



# THE MALAYSIAN ROADLESS TRIP

BY Adeline Ooi & Dave Lumenta

THESE ARE GREAT times, great for travelling with a bunch of Indons. As accusations are hurled across the Straits of Malacca between Jakarta and Kuala Lumpur (again), Ganyang Malaysia fever over the disputed resource-rich Ambalat Island has risen to near-fever pitch while reports of Ops Tegas – the deportation of unregistered migrant workers from Malaysia – dominate the headlines. Great times, indeed, for venturing with four Indonesian anthropologists through the timber-mine of Sarawak and across the border into ‘foreign-held’ Kalimantan – on foot, without a passport.

The journey into the heart of Borneo isn’t as arcane or Alan Quartermain as it sounds. Borderlessness, globalisation, mobility – these notions made glamorous and saleable by marketing men have existed in real life for as long as men and women have had legs. We’re on a research trip to learn more about peselai, which may be conveniently likened to the

‘tourism’ of young British aristocrats in the 19th century in search of cultural education – before Thomas Cook successfully packaged the experience of finding your own way around foreign lands for mass consumption.

But peselai is a rite of passage with deep roots to the land; it is the journeying to distant territories by Kenyah men discovering new territories and cultures. Peselai was once largely associated with long-distance raids, scouting for new arable lands, hunting or trading expeditions. The wide array of ancient Chinese jars, Javanese bronze gongs, Venetian and Mesopotamian beads, batik textiles and even Papuan penis gourds that can be found in possession among upriver Kenyah and Kayan communities are ample evidence that central Borneo had been part of an extensive global trade network, indicating the importance that mobility must have played. For the Kenyah, such expeditions bore intrinsic cultural values

THE STORY OF ONE OF MALAYSIA'S LESSER-KNOWN BUMIPUTERA, FROM THE EYES OF A GADIS SEMENANJUNG ON THE MUD-CAKED, CRAZY, MAZY, ROAD TRIP INTO THE HEART OF BORNEO



ABOVE Picture of the Kenyah peselai group (that brought its photographer the Dutch explorer and academic HF Tillema to Long Nawang) cutting a pig, 1930



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that were closely interlinked with economic and ritual needs, manhood and social status. In many ways, peselai maintained a pivotal role in Kenyah social life, particularly for those in isolated upriver settlements.

It used to be a risky undertaking, especially during the years of inter-tribal raiding. Trading expeditions were no less hazardous as they involved risks of being raided. Before the 1970s, peselais were organised into large groups under the leadership of aristocrat (paren) leaders, usually consisting of 50 to 100 men, and sometimes up to 500, to ensure group strength in the face of headhunting attacks.

An aspect of peselai was the sharing of its fruits within the longhouse community – a symbolic marker of community affinity and a display of quality and status of the men involved. But peselai trips of more recent times have evolved into migrant labour journeys, where Kenyah men, with their hillside tree-felling skills, seek work in Chinese-owned logging camps in Sabah and Sarawak.

Our own journey will take us from Kuching via Miri to Long Mekaba in Ulu Baram in Sarawak, from where we travel along the mighty Batang Rejang, passing through historic Kapit to apply for an upriver permit before continuing our journey into the Upper Balui area — crossing the border into the legendary Long Nawang on the Apokayan hill ranges of East Kalimantan. Personally, this is a 'Globe Trekker meets Margaret Mead' moment, albeit armed to the gills with malaria vaccination, insect repellent and enough medication to run a small pharmacy.

### KUCHING

SITUATED ON A small hill and surrounded by a well-kept garden, the Sarawak Museum's

collection of wildlife specimens, indigenous artefacts and works of art is of world renown. One of the museum's most prominent features is an incredible mural that lines the far left wall on the second floor. It bears no description, except for a small faded plaque that reads: 'Mural painted by Long Nawang Kenyahs, 1960.'

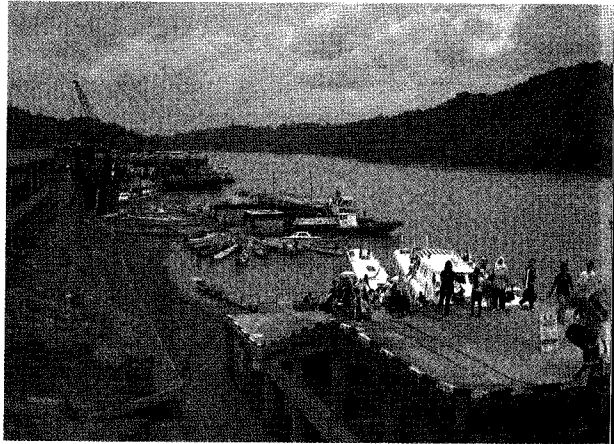
The two Kenyah villages in Apokayan that we are to shortly embark into the jungle for belong to the Leppo' Tau sub-group. According to Tom Harrisson, the former curator of Sarawak Museum and editor of *Sarawak Museum Journal*:

'[T]he Leppo' Tau Kenyahs of Long Nawang, upper [Apo] Batang Kayan, Kalimantan, are regarded by all other Kenyahs as the top "class", the repository of the "purest" form of their culture and the centre of their oldest and most important cultural aristocracy. The symbol of this situation when I visited Long Nawang in 1945 was the great "Tree of Life" painted on the wall of the magnificent house used for communal meetings and rites. That house has since decayed and never been rebuilt, but I succeeded in getting the original artists to come to Kuching later and reproduced the same superb design inside the Sarawak Museum – though there is not room here to do it at a full scale.'

The 'Long Nawang Kenyahs' mentioned in the plaque are Bit Ncuk, Anyin, Saging, Limpan Bilung, Baya Laing and Gun Dian. They were working in Belaga at the time, around 1958 to 1959, constructing the airstrip, when they received Harrisson's invitation to come to Kuching and paint a mural for the Sarawak Museum. They took nearly two years to complete it. Meanwhile, Harrisson, whose personal friendship with the Long Nawang



CLOCKWISE FROM BOTTOM LEFT Pak Garau, man's man and citizen without borders; Boats of a Kenyah peselai group, 1930; The first glimpse of the legendary Long Nawang after crossing the border on foot; Yet another logging truck on the way to Long Mekaba; Kopi Kuching; Bustling Kapit wharf on the banks of the great Batang Rejang. It is the lifeline for all upriver villages in Kapit Division



Kenyah dated back to when he was saved by them in a parachute accident in 1945, also convinced his dear friend, PeBit Ncuk, to make woodcarvings. In the evenings, he would interview the artists tirelessly about Kenyah culture and rites, and publish this valuable information in the *Sarawak Museum Journal*.

Indigenous tribes then often wandered freely across the great length of the Sarawak-Kalimantan border. None of the artists have had the opportunity to revisit, nor have they received an invitation to return to the museum ever since. The six Kenyah artists above had worked at the construction site of the Belaga airfield in the late 1950s without passports as official documents then were deemed unimportant. Ironic that a national treasure at the Sarawak Museum would now be considered the work of illegal Indonesians from across the border.

**LONG NAWANG**, THE largest village in the far reaches of the Apokayan highlands of East Kalimantan, is the epicentre of Kenyah culture and historic homeland for many Kenyah in Malaysia and Indonesia. It is impressive not only in size (thousands live in a series of longhouses) but for the grandeur and sophistication of its cultural aristocracy. The people of Long Nawang are descendants of a senior Kenyah clan that once held dominion over the Apokayan hill ranges and restored peace to this war-torn land.

Long Nawang served as gateway for numerous Kenyah migrations; the constant exchange with flows of people have spread Long Nawang's glorious artistic tradition to other Kenyah communities, including Sarawak's Orang Ulu culture, whose entrancingly beautiful music and dance are

regarded as one of the most highly evolved traditional art forms in Malaysia.

Where in the world is Long Nawang? Place your finger in the middle of the map of Borneo. The Apokayan hill ranges are incredibly isolated, accessible only via expensive air travel from the coast of Kalimantan to the nearest airfield in the neighbouring village of Long Ampung, 45 minutes by motor-boat to Long Nawang. It's going to be the mother of all hikes 'along very demanding terrain across an open border into Kalimantan', says Dave Lumenta, expedition leader, the calm academic beneath the anthropologist's combat fatigues. 'But once you're there, you can definitely claim to have reached the heart of Borneo.' Next stop...

#### LONG MEKABA

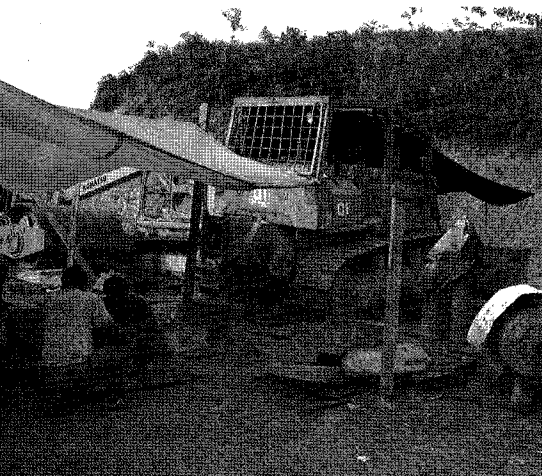
Long Mekaba, a small settlement with only four longhouses, sits between Baram and Silat Rivers in Miri Division, Sarawak. It's a sister village of the Kenyah in the Apokayan. Despite the distance, kinsmen on both sides have remained in contact with each other ever since, via peselai expeditions.

Many of the Kenyah men who have gone away on peselai in the past 20 to 30 years eventually settled down in Sarawak. Pak Garau's biography tells a compelling story of change and dislocation. Today, in Long Mekaba, he is Garau Dian, full-fledged Malaysian citizen – with IC, he boasts – happily married to Mak Sulau, and father of two, Nelson and Irene Eban. Nelson is currently training at the Police Academy in Perak while Irene is in nursing school in Sabah. Pak Garau is among those who demonstrate a strong sense of duality, with immediate family ties on both sides, straddling his Indonesian past and present Malaysian existence in his wake, moving fluidly back and forth between two

#### MISSING GOOD FOR TREES

PB is a village head who continues to maintain close contact with his Indonesian kinsmen: 'We moved here from Indon in 1969. Ever since, we've been better off than our cousins who chose to stay behind. Now they're all looking for jobs over here (Sarawak). I've often been summoned to the police station in Kapit to verify Indon Kenyah workers claiming to be my cousins. I've signed over 100 guarantee letters claiming these Indons as [my village] residents to protect them. Police officers in [the town] jokingly remark, "Has [your village] developed into a city? There seem to be thousands of villagers everywhere. Everytime we arrest a Kenyah without papers, he turns out to be one or another relative of yours." But we've got to help them. We'd certainly need their help some time in future... Some elders even consider moving back to Indonesia because the soil is better and fish more abundant. The rivers are clean and logging hasn't reached the Apokayan yet...'

'I remember a function held in Belaga, 1987 or 1988, a Kuala Lumpur official was giving a speech,' says Pak Ubang (see main story). 'They threatened to throw all illegal Indonesians out. I stepped forward and told them, "I'm Pak PeUbang from Long Nawang. I'm deeply happy if you decide to send us back to Indonesia. Our families back home will be happy. Some among us haven't even returned to Indonesia for over 30 years. But please tell me, who will step in to fill all the jobs in Sarawak? Are Sarawakians prepared to do all this kerja kasar (manual work)? Welfare and insurance fees are deducted from our salaries, and we're not even entitled to receive any compensation for logging accidents. So yes, it's much better to send us home. We'll be happy.'



### TOM THE NATIVE SON

Tom Harrison came to Sarawak in 1932 as an amateur naturalist with the Oxford University Expedition. The extensive knowledge he gained of Borneo resulted in his recruitment by the Allies: in 1945, he led a mission into Dutch Borneo to organise native resistance in the interior against remaining Japanese troops. On September 13, 1945, he landed upside down after a parachute jump and was rescued by a group of Long Nawang Kenyah and nursed back to health in their village. In his diary he described Long Nawang as a 'lost world' and raved enthusiastically about their rich art forms. When he became curator at the Sarawak Museum in 1947, he ensured the glorious Kenyah Leppo, Tau art and culture were well represented in the museum's collection. He championed the works of other native tribes, including that of the Kelabit, Iban and Penan. The extensive collection included Borneo's countless species of flora and fauna, and a miniature zoo. He wanted a local museum responsive to local people's interest, so arranged that even the illiterate people can enjoy the museum. He also edited the respected *Sarawak Museum Journal*. Harrison's abrasive character upset expatriates and the state's western-educated leaders. He was accused of stealing from the museum and when his plane landed on Christmas Eve 1967, he was denied entry into Sarawak. He passed away in January 1976, in a bus accident in Thailand.

worlds; filled with contradictions, sympathetic and aware, detached and attached, outsider and insider all at the same time.

Pak Garau is anxious for updates on Ops Tegas. 'Most of them (Indonesians) have gone in hiding,' he reveals. 'They are terrified, we hear the police are paying people to report the illegal workers, RM50 for each name.' Pak Garau happens to be Gun Dian's (one of the six artists who painted the mural in the Sarawak Museum in 1958) younger brother. Born Eban Dian in the village of Nawang Baru in the Apokayan, Pak Garau Dian went on a peselai trip with a group of around 20 men in 1974. Many Kenyah men who reached Sarawak from Kalimantan on their peselai in the 1970s chose to settle in Malaysia.

We're sitting in the back room of Mak Awing's canteen at the bottom of Silat Bridge, in the Baram area, drinking tuak with Pak Garau and his fellow villagers who've just returned from work at a nearby logging camp. It's the weekend, and the waiting area in Mak Awing's canteen is bustling: a group of Kenyah children, just returned from school, wait impatiently for perahu to take them downstream, to home, for the weekend; the mysterious Penan family that's been here since sunrise with freshly cut bamboo awaits transport to the logging camps to sell their wares; and groups of camp workers, arriving in droves to pick up supplies for the weekend.

We arrived last night, after pampering our backs with a 10-hour hitch-hike on silky smooth logging roads, but hallelujah, Pak Garau has just warmly invited us to follow him home later. He is pleased to be in the company of Indonesians. 'Saya juga Indon!' he bellows happily.

Between mouthfuls of tobacco and sireh, Pak Garau proudly shows us snapshots of

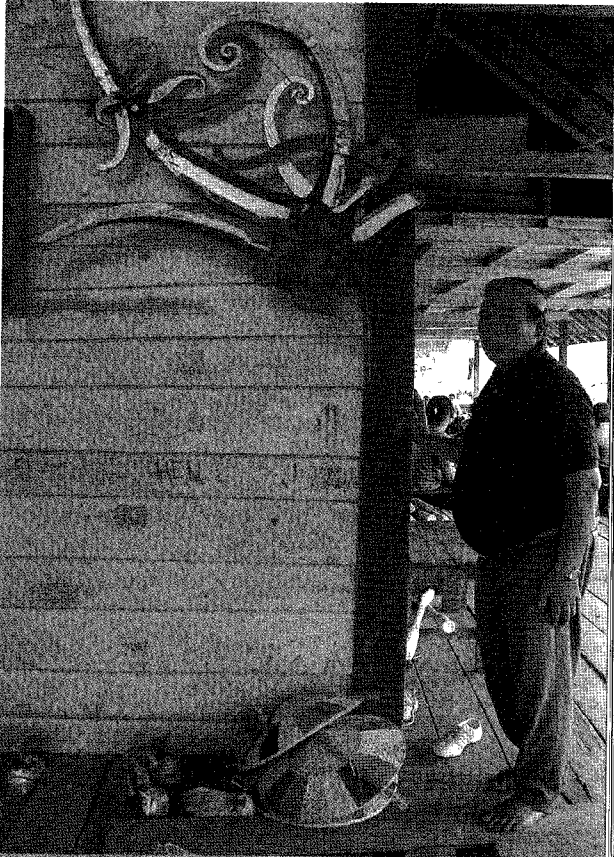
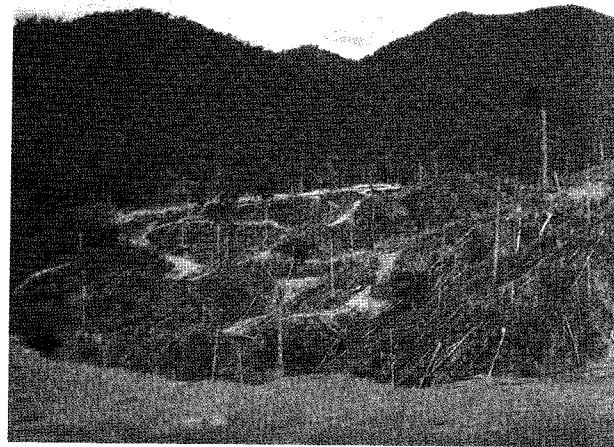
his children. He's expecting both home for Christmas. Until then he, like many able-bodied men in the village, will be working in the nearby logging camps until planting season begins.

News spreads quickly through Long Mekaba of our impending trek to Long Nawang; several village elders ask if we might help deliver messages to family and friends on the Other Side, whom they haven't seen in decades. Dave volunteers on our last night there to record video messages which we will take with us to Long Nawang.

They laugh, they cry, they gaze into the lens and talk to the digicam in their Kenyah dialect. The desperate longing for absent relatives resonates powerfully from behind their voices. Dave steps out in the middle of the recording. He lights one cigarette after another, his chain-smoking filling in the long and pregnant pause. 'I don't think I've truly understood the notion of kinship up until this very moment,' he exhales at last.

IT'S DIFFICULT SAYING goodbye the next morning. I catch one flying kiss, while Mak Sulau waves gently from behind sheets of tears by the riverbank. Pak Inkong accompanies us midway upriver before bidding farewell. Pak Garau refuses to let go of our hands:

'Promise you will all come back one day. And please, don't forget ha! Please tell them for me, no matter, Bugis or Javanese or from Kalimantan, go and get your Passport done. Times have changed; it's not like before, it's different now. Look at me; I have my Malaysian IC, I need to; I owe it to my son. What more he is training to be a police and he wants to be transferred back here. I don't want to be caught by my son, and I don't want the Indonesians



CLOCKWISE FROM BOTTOM LEFT At the logging camp near the Sarawak-Kalimantan border where encroachments by both sides for fresh logs sometimes leads to bulldozers going missing in the night; The man with twinkling eyes, PeLencau Bilong; Mak Awing's canteen is the supermarket of Long Mekaba; Nawang Baru cemetery; Where logging trucks roam; The perceptive Pak Ubang Ding of Long Nawang

to be caught by him too; after all, he is half Indonesian even though he is born here. I know it's difficult (to get your passport) but think about how easy it is to come and go after that; you are legal. They (the authorities or the police) can't do anything to you. You must come in legal. It's not worth risking your life for it. Even if the logging companies are willing to hire you without papers, what is going to happen if you get into an accident? You don't get insurance cover, and worse, what if you die? Those towkays will just bury you in some unknown grave. And then how will I explain this to your families? I feel responsible; they all know me... semua orang di camp tahu bapak...karena bapak juga Indon (everyone in the logging camp knows me...because I'm also Indonesian).'

### LONG NAWANG

AT 600M ABOVE sea-level, Long Nawang air is even crisper after rain, and miraculously reinvigorating after our gruelling crossing of a make-believe line in the land that helps us make sense of 'Indonesia' and 'Malaysia'. We left Long Mekaba almost a week ago. Through almighty mud and dust, we have made it to the Apokayan. Borneo is... breathtaking. This immense land has long epitomised the ultimate in the exotic: benevolent White Rajahs, steaming, formidable jungles, other-worldly flora and fauna, headhunting tribes. As we traverse majestic hill ranges against a stunning backdrop of billowing clouds and make our way down to verdant, canopied waterways, the glorious descriptions bestowed upon Borneo by white explorers become understandable.

But the road to Kalimantan also steered us through logging territory stretching across vast

expanses of barren land bossed by industrial machinery belching grey smoke and fleets of timber trucks stampeding through the land like radioactive godzillas in a post-Apocalypse jungle. By evening, the logging camps light up like pretty constellations. The transformation is scarcely believable; by day base camp for the war against the jungle, by night jewels in the mountain-side, all peace and calm. We wonder how many 'Indons' have already been detained and deported in the weeks since we've left Kuching, and how many are now hiding in the jungle.

THE WARM AROMA of fried bananas from Uwe' Lencau's firewood kitchen in Long Nawang wafts through the room. We're more than happy to be staying in such a welcoming home. As we drink sweet tea, Uwe's father, Pak Ubang Ding, recounts his story about the 500 Kenyah from the Apokayan who were recruited by the Sarawak government – then under British rule – to help construct the Belaga airstrip in 1958. Outspoken and perceptive, Pak Ubang is one of the most respected elders in Long Nawang.

It was his first peselai expedition, and Pak Ubang had set out with his father with the other 500 men. In Belaga, they received news from Tom Harrisson, inviting Kenyah artists to come to Kuching to produce works for the Sarawak Museum. 'I went to Batu Niah to work under Tuan Harrisson and his wife "Miem" (Barbara Harrisson).' Harrisson had personally employed Pak Ubang in 1960, after the Belaga project, to work at the Museum's excavation project at Batu Niah Caves. 'My job was to clean and collect bat guano in the large Batu Niah cave. We also used to cut kayu paya (swamp timber) near Kampung Terikan (near Batu Niah) until the Brunei/TNKU (Tentera Nasional

## THE MALAYSIAN ROADLESS TRIP



Kalimantan Utara) revolt broke out.'

Borneo politicians reacted towards the Malaysia Plan (under which Sabah and Sarawak would become part of Malaysia) by setting up an anti-federation front spearheaded by Parti Rakyat Brunei (PRB). With the support of Indonesian president, Sukarno, the anti-Malaysia Plan factions in Sarawak planned to form an independent union of Kalimantan Utara. The resulting ill-fated Brunei rebellion in December 1962 against the Malaysia Plan drove the PRB's armed wing, TNKU to wage a guerrilla war against the British, and later, the Malaysian army. In retaliation, the British army closed down all river traffic by setting up outposts or checkpoints along all Sarawak waterways to prevent border infiltrations.

'We heard that Sarawak's entire coastline was swarming with British Gurkha patrols stationed all the way up to Kapit. We longed for home but were not able to return at the time because of Konfrontasi (Confrontation). We asked Tuan Harrisson for a clearance order that would waive us from all the checkpoints up to Long Nawang. We were the only (peselai) group who had managed to return safely to Long Nawang during Konfrontasi, thanks to Tuan Harrisson who was by then re-appointed into British military service; many who couldn't return ended up staying in Sarawak and became Malaysian citizens. I think he wanted to pay back all the favours my "orang tua" (elders/parents) had done for him during the war years. "Orang tua saya yang membantu, saya yang kena balas baiknya." (My elders were the ones who helped him, but it was through me that he repaid his gratitude.)'

The Konfrontasi era impacted the lives of

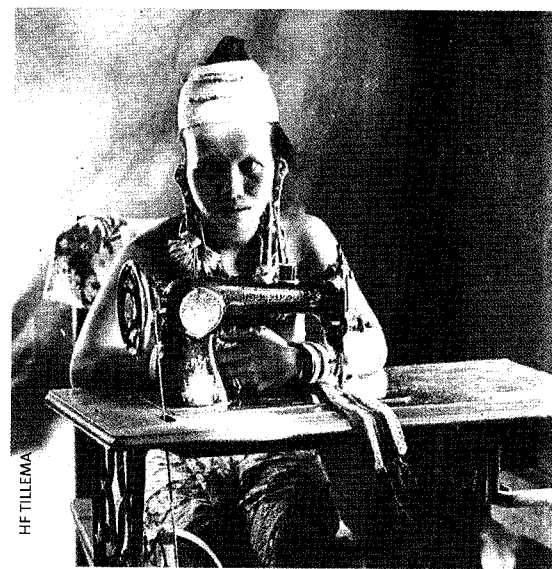
many in Long Nawang. Given its proximity to the Sarawak border, the village became an outpost for TNKU guerrillas, backed by Indonesian regular troops. The village men were also forced to assist the troops in their attempt to penetrate Sarawak. Gun Dian, one of the six Kenyah artists who painted the mural in Sarawak Museum is now the Tua Kampung (village chief) of neighbouring village Nawang Baru in the Apokayan. In 1963, he was among the Kenyah guides who had to lead the Indonesian/TNKU troops to raid Long Jawe in Sarawak, on the upper Balui River over the border:

'We were forced to guide ABRI (the Indonesian army) and TNKU troops stationed in Long Nawang to raid upriver villages in Sarawak. Most of us were reluctant to do so given the close family ties with Kenyah across the border, but being forced at gunpoint, we had no other choice. It took us several days of paddling (by canoe) to reach Long Jawe, the first Kenyah village across the border. [The Indonesian/TNKU troops] successfully attacked the Gurkha outpost there, except we found out later that some Kenyah were also slain. This upset us greatly. We are kinsmen, it is not right for us to lead others to kill our own people. So some of us decided to find a way to contact our Sarawakian kinsmen who were recruited as Sarawak Border Scouts guiding British Gurkha patrols to see if there were ways to avoid direct confrontation between Gurkhas and ABRI troops so we wouldn't have to fight each other. We didn't want the Apokayan to turn into a Konfrontasi battlefield; neither did we want any Kenyah blood to spill on our land. We managed to divert the warring patrols from ambushing each other. Sometimes, if the opportunity allowed, we would signal each other to meet

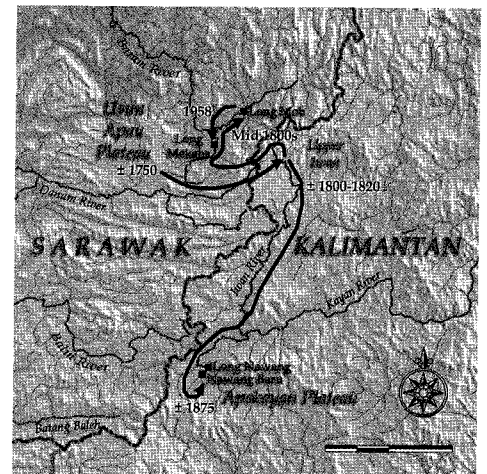
## THE MALAYSIAN ROADLESS TRIP



CLOCKWISE FROM BOTTOM LEFT Kenyah children waiting at Mak Awing's canteen for perahu to ferry them home upstream; The historic painting of the "Tree of Life" mural in progress; Canteen of a logging camp where the female is a very rarely sighted species ; One of the log ponds along the Batang Baleh. Logs are de-barked, measured, cut into equal lengths and sorted by quality and size before being transported from here; A Kenyah woman with her Singer, 1930, among the items exchanged during peselai journeys of the early 20th century ; Map of Leppo Tau migrations



HF TILLEMA



in the middle of the jungle to discuss which way we would be taking. We also devised the traditional sign system to communicate with our kinsmen on the other side. We left markings on trees or branches to indicate which direction we were taking with the patrol troops, so they would know which route to avoid.'

ON OUR SECOND day in Long Nawang, many now know of the orang alok (foreigners) who have come from Jakarta and Malaysia, and are wondering what we're doing in this neck of the woods. To add to the confusion, Pak Ubang has been introducing me as his daughter from 'Semenanjung Malaysia' – such a tease. After dinner one evening, he tells me that I'm probably the first Chinese Semenanjung Malaysian female to visit the Apokayan... 'And for that, we must take you fishing, the waters are still clear because logging hasn't reached our territory yet.'

Apart from playing village postmen from Long Mekaba, one of the high points of this trip must be meeting PeLencau Bilong in the neighbouring village of Nawang Baru. He is soft-spoken and quick-witted, as described by Tom Harrison: 'the small man with twinkling eyes' who had come to his rescue during his topsy-turvy parachute incident with a raintree, and the reason behind his deep friendship with the Kenyah. PeLencau is a paren iut (minor aristocrat) and is highly respected as the wisest, most eloquent elder of the Apokayan. The villagers believe he's at least 90 years old although PeLencau himself does not know his age, because 'it was not important to remember one's birthday in those days'.

PeLencau Bilong has made 11 peselai trips in his lifetime: 'We used to go to the Baliu (Balui); it was called Malaysia after Konfrontasi. But

we are happy; when we travel to Malaysia, we won't go hungry as our kinsmen are there. Before we were still at war the the Iban, it was difficult to find food. (Tapi kita senang; kalau kita pergi ke Malaysia, kita tidak lapar karena ada saudara kita di sana. Dulu waktu kita masih perang dengan Iban, susah cari makan.)'

Most of PeLencau's peers were able to speak their native Kenyah tongue, Malay, Kayan, Iban, several Penan dialects and a smattering of Foochow Chinese. 'Nowadays they don't do that, anymore,' says the Kenyah elder. With the decline in trade of jungle products, knowledge of different languages is no longer essential. Malay or Bahasa Indonesia has become the lingua franca even in the interiors of Borneo. 'The Adet (Ritual) has sadly changed,' PeLencau continues. 'In those days, upon our return to Long Nawang a feast was held at our longhouse to celebrate our arrival, and there we handed out many items to all our neighbours.' Peselai travellers today return alone, bringing timber wages 'pocketed away in their fancy jeans trousers or denim jackets'. With skyrocketing fuel and sugar prices in the Apokayan (apparently one of the highest in Indonesia, and set largely by logging camps), many would rather hold on to their money than share the fruits of their labour with their community.

WE WALK AWAY from Long Nawang with a heavy heart. Uwe' Lencau hands us, what else, a pack of freshly fried bananas, wrapped in banana leaves, for our long trek ahead.

#### KUCHING

We arrive 29 hours later, sleepless, exhausted, relieved and teary-eyed. We have a 'decompression' day in Kuching before

returning to our respective cities. It's easy to be overwhelmed by Borneo's incredible landscape – not just its physical splendour, but the extraordinary relationship its people share with the land, once mapped according to each tribe's legends, myths, and migration routes. This magnificent legacy is forced to contend with the dilemmas surrounding their current reality. Political events in the past 50 years have reshaped and re-ordered the space in a context that they may not readily comprehend: different territories of power, 'illegal migration', land disputes, and environmental threats .

We revisit the mural in Sarawak Museum to close the chapter. There is so much implied by the mural and the little plaque commemorating the Long Nawang artists. We sit quietly under it and wonder if it had ever crossed the minds of the six artists that they were making their first and final trip to Kuching. We wonder if they were aware of the imminent changes that would soon take over their land. 'The mural is one of the last remaining evidence of Borneo's open and fluid past,' says Dave. And then we remember Pak Ubang's words: 'Kenapa dulu kita bisa berkumpul dengan saudara kita di Sarawak walaupun harus berdayung berbulan-bulan. Dan sekarang sudah ada jalan, ada mesin, outboard engines tapi nggak bisa, karena ada halangan, susah masuk ke Sarawak secara legal.' ■