outrageous. Or are they? It depends

on your purse, your mood and your scale of values.

Kota Bharu is surrounded by a patchwork of little villages set between rice fields and orchards and linked to one another by little roads akin to twisting English country lanes. Explore them and you'll come across all sorts of surprises; a Thai wat — for the Thai border is not far away — is one of them, hidden by thick laurels and tall palms back from the road. A fishing village is another, where you can watch the boats go down to the sea in the cool of the morning and see them return laden with the catch in the afternoon. If you are keen to see more of Thai Buddhist temples, venture off the road to **Tumpat**, Kota Bharu's port. Or to **Kampung Perasit**, near Pasir Mas, a few miles south of Kota Bharu, where the **Wat Putharamaram** is.

Kota Bharu has also a 20th-Century claim to fame; **Pantai Dasar Sabak**, 13 kilometers (eight miles) north of the town, is a pleasant, wide, casuarina-shaded beach which is popular with the locals. It was here, at 4.55 p.m. on December 7, 1941 (Greenwich Mean Time), that the Japanese started World War II in the East and began their march

Interior of mosque, Kota Bharu.



southward to Singapore. (The attack on Pearl Harbor was not to take place until 95 minutes later.) There are many other beautiful beaches in Kelantan among them — **Pantai Dalam Rhu** near the fishing village of Semerak to the south of Kota Bharu and **Pantai Irama** near Bachok.

Inland adventurers will find beautiful waterfalls feeding natural swimming pools in the midst of tropical jungle in the region of **Pasir Puteh. Jeram Pasu**, also known as Air Terjun, is frequented most by little local residents during school holidays and can be reached by a eight-kilometer (five-mile) jungle path. Other waterfalls are at **Jeram Tapeh** and **Jeram Lenang**.

Despite its contacts with the Thais and Japanese, life in Kota Bharu follows the gentle rhythms of the Malay countryside, with the muezzin's call to prayer from the minaret sounding from morning to evening. The town is well served by a number of hotels. Kota Bharu is also the terminus for the East Coast railway. Only a few kilometers away, across the border, begins the line that connects to Bangkok.

White sands, a blue sea that shimmers

beneath the tropical sun, a surf that gently unrolls along the beach, palm trees nipping at the blue of the sky, a breeze that brings the fragrance of the land...the place — **Pantai Berahi** or "The Beach of Passionate Love."

The road that leads to the beach crosses streams and passes through quaint villages.

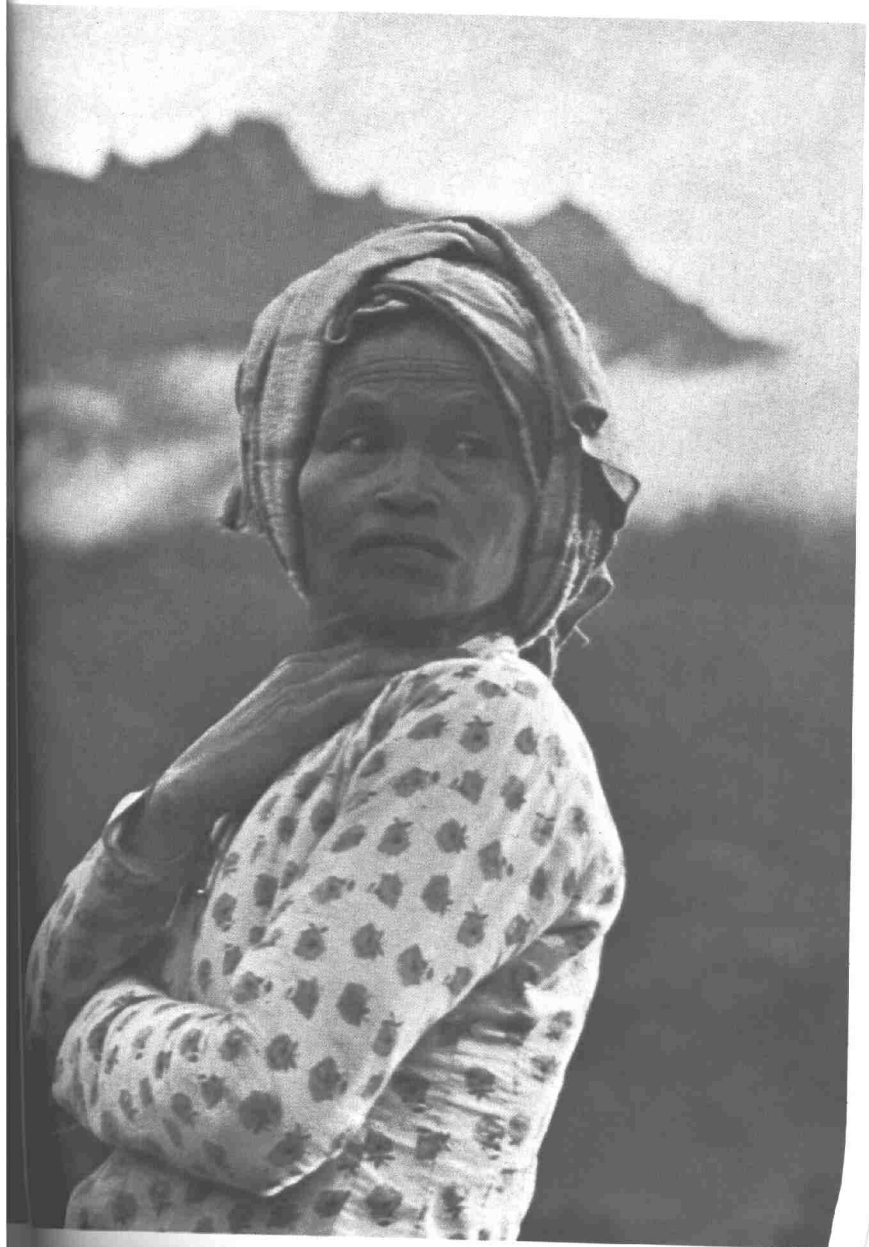
Along the road are a number of small, *songket*-weaving "factories" which are open to the public. Kelantan's weaving factories often consist of nothing more elaborate than a spare room in a private home. Young Malay girls, some in their early teens, sit behind huge looms, turning fine balls of silk and cotton into finished fabric. Visitors can purchase cloth and handicrafts from display counters at very reasonable prices. *Batik* purses, table cloths and napkins, and bedspreads are a good buy.

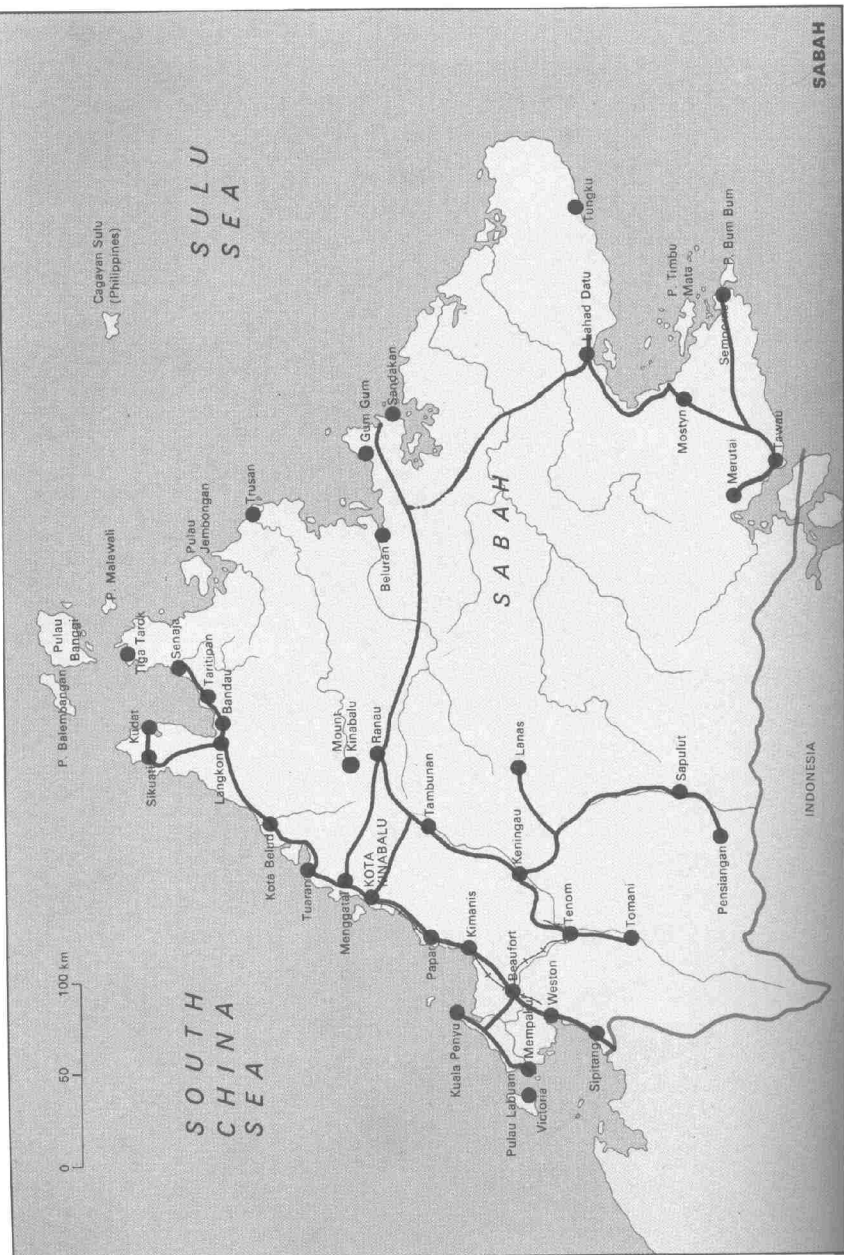
At the end of the road is the big, empty beach with the romantic name. Perhaps its most attractive features are its remoteness and its allusions to secret rendezvous on moonlit nights. One company has capitalized on the romance by building a hotel facing the beach. It has a swimming pool and 16 chalets.

The Beach of
Passionate
Love near
Kota Bharu.









in an island of legends



The mystery of Borneo spun a golden thread through the history of the "civilized" world. It glittered with those unrealities on which all rumors thrive. For centuries, no one knew its shape or size, other than the vague irony of a boundless island. Buckles of "Golden Jade" adorned the imperial belts of the Son of Heaven, yet none of the audacious Chinese merchants who bartered Sung Porcelain for Golden Jade had ever seen the sacred hornbill from which it came. The merchants discreetly resigned that privilege to the jungle dwellers, who disappeared back into sunless forests. At the turn of the century, the world was still stupefied. Western outsiders had populated the coasts in scattered settlements, claiming to govern vast tracts of land they had never seen. Impressionable British officials wrote strange stories in which the hero was held captive by head-hunting savages and published them in leading magazines back home. Their tales were half-truth and half-fiction, just as Borneo had always been.

Out of this eerie heritage emerged the state of Sabah in 1963, the year British officialdom ended and north and northwest Borneo became part of the Federation of Malaysia. Sabah covers the northern tip of the world's third largest island with Sarawak to the south. Together they bridge 1,000 km of sea to join the Malay peninsula as a nation. Though Sabah and Sarawak occupy only the north and northwest coast of Borneo, together, they are larger than Peninsular Malaysia, and on an island with footprints dating from the Ice Age, their nationhood is newer. Sabah and Sarawak were formerly known as East Malaysia.

Modern Sabah seems as if it is just beginning, awakened to a bright future that few foresee in concrete

form, yet everyone recognizes with such gusto that when TV Malaysia Sabah started broadcasting in December 1971 it took only three months before Saturday nights and the Bob Cummings Show became synonymous. Kota Kinabalu, the state capital on the northwest coast, has the cumbersome and orderly grace of the 1950s, except perhaps for Kampung Ayer, a neighborhood standing 6 meters above water on stilts. Yet even some of Kampung Ayer's sea-worthy sidewalks have come tumbling down in the rapid wake of progress. Sabah's capital city changes swiftly. Not far from Bajau boat people, who raise a family of five right on deck, loom the Secretariat and 6-meter-high Silver Kris, symbols of national unity. The state mosque stands nearby, draped in scaffolding that climbs a little higher each day. New government buildings gracefully introduce onion-shaped domes and windows to Kota Kinabalu's contemporary scene.

Outside the city, in an eternal landscape, freshly cut roads crisscross the Crocker Range to the far side of Mount Kinabalu. All the gravel is new but the asphalt has still to arrive. Landrovers with strange names painted on their doors, such as "The Tamparuli Express," and noisy Caterpillars make up the limited traffic, leaving long trails of billowing dust as they go. Along the wayside, hardy Kadazan market women unload their omnipresent *burong* baskets and set up spontaneous fresh-fruit stalls. True to Sabah's traditions they sometimes leave the fruit behind with a money bag and trust to their customers' honesty.

The native people of Sabah have ancestors who practiced the most diverse trades. The Kadazans were farmers, the Muruts were blowpipe hunters, the Bajaus were sea gypsies and the Illanuns were pirates. Sabah's Brunci Malays belonged to a sultanate that once ruled all Borneo and then sold most of it piecemeal to ambitious and adventurous Euro-

Kadazan woman arrives at Mt. Kinabalu National Park where she works as a porter (previous pages).

In 1963 a new state emerged taking shape in an island of legendary jungles and tribal peoples.

peans. Its Chinese have ancestors who sailed over in quest of kingfisher's feathers and bezoar stones before the days of Kublai Khan. Now, the offspring of all these people are the citizens of the state. On big occasions—Queen Elizabeth's visit, National Day, or travel agent conventions—they don the ceremonial dress of their forefathers and parade their traditions. In daily life, they toil the rice fields, build the roads, man the factories and control the trade—timber, palm oil, copra, prawns and cocoa—on which Sabah's economy depends.

To visitors, Sabah's people are congenial, informal and polite, treating each foreigner as a stranger and guest simultaneously. When requested, they seldom hesitate to help ease a traveler's mind—give directions, explain a price list, or even book you a room at the local rest house if they are able to telephone. The word "Tourist" with a capital "T" has not filtered down through the ranks to the point where he wears a dollar sign on his lapel. This is not to say Sabah is inexpensive—in fact, hotels are quite the opposite. Most merchandise is imported, and hotel and transport prices are higher than they are on the peninsula. But accommodation is easily found at small Chinese hotels or government rest houses found in almost all of Sabah's small towns. Travelers are a novelty and curiosity is mutual.

The small tourist trade works on a personal level. Exploring Sabah with a flexible itinerary leaves visitors open to unexpected "tips for travelers" which local citizens may volunteer in a coffee shop, a mountain retreat, a riverboat or a hotel lobby. The "tips" go on, offering new directions and old memories of Sabah. They can take you to the little island of Labuan, diamond and sapphire center and a free port over many centuries; to a pearl station in the timeless town of Semporna set down on a picturesque peninsula in a sea strewn with

enchancing islands; or to the furthest southeast corner where Tawau lazes away each peaceful tropic day. They can lead way up north to Kudat town, near where the Illanun and Rungus tribes meet at the Sunday fair and where the beautiful Bak Bak beach spreads wide and desolate. Or they can lead deep into the interior, past the Murut settlement of Pensiangan, where the legends of Borneo still sleep in the trees.

"Where the Eye Lingers"

Judging by the bold letters designating Sabah's capital city, map gazers might expect a fanfare of taxi horns and business bustle. Yet **Kota Kinabalu**, home of 60,000, is still a gentle, unimposing town with an elevated water village on one side, unpretentious bank buildings on the other, and Chinese shop houses crowded together in the "modern" midtown in between. "KK" is possibly the narrowest city in Asia. Streets parallel to the shore run on for kilometers but turn any corner and in less than five minutes you are climbing a hill or wading in water. Luxury apartments and European prewar bungalows grace the green mountains which serve as a backdrop. A seaside sprinkled with islets and a harbor lie at the city's front door.

This cluster of real-life Robinson Crusoe islands, just a few minutes from "KK" by boat, make up the Tun Abdul Razak National Park, where swimming and skin-diving are among the finest in the world. Visitors can view breathtaking corals from the safety of a glass bottomed boat and soon sunworshippers will be able to stay overnight in chalets built on the most beautiful beach of all on Gaya Island.

Come afternoon, schoolchildren are all over the place, running, playing soccer or kicking the *sepak raga* ball. On the traditional *padang*, husky collegiates enthusiastically wield hockey sticks, mindless of the tropic heat.

Sabah and its sister state of Sarawak are together larger than Peninsular Malaysia which is 1,000 km away across the sea.

Kota Kinabalu, Sabah's unimposing capital city, nestles between its harbor and green mountains behind.



Meanwhile, young Malays stroll around the city's small seaside park gazing silently at the sunset or at any young girls who happen by. Chinese hawkers at the adjacent seaside marketplace pack up their vegetables and dismantle their makeshift stalls. At night, few things are more spectacular than the local cinema house whose sample programs may include "The Great Battle" or "The Singing Sword." One sensual and sleazy billboard provocatively promises: "The intimate secrets of Sex! Men would fall at her feet to win her favor . . . the kind they knew would bring them untold pleasure!" The film is "Madame Bovary."

KK "After Dark" has none of the epicurean diversions of its airline-linked neighbors: Hong Kong and Singapore. It is, rather, a pleasant place to take an evening walk. You

meet the corner gang, literally clustered at the corner curb outside a noisy coffee shop, engrossed in some fascinating topic of conversation in Cantonese. Young Kadazan swingers, cruise on motorcycles or meet old friends out on the town. Nightclubs call themselves simply "Night Club" and that is enough. As the name foretells, their interior is darker than a moonless midnight and is lit only by glowing cigarette butts, a red spot on the local band, and a waiter's flashlight guiding new arrivals to their chairs.

Yet KK has much about it that a metropolis would be too busy to preserve. In **Kampung Ayer**, which is Malay for "Water Village," Chinese housewives burn joss papers to keep everything lucky on the rickety catwalks that bind houses like lattice-work over still water. Here, in

*Chinese housewife
burns joss papers in
Kampung Ayer, Kota
Sabahu.*



attractive, modern clapboard homes perched on stilts, or even in the family boat itself, live the local fishermen and their kin. Children wearing clothes delightfully free from all logical sizes scurry from shore to fishing boat with their tiny torsos bent at a 45-degree angle under the weight of a tin of gasoline fetched for their father. Kampung Ayer was here before KK's city pavements entered the concrete mixer. It remembers a long tradition of Bajau water villagers who earned their keep on pirates' booty. But the modern age has shrunk its size.

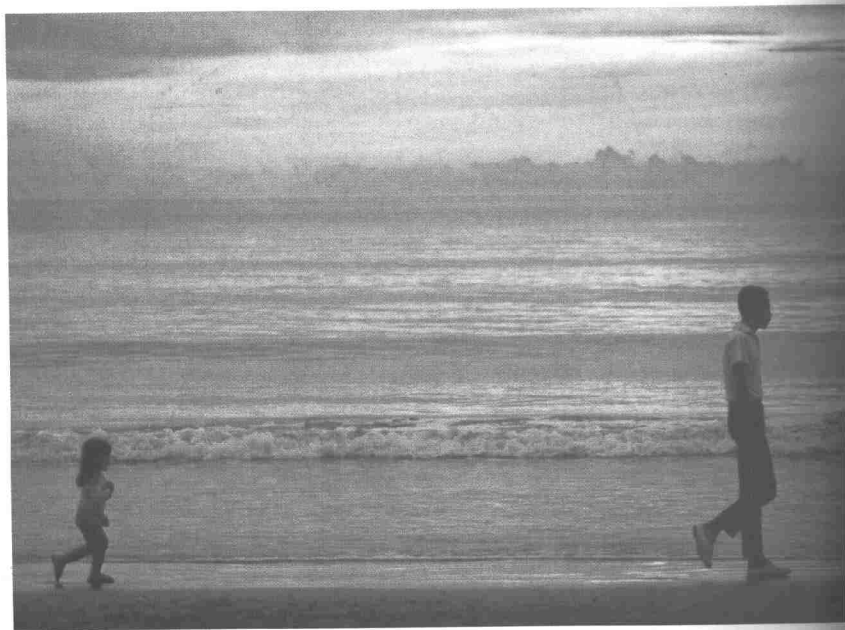
Kota Kinabalu has a phoenix in its history. It was demolished several times, only to rise again. It entered the map under the name of *Api Api*, "Fire! Fire!," thanks to North Borneo pirates who threaded their war-boats through the coral-grit islets and burned the settlement down. The

Chartered Company, following a penchant British colonialism had for offshore islands, set up shop on Gaya Island out in the bay. But the famous rebel Mat (Mohammed) Salleh destroyed the place during the greatest surprise attack of his career in 1897. Thereafter, the Chartered Company cautiously reassembled its town on the shore, naming it after Sir Charles Jessel, the vice-chairman of their Board of Directors. As a trading port Jesselton grew important enough to be bombed to ruins in 1945, and thus Sabah's modern capital began once again.

In 1968, Sabah now a new state with a new city in the independent Federation of Malaysia, the government shed the old name of Jesselton, passed up the romantic Malay name for the pleasant town—*Singgah Mata*, "Where the Eye Lingers"—

Kota Kinabalu has had a phoenix-like history, having been razed by pirates, rebels, and the Japanese in 1945.

*Tanjong Aru Beach,
10 km south of Kota
Kinabalu.*





and settled upon Kota Kinabalu in honor of the great mountain that symbolizes the unity of the land. But where the eye still lingers is 7 km south of the city at **Tanjong Aru**, a long, ivory-toned, lazy beach where gentle waves caress the shore, and the horizon is broken only by island silhouettes and a fiery red sun. It lingers on the third floor of Nosomal Court across the street from the old post office where rich Bajau prayer mats and Borneo conical hats hang in the Sabah Museum. And it lingers among the palm-thatched villages of **Penampang**, 13 km away, where Kadazan women tend sago palm gardens and bend over rice fields flooded by the monsoonal rains.

Southeast Asia's Highest Mountain

Everyone in Sabah knows about

the otherworldliness of **Mount Kinabalu**. The closer one journeys toward its famous jagged profile with clouds as white whiskers, the more one wonders if the Kadazan people who dwelt in the summit's shadow were not right, after all. Long ago, they named the mountain *Akin Nabalu*—"home of the spirits of the departed." To them, an ethereal life among those still peaks was what one had to look forward to after one died. They held the mountain to be sacred and it was audacious for anyone to intrude upon their ancestral abode. The Kadazans only journeyed there on very rare occasions to offer sacrifices of thanksgiving to the spirits of their kin.

However, a young British officer named Hugh Low started a whole new trend in 1851 when he boldly wandered up the mountain, accompanied by a Kadazan chief, and

Kadazan women act as porters for the climb up Mount Kinabalu, Southeast Asia's highest mountain.



placed a bottle with a note in it to prove that he had reached the top of Southeast Asia's highest mountain. His name is immortalized by the highest peak between New Guinea and the Himalayas—and the deepest gully. Typical of the English understatement, "Low's Gully" happens to plunge 1,800 meters straight down with terrifying vertical exactitude. Nonetheless, hundreds of botanists, mountaineers and adventurers have been following Low's trail ever since.

Latter-day intrepid conquerors, of course, travel in different circles. Instead of beckoning a native chieftain over a cup of rice wine, climbers today jet into Kota Kinabalu on a Boeing 737 and take the nearest taxi straight to the Kinabalu National Park office downtown. There, a friendly secretary writes down their names in the park's diary and books

them a cabin at the "base camp" and another cabin the next night several hundred meters higher. The climb has commenced.

Three days is the golden mean for exploring Kinabalu, but before even journeying to the park headquarters 1,700 meters up, climbers should stock up on canned food, sweets and a bottle of kerosene for cooking. The park rents out sleeping bags and kitchen utensils, but it leaves the menus to its guests. Accommodation at the base camp is varied but uniformly pleasant. For the impecunious there is a dormitory accommodation (sheets and blankets may be rented) and for the wealthy—although prices are very reasonable—there are three- and four-bedroom bungalows complete even with dishcloths. The "club-house" has a restaurant serving Chinese food and

Kinabalu's National Park extends from an elevation of 200 meters to the top of Mount Kinabalu, 4,040 meters above sea level.

Above 3,000 meters, mist enshrouds the stunted trees grasping at Kinabalu's slopes.





a shop where you may buy the provisions you forgot to stock up in KK.

The trip from Sabah's capital city begins at seven o'clock in the morning at the municipal bus station where awaits "The Kinabalu Express," a big, gray Landrover which potential climbers share with Kadazan farmers, Chinese schoolgirls and Bajau clerks. The Landrover rolls along paved roads at a modest speed until it reaches **Tamparuli**, 47 km north of Kota Kinabalu, where the driver stops for his cup of morning coffee. So far the trip has been a mellow voyage through green Asiatic landscapes studded with small farm houses and grazing water buffaloes. But less than 1 km past Tamparuli, the level ground says goodbye, the asphalt disappears, the driver shifts into first gear, and the mountain takes over.

Sabah's interior roads have the aura of intruding upon a vast nature, as if the people who so industriously built them were Lilliputians on the stomach of Gulliver. With dirt tracks delicately entwining the ridges of a rising mountain range and with tropical deluges splashing down from the afternoon skies, passengers on "The Kinabalu Express" may find themselves enjoying a literally "groovy" ride.

Kinabalu commands the entire country from an immobile and majestic stance that earned it a place of honor on the Sabah flag. The National Park surrounding its regal dome is a sanctuary for rare wildlife, and when climbers arrive at the alpine cottages clustered around the park's headquarters, it takes little time to recover from the Landrover giggles and begin an affair with the ozone.

The park headquarters, or the "base camp" as the Rangers call it, is where people climbing up and down meet to tell their stories. The park has a good library of magazine articles on the mountain climb to occupy enthusiasts until the next morning. Though to Sherpas down from the Himalayas and other members of the moun-

taineering elite, climbing Kinabalu is a breeze, not all pedestrians come off the mountain trail so lightly. As one out-of-breath vacationer suggested: "To get in practice, try running up and down the emergency exit of a skyscraper for a couple of days."

In fact, climbing 1,500 meters in one day—from the power station above the base camp to Panar Laban Hut—does take inordinate reserves of zest for folks who have just flown in from their desks in the office. But this is when the mountain is approached as a "rush job" for uphill racers, which it need not be. A modicum of competition sometimes crops up around the fireplaces in the base camp. Stories circulate about the local chapter of the hunt-and-hike group known as the "Hash House Harriers" who bet a bottle of Scotch that two of its members could not leave the base camp in the morning, climb to the summit and return to the camp within twelve hours—and lost. Botanists seem to have the best alibi for eluding such grueling precedents. One of the park's experienced wardens fondly remembers a climb to the summit when a member of his party would stop every half-hour and ask in a winded voice: "Could you tell me the name of that plant?"

One of the pleasures of climbing Mount Kinabalu is the native company: explorers are never alone. Awok, a Kadazan woman barely 1.5 meters tall who chews betel nut, rolls her own cigarettes and presides over no less than fifteen grandchildren, is a familiar personality among the guides and Rangers. One of her employers was a vivacious American wife determined to climb up and down the summit in one-and-a-half days. She awoke at dawn all set for the climb, spotted Awok leisurely smoking one of her hand-rolled cigarettes at the base camp and ran to tell her husband to come quickly and photograph this charming market woman standing against the mountain's morning silhouette. Her husband re-

Each morning a bus leaves Kota Kinabalu for the National Park, some 50 km to the north.

turned saying, "You won't believe it, but that's our porter" — a fact which knocked considerable wind out of the young lady's liberationist bag.

Meanwhile, Awok stuffed a heavy knapsack, twelve cans of food, camera equipment and her own belongings into her woven *burong* basket which Sabah's village women carry everywhere and proceeded with steadfast stamina to climb the mountain. As a porter, Awok earns M\$5 each way, though she climbs only to Panar Laban Hut where she unloads, builds a fire and waits while her zealous employers trudge up the summit. The park requires all climbers to be accompanied by a guide who is paid M\$15 to M\$20 a day, depending on the size of the group. He is also in charge of the porter and brings his scale along to weigh the luggage in case it is over the normal limit of 10

kilos and requires an extra fee. The extra fee is usually well worth paying, for unless the climber goes hiking every other weekend he will probably not be fit enough to carry anything heavier than a National Park brochure.

The scenery on Kinabalu is too vivid for burdens. It shifts its character as the climb proceeds. At first, a staircase made from tree branches winds up through the green shade of the montane forest. It is hot and humid. Bunches of *Epiphytes* — most of the park's 1,000 species of orchids and mosses — cling to tree trunks and tumbling vines. The forest canopy drips from heavy rains and cloud mists that saturate the muddy sandstone bottom of the Crocker Range which the mountain dominates. To most beginners this is the steepest, most arduous part of the climb, so the

Porters are available to help you carry your gear and grub up to the hut at Panang Laban, 3,500 meters high and just 500 meters from the summit.

Toward the top of Mount Kinabalu, hard slabs of granite create vertiginous footing along the climb.



Rangers have carefully spaced the stairs to invite an easy, steady stride.

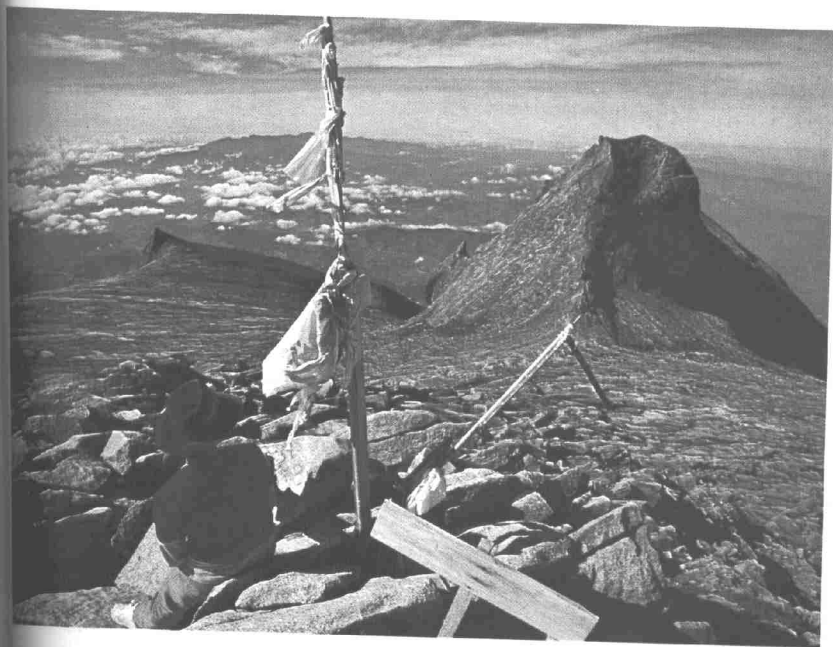
A couple of thousand steps later, the montane forest opens onto Carson's Cabin, the first stopover where climbers may spend the night. But since the cabin has no cooking facilities and a limited view, it is best to stop here only for a good rest, a hot cup of coffee (water can be obtained from the stream nearby) and some light refreshments—chocolate, nuts or dried fruit. Climbers can amuse themselves without exerting much by peeping into the insect-ensnaring cup of the famous pitcher plant that grows behind the rocks near Carson's Cabin. Hapless flies that take the wrong turn and land in the liquid-containing cup of the pitcher plant have nothing to look forward to other than being slowly digested.

Pitcher plants stand out in the

wild beauty of the "cloud forest" which lends the second stage of the climb a silvery hue. Twisting ironwood, bleached silver by moist clouds at the high altitudes, extend from 2,900 meters to Kinabalu's granite dome. Curvilinear, stunted trees swerve with Baroque exuberance under the influence of a wind storm. Vermilion tube-shaped blossoms of the *Rhododendron ericoides*, wild orchids and white *Leptospermum* flowers sprinkle the forest with brilliant colors that jump out of a silvery monotone. The steps are there no more and the path begins to weave over a maze of gnarled roots which cling to the red rock bed. Hard slabs of granite start breaking through the sandstone as clouds enwrap the green sides of Kinabalu sloping below.

From the silvery forest, climbers emerge at the front door of an alumi-

Sitting on top of Mount Kinabalu's granite dome, a peak 4,040 meters above the world below.



num cabin with clear mountain streams trickling across the scenery. **Panar Laban Hut**, the nicest and best equipped hideaway on the mountain, lies at the foot of a gargantuan slope of granite. It is 3,500 meters above the sea and the weather cools down considerably. Finicky clouds whisk past the barren dome in a big hurry—smothering it, surrounding it, or leaving it alone. Here Kinabalu takes on the other-worldliness huge mountains cherish.

Before the next dawn, the guide shifts his weight forward and begins to tread the concrete stone steps that are carved out of the giant dome. The undulating tree-belt below bows out as if in reverence to the fabulously stark and spacious freedom above. The path disintegrates. Solitary stone markers lead up a wide valley of smooth rock bordered by lofty pin-

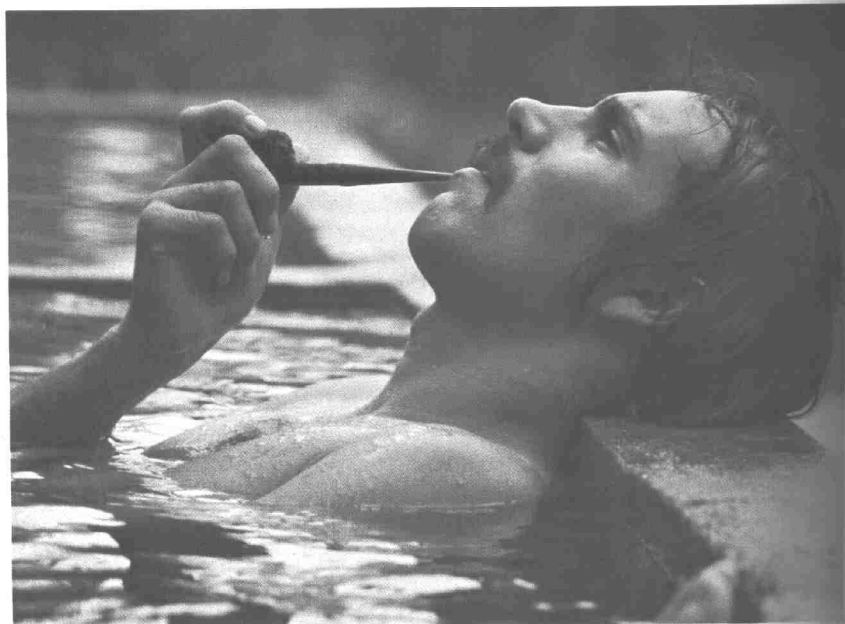
nacles and spires that jab the ice-blue skyline. The last stage of the mountain climb is the secret of its beginning—the perpetual desire of mankind to escape human dimensions. Some do and some do not. When climbers finally attain the highest boulder on Low's Peak, 4,040 meters above sea level, they find a visitors' book with comments scrawled inside. Some say, "Heavenly!" Other say, "Once is enough."

"Finicky clouds whisk past Kinabalu's barren dome, smothering it."

Ranau and Hot Springs

Picture yourself sitting in a typical coffee shop in downtown **Ranau**, Sabah. On the signboard outside is the simple invitation: *Johan's Kedai Makan dan Minum*, which means "Johan's Eat and Drink Shop." It contains one dog, two Kadazan sisters doing the serving,

After climbing Kinabalu the hot springs at Poring will soothe the tired muscles.





and a rice farmer enjoying a Guinness stout. The walls are plastered with glossy advertisements.

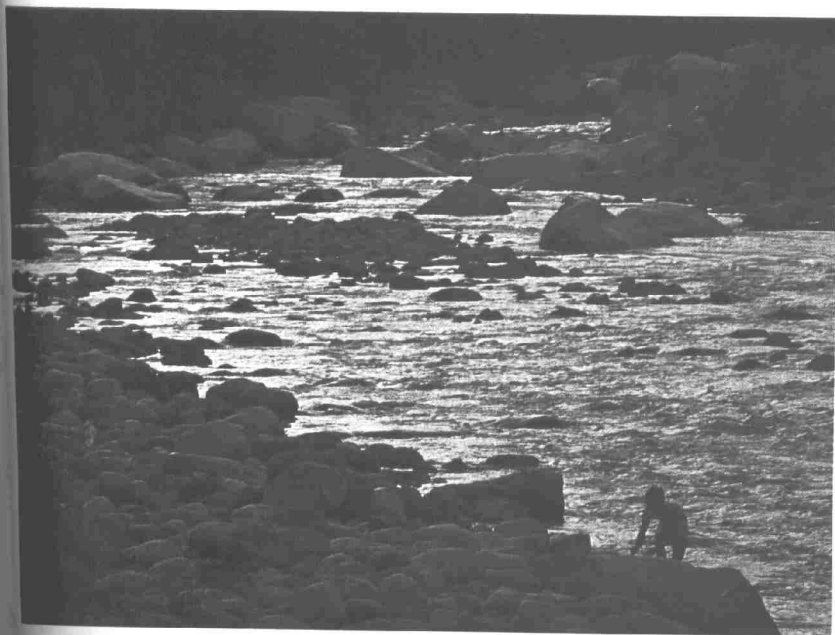
One wall of the eat and drink shop is completely covered by shelves which contain stacks of cabbages, cans of sweetened cream corn, packages of two-minute noodles with chicken flavor, 352 Bubble Up bottles, candy and peanut jars and Sunkist! signs. The waitress is wearing rubber sandals and a T-shirt with a saucy slogan stenciled across her bosom. The radio is broadcasting news in Malay, seductively read by a young woman newscaster who sounds like a Brylcreem commercial. One weary German traveler is sipping the inevitable cup of milky tea and saying, "I guess you could sit here for the rest of your life."

Ranau is an uncomplicated small town with neat houses dotting the

foothills of Mount Kinabalu as if they had been sprinkled from the sky. Suburbia is less than 200 meters from the commercial center—one street of weathered clapboard shops stuck together like glue. Not surprisingly, the Chinese pervade this commercial oasis. Fried noodles or hot vegetable soup will be served up less than three minutes after the traveler sits down.

Life in Ranau flows as smoothly as the river that runs through the center of town. Miniature blue and white uniforms color the roadsides as children return home from *sekolah* (school). Young men in Landrovers drive these prized possessions down to the riverbank for a daily wash. Every house, whether that of a government official or a farmer, has chickens rushing about pecking the lawn. Water buffaloes graze in front yards.

The rock-strewn Ranau River flowing through the foothills of Kinabalu.



For the young Sabah citizen who has settled with his family in Ranau the future is bright indeed. Ranau lies directly on the East-West Highway with the result that the town has blossomed into a busy waystation between Sandakan harbor on the east coast and Kota Kinabalu on the west. The comfortable Government Rest House is frequently booked solid with Public Works engineers en route to construction sites on the East-West trail. But the best road from Ranau, from a sybaritic point of view, is the wide dirt track that leads to the hot springs at Poring, 19 km away.

The supreme climax for the outdoor man or woman who has climbed Mount Kinabalu is a long, soothing sulfur bath in the hot springs of **Poring**. The Kadazans named the place *poring* (bamboo), after the towering forests where bamboo shoots are as thick as elephants' legs. But it took the refined traditions of Japan to tap the potential of a hot spring. During the Second World War, jungle-weary Japanese officers would come here, shed their fatigues, bathe and relax. Now, the old wooden tub has been dismantled and seven new baths built in its place. They sit in a well-trimmed garden populated with swallowtail butterflies and shaded by tropical rainforest. To the wobbly-legged ex-Kinabalu climber, the serene nature of Poring provides a bath to remember. "They even have adjustable hot and cold faucets," boasted a 13-year-old tourist who had tested her favorite combination of hot spring and cold stream for a full three hours.

However, there are other ways to spend one's time in Poring: looking for Orang Utans, for instance. Kinabalu's nature reserve is one of the few places in the world where Orang Utans still swing in the wild. However, it is very difficult to see the "man of the forest," which is the English translation of his name. He is, with good cause, acutely shy: native hunters and poachers with a zoo in mind

have dwindled his ranks to near extinction. Poring's park Ranger recommends that visitors in search of Orang Utans should spend several days camping in the jungle. The park will arrange for porters and guides if advised in advance. Even if the "man of the forest" eludes you, the trip should prove worthwhile. Poring's rainforests also harbor mouse-deer, barking deer, bearded pigs, gray monkeys, hornbills, mynah birds and honey buzzards—more than 200 species of fowl in the area alone, reported one totally satisfied bird-watcher.

In addition, Poring has several lush and lonely forest paths that wander up and down knolls to far-out bat caves and tumbling waterfalls. They pass by nature's largest flower—the *Rafflesia*, which yields an orange blossom up to 1 meter wide when in bloom and looks like a withered cabbage made of rubber when not. With family cabins and well-equipped camp-grounds and a bathtub out in the garden, Poring belongs in an escapist's notebook. A hanging bridge over a bubbling stream leads to the springs. There the Ranger has put up a small sign saying: "Please: Take nothing but—photographs. Leave nothing but—footprints."

Kota Belud: a Betel Nut Sales Counter with a Water Buffalo Parking Lot

On Sunday mornings, from seven to noon, the mossy banks of Tempasuk River vanish beneath an avalanche of bare feet and upcountry merchandise. Bajau market women, their faces crinkled by harsh weather and hours of laughter, their stained teeth welded onto the ever-present betel nut, and their heads draped casually with floppy cloths, squat beside tobacco wrappers and sugar doughnuts for hours on end. Lovely Malay teenage girls, wearing the loose tunic-like *baju kurong*, sweep past big piles of anchovy and kicking crabs.

The future looks bright for Ranau located on the east-west highway, Sabah's main thoroughfare.

The world's largest flower, the *Rafflesia* can be seen near Poring, along with the orangutan and other wildlife.



There is always more on sale at the *tamu* than mundane necessities, even if these include everything from breakfast food to cattle and ponies. A Pakistani medicine man, with a prize-winning, 15-cm white moustache, strikes up his one-man band accompanied by a histrionic sales pitch in four languages, while his assistant officiously sorts out pink bottles filled with sticky liquid. Three stalls down, an enterprising Chinese boy draws crowds with a supermarket-like demonstration on how to manipulate two steaming waffle irons at the same time.

Of course, an entire row of market displays is devoted to the art of nut chewing, which every saleswoman unconsciously and continually demonstrates. Lengthy conversations touching upon such universal topics as "Who's who at the marketplace?"

provide the best entertainment among the distaff side at the *tamu*.

Tamus are Sabah's open-air weekly markets, Sunday being the favored day. They were fostered in prewar British Chartered Company times, when district officers would encourage villagers from kilometers around to visit the towns and trade among themselves. It was also a convenient opportunity for the government to meet with the headmen of the *kampungs* to exchange business matters and advice. For the common *kampung* folks, *tamus* were the big chance to catch up on gossip with old friends from different villages. The word *tamu* means "a meeting place" and even today it is as much a picnic as a sales counter. All the taste treats are on sale and there is the familiar patrol of market dogs to clean up the scraps.

Market day at Kota Behud, a riverine town 77 km north of Kota Kinabalu.



Kota Belud, a river town backed by the blue peaks of Mount Kinabalu 77 km north of the capital city, stages the biggest *tamu*. It is one of the few thriving markets today which have a water buffalo parking lot. Vendors, young and old, arrive with the long shafts of morning light. They bring their buffaloes in the easiest manner imaginable—by riding them along with the rest of the family, unless the lady of the household prefers to make her entrance alone as she often does. The parking lot and water buffalo auction is clearly for men only. Each owner proudly leads his big beast by the nose and weighs it on a scale almost strong enough to support a tank. Buffaloes are big money in upcountry Sabah and *songkok*-capped villagers scrutinize the animals for hours before a bargain is sealed. Meanwhile, with impeccably good manners in domesticity, the huge beasts simply stand around swishing flies off their backs and wait until the show is over.

The other all-men corner of the *tamu* is the cockfighting arena where a fallen feather can cause spectators to howl for victory. Crumpled dollar bills change hands in an uproar a full five minutes before a fight begins. Bets on the better cock can take a half hour to win since in Sabah, unlike Indonesia, the sport does not include the lethal spurs which can end a battle within seconds. The cock that tires first or that gets “chicken” and runs away from its opponent is the loser. So dollars and hollers fill the air most of the morning.

Kota Belud is Bajau country. The Bajaus, a Muslim people originally from the southern Philippines, are reputed to be great lovers of the tall tale, the best “cowboys” in Borneo, excellent fishermen and, until a few decades ago, the most dauntless and most successful water buffalo stealers around. The Bajaus themselves claim to be descended from Johore Malays in a rather haphazard manner. Folklore says the Sultan of Johore sent a

powerful escort of war boats to deliver his beautiful daughter to a Sulu prince. But she was captured by the dashing young Sultan of Brunei, and her escort, too scared to return, became wandering sea-gypsies who founded the Bajau tribe.

They also became notorious pirates and were belligerent enough in times past to push the unassuming Kadazan people back from the coast to the foothills of Kinabalu. For centuries, relations between these two tribes were cool at best. The Bajaus condescendingly thought of the Kadazans as country bumpkins, and the Kadazans retaliated with legends like: “When the Almighty created mankind, two people got away. One escaped downriver to the coast and became a Bajau; the other scrambled into the deep forest and became a monkey.”

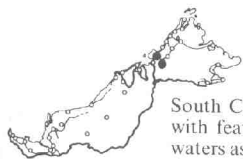
No feud today could penetrate the serenity that pervades the farmlands enwrapping the great mountain. Kadazans and Bajaus have bargained over bananas and betel for years at the *tamu* of Kota Belud. Now tourists who have made the two-hour drive by Landrover from Kota Kinabalu (price: M\$12 per person for a return trip) can focus their cameras in the water buffalo parking lot free of charge.

Round Trip to Tenom: Zipping Along in a Railcar

Along the south coast from Kota Kinabalu runs a small and romantic railway—the only one in Borneo. A funny little railcar shaped like a three-dimensional trapezoid zips along a diminishing track, stringing small towns together in a changing yet changeless countryside where one-room schools are still in session and motors are rare. Neighborhoods and towns combine in miniature clusters of wooden houses with rice fields as gardens. Occasionally, the swishing trees part to reveal a calm bay on the

At Kota Belud you get a feeling of the old Borneo, as tribal groups come down to market to barter and haggle.

Borneo's only railway runs along the south coast, cutting through the heart of the jungle, past dizzying rapids and inclines.



South China Sea, its beaches fringed with feathery casuarina trees and its waters as placid as a still life. All along the track to Beaufort lie the continuities of Asia: the perpetual cycle of the rice harvest, the tenacity of small towns struggling to grow.

But after Beaufort, the trapezoidal railcar turns a sharp corner and zips into the rugged hills of the Crocker Range. Passengers snap out of the mesmerizing landscape and begin to put great trust in the little railcar, as it cuts through stone tunnels and skirts the awesomely uninviting rapids of the Padus River. This is what England's armchair travelers knew a hundred years ago as the dark side of Borneo, "The Interior." And, in those days, when one had to either hack his way through jungle or negotiate the tumultuous rapids to get there, it is no wonder that the *Orang*

Puteh (White Man) was very scarce. Of the first few Europeans who trudged through, several became missing persons.

The Muruts, "men of the hills," as the Bajaus named them, have always lived there. A Murut was less likely to call himself a Murut than a Tagal or a Timogun or a Bukan or a Semandu. Forever accompanied by his *parang*, or working knife, the Murut today is the grandson and great-grandson of a warrior and hunter who shared a virile life with his tribe, and who also, as was the ancient custom, married only after he had taken at least one human head in battle.

"Life in the jungle with the Muruts," wrote one author, "is like camping out, with all its advantages and disadvantages". Young men, renowned for their skill with blowpipe

At Kota Belud's market, a Bajau enjoys a smoke. Bajaus are Muslim people originating from the Philippines.



and poisoned darts, scoured the jungles with their hunting dogs in search of deer, python, wild buffalo or boar — anything edible. Tribes cultivated rice and tapioca on the mountains and, believing that the earth spirit set a time limit on these disturbances, would shift to a new site every seven years. They also warred with one another. Should warriors return victorious, longhouses rocked with feasting and dancing all night.

When Western civilization finally trickled into the interior, the life of centuries changed overnight for the Muruts. They were forced to abandon customs ingrained in their existence longer than anyone could remember. Their population dropped, and it is only quite recently that the Muruts have begun to settle on the outskirts of towns and develop a sedentary economy. Many prefer the exhilara-

tion of a "camp out" life in a familiar jungle. Others come down from the hills for hard work, such as tending the forested tracts which border Borneo's one and only railroad.

From the hilly inland town of Tenom, where the railway stops, you can travel by Landrover through Keningau and Tambunan, completing a round trip from Kota Kinabalu. The Government Rest House at Keningau is a popular stopover for excursions to Murut country. In **Tambunan**, an old stone on a grassy plain marks Mat Salleh's last fort. The tall and striking rebel built the fort completely underground in the middle of the jungle, supplying his dugout with water through a sophisticated, split bamboo system which ran from a river 6 km away. He might have survived longer than 1900 had not a villager betrayed his location to

The Borneo noble who resisted the British made his last stand in a jungle redoubt at Tambunan.

The railway from Kota Kinabalu to Tenom slices through Sabah's wilderness.





British Chartered Company forces which promptly cut off Mat Salleh's water supply, surrounded the fort and waited. The rebel and his thirsty followers were all shot down when they emerged, and the rebellion launched by a native lord who refused to pay tax to foreigners ended.

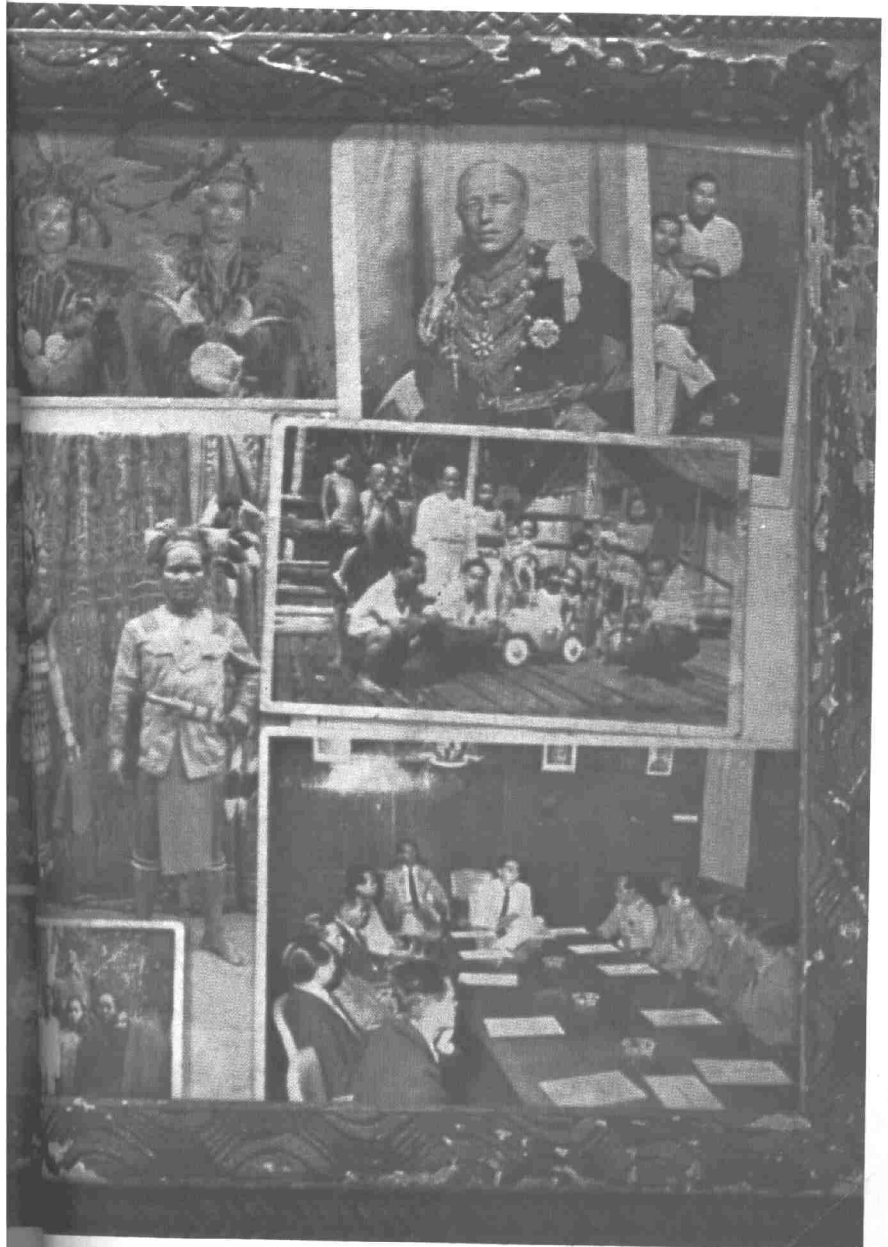
The Other Side of the Mountain

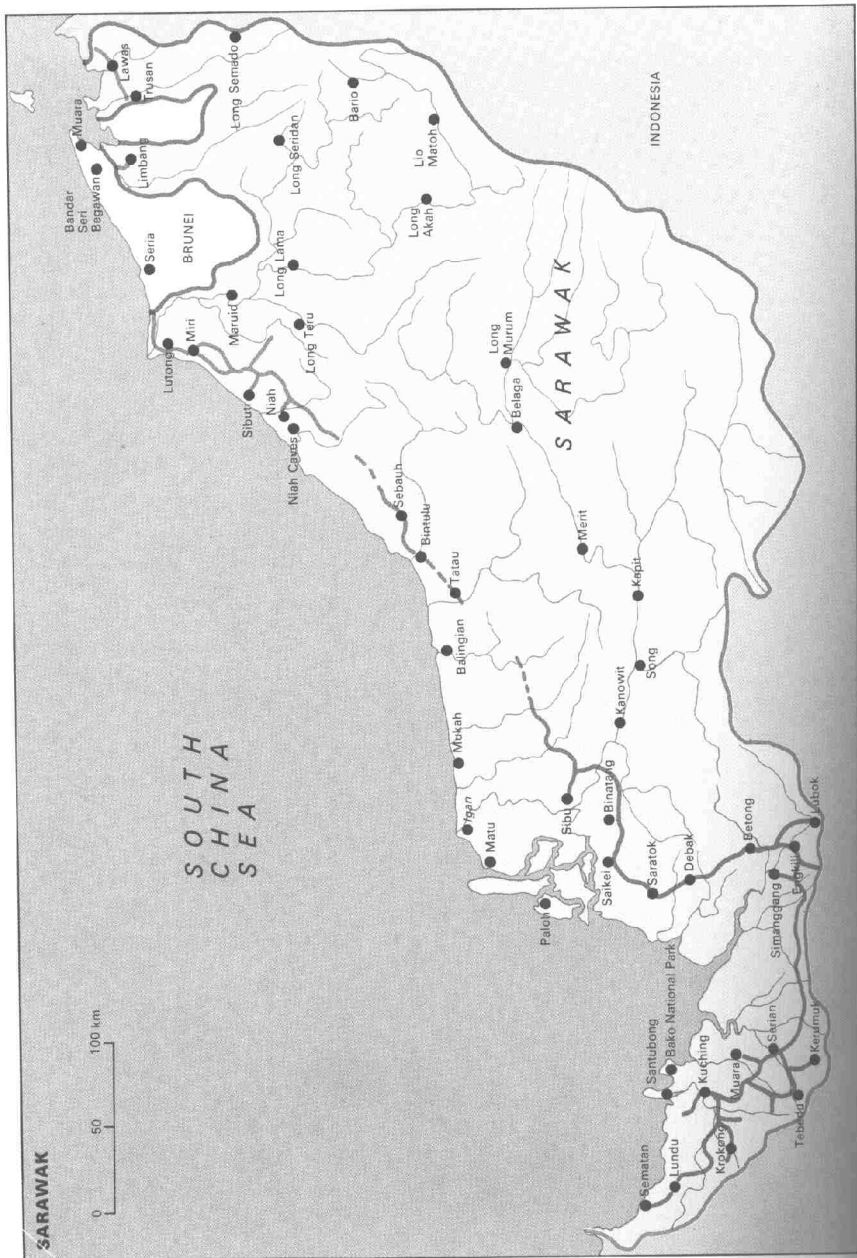
In Sandakan, Sabah's big, busy, boom town, people call the huge logs bobbing in the Sulu Sea "floating money." They float down the wide rivers from timber forests surrounding the harbor, pass through the hands of Chinese entrepreneurs, and are lifted onto massive freighters bound for Japan. So Sandakan prospers, like a mini Hong Kong, with the clatter of mahjong tiles and the wail of Chinese opera.

Sepilok Sanctuary, 24 km from Sandakan, houses the world's largest orang-utan suburb.

Once the capital of North Borneo, Sandakan was burned to its pavements during the bombings of World War II and completely rebuilt later with some new trimmings: the rare and pampered foliage in Orchid House, wildlife realities at the Forestry Exhibition. Sandakan has the world's largest Orang-utan suburb — **Sepilok Sanctuary**, 24 km from town — and three offshore islands are populated almost entirely with green turtles. Thirty-two km across the bay are the hallowed **Gomantang Caves** which are rich in birds' nests used to make birds' nest soup. MAS (Malaysian Airline System) offers forty-five-minute flights from Kota Kinabalu to Sandakan every day. You can also travel overland on the East-West Highway to Sandakan and Tawau. Consult the Landrover drivers at the bus stations in KK and Sandakan.







tales from the longhouse



Sarawak is still a name that evokes more romance than reality. White Rajahs and Borneo head-hunters ring more bells than 125,000 square km of hills, jungle and swampland just north of the equator. Sarawak is a land of abundant rainfall and innumerable rivers that weave over one-third of the Borneo isle. Borneo is now divided into Indonesia's Kalimantan, Malaysia's Sabah and Sarawak states, and the tiny sultanate of Brunei which once ruled them all.

Actually Sarawak is a Kelabit agricultural center, a Malay fishing village, an Iban longhouse, a Punan jungle camp, a Malanau sago factory and a Land Dyak rice field all at once. The Brooke dynasty created Sarawak's borders, suppressed head-hunting, established peace, and safeguarded the economy against land-hungry entrepreneurs. For a hundred years, from 1841 to 1946, Sarawak was a contented Raj governed by a handful of dedicated European officials. They allowed each Borneo tribe the individuality of its inherited customs and promised a future with few abrupt changes from the past. Though the white Rajahs' rule ended more than three decades ago with a dignified resignation to the British crown, it left a legacy that characterizes Sarawak today — the idyllic royal residence which graces the well-trimmed gardens across the Sarawak River, the old fashioned portraits of the Rajahs enshrined on a longhouse wall, the Sarawak flag which bewildered local chroniclers who tried to determine whether James Brooke wanted St. George's cross deep blue or purple. On wide, silent rivers lined with mangrove forests one can still envision Rajah Charles Brooke under a plumed sun-helmet, standing knock-

The legacy of Sarawak—Iban wedding ceremonies, family gatherings and Rajah Charles Brooke—remains enshrined in faded snapshots framed on a longhouse wall (previous pages).

kneed on the bow of a longboat en route upriver to sign a peace treaty.

Yet the Rajahs' days have inexorably passed. Since 1963 Sarawak has been a member of the independent Federation of Malaysia, struggling against all traces of colonialism to develop a modern state. Some of the old serenity is gone, with the advent of the oil industry and as government ministries launch five-year development plans with an emphatic push. Communist influence has grown among some Chinese and inland people. But compared, with many countries in Asia, Sarawak is an oasis of calm, particularly for foreigners.

Sarawak's long tradition of open hospitality is what makes city or jungle travel so genuine. A traveler can strike up a conversation with a Chinese salesgirl over a fresh-fruit stand in Kuching, or chat with an Iban longhouse chief over a glass of the heady, home-brewed *tuak*, the ubiquitous palm wine of Sarawak.

An assortment of travel agents contacted through the tourist association will streamline the local scenery for a couple of days by arranging a longhouse visit or a riverboat tour. But the real challenge of Sarawak is an expedition upriver to visit the Kayans, Kenyahs, Muruts, Kelabits and Punan people who have made the hinterland their home for nearly forty millennia. Most who have made the trip rightly claim that explorers should spend a couple of weeks, take their own provisions and enough money to hire river transport. Arrangements are best made right on the spot by contacting district officers who man the outstations. The Tourist Association is the best source of information. For details, write the Sarawak Tourist Association, Kuching, Malaysia.

A new road has recently been opened linking Kuching to Sibuan. MAS flies from Kuching to all major towns in Sarawak, offering excellent short cuts for inland river expeditions. In fact, the demand for seats on inter-

Sarawak was once the land of white rajahs and upriver the home of head-hunting tribes.

nal flights often exceeds the supply, and passengers sometimes get bumped. MAS also links Sarawak directly to Singapore, Brunei and Sabah.

Sampans in Midtown

Kuching is a riverine town with contrasting sides, new and old, busy and serene, fluctuating and timeless. All the noisy, tightly packed one-way streets and concrete multi-story buildings are on the left side of the Sarawak River. In the late afternoon enough citizens quit work to slow the city down. Elderly laborers in baggy shorts relax at a tiny park on the riverbank, which has a painted dragon fountain and old stone balustrades. They find a bench as the river's sheen reddens with the sunset, and gaze across the water to the noble residence and rolling lawns cultivated by the

white Rajahs. They would have seen the same scene a century ago.

The young, debonaire James Brooke, whose admiration for Sir Stamford Raffles lured him to the little known East, chatted with the ladies on the Singapore cocktail circuit in 1838, promising he would keep in touch after his voyage to Borneo. Aside from a brief stint in the Indian Army, James held no titles among the British foreign legion, but he came across as a cultured Englishman who was the embodiment of romantic adventure, and what he lacked in rank he made up for in publicity. He was also a diplomat and a strategist, assets which, aside from his awe-inspiring appearance, earned him almost by accident sole rule of Sarawak.

When James Brooke's ship *The Royalist* wound its way upriver to

Rajah James Brooke conceived of Sarawak as an Asian state benevolently guided by Europeans.

Kuching huddles beside and lives on the Sarawak River.





Kuching in 1839, Sarawak was suffering. Brutal extortions demanded by the Brunei overlords had reached such extremes that the inland Dyaks, assisted by some indigenous Malays and Chinese, had rebelled. The Brunei aristocracy ruling these lands urged James to stay on as their protector. To the amazement of all he managed to talk both sides into agreeing upon a truce, but even more flabbergasting to the Brunei overlords was his insistence that the lives of the rebels be spared and that they be allowed to return to their villages. Thus, James befriended the Dyaks, Malays and Chinese. He had quelled the rebellion for the Brunei overlords and in return was promised their lands as Rajah of Sarawak. And he had introduced a novelty which became the essence of the white Rajahs' rule: justice without favoritism.

Fort Margherita is now a police museum displaying weapons of the warlike tribes.

If the peculiar genius of James Brooke conceived Sarawak as a state where a handful of Europeans should guide numerous Eastern races to a life of harmonious peace, it was his nephew Charles Brooke, second white Rajah, who sealed its reality and bestowed on it an unmistakable aura that the town of Kuching still possesses. Unlike James, who lived in a nimbus of international glamor, Charles was reserved in manner, difficult to approach. He had accustomed himself to months of loneliness as a district officer in the jungle where he lived among Dyak friends. Throughout his reign he cultivated a betel nut plantation in the back of the Astana (palace) which provided gifts when he entertained Dyak chieftains. He was often more relaxed in their presence than during the stiffly formal tea parties he staged each Tuesday—



with a Sarawak Ranger fanning the guests with a palm leaf—for his European officials.

Typical of his taciturn nature, Charles Brooke proposed marriage to the young Margaret de Windt by handing her a note while she was playing the piano. It read:

“With a humble demeanor
If the King were to pray
That You'd be his Queen,
Would you *not* say *Nay*?”

Margaret, twenty years his junior, laughed at first and then said “Yes,” and much to the dismay of her snobbish family, left Europe to live in Kuching. The Rancee Margaret soon grew to love Sarawak. She wrote several books about her life there and accompanied her husband on journeys upriver where her gentle kindness to her native hosts did much to create an atmosphere of goodwill. She found that life with the Rajah demanded more understanding than affirmative replies. Though she was an exceedingly accomplished pianist, no one would ever request her to display her musical skill on the battered old Erard piano. The Rajah's vocal renditions of Victorian ballads, however, were much admired by everyone except his wife. The Rajah went to great pains trying unsuccessfully to change Margaret's spendthrift ways, but his deep respect for her never wavered and when the fort was built he named it after her.

Fort Margherita has been converted into a police museum housing a multitude of lethal weapons and interesting exhibits. Many objects survive from the Rajahs' days. There is the one and only cannon ever cast in Sarawak which was hauled up Sandok Mountain by 500 Dyaks in 1861 to defeat the famous rebel chief named Rentap. It did its job. One tower of the fort is called *Bilek Antu Pala*, “Chamber of the Laughing Skulls.” The original owner of the skulls, a Sea Dyak who claimed they

were 200 years old, sold them to the police because, as he explained, the skulls sometimes emitted sounds like “human laughers.”

The Execution Kris recalls one of Sarawak's most colorful personalities—a tremendously strong and tall Malay named Subu who held the titles of State Executioner and Royal Umbrella Carrier until 1873. Subu was an expert at the kris and would tell the condemned man to kneel down as if he was sitting by his bedside. The man never knew when Subu would approach him from behind and send him to eternity with one swift blow. Once when Subu was sick his son took over and plunged the kris into the wrong side. Undismayed, he withdrew it, said “I'm sorry,” and plunged it in again without a murmur from the condemned man.

For many years Fort Margherita was the first glimpse all newcomers had of Kuching. It protected the town from attack by commanding the long stretch of river at its entrance. During the Rajah's rule sentries would pace the ramparts calling out “All's well” every hour on the hour throughout the night. Their cries carried a long way, certainly long enough to reach the Astana. Not that the Rajah wanted to know the time, but he did want to know that the sentries were not asleep.

Charles Brooke was a benevolent despot who insisted his fingers be in every pie in Sarawak. He personally selected which marble slabs were to be used for the fish stalls in the Kuching Market. He commissioned the design of all public buildings, supervised the construction of the Astana, chose the paint color for Fort Margherita and the uniforms for the Sarawak Rangers. He sailed to the Philippines to personally select a conductor for the Municipal Band and determined all its music. He created a virtual “hot line” in memoranda to his district officers in the outback insisting, among many other things, that they should never be

The second white rajah, Charles Brooke, built Kuching into a modern town.

caught sitting in an easy chair.

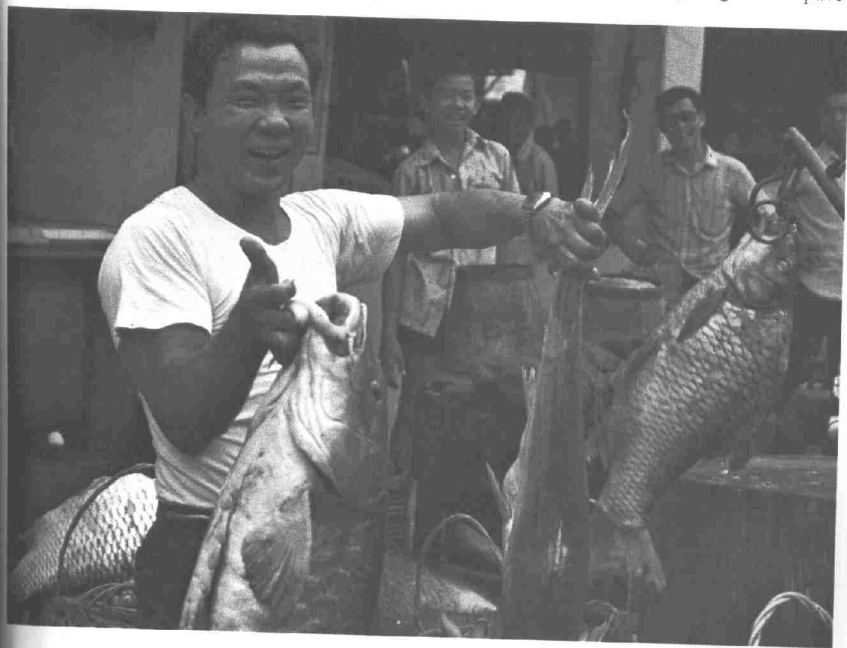
Until his last years, he would rise with the five o'clock gun, dress in white trousers and blue serge coat with a fresh sprig of honeysuckle in his buttonhole and ceremoniously proceed to the court house across the river, where he had the last word. He also spent some time in the Treasury, and though the accountants quivered beneath his sharp eye, Sarawak had never been so prosperous. Nor was it ever so peaceful for so long.

At 86, Rajah Charles Brooke still ruled his country in the morning and took 3 km walks in the afternoon. When he died in 1917, a significant era of white Rajah rule ended. Several years later, his eldest son—the third Rajah Charles Vyner Brooke—some European officials, Malay aristocrats, Dyak chieftains and Chinese merchants congregated outside the old

court house to honor the man who had devoted sixty-five years of his life to Sarawak—forty-nine years as Rajah. As the Iban chief Penghulu Biju unveiled the obelisk memorial, the first airplane ever sighted in Sarawak appeared. Some guests were sure that the spirit of the old Rajah had risen.

The other side of Kuching is another world entirely. The past in which the white Rajahs dwelt is taken at face value—done and gone. The splendid isolation which nurtured rolling lawns and municipal bands has vanished. Most people are profit-oriented or development-oriented, or both. If vendors cannot squeeze their wares into the walk-in sundry stores crowded together on a shop-house row, they set up their sales pitch on the sidewalk. With jewelers, cobblers and barbers competing for the pave-

The market at Kuching briskly trades in fresh fish brought in from the surrounding waters.



ment, many shoppers resign themselves to the pedestrian confusion and stroll on the streets—or across the street to the riverside fish market where breathing space is even more elusive.

Kuching is an Asian rendezvous. James Brooke found only a couple hundred Malays and a dozen Chinese. Ten years later 5,000 people had come to his town. Malay nobles, whose families had ruled the Borneo coasts since the 15th century, moved down from upriver. Land Dyaks living in nearby longhouses came to don proudly the uniform of a Sarawak Ranger. Indian Muslims arrived under the auspices of the East India Company to work as sepoy or domestic servants. Now Kuching, with a population of around 130,000, has a lively night bazaar on India Street, congregational prayers at the Malay

mosque, and a Dyak Minister of Culture in the state cabinet.

Above all others in numbers came the Chinese to seek their fortunes in a land their countrymen had recorded at the dawn of the Christian era. They came from Dutch-controlled Indonesian Borneo, from Singapore and from China to work the gold mines in the interior. Immigration was often a nightmare. Junks tossed about like corks in rough seas with passengers packed so tightly on deck that they could hardly move, much less eat their daily rations of a bowl of rice and three teaspoons of water. Understandably one of the first duties of the immigrant was to build a shrine to offer thanksgiving to the gods for a safe delivery. Most dreamed of returning home from the "land of promise" as rich men—a dream which sustained them

The days of the white rajahs long gone, Sarawak today strives to establish a modern Malaysian identity.

Indian as well as Chinese merchants trade at Kuching's market.



during grueling labors in malaria-infested jungles. Many successful merchants found their wish had come true and settled in Sarawak. Downtown Kuching is a splash of bold, red Chinese calligraphy and brightly painted temples filled with burning incense. Business hours are filled with the sound of Chinese pop tunes.

The Brooke dynasty surfaces to the present only on contemporary reflection. A Sarawak-born Governor now resides in the Astana. When he travels to the other side of the river, he does so behind the sirens of motorcade escort and inside a polished, white Rolls Royce with the Sarawak flag flapping above the bonnet.

Images Charged with Intensity

Sarawak Museum not only contains laughing skulls, Chinese shrines

and old Islamic graveyards, but it links the present with the past. Its conception probably took place over a cup of tea in the Astana, for among the second Rajah's innumerable preoccupations was the Sarawak Museum which was designed by his French valet after a town house in Normandy. The Rajah built it in 1891 largely under the influence of his friend Alfred Russell Wallace, co-founder of the evolutionary theory. Wallace spent two years in Sarawak and compiled not far from Kuching his first paper on natural selection. Now, every student considers the Orang Utan mankind's first cousin, and Kuching's only Normandy town house has become an exotic show-piece for a rare decorative art.

The museum's facade may have its origins in France, but its interior is dedicated to the soul of Borneo.

The skull of a slain enemy taken by head-hunting Ibans, on display at the Sarawak Museum.



The Brookes were steadfast in their sense of justice. They suppressed crime and established peace. But they wisely refrained from imposing any "civilized" vs "primitive" comparisons upon the native cultures. The Rajahs personally insisted upon capable curators, whose Western expertise was to serve only to illuminate the ethnological richness of Borneo and the vivid expressions of the societies it nourished.

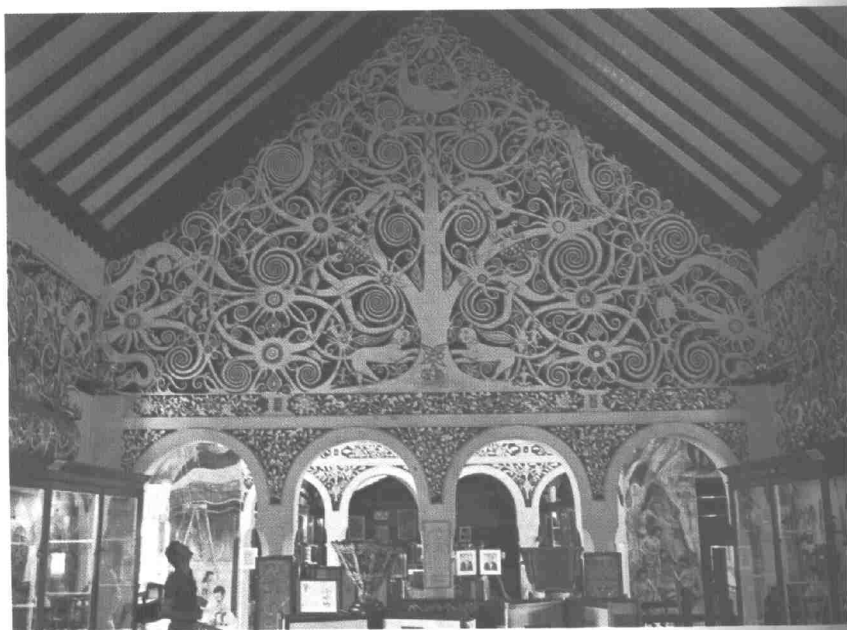
The museum is jammed with exotic fineries of the inland tribes. One display case is devoted to the bead-conscious Kelabits who have names for sixty varieties of ancient glass beads, each one with a special price. Another case houses figurines carved 2,000 years ago by the now-extinct Sru Dyaks. An entire corner of the museum has been transformed into an Iban longhouse, with simu-

lated fires burning, genuine skulls hanging from the rafters, and a warrior's headdress and finely sharpened weaponry resting near his bedside as if he were about to walk in and sound the battle cry. The Sarawak people's deep love for adornment is reflected by the high walls painted with free-flowing designs. A museum employee found one end of a Kenyah longhouse in Long Nawang completely covered with a mural celebrating "The Tree of Life" and commissioned the painter to reproduce it.

Past rituals that lent a somewhat brutal aspect to tribal societies remain on record. Giant, hand-carved burial poles with the ashes of the dead enshrined in lofty niches have been carried from upriver graveyards and propped up on the museum lawn. In olden days, slaves were sometimes sacrificed by being crushed to death

The Sarawak Museum, built at the prompting of Alfred Russell Wallace, is a treasure trove of native artifacts and nature displays.

A native Kenyah artist decorated this interior wall of the Sarawak Museum with "The Tree of Life," a motif originally found in a longhouse in Long Nawang.





at the foot of the pole, if a family was in dire need to appease the spirit of the deceased. An isolated loft in the longhouse display recreates the tradition of *Anak Umbong* (Secluded Daughter), whereby a Dyak chief refused to allow anyone to catch sight of his daughter until a heroic warrior claimed her as his bride.

The museum has a fanciful eclectic character that recalls a succession of spirited curators, as well as the marvelous diversity of Sarawak. There is a human dental plate on display that was found in the stomach of a 6-meter crocodile. A rhinoceros-horn cup that can detect poison is another item. The drink bubbled up if it was contaminated and since Chinese princes were always trying to poison each other, rhinoceros horn was in high demand during the days of the dynasties. Over in the Invertebrate gallery, visitors can find out that Damsel flies have been on earth for 300 million years, that the Long-Horned Beetle was Wallace's favorite insect, and that the flea is the world's strongest jumper, leaping as much as 200 times the length of its body, which is roughly equivalent to a midget jumping 300 meters, the write-up explains. The museum even has a piece of red, white and blue ribbon salvaged from the opening ceremony of the first American Consulate.

If the museum is the storehouse of an odd but wealthy heritage, it is also a living museum. Throughout the week, schoolchildren breeze past exhibits during their Cultural Hour, pausing only long enough to jot down facts in their note pads. Young office workers may spend a half-hour looking at the "Where Oil Comes From" display. On Sundays, large families mill through the exhibition galleries, making a museum visit the social occasion of the week. Outside are peanut and candy stands, an open-air aquarium in the museum's gardens, which double as a public park, and a handicraft shop. Patrons are invited to help support the native arts

by buying those items on sale as souvenirs. The handicraft shop is a non-profit-making organization run by the government to help encourage local craftsmen. Though the items are new, they retain the unmistakable entwining patterns that mirror the intensity of a jungle environment and the perception of those who live there.

Yet the museum in essence reflects a change in Borneo life. As Sarawak moves into the eighties, museum pieces move back from reality. What was preserved differs from the goals of progress and modernization, and the luxuries they promise. The white Rajahs have been safely canonized. They are a regal if strange page in the history of Sarawak, but today's horizons are much wider than the Rajah's social elite in Kuching.

Temples and Side-Trips

Like many other Malay towns, Kuching has its share of ornate and interesting temples. The Tua Pek Kong Temple is Kuching's oldest temple built in 1876 on a small hillock at the junction of Thomson and Padungan Roads. Fishermen pray for good catches and a safe return from the sea at the temple of Tien Hou, Goddess of Seamen, in Padungan. If you have a special request visit the Hong San Temple on the corner of Ewe Hai and Wayang Streets. This temple is dedicated to the thousand year-old Hokkien god, Kuek Seng Ong, who is reputed always to reward those who pray to him.

If you have more time in Kuching there are several interesting side trips which can be made in less than a day. Sunworshippers will enjoy the hour's express boat ride to Santubong, Kuching's most popular seaside resort and fishing village. Santubong's history dates back to the Tang and Sung dynasties (between the 7th and 13th century A.D.) when it was an important trading center. Ancient Hindu and Buddhist-influenced rock

The area's rich natural history is an important subject for the Sarawak Museum.

Outside of Kuching rivers are the main highways of Sarawak.

carvings have been discovered around the river delta.

Lounges are a unique feature of life in Sarawak and although the more interesting ones are to be found up-river in the remote areas of the State, there is a lounge just 35 km from Kuching at **Segu Benuk** which is accessible by road.

An hour's trip by speedboat, or two by motor launch and fishing boat, brings you to **Bako National Park**, situated on a peninsula at the mouth of the Sarawak river. Bako's relatively small area - 10 square miles of primary rain forest bounded on one side by a picturesque coastline of sandy bays and steep cliffs - nevertheless has much flora and fauna to interest the nature lover. There is good, safe bathing on the beaches, whose rocky coves provide safe haven and fine hunting grounds for kingfishers, sunbirds and reef egrets.

The rain forest is home to beautiful insect-eating flowers and plants and to small animals such as the long nosed monkey, pigs and sambar deer which often may be seen on the beaches even in daylight. Within the park there is a system of well-marked paths. The Lintang trail leads to a salt lick and a small observation hide where, if you are enormously patient, you may see animals come to drink.

Bako National Park is an easy day trip from Kuching, but should you wish to stay in the Park there is accommodation at the Rest House at Telok Assam. Reservations may be made by telephone or writing to the Forest Warden, Bako National Park, Post Office, Forest Department, Jalan Badrudin, Kuching. Telephone 24479. Bako is accessible only by boat and during the monsoon months from November to February when the sea is often rough, it may not be possible to reach or leave Telok Assam, so it is advisable to check first with the Forest Warden.

Journey up the Rajang River

Beyond Kuching, cosmopolitan city life fades and the innumerable rivers that mark Sarawak's green interior reclaim their high status. **Sibu**, capital of Sarawak's third and largest division, is an easy-going, predominantly Chinese town where trishaws are still in service and where fish markets overflow with gigantic freshwater carp. A forty-minute flight from Kuching leads to the gateway of the great Rajang River delta where most of Sarawak's inland people dwell. To journey there is to experience their life.

From Sibu a big, bulky speedboat, aptly called "The Kapit Express," roars upriver past rural Chinese settlements to the last outstation on the Rajang. The bottom of the boat is reinforced with steel plate. It has a definite purpose. The Rajang River, Sarawak's longest water highway, is Route 66 to the local timber industry. Rafts with as many as 200 logs float downstream, and should one break off and become waterlogged, it could mean farewell to an outboard engine. But to the steel-plated Kapit Express it merely means a thunderous crash and a skip in the ride.

Passengers on the Kapit Express may include a Malay district officer, a Chinese merchant, a Eurasian clergyman or an Iban farmer with a neck tattoo showing above his shirt collar. The boat skims past longhouses half hidden by jungle, and past longboats so crowded with people and goods that only a centimeter of free board remains above water. It passes **Kanowit** where the second Rajah built a fort to suppress head-hunting, and **Song** where Japanese troops spread tidings of the new Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere. By the time it reaches **Kapit** — a five-hour ride from Sibu — coffee shops are serving fried noodle lunches and workmen are taking their afternoon nap. Kapit has 8 km of road, ten automobiles and traffic

A trip upriver ventures into the hidden jungle, to riverine villages, and to Dyak lounges.



problems. But to people who live far up the Rajang, Kapit is London—the town with bright lights, variety of shops, Western imports and two cinemas. Not that the bulletins advertising the night's show coincide with the film on screen, but when you live upriver in a TV-less longhouse, nobody really minds.

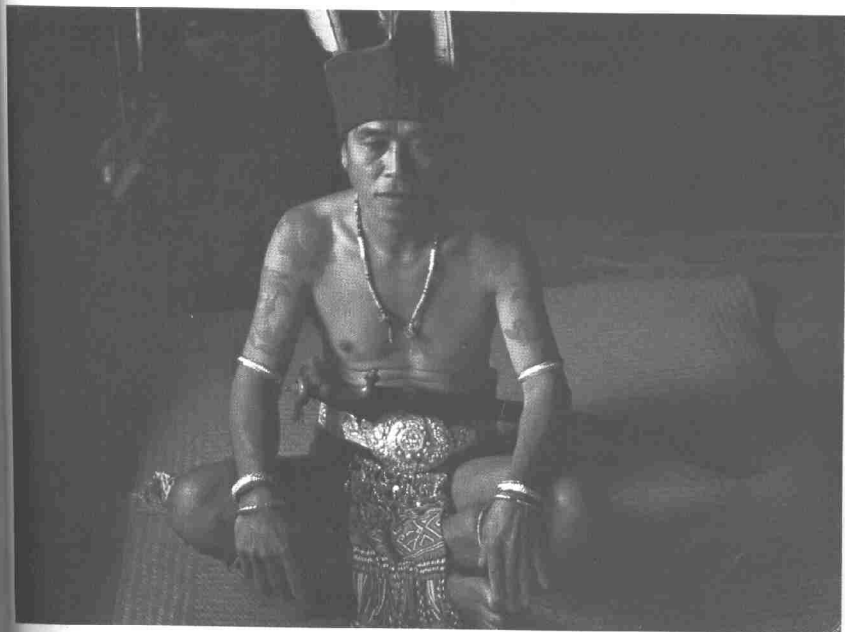
Kapit lies in the heart of Iban country—Sarawak's largest indigenous population. Ibans were once the belligerent headhunters who romanticized Borneo into the fantasies of the world. Warriors set out in huge longboats, fearlessly chasing trading ships out to the high seas, when piracy was at its zenith. Thus, Ibans earned the incongruous appellation of "Sea Dyaks"—"Dyak" basically defining the non-Malay tribes— even though their habitat was the hinterland where they cultivated hill rice on

mountain sides and hunted food in the surrounding tropical rain forest.

Ibans are a proud and democratic people, sharing a communal way of life in longhouses, honoring the supernatural forces recognized by their religion, and remaining loyal to their heritage and to their heroes. One early leader was the warrior Rentap, whose name in Iban means "one who makes the world shake." Tribal wars were common in Rentap's days when natives competed for favorable soils in which to plant their rice. Sarawak is basically an infertile land where top soil erodes quickly. For many years, longhouse dwellers were continually forced to resettle, even if it meant destroying another longhouse to do so.

Rentap, being a powerful and dauntless Iban chief, did not want James Brooke or any other foreigner to rule over his people. He fought so

An Iban warrior in traditional dress.



fiercely against the Rajah's foot soldiers that it took five years and a 4.4-kilo cannon to defeat the chief. Rentap eventually surrendered, but not before letting the Rajah know that Ibans could not be pushed around.

After Rentap's battle cries had died down, Ibans grew to respect the Brookes even though their new-fangled ideas conflicted with the traditions of head-hunting and piracy. The second Iban to rise to the heroic limelight mirrored the change. His name was Penghulu Koh and every joint of his fingers was covered with tattoos signifying that he had taken heads in battle.

Penghulu Koh reformed to become one of Rajah Brooke's staunch supporters. As an influential Iban chief, he was present at every truce the Rajah made with the Borneo peoples. He became Sarawak's Master of Peace Ceremonies and for his service was awarded the honor of Penghulu Temenggong Koh, paramount chief of all Ibans. His loyalty to the British administration never wavered. One of Koh's best friends, whom he later adopted as his son, was Malcolm MacDonald, British Commissioner-General in Southeast Asia after the Second World War. When MacDonald's critics wrote letters to the newspapers denouncing his "pronative" social mixing as being beyond the bounds of protocol, Temenggong Koh approached his adopted son and enquired: "Can we go and take the writers' heads?"

The spirit of Temenggong Koh still lingers in many Iban longhouses. Faded photographs of the Rajah Brookes and Queen Elizabeth in her twenties reverently hang from longhouse walls, along with contemporary magazine clippings immortalizing Asian beauty queens, racing cars or Mr. and Mrs. Elvis Presley pictured cutting their wedding cake.

Iban life is in transition. Much about a longhouse today differs from the impeccably kept replica in the Sarawak Museum. The "secluded

daughter" tradition has lapsed. Many longhouse heirlooms—beautiful antique swords and silver dollar belts—have been sold to Chinese jewelers in big towns. Children who once enjoyed carefree play days around the longhouse are now in school studying English and Bahasa Malaysia. The virile and difficult dance of the warrior, and the chants and the gongs that accompanied it, are a traditional revival rather than the contemporary norm. Even tattoos are being forsaken by many young Ibans.

Yet much of Iban life continues as it always has. In the Sarawak Museum, one never hears the rumble of split-bamboo floors as people scurry from a rain shower. Or old farmers after a workday in the rice fields comparing their fighting cocks. Or the *tuai rumah*, headman of the longhouse, requesting his wife to bring hot coffee for his foreign guests. Iban hospitality is as strong as ever. Visitors are received by the *tuai rumah* as house guests in his home. It is polite to bring one's own food—canned provisions bought in Sibul or Kapit—and a small gift for the *tuai rumah*—candy or cigarettes.

Though tribal life continues much as it once did, the future is uncertain. TV will come to the longhouses and modernization is inevitable.

Secrets from the Stone Age

Niah Caves may not look impressive from the outside, but the Great Cave alone has a floor space of 11 hectares and is high enough to shame a jungle tree. In the 1870s, animal collector and adventurer, A. Hart Everett, came across the caves—already well-known and protected by the local people—only to dismiss them as rather dull. Everybody believed him for the next sixty years. It was not until the 1950s that the Sarawak Museum heard of the potential archeologist's goldmine. Sure enough, when the curator dug down 5 meters he found the skull of a young *Homo sapiens* who had lived in the caves 40,000 years ago. The "deep skull" was what remained of the earliest

A Kenyah Dyak woman has traditional ornamental elongated ears, but also sports a batik T-shirt.



known modern man in the East. It disproved any haughty theories which insisted that mankind's true ancestors dwelled on the west side of the Middle East and wandered over later. As the museum delicately probed the layers of soft deposit, it unearthed the evolution of a human culture. Many agreed it was the greatest discovery since the Java Man.

Forty millennia ago, the Niahian had primitive stone tools and little else. But by 10,000 B.C. he was working with sophisticated instruments made from bone and shell, and by 4000 B.C. he was carving burial boats with polished adzes and using scarlet haematite to paint the symbolic death ships on the cave walls. When the Iron Age reached Borneo in A.D. 700, the Niahians were trading hornbill ivory and edible birds' nests for Chinese porcelain and beads. They

decorated enormous earthenware urns and placed them beside the graves of special men. Then in 1400 they seem to have entered a tropical Dark Age which forced them to desert the caves. They then vanished from history.

The Niahians were probably the forefathers of the nomadic Punans whose elders still maintain beliefs and rituals that allude to those in the prehistoric graveyards of the Great Caves. The Punans rediscovered the caves in the 19th century and found them to be unbelievably rich in edible birds' nests. Millions of tiny swiftlets inhabit the bowels of Niah Caves. Their glutinous saliva with which they build their nests remains the most expensive food in Borneo. For good reason. A man in the birds' nest collecting business has no hope of collecting life insurance as well. A

Borneo's history goes back to the Stone Age, but many of the Dyak peoples are probably fairly recent settlers.

In the longhouses of Borneo the entire community is housed under one roof, sharing a common veranda. Each family has a private compartment.





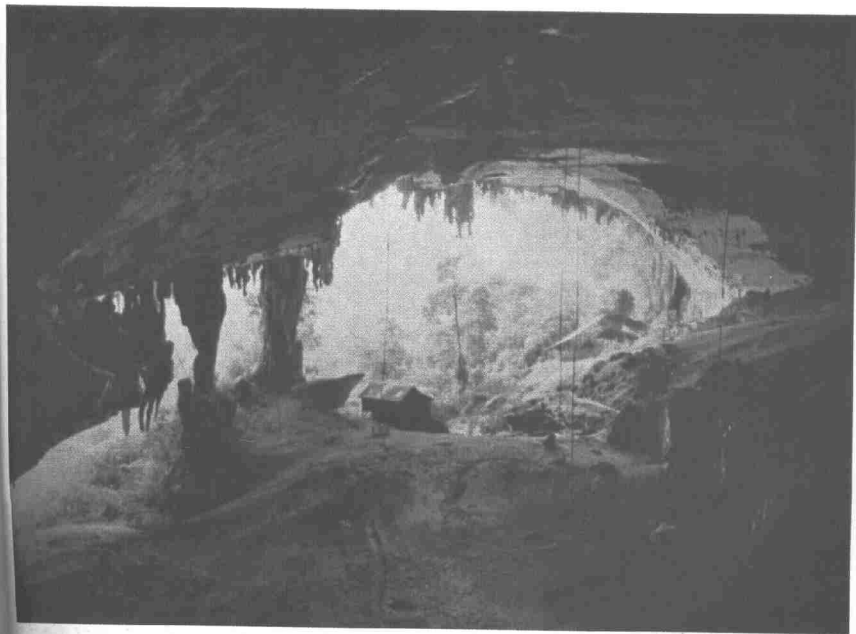
typical day's work entails scurrying up 60 meters on a slender bamboo pole, scraping nests off rock ceilings, and keeping balance where any fall could be fatal.

Nevertheless, nest collectors guard their trade jealously and pass their inherited territory only to their sons. The hundreds of chambers, chimneys, and subcaves where the swiftlets nest are divided into sectors, each privately owned. Some yield but a few hundred nests, others many thousands. The "cave-owners" live in nearby villages or longhouses and during birds' nest season—two or three times a year—they may bring the entire family along to help gather up the riches.

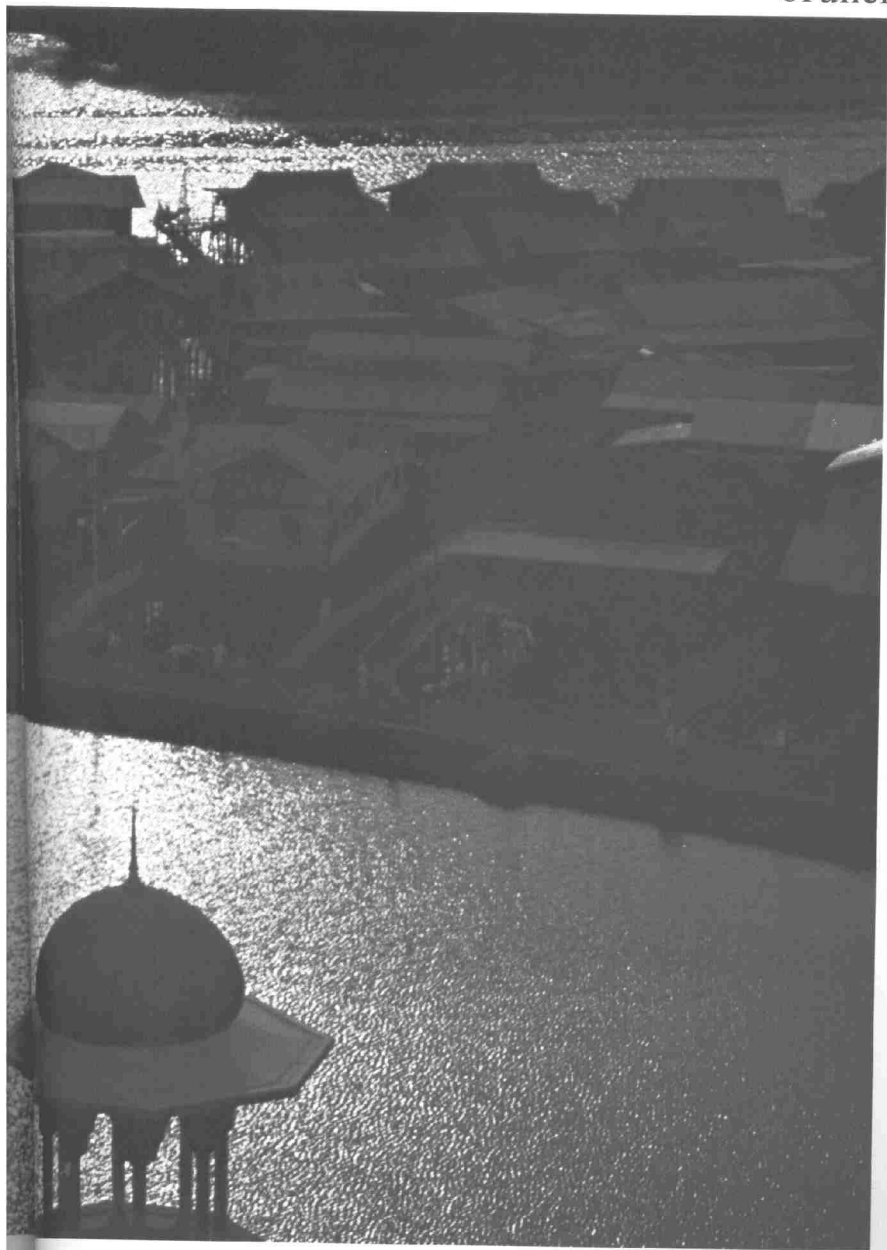
The Niah Caves are not exactly around the corner. Travelers must fly or sail to Miri, Sarawak's oil town near the Brunei border; drive for two

hours to Batu Niah where there is a hotel; hop on a longboat for forty-five minutes to Pangkalan Loban and there take an hour's plank-walk to the awesome western caverns of the Great Cave, which excavators named "Hell." The walk, which weaves through noisy, dense, triple-canopied jungle, is a journey *extraordinaire*. Within the cave the floor is covered with guano—oily, stinking, excellent fertilizer. The ancient "writing on the wall" is hidden in the dark and people who wish to see it must make prior arrangements with either the Sarawak or the Brunei Museum. Yet there is no other place where one can watch five million bats and swiftlets pour out of the darkness; suffer with laborers who lug 100 kilos of guano on their back; and stand on the same spot that a *Homo sapiens* stood 40,000 years ago. Borneo is still Borneo.

The Niah Caves were inhabited 40,000 years ago and contain some of the most impressive remains of early man. Today thousands of swifts and bats are their inhabitants.







southeast asia's oil sultanate

Brunei is a goldleaf, dome-dominated realm—Islamic and gentle. Though locked into the geography of Sabah and Sarawak like a strong link in a chain, Brunei remains an autonomous sultanate, connected to its neighbor through history, culture and faith, yet separated by a long tradition of independent rule. Both Malaysia and Brunei share the classical fineries of their Malay heritage. They speak a common national language and hark back to a common race. Yet Brunei today has a singular distinction: the Sultan rules. Gold minarets command the national skyline. Arabic script tops the signboards on Chinese shop houses. The muezzin's lofty call to prayer is the municipal timepiece, awakening **Bandar Seri Begawan**, Brunei's capital city, at dawn and lulling it back to sleep in the evening.

A certain smugness surrounds Brunei, a combination of wealth, dignity, leisure and wistfulness.

The government provides an extensive pension scheme for the needy. Nobody pays income tax. Coffee shops and barber shops are packed with morning customers until well after ten.

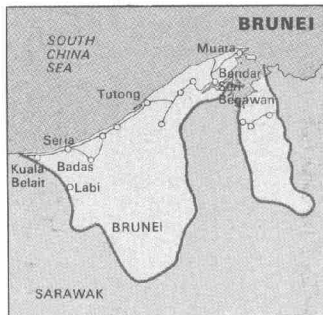
Brunei has its own color television station and TVs sell like hot cakes. The government provides longhouses with a TV and generator, treating jungledwellers to mind-boggling encounters with the 20th century. After Queen Elizabeth's 1972 visit was telecast, the country bubbled with excitement. Brunei is a tiny nation of 5,765 square km, split in two by the Limbang river basin of Sarawak. It is also a British Protectorate where the portrait of the Sultan hangs side by side with that of the Queen of England. "The Rajah Brookes were just about to gobble up Brunei entirely," said one candid resident, "until the British discovered oil."

Gold minaret glistens above the famous water village which is part of Brunei's capital city (previous pages).

The friendly relations that were struck up between the Empire and the Sultanate when oil was found in Brunei have continued to this day.

Aside from the modern touch—the muezzin taking the lift to the minaret—**Omar Ali Saifuddin Mosque** conjures up all the stark and somber elegance that surrounds Muslim worship. Its interior hues are as subdued as a forest in autumn, and the silence therein is powerful enough to arch the dome. The mosque's construction demanded a world-wide search. The land was reclaimed from the Brunei River, the granite was imported from Hong Kong, the bronze Koranic inscriptions sent from England, the marble and masons from Italy. Above all, the mosque reflects the wishes of its namesake who designed it. Sultan Sir Omar Ali Saifuddin, the ruler who guided Brunei to its modern age and then abdicated in

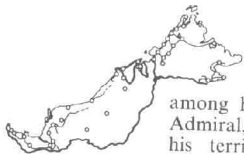
Oil rich Brunei is an intriguing amalgam of the traditional and the modern.



The Churchill Museum houses one of the best collections of Churchill memorabilia.

1968 in favor of his son, desired that his country's material wealth contribute to the strengthening of its faith. In this wish, he is preceded by twenty-seven sultans.

Brunei entered the ancient world in A.D. 600 but it was not until the illustrious reign of Bolkiaah, fifth sultan of Brunei, that the Brunei Malays could wander over the entire island of Borneo and the southern Philippines beyond without leaving their land. That was in the 15th century when Sultan Bolkiaah, known



among his people as "The Singing Admiral," was fond of journeying to his territories and scattering one speck of pepper at every place he visited until he had used up a full gallon. When Magellan's fleet sailed past the Brunei River after it had lost its captain in a battle at Cebu in the Philippines, great note was taken of the sultan's palace—his elephants, horses and unusual cannons.

The first plank at **Kampung Ayer**, Brunei's famous water village, was probably nailed into place in the middle of the 16th century by fugitives escaping from Spanish warships downriver. Inadvertently, they had hit upon an ideal spot: a sharp bend in the river with hills rising on either side. With these foundations laid and with international commerce thriving, Brunei settled down to a long period of prosperity as a pirate lair. Flotillas

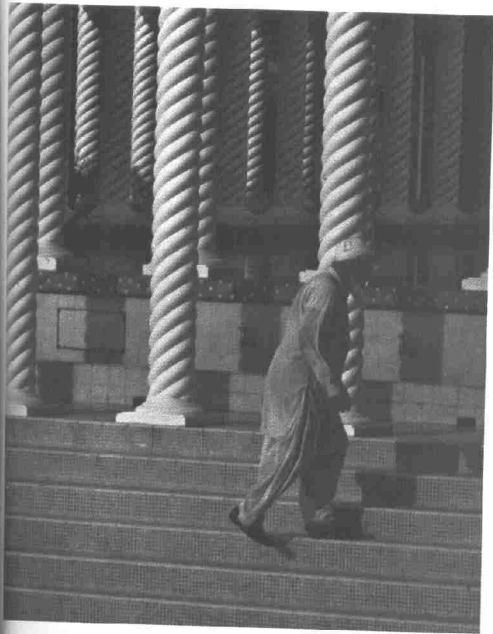
of longboats, forty armed men to each, would swoop down on unexpecting traders who dared to linger at the mouth of the river. The pirates would return with copra, nutmeg and pepper, and occasionally a prisoner, if she was pretty. All went well until James Brooke and Admiral Sir Henry Keppel wiped out the pirates from the Borneo coast. Then Brunei began to decline, ceding its territory north and south, until the 1929 oil strike when the economy took a sharp upward turn. It has not looked back since.

* * *

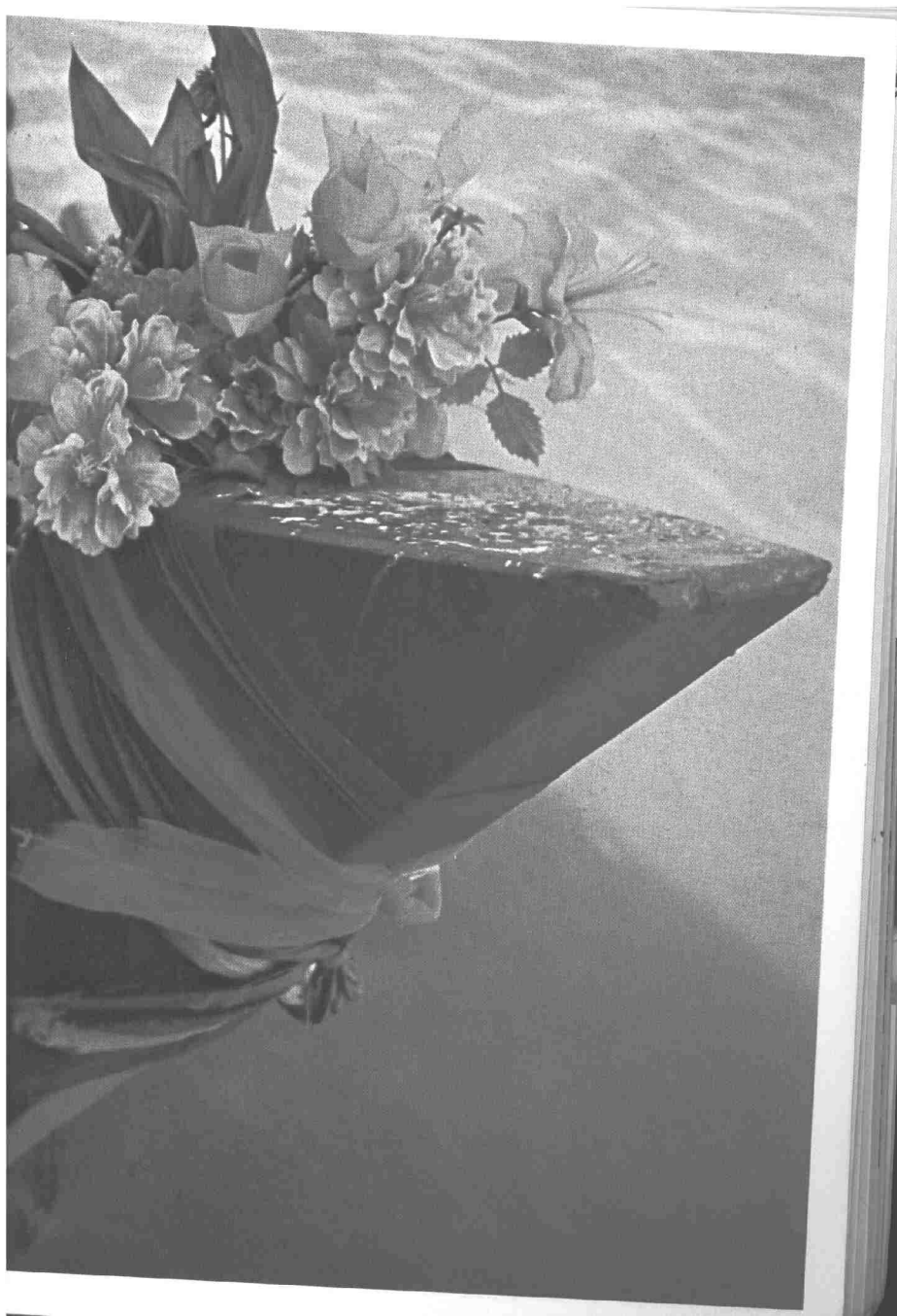
In **Seria**, the oil city in the southwest, on a highway, everyone seems to smoke imported cigarettes, drink good whisky and speak with a Texan accent, or with a British Texan accent. English and Dutch engineers help hold up the umbrella of Shell Company that safeguards Brunei's economy, while American experts at offshore drilling rigs disappear for two weeks at a stretch.

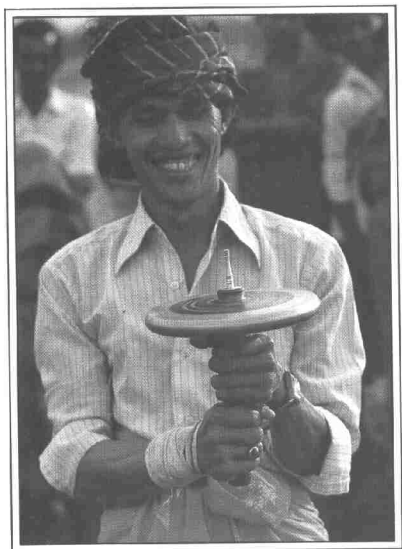
Yet because Brunei is so internationally unpretentious it makes a good place to visit. Three miles outside Bandar Seri Begawan, where the Sultan's palace once caught the eye of Magellan's men there now stands the sparkling new and rich **Brunei Museum**. Here are to be seen, if you can focus your attention on the collections rather than on the magnificent vista of the Brunei River, ornate bronzes, Chinese porcelains, dioramas of natural life and artifacts of the tribes which populate not only Brunei, but all Borneo. In the center of Bandar Seri Begawan is the **Churchill Museum** which is devoted to Churchill's life and times and which houses a collection of his memorabilia. The only reason for this museum is that Sultan Sir Omar Ali Saifuddin is a great admirer of "Winnie." Next to this museum is the **Aquarium** which, although small, is unusually absorbing simply because one attendant took pains to display each local fish individually and then write about it.

The majestic Omar Ali Saifuddin Mosque, in Bandar Seri Begawan.



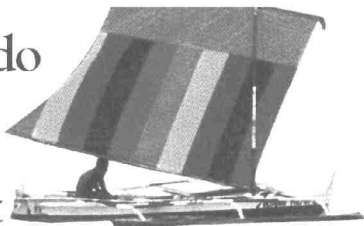






guide
in
brief

With so much to see and do
in the Philippines,
it will be a wonder
if you have any time left
for the rest of Asia.

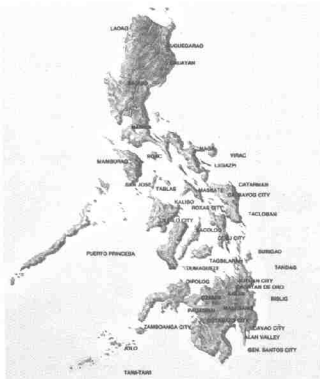


The 7,107-some-odd islands that compose the Philippines are unique in their flora and fauna.

Here, you'll find the world's smallest deer and monkey, over 900 species of orchids, and the most expansive smiles in Asia.

Blessed by nature, the Philippines are also blessed by human nature. There's something for everyone — be he or she a beach-lover, back-packer, inveterate shopper, unabashed sightseer.

The following captions to the accompanying photographs will elucidate what we mean.



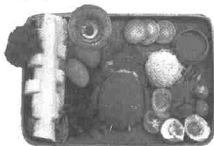
Nowhere in Asia will you find a more vibrant night-life than what Manila has to offer.

Cabarets, discos, elaborate floorshows, intimate pubs — the city has it all.

Need anything be said? Our smiles will inflate your ego wherever you go.



Filipino cuisine is a cultural delight. A subtle blend of Spanish, Chinese, and Malay influences, it's a potpourri to tantalize every palate.



Fiestas abound the year around. One would almost think that the provinces thrive on them.

Yes, we have casinos. The table stakes are high, the atmosphere low-keyed.

Everything's right

The "ubiquitous" jeepney is something of a cliché. But the fact remains that this gaudy mode of transportation is indispensable for most of the populace.



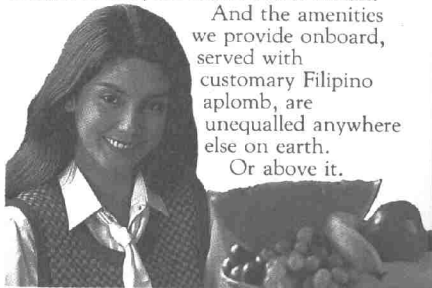
The Philippines offer the last great shopping bargains in Asia. Take a long, long look and wish you were here.

Everything's right here on Philippine Airlines, too.

We were Asia's first airline, and we fly in the forefront to this day — to America, Australia, Europe, the Middle East, and, of course, the entire Asian circuit.

And the amenities we provide onboard, served with customary Filipino aplomb, are unequalled anywhere else on earth.

Or above it.



Philippine Airlines
Asia's first airline.



Paradise found! Pristine beaches, crystalline waters, and a myriad of wondrous undersea life.

Manila has more five-star hotels than any other metropolis in Asia. Each has garnered a world class status, and the rates are remarkably affordable.



A wonder of the world, indeed! The Banaue rice terraces date back thousands of years and cover 100 square miles in area.



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Traveling to Malaysia

By air

Few first sights in Malaysia can compete with the elegant M\$52 million international airport that greets air passengers at Kuala Lumpur. Its bold design came as such a novelty to the sleepy landscape of Subang, 22 km from the city center, that several myopic citizens ran into trouble. "The first victim," reported a newspaper several days after the official opening in 1965, "was an airport porter who walked right into a glass pane at the north arrival hall. He injured his nose but did not break the pane which is quite strong and thick."

Kuala Lumpur's glassy airport serves about 20 international airlines linking key cities of the world to Malaysia and providing the country with more than 90 percent of her visitors. Nearest international connections are with Singapore, a pleasant 35-minute flight away, and with Bangkok, an hour and 20 minutes away. Malaysia's capital is also accessible by air from Sabah and Sarawak or Penang Island to the north. Departing passengers are advised to keep some Malaysian dollars handy for the airport tax — at present, M\$2 for domestic flights, M\$4 for flights to Singapore and Brunei and M\$7 for international flights. Request on-the-spot information at the counter just below the airport's sculpturesque world time clock. The 45-minute ride into town by taxi costs around M\$15.

By Sea

Sailors first glimpse Malaysia from bustling Port Klang (previously called Port Swettenham), 42 km west of Kuala Lumpur or from the historic port of Penang, an ancient sanctuary for those once escaping the wrath of mainland lords. A number of cargo-cum-passenger ships and cruise liners call regularly at one or both ports.

By Land

Train tracks have a legacy in Malaysian lore. An inscription along the railway 5 km from Telok Anson reads: "There is buried here a white elephant who in defense of his herd charged and derailed a train on the 17th day of September 1894." Though elephants have ceased being so chivalrous, smooth tracks still cut through the jungles roamed by wildlife, making train travel a chance to peek into the forested hinterland without having to slow down.

Bangkok to Kuala Lumpur is a two-day train ride costing M\$116.80 first class and M\$57.50 second class. The Malayan Railway links Singapore to Kuala Lumpur every morning on the Magic Arrow and every evening on the Southern Cross Express. Rates range from M\$42.30 for first class (beds, berths and air-conditioning entail extra charges) down to M\$19.90 for an ordinary seat. The Rapid Train leaves Singapore at 8 a.m. and arrives in Kuala Lumpur at 2:30 p.m. The fare all the way to Penang in air-conditioned comfort is M\$45.

The more casual traveler can pick up a "shared" taxi at Johore Bahru, just across the causeway from Singapore, and settle down to a six-hour drive to Kuala Lumpur, without spending more than M\$20. The secret of the bargain is that four or five passengers share one taxi. Bus fares are more reasonable on the air-conditioned express to Kuala Lumpur departing Singapore daily from the New Bridge Road fringe car park at 9 a.m. for the eight-hour ride. They also do a service up the East Coast. For booking, tel: 2216603. Many bus services (some illegal) from Beach Road, Singapore, serving the West Coast, e.g. Singapore to Penang is M\$30.

Travel Advisories

Visa Regulations

Valid passports and a health certificate of vaccination against yellow fever are required, if traveling from an infected area. Citizens of countries enjoying diplomatic relations with Malaysia do not need a visa for a 14-day stay, which may be extended up to a three months' visit. However, this courtesy does not apply to citizens of communist countries, Israel, or South Africa, who must have visas to enter Malaysia. An extension of a visitor's pass can be obtained at the Immigration Department, Jalan Pantai Baharu, Kuala Lumpur (tel: 03-578155) open weekdays from 8:15 a.m. to 12:45 p.m. and from 2 p.m. to 4:15 p.m. except Fridays when the office is closed from 12 noon to 2:30 p.m. On Saturdays it's open from 8 a.m. to 12:45 p.m. A visitor's pass generally comes up for renewal every two weeks.

To expedite formalities, dress respectably and bring along airline tickets and money as proof of solvency.

Health Precautions

Travelers have few worries in a country the health standards of which are ranked among the highest in Asia. Water is generally safe for drinking, but it is safest to drink boiled water, tea, coffee, or bottled beverages. Coffee shops in small towns sell fresh fruits and bottled drinks. Fresh hot food, cooked on the spot, has made *nasi goreng* (fried rice) and *mee goreng* (fried noodles) the local equivalents of hot dogs and meat pie.

Customs

Import duties seldom affect the average traveler, who may bring in 250 grams of tobacco or cigars, or 200 cigarettes and one quart bottle of liquor duty free. Used portable articles are normally exempted from import tax. Narcotics, pornography, daggers, and walkie-talkies are strictly prohibited; firearms are subject to licensing. (See appendix for a list of customs offices).

The Malaysian dollar is a sound currency which has been in circulation since 1957, and is now valued at around US\$0.43. Singapore and Brunei dollars are of somewhat greater value, and no longer circulate freely in Malaysia. The importation of travelers checks and letters of credit is unlimited. Visitors are allowed to bring in or take out with them any amount of Malaysian currency. It is much easier to take out cash if it has been declared upon arrival. Malaysians call their dollar the *ringgit*.

Banks offer better rates, and so do money changers with offices in downtown shop houses. If you are not in a rush, avoid changing money in the arcades of luxury hotels, since many of these shops levy a service charge by offering lower exchange rates: usually two to four percent. Deal directly with a bank or a licensed money changer and have plenty of local currency on hand when traveling to small towns and in rural areas.

Traveler's Checks and Credit Cards

In the more flashy, chic quarters of the larger towns — in department stores, shops, first-class restaurants and hotels — traveler's checks change hands easily. Bring your passport along when cashing traveler's checks: a formality which must be observed before heading off the beaten track where such checks are unacceptable. Established credit cards — Diner's Club, American Express, Carte Blanche — are honored in the major cities. Several hotel chains maintain their own credit card system. But when traveling through Malaysia, nothing could be better than the coin of the realm.

Getting Acquainted

Government and Economy

Malaysia is the official name of the former British colony of Malaya.

Independent since 1957, the Malaysian government is regulated by the Parliament comprising the Yang di-Pertuan Agong (King or Supreme Sovereign) and two Houses: the House of Representatives and the Senate. The executive functions of the government are carried out by the Cabinet, led by Datuk Seri Mahathir Mohamad who became Prime Minister in 1981.

The population of approximately 14.7 million comprises Malays (54 percent), Chinese (35 percent), and Indians and Pakistanis (10 percent), spread over 13 states. The capital city of Kuala Lumpur has approximately one million people.

Tin and rubber are the major export items, supplying 35 percent and 40 percent of the world's total output, respectively. Its major trading partners are Japan and the United States. In 1980 the gross national product was M\$45.59 billion while income per capita was M\$3,570.

Climate

A tropical sun and clouds laden with the makings of a sudden downpour compete for the skies of Malaysia, with the odds on the sun. Malaysia's seasons follow the monsoon winds, which splash rains inland from September to December on the West Coast of Peninsular Malaysia, only to be overtaken by sunshine within the hour. Rains arrive later on the East Coast of Peninsular Malaysia and in Sabah and Sarawak, where umbrellas sell well from October to February. Malaysia's weather, however, is generally warm, humid, and sunny all the year round, with temperatures wavering between 20° to 30°C. The highlands, both during the day and at night, and the lowlands in the evening are comfortably cooler, which may explain why Malaysia's nightlife is liveliest outdoors.

Clothing

Light, cool, comfortable clothes, for both men and women, fare well in Malaysia where informal styles prevail throughout the year. Batik cotton fashions, on sale everywhere, are an easy "in" to local color. Well-worn airy shoes or sandals are a favor to the feet. For some formal occasions, men may be requested to dine in suits and ties; but sport shirts are otherwise the ubiquitous Malaysian style for anything from cocktails to floor shows. Ladies are at liberty to take any hint from Vogue's summer pages, though when visiting mosques and outlying Malay villages, women should dress modestly. Shorts, tiny T-shirts and miniskirts have yet to win acceptance in Asian towns and villages.

Packing Your Bag

Several everyday items are useful during trips through the Malaysian countryside. If you do not fancy a shave at the local barber shop, take along a safety razor, because you cannot rely on having an electrical outlet. The quality of toilets and washrooms varies widely, making it advisable to carry a small packet of tissues and some sort of ingenious instant freshener, like Wash 'n' Dry. In the highlands during the evening (and even during the day in the cool season) temperatures drop to sweater weather, so pack handy warm clothing. A waxed-paper umbrella, made locally and selling for a couple of Malaysian dollars at the nearest sundry shop house, is a practical buy as a shield against the showers or as a sun shade. Inexpensive straw hats are a perpetual solution to keeping cool in the tropics, though Malaysians seldom wear them.

Time Conversion

Malaysia standard time is eight hours ahead of Greenwich Mean Time. When it is 12 noon in Malaysia it is ...

4 a.m. in London

5 a.m. in Paris, Rome, Madrid and Bonn

7 a.m. in Athens, Cairo and Johannesburg

8 a.m. in Moscow

9:30 a.m. in Bombay
11 a.m. in Bangkok and Jakarta
12 noon in Singapore
1 p.m. in Tokyo
2 p.m. in Sydney
6 p.m. (previous day) in Hawaii
8 p.m. (previous day) in San Francisco and Vancouver
11 p.m. (previous day) in New York and Montreal

Etiquette

The customs, religions and languages of many nations converge in Malaysia. With everyday etiquette relaxed and straight-forward, visitors behaving courteously stand little chance of unintentionally giving offense. Some ceremonies and special occasions, however, recall inherited traditions where a familiarity with certain customs sets everyone at ease.

Temples and Mosques Removing one's shoes before entering a mosque or an Indian temple has been an unspoken tradition for centuries. Within, devotees do not smoke, though neither of these customs generally apply to Chinese temples where more informal styles prevail. Visitors are most welcome to look around at their leisure and are invited to stay during religious rituals. While people pray, it is understood that those not participating in the service will quietly stand aside. A polite gesture would be to ask permission before taking photographs; the request is seldom, if ever, refused. Moderate clothing, rather than brief skirts or shorts, is appropriate for a visit. Most temples and mosques have a donation box for funds to help maintain the building. Contributing a few coins before leaving is customary.

Private Homes The hospitality of a Malaysian friend is a good feeling. In private homes, visitors are received as honored guests. Without hesitating, the hostess prepares some drinks. Wives pride themselves in serving good food whenever a guest arrives, and when returning the visit they bring a small gift of fruit or cakes, as is the custom. Though not everything served is expected to be eaten, nothing pleases a hostess more than knowing her guests enjoy her cooking. All Malays, Indians and Chinese remove their shoes at the door to keep the house free from dust outside. No host would insist his visitors do so, but it is the polite way to enter a home.

Sharing A Meal As every taste has its flavor, every food has its style. Chinese cooking eaten with chopsticks; most Malay and Indian cooking with the right hand (never the left). However, forks and spoons are gradually becoming more commonly used, especially in restaurants.

Asian meals are usually served in large bowls placed in the center of the table, with each diner helping himself to a little from each bowl. Piling up your plate with food is not only impolite but unwise. With more dishes to follow, by taking a little you can always help yourself to more. Local people are inwardly pleased if you join them in

their styles of dining, for a simple reason: they know it tastes better that way.

Weddings A gift of money — M\$10 would be an acceptable sum — is customary at weddings of all races. The gift is generally used as a contribution to the cost of the wedding banquet, often a lavish affair with many guests invited. The money should be placed inside an envelope with your name written on the back, and given to the bride or groom. Chinese present gifts of money in an *ang pow*, a small red envelope obtained at banks or stationers. Traditionally an even number of notes or coins is considered lucky.

Tippling Smiles follow tips everywhere and Malaysia is no exception. The magic number is 10 percent. Leading hotels are kind enough to do the tipping for you by adding a 10 percent service charge to every bill; a second time around is not necessary though neither is it refused. Bellboys and porters receive from 50 cents to \$2 (Malaysia currency) depending upon the complexity of the errand. Yet, beyond the international thoroughfares, tipping is exceptional. In small local restaurants, food stalls and taxis, the bill includes the service, and with thank you (*terima kaseh* in Malay), simply a smile will do.

Electricity

Do not expect to plug an American electric razor into the communal circuit of a clapboard coconut palm-shaded *kampung*. Malaysian current is 220 volts, 50 cycles, though most first-class hotels can supply an adaptor for 110-volt, 60-cycle appliances.

Finding Your Tongue

In Kuala Lumpur, chances are that the taxi-cab driver knows a smattering of four languages. Among Malaysia's urban population, people shift tongues with neighborhoods. Malay is the national language, used officially in all government departments. English is widely spoken by people from all walks of life, along with the clicking sounds of Tamil, brought from South India, and a half dozen Chinese dialects — Cantonese and Hokkien predominating in the towns. A traveler can step into the most unlikely small town coffee shop and encounter a shopkeeper with a Senior Cambridge Certificate. Almost every village, however small, harbors a linguist. One way to find out who he or she is is to enter the nearest snack bar, order a soft drink and wait for the word to get around that a *turis* or *tamu* (guest) is in town. Eventually, the local translator will appear.

Weights and Measures

Malaysia is fast converting from the English Standard System to the metric system, though it will be some time before it is complete. The road system is elaborate with distances chiseled into or painted onto stone. A brief conversion table is shown below.

1 meter approximates 39.37 inches

1 km (kilometer) approximates 0.62 miles
1 liter approximates 0.26 gallons
1 kg (kilogram) approximates 2.2 pounds

Tourist Information

Banking

The nation-wide network of 38 commercial banks (21 local and 17 foreign) has all the facilities to cope with the simple as well as the complex transactions. The various banks operate a total of 546 offices throughout the country and have connections with the major financial centers of the world. Banking hours are Monday through Friday, 10 a.m. to 3 p.m., and on Saturday 9:30 to 11:30 a.m.

Business Hours

In an Islamic nation with a British colonial history, weekly holidays vary. In the former Federated States which were united under the British — Selangor, Malacca, Penang, Perak, Pahang and Negri Sembilan — there is a half-day holiday on Saturday and a full-day holiday on Sunday. The former Unfederated States, which remained semi-autonomous under British rule — Johore, Kedah, Perlis, Trengganu, and Kelantan — retain the traditional half-day holiday on Thursday and full-day holiday on Friday. Saturday and Sunday are treated as weekdays.

In all government institutions, the workday begins at 8:15 a.m. and ends at 4:15 p.m., with time off on Fridays from 12 noon to 2:30 p.m. for communal Jumaat prayers at the mosques. Most private business stick to the nine-to-five routine. Shops start to close at 6 p.m. Large department stores, like Weld Supermarket and Metrojaya Department Store in Kuala Lumpur, keep their cash registers ringing past 9 p.m.

Public Holidays in 1983

January 1 (Saturday) New Year's Day
February 13, 14 (Sunday and Monday) Chinese New Year (except Kelantan and Trengganu — on February 13 only)
May 1 (Saturday) Labour Day
May 27 (Friday) Vesak Day (except Sabah)
June 1 (Wednesday) Birthday of the Yang di-Pertuan Agong (King)
July 12, 13 (Tuesday and Wednesday) Hari Raya Puasa
August 31 (Wednesday) National Day
September 17 (Saturday) Hari Raya Haji
November 4 (Friday) Deepavali (except for Sabah and Sarawak)
December 17 (Saturday) Prophet Muhammad's Birthday
December 25 (Sunday) Christmas Day

Embassies and Consular Services

Most Asian and large Western nations maintain consulates and embassies in Kuala Lumpur. They are able to assist nationals of their countries in case of emergency or common requests.

See appendix for full listing.

The Tourist Development Corporation (TDC) offices in the various regions of Malaysia have a wealth of useful information for the tourist. Friendly receptionists are on hand to answer inquiries on places of tourist interest, transport facilities, accommodation and any other general information of interest to visitors. The TDC publications are also available at these offices. Inquiries may also be made via the telephone at these regional offices or if you are overseas, at the TDC's overseas information centers.

The TDC has overseas offices in Melbourne and Sydney in Australia; New York; San Francisco and Los Angeles in the United States; Tokyo; Bangkok; Singapore; Hong Kong; and Kuwait.

Refer to this book's appendix for a listing of addresses and telephone numbers.

Photography

Professionals working in the tropics have one big suggestion for good results in color: beware of the heat. Hot sun causes changes in the chemical emulsions of the film, which may detract from natural color. Whenever possible, store camera and film in a cool place, if not in an air-conditioned room, at least in the shade. Experienced photographers also recommend buying film in the cities rather than the countryside where proper storage facilities for color films are not guaranteed.

Humidity can be another tropical handicap, particularly with jungle photography. The solution here is to carry equipment and film in a closed camera bag that contains Silica Gel, a chemical that absorbs the moisture. For subtle tones and rich color, the best times to photograph are before 10:30 a.m. or after 3 p.m. Few films take noon-time sunlight well. Pictures often lose subtle gradations in color because the light is too strong. In the early morning or late afternoon, sidelights give softer contrasts and deeper color density. You perspire less as well.

Most Malaysians are more than amiable about having their pictures taken. It usually takes a gang of schoolchildren less than 15 seconds before they begin merrily jabbing peace signs in front of your 20 mm lens. Mosques and temples are rightly more reserved about photographers posing their subjects in front of altars. It is polite to always ask permission when photographing within a place of worship, and to keep a respectful distance during religious ceremonies.

Film processing in Kuala Lumpur is offered anywhere. Komal, in Petaling Jaya, develops Kodak colorfilm only. Black and white is normally a 24-hour service. Kodakcolor and Ektachrome take one or two weeks, Kodakchrome one week.

Transportation

Domestic Air Travel

Since Malaysian Airline System (MAS) first took to the skies in 1972 as the national flag carrier, it has come a long way in providing services not only to international cities but also between cities within Malaysia. Its fleet flies from Kuala Lumpur to Alor Star, Penang, Kota Bharu, Kuala Trengganu, Kuantan, Ipoh, Malacca, Johore Bahru, Kota Kinabalu, Kuching and vice-versa. In Sabah and Sarawak, internal air transport is just as efficient and regular too. Daily scheduled return flights connect towns like Kota Kinabalu with Labuan, Lahad Datu, Sandakan, Tawau, Bintulu, Kuching, Miri, Semporna, Tomangong, Pamol, Kudat, Keningau, Ranau, Long Semadoh, Lawas, Limbang, Bario, Long Seridan, Marudi, Mukah Sibul, Kapit, Belaga, Simanggang, Bakalan, Long Sukang and Long Lellang. Special economy tourist flights are also available from Kuala Lumpur to Penang, Kota Kinabalu, Kuching, Johore Bahru and Kota Bharu; and from these towns back to Kuala Lumpur.

A visitor must bear in mind, however, that visit passes issued for entry into the Malay Peninsula do not automatically entitle the holder entry into Sabah and/or Sarawak. A different pass must be obtained before setting out.

For those who'd rather fly on their own and so enjoy the privacy of having the craft all to one's self and one's traveling partners, airplanes or helicopters may be hired from air charter companies. The cost is calculated by the hour and the rate ranges from M\$160 for a 3-seater to M\$2,650 for a 10-passenger Super King Air. Contact Royal Selangor Flying Club (tel. 209207) or the Malaysia Air Charter (tel. 769822). If you are in Sabah, contact the Sabah Flying Club (tel. KK52975) or the Penerbangan Sabah (tel. KK51326). These offer aircraft seven days a week and bookings can usually be accepted at short notices.

Railway

The main railway line runs right from Singapore in the south to Thailand in the north, passing through the entire Malay Peninsula with stations at major principal cities and towns such as Johore Bahru, Kuala Lumpur, Gemas, Segamat, Ipoh and Butterworth. Another line branches off from this main one at Gemas to run northeast to Tumpat on the east coast. On these two lines, more than a dozen trains run throughout the day and into the night. Passengers can choose from air-conditioned first-class coaches in the day trains and first-class cabins with single or double berths in the night trains. For the casual traveler, sleeping berths are available in the second-class and sleeperettes in the third-class coaches.

The Malayan Railway — or Keretapi Tanah Melayu, as it is called — is known for its punctuality. Many tourists have touted it as one of the few in Asia which keeps to published times of arrivals and departures. It is one of the best operated

meter-gauge railway systems in the world.

Tickets can be obtained from the nearest station (see the appendix for a listing of stations and their telephone numbers). First and second-class tickets may be purchased 30 days in advance, third-class tickets 10 days in advance. Passengers holding tickets for distances over 200 kilometers are allowed to "break journey" at any immediate station — one day for every 200 kilometers or part thereof, in addition to time occupied by the journey. Passengers taking advantage of this scheme must remember to have their tickets endorsed by the station master at the alighting station immediately upon arrival. Fares are reasonably cheap, ranging from M\$90.50 for a first-class trip from Butterworth to Johore Bahru via Kuala Lumpur, to M\$26.70 for a third-class ticket. Inquire at the nearest station for other connections.

In addition to these connections, the Malayan Railway operates special excursion rail services to enable visitors to see the more popular holiday sites. A special service runs every Sunday from Kuala Lumpur to the seaside resort of Port Dickson. The coach leaves Kuala Lumpur at 7:40 a.m. and arrives at Port Dickson after two hours, returning to Kuala Lumpur at 5:20 p.m.

For those who would like to recapture nostalgic memories of steam locomotives (in air-conditioned comfort), the Malayan Railway has such services from Kuala Lumpur to the historic Batu Caves (M\$450) or Port Kelang (M\$500). The not-so-nostalgic can see the Batu Caves by rail-car services. In addition, a funicular railway service runs from the foot of Penang Hill to the top.

Rent-a-car

You'd rather drive yourself around? You may, if you possess a valid international driving licence (a foreign licence has to be appropriately endorsed by the Ministry of Road Transport). You must be at least 23 years old but not more than 60.

Most of the international rent-a-car agencies have offices here. From them, you can pick up your favorite — be it the small and economical Honda Civic or the posh Mercedes Benz 280s. Rental cost is calculated on a per-day or per-week basis; it ranges from M\$34 to M\$165 per day and from M\$204 to M\$900 per week. Collection and delivery service is usually free if within city limits. Some firms levy a repositioning charge if you wish to "rent it here, leave it there." Motorcycles can also be rented from some of these agencies.

(Refer to the appendix for addresses and telephone numbers of agencies).

Motoring Advisories

Malaysia's road system is extensive and has some of the finest metal-surfaced rubberized highways in Southeast Asia, covering a total distance of 29,934 km. The main trunk road in West Malaysia runs northwards from Singapore to the Thai border. The East-West Highway is a recently completed project which connects Butterworth in Penang to Kota Bharu in Kelantan. It will serve as part of the Asian Highway System linking Thailand and Malaysia.

During the monsoon season from December to January, heavy rains may make road travel between Kuala Trengganu and Kota Bahru in the northeast difficult.

The road network in East Malaysia (Sabah and Sarawak) covers some 4,320 km of metal-surfaced roads. These roads are found mostly along the coastline and connect the major towns. In Sarawak, the major trunk road connection is between Kuching and Sibul. However, these two states tend to depend on air services rather than road transport, owing to the rugged terrain.

All traffic moves on the left-hand side of the road. Drivers and front seat passengers are also required by law to wear safety belts. A fine will be imposed on the driver if this rule is not followed.

Gas and service stations operate throughout Malaysia; a number of garages provide good services and repairs for most brands of cars.

The Automobile Association of Malaysia (AAM) is the national motoring organization of Malaysia and has offices in most states. Tourists who are members of motoring organizations affiliated to AAM are given free reciprocal membership.

Taxis

Taxis remain one of the more popular and cheap means of transport, especially on a shared basis. You can hail them by the roadside, hire them from authorized taxi stands, or book them by telephone calls. In the latter case, the mileage is calculated from the stand or garage from which the vehicle is hired.

All taxis are fitted with meters which record M\$0.80 (M\$0.70 for non air-conditioned) for the first 1.6 kilometers or part thereof and an additional M\$0.40 (M\$0.30 for non air-conditioned) for every subsequent 0.8 kilometer. If you are traveling over a long distance, you may prefer to pay by the hour: M\$8 (M\$4 or non air-conditioned) for the first hour or part thereof and M\$2 (M\$1 for non air-conditioned) for every additional quarter hour. A surcharge of 50 percent of the metered amount is charged between the hours of 1 and 6 a.m.

Taxis in Sabah are not fixed with meters. Fares are determined by distance — M\$1 for the first 1.6 kilometers or part thereof and M\$0.80 for every subsequent kilometer.

Buses

Most of the principal cities have their own regular scheduled bus services. Inter-state long-distance travel by bus is common, as it is reliable and relatively cheap. The MARA Express has regular services connecting Kuala Lumpur and Singapore in about seven hours for M\$16 (air-conditioned) or M\$12 (non air-conditioned).

A comprehensive list of inter-state bus services is found in the appendix.

Trishaws

If you want to see the city at your own pace, you can still find trishaws, though they are disappear-

ing, at your service. This is the most novel mode of transport recommended for short trips.

Except in Penang, where passengers are seated on a sun-hooded carriage in front of the cyclist or pedaler, a trishaw is a bicycle with a side carriage for the passengers.

Waterways

Traditionally, transport in Malaysia, particularly in the west, was by water. River transport, however, is no longer so important as a means of getting around within the country.

Several ferry services still exist, however. They cater to both passengers and motor vehicles. The most important service operates between Penang Island and Butterworth on the mainland. Over 10 vessels run at intervals which vary between seven minutes and an hour, depending on the time of the day and traffic conditions. Ferry schedules are highly subject to change, as they are monitored to meet demand. The first ferries from both ends invariably depart simultaneously at 6 a.m. and the last ferries leave at 5:30 p.m. The channel is approximately 3.4 kilometers; the ride takes only 12 to 15 minutes and costs 40 cents.

Other services include that from Kuala Perlis to Pulau Langkawi in Malaysia's extreme northwest; from Lumut to Pangkor Island; and a longboat service from Labuan to Menumbuk in Sabah. Longboats have a capacity for 12 passengers and they depart only when there are sufficient passengers. The fare is M\$5 per person.

Accommodation

One may sleep in Malaysia in numerous styles — enamored by the old-fashioned elegance of a colonial lodge; tucked in a sleeping bag in an alpine mountain hut; soothed by Chinese singsong in a tiny hotel in midtown; or serenaded by the crickets outside the family guestroom of a Dayak long-house in Sarawak.

Accommodations leave themselves wide open to personal preference. Most Malaysian small towns do not offer the cosmopolitan facilities of a worldwide hotel chain, but they do provide the personal touch, simplicity, and cleanliness of a wayside inn. Nearly every prominent city in the country has a comfortable Government Rest House offering convenient accommodation to visitors traveling through rural Malaysia. A typical urban street is dotted with small budget hotels renting simply furnished rooms for around M\$10 to M\$20.

The appendix gives a list of the better-known places available for your overnight stay. Hotels combining casino and pleasure resort feature in discussions on Malaysia's future, but as of yet only the Genting Highlands Hotel has the roulette wheels spinning.

Postal

Malaysia has one of the most efficient postal services in Asia. The General Post Office is in Kuala Lumpur. There are post offices in all state capitals and in most cities and towns. Except for the General Post Office, which opens from 8 a.m. to 7 p.m. (Mondays to Saturdays), all post offices are open from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m.

An aerogram to any country costs M\$0.30. Airmail letters to Australia and New Zealand cost M\$0.50 (half-ounce); second-class mails M\$0.20; and postcards M\$0.25. To the Middle East and Europe, it's M\$0.75 for all half-ounce letters by air; M\$0.30 for second-class mails; and M\$0.40 for postcards. For half-ounce letters to Africa and America by air, it's M\$1.05; for second-class airmails, M\$0.35; and for postcards, M\$0.55.

If you have the necessary stamps, you may drop your letters or postcards in any of the post boxes which populate the cities and towns, or hand them to your hotel's receptionist.

Telephones

It costs M\$0.10 to make a call within any one town. On Penang Island, different area codes have been given to each suburban district — Balik Pulau, 898; Batu Ferringhi, 811; Batu Uban, 883; Bayan Lepas, 831; Penang Hill, 892; and Tanjung Bungah, 894.

Trunk dialing service is available for making inter-state calls. The codes are as follows:

Kuala Lumpur	03
Ipoh	05
Malacca	06
Sungei Patani	042
Taiping	044
Seremban	067
Kuantan	075
Kota Bharu	077
Kuala Trengganu	076

You must dial the area code before the required number. You do not need to book calls through the telephone operator. The charge of trunk dialing is M\$0.10 per time block of four seconds to one minute, depending on the distance called.

A reduced rate exists between the hours of 6 p.m. and 7 a.m. Then each M\$0.10 buys twice as much time as during normal hours.

Overseas Calls & Telegrams

The International Exchange enables subscribers to call to countries in Europe, America, Australia and Asia. Dial 108 to book an international call.

If you dial 104, an operator will be ready to take your telegram dictation over the phone. This is a 24-hour service.

Television

Possibly the most cosmopolitan tube this side of Suez, TV Malaysia treats its viewers to programs such as: Royal Banquets at Istana Negara (National Palace), "Charlie's Angels," "Peristiwa," "The Glacial Age of Tokyo," Mandarin and Arabic movies. Ringside entertainers and national football teams reign over prime times with roaring support from their fans. When British Wrestling and the Ed Sullivan Show were screened at the same hour, it stirred up a teeny flutter in newsprint. "Any sportsman who knows his onions," insisted one tenacious viewer, "knows that wrestling is a good show. The old and the young and even Grandma love to hiss at the villain and, if given the chance, would love to stick her hairpin in him."

Radio

Tunes that blare out of Malaysia's street-sides carry wild assortments in sound. A flick of the dial turns to Indonesian pop, Malay rock, Indian classical, Chinese theatrical, John Williams' sci-fi movie scores or the latest hit from Stevie Wonder or the Rolling Stones. Soap operas and programs of daily events happening throughout Malaysia add local color to news. Just listen in.

The Press

True to its reading public, Malaysia churns out daily newspapers in Malay, Chinese, English and Tamil which go to press in key towns from Kota Kinabalu, Sabah, to George Town, Penang. *The New Straits Times*, venerable breadwinner of the English press, arrives every morning crammed with national and world news, occasional eye-opening letters to the editor — and "Peanuts." *The Malay Mail*, less formal and more chatty, entertains its readers by focusing more on local entertainment. Features also appear on newsmaking tourists — like the two young Yorkshiresmen who bicycled 14,000 km in seven months and only once (in India) were suspected of being spies (from Pakistan).

Health and Emergencies

Malaysia is generally free from major infectious diseases and has a good health record. The rapid development of the health services has resulted in an extensive layout of facilities throughout the country. Hospitals, dispensaries and clinics use up-to-date techniques, drugs and equipment.

All state capitals have general hospitals and every town has a district hospital or clinic. Should you require medical aid at any time, your hotel staff will arrange for a doctor to attend to you.

Certain health regulations of Malaysia must be

followed strictly. No cholera or smallpox vaccination is required for travelers entering the country; however, vaccination is required for those arriving from infected areas and yellow fever endemic zones, except for children under one year of age.

In case of emergency, the Police, Ambulance or Fire Brigade may be contacted by dialing 999.

Also, see appendix for German and French embassies which usually can recommend German and French-speaking doctors.

Dining Out

That Malaysia is a gourmet's delight is a threadbare statement. Variety begins not only with the different types of foods available but also with the flexibility in dining environments. Flexibility stretches from eating in a plush restaurant with a formal setting and attentive waiters, to the open-air roadside stalls. During your stay, you should try to eat at these stalls, which are the place to try local specialties in home-cooked styles. The most hygienic of travelers is assured that it is perfectly safe to eat here, even though he may imagine his bowl of noodles being peppered by dust as cars whiz past.

Though the places where one can eat in Malaysia could fill a book, a list of restaurants and their addresses selected at random is included in the appendix for guidance.

The different peoples that comprise Malaysia's multi-racial population provide the country with enough tastes to please every palate. Of the different types of foods available, the most popular and unique are Malay, Chinese and Indian.

Malay food is generally rich and spicy. Although each state has its distinctive style of preparation and taste, ingredients are common to all. White steamed rice (*nasi*) is the staple grain. Ample use is made of seafood, chicken and meat. Coconut forms a basis for many dishes. The juice is a refined drink and the meat is usually grated and squeezed to obtain coconut milk (*santan*). This gives a dish its taste and texture. Perhaps the best known of Malay dishes is *satay*, slivers of barbecued beef or chicken dipped in hot peanut sauce. It is best eaten along with sliced cucumbers, onions and *ketupat* (steamed rice wrapped in coconut leaves).

Nasi padang is the best option for a filling meal of rice with a variety of curry dishes. Dishes are usually arranged on display at the stalls — there will be fish, beef and vegetable curries, among others — and customers select their meal from these. The fingers of the diner's right hand are used to knead rice and spices before tucking them into his mouth. Nowadays a fork and spoon are common, though it is generally agreed that manual eating brings out the food's fullest flavor.

Other traditional dishes worth trying include *tahu goreng*, fried cubes of soya bean curd and fresh sprouts with a spicy peanut dressing; *gado gado*, a salad of delicately steamed or raw vegetables, fried beancurd, potatoes and pieces of rice dress-

ed in thin coconut sauce; *laksa*, another type of spicy soup made of fine noodles and fish stock; *mee rebus*, boiled noodles; and *mee siam*, Thai-style noodles. Of note is the local dessert *gula melaka*, made by topping sago with coconut milk and a syrup made of palm sugar — a guaranteed mouth-watering dish for the sweet tooth.

Chinese foods are found in abundance in Malaysia. You will do well to taste Teochew porridge (*plain congee* with tasty side dishes), Hainanese chicken rice (rice cooked in chicken stock and served with delicately steamed chicken pieces), Hakka *yong tau foo* (beancurd stuffed with meat), Hokkien fried *mee* (noodles fried with pieces of meat and seafood) and Chinese *laksa* (which differs from the Malay version).

Indian cooking is characterized by its complex and generous use of spices. With the exception of restaurants in big hotels which might modify their Indian dishes to cater to unaccustomed palates, Indian food here is just like you would find in India. The crowning dish, most would agree, is the *nasi briyani*, a mixture of saffron and rosewater with rice steamed in milk and meat stock. An artificial yellow coloring gives this dish its other name, "yellow rice." For a greater variety of dishes at one sitting, one should try rice with various vegetables and meats. Alternatively, these dishes can be eaten with *chapati*, an unleavened pancake, or *paratha*, a white flour dough. The Indian *rojak* — a selection of different foods like potatoes, eggs, cuttlefish, prawns and fish cake — is best eaten by dipping into a hot sweet-sour gravy.

At an outdoor eating place, one can usually eat both Chinese and Malay foods at the same meal, as stalls selling different types of food are usually neighbors. But remember not to mix the cutlery from a Muslim stall with that of a Chinese. For example, do not use the fork from the *mee rebus* stall to eat your Chinese *laksa*. Muslims consider pork an unclean food, and never use it in their cooking. Chinese, on the other hand, use it in most of their dishes.

Western, Japanese and Korean foods are served only in restaurants and coffee houses. Those who hanker after a hamburger, hot dog or fried chicken can eat at fast-food places including A&W, Kentucky Fried Chicken, McDonald's, Wendy's and Burger King.

Fruits of the Land

Malaysia is a veritable Garden of Eden of fruits all the year round, but besides the all-time tropical favorites such as golden pineapple, rosy papaya, juicy water-melon and all sorts and sizes of bananas, there's a host of others you may not have seen before. Many are seasonal — all are delicious.

Durian is king of fruits to the Malaysian. Once you get pass the powerful smell, the taste is indescribably delicious. No two durians taste alike but some claim it is best likened to fruity-creamy-caramel.

Jambu Batu is also known as guava. Some people eat only the green outer layer, some only the

fruit, but the wise eat the whole fruit.

Rambutan have marvelous hairy red-tinged-with-gold skins. The flesh is rather like lychees, juicy and sugar-sweet.

Mango comes long or rounded, green or yellow, and the golden flesh inside is soft, sweet and luscious.

Mangosteen is purple on the outside, white, sweet and juicy on the inside. The mangosteen ripens at the same time as the durian and they go well together. The Chinese believe that the "heatiness" of the durian is balanced by the "coolness" of the mangosteen.

Nangka or **Jackfruit** is the huge green fruit which you can often see on trees in the villages covered with sacks or paper bags to protect them from the avid birds. The pulp is juicy and chewy at the same time. It can be eaten both raw and cooked and even the seeds are edible.

Starfruit, yellow and shiny, is a good thirst quencher. Cut it horizontally into star-shaped wedges and dip it in salt.

Pomelo looks and tastes like a sweet, overgrown, slightly dry grapefruit.

Buah Duku. To open a duku, just squeeze gently. The flesh is sweet and with a sour tinge. You'll probably eat dozens of dukus at one time, but watch out for the hard greenish center which can be bitter.

Buah Susu, literally translated "milk fruit", is better known as passion-fruit. There are many different varieties, all equally delicious. Crisp-skinned and orange from Indonesia, purple from Australia and California, but the local ones have soft, velvety yellow skins. The grey seeds inside are sweet and juicy.

Buah Durian Blanda, or **Soursop**, resembles a chunky durian without the smell or the prickles. The soft, creamy flesh inside has just the hint of a sour tang.

Shopping

Where to buy? At modern multi-storey shopping complexes, night markets (*pasar malam*), bazaars, fairs, sidewalk stalls, night-time lantern markets, special Saturday night markets, cottage industries where visitors buy handicrafts direct from the craftsmen, duty-free shops ... the list goes on and on. There is certainly no shortage of places to shop. But it is usually unwise to shop at a place you have been taken by a taxi driver or an unlicensed tourist guide: part of the price you pay for an article could well be the commission for your "guide." It might be safer merely to wander around and choose a shop with window-shopping appeal.

What to buy? Local handicraft items are excel-

lent buys. With the mingling of duties on consumer products such as cameras, watches, lighters, pens and electronic goods, visitors often classify these as good buys too.

Batik: Although batik printing did not originate here — it was first introduced from Indonesia some centuries ago — it has always been popular in Malaysia, especially in the state of Kelantan. Nowadays, a great part of the industry has moved into sophisticated art salons and boutiques in Kuala Lumpur.

Batik printing is an art of fabric printing using wax-resistant dyes. A pattern is drawn on virgin fabric (once invariably cotton but now any material). Molten wax is applied to certain areas of the motif to protect them from contact with the dye. After the first dyeing, the wax is boiled away. The process is repeated according to the number of colors desired. The result is dazzling prints with pure rich colors and attractive designs.

Prices range widely depending on the type of material used, the exclusiveness of the design, and the number of colors used. Apart from the batik material only, made-up garments such as shirts, dresses and shorts are offered for sale. Also popular are those made into items like hats, purses, bags, tablecloths, napkins and bedsheets.

Kain Songket: This is another kind of cloth which is distinctively Malay. It is a very luxurious material — handwoven silk with gold or silver threads. Often made into shawls or evening dresses, it can cost as much as M\$500 a piece if first-class in terms of design, workmanship and material.

Silverwork: This is another cottage industry of Malaysia. Silver is daintily and delicately crafted into items like brooches, pendants, belts, jewelry boxes, bowls and rings by skilled artists. In some place, visitors can watch these artists at their work. Kampong Sireh, a suburb of Kota Bharu, is one such place where it is possible to buy wares at factory prices and to have pieces made to order. There is a large handicraft center in Kuala Lumpur (near the Tourist Information Office in Jalan Tun Perak) where a good range of jewelry and other items can be purchased.

Pewterware: Products made from this 97 percent Straits-refined tin are widely regarded as good buys. Vases, beer mugs, water jugs, trays and coffee/tea sets are some of the items into which the metal can be fashioned. It was in the factory at 231 Jalan Tunku Abdul Rahman, Kuala Lumpur, that *Selangor Pewter* made its debut as the world's finest pewter manufacturer.

Kites and Tops: Kite flying and top spinning have been popular pastimes in Malaysia for as long as one can remember. Hence, here in Malaysia are some of the most skilled makers of kites and tops. Even if you don't care tuppence for any of these two sports, you may purchase them for decorative and ornamental purposes from handicraft centers both on the east coast and in Kuala Lumpur. A large kite, for example, might be a good substitute for that conventional poster in your living room.

Pottery: The most distinctive pottery designs in Malaysia are found in the states of Sabah and Sarawak. Traditional Iban designs adorn the vases

made in Kuching, the heart of the industry. Other utility items are manufactured in Ayer Hitam and Johore Bahru, and may be purchased in Kuala Lumpur.

Antiques: Antiques of Portuguese, Dutch, Chinese, Malay, Southeast Asian and Victorian origin have found their way into Malaysia. However, the export of these antiques is controlled by the Director-General of the National Museum in Kuala Lumpur. "The Antiquities and Treasure Trove Ordinance of 1957" states that "No person shall export any antiquity unless he has obtained a licence to export them from the Director of Muzium Negara provided that the Director, before issuing any export licence, should consult with the Government of any State or Settlement which appears to be interested in such antiquity." The dealer from whose shop you have made the selection will be able to advise you of the procedures.

Remember the golden rules: compare prices before buying, bargain unless in fixed-prices shops, check the article for any damages, and be sure the same item is packed.

Cultural Activities

Museums

On Sundays, the *Muzium Negara* (National Museum) in Kuala Lumpur draws curious crowds like a roving band of medicine men draws onlookers. A stately building adorned with the handiwork of Malaysian artists, the museum during holidays is as popular as a park bench in the shade. Schoolchildren, newly-weds, housewives and uncles drop in to take a second look at their culture — revealed in everything from sultans' head-dresses to moon kites. A salesman and his sweetheart linger before an opulent display of jeweled krisses — the ancient weapon reputed to have magical powers that can stop fires from burning or cure snake bites. Exhibits show off the refineries of Malaysian life and art in such an inviting manner that Muzium Negara is among the liveliest in Asia. Open hours: daily 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Closed on Fridays from 12 noon to 2:30 p.m.

Malaysia has more than one museum. Most intriguing and most talked about is Sarawak's museum, founded in 1888 by the second white Rajah, Sir Charles Brooke, and the great evolutionist, Alfred Russell Wallace. Their foresight resulted in the finest collection of Borneo artistry yet amassed, and what was once "a true flower of the early Brooke imagination" has since blossomed into the pride of Borneo peoples, who visit their museum at the rate of 100,000 a year.

Malacca's museum, set in a centuries-old Dutch house facing the waterfront, recalls Malay sultans and Portuguese, Dutch and English colonialists who made Malacca the great sea town of antiquity. Seremban's small and distinctive museum was transported intact out of a royal Malay palace built in the 19th Century. Within its handcarved

wooden walls glisten the weapons and coat of arms glorifying the state of Negri Sembilan, settled largely by Sumatrans, called "Minangkabau," from across the straits.

The friendly, hilly town of Taiping, 320 km north of Kuala Lumpur, houses the Perak museum, largely dedicated to the ingenuity of jungle tribes who dwell deep in the interior. Alor Star's museum in Kedah displays fragments from the ruins of a Hindu civilization that thrived on nearby plains 1 000 years ago. Gigantic Chinese "birthday tapestries" — gold embroidered on vermilion silk — hang from the halls in Penang's museum. One room retraces the island's history in lithographs of bygone scenes. Another is an old Chinese bridal chamber so luxuriant in detail that modern hotel honeymoon suites pale in comparison.

Malaysia's museums invite you to travel upriver, beyond the coasts, or through time. Most are modest enough to get to know quickly, and all are free to the public.

Art Galleries

Batik painting, an ancient waxing and dyeing craft which is flexible enough for avant-garde themes, united painters in a common medium unique to Malaysia and Indonesia. Of course, today's galleries contain much more: watercolors, oils, pastels, graphics, aluminum reliefs, acrylics and sculpture. In many ways modern Malaysian art is still in its adolescence, drawing freely from Western technique and style, yet still searching for a singularity that can only be its own.

Gallery walls mirror the Malaysian scene, the harmony of traditional life and the bold grasp of the future. Frequent exhibitions, ranging from aboriginal mask carving to abstract expressionism, are patronized by a discerning and dedicated art circle. Its nexus is the National Art Gallery on Jalan Ampang in Kuala Lumpur — an outlet for Malaysia's immediate imagination. The bright, delightful exhibition of children's art held annually at the Muzium Negara should not be missed. While in Penang visit the Yahong Gallery and home of the renowned batik painter, "Teng," on Batu Ferringhi. The Galerie de Mai on Burma Road is also worth a visit.

There are several more art galleries in Kuala Lumpur, Penang and smaller towns. Often they tell more about Malaysia than meets the eye.

Cinemas

Subtle drama never stays on the flashy, action-packed billboards along. Most Asians buy tickets for wild, noisy entertainment and the more for the money the better. A moderate, homemade-looking movie called *Big Boss* jammed the box offices for weeks, with a plot that included bloody fist fights, mass murder, dope smuggling, opium smoking, prostitution, kidnapping and lastly, police sirens. But *Big Boss* had an undeniable hero: the charismatic fighter for justice. Fans flock to see vengeance take its toll in the expert hands of sword fighters, war heroes, gang leaders, tough detectives and sharpshooting cowboys.

"Everybody wants CATLOW murdered, mangled and massacred," wails a long-standing billboard. "His only hope is a Marshall, who wants him hanged."

The Asian cinema, if you can take the gore, is an unabashedly explosive time-consumer. Vampires and dinosaurs shriek across the screen nearly every week. There are, of course, soft moments that linger on young love and filial comedy brought to you by Walt Disney or Run Run Shaw. There are tales of "uncontrollable passion" whose advertisers make more promises than the censors can keep. An odd and unpredictable selection of Western films are always on show, but few can compete with *Big Boss* for big business.

Wayang Kulit (shadow play) is essentially a puppet show staged solo by a man who is also the Master of Ceremonies. He is known as *To' Dalang* — literally, "man of mysteries." His puppets are not quite like that of the Punch and Judy shows; they are only flat pieces of leather cut into figures. During the performance, *To' Dalang* sits behind the stage with a light hanging above him. The stage is a white screen (usually, a piece of white cloth) on which is thrown the shadows of the puppets. A skilled *To' Dalang* can manipulate as many as 30 puppets during one performance while narrating the story and dialogue. Musical accompaniment is provided by a small band of five or six players.

Makyong and Menora are theatrical plays based on the great Hindu epics of *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata*. Originated in Thailand, performances are now common in states like Kedah and Kelantan. While *Makyong* features a team of dancing girls called "Jong Dondang," *Menora* features an all-male cast.

Ronggeng is the most popular Malay dance. A man and woman dance to a rhythmic tune which is commonly a musical evolution of the Malay *pantun* (poetry). How well the dancers can *ronggeng* is determined by how close to each other they can dance without actually touching. This dance is performed at wedding ceremonies and other auspicious occasions.

Places of Worship

Minarets, spires, domes and steeples adorning the skyline of Kuala Lumpur reflect a rich diversity of faiths within Malaysia. Below is a small selection of places of worship close to the city center. Hotels and travel agents provide the times of services and can help arrange transportation. In mosques, Hindu and Buddhist shrines, it is customary to remove your shoes before entering and to refrain from smoking. Small Chinese temples have no such requirements, though it is always a polite gesture to ask the temple caretaker if you may look around and to leave a small donation in the charity box before departing. Unfortunately, some tourists who were not properly informed have been known to climb on temple statues in order to pose for a snapshot. Incidents like this have caused some monks to request that visitors refrain from taking photographs in their monasteries. This request, however, is rare. Some of the

more prominent places of worship in the Kuala Lumpur vicinity include:

- Zion Church, 21 Jalan Abdul Samad, KL
- Kuala Lumpur Baptist Church, 70 Jalan Hicks, KL.
- Mar Thoma Church (Syrian), Jalan Ipoh, KL.
- National Mosque, Jalan Sultan Hishamuddin, KL.
- See Yeoh Temple (Taoist), 14A Leboh Pudu, KL.
- Seventh Day Adventist Mission, 166 Jalan Bukit Bintang, KL.
- Sikh Temple, Jalan Bandar.
- Sri Maha Mariamman Temple (Hindu), 163 Jalan Bandar, KL.
- St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, 31 Jalan Raja Chulan, KL.
- St. Francis Xavier Church (Jesuit), Jalan Gasing, Petaling Jaya.
- St. John's Cathedral (Roman Catholic), Bukit Nanas, KL.
- St. Mary's Church (Anglican), Jalan Raja, KL.
- Wesley Methodist Church, off Jalan Davidson, KL.

Festivals

It is difficult to say which is the most exciting spectacle — a blowpipe's bull's-eye in the Borneo interior; a top that spins for 50 minutes under a makeshift canopy on Peninsular Malaysia's east coast; an imperial howl at Penang's Chinese opera; or an Indian dancer with bells on her toes. In Malaysia not only do all these happenings occur, but several may be going on at the same time. The country has a public holiday nearly every month, not counting the market feasts, regal birthdays and religious processions that sprinkle calendar pages like confetti. The only problem is distance. Malaysia spreads out over 5,000 green km and so do its festivals. If you wish to see them you usually have to travel.

The Muslim calendar consists of 354 days to the year. The Chinese and Hindu calendars, unlike the Gregorian calendar, use the lunar month as their basic unit of calculation. Hence dates vary from year to year.

For this reason, the calendar of festivals and celebrations has been split into parts: one for festivals with fixed dates and the other for festivals with variable dates. For immediate events, read the daily newspapers and *Kuala Lumpur This Month*, distributed free at leading hotels.

Festivals And Celebrations With Constant Dates

January

New Year's Day: On January 1, apart from the familiar tradition of waking up late after the long and lively night before, the public holiday is enjoyed in leisure except by those in the states of Johore, Kedah, Kelantan, Perlis, and Trengganu.

Thai Pongal: On January 14, essentially a Hindu harvest festival celebrated in an atmosphere of

prayer and thanksgiving. Household heads rise early, bathe and don new clothes, marking the beginning of the Hindu month of Thai, the luckiest of all months.

Birthday of His Highness the Sultan of Kedah: On January 21, celebrated by a guard of honor and the presentation of medals at Balai Besar, followed by a garden party at Istana Anak Bukit near Alor Star. This day is observed as a public holiday in Kedah.

Genggulang Day: The Orang Asli in South Perak believe that spirits and deities are instrumental and responsible for their health and general well-being. At the beginning of every new year, each aboriginal village will celebrate Genggulang Day with general merrymaking. A feast is laid for the spirits and deities as well as for the villagers themselves.

February

Kuala Lumpur City Day: On February 1, what began as a small, tin-mining settlement at the confluence of two rivers — hence the name Kuala Lumpur ("Muddy Estuary") — has become in little more than 120 years one of the world's fastest growing cities. The day honors the capital as a "living symbol" of Malaysia's political identity as a nation.

Birthday of His Highness the Raja of Perlis: On February 3, the small northern state of Perlis is swept into a festive mood with the highlights of ceremonial pageantry occurring in Kangar, the state capital.

Maha Siva Rathiri: On February 22, *pujas* are performed in Hindu temples through the night while devotees sing hymns in honor of Lord Siva. This day is observed as a vegetarian day for devotees.

March

Birthday of His Highness the Sultan of Selangor: On March 8, a public holiday for the state, featuring a ceremonial parade, an investiture and a garden party at the Sultan's palace in Klang, a harbor town about 24 km west of Kuala Lumpur.

Birthday of His Highness the Sultan of Kelantan: On March 30, begins with a big parade and guard of honor at the Padang Merdeka in Kota Bharu, followed by colorful ceremonies at Istana Balai Besar. Shows of *Wayang Kulit* and traditional dances keep Kelantan in a festive mood.

Uhadhi: Uhadhi is new year for the Telugu-speaking Hindus. On this day, they visit temples and offer prayers.

April

Vesakhi: Vesakhi, new year for the Sikh community, falls on April 13. The highlight of the festival is the reading of the Granth Sahib, baptism and the donation of blood (*langgar*).

Hindu New Year: The Hindu New Year falls on the first day of the month of "Siththirai," (April 14). Special *pujas* (religious ceremonies) are held in homes and temples. The Hindu almanac is read out in temples.

Chithra Pournami: On April 28, devotees carry

kavadis, perform *pujas*, fulfill their vows and pay homage to Lord Subramaniam. In temples throughout Malaysia, the poor are fed and a chariot procession is held at night. The festival is celebrated on a grand scale at the Subramaniam Temple at Teluk Intan. This is a vegetarian day.

Sultan of Trengganu's Birthday: A state holiday on April 29. Celebrations are held throughout the state with the focus in Kuala Trengganu.

May

Labour Day: This is celebrated by workers throughout the world though the dates vary with each country. A national public holiday which falls on May 1.

Giant Turtle Season: Starting May through September, the long, lonely beach at Rantau Abang on the East Coast of the Malay Peninsula has, oddly, been chosen as the only spot in the world where the gigantic, leathery turtles lay their eggs. Late at night, the enormous sea beasts creep slowly along the sands, dig a hole, deposit their eggs, waddle back to the sea and vanish.

Sipitang Tamu Besar: In early May, Sipitang, a small coastal town 50 km from Beaufort in Sabah, holds its annual market celebration. It is one of the few places where blowpipe competitions and ladies' football matches are organized. Other highlights include a beauty contest, agricultural show, handicraft exhibition and traditional dances.

Kadazan Harvest Festival: On May 10 and 11, it is celebrated by Kadazan farmers in Sabah with traditional thanksgiving ceremony for a successful harvest as well as feasts for all those who have helped in harvesting the crop. The traditional Kadazan dance, *sumazau*, highlights this festivity.

Ascension Day: Christians celebrate this day (May 12) as the day when Jesus Christ ascended to Heaven.

Kota Belud Tamu Besar: On May 30 and 31, colorful congregation of Bajau horsemen, cockfights, native dances and beauty contests mark the gay annual market festival at Kota Belud, a scenic town some 77 km from Kota Kinabalu in Sabah. The *tamu*, or weekly market, has been an institutional get-together among Sabah's tribesmen for decades. A good opportunity to view the enduring traditions of Borneo.

June

Gawai Dayak: On June 1 and 2, this is an annual Dayak festival long celebrated throughout Sarawak to mark the closing of the rice season and to pray for another auspicious crop. Key ritual is the *miring* ceremony, conducted by the bard of the tribe. Dayaks gather to make offerings of various foods, fruits and their famed *tuak* rice wine, as the bard recites poems asking for guidance, blessings and long life. A white cockerel, believed to drive away evil spirits, is sacrificed while throughout the day Dayaks entertain themselves with performances of the *ngajat* war dance, demonstrations of blowpipe skills and cockfights.

Birthday of His Majesty the Yang di Pertuan Agong: Celebrated on June 3 throughout Malaysia to honor the Supreme Head of State

with regal pageants centering on the capital city of Kuala Lumpur at Stadium Merdeka, Parliament House and Lake Gardens.

Birthday of His Excellency the Governor of Malacca: On June 10, a state holiday, there are celebrations throughout Malacca.

Birthday of His Highness the Sultan of Trengganu: On June 26, grandly celebrated throughout the state, particularly by the Police Special Constables, Territorial Army, Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, Red Cross and schoolchildren participating in the birthday parade on the Sultan Ismail Stadium field in Trengganu.

Festa de San Pedro: On June 29, this is a Christian holiday especially cherished by the Portuguese-Eurasian community of Malacca in honor of the patron saint of fishermen. Merry-makers hold a feast in the evening when gaily decorated boats lit by candles are blessed by the priest. Folk dances and prizes for the most beautiful boat accompany the services at the Church of Assumption in Banda Praya, Malacca.

Bird Singing Competition: Usually about 150 birds compete in a major competition and *merbuk* owners from other states or even from neighboring countries are invited to be judged. Contests are held in various parts of the country but in Kelantan it is an annual event. The birds are hoisted atop 24-foot poles and are carefully judged on their tones.

Kite-Flying Competition: Kite-flying is a pastime of villagers on the east coast of Peninsular Malaysia. These giant kites, with bamboo frames and semi-waterproof paper painted with intricate Malay designs, can attain heights of more than 450 meters. A thin bow-shaped device is tied transversely to the back of the kite so that it gives out a pleasant humming sound as it is flown.

July

Keningau Tamu Besar: On July 1, a market feast at Keningau in Sabah, some 48 km from Tenom, is held, at which villagers amuse themselves with pony and buffalo races, blowpipe competitions, talent shows, beauty contests, sports, dances and handicrafts shows.

Birthday of the Governor of Sarawak: On July 7, birthday parade on the central *padang* in Kuching culminates state-wide ceremonies.

Puja Umur: Birthday of His Highness the Sultan of Kelantan, on July 10 and 11, begins with a big parade and guard of honor at the Padang Merdeka in Kota Bharu, followed by colorful ceremonies at Istana Balai Besar where His Highness bestows honors on his subjects for their distinguished service to the state. Sideshows and competitions keep Kelantan in a festive mood.

Birthday of His Excellency the Governor of Penang: On July 16, the island celebrates with big parades, free cinema shows, brightly-lit streets and public buildings and with the donation of cash gifts to nursing homes and orphanages.

Birthday of His Highness the Yang di Pertuan Besar of Negri Sembilan: On July 19, public celebrations for the state include the investiture ceremony held in the Istana at Sri Menanti, a garden party in the evening and an all-community

dinner and dance. Prayers are offered in mosques, churches and temples.

St. Anne's Feast Day: On July 26, this is celebrated by Christians, especially at Bukit Mertajam and Malacca. A candlelight procession follows church services.

Tuaran Tamu Besar: On July 29, the road to Tuaran, a scenic town in Sabah (35 km from Kota Kinabalu) passes modern residential districts, rubber plantations, rice fields and small villages. During *tamu besar*, the annual market festival held at the end of July, the little town makes merry with water sports, boat races, mounted Bajau horse-men, night markets and dances.

Heroes's Day: The occasion held on July 31 is in remembrance of all Malaysians who fought and died for the country.

August

Wild Game Hunting: On August 15, the season opens for Green Pigeons in Negri Sembilan, Selangor, Malacca and Penang. Game birds may also be shot in other Malaysian states subject to a license from the state game warden. Season runs until the end of November.

National Day: On August 31, anniversary of *Merdeka* — Independence — in 1957, known as *Hari Kebangsaan Malaysia* (National Day), stirs up patriotic celebrations from the smallest village to the largest town. The most outstanding are held in Kuala Lumpur where bright city lights illuminate public parks and stately Moorish buildings. All roads leading to the city are crowded with pedestrians on holiday, and schoolchildren fill Merdeka Stadium to view the lavish national parade. Festivities begin at 8 in the morning amidst the roll of drums and fanfare of trumpets when His Majesty the Yang di Pertuan Agong and his consort arrive to preside over the affair. Parades then continue through the night when police bands and military personnel display their marching skills. Their city's Lake Gardens are transformed into open stages entertaining huge crowds with traditional Malay and Indian classical dances, Chinese operas and all-community variety shows.

Beaufort Tamu Besar: On August 31, annual market day at Beaufort in Sabah, 90 km by train from Kota Kinabalu, is filled with a colorful program of float parades, *kampung* handicraft exhibits, fun fairs, native dances and a shop-house decoration competition.

September

Feast of Santa Cruz: From September 1 to 30 Catholics honor the Exaltation of the Holy Cross by making a pilgrimage to the Church of Santa Cruz at Malim, Malacca. Tradition says that some 90 years ago, an ailing Malaccan lady living on Jalan Portuguese had a vision telling her she would be cured if she touched the cross of her dream. When the jungle was cleared a cross was found buried there. It cured the woman as the vision had promised. To this day, Malacca's Catholics visit the church enshrining the cross.

Birthday of His Highness the Sultan of Perak: On September 15, holiday mood pervades the State of Perak honoring its ruler through royal

celebrations and sports contests.

Papar Tamu Besar: From September 15 to 20, market day in Papar, among the largest rice-growing districts in Sabah known particularly for its lovely Kadazan girls, includes native dances, costume contests, cultural shows and sports events. The town is 38 km from Kota Kinabalu.

Birthday of His Excellency the Yang di-Pertuan Negara of Sabah: On September 10, ceremoniously honored throughout the state.

October

Puja Ketek: From October 1 to 31, Siamese temples in Kelantan on Peninsular Malaysia's East Coast celebrate this day with pilgrimages to the *ketek* — holy shrine. The largest *ketek* in the state is at Batu Tiga in Repek. During the ceremony, thousands of Buddhists bearing offerings to the shrine attend local sideshows featuring traditional dances, such as *menora* and *wayang gedek*. The forefathers of many worshipers were Siamese who settled in the state.

Menggatal Tamu Besar: From October 1 to 31, market festival in the pleasant town of Menggatal in Sabah, 13 km from Kota Kinabalu. It features a gay gathering of the local population who join in beauty contests, cultural shows, agricultural and handicraft exhibits and native dances.

Universal Children's Day: On October 7, in Kuala Lumpur, a giant rally for children from schools, homes and orphanages opens with the release of balloons, followed by band music, fancy dress football, motorcycle acrobatics and the presentation of an award to the most gallant child of the year. The winner has his big moment when his award is presented by His Majesty the Yang di-Pertuan Agung.

Kudat Tamu Besar: Around mid-October, Festival of Kudat, a town on the northern coast of Sabah, is celebrated by the Rungus tribe, long-house dwellers who wear gold-colored rings around their arms, necks, ankles and waists. Apart from baby shows, livestock competitions and beauty contests, there is a grand display of folk dances rare to the region such as *sumazau*, *magangon*, *dindang* and the ever popular *joget*.

Birthday of His Highness the Sultan of Pahang: On October 24, big celebration throughout the state of Pahang, featuring a parade, investiture and garden party at the town of Pekan. There are polo matches at the Sultan's polo ground, a state ball at the Abu Bakar Palace, and evening performances of traditional shows in the compound of Kota Beram Palace.

Birthday of His Highness the Sultan of Johore: On October 28, crowds line the waterfront facing the palace for a good view of the sea-sports staged for the day, followed by games and athletic meets among schoolchildren and sportsmen. Musical troupes take over at night to entertain the crowds at Johore Bahru.

November

Guru Nanak's Birthday: On November 22, the great guru of Sikhism, Nanak, was born in 1496. He stated that there should be no sects and ceremonies, only pure love and devotion to God.

Sikhs in Kuala Lumpur honor his birthday by reading the Guru Granth Sahib, singing devotional hymns and attending religious lectures and feasts at the Sikh temples.

Festival of Loy Krathong: The festival falls on the full moon nights of the 11th and 12th lunar months. It is a religious ceremony where artificial lotus flowers are carried on floats with lighted candles in memory of the Lord Buddha's footprint on the bank of the Narmada River in Northern India. In Petaling Jaya, this festival is observed at the Jalan Timor Lake. In Kuala Lumpur, celebrations are held in the Mah Liew Buddhist temple in Kampong Siam. In the evening there is a colorful procession to Port Klang where devotees set sail their *loy krathongs*, miniature boats which are colorfully decorated.

December

Pesta Pulau Penang: a month-long carnival on Malaysia's holiday island. The water carnival features speed boat races, marathon swimming and other events. Dragon boat races are held towards the end of the festival. The Pesta Queen contest and the Chingay flag procession in George Town are other highlights.

Christmas: Christians of all races spend Christmas eve at midnight mass and carol parties, proceeding a December 25 public holiday enjoyed by all.

Below follow the festivals and celebrations with variable dates — these probably include some of Malaysia's more exciting events, which still follow ancient calendars and seasons. The dates may vary widely, from year to year.

Festivals And Celebrations With Variable Dates

January-February

Chinese New Year's Day: First day of the first moon (between January and February). Traditionally, the holiday season explodes with a big bang of firecrackers and jubilant merrymaking. People, especially children, wear their best clothes and receive lots of *ang-pows* (money wrapped in red packets) from parents, relatives and family friends. Every home and business holds "open house" for everyone. Bright red lucky scrolls, inscribed with ancient proverbs in gold Chinese characters, decorate many homes, signifying the birth of a new span of life and the arrival of a new year. The season's greeting is "Kong Hee Fatt Choy," meaning "A Happy and Prosperous New Year." Chinese shop houses in most Malaysian towns are splashed with day-glow colors to set the mood for dragon dances and pedestrian parades.

Birthday of Chor Soo Kong: Between January and February, on the sixth day of the first moon the number of pit vipers slithering among the altars of Penang's famous Snake Temple is believed to be greatest. A Chinese priest built the temple in 1850 as a sanctuary for the snakes, venerated as disciples of the god Chor Soo Kong. Hundreds of Chinese visit the temple on this day to offer prayers to the god, while outside, courtyards flourish with Chinese opera.

Birthdays of the Jade Emperor: Ninth day of the first moon (between January and February). Chinese festival honoring Yu Huang, Supreme Ruler of Heaven, who is depicted wearing a robe adorned with peonies and holding a scroll bearing the inscription "May ten thousand treasures seek audience with you." His attendants carry banners proclaiming "May your future be as vast as the Eastern Sea" and "May you live as long as the Southern Mountains." Chinese throughout Malaysia pay homage at temples by offering food, fruits and flowers to the deity.

Ban Hood Huat Hoay: Day of Ten Thousand Buddhas (between January and February). Celebrated with a 12-day observance held among the lofty shrines of Kek Lok Si Buddhist Temple in Penang. Devotees gather to pray for world peace, happiness, prosperity and goodwill among mankind. Captive tortoises, fish and birds are liberated as a good deed.

Kwong Teck Sun Ong's Birthday: (end of February) when celebrations are held at the Chinese temple in Kuching, Sarawak to commemorate the birth of the child deity. Hundreds of devotees come to pray at the temple and make offerings of buns shaped like tortoises (a symbol of longevity) to the child god. A procession is held in the evening and performances by musicians playing traditional instruments and comic sketches.

Chap Goh Meh: Fifteenth night of the Chinese New Year and the official ending of celebrations in ancient China (between January and February). In Chinese lore, it is a bright night for young ladies seeking good husbands. At Penang's Esplanade and New Coast Road, single girls in full finery stroll along the promenade — the more fortunate among them making the scene in gaily decorated cars followed by musicians playing old songs. Tradition tells of these young ladies throwing oranges, pebbles or groundnuts into the sea with a wish for a handsome husband. Nowadays, many young Malaysian Chinese celebrate Chap Goh Meh with a swinging party.

Chingay: Twenty-second day of the first moon (between January and February). An annual procession staged on the waterfront in Johore Bahru. Long bamboo poles, six to 12 meters high, serve as tapering masts for huge triangular flags carried by brawny Malaysian Chinese amid a cacophony of drums and gongs. Flag-bearing teams compete in a skillful display of acrobatics and balancing acts while marching past the crowds.

March-April

Tua Peck Kong: Twenty-sixth day of the second moon. Spirit money and spirit property fashioned from paper, augmenting the riches of the deceased, are burnt at the temple of Sia San Ten in Kuching, Sarawak, as devotees pray for the wellbeing of their ancestors.

Palm Sunday: The Sunday before Easter (late March or early April). The congregation of St. Peter's Church of Malacca, the oldest ecclesiastical edifice in all Malaysia, celebrates Palm Sunday with a vivid candlelight procession headed by the figure of Christ bearing the Cross. Hundreds of

Malaysians of all races attend the Church of the Portuguese Mission, built in 1710.

Panguni Uttram: Occurs on the day of the full moon in the Tamil month of Panguni (between March and April). Very popular day among Hindus as it marks the occasion of two celestial marriages; that of Siva to Shakti and Lord Subramaniam to Theivani. Thandayuthapani Temple at Sentul, Kuala Lumpur, celebrates the holiday with a grand procession bearing the image of Lord Subramaniam on an illuminated silver chariot.

Good Friday: The Friday before Easter (late March or early April). Among the many services held in Christian churches and cathedrals throughout Malaysia is a dramatic candlelight procession round the centuries-old St. Peter's Church in Malacca. Thousands of worshippers gather to witness the solemn figure of Christ lying in a canopied coffin and the life-size statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary borne above a sea of candlelight.

Easter Sunday: The first Sunday following the full moon that occurs on or after March 21 (late March or early April). Traditional services are held in Malaysia's churches. The old Catholic churches in Malacca, built by Dutch and Portuguese settlers centuries ago, are particularly festive during Easter.

Birthdays of the Goddess of Mercy: Nineteenth day of the third moon (between March and April). Women especially remember the birthday of Kuan Yin, a deity well beloved by Malaysia's Chinese. Her full title translates as "The most merciful and compassionate Bodhisattva, protector of the afflicted, who looks down on the world and hears its prayers." Hundreds of devotees, bearing joss sticks, fresh fruit, flowers and sweet cakes, gather at the popular temples dedicated to Kuan Yin in Kuala Lumpur and Penang.

Cheng Beng: It falls 106 days after the winter solstice, usually about the end of the second or the beginning of the third moon (between March and April). "All Souls' Day," when Chinese visit the ornate tombs of their ancestors. Families burn incense sticks, candles and joss papers and make sacrificial offerings of food. Cleaning and repainting of the graves are also carried out during their annual visit to the cemeteries. In Cantonese, the ceremony is called "Cheng Ming."

Sri Rama Navami: The ninth day of the month Caitra (between March and April). A popular nine-day festival among the Brahman caste, held to honor Sri Rama, hero of the Hindu *Ramayana* epic. Several Hindu temples feature devotional songs, music recitals and the reading of the *Ramayana*. Mariamman Temple in Kuala Lumpur holds special prayers in the evenings.

April-May

Songran Festival: Traditional New Year honored by Thai Buddhists throughout Asia (between April and May). Celebrated in the Thai temples of Penang by removing the image of Lord Buddha and bathing it with holy lotion or fragrant waters. Devotees join in a water sprinkling ceremony and request monks to chant prayers to Buddha and their ancestors, seeking blessings and forgiveness for their ill-doings during the year.

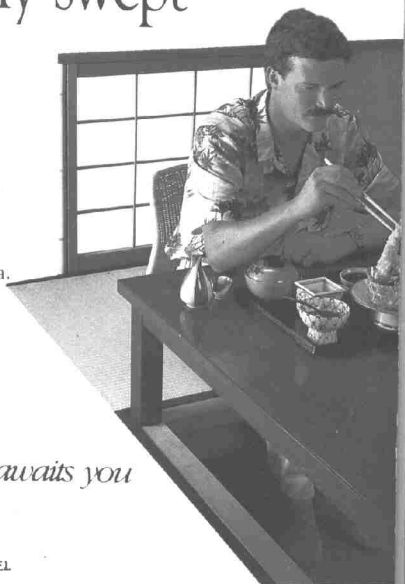
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Chithirai Vishu: The Hindu New Year begins on the day the sun enters the zodiacal house Medam (Aries) in the month Chithirai (between April and May). The Hindu Almanac begins its calculations for the year from this day, a day of rejoicing for Hindu devotees. The house has been cleaned and washed, the ceremonial vessels and lamps polished. Housewives rise early and light prayer lamps before the household deity. Traditionally, when other members of the family have woken, they are not allowed to open their eyes until they have been led to the family altar, where their first sight in the new year is the family deity.

Nistu Syaaban: Nistu is the 15th day of the Muslim month of Syaaban (April 27 in 1983). Muslims are urged to perform their religious duties during this month. Religious talks, Koran reading and prayers are held in mosques.

Puja Pantai: Big beach festival five km south of Kuala Trengganu on Peninsular Malaysia's East Coast when 25,000 people have a three-day beach party in early May. The festival, coinciding with the full moon and the end of the rice harvest, has been going on longer than any person can remember. Vacationers camp on the beach in rows of makeshift huts, where there are hundreds of shops and bicycle peddlers. Food and drink stalls give women an opportunity to leave the kitchen for a change. Until a dozen years ago, the days were filled with *Wayang Kulit* shadow plays, dramas and ancient dances. Now, these have given way to blaring portable radios and outdoor theaters with noisy electric generators showing Malay, Indian and cowboy films, and singers touring the scene in souped-up Volkswagen vans equipped with flashy lights and megaphones.

Birthday of the Queen of Heaven: Twenty-second day of the fourth moon (between April and May). Seamen, fishermen, and many others flock to Chinese temples dedicated to Ma-Chu-Po, Queen of Heaven and goddess of the seas. To her they make supplications for fair weather and good fishing, and to her they pay tribute for successes in the past 12 months.

Vesak Day: The day of the full fourth moon (May 27, 1983). Celebration of Lord Buddha's birth, death and enlightenment. Throughout the day Buddhist monks in saffron robes chant *sutras* while worshipers by the thousands offer prayers and perform good deeds. Caged birds are set free by devotees as a symbol of releasing a captive soul. Buddhist temples stage picturesque lantern processions.

Isra Dan Mi'raj: A Muslim holiday observed in mosques and private homes by offering prayers to commemorate the ascension of Prophet Muhammad. After the last evening prayers (*Isha*), devotees gather to listen to the account of the night journey from Mecca to the great mosque of Jerusalem, and of all the wonderful things the Prophet saw along the way. This falls in early May in 1983.

June-August

Dragon Boat Festival: Fifth day of the fifth moon (mid-June). A holiday commemorating an ancient Chinese legend that tells of an unsuccessful attempt to save the life of the celebrated poet

Ch'u Yuan. Previously, crowds gathered at the waterfront in Penang to watch the dragon boat races. Now the Chinese festival is simply celebrated by eating "Chung" — steamed dumplings prepared especially for the occasion.

Birthday of the God of War: (June) Kuan Ti, one of three sworn brothers of the famous trio in the "Romance of the Three Kingdoms," rose in prominence within the Chinese pantheon to become God of War — he who has the ability to avert war and protect people from its horrors. Devotees offer special prayers to the popular deity in many Chinese temples.

Lumut Sea Carnival: held at the Lumut Esplanade annually towards the end of July. Sea sports, hydroplane racing, cross channel swimming, gokarting, cycle racing and a big walk are held during the day. At night there are amateur boxing, Chinese operas, performances of traditional dances and the Pesta Ball and Pesta Queen contest.

Birthday of the Goddess of Mercy: Nineteenth day of the sixth moon (July). Kuan Yin's "birthday" is once again celebrated when devotees visit her temples in Kuala Lumpur and Penang to pray for her benevolence. The old temple at Jalan Pitt, Penang, stages puppet shows.

Nisfu Night: Fifteenth day before Ramadan (between June and July 1983). Muslim holiday when it is popularly supposed the souls of the dead visit the house. Celebrated by gathering at the mosque or in the home between sunset and late evening for Koran readings and reciting special prayers asking for the welfare of the dead and the living at all times and places.

Ramadan: Is the month of fasting in the Muslim calendar in accordance with the third tenet of the Islamic faith. For 30 days, Muslims take no food or drink from the break of dawn to sundown.

Lailatul Qadar: (During Ramadan) "Night of Grandeur," among the most blessed and auspicious nights in the Muslim calendar. It was on this evening that the complete Koran in spiritual form was brought down to earth from heaven before being revealed over the months to Prophet Muhammad. Many Muslims believe there is a blessed moment during the night when any prayer from the faithful is heard and any request to God is granted. No special services mark the occasion but in the *kampung*s, families keep rows of lights around the house burning all night.

Koran Reading Competition: this is an international competition and major event in Malaysia. It is held annually at the Merdeka Stadium in Kuala Lumpur during the middle of Ramadan. The competition lasts for six days and a prize-giving ceremony is held on the final night.

Sri Krishna Jayanti: Eighth day of the Sanskrit month Sravana (between July and August). Hindu festival celebrated in honor of Lord Krishna, especially popular among North Indians. Songs, dances and dramas depicting the life of Krishna — famous as a cheeky lover, a warrior and God incarnate — continue for 10 days, focusing on the eighth day, Krishna's birthday when the Lakshmi Narain Temple in Kuala Lumpur holds special prayers at midnight.

Festival of the Seven Sisters: (August). On this night, Chinese maidens pray to the Weaving Maid for good husbands by burning joss sticks and joss papers. Sacrificial tables are laden with paper combs, mirrors, hairpins, rouge and other beauty aids. The night remembers the legend of the seventh and most beautiful daughter of the sun god, whose true love was a cowherd whom she married. The union so disappointed her awesome father that he banished his daughter and her husband to separate star palaces in the sky, allowing the young lovers to meet only once a year — on the seventh night of the seventh moon.

Festival of the Hungry Ghosts: Fifteenth day of the seventh moon (August). Chinese traditionalists believe that on the seventh moon the souls of the dead are released from purgatory to return to earth for feasting and entertainment. In large Malaysian towns, marketplaces are filled with offerings to the wandering spirits, while traditional Chinese operas and puppet shows enjoy a grand revival.

Vinayagar Chathuri: Fourteenth day of the Tamil month Avani (between August and September). Hindu worshippers pray to Vinayagar (Ganesh) for great wisdom, spiritual powers and peace of mind. Special *pujas*, prayers said with 21 types of flowers and 21 types of grass, are offered to the sagacious, elephant-headed deity at Koddu Malai Vinayagar Temple at Jalan Pudu in Kuala Lumpur.

Hari Raya Puasa: (July 12/13, 1983). Hari Raya marks the end of the fasting month and the beginning of three days of rejoicing and merrymaking. The day is ushered in with prayers of thanksgiving in all mosques. Muslims are grateful to Allah for enabling them to successfully observe the fast and they show their gratitude by rejoicing, donning new clothes and visiting one another to strengthen the bonds of friendship and to renew love and goodwill among mankind.

September–October

Fire-Walking Ceremony: (September) Sometimes during the month of September the Hindu temple at Gajah Berang, Malacca, revives this ancient ritual whereby devotees prove their spiritual probity by treading barefoot on hot coals.

Moon Cake Festival: Fifteenth day of the eighth moon (September). Sometimes called the Mid-Autumn Festival, this day marks the overthrow of the tyrannical Mongol warlords in ancient China. It now lends special respect to poets, children and women, and is celebrated with the exchange and eating of moon cakes. In the evening, children light festive paper lanterns in the shape of anything from a magic fish to a moon rocket and parade around their homes. Women pray to the Goddess of the Moon for it is believed the moon shines brightest on this night.

Navarathri: Begins on the first day of the bright fortnight of the Tamil month Purattasi (between September and October). Hindu festival, literally meaning "Nine Nights," is dedicated to the wives of Siva, Vishnu and Brahma. Young girls enjoy special prominence by being "dressed up as the goddess Kali and honored with offerings of flow-

ers, sandalwood, fruits, new clothes and sweet meats. This an reverence of their innocence and in hope that they grow up with good qualities. In Kuala Lumpur, the Sangitha Apriviruthi Sabha, an organization devoted to fostering classical Indian music, stages a music festival.

Hari Raya Haji: Tenth day of the month Dzulhijjah, last month of the Muslim calendar (September 17, 1983). Celebrated throughout Malaysia as a national holiday honoring particularly those Muslims who have made a pilgrimage to Mecca. The day literally means "Festival of the Pilgrimage" and symbolizes the reunion of all mankind. Muslims throughout the world assemble in the Holy City to visit the Baitulla, place of congregation for all devotees fulfilling the fifth tenet of Islam. Henceforth, a male pilgrim is entitled *Haji* and a woman *Hajjah*. In the morning, prayers are offered at all mosques. Later, Muslims play host to friends in their homes and visit relatives.

Festival of the Nine Emperor Gods: Ninth day of the ninth moon (between September and October). Nine days of Chinese operas, prayers, processions and devotions honoring the Nine Emperor Gods in Chinese mythology. Many devotees turn vegetarian during this time and make a pilgrimage by climbing the famous 1,002 steps to the Kew Ong Yeah temple on top of Paya Terubong Hill in Penang. On the ninth day, a grand procession is held to commemorate the return of the gods to heaven. Kau Ong Yah temple in Ampang Village, Kuala Lumpur, holds a spectacular fire-walking ceremony on that evening.

October–December

Kantha Shashithi: Sixth day of the bright fortnight of the month Aipasi (between October and November). Hindu celebration commemorating the defeat of an evil spirit by Lord Subramaniam. Orthodox observers fast for six days, praying frequently. In Kuala Lumpur, the Selangor Ceylon Saivite Association celebrates the festival at Kandaswamy Temple at Jalan Scotts. Subramaniam is worshiped as the great fighter against the forces of evil, one who liberates an individual from sin.

Deepavali: Fourteenth day of the dark fortnight of Aipasi (between October and November). Hindus celebrate the "Way of the light" by burning tiny oil lamps outside their homes, signifying the triumph of good over evil. On this day in the scriptures Lord Rama killed the demon-king Rawana. It is one of the few Hindu festivals during which merry-makers invite all Malaysians. Hindu families take full advantage of the holiday by holding "open house" for friends and relatives. Around the rubber estates, Tamil cinemas are packed.

Muslim New Year: First day of the Muslim month of Muharram (October 8, 1983). It marks the beginning of the Muslim year, and is a public holiday for Malaysians.

Ashura Day: Tenth day of Muharram. Historically, a day of mourning in memory of the tragic death of Hussain, favorite grandson of the Prophet, who was killed in battle at Kerbala. Devout Muslims commemorate the day by fasting,

sometimes joining with a small group of close friends to break the fast. In Penang, local amateurs stage a drama called "Boria," reenacting the Kerbala tragedy.

Birthday of the Goddess of Mercy: Nineteenth day of the 10th moon (between October and November). Kuan Yin's "birthday" is once again celebrated when devotees visit her temples in Kuala Lumpur and Penang to pray for her benevolence. The old temple at Jalan Pitt, Penang, stages puppet shows.

Kartikai Deepam: On the day of the full moon of the Tamil month Kartikai (between October and November). Hindu festival marking the day on which Siva is said to have changed himself into a pillar of fire to settle an argument between Brahma and Vishnu as to who was the greater. High bonfires are lit in temples to recall the eminence of Siva. Local festivities are grandest at Thandayuthapani Temple in Muar, 190 km south of Kuala Lumpur, where hallways are decorated with thousands of tiny wick-lamps and night processions are held.

Winter Solstice Festival: No fixed day; sometime in December. Chinese holiday, sometimes known as the farmers' festival when thanks are offered for good harvests. Early in the morning, dumplings made from glutinous rice are cooked and served in a mixture of sugar and bean powder, but before they are eaten they are placed at the ancestral altars, and the family recites prayers.

Mandi Safar: Occurs in the second Muslim month, Safar (November 1983). A once colorful bathing festival unique to Malaysia when Muslims from all walks of life dressed in rainbow colors visit the sea beaches as a time of "religious cleansing of the body and soul with water." Though to orthodox Muslims Mandi Safar is more a picnic than a religious rite (there is no mention of it in the Koran), the holiday remains merry on a small scale. The most famous gathering grounds are the beaches at Tanjong Kling near Malacca and those of Penang.

Prophet Muhammad's Birthday: In 1983, occurs on December 17, in the third Muslim month. Thousands of devotees parade through the streets of towns and cities, especially Kuala Lumpur, singing praises to the chosen one whose word has united much of mankind in faith.

Nightlife

Floodlights focused on long legs in mesh stockings seem a bit too bright for the mild Malaysian evening. Occasionally, a headline will shout "Censor Puts Clamp on No-Bra Shows" and striptease will fall back into perspective. Malaysia does not have the show-biz abandon of neighboring Bangkok. Nor does it have the ostentatious flash that sprang out of the hotel boom in Singapore. What it has is a modest but marvelous assortment of floor shows. At the moment, floodlights and sequined bikinis confine themselves to tall hotels and a few established nightclubs, the more renowned being the *Mecinta* and the *Queen Bee* bar

in Johore Bahru. Smaller hotels feature dancing and drinking in the company of pretty hostesses.

Those who have their wife or girlfriend along would wisely settle for something more tame — the larger hotels in capital cities like Kuala Lumpur offer good entertainment by local or foreign bands and vocalists. For a quiet drink or two, there are many coffee-houses, lounges and pubs to choose from.

Discotheques in which you can jive to loud music and exciting atmosphere are found in the cities as well. Most of them are exclusive hotel clubs and are strict about visitors' attire. To avoid embarrassments, call first.

For specific locations of nightlife in Kuala Lumpur, pick up a copy of *Out Time*, a monthly city guide.

Sports

Malaysia is a land of sports. A visitor can enjoy watching a game of football at an urban field or witness a top-spinning contest in a rural village. The more active sports enthusiasts might prefer to get into his gear and be a part of the game — be it golf, squash, tennis or swimming. Facilities are abundant.

Golf: Malaysia has more than 50 golf clubs with nine or 18-hole courses. Check the telephone directory for their addresses.

The most renowned, The Royal Selangor Golf Club in Kuala Lumpur, plays host to the Malaysian Open Golf Championship every year in March. If in town at this time, obtain further details from the club or from the Tourist Development Corporation. This event is part of the Asian Professional Circuit which attracts golfing enthusiasts the world over. For a game yourself, green fees vary at about M\$40 per person and clubs are available for rental.

If your trip takes you to some of the smaller towns, golfing facilities can be found but need more careful tracking down. It is advisable to write to the Malaysian Golf Association before setting out. Your inquiry should be addressed to The Honorary Secretary, Malaysian Golf Association, c/o The Royal Selangor Golf Club, P.O. Box 1051, Kuala Lumpur.

Game Hunting: Hunting is restricted to certain areas and is subject to a license from the Department of Wildlife and National Parks in Kuala Lumpur (tel. 941272 or 941056). Call to obtain necessary information.

Karate: Over 150 karate training centers have found their home in Malaysia. This is one of the more popular sports among locals. The center's headquarters alone has more than 10,000 members. Visitors who wish to try their hands at it can make special arrangements with the Chief Instructor at the Karate Budokun International (KBI) in Kuala Lumpur (tel. 81470). KBI's publications includes an annual and a training manual containing 400 photographs. Both are on sale at the club or may be purchased by mail order. Write to the club at No. 2 Jalan Jubilee, Kuala Lumpur.

Fishing: There is good angling in the large numbers of tributaries of main rivers which indent the country's coastline. Marine game fishes like barracuda, shark and Spanish mackerel may be sighted off the east coast from May to October.

If your trip does not allow you enough time for the trial-and-error process of finding a good fishing hole, contact a local tour agent (see appendix for a listing) who specializes in arranging fishing trips to the Taman Negara (Malaysia's National Park). For inland fishing, a license is required. The months between March and October provide the most suitable weather conditions.

Horse Racing: Meetings are held on weekends and public holidays, rotating between Kuala Lumpur, Ipoh, Penang and Singapore. In Kuala Lumpur, meetings are held at the Selangor Turf Club in Jalan Ampang. Betting is part of the attraction.

Common games like tennis, badminton and squash as well as swimming, can be played at many venues. These may include your hotel's health club.

Malaya has several traditional sports and pastimes which are either unique to the country or at least, played only in remote villages of some countries in Southeast Asia.

Sepak Takraw: The aim of the game is to keep the ball, made of rattan strips weighing about 170 grams, in the air as long as possible by passing it from one player to another. Scores are given for the number of kicks made before the ball falls. Except for the hands and forearms, any part of the body can be used to hit the ball.

Kite Flying: Do not be fooled — this is not a child's game, at least not in Malaysia. Especially along the east coast, adults take pride in flying their kites, which are usually hand-made at home. Regular competitions are held to determine which man can fly his kite highest. Chances are that you will be able to see a competition at the time of your visit. Check with the tourist office.

Top Spinning: This is a favorite pastime among children and adults alike. More popularly known as *main gasing*, this game is usually played during the period of ripening of *padi* or rice as legend records that the *gasing* brings in good harvests. Whether this is true or not, the game certainly offers fun and relaxation. Competitions are held quite regularly. These are merry occasions to which the whole village turns out.

Bersilat: The Malay equivalent of the Chinese *kung fu*, *bersilat* is the art of self-defense. The origin of this art is accredited to famous Hang Tuah of old Malacca, who did not hesitate to draw his sword, and even to strike to kill, for justice's sake. Youths today regard *bersilat* as a form of physical exercise in an artistic form. Demonstrations at weddings and other feasts are given to the rhythmic beat of gongs and drums.

Language

Malay, mother tongue of more than 150 million Asians, is as ancient as a Grecian urn, and nearly as practical. A man can travel from the tip top of

the Malay Peninsula, through the southern Philippines and all along the island-hopping trail that zigzags across the Indonesian archipelago — speaking Malay. New nations have adapted the old language to their own ends, lending it a variety of sophisticated nuances in grammar, spelling and scientific terms. But all countries with official letterheads in Malay trace them back to the trade fairs of antiquity when merchants bargained over gold dust and rhinoceros horn in a tongue similar to today's "Bazaar Malay," the language of the marketplace.

While Europe droned through the Middle Ages, Malay rulers conversed in an increasingly refined and eloquent "Classical Malay," until, by the time the cosmopolitan Malacca Sultanate had set up its throne in the 1400s, the language had reached the heights of epic grandeur. The *Sejarah Melayu*, "Malay Annals," written by a scribe in the Malacca court "for the greater pleasure of his lord the king," achieves a stylistic grandiloquence that would delight the most venerable of storytellers.

The Annals' version of an Indian Raja on the march to conquer China reeks with romance no troubadour would deny: "So vast was his army on the march," the tale relates, "that boundless tracts of forest became treeless plains, the earth rocked as though convulsed by an earthquake, mountains were moved and their summits came toppling down: even the highest hills were brought low, and mighty rivers ran dry and became land..."

Classical Malay relapsed to the marketplace during the colonial era when the social elite, though retaining Malay as an official language, spoke only English among themselves. Independence in 1957 unanimously changed the conversation back to Malay, stressing its new importance as the National Language, symbol of unity among all Malaysians. Posters, banners, car stickers and special badges, exhorting people to speak as the ancients spoke, popped up in schoolrooms and government buildings. Certain theme songs played heavily on Radio Malaysia, such as *Bahasa Jiwa Bangsa* — "Language is the Soul of the Nation" — contributed to the superior status Classical Malay now enjoys. With new words from the age of technology enriching its reserves, and patriotic proprieties making it the language of monarchs and citizens alike, Malay can look forward to a future as functional and refined its past.

Though formal Malay is a complex language demanding some time of serious study, the construction of "Basic Malay" is fairly simple, with many things about the language conducive to learning. Malay is written in the Latin alphabet and, unlike some Asian tongues, is not a tonal language. There are no articles in Malay — *buku* means "the book" or "a book," *anak* means "the child" or "a child." Plurals are made simply by doubling the noun — *buku-buku* means books. Nor are there any complicated verbal tenses. To denote time, a few key adverbs are used, the most useful being *sudah* "already," indicating the past, and *belum*, "not yet," indicating the future.

When speaking Malay, you need a few basic rules. Adjectives always follow the noun. *Rumah*

(house) and *besar* (big) together as *rumah besar* mean "a big house" and so on. When constructing a sentence the order is: subject — verb — object. *Dia* (he) *makan* (eats) *nasi* (rice) *goreng* (fried). *Dia makan nasi goreng*: He eats fried rice. The traditional greeting in Malay is not "Hello!" but rather *Kemana?* — "Where are you going?" The question is merely a token of friendliness which does not require a specific answer. One simply returns the smile by replying *Tak ada ke mana* — "Nowhere in particular" and passes on.

Below are some very general guidelines for the pronunciation of Malay, or *Bahasa Malaysia* as it is known here. No written descriptions of the phonetics can replace the guidance of a native speaker, but once you've tried pronouncing a few words, Malaysians are quick to understand and their response is the best way to pick up a feeling for the language.

- a* is pronounced short as in *father* or *cart*.
apa — what; *makan* — to eat
- ai* is pronounced like the sound in *aisle*.
kedai — shop; *sungai* — river
- au* sounds like the *ow* of *how*.
pulau — island; *jauh* — far
- e* is very soft, hardly pronounced at all.
membeli — to buy; *besar* — big
- g* is pronounced as in *go*, never as in *gem*.
pergi — go; *guru* — teacher
- h* is pronounced as in *halt*.
mahal — expensive; *murah* — cheap
- i* sounds like *i* in *machine* or *ee* in *feet*.
minum — to drink; *lagi* — again
- j* sounds like the English *j* in *judge*.
Jalan — Street; *juta* — million
- ny* is similar to *ni* in *onion* or *n* in *news*.
harganya — price; *banyak* — a lot
- o* is most similar to the *o* in *hope*.
orang — human being; *tolong* — help
- u* is pronounced as *oo* in *pool*.
tujuh — seven; *minum* — to drink
- y* sounds like *y* in *young*, never as in *why*.
wayang — opera; *kaya* — rich.

Useful Phrases

- Good morning. *Selamat pagi.*
- Good afternoon. *Selamat tengah hari.*
- Good evening. *Selamat petang.*
- Please come in. *Sila masuk.*
- Please sit down. *Sila duduk.*
- Thank you. *Terima kasih.*
- You're welcome. *Sama-sama.*
- Where do you come from? *Anda datang dari mana?*
- I come from ... *Saya datang dari ...*
- What is your name? *Siapa nama anda?*
- My name is ... *Nama saya ...*
- Can you speak Malay? *Boleh anda bercakap dalam Bahasa Malaysia?*
- Yes. *Ya.*
- No. *Tidak.*
- Only a little. *Sedikit sahaja.*
- I want to learn more. *Saya hendak belajar lebih lagi.*
- How do you find Malaysia? *Apakah pendapat anda mengenai Malaysia?*

I like it here.

The weather is hot, isn't it?

Yes, a little.

Where are you going?

I am going to ...

Turn right.

Turn left.

Go straight.

Please stop here.

How much?

Wait a minute.

I have to get change.

Excuse me.

Where is the toilet?

In the back.

Where may I get something to drink?

Over there.

One cup of coffee.

One cup of tea.

Fried noodles.

Fried rice.

The food was tasty.

How much does this cost?

Ten dollars.

That's quite expensive.

Can you make it less?

Seven dollars.

Fine.

I'll buy it.

Good-bye.

Saya suka berada di sini

Cuaca di sini panas, bukan?

Ya, sedikit.

Pergi ke mana?

Saya pergi ke ...

Belok ke kanan.

Belok ke kiri.

Jalan terus.

Sila berhenti di sini.

Berapa?

Tunggu sekejap

Saya hendak tukar duit.

Maafkan saya.

Di mana tandas?

Di belakang.

Di mana boleh saya minum?

Di sana.

Kopi se cawan.

Teh se cawan.

Mee goreng.

Nasi goreng.

Makanan tadi sedap.

Berapakah harganya?

Sepuluh ringgit.

Mahal sangat.

Boleh kurangkan?

Tujuh ringgit.

Baiklah.

Saya nak membelinya.

Selamat tinggal.

Useful Words

- Mr. *Encik*
- Mrs. *Puan*
- Miss *Puan, Cik*
- I *Saya*
- you (friendly) *awak*
- you (formal) *tuhan-tuan*
- he, she *dia*
- we *kami*
- they *mereka*
- what? *apa?*
- who? *siapa?*
- where? (place) *di mana?*
- where? (direction) *ke mana?*
- when? *bila?*
- how *bagaimana?*
- why? *mengapa?*
- which? *yang mana?*
- how much? *berapa?*
- to eat *makan*
- to drink *minum*
- to sleep *tidur*
- to bathe *mandi*
- to come *datang*
- to go *pergi*
- to stop *berhenti*
- to buy *beli (membeli)*
- to sell *jual (menjual)*
- street/road *jalan*
- airport *lapangan terbang*
- post office *pejabat pos*
- shop *kedai*
- coffee shop *kedai kopi*

money	wang; duit
dollar	ringgit
cent	sen
1. one	1. satu
2. two	2. dua
3. three	3. tiga
4. four	4. empat
5. five	5. lima
6. six	6. enam
7. seven	7. tujuh
8. eight	8. lapan
9. nine	9. sembilan
10. ten	10. sepuluh
11. eleven	11. sebelas
12. twelve	12. dua belas
13. thirteen	13. tiga belas
20. twenty	20. dua puluh
21. twenty-one	21. dua puluh satu
22. twenty-two	22. dua puluh dua
23. twenty-three	23. dua puluh tiga
30. thirty	30. tiga puluh
40. forty	40. empat puluh
58. fifty-eight	58. lima puluh lapan
100. one hundred	100. seratus
263. two hundred and sixty three	263. dua ratus enam-puluh tiga
1,000. one thousand	1,000. seribu

Further Reading

Books on Malaysia probe the far reaches of the Borneo wilds, flashback to old Penang when secret societies were on the rampage, linger among the genteel life in Malay *kampungs*, or chase surrealistic tracks of elusive, three-meter jungle "giant men." The arcades of large hotels and drugstores sell popular and peculiar paperbacks on Malaysia. MPH Bookstore, on Tuanku Abdul Rahman Road in Kuala Lumpur, is a good place for browsing. So are the haphazard bookshelves at Caxton Stationers. The library at the University of Malaya, open to the public every day but Sunday, has the finest collection of all.

Alliston, Cyril, *Threatened Paradise: North Borneo and Its Peoples*. London: Robert Hale, 1966. Quick, stimulating reading on native tribesmen, Malays, Chinese and English colonialists in Sabah who have created the peculiar way of life there.

Andaya, Barbara Watson and Leonard Y., *A History of Malaysia*. London: Macmillan Press Ltd, 1982. A probing survey of Malaysia's history. Heavy in style in some parts, but on the whole, unearthing many interesting facts and analyses.

Brown, C.C., *Malay Annals* (translated). London: Oxford University Press, 1970. A collection of Malaysia's historical legends which, besides being an important source of Malaysia's history, also makes interesting reading of life in a bygone world.

Chapman, F. Spencer, *The Jungle is Neutral*. London: Corgi Books, 1949. Malaysia's classic on the terrible reality of jungle warfare in World War II as told by a British officer who wandered the

wilderness for three long years, and survived.

Chin, Kee Onn, *Marahee*. Kuala Lumpur: Eastern Universities Press, 1981. An exciting historic novel written by a teacher who was in Perak when the Japanese invaded Malaya. The background is based on facts.

Fauconnier, Henri, *The Soul of Malaya*. Kuala Lumpur: Oxford University Press, 1965. The book is sheer mood. No other man has written so powerfully on the seductions of Malaya. We remember Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* — "Mr. Kurtz, he dead."

Glaskin, G. M., *The Beach of Passionate Love*. London: Barrie and Rockliff, 1961. An average novel but the setting certainly is not. Behind the turbulent drama of love emerges a portrait of the cultured Malays of Kelantan and the society they honor.

Harrison, Tom, *World Within: A Borneo Story*. London: The Cresset Press, 1959. Harrison has a style of descriptive writing that makes the inland peoples of Sarawak — peoples he knows — spring from the pages in third dimension, cracking jokes or chanting glorious songs as they go.

Keith, Agnes Newton, *Three Came Home*. Kuala Lumpur: Eastview Productions, 1982. A sensitive, moving account of grit and mother-love of a civilian prisoner of war during the Japanese occupation in Borneo. This book has been made into a movie.

Lat, *Kampong Boy*: Kuala Lumpur, Straits Times Publishing, 1979. Popular Malaysian cartoonist, Lat, gives an hilarious account of life in a typical Malay kampung (village) seen through the eyes of a child. The affectionate drawings and autobiographical text are both by Lat. There are a number of similar books by Lat.

MacDonald, Malcolm, *Borneo People*. London: Jonathan Cape, 1956. A revealing account of his travels throughout Sarawak as an officer in the British colonial service during the 40s and 50s.

Miller, Harry, *The Story of Malaysia*. London: Faber & Faber Limited, 1965. A history of Malaysia up to the middle 60s written in a breezy style.

Morrel, R., *Common Malayan Butterflies*. Kuala Lumpur: Longmans, 1960. Malaysia harbors 900 species of butterflies compared with Great Britain's 68. Visitors can encounter "The Painted Jezebel," "The Orange Albatross" or "The Black-Veined Tiger." This well-illustrated book shows them all and gives good tips to aspiring lepidopterists.

Runciman, Steven, *The White Rajahs: A History of Sarawak from 1841 to 1946*. Cambridge: University Press, 1960. A historian's tale of the extraordinary Brooke dynasty and the personalities of three men who fashioned a state from medieval Borneo.

Ryan, N. J., *A History of Malaysia and Singapore*. Kuala Lumpur: Oxford University Press, 1976. A detailed history of Malaysia up to the early 70s written in an easy-to-read, and interesting style.

Ryan, N. J., *The Cultural Heritage of Malaya*. Kuala Lumpur: Longman, 1862. A slightly pedantic but brief and very inclusive summary of the

fusion of Malay, Chinese, Indian and Western societies to form Malaysia's multi-racial identity.

Sheppard, Mubin, *Taman Indera: Malay Decorative Arts and Pastimes*. Kuala Lumpur: Oxford University Press, 1972. A colorful survey of what many see but few write down with such precision — the culture of the Malays and the beauty of their arts.

Shuttleworth, Charles, *Malayan Safari*. London: Dent, 1965. The author, a British guide, tells cynically and amusingly of visits to the National Park and the East Coast islands; of the animals he encountered and the people he guided.

Tweedie, M. W. F. and Harrison, J. L. *Malayan Animal Life*. Kuala Lumpur: Longman, 1954. Malaysia's animal kingdom is so exotically profuse it would astonish a sophisticated zookeeper. The authors present an intriguing cast for a jungle play: from Moon Rats to Clouded Leopards to Spider-Hunting Sunbirds.

Wang Gung Wu (Ed.), *Malaysia, A Survey*. London: Pall Mall Press, 1964. A collection of essays by local and foreign scholars on Malaysia's history, geography, economics and society, which Malaysian intellectuals are likely to recommend to visitors as a good introduction to the country.

Wavell, Stewart, *The Lost World of the East: An Adventurous Quest in the Malayan Hinterland*. London: Sovenir Press, 1958. Follow the offbeat trial of a chess-playing BBC journalist who penetrates deep into the "blue jungle" in search of the fabulous lost city of Chini. With microphone in hand, he barely escapes terrorist guns by disguising himself as an aborigine, only to drop in later on a Malay magician's seance. Easily-read strange tales of mysterious Malaysia.

Appendix

Accommodations

PENINSULAR MALAYSIA

ALOR SETAR (Kedah)

Government Rest House, 75 Pumpang, tel. 04-722422. 15 rooms, some air-conditioned.

Hotel Mahkota, Jalan Putera, tel. 04-721344. Restaurant and bar.

Hotel Maha Wangsa, 449 Jalan Raja, tel. 04-721433. Luxury air-conditioned rooms with telephone and bath, bar and restaurant.

Hotel Regent, 1536G Jalan Sultan Badlishah, tel. 04-721900, 04-721291. 15 min from airport, 5 min from railway terminal; 28 rooms, partially air-conditioned with restaurants and shops.

Hotel Sarmilla, 27 Jalan Kanchut, tel. 04-722344. 52 air-conditioned rooms, restaurant, bar, nightclub.

Station Hotel, Jalan Langgar, tel. 04-723855. 53 rooms.

BATU PAHAT (Johore)

Asia Hotel, 1 Jalan Omar, tel. 072-43345. 50 rooms. Health center.

Government Rest House, 870 Jalan Tasek, tel. 072-441181.

CAMERON HIGHLANDS (Pahang)

Brinchang Hotel, 36 Brinchang New Town, tel. 05-941755/941246. 28 rooms, restaurant.

Cameron Highlands Merlin, P.O. Box 4, Tanah Rata, tel. 05-941222. 4 hours drive from Kuala Lumpur; 60 rooms, restaurant, bar, cocktail lounge, billiards room, children's recreation room, golf, conference facilities.

Cameron Highlands Rest House, Tanah Rata, tel. 05-941254. 6 rooms.

Foster's Lakehouse, 29/30th mile, Ringlet, tel. 05-948680. 16 rooms. Tudor-style architecture, antique and reproduction furnishings, English country garden. Bar, restaurant, fishing, jungle walks.

Garden Hotel, Tanah Rata, tel. 05-941911. 45 rooms. 7 chalets, restaurant, bar, coffee house, tennis courts, badminton courts, billiards, games room, conference room.

Golf Course Inn, P.O. Box 46, Tanah Rata, tel. 05-941214, 941565. 30 rooms. Restaurant, golf and badminton by arrangement.

Golf View Villa, Tanah Rata, tel. 05-941624. 6 bungalows. Residential cook available.

Highlands Hotel, 29-32 Brinchang, tel. 05-941588. 48 rooms.

Hotel Merlin, P.O. Box 4, Tanah Rata, tel. 05-941205. 60 rooms. Disco, T.V. room, bar and restaurant, badminton, indoor games.

Kowloon Hotel, 34-35 Brinchang, tel. 05-941366. 24 rooms. Bar, restaurant.

Town House Hotel, 41 Tanah Rata, 2 to 2½ hours from Ipoh airport. 12 rooms (6 without bath), air-conditioned, dining room, milk bar. Tel. 05-941666.

Ye Olde Smokehouse Hotel (formally Foster's Smokehouse Hotel). Tanah Rata, Jalan Pekeliling, tel. 05-941214/941215. Tudor architecture with English country garden, 20 family suites, dining rooms, 2 bars, 18-hole golf course, jungle walks.

DESARU (Tj. Penawar, Johore)

Desaru Holiday Resorts. P.O. Box 20, Kota Tinggi, tel. 073-838240. 35 chalets. Beach resort with helicopter landing pad, coffee house, bar, food stalls, tennis, canoeing, boating, horse riding, camping equipment for rental.

Desaru Merlin, P.O. Box 50, Kota Tinggi, tel. 073-838109. 100 rooms. Beach resort with sea and pool swimming, golf course, all water sports and rentals, jungle trekking. Restaurants and bars.

Desaru View, P.O. Box 71, Kota Tinggi, tel. 073-838221. 134 rooms. Beach resort with sea and pool swimming, golf course, tennis courts, all

water sports and rentals, jungle trekking. Japanese and seafood restaurants, coffee shop, 3 bars, shopping arcade.

FRASER'S HILL (Pahang)

Fraser's Hill Development Corp. Bungalows, c/o Fraser's Hill Corp., tel. 071-60201 or 071-60248, 2½ hours from airport, 2 hours from rail terminal, 3 hours from seaport, 66 rooms, dining room, bar, tennis courts, 18-hole golf course, 11 shops, sauna, barber shop, squash courts, skating rink.

Fraser's Hill Merlin Hotel, Fraser's Hill, Pahang, tel. 071-60274. 109 rooms, restaurant, coffee house, games room, 9-hole golf course, horse riding, tennis court, squash court.

GENTING HIGHLANDS (Pahang)

Genting Highlands Resort. Genting Sempah Genting Highlands, tel. 03-883937, 03-353200. 51 km (1 hour) from Kuala Lumpur, 15-min helicopter flight from Kuala Lumpur or airport; mountain resort, tourist complex of 4 hotels, the main one being *Genting Hotel*, 700 rooms, several restaurants serving Western, Malaysian and Chinese cuisine, casino, coffee house, bars, nightclub. Bowling alley, golf course, heliport, flower nursery, sauna baths, beauty and barber shops, cable car, lake and boating. Nearby are *Genting Highlands Hotel*, tel. 03-353211, 200 rooms, restaurant, and *Hotel Genting Pelangi*, 172 rooms, restaurant. Guests share facilities of *Genting Hotel*. The management opens *Sri Layang Hotel*, 5 miles distance, only in case of overflow crowd. Tel. 03-353212.

Ipo (Perak)

Hotel Bali, 3-9 Jalan Ali Pitchay, tel. 05-513644, 513431. 24 rooms. Bar, restaurant.

City Hotel, 79 Jalan Chamberlain, tel. 05-73761. 67 rooms.

Caspian Hotel, 6 Jalan Jubilee, tel. 05-72324. 29 rooms.

Embassy Hotel, 33 Jalan Chamberlain, tel. 05-2496. 15 rooms.

Hotel Eastern, 118 Jalan Sultan Idris Shah, tel. 05-73936. 20 min from airport, 5 min from railway terminal; 29 air-conditioned rooms, Maple Leaf Coffee court serving Western food, Fung Lum Restaurant serving Chinese food.

Hotel Fairmont, 10-12 Kampar Road, tel. 05-511100. 60 rooms. Coffee house.

New International, 23-25 Jalan Toh Puan Chah, tel. 05-512699, 512113, 512582. 28 rooms. Restaurant, T.V. on request.

King's Hotel, 91 Jalan Tambun, tel. 05-513211, 513304. 10 min from airport, in a residential area; 100 rooms, air-conditioned, bar, cocktail lounge, restaurant, and nightclub.

Hotel Mikado, 86-88, Jalan Yang Kalsom, tel. 05-515855, 515774, 515924. 51 rooms. Bar, restaurant, T.V. on request.

Merlin Hotel, 92-98 Clare Street, tel. 05-71351. 35 air-conditioned rooms, dining room, bar.

Station Hotel, Jalan Kelab (Club Road), tel. 05-512588. 34 rooms.

JERANTUT (Pahang)

Jerantut Hotel, 36 Jalan Besar, tel. 094-62328. 22 rooms. Restaurant.

JOHORE BAHRU (Johore)

Government Rest House, Jalan Sungei Chat, Sea Front, tel. 01-23676. 18 rooms with bath, air-conditioned, dining room. Chinese restaurant with bar, barbecue hut, cocktail lounge, playground.

Grand Hotel, 80A Jalan Wong Ah Fook, tel. 01-355358. 31 rooms.

Johore Hotel, 69 Jalan Ibrahim Sultan, tel. 01-24395/6, 1 hour to airport, 5 min from rail terminal; 38 rooms, dining room, bar, travel agent.

Merlin Tower, Jalan Meldrum, tel. 073-25811. 105 rooms. Banquet room, coffee house, restaurant, night club, bar, health center, T.V./fridge in deluxe/suite rooms.

Ocean Hotel, 66 Jalan Wong Ah Fook, tel. 01-55231.

Orchid Hotel, Bangunan Aziza, tel. 073-25766/9. 80 rooms.

Pertama Emas Hotel, Tan Kim Chua Complex, Jalan Meldrum, tel. 01-25811. 115 rooms, coffee house, restaurant, nightclub, health center.

Rasa Sayang Baru Hotel, 10C Jalan Datuk Dalam, tel. 073-55255/6. 56 rooms. Restaurant.

Regent Elite, 1 Jalan Siew Nam, Meldrum, tel. 073-23811. 67 rooms. Coffee lounge, restaurant, night club, shopping arcade.

Restaurant and Chalet, Taman Tasek, Jalan Kolar Air, tel. 073-24489. 12 chalets. Bar, restaurant.

Straits View Hotel, Batu 1D Jalan Sindai, tel. 073-24133, 073-24224. In suburban area, 20 min from airport, 10 min from railway terminal; 30 rooms, air-conditioned, beach nearby, coffee house, garden terrace, discotheque.

Top Hotel, 12 Jalan Meldrum, tel. 073-55344/5. 37 rooms.

Tropical Inn Hotel, 15 Jalan Gereja, tel. 073-21888. 160 rooms. Coffee house, bar, 24-hour room service, health center, hair salon.

KANGAR (Perlis)

Hotel Ban Cheong, 79A Jalan Besar, tel. 04-751074. 23 rooms.

Hotel Malaysia, 65-67 Jalan Jubil Perak, tel. 04-751366. 20 rooms.

KEMAMAN (Trengganu)

Motel Kemaman, P.O. Box 7, Telok Mengkuang, tel. 096-31509, 31701. 16 rooms, 14 chalets, dining room, cocktail lounge, table tennis, fishing, 1 shop.

Tiik Inn, Batu 25, Jalan Kuantan, tel. 095-31329. 16 chalets, partially air-conditioned, no restaurant but self-catering facilities, bar, lounge, beach, turtle watching, fishing and jungle trips.

KOTA BHARU (Kelantan)

- Hotel Aman*, 236C-D Jalan Tengku Besar, tel. 097-23049. 20 rooms. Restuarant, T.V. on request.
- Apollo Hotel*, 318 OB Jalan Sultan Ibrahim, tel. 097-21022. 15 rooms.
- Bahru Hotel*, 1973A-B Jalan Datuk Pati, tel. 097-21164. 14 rooms.
- Berling Hotel*, 826A Jalan Tg. Petra Semerak, tel. 097-25255, 25356. 34 rooms.
- Government Rest House*, tel. 097-25566.
- Hoover Hotel*, 1963A-C Jalan Datuk Pati, tel. 097-21439. 11 rooms.
- Indah Hotel*, 236A-B Jalan Tengku Besar, tel. 097-25633. 44 rooms.
- Intan Hotel*, 5581-86 Jalan Datuk Pati, tel. 097-21277. 24 rooms.
- Hotel Irama*, 3180C Jalan Sultan Ibrahim, tel. 097-22971, 22722. 19 rooms with air-conditioning, dining room serving European, Chinese and Malay cuisine, bar, beauty and barber shop.
- Hotel Kesina*, Jalan Pdg Garong, tel. 097-21455. 36 rooms, bar, restaurant, nightclub.
- Maryland Hotel*, Jalan Tok Hakim, tel. 097-22811. 14 rooms, dining room, coffee shop.
- Meriah Hotel*, 1183 JM Jalan Ismail, tel. 097-21388/21340. 22 rooms.
- Hotel Murni*, Jalan Datuk Pati, tel. 097-22399, 22173. 40 rooms. Bar, restaurant, swimming pool.
- Hotel Perdana*, Jalan Mahmud, P.O. Box 222, tel. 097-25000. 134 air-conditioned rooms with color TV, shopping arcade, pool, restaurant, coffee house, squash and tennis planned.
- Prince Hotel*, Jalan Temenggong, tel. 097-22066, 20 min from airport, 10 min from railway terminal, 60 min from sea-port, located downtown on 2nd and 3rd floors of office building; 12 rooms, 8 air-conditioned with bath, dining room serving European and Chinese cuisine, bar, nightclub, beauty and barber shop.
- Resort Pantai Cinta Berahi* (Beach of Passionate Love), P.O. Box 131, Kota Bharu, tel. 097-21307. 15 air-conditioned chalets, 19 air-cooled rooms, close to beach, 10 km from Kota Bharu, bar, dining room with Malay and Western cuisines, swimming pool, handicraft shops, local shows and tours to silverware and batik centers and to watch coconut-plucking monkeys.
- Hotel Suria*, 1870A-C Jalan Padang Garong, Kota Bharu, tel. 097-22188. 24 rooms.
- Temenggong Hotel*, 3988A-B Jalan Tok Hakim, tel. 097-23844, 23481. 36 rooms. Telephone, fridge and T.V. for hire, cocktail lounge and coffee house.

KOTA TINGGI (Johore)

- Kota Tinggi Chalets*, Kota Tinggi Waterfalls, tel. 073-891146. 7 night, 8 day chalets. Restaurant.

KUALA KANGSAR (Perak)

- Government Rest House*, tel. 05-851699. 16 rooms, some air-conditioned.

KUALA LIPIS (Pahang)

- Central Hotel*, 100 Jalan Besar, tel. 093-21207. 15 rooms. Restaurant.

KUALA LUMPUR (Selangor)

- Apollo Hotel*, 106-110 Jalan Bukit Bintang, tel. 03-428133. 45 air-conditioned rooms. Chinese restaurant, travel agency.
- City Hotel*, 366 Jalan Raja Laut, tel. 03-924466, center of town, 30 min from rail terminal downtown; 90 rooms, air-conditioned, grill room, coffee house, bar, reasonable rates.
- Embassy Hotel*, 205-211 Jalan Imbi, tel. 03-481288. 35 rooms, all air-conditioned with private bath, restaurant, bar.
- Hotel Emerald*, 166-168 Jalan Pudu, tel. 03-429233. 45 rooms. Coffee house, grill room, lobby, bar, restaurant, shopping arcade.
- **Hotel Equatorial* (Malaysia), Jalan Sultan Ismail, tel. 03-422022. 300 rooms completely air-conditioned, 3 specialty restaurants, 2 bar lounges, 24-hour coffee house, swimming pool, shopping arcade, convention and conference facilities.
- **Federal Hotel*, P.O. Box 896, 35 Jalan Bukit Bintang, Kuala Lumpur, tel. 03-489166. 409 rooms, air-conditioned, revolving lounge, 3 dining rooms serving Western and Chinese cuisine, 5 bars, 2 banquet halls, 6 international rooms, 2 supperclubs with international floor shows nightly, 24-hour coffee house, swimming pool, 18-lane bowling alley, 15 shop, sauna, massage, beauty and barber shops, air-conditioned limousine service.
- Fortuna Hotel*, 87 Jalan Berangan, tel. 03-419116. 98 rooms. Bar, restaurant, nigh club, T.V. on request, coffee house, grill.
- Furama Hotel*, Jalan Sultan, tel. 03-201777. 92 rooms. Health center, coffee house, bar, shopping arcade, 24-hour room service.
- Grand Central*, Jalan Raja Laut/Jalan Chow Kit, tel. 03-923011/624. 150 rooms. Piped-in music, restaurants, 24-hour coffee house, bar, health center, shopping arcade.
- Grand Pacific Hotel*, Jalan Tun Ismail/Jalan Ipoh, tel. 03-982177. 107 rooms. Piped-in music, radio, telephone, coffee house, night club and health center. Color T.V. for hire.
- **Holiday Inn*, Jalan Pinang, P.O. Box 983, tel. 03-481066. 32 km from airport, 8 km from railway station, 48 km from seaport; 200 rooms all completely air-conditioned, Malaysian restaurant, western grill, beauty and barber shops, 20 shops, car rental.
- **Kuala Lumpur Hilton*, P.O. Box 577, Jalan Sultan Ismail, tel. 03-422122, 03-422222, 30 min from airport, 15 min from railway terminal, 45 min from seaport, 5 min from downtown; 584 rooms, air-conditioned, Melaka Grill Room (Western and Malay food), Planters Inn (24 hour), Chinese restaurant, the Paddock rooftop supperclub, Gazebo with nightly barbecue, movie theater, Tin Mine discotheque, 2 bars, swimming pool, squash courts, steam bath, sauna, massage, beauty and barber shops, 86 shops, travel and airline agencies, nightly

- Cultural Shows with Malay dinner.**
The Lodge, Jalan Sultan Ismail, tel. 03-420122/488108. 50 rooms. Restaurant, 24-hour coffee house, bar, swimming pool.
- Hotel Majestic*, 1 Jalan Sultan Hishamuddin, tel. 03-84225. 30 min from airport, 40 km from seaport, opposite railway terminal; 52 rooms, completely air-conditioned, dining room, bar, large garden.
- Hotel Malaya*, 162 Jalan Cecil Bandar, tel. 03-27721. 250 air-conditioned rooms with private baths. Chinese dining room, nightclub, coffee lounge and bar, health club, disco.
- Malaysia Hotel*, 67-69 Jalan Bukit Bintang, tel. 03-428033; 30 min from airport, 10 min from railway terminal, centrally located; 60 rooms, completely air-conditioned, steak house, Imperial Room serving Continental and Chinese cuisine, cocktail lounge.
- **Merlin Hotel*, 2 Jalan Sultan Ismail, tel. 03-480033, 32 km from airport, 10 min from railway terminal, 45 min from seaport, located in residential area, 5 min walk from commercial and shopping centers; 700 rooms, completely air-conditioned, 5 restaurants, discotheque, 24 hour coffee house, 2 bars, cocktail lounge, 2 nightclubs, swimming pool, bowling alley, tennis and squash courts, massage, beauty and barber shops, shopping arcade including airline offices, travel agent, car rental.
- Mimaland Recreational Complex*, 11th mile Jalan Gambak, tel. 03-632947, 60 min from airport, 30 min from railway terminal, 1 hr from seaport, countryside location; 24 motel rooms, 10 bagans (native-style houses), 5 chalets (family size), all units air-conditioned, Pelandak coffee house (Western cuisine), Lakeside Restaurant (Malaysian food), Bagan Bar, Island Bar, Malaysian cultural shows upon request, swimming, boating, fishing, jungle trekking, children's playground, amusement center, flower garden, orchid farm.
- **The Regent of Kuala Lumpur*, Jalan Sultan Ismail, tel. 03-425588, 30 min from airports, 10 min from railway terminal, 1/2 hr from seaport, downtown; 400 rooms, completely air-conditioned, Asian restaurant, Ranch grill, coffee shop, 'catch seafood' and Chinese restaurant, 3 bars, cocktail lounge, nightclub, swimming pool, shopping arcade, sauna and steam baths, massage, beauty and barber shops, medical and secretarial services.
- Ria Hotel*, Bangunan Hentian Puduraya, 112-114 Jalan Pudu, tel. 03-87791. 140 rooms. Piped-in music, 24-hour room service and coffee house, lounge, bar, restaurant, nightclub, health center, shopping arcade, T.V. for hire.
- Hotel Sentosa*, 316 Jalan Raja Laut, tel. 03-925644, 30 min from airport, 10 min from railway terminal, located downtown; 42 rooms, air-conditioned, dining room serving European and Cantonese cuisine, 2 cocktail lounges.
- Shiraz Hotel*, 1-3 Jalan Medan Tuanku, tel. 03-920159. 58 rooms. Bar, restaurant, T.V. and fridge for hire, 24-hour room service.
- **Southeast Asia Hotel*, Jalan Haji Hussein, tel. 03-926077, 30 min from airport, 10 min from rail terminal, 45 min from seaport; 218 rooms

- air-conditioned, Chinese and Muslim restaurants, bar, coffee shop, health center, movie theater, travel agent, shopping arcade.
- Town House Hotel*, 22 Jalan Tong Shin, tel. 03-420233, 24 km from airport; 51 rooms completely air-conditioned, 2 Chinese restaurants, 2 bars, nightclub, health center.
- Wisma Belia*, 40 Jalan Lornie, tel. 03-26803, 26864, 203008, 30 min from airport, 5 min from rail terminal; 115 rooms, badminton court, shop, restaurant.

KUALA TRENGGANU (Trengganu)

- Government Rest House*, Ayer Tawar, Besut, tel. 096-72124. 6 rooms, restaurant.
- Motel Desa*, Bukit Pak Apil, tel. 096-23033. 20 rooms. Bar, restaurant, swimming pool.
- Hotel Meriah*, Jalan Paya Bunga, tel. 096-22652/5. 41 rooms. Bar, restaurant, night club.
- Molek Inn*, 210 Jalan Besar, Dungun, tel. 096-41270. Beach hotel with 6 rooms, 4 chalets and 1 bungalow. Restaurant and mini-bar.
- Pantai Motel*, Jalan Persinggahan, tel. 096-22100, beach resort, 74 twins, dining room, bar, swimming pool, sailing, fishing, skiing, scuba diving, turtle watching tours.
- Rantau Abang*, Dungun Village Center, tel. 096-41533, 03-428945. Beach location, 10 chalets, restaurant, bar, marine museum, observation deck, bazaar.
- Tanjong Jara Beach Hotel*, Tanjong Jara, tel. 096-41257, 03-428945. 100 air-conditioned rooms, sailing, water-skiing, fishing, tennis, golf park, squash, pool, and sauna.
- Hotel Warisan*, 65 Jalan Paya Bunga, tel. 096-22688, 22342. 36 rooms. Coffee house, shopping arcade, T.V. and fridge for hire, cultural performances can be arranged.

KUANTAN (Pahang)

- Annexe Resthouse*, Jalan Telok Sisek, tel. 095-21043. 16 rooms. Restaurant.
- Chendor Motel*, 29th mile, Kuantan-Kemaman Road, Cherating, tel. 095-31369. 57 rooms. Beach motel, bar.
- Chusan Hotel*, 37 Jalan D.K. Wong Ah Jang, tel. 095-24422. 22 rooms. Restaurant.
- **Club Medierranee*, Cherating, tel. 095-31131, 31171, 31181 or 03-423033 for reservations or write to the head office at Place de la Bourse, 75083, Paris, Cedex 02. International holiday village, sailing, boating, wind surfing, disco, swimming pool, tennis, badminton, yoga, 2 restaurants, boutiques; 2 nights minimum stay; closed November-January.
- Hotel Kuantan*, Telok Chempedak Beach, tel. 095-24930. 25 rooms with air-conditioning, dining room serving Chinese and European cuisine.
- **Kuantan Hyatt*, Telok Chempedak, tel. 095-25211 or Kuala Lumpur 03-482080, 482130. 185 rooms, squash, tennis, beauty parlor, health club, secretarial services, swimming pool, restaurant, bar, coffee house, discotheque.
- Meriah Hotel*, 142-144 Jalan Telok Sisek, tel. 095-22711. 12 rooms.

- Hotel Merlin Kuantan*, Telok Chempedak, tel. 095-22388. 74 rooms, swimming pool, golf, restaurant, discotheque.
- Ming Heng Hotel*, 22 Jalan Mahkota, tel. 095-24885. 10 rooms. Restaurant.
- Mira Hotel*, Jalan Hajil Abdul Aziz, tel. 095-26144. 48 rooms, restaurant, lounge, coffee house, conference room.
- Moonlight Hotel*, 29 Jalan Telok Sisek, tel. 095-24277. 18 rooms. Restaurant.
- New Capitol Hotel*, 55 Jalan Bukit Ubi, tel. 095-24222. 12 rooms. Restaurant.
- Pahang Hotel*, Kuantan, tel. 095-21955, 21814. 33 rooms. Restaurant.
- Raya Hotel*, 134 Jalan Besar, tel. 095-24131. 25 rooms. Restaurant.
- Hotel Samudra Kuantan*, Jalan Besar, tel. 095-22688, 20 min from airport; 75 rooms, air-conditioned, dining room, bar, car rental.
- Shamrock Hotel*, 236 Jalan Telok Sisek, tel. 095-21644. 15 rooms. Restaurant, coffee house.
- Sinjiffa Motel*, 9/4 mile Kuantan/Trengganu Road, Balok, tel. 095-22646. 45 rooms, restaurant.
- Suraya Hotel*, Jalan Haji Abdul Aziz, tel. 095-24266. 30 rooms. Restaurant (Chinese/Western).
- Telok Chempedak Resthouse*, Telok Chempedak Beach, tel. 095-21711. 12 rooms. Restaurant.
- Weng Yuen Hotel*, 63 Jalan Bukit Ubi, tel. 095-21547. 18 rooms. Restaurant.

LANGKAWI ISLAND (Perlis)

- Hotel Asia*, tel. 04-749216. 14 rooms.
- Government Rest House*, Kuah, Pulau Langkawi, tel. 04-749234, 12 rooms, bar, restaurant.
- Government Youth Chalet*, Pulau Langkawi, tel. 04-749206, dormitory-style accommodation, no age restrictions.
- **Langkawi Country Club*, Jalan Pantai Datuk, Pulau Langkawi, tel. 04-749209, 749252, 65 nautical miles (119 km) north of Penang, boat and air service from Kuala Lumpur, Penang, Singapore; 100 rooms, air-conditioned, Western and Asian restaurants, bars, swimming, boating, water-skiing, fishing, golfing, tennis, mountain climbing, conference facilities.
- Hotel Langkawi*, tel. 04-749209, 749252. 13 rooms.
- Sri Samudra Bungalow*, Sri Samudra Chalet, tel. 04-722088, 749215. 1 bungalow, 2 chalets.
- Sang Bayu and Sri Nangan Chalets*, Pulau Langkawi. 6 rooms.

MALACCA (Melaka)

- Happy Land Hotel*, 2435C Klebang Kechil, tel. 06-24523. 7 rooms.
- Lotus Inn*, 2846 Jalan Semabok, tel. 06-27011/2. 27 rooms. Air-conditioned, coffee house.
- Malacca Straits Inn*, 37A Jalan Bandar Hilir, Malacca, tel. 06-21211, 21706. 45 rooms, centralised air-conditioning, 24 hour coffee house, La Famosa Grill, Straits Club, discotheque, beer garden.
- Ng Fook Hotel*, 154H1 Jalan Bunga Raya, tel. 06-28055. 35 rooms.

- Palace Hotel*, 201 Jalan Munshi Abdullah, tel. 06-25115, 25355. 48 rooms completely air-conditioned, dining room, bar, cocktail lounge.
- Regal Hotel*, 66 Jalan Munshi Abdullah, Malacca, tel. 06-22433, 22763. 30 rooms, air-conditioned, restaurant and bar.
- Sentosa Hotel*, 91 Jalan Bachang, tel. 06-28225, 28222. 30 rooms. Air-conditioned, restaurant, piped-in music.
- Shah's Beach*, 6th mile Tanjong Keling, Malacca, tel. 06-26222, 26202, 30 min from airport and railway terminal; 50 chalets, completely air-conditioned, dining room, bar, swimming pool, boutique, fishing boats, tennis court, golf.
- Valiant Hotel*, 41A Jalan Bendahara, tel. 06-22799, 22323. 35 rooms, coffee house, bar.
- Westernhay Hotel*, 4-Mile-Post Tanjong Keling Road, 10 rooms. Restaurant, beach.
- Wisma Hotel*, 114A Jalan Bendahara, tel. 06-28311, 28423. 39 rooms. Air-conditioned, coffee house, piped-in music.

MAXWELL HILL (Perak)

- Bukit Lamit Bungalows*, contact Superintendent, Hill Gardens, Maxwell's Hill, Taiping, tel. Maxwell Hill 886241.

MENTAKAB (Pahang)

- Cosy-Inn Hotel*, Mentakab, tel. 094-41977. 20 rooms. Restaurant.
- London Hotel*, Mentakab, tel. 094-41119. 20 rooms. Restaurant.
- Mentakab Hotel*, 60 Jalan Temerloh, tel. 094-41275. 26 rooms. Restaurant.
- Supreme Hotel*, 11 Jalan Lee Yap, tel. 093-51321. Restaurant.
- Walto Hotel*, Mentakab, tel. 094-41262. Restaurant, bar, coffee house.

MERSING (Johore)

- Government Rest House*, 490 Jalan Ismail, tel. ME-791101, 18 rooms, air-conditioned, dining room, seaside.
- Hotel Embassy*, 2 Jalan Ismail, tel. ME-791391, 27 rooms, some air-conditioned, restaurant; boats to offshore islands arranged.
- Mersing Hotel*, 1 Jalan Datuk Timor, Johore, tel. ME-791004. 20 rooms, seafood restaurant.
- Mersing Merlin Inn*, 1st Mile Endau Road, tel. ME-791311, 03-480033 for reservations. 34 rooms. Bar, restaurant.

MUAR (Johore)

- Senior Government Rest House*, 40 Jalan A. Rahman, tel. 06-921373.

PANGKOR ISLAND (Perak)

- Beach Huts Hotel*, Pasir Bogak, tel. 05-939159, 20 rooms and chalets, most air-conditioned, restaurant, bar, disco, boat rental.
- Government Rest House*, Pasir Bogak, reservations through District Office, tel. 05-939236. 3 rooms, 3 chalets, some air-conditioned, bar, restaurant.

Pangkor Bay Village, Golden Sand, tel. 05-557627, PKR-05-557725. 58 rooms. Sailing, water sports, round island cruise, pony rides, indoor games.

Hotel Pantai Puteri Dewi, (Princess Hotel) Golden Sands, tel. PKR-291, 1½ hours by car from Ipoh to Lumut and 40 min from Lumut by ferry or hotel launch, resort hotel on beach; 55 rooms (chalets and Malay houses, some with shared bath), dining room serving European, Chinese, Malaysian food, bar, fishing boats, rowboats, motorboats, sailboats, fishing, drag-net demonstration, skin diving, ponies, archery, badminton, crabbing, tours.

Sea View Hotel, Pasir Bogak, tel. 05-939056, 10 km by ferry from Lumut to Pangkor Island; 30 rooms and chalets, some air-conditioned, bar, lounge, swimming water-skiing, island boat trips, fishing.

PEKAN (Pahang)

Pekan Hotel, 60 Jalan Clifford, tel. 095-71378. 11 rooms. Restaurant.

Pekan Resthouse, tel. 095-71240. Restaurant.

PENANG

Ambassador Hotel, 55 Penang Road, George Town, tel. 04-24101. 78 rooms. Bar, restaurant, T.V. on request, 24-hour coffee house.

Bayview Beach Hotel, Batu Ferringhi, tel. 04-811311. 75 rooms, kampong restaurant, coffee house, bar pool, sunken bar, tennis.

Casuarina Beach Hotel, Batu Ferringgi, tel. 04-811711/5. 195 rooms, all facing sea, boating tennis, water sports.

**Hotel Central*, 404 Penang Road, George Town, tel. 04-21432, 20 min from airport, 10 min from rail terminal and seaport, free airport transfer service, centrally located; 133 rooms, completely air-conditioned, restaurant serving Chinese cuisine, 24-hour coffee house, lounge, bar, nightclub, conference rooms, bank, travel service, barber shop, health center.

Hotel Continental, 5 Penang Road, George Town, tel. 04-26381. 120 rooms. Bar, restaurant, night club.

**E & O Hotel*, 10-12 Farquhar Street, George Town, tel. 04-63543, 25 min from airport, 7 min from railway station and ocean terminals, set in 40 sq. m tropical garden, 100 rooms, completely air-conditioned bedrooms, two restaurants serving seafood and European cuisine, 24-hour coffee house, cocktail lounge, 3 bars and nightclub.

Golden Sands Hotel, 87 Batu Ferringgi, tel. 04-811111, located in a suburban setting near the beach; 310 rooms, air-conditioned, restaurant, bar, fishing excursions, water skiing, bicycle and car rentals, postal service.

Government Chalets, Jalan Jesselton, George Town, tel. 04-22393. 9 rooms, 3 chalets.

Government Rest House, 229 Jalan Kulim, Bukit Mertajam, tel. BM-0122.

Holiday Inn Hotel, Batu Ferringgi, tel. 04-811601, 801777. 159 rooms, 24-hour coffee house, Baron's Table Restaurant, Bayan Bay,

rock garden, games room, swimming pool.

Lone Pine Hotel, 10th mile, Batu Ferringgi, tel. 04-811511-2, 40 min from airport, 25 min from railway and ocean terminals, 16 km from George Town, directly on beach; 54 doubles (48 in separate annexe), air-conditioned, dining room, cocktail lounge, sea swimming, fishing, tennis.

**Hotel Malaysia*, 7 Penang Road, George Town, tel. 04-363311. 81 rooms. Coffee lounge, health center, night club, disco, bar.

**Hotel Mandarin*, 202A Macalister Road, George Town, tel. 04-26131, 20 min from airport, 5 min from railway and seaport, downtown, 5 km from beach; 110 rooms, air-conditioned, Peking Restaurant, coffee corner, nightclub, swimming pool, shopping arcade, beauty and barber shops, cinema, tours, car rentals.

**Merlin Hotel*, 25A Farquhar Street, George Town, tel. 04-23301. 144 rooms. VIP suite, 5 bars, 3 restaurants, night club, swimming pool, T.V. on request.

Hotel Metropole, 46 Northam Road, George Town, tel. 04-62376. 24 rooms. Car park, restaurant.

**Nang*, tel. 896-291, 45 min hour from airport, 30 min from railway terminal and seaport, resort directly on beach, 17 km from George Town; 160 rooms, completely air-conditioned, dining room and coffee house, both serving Eastern and Western food.

**Oriental Hotel*, 105 Jalan Penang, George Town, tel. 04-23371/6, 25 min from airport, 5 min from railway terminal and seaport, 94 twin-bedded rooms, air-conditioned, dining room serving Western and Chinese food, 2 bars, cocktail lounge, shopping arcade.

**Palm Beach Hotel*, 105A Batu Ferringgi, tel. 04-811621/5. 147 rooms, air-conditioned, dining room, cocktail lounge, shop, bar and restaurant at beach-front garden, tennis court, swimming pool.

Paramount Hotel, 48F Jalan Northam Road, tel. 04-63772, 20 min from airport terminal and seaport, located in residential area near center of town; 24 rooms, air-conditioned, dining room, bar, fishing, boating, and water skiing.

Peking Hotel, 50A Penang Road, George Town, tel. 04-22455/9. 73 rooms. Restaurant.

Penang Hill Hotel, Penang Hill, tel. 04-892256/7; on Penang Hill overlooking island, 12 twin rooms, dining room, cocktail lounge.

**Penang Merlin Hotel*, 25A Farquhar St., George Town, tel. 04-23301, 20 min from airport, 10 min from railway terminal, 5 min from seaport, located downtown. 144 rooms, air-conditioned, revolving and other restaurants with European and Chinese cuisines, Chiangmai bar, swimming pool, discotheque, beauty shop, travel agent, 24-hour coffee shop.

**President Hotel*, 171 Burmah Road, George Town, tel. 04-23456, centrally located; 100 rooms, air-conditioned, dining room, nightclub, tour desk, travel agent, escort service.

**Rasa Sayang Hotel*, 9½ mile Batu Ferringgi, tel. 04-811811, 40 min from airport, 45 min from railway terminal, 25 min from seaport, situated on Batu Ferringgi beach; 320 rooms, air-

conditioned, dining rooms serving Western, Chinese and Japanese cuisine, coffee shop, 4 bars, discotheque, swimming pool, tennis court, squash, croquet, putting green, water skiing, fishing and sailing, 12 shops, gym, sauna and massage, beauty and barber shops, bicycle and car rental, travel office.

Motel Sri Pantai, Tanjung Bungah, tel. 04-895566, 895678, 21 rooms. Boating, water skiing, beach location.

Town House Hotel, 70 Jalan Penang, George Town, tel. 04-368621, 368722, 368923, 30 min from airport, 5 min from railway terminal, 5 min from ocean terminal, 5 min walk from shopping and entertainment areas; 50 rooms, air-conditioned, 24-hour coffee house and restaurant, 1 bar, cocktail lounge, convention room, barber shop.

United Hotel, 101 Jalan MacAlister, George Town, tel. 04-21361, 30 min from airport terminal and seaport; 118 rooms, air-conditioned, restaurant, bar, 24-hour coffee house, health center, convention rooms.

Waldorf Hotel, 13 Leith Street, George Town, tel. 04-26141. 60 rooms. Coffee house.

Hotel Waterfall, 160 Western Road, George Town, tel. 04-27221/3. 43 rooms. Coffee house, restaurant, bar, car park.

PETALING JAYA (Selangor)

Shah's Village Motel, 3-5 Lorong Sultan, tel. 03-569322. 44 rooms. 20 min from airport, 15 min from railway station, in suburban area. Air-conditioned, piped-in music, telephone, fridge, T.V. for hire, restaurants, bars, nightclub, sauna bath, bowling alley, swimming pool, conference facilities.

Hotel Jayapuri, 2 Jalan Barat, tel. 03-574933. 360 rooms. Restaurant, disco, 24-hour room service, swimming pool, health center.

PORT DICKSON (Negri Sembilan)

Blue Lagoon Village, 16 km south of Port Dickson, 6 beach cottages.

Federal Beach Hotel, 7½ mile Coast Road, Telok Kamang, tel. 06-795244. 200 rooms, swimming pool, tennis court, discotheque, sea sports, golf.

Mui Beach Hotel, 7th mile Coast Road, tel. 06-759244. 153 rooms, restaurants, coffee house, beauty saloon, disco, swimming pool, health center.

Pantai Motel, 9th mile Coast Road, tel. 06-795265. 18 rooms, bar, restaurant, beach location.

**Si Rusa Inn*, 7th mile Jalan Pantai, P.O. Box 31, tel. 06-795233, 1¼ hours from Subang International Airport, 11 km from Port Dickson, directly on beach; 170 doubles, air-conditioned chalets, dining room, cocktail lounge, dance band Sat. evenings, Sunday luncheon music, deep sea and inshore fishing boats, sailboats, ski-boats, local golf club visiting arrangements, laundry service, babysitting.

RAUB (Pahang)

Dragon Hotel, Jalan Tras, tel. 093-5132. 18 rooms. Restaurant.

RAWA ISLAND (Johore)

Rawa Island Holiday Resort, Tourist Center, Mersing, tel. ME-791204. 15 chalets, 3 ferry boats from Mersing daily.

SEREMBAN (Negri Sembilan)

Carlton Hotel, 47 Jalan Tuan Sheikh, tel. 06-75336, 2 hours from airport, 10 min from railway terminal, 2½ hours from seaport, downtown; 38 rooms, air-conditioned, dining room, bar, entertainment arranged on request, 1 shop.

Ruby Hotel, 30 Jalan Leman, tel. 06-75201. 34 rooms.

TAIPING (Perak)

New Government Rest House, Taman Tasek, tel. 05-823746. 12 air-conditioned rooms.

TEMERLOH (Pahang)

Hotel Isis, Jalan Tengku Bakar, tel. 094-51324. 15 rooms.

Swiss Hotel, Temerloh, tel. 094-51282. 20 rooms. Bar.

Temerloh Hotel, 29 Jalan Kuantan, tel. 094-51499. 22 rooms. Bar, restaurant.

Hotel Tropicana, Jalan Sultan Ahmad, tel. 094-51095. 45 rooms. Bar, coffee house, restaurant.

TIOMAN ISLAND (Johore)

Merlin-Samudra Hotel, Pulau Tioman, P.O. Box 4, Mersing; Merlin-Samudra Reservation Centre (next to harbor), tel. Mersing 791771; 60 km off east coast of Peninsular Malaysia, boat or air transfer. 59 air-conditioned and 15 non air-conditioned rooms, restaurant, beach bar, cocktail lounge, marine sports center, games room, tennis, volleyball, netball and badminton courts, football field; reserve well in advance.

SABAH

BEAUFORT

Padas Hotel, P.O. Box 147, tel. 411 and 442. 22 rooms. Downtown. Partly air-conditioned.

KINABALU NATIONAL PARK

Kinabalu National Park, P.O. Box 626, Kota Kinabalu, tel. 54452, 51595, 92 km by jeep from Kota Kinabalu, heli-pad at park headquarters; 6 chalets, cabins, youth hostel, electricity, piped water, log fires, refrigerator, gas/oil cookers, simply furnished, visitors expected to bring and cook their own food but simple food and bar available in clubhouse, hire of camping equipment, guides, and porters to climb Mt. Kinabalu.

Mount Kinabalu Park Royal Hotel, Kundasing, 2 hours by jeep from Kota Kinabalu, 74 rooms, restaurant, helipad.

KOTA BELUD

Hotel Kota Belud, 21 Jalan Francis, P.O. Box 21, tel. 576. 10 rooms. Downtown. Fully air-conditioned.

Hotel Tai Seng, P.O. Box 41, tel. 551 and 552. 20 rooms. Downtown. Air-conditioned with restaurant, telephone.

KOTA KINABALU

Ang's Hotel, 28 Jalan Bakau, tel. 55433, 54466, 10 min from airport, in town center; 35 rooms, air-conditioned, restaurant and bar.

Asia Hotel, 68 Bandar Berjaya, P.O. Box 768, tel. 53533, 53638, 56162. 30 rooms. Rustic scenery. Partly air-conditioned.

Borneo Hotel, P.O. Box 567, tel. 55255 Sabah, near the airport, 20 min from railway terminal, 30 min from seaport; 6 km from downtown Kota Kinabalu, 100 meters from beach; 31 air-conditioned rooms, 10 chalets, dining room, bar.

**Capital Hotel*, P.O. Box 1223, 23 Jalan Haji Saman, tel. 53433, 20 min from airport, 5 min from railway, in residential area near center of town, 6 meters from ocean; 102 rooms, air-conditioned, dining room serving Western and Chinese cuisine, cocktail lounge, nightclub, sailboats, outriggers, excursion boats, car rentals, tours of vicinity, beauty and barber shops.

Central Hotel, 5 Jalan Tugu, P.O. Box 1699, tel. 51544, 53622. 40 rooms. Rustic scenery. Fully air-conditioned.

Eden Hotel, 1-2 Jalan Merdeka, P.O. Box 1114, tel. 53577. 25 rooms. Rustic scenery. Fully air-conditioned. Bar and restaurant.

Federal Hotel, 10 Jalan Haji Yaakub, tel. 51191. 16 rooms. Rustic scenery. Partly air-conditioned.

**Hyatt Kinabalu*, Jalan Datuk Salleh, tel. 51777. 350 rooms, coffee house, restaurants, cultural shows, swimming pool, scuba diving, tennis, boutiques.

Islamic Hotel, 8 Jalan Perpaduan, P.O. Box 595, tel. 54325. 15 rooms. Rustic scenery. Non-air-conditioned.

Hotel Jesselton, P.O. Box 401, Gaya St., tel. 55633, 5 km from airport, 1 km from railway, 2 min from seashore. 49 rooms, air-conditioned, dining room serving European, Chinese and Malaysia cuisine, bar, cocktail lounge, golf, yachting, climbing tours of Mt. Kinabalu.

Kin Wah Hotel, 7 Jalan Haji Yaakub, P.O. Box 642, tel. 53833. 20 rooms. Rustic scenery. Partly air-conditioned.

Hotel Kinabalu, 59-60 Bandar Berjaya, P.O. Box 1007, tel. 53233. 9 rooms. Rustic scenery. Partly air-conditioned.

Muslim Hotel, 2 Jalan Pinang, P.O. Box 67, Tanjung Aru, tel. 53682. 5 rooms. Tanjung Aru Beach, near airport. Non air-conditioned.

Nam Tai Hotel, 7 Jalan Merdeka, P.O. Box 179, tel. 54803. 16 rooms. Rustic scenery. Partly air-

conditioned.

New Capital Hotel, 7 Jalan Laiman Diki, P.O. Box 1106, tel. 53011. 15 rooms. Rustic scenery. Partly air-conditioned.

Hotel New Sabah, 9-11 Block A, Segama, P.O. Box 2055, tel. 56200. 30 rooms. Town center. Fully air-conditioned.

Nun Hing Hotel, 33-34 Jalan Haji Saman, P.O. Box 415, tel. 51433. 34 rooms. Downtown, fully air-conditioned, bar and restaurant.

Pine Bay Hotel, 19 Jalan Sentosa, P.O. Box 20, tel. 54900, 54950. 19 rooms. Rustic scenery. Partly air-conditioned.

Prince Hotel, 1 Jalan Haji Yaakub, P.O. Box 189, tel. 53933. 14 rooms. Rustic scenery. Fully air-conditioned.

Hotel Rakyat, Lot 3, Block 1, Sinsuran Complex, WDT No. 15, Kota Kinabalu, tel. 58536. 9 rooms. Town center.

Sabah Inn, Jalan Pantai, P.O. Box 1996, tel. 53322. 39 rooms. Downtown, fully air-conditioned, coffee house and nightclub.

Sea View Hotel, 31 Jalan Haji Saman, P.O. Box 349, tel. 54422. Center of town, partly air-conditioned, bar and restaurant.

**Hotel Shangri-La*, P.O. Box 1736, Bandaran Berjaya, tel. 56100, 10 min from airport and railway, 5 min from seaport; 150 rooms, air-conditioned, dining room, 2 bars, swimming pool.

Victory Hotel, 9 Jalan Pinang, Tanjung Aru, tel. 52640. 6 rooms. Tanjung Aru Beach, near airport. Partly air-conditioned, bar and restaurant.

Winner (Foh Yu) Hotel, 9-10 Prince Philip Drive, on sea front; 55 Jalan Tun Mustapha, tel. 55211. 52 air-conditioned rooms, bar, restaurant, nightclub.

KUDAT

Hasba Hotel, P.O. Box 105. 6 rooms. Town area. Non air-conditioned.

Kudat Hotel, Little Street, P.O. Box 200, tel. 61600. 7 rooms. Town area. Partly air-conditioned. Bar and restaurant.

Hotel Sunrise, P.O. Box 237, Kudat. 20 rooms. Town area. Fully air-conditioned.

LABUAN

Hotel Imperial, 5 Jalan Merdeka, Lukas Kong Bldg., tel. 42181. 30 rooms, town area, partly-air-conditioned.

Kim Soon Lee Hotel, Jalan Okk Awang Besar, P.O. Box 46, tel. 42554. 17 rooms. Town area. Partly air-conditioned.

**Hotel Labuan*, Jalan Merdeka, P.O. Box 354, tel. 087-42501. 150 rooms and suites, air-conditioned, cocktail lounge, restaurants, pool, shopping arcade, health center.

Nam Ping Hotel, 46 High Street, tel. 42369. 5 rooms. Town area. Partly air-conditioned.

Victoria Hotel, Labuan, tel. 42411. Centrally located. 39 air-conditioned rooms, restaurant with Western and Chinese food, nightclub, saloon.

Victoria Lodging House, 147 High Street, P.O. Box 14, tel. 42716. 9 rooms. Town area. Partly air-conditioned.

TAHAD DATU

- Deluxe Hotel*, P.O. Box 141. 12 rooms. Town area. Fully air-conditioned.
- Lahad Datu Hotel*, Canal Street, P.O. Box 118, tel. 81100. 20 rooms. Town area. Partly air-conditioned.
- Lian Ming Lodging House*, Kampung Sawmill, P.O. Box 116, tel. 81419. 30 rooms. Non air-conditioned.
- Hotel Mido*, 94 Main Street, P.O. Box 45, tel. 81800. 68 rooms. Fully air-conditioned. Coffee house, nightclub and restaurant.
- Ocean Hotel*, P.O. Box 280, tel. 81700. 19 rooms. Fully air-conditioned.
- Perdana Hotel*, Jalan Seroja, tel. 81400. 21 rooms. Fully air-conditioned.
- Venus Hotel*, P.O. Box 74, tel. 81900. 16 rooms. Fully air-conditioned.
- Winning Hotel*, P.O. Box 183, tel. 81200. 20 rooms. Center of town. Partly air-conditioned. Bar and restaurant.

RANAU

- Ranau Hotel*, tel. 351. 26 rooms. Town area. Partly air-conditioned.

SANDAKAN

- Hotel Federal*, 8 Jalan Tiga, tel. 3251, 3253. 18 rooms. Center of town. Partly air-conditioned. Bar and restaurant.
- Gaya Hotel*, 9-11 Third Avenue, tel. 2292. 40 rooms. Center of town. Fully air-conditioned with telephone. Bar, restaurant and nightclub.
- Hong Kong Hotel*, 18 Jalan Tiga, tel. 2248. 18 rooms. Center of town.
- King Nam Sing Hotel*, 51 Fourth Street, tel. 3244. 19 rooms. Center of town. Partly air-conditioned. Bar and restaurant.
- Malaysia Hotel*, 52 Second Avenue, P.O. Box 214, tel. 2277/8. 17 rooms. Center of town. Fully air-conditioned. Bar and restaurant.
- Mayfair Hotel*, Jalan Satu, tel. 5191. 12 rooms. Center of town. Partly air-conditioned.
- Merlin Hotel*, 71 Jalan Tiga, tel. 2118. 9 rooms. Center of town. Partly air-conditioned.
- Hotel Nak*, Jalan Pelabohan, tel. 2171/6. 12 km from airport, 100 meters from waterfront; 37 rooms, air-conditioned, bar, restaurant, nightclub.
- Hotel Paris*, 45 Jalan Tiga, tel. 2288/9. 21 rooms. Center of town. Partly air-conditioned.
- Sabah Hotel*, P.O. Box 275. Sandakan, Sabah, tel. 3622. 20 min from airport, 5 min from seaport, 1 km from town; 28 air-conditioned rooms, dining room, bar, nightclub.

SEMPORNA

- Island View Hotel*, P.O. Box 126, tel. 638. 8 rooms. Center of town. Fully air-conditioned.

TAWAU

- Hotel Ambassador*, 1872 Jalan Raya, tel. 72700, 72370. 23 rooms. Center of town.

- Hotel Emas*, Jalan Utara, tel. 73300. 100 rooms. Center of town. Fully air-conditioned, nightclub and restaurant.
- Hotel Far East*, Jalan Mesjid, tel. 73200. 22 rooms. Center of town. Coffee house and nightclub.
- Hotel Kuhara*, Jalan Kuhara, P.O. Box 639, tel. 71200. 19 rooms. Downtown. Fully air-conditioned. Restaurant and bar.
- Hotel Malaysia*, 37 Jalan Dunlop, tel. 72800. 21 rooms. Center of town.
- Hotel Oriental*, 10 Dunlop Street, tel. 71500 in center of town, 3 km from airport, 1 km from seaport; 28 rooms.
- Hotel Royal*, 177 Jalan Belian, P.O. Box 162, tel. 089-73100. 38 rooms, air-conditioned, coffee house, restaurant.
- Tawau Hotel (Foo Guan)*, 72-73 Chester Street, tel. 71100, 10 min from airport, 5 min from seaport, downtown; 34 rooms air-conditioned bedrooms, dining room Chinese restaurant, bar, nightclub.
- Wah Yew Hotel*, 117 Chester Street, P.O. Box 442, tel. 71300. 10 rooms. Center of town. Fully air-conditioned. Bar and restaurant.

TENOM

- Hotel Kim San*, Shophouse No. 58, P.O. Box 192, tel. 611. 10 rooms. Town area. Partly air-conditioned.
- Sabah Hotel*, P.O. Box 40, tel. 534. 6 rooms. Town area. Partly air-conditioned.
- Tenom Hotel*, P.O. Box 78, tel. 587. 10 rooms. Downtown. Partly air-conditioned.

SARAWAK

BINTULU

- Aurora Beach Hotel*, Jalan Tanjong Batu, tel. 31622. 108 rooms. Restaurant, nightclub.

KUCHING

- Aurora Hotel*, McDougall Road, tel. 20281-6, 23360. 20 min from airport and seaport, downtown; 86 air-conditioned rooms, dining room, coffee house, bar, nightclub.
- Borneo Hotel*, Tabuan Road, tel. 24121. 11 km from airport, center of town; 40 rooms, completely renovated, air-conditioned bedrooms, dining room, cocktail lounge, nightclub, beauty and barber shops, conference room.
- Fata Hotel*, McDougall Road, tel. 58111. 35 air-conditioned rooms, dining room, bar, money exchange, tours operator.
- **Holiday Inn Kuching*, Jalan Tunku Abdul Rahman, tel. 23111, 20 min from airport, on Sarawak River, near Sarawak Museum; 200 rooms, air-conditioned, dining room, banquet room, bar, cocktail lounge, weekly entertainment at bar and poolside, swimming pool, beauty and barber shop, laundry, shops.
- Li Wah Hotel*, Song Thian Cheok Road, tel. 50222. 29 rooms. Nightclub, shopping arcade, coffee house.

Hotel Longnose, Abell Road, tel. 33355, 15 min from airport, 5 min from seaport; 50 air-conditioned rooms, dining room, cocktail lounge.

Odeon Hotel, 74 Padungan Road, tel. 24211; 15 min from airport; 29 rooms, air-conditioned, dining room, tour desk, arcade shops, cinema, Chinese restaurant, roof-garden.

MIRI

Fatimah Hotel, 15 Brooke Road, tel. 32255. 66 air-conditioned rooms, dining room, Chinese, Malay, European dishes available on order.

Park Hotel, P.O. Box 241, Kingsway, tel. 32355. 15 min from airport, 500 meters from beach; 95 air-conditioned rooms, dining room serving Chinese and European cuisine, coffee house, bar, nightclub, shopping arcade.

SIBU

Capitol Hotel, 19 Wong Wai Siong Road, tel. 21044. 30 rooms, bar, restaurant.

Li Hua Hotel, Longbridge Commercial Center, tel. 2400. 70 rooms. Nightclub, coffee house, restaurant.

Hotel Malaysia, 28 Kampong Nyabor Road, tel. 22298. 21 rooms.

Premier Hotel, Sarawak House Komplex, tel. 23222. Located downtown; 120 rooms, air-conditioned, coffee house, bar, restaurant, nightclub, shopping arcade, conference rooms.

Sarawak Hotel, 34 Cross Road, tel. 23455. 15 min from airport, 3 min from seaport; 24 rooms, air-conditioned, dining room serving Chinese and European cuisine, bar, excursion boats, rental bicycles, shopping arcade.

BRUNEI

Brunei Hotel, 95 Jalan Chevalier, Bandar Seri Begawan, tel. 22373. 100 rooms, air-conditioned, restaurant, central position.

Ang's Hotel, Jalan Pasek Lama, Bandar Seri Begawan, tel. 23553. Central position, 100 rooms, air-conditioned, restaurant.

Sheraton-Utama Hotel, Jalan Bendahara, P.O. Box 2203, Bandar Seri Begawan, tel. 27272.

Restaurants

PENINSULAR MALAYSIA

ALOR SETAR

Federal Hotel, Jalan Kancut, tel. 721055.

Hotel Samila, 27 Jalan Kancut, tel. 722344. Western, Malay, Chinese food.

Restoran Selera, 64 Jalan Teluk Wanjah, tel. 726738. Malay food.

IPOH

CHINESE

Cathay Hotel & Restaurant, 90 Jalan Chamber-

lain, tel. 515322, 519414.

Central Restaurant, 51 Jalan Ekram, tel. 513413.

Federal Hotel & Restaurant, 73 Jalan Raja Musa Aziz, tel. 75473.

Fung Lum Restaurant, Jalan Sultan Idris Shah, tel. 510306.

King's Hotel, Blue Diamond Restaurant, 91 Jalan Tambun, tel. 513211. Western, Chinese food.

Restoran Wonderful, 75 Jalan Clare, tel. 73753.

KANGAR

Chahaya Bintang Restoran, 314 Taman Mutiara, tel. 752250. Malay food.

Federal Hotel & Restaurant, 104 Jalan Besar, tel. 751288. Chinese, Western food.

Maamor Restoran, 38 Jalan Penjara, tel. 75150. Malay food.

Hotel Malaysia, 65-66 Jalan Jubilee Perak, tel. 751366. Chinese, Malay food.

JOHORE BAHRU

Anggerik Restaurant, Orchid Hotel, Bangunan Aziza, Jalan Ah Fook, tel. 073-25766, 25767/8/9.

Aw Eng Kwang Pottery Studio, 13 Jalan Macap, Air Hitam, tel. 073-784076.

The Wagonner, 1st Floor, Tun Abdul Razak Complex, Jalan Ah Fook, tel. 073-24282.

CHINESE

Eastern Palace Restaurant, 2nd Floor, Wisma Abad, Century Garden, tel. 073-35823.

Garden Terrace Restaurant, Straits View Hotel, 1D Jalan Scudai, tel. 073-24224. Chinese, Western food.

Golden Showers, Bangunan Aziza, Jalan Ah Fook, tel. 073-25766/9.

New Hong Kong Restaurant, 69A Jalan Sultan Ibrahim, Stulang Laut, tel. 073-23719, 54298.

Kota Tinggi Waterfalls Restaurant, 9½ Miles, Jalan Lombong, Kota Tinggi, tel. 891-146. Chinese, Western food.

MALAY

Delima Restaurant, 1st Floor, Bangunan MARA, Jalan Segget.

Desaru Restaurant/Coffee House, Desaru Holiday Resort, Tanjung Penawar, Penggerang, tel. Penggerang 073-838240. Malay, Western food.

Rajjah Restaurant, Batu 1, Tanjung Agas, Muar, Johore, tel. 073-922035.

Sri Menanti Restaurant, 1st Floor, Tun Abdul Razak Complex, Jalan Ah Fook, tel. 073-23457.

SEAFOOD

Lido Sea Food Restaurant, 15A, 2½ m.s., Jalan Scudai, tel. 073-21429.

INDIAN

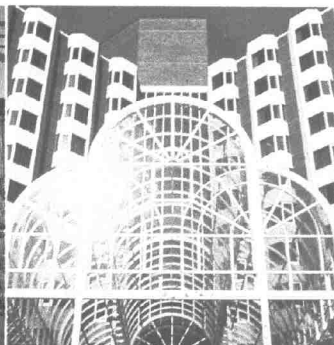
The Scene, Ground Floor, Bangunan Aziza, Jalan Ah Fook, tel. 073-55055.

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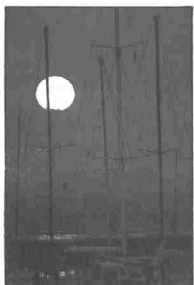


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KOTA BHARU**CHINESE**

- Choo Choon Huay Restaurant*, 149 Jalan Pot Office Lama, tel. 097-21720, 24063.
Lak Kau Hok Restaurant, 2959 Jalan Kebun Sultan, tel. 097-23762.
Lee Siang Lan Restaurant, 3658 Jalan Tok Hakim, tel. 097-25794.
Hotel Murni Chinese Restaurant, Jalan Datuk Pati, tel. 097-22399. Chinese, Western food.

MALAY/THAI

- Budaya Restaurant*, 367 Jalan Temenggong, tel. 097-21185.
Nara Restaurant, 1-2T Taman Sekebung Bunga, tel. 097-25581.
Puspa Restaurant, Hotel Kesina Baru, Jalan Padang Garong, tel. 097-21455. Malay, Western, Chinese food.

KUALA LUMPUR**MALAY**

- Anika Satay*, Lg F. 002-005 Bukit Bintang Plaza, Jalan Bukit Bintang, tel. 03-483113.
Bintang Restaurant, 44A Jalan Sultan Ismail, tel. 03-425151.
Budaya Restaurant, Lorong Medan Tuanku Satu, Jalan Tuanku Abdul Rahman, tel. 03-921381. Thai, Malay food.
Cahaya Restaurant, Jalan Raja Muda, Kampong Bharu, tel. 03-923309.
Chempaka, Holiday Inn, Jalan Pinang, tel. 03-481066.
Satay Ria, 9 Jalan Tuanku Abdul Rahman, tel. 03-983140.
Sri Yazmin Restaurant, 2nd Floor, UDA-Ampang Park Shopping Centre, Jalan Ampang, tel. 03-487377.
Warong Istimewa, Jalan Raja Abdullah.

CHINESE

- Harlequin*, Hotel Merlin, Jalan Sultan Ismail, tel. 03-480033.
Golden Phoenix, Hotel Equatorial, Jalan Sultan Ismail, tel. 03-422022.
Imperial Room, Malaysia Hotel, Jalan Bukit Bintang, tel. 03-427862.
Inn of Happiness, Kuala Lumpur Hilton, Jalan Sultan Ismail, tel. 03-422122.
Koong Wah Restaurant, 138-140 Jalan Petaling, tel. 03-84121.
Kuala Lumpur Restaurant, Hotel Malaya, Jalan Cecil, tel. 03-27721.
Kun Leng, 119 Jalan Pudu, tel. 03-83637.
Mandarin Palace, Federal Hotel, Jalan Bukit Bintang, tel. 03-27701.
Metro, 3rd Floor Wisma MPI, Jalan Raja Chulan, tel. 03-424505.
The Pines, 297 Jalan Brickfields, tel. 03-21092. Chinese, Malay food.
Restaurant De Lux, Town House Hotel, Jalan Tong Shin, tel. 03-424273.
Regent Court, The Regent of Kuala Lumpur, Jalan Sultan Ismail, tel. 03-422232.

Tai Thong, 51 Jalan Barat, tel. 03-488621.

EUROPEAN

- The Chalet*, Hotel Equatorial, Jalan Sultan Ismail, tel. 03-422022.
Le Coq d'Or, 121 Jalan Ampang, tel. 03-429732.
Hacienda Grill, Hotel Gortuna, Jalan Berangan, tel. 03-419111.
Harlequin, Hotel Merlin, Jalan Sultan Ismail, tel. 03-480033.
Kontiki Room, Federal Hotel, Jalan Bukit Bintang, tel. 03-489166.
Majestic, Majestic Hotel, Jalan Sultan Hishamuddin, tel. 03-84225.
Melaka Grill, Kuala Lumpur Hilton, Jalan Sultan Ismail, tel. 03-422122.
Planter's Inn, Kuala Lumpur Hilton, Jalan Sultan Ismail, tel. 03-422122.
Ranch Bar & Grill, Regent of Kuala Lumpur, Jalan Sultan Ismail, tel. 03-425588.
Suasa on the Sixth, The Regent of Kuala Lumpur, Jalan Sultan Ismail, tel. 03-425588.
Taverna Restaurant, Holiday Inn, Jalan Pinang, tel. 03-481066.
Weld Restaurant and Copper Grill, 2nd Floor, Weld Supermarket, Jalan Raja Chulan, tel. 03-426902.

INDIAN

- Akhbar Restaurant*, Medan Tuanku, Jalan Tuanku Abdul Rahman, tel. 03-920366.
Bilal Restaurant, 33 Jalan Ampang, tel. 03-80804. Muslim food.
The Bangles, 60 Jalan Tuanku Abdul Rahman, tel. 03-983780.
Kassim Restaurant, 53 Jalan Tuanku Abdul Rahman, tel. 03-928240. Muslim food.
Lakshmi Vilas, 57 Leboh Ampang, tel. 03-83523. Vegetarian.

PAKISTANI

- Shiraz Restaurant*, Medan Tuanku Abdul Rahman, tel. 03-920159.

TAIWANESE

- Lontong Gold Leaf*, 44 Jalan Bukit Bintang, tel. 03-480803.

JAPANESE

- Daini Hana Steakhouse*, 2nd Floor, Wisma MPI, Jalan Raja Chulan, tel. 03-420719.
Chikuyo-Tei, 38 Jalan Sultan Ismail, tel. 03-418434.
Daikoku Restaurant, Kompleks Antarabangsa, Jalan Sultan Ismail, tel. 03-424750.
Kampachi Restaurant, Hotel Equatorial, Jalan Sultan Ismail, tel. 03-422022.

KOREAN

- Arirang*, 144-146 Jalan Bukit Bintang.

KUALA TRENGGANU

- Intan Mastura*, 19C Jalan Tok Lam, tel. 096-22259. Malay, Siam, Western food.
Rhu Sila Restaurant, Pantai Motel, Jalan Persinggahan, tel. 096-22100.
Sri Restaurant, Sri Trengganu Hotel, 120A Jalan Paya Bunga, tel. 096-21222.
Sri Dewi, Warisan Hotel, 65 Jalan Paya Bunga, tel. 096-22688, 22342.
Sun Too Mitsuake Restaurant, Ground Floor, Sri Hoover Hotel, Jalan Paya Bunga. Western, Chinese food.
Taufik Restoran, 18C Jalan Mesjid, tel. 096-22501. Malay, Indian food.

MALAY

- I.P. Restaurant*, Bangunan Yayasan, tel. 096-23869.
Norhayati Restoran, 110E Jalan Paya Bunga, tel. 096-23686.

CHINESE

- Golden Dragon Restaurant*, 198 Kampong Cina, tel. 096-23034.
Mandarin Restoran, Jalan Mesjid.

KUANTAN

- Apollo Restaurant*, 23 Telok Cempedak, tel. 095-24452. European, Chinese food.
Restaurant Champagne Emas, 64 Jalan Datok Wong Ah Jang, tel. 095-23461.
Restaurant Cheeshin, 9 Telok Cempedak, tel. 095-24153.
Cottage, 63 Jalan Abdul Aziz, tel. 095-21555.
Dim Lights Restaurant & Bar, Jalan Tanah Puteh, tel. 095-23104.
Hillview Hotel & Restaurant, 41 Telok Cempedak, tel. 095-21555.
Hoover Restaurant, 80A Jalan Telok Sisek, tel. 095-23412.
Hugo Restaurant, Hotel Hyatt, Telok Cempedak, tel. 095-25211. European food.
Kampong, Hyatt Hotel, Telok Cempedak, tel. 095-25211.
Merlin Restaurant, Hotel Merlin, Pantai Telok Cempedak, tel. 095-22388. Chinese, European, Malay food.
Mitra Restaurant, Hotel Mitra, Jalan Berserah, tel. 095-23844.
Quito Restaurant, Hotel Suraya, Jalan Abdul Aziz.
Restaurant Tiki, 9 Jalan Haji Abdul Aziz, tel. 095-22272.
Shamrock Restaurant, 236 Jalan Telok Sisek, tel. 095-25157.
Sumatra Restaurant, 3 Jalan Tun Ismail, tel. 095-24969.
Tawakal Restaurant, 13 Jalan Haji Abdul Aziz, tel. 095-22037.
Zam-Zam Restaurant, B-1568 Jalan Berserah, tel. 095-20360.

PENANG

SEAFOOD

- Anchor Seafood Restaurant*, Eastern & Oriental Hotel, Farquhar Street.
Dragon Gate Seafood Restaurant, 562 Tanjung Bungah, tel. 04-894945.
Penang Seafood Restaurant, 6S Tanjung Tokong Road, tel. 04-62807. Seafood, Malay, Chinese.

WESTERN/CHINESE

- Casuarina Restaurant*, Casuarina Beach Hotel, Batu Ferringhi, tel. 04-811711.
D' Cottage, 160 Western Road, tel. 04-2722, 2722A.
Dragon Inn Restaurant, 27B Gottlieb Road, tel. 04-22192. Chinese food.
Eden Restaurant, 551B Tanjung Bungah, tel. 04-894262. Chinese food.
Edinburgh Restaurant, Hotel Merlin, 25A Farquhar Street, tel. 04-23301 ext. 1214. Western food.
1885 Restaurant, Eastern & Oriental Hotel, Farquhar Street, tel. 04-63543. Western, Malay food.
Ferringgi Grill, Rasa Sayang Hotel, tel. 04-811811 ext. 141. Western food.
Fortuna Restaurant, 33 Anson Road, tel. 04-24021, 24052. Chinese, Malay, Muslim.
Furusato Restaurant, Rasa Sayang Hotel, Batu Ferringhi, tel. 04-811811 ext. 43. Japanese.
Haloman Restaurant, 43 Anson Road, tel. 04-26113/5. Chinese food.
Lee How Fook Restaurant, 46 Sri Bahari Road, tel. 04-23552, 29532. Chinese food.
New Coconut Garden, Batu Ferringgi, tel. 04-811286. Western, Malay food.
Palm Beach Hotel, Batu Ferringgi, tel. 04-811621. Western, Malay food.
Pearl Garden Restaurant, 13 Jalan MacAlister, tel. 04-368774. Chinese food.
Peking Restoran, Hotel Merlin, Leboh Farquhar, tel. 04-67952. Chinese food.
Prosperous Restaurant, 25C-D Gottlieb Road, tel. 04-27286/8. Chinese, Oriental food.
Tai-Pan Restaurant, 33C Leboh Pantai, tel. 03-365533, 61345. Chinese food.
V.I.P. Room, Garden Inn, 41 Anson Road, tel. 04-20063. Chinese food.
Zodiac Revolving Restaurant, Hotel Merlin, 25A Farquhar Street, tel. 04-23301 ext. 117.
- ## MUSLIM
- D'Jakarta*, 132F Perak Road, tel. 04-367235. Indonesian food.
Hameediyah Restaurant, 164A Campbell Street, tel. 04-61095.
Meerah, 188 Campbell Street, tel. 04-65668.
Poshni Restaurant, 3-5 Light Street, tel. 04-63143.
Sayang Masmerah Restaurant, 271J Tanjung Tokong Road.
Selamat Restaurant, 85 Bishop Street, tel. 04-61031.
Sri Baitik Restaurant, 567 Tanjung Bungah, tel. 04-894670. Muslim, Western food.

SEREMBAN

Bilal Restaurant, 100 Jalan Birch, tel. 712521. Indian Muslim food.

CHINESE

New Hong Kong Restaurant, 96 Jalan Temiang, tel. 712305.

Wong Kee Restaurant, 46 Jalan Cameron, tel. 712386.

CHINESE/WESTERN

Condong Sayang, 54 Jalan Laksamana, tel. 25204.

Palace Hotel, 201 Jalan Munshi Abdullah, tel. 25355.

Hotel Wisma, 114A Jalan Bendahara, tel. 28311.

MALAY

ABC Restaurant, 4F Jalan Hang Tuah, tel. 23335.

Majeedia Restaurant, 96 Jalan Bendahara, tel. 23652. Muslim food.

Malabar Muslim Restaurant, 1 Jalan Birch, tel. 72023. Muslim food.

Nortiah Restaurant, 8 Jalan Tuah, tel. 24560.

SABAH

KOTA KINABALU

Kinabalu International Hotel, Jalan Datuk Salleh Sulong, tel. 073-51777. Melati Restaurant, Western and Malay/Indonesian. Phoenix Court, Chinese food.

CHINESE/WESTERN

Borneo Hotel, 13 Jalan Selangor, Tanjung Aru, tel. 55255, 52929. Ming Restaurant.

Hotel Capital, 23 Jalan Haji Saman, tel. 53433. Hong Kong Restaurant.

Gardenia, 55 Jalan Gaya, tel. 52307. Western food.

Hotel Jesselton, 84 Jalan Gaya, tel. 55633. Mandarin Restaurant.

Hotel Shangri-La, Bandaran Berjaya, tel. 56100. Jaya Restaurant. Chinese food.

MUSLIM

Sri Kayangan (revolving restaurant), Sabah Foundation Building, Lakes Bay.

INDONESIAN

Rama Restoran, No. 3 (1st Floor), Jalan Tugu, tel. 51463.

LABUAN

Bay View Restaurant Hotel, 56 Jalan Merdeka, tel. 42142. Chinese food.

SANDAKAN

Kuala Lumpur Restaurant & Bar, Jalan Tiga, tel. 4309. Chinese food.

Sabah & Restaurant, Sabah Hotel, 1 m.s., North Road, tel. 3291, 3822. Chinese, Western food.

TAWAU

Sentosa Restaurant, Royal Hotel, 177 Jalan Belian, tel. 73100. Chinese, Western food.

Hotel Emas Restaurant, Hotel Emas, Jalan Utara, P.O. Box 569, tel. 73300. Chinese, Western food.

SARAWAK

BETONG

CHINESE

Ban Chan, 20 Betong Bazaar.

Fan Lock Jian, 36 Betong Bazaar.

Kheng Seng, 1 Betong Bazaar.

Siang Khee, 58 Betong Bazaar.

Wah Tong, 27 Betong Bazaar.

BINTULU

CHINESE

Anika Restaurant, 27 Hock Peng Complex, tel. 31391.

Bintulu Air Conditioned, 20 Hock Peng Complex, tel. 31519.

Kinto Restaurant, 28 Law Gek Soon Road, tel. 31016.

DEBAK

CHINESE

Hua Hua, 15 Debak Bazaar.

Koho Peng Huat, 19 Debak Bazaar.

Lian Seng, 14 Debak Bazaar.

KUCHING

Aurora Restaurant, Aurora Hotel, Jalan McDougall, tel. 20281. European, Chinese, Malay, Indonesian food.

EUROPEAN

Bamboo Steak House, Lot 318, Section 10, Jalan Satok, tel. 56969, 56765.

Serapi Restaurant, Holiday Inn, Jalan Tunku Abdul Rahman, tel. 23111. European, local food.

CHINESE

Chia Heng Restaurant, 46 China Street, tel. 22775.

Fook Hoi Restaurant, 22 Rock Road, tel. 22492.

Jubilee Restaurant, 49 India Street, tel. 25626.

Mandarin Room Restaurant, 22 Green Hill, tel. 25731, 27408.

Sea View Restaurant, 61 Jalan Ang Cheng Ho, tel. 53107.

Tok Tien Restaurant, Bangunan Bee Sam, Jalan Pandungan, tel. 31310, 33878.

MIRI

CHINESE

Kah Hing Restaurant, 29 Brooke Road, tel. 31322.

Miri Restaurant, Miri Hotel, tel. 34145.
Soon Chin Restaurant, Fatimah Hotel, tel. 32613.

MUSLIM

Kok Chee Restaurant, Park Hotel, tel. 33838, 36871.
Layang Layang Restaurant, Fatimah Hotel, tel. 32255.
Roda Restaurant, 7A Jalan Merbau, tel. 31814.

SIBU

CHINESE/EUROPEAN

Blue Splendour Restaurant, 60 Jalan Kg. Myabor, Tanah Mas Building Complex, tel. 23633.
Grandeur Restaurant, Sarawak House Complex, tel. 23612.
Hock Chii Lew Restaurant, 38 Blacksmith Road, tel. 21254.
New Capitol Restaurant, Tanah Mas Building Complex, tel. 26066.
Chui Chong Leu, 24 Central Road, tel. 24118, 24113.

MUSLIM

Metropol Restaurant, 20 Pulo Road, tel. 24189.

SIMANGGANG

Chuan Hong Restaurant, 1 Council Road, tel. 2466. Chinese, Muslim food.
Melody Restaurant, 432 Jalan Hospital, tel. 2483. Chinese, Muslim food.
Restaurant Sinaran Bahagia, Bangunan Yayasan Sarawak, tel. 2522. Muslim food.

SPAOH

CHINESE

Woon Fah Nyan, 15 Spaoh Bazaar.
Lo Hai Fo, 22 Spaoh Bazaar.

Airlines Offices

Aeroflot Soviet Airlines, Ground Floor, Yayasan Selangor Building, Jalan Bukit Bintang, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-420231.

Air India, Bangunan Angkasa Raya, 123 Jalan Ampang, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-420166.

Alitalia Italian Airlines, Lot 105, 1st Floor Arcade, Wisma Lim Foo Yong, Fitzpatrick Building, Jalan Raja Chulan, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-411836/653.

British Airways, Wisma Merlin, Jalan Sultan Ismail, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-426177.

British Caledonian Airways, Hotel Merlin, Jalan Sultan Ismail, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-425847.

Cathay Pacific Airways Ltd. Mui Plaza, (Ground Floor), P.O. Box 94, Jalan Parry, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-486166.

China Airlines, 64 Jalan Bukit Bintang, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-427344, 423796, 422383.

Czechoslovak Airlines, 2nd Floor, G.G.I. Building, 68 Jalan Ampang, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-80176.

Garuda Indonesian Airways, 1st Floor, Angkasa Raya, Jalan Ampang, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-420481, 484072, 483542.

Japan Airlines, AIA Building, Jalan Ampang, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-25102/6.

KLM Royal Dutch Airlines, G16 Komplek Antarabangsa, Jalan Sultan Ismail, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-427011.

Lufthansa German Airlines, Hotel Merlin, Jalan Sultan Ismail, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-425555.

Malaysian Airlines System, 4 Bangunan UMBC, Jalan Sulaiman, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-208844.

Merpati Nusantara, c/o Garuda Indonesia Airways, 1st Floor, Angkasa Raya, Jalan Ampang, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-420481, 484072.

Pakistan International Airlines, Ground Floor, Bangunan Angkasa Raya, Jalan Ampang, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-425444.

Pan American World Airways, Hotel Equatorial, Lobby Level, Jalan Sultan Ismail, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-425044.

Qantas, AIA, P. O. Box 718, Jalan Ampang, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-26161.

Sabena Belgium World Airlines, Hotel Equatorial, Lobby Level, Jalan Sultan Ismail, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-426320.

Saudi Arabian Airlines, 7 Jalan Raja Abdullah, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-984150.

Singapore Airlines, 2 Jalan Campbell, P.O. Box 2120, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-923122.

Scandinavian Airlines System (General Agents: Thai Airways International Ltd.); Denmark House, 84 Jalan Ampang, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-209411.

Thai Airways International Ltd., Denmark House, 84-86 Jalan Ampang, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-209411, 80361.

Trans World Airlines Inc., Hotel Regent, Jalan Imbi, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-426138.

UTA French Airlines, Hotel Equatorial, Jalan Sultan Ismail, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-426020, 427620.

Customs Offices

Director-General, Royal Customs and Excise Department, Block 11, Government Offices Complex, Jalan Duta, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-946088.

Customs Adviser, Malaysian High Commission, 45 Belgrave Square, London, SW1X8QT, England. Tel. (01) 499-7388.

Customs Adviser, Embassy of Malaysia, Rue Charles Lemaire 1, 2nd Floor, Bte 5, 1160 Brussels, Belgium. Tel. 660-2942/4.

Diplomatic Missions

Malaysian Missions Overseas

Australia — High Commission, 71 State Circle, Yarralumla, Canberra, A.C.T. 2600.

Austria — Embassy, Prinz Eugenstrasse 18, A-1040, Vienna.

Bangladesh — High Commission, No. 14, Road No. 113 Guishan, Dhaka-12.

Belgium — Embassy, 1 rue Charles Lemaire, 2nd Floor, Bte 5, 1160 Brussels.

Brazil — Embassy, Street No. 1006-1007, Hotel Horsa Nacional Brasilia, Sator Hoteleiro, 70300 Brasilia.

Burma — Embassy, 65 Windsor Road, Rangoon.

Canada — High Commission, 60 Beteler Street, Ottawa, Ontario KLN 8Y7.

China — Embassy, 13 Dong Zhi Men Wai Dajie, San Li Tun, Peking.

Denmark — Honorary Consul-General, 1553 Copenhagen V, 49 H.C. Andersens Boulevard.

Egypt — Embassy, (concurrently accredited to Sudan, Syria & Lebanon), 7 Sharia Wadi El-Nil, Madinet El Mohandessine, Agouza, Cairo.

Ethiopia — Embassy, Bole Road, P.O. Box 3656, Addis Ababa.

Finland — Honorary Consul, Aurorankatu 5A, 00100 Helsinki 10.

France — Embassy, 2 Bis Rue Benouville, Paris 75116.

Germany (Federal Republic of) — Embassy, Rheinallee 23, 5300-Bonn 2.

Hong Kong — High Commission, 24th Floor, Lap Heng House 47-5, Gloucester Road, Wanchai, Hong Kong.

India — High Commission, 50M, Satya Marg Chanakyapuri, New Delhi-110021.

Indonesia — Embassy, 17 Jalan Imam Bondjol, Jakarta.

Consulate, 11 Jalan P. Diponegoro, Medan.

Iran — Embassy, 8 Bucharest Avenue, P.O. Box 3345, Teheran.

Iraq — Embassy, Zukak 34 jahalla 929, House No. 6 Hai, Dabil, P.O. Box 1275, Baghdad.

Italy — Embassy, Via Nomentana 297, Rome.

Japan — Embassy, 20/16 Nempeidai Machi, Shibuya-ku, Tokyo.

Kenya — Trade Commission, 4th Floor, Eagle House, Kimathi Street, P.O. Box 48916, Nairobi.

Korea (Republic of) — Embassy, 726-115 Hanam-Dong, Yongsan-ku, Seoul.

Kuwait — Embassy, Al-Araqam Street, Mansooriyah, P.O. Box 4105, Safat, Kuwait.

Laos — Embassy, Quartier Nongbone, Route That Luang, P.O. Box No. 789, Vientiane.

Lebanon — Honorary Consulate, 4th Floor, Sabang Hamia, Hamra Street, P.O. Box 8257, Beirut.

Libya — Embassy, 32 Trovato Partition, Kilometer 6, Gargarish, P.O. Box 6309, Tripoli.

Morocco — Embassy, 20 Angle Zankat Hamzah et Achchafi, Agdal-Rabat.

Netherlands — Embassy, (concurrently accredited to Denmark, Luxembourg, Norway and Sweden), Adries Bickerweg 5, The Hague.

New Zealand — High Commission, Chase-NBA House, 163-The Terrace, P.O. Box 9422, Wellington.

Nigeria — High Commission, (concurrently accredited to Ghana), No. 1 Anifowoshe Street, Victoria Island, P.O. Box 3729, Lagos.

Pakistan — Embassy, No. 224, Shalimar F-7/4, Nazimuddin Road, P.O. Box 1034, Islamabad.

Philippines — Embassy, 2nd & 3rd Floor, Republic Glass Building, Cor. Tordesillas/Galardo Streets, Salcedo Village, Makati, Metro-Manila.

Poland — Embassy, Flats 26/27 (14th Floor), U1. Rejana 15, Warsaw.

Saudi Arabia — Embassy, (concurrently accredited to Jordan), Sharie Shuhada, Kilo 3, Medina Road, P.O. Box 539, Jeddah.

Singapore — High Commission, 301 Jerovis Road, Singapore 1024.

Spain — Consulate, Passea De Colon 11, Barcelona.

Sri Lanka — High Commission, 63A Ward Place, Colombo 7.

Sweden — Trade Commission, Master Samuels-gatan 49, Box 117, S101 21 Stockholm.

Switzerland — Embassy, Laupenstrasse 37, 3001 Bern.

Thailand — Embassy, 35 South Sathorn Road, Bangkok.

Turkey — Embassy, Nenehatun Caddesi, No. 115 Gaziosmanpasa, Ankara.

United Arab Emirates — No. 505, 5th Floor, Dubai Chamber of Commerce, P.O. Box 4598, Deira, Dubai.

United Kingdom — High Commission, 45 Belgrave Square, London SW1X 8QT.

United Nations — Permanent Mission of Malaysia (concurrently accredited to Cuba), 666 Third Avenue, 30th Floor, New York, N.Y. 10017.

Permanent Mission of Malaysia to U.N. Office & Other International Organisations, 43 Rue de Lausanne, 1201 Geneva.

United States of America — Embassy, (concurrently accredited to Brazil and Mexico), 2401 Massachusetts Avenue N.W., Washington, D.C. 20008.

Union of Soviet Socialist Republics — Embassy, Mosfilmovskaya Ulitsa 50, Moscow.

Vietnam — Embassy, Room 20, Thong Nhat Hotel, Hanoi.

Yugoslavia — Embassy, Cakorska 8, Dedinje, Belgrade.

Foreign Missions in Malaysia

Australia — High Commission, 6 Jalan Yap Kwan Seng, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-423122.

Austria — Embassy, 7th Floor Oriental Plaza Building, Jalan Parry, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-484277.

Bangladesh — High Commission, 204-1 Jalan Ampang, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-487940.

Belgium — Embassy, 4th Floor, Wisma Bunga Raya, 152 Jalan Ampang, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-485733.

Bolivia — Honorary Consulate, 4th Floor, Room 423, Complex Antarabangsa, Jalan Sultan Ismail, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-425146.

Brazil — Honorary Consulate, 22 Persiaran, Damansara Endah, P.O. Box 2363, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-948607.

Burma — Embassy, 7 Jalan Taman U Thant, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-423863, 424085.

Canada — High Commission, 5th Floor, AIA Building, Jalan Ampang, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-89722.

China — Embassy, 229 Jalan Ampang, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-428495, 428595.

Czechoslovakia — Embassy, 32 Jalan Mesra, off Jalan Ampang, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-427185.

Denmark — Embassy, 86 Denmark House, Jalan Ampang, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-25357/8.

Egypt — Embassy, 28 Lingkungan, U Thant, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-468184.

Finland — Embassy, 10th Floor, Wisma Angkasa Raya, Jalan Ampang, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-411088.

France — Embassy, 210 Jalan Bukit Bintang, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-484122.

Federal Republic of Germany — Embassy, 3 Jalan U Thant, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-429666.

German Democratic Republic — Embassy, 2A Pesiaran Gurney, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-980730.

India — High Commission, United Asian Bank Berhad Building, 19 Malacca Street, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-21728, 21001.

Indonesia — Embassy, 233 Jalan Pekeliling, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-421011.

Iraq — Embassy, 2 Jalan Langgak Golf, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-480555.

Italy — Embassy, 99 Jalan U Thant, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-465122.

Japan — Embassy, 6th Floor AIA Building, Jalan Ampang, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-22400, 21531.

Democratic People's Republic of Korea — Embassy, 203 Jalan Ampang, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-486135.

Republic of Korea — Embassy, 422 Jalan Pekeliling, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-482177.

Luxembourg — Honorary Consulate, Equatorial Hotel, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-428320.

Libya — The People's Bureau of the Socialist People's Libyan Arab Jamahiriya, No. 6 Jalan Madge, P.O. Box 288, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-411035, 411158.

Netherlands — Embassy, Denmark House, 86 Jalan Ampang, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 04-80387/9.

New Zealand — High Commission, 193 Jalan Pekeliling, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-486422.

Norway — Consulate, Bangunan East Asiatic, 84 Jalan Ampang, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 25121.

Pakistan — Embassy, 132 Jalan Ampang, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-483822.

Philippines — Embassy, 1 Cangkat Kia Peng, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-484233.

Poland — Embassy, 4 Jalan Madge, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-420422.

Romania Embassy, 114 Jalan Damai, off Jalan Ampang, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-423172.

Saudi Arabia — Embassy, 251 Jalan Pekeliling, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-425644.

Singapore — 209 Jalan Pekeliling, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-486377.

Spain — Consulate, 5th Floor, Wisma Budiman, Jalan Raja Chulan, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-25945.

Sri Lanka — High Commission, 29 Jalan Yap Kwan Seng, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-423094.

Sweden — Embassy, 6th Floor, Wisma Angka-

sa Raya, Jalan Ampang, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-485981.

Switzerland — Embassy, 16 Persiaran Madge, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-480622.

The Royal Thai Embassy — 206 Jalan Ampang, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-488222.

The Royal Thai Consulate General, 1 Air Rajah Road, Penang. Tel. 04-63377.

The Royal Thai Consulate General, 4426 Jalan Pengkalen Chepa, Kota Bharu, Kelantan. Tel. 097-22545.

Turkey — Embassy, 30 Jalan Inai, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-429832.

U.S.S.R. — Embassy, 263 Jalan Ampang, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-467252, 460009, 460018.

United Kingdom — High Commission, 13th Floor, Wisma Damansara, 5 Jalan Semantan, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-941533.

United States of America — Embassy, AIA Building, Jalan Ampang, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-26321/9.

Vietnam — Embassy, "Vietnam House", 4 Pesiaran Stoner, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-484036.

Yugoslavia — Embassy, 353 Jalan Ampang, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-464561, 461087.

Tourist Information

Tourist Development Corporation Information Centers in Malaysia

Wisma M.P.I, 18th Floor, Jalan Raja Chulan, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-423033. Open 8:30 a.m. to 4:45 p.m. Monday to Friday and 8 a.m. to 12:45 p.m. Saturday.

Subang International Airport, Subang, Selangor. Tel. 03-755707. Open 9 a.m. to 10:30 p.m. daily.

Bayan Lepas Airport, Penang. Tel. 04-831501. Open 8:30 a.m. to 4:45 p.m. Monday to Friday and 8 a.m. to 1 p.m. Saturday.

Regional Offices in Malaysia

10 Jalan Tun Syed Sheikh, Barakbah, Penang. Tel: 04-20066, 369067.

2243, Ground Floor, Wisma MCIS, Jalan Sultan Zainal Abidin, Kuala Trengganu, Trengganu. Tel. 096-21433, 21893.

Lot 1, 2 & 3, 2nd Floor, Tun Abdul Razak Complex, Jalan Ah Fook, Johore Bahru, P.O. Box 309, Johor. Tel. 073-23590, 23591.

Block L, Lot 4, Bangunan Sinsuran, Mail Bag 136, Kota Kinabalu, Sabah. Tel. 088-211698, 211732.

Room 403, 4th Floor, Bangunan Bank Negara Malaysia, Jalan Satok, Kuching, Sarawak. Tel. 082-56775, 56575.

Information Centers Overseas

Australia — TDC Sydney Office, 12th Floor, R&W House, 92 Pitt Street, Sydney NSW 2000. Tel. 2323751, 2316952. Telex: 26936 TC SYD AA.

TDC Melbourne, c/o Malaysian Airline System, 4th Floor, Myer House, 250 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne, Victoria 3001. Tel. 6632440.

Germany — TDC Frankfurt Office, Rossmarkt 17, Am Salzhaus 6, 6000 Frankfurt Am Main. Tel. 0611-283782, 0611-283783. Telex: 4189674 TDC D.

Hong Kong — TDC Hong Kong Office, Ground Floor, Lap Heng Building, 47-50 Gloucester Road, Hong Kong. Tel. 5-285810/1. Cable: MATOURCOR. Telex: 74207 MWAKI HX.

Japan — TDC Tokyo Office, 2nd Floor, Nichiginmae Kyodo Building, 3-4 Nihombashi Hongokucho Chuo-ku, Tokyo 103. Tel. (03) 279 3081-2. Cable: MATOURCEN. Telex: (72) 27596 MIN J.

Kuwait — TDC Kuwait, c/o Malaysian Airline System, c/o Hussain Makki Al-Juma, Alia Commercial Centre, Al-Hilali Street, P.O. Box 1681, Safat. Tel. 420-732 Direct 420716.

Singapore — TDC Singapore Office, G3 Ocean Building, Collyer Quay, Singapore 0106. Tel. 02-96351, 96321. Cable: MALAWAKIL SINGAPORE. Telex: 21406 SURJAYA RS.

Thailand — TDC Bangkok Office, 285/9 Silom Road, Bangkok, 5. Tel. 234 9808-9. Telex: 87390 WATTAK TH.

United Kingdom — TDC London Office, 17 Curzon Street, Mayfair, London W1Y 7FE. Tel. 01-499-7388. Cable: MALATOUR LONDON W1. Telex: (51) 299659 MTDCLG.

U.S.A. — Malaysian Tourist Information Center, 36th Floor, Transamerica Pyramid Building, 600 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California 94111. Tel. (415) 788-3344. Cable: MALAPUSAT. Telex: 340635 MSFO.

TDC New York, c/o Malaysian Airline System, Suite 2148, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Tel. (212) 697-8994.

TDC Los Angeles, c/o Malaysian Airline System, Suite 417, 510 West Sixth Street, Los Angeles, California 90014. Tel. (213) 627-1301.

Tourist Associations in Malaysia

Kuala Lumpur Tourist Association, Railway Station, Jalan Hishamuddin, P.O. Box 2012, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-81832.

Cameron Highlands Tourist Promotion Association, Tanah Rata, Cameron Highlands. Tel. 05-941020.

Penang Tourist Association, Penang Port Commission Building, P.O. Box 444, Penang. Tel. 04-366665.

Johore Tourist Association, P.O. Box 20, Kota Tinggi, Johore. Tel. 073-838, 240.

Kedah Tourist Association, No. 190 Jalan Penjara Lama, Alor Setar. Tel. 095-24093, 722940, 722371.

Perak Tourist Association, c/o Unit Perancang Negeri, Pejabat Pembangunan Negeri, Jalan Douglas, Ipoh, Perak. Tel. 05-512722.

Persatuan Pelancungan Trengganu, No. 11 Tingkat Bawah Wisma Maju, Jalan Paya Bunga, Kuala Trengganu. Tel. 096-22700.

Sabah Tourist Association, Jalan Pantai, P.O.

Box 946, Kota Kinabalu, Sabah, Tel. Kota Kinabalu 52424.

Sarawak Tourist Association, Jalan Tun Haji Openg, P.O. Box 887, Kuching. Tel. Kuching 20620.

Tourist Information Office Kelantan, Jalan Ibrahim, Kota Bharu. Tel. 097-25533.

TDC Duty-free Shops

Kuala Lumpur — Bukit Nanas Handicraft Centre, Jalan Raja Chulan. Tel. 03-21033, 206742, 206731. Sales Items: Calculators, cameras, cigarettes, cigarette lighters, tobacco and cigars, cosmetics, T.V., radios and domestic electrical appliances, fountain pens, liquor, watches, pewter and Taba silver. Business Hours: 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. daily including weekends and public holidays.

Penang — A1-17, Kompleks Tun Abdul Razak, Penang Road, Penang. Tel. 04-361133. Sales Items: Calculators, cameras, cigarettes, cigarette lighters, tobacco and cigars, cosmetics, fountain pens, liquor, watches, pewter and Taba silver. Business Hours: 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. daily including weekends and public holidays.

Mezzanine Floor, Penang International Airport, Bayan Lepas. Tel. 04-831561. Sale Items: Calculators, watches, fountain pens, leather goods, cameras, neck ties, cufflinks, films, electrical goods. Business Hours: 7 a.m. to 7 p.m. daily including weekends and public holidays.

Rent-a-Car Agencies

Avis Rent-A-Car

15th Floor, Wisma Lim Foo Yang, Jalan Raja Chulan, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 417144, 417474.

Hilton Station, Kuala Lumpur Hilton, Lobby, Jalan Sultan Ismail, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 423520, 423620.

Airport Station, Subang International Airport, Subang. Tel. 762994.

Penang Station, E & O Hotel, Farquhar Street, Penang. Tel. 22964.

Kuantan Station, Loo Brothers Building, 59 Jalan Haji Abdul Aziz, Kuantan, Pahang. Tel. 23659.

Johore Bahru Station, Orchard Hotel, Bangunan Azizah, Jalan Wong Ah Fook, Johore Bahru. Tel. 20802.

Kota Kinabalu Station, Bock B, Sedco Complex, P.O. Box 244, Kota Kinabalu. Tel. K.K. 58363, 59537.

Hertz Rent-A-Car

78 Jalan Ampang, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 82389, 86319.

26 Jalan Northam, Penang. Tel. 62454, 24152.

39 Jalan Maxwell, Ipoh. Tel. 521711, 521712.

168 Jalan Rahang, Seremban. Tel. 75421, 75422.

41 Jalan Mata Kuching, Malacca. Tel. 23186. (Champion Motors), Jalan Tanah Puteh, Kuantan. Tel. 24942, 24622.

Mayflower Acme Tours Sdn. Bhd.

18 Jalan Segambut Pusat, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 667011, 667182.

Holidays Raya Building, 123 Jalan Ampang, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 486739.
c/o Hotel Merlin Penang, Penang. Tel. 23724.

Sintat Rent-A-Car (M) Sdn. Bhd.

Holiday Inn, Jalan Pinang, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 481132.

Subang International Airport, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 750036.

Hotel Mandarin, Jalan Macalister, Penang. Tel. 25703.

Merlin Kuantan, Teluk Chempedak, Pahang. Tel. 24716.

Bayan Lepas Airport, Penang. Tel. 831958.

San's Tours & Car Rentals

Shop 9, Ground Floor, The Regent of Kuala Lumpur, Jalan Sultan Ismail, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 480277, 480350.

G5 & G6, Kim Seng Shopping Centre, Kim Seng Road, Singapore 0923. Tel. 7349922.

F38, 3rd Floor, Mandarin Hotel, Orchard Road, Singapore 0923. Tel. 2355377 or Hotel Ext. 751 & 784.

Express Rent-A-Car

Lot Go. 2 Ground Floor, Wisma Stephens, Jalan Raja Chulan, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 423682, 423719.

Lot 104, 1st Floor, Pearl Centre 100, Eu Tong Sen Street, Singapore 0105. Tel. 2206241, 2206256.

National Car Rental

G10, Ground Floor, Wisma Stephens, Jalan Raja Chulan, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 489188.

Subang International Airport, Selangor. Tel. 756023.

c/o Hotel Perdana, Jalan Mahmud, Kota Bharu. Tel. 25000.

c/o Hotel Samudra, Jalan Besar, Kuantan. Tel. 22688.

Bus Services

Kuala Lumpur to Butterworth and vice versa: MARA Express, Bangunan Hentian Pudu Raya. Tel. Kuala Lumpur — 03-86990. Butterworth — 04-345021. Buses leave Kuala Lumpur and Butterworth simultaneously at 9.30 a.m. Fare: Air-conditioned M\$14.00. Non-aircond. M\$11.50. Boarding Terminals: Kuala Lumpur — Hentian Pudu Raya. Butterworth — Kompleks SPPP. MARA Express also operates regular bus services to other parts of Peninsular Malaysia.

Kuala Lumpur to Singapore and vice versa: Kuala Lumpur — Singapore Express Ltd., Bangunan Hentian Pudu Raya. Tel. 03-27553. Buses leave Kuala Lumpur and Singapore simultaneously, daily at 9 a.m. and 9 p.m. The journey takes about seven hours. Adult fare: M\$16.00 (a/c), M\$12.00 (non a/c).

Kuala Lumpur to Malacca and vice versa: Kuala Lumpur — Malacca Express Ltd., Bangunan Hentian Pudu Raya. Tel. Kuala Lumpur — 03-27553. Malacca — 06-62503. Buses leave Kuala Lumpur and Malacca simultaneously, daily at 8

a.m., 10 a.m., 1 p.m. and 3 p.m. Adult fare: M\$4.80. Child: M\$2.40.

Jebat Ekspres, Bangunan Hentian Pudu Raya. Tel. Kuala Lumpur — 03-80202. Buses leave Kuala Lumpur and Malacca simultaneously daily at 9 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m., 4 p.m., and 6 p.m. Adult fare: M\$5.00. Children: M\$2.50.

Kuala Lumpur to Kuantan and vice versa: Kuantan-Kuala Lumpur Express Omnibus Co. Ltd., 45 Jalan Telok Sisek, Kuantan, Pahang. Buses leave Kuala Lumpur and Kuantan simultaneously at 8.30 a.m., 10.30 a.m. and 3 p.m. daily. The journey takes approximately five hours. Adult fare: M\$10.00. Boarding Terminals: Kuantan — Bus Stand, Jalan Besar. Kuala Lumpur — Bus Stand, Jalan Pekeliling.

Kuala Lumpur to Kota Bharu and vice versa: MARA Express. Tel. 03-86990. Buses leave Kuala Lumpur at 8 a.m. and Kota Bharu at 7.45 a.m. daily. The journey takes 12 hours, with stopover at Temerloh, Kuantan and Kuala Trengganu. Adult fare: M\$18.00 non air-conditioned, M\$24.00 air-conditioned. Children under 12 years of age half fare. Children under 4 years of age free. Boarding Terminals: Hentian Pudu Raya — Kuala Lumpur. SKMK Bus Station or Pudu Raya — Kota Bharu.

Budaya Express, 8 Lorong Medan Tuanku Satu, Kuala Lumpur. Tel. 03-921381. Buses leave Kuala Lumpur and Kota Bharu simultaneously at 7.30 p.m. Adult fare: M\$21.00 air-conditioned; M\$19.00 non air-conditioned. Children: M\$10. Boarding Terminals: Kuala Lumpur — Lorong Medan Tuanku Satu. Kota Bharu — Budaya Restoran, Jalan Temenggong. Tel. 097-21185.

Kota Bharu to Kuala Trengganu and vice versa: Syarikat Kenderaan Melayu Kelantan Berhad, P.O. Box 80. Bus Station, Kota Bharu. Tel. 097-22796. Buses leave Kota Bharu and Kuala Trengganu simultaneously at 8 a.m. and 2 p.m. daily. Adult fare: M\$5.00. Children: M\$2.50. Boarding Terminals: Kota Bharu — Bus Station, SKMK.

Kota Bharu to Johore Bahru and Singapore vice versa (night service only): Syarikat Kenderaan Melayu Kelantan Berhad, P.O. Box 80. Bus Station, Kota Bharu. Tel. 097-22796. Buses leave Kota Bharu at 8 p.m. daily. Adult fare: M\$25.00. Children: M\$12.50. Boarding Terminals: Kota Bharu — Bus Station, SKMK.

Kuantan to Kuala Trengganu and vice versa: Syarikat Kuala Trengganu-Kuantan Express Berhad, 45 Jalan Telok Sisek, Kuantan. Buses leave Kuantan at 7.30 a.m., 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. Buses leave Kuala Trengganu at 7.30 a.m., 9 a.m., 11.30 a.m. and 2.30 p.m. Adult fare: M\$5.00. Children: M\$2.50. Boarding Terminal: Kuantan — Bus Stand, Jalan Besar. Kuala Trengganu — Bus Stand, Jalan Masjid.

Johore Bahru to Kuantan: Ikatan Setia, Jalan Terus, Johore Bahru. Buses leave Johore Bahru at 8.30 a.m., 10.30 a.m., and 11 a.m. (Monday, Wednesday and Friday). 10.30 a.m. (Tuesday, Saturday and Sunday). Fare: M\$9.00 (non air-

conditioned). M\$14.00 (air-conditioned). Boarding Terminals: Johore Bahru — Jalan Trus Bus Stand.

Johor Bahru to Kuantan: Ikatan Setia, Jalan Terus, Johor Bahru. Buses leave Johor Bahru at 8.30 a.m., 10.30 a.m., and 11 a.m. (Monday, Wednesday and Friday), 10.30 a.m. (Tuesday, Saturday and Sunday). Fare: M\$9.00 (non-air conditioned). M\$14.00 (air conditioned). Boarding Terminals: Johor Bahru — Jalan Trus Bus

Malacca to Singapore and vice versa: Sing Lian Express Ltd., Central Omnibus Station, Jalan Hang Tuah, Malacca. Buses leave Malacca and Singapore simultaneously at 8 a.m., 9.30 a.m., 11 a.m. and 2 p.m. daily. Adult fare: M\$8.00.

Johore Bahru to Mersing via Kota Tinggi: South East Express Ltd., 12B Jalan Larkin, Johore Bahru. Buses leave Johore Bahru and Mersing simultaneously at 8 a.m. and 1.30 p.m. daily. Adult fare: M\$6.00. Boarding Terminals: Johore Bahru — Jalan Trus Station.

Johore Bahru to Singapore and vice versa: Johore-Singapore Express Ltd., 132 Rochore Road, Singapore. Adult fare: M\$1.00. Boarding Terminals: Johore Bahru — Boarding Terminal Johore Bahru, Transport Centre, Jalan Trus Station. Singapore — Rochore Road Bus Stand.

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