

A close-up, high-angle portrait of a young child's face, looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. The child has dark, curly hair and large, dark eyes. The lighting is soft and natural, highlighting the texture of the skin and the intensity of the gaze.

“A sensitive portrait of the eccentric characters of a kampung
and their sometimes funny, sometimes tragic lives.”

– Alfian Sa’at, author of *Malay Sketches*

CONFRONTATION

A NOVEL

MOHAMED **LATIFF** MOHAMED

Three-time winner of the Singapore Literature Prize



PRAISE FOR *CONFRONTATION*
AND MOHAMED LATIFF MOHAMED:

“Singapore in the turbulent 60s is evoked through a narrative pungent with details—of communal wells, leaky zinc roofs and kerosene lamps. While a larger political drama unfolds, Mohamed Latiff Mohamed trains his sensitive and painterly prose on the eccentric characters of Kampung Pak Buyung and their sometimes funny, sometimes tragic lives.”

– Alfian Sa’at, author of *Malay Sketches*

“*Confrontation* is a ‘must-read’ for anyone keen to experience the anxiety and loss of the Malay community leading up to the separation of Singapore from Malaysia. Latiff’s deep exploration of shattered dreams and alienation in one’s own land recalls a time and place that no longer exists, with characters who are indelibly memorable.”

– Isa Kamari, Cultural Medallion winner and author of *Intercession*

“Mohamed Latiff Mohamed has whipped up a sense of nostalgia towards something that should not have been gone. He succeeds in presenting lost time just as writers such as Kipling succeeded in representing an exotic world.”

– Professor Emeritus Dr Budi Darma, Surabaya State University

“He is a writer committed to concrete and moral realism, yet very pronounced in playing with the imageries of satire and symbolism so as to create a literature worthy to be named as emblematic of human conscience against dehumanization. His commitment to address the community’s spiritual, psychological, historical and moral needs is undisputed. To acknowledge this is the start of recognizing a literature to build humanity, and Latiff is surely one of its master builders.”

– Dr Azhar Ibrahim Alwee, Lecturer in Malay Studies,
National University of Singapore

CONFRONTATION

A NOVEL

Mohamed Latiff Mohamed

Translated from the Malay
by Shafiq Selamat



EPIGRAM BOOKS / SINGAPORE

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English edition published in Singapore by Epigram Books
www.epigrambooks.sg

Originally published in 1997
by Pustaka Nasional as *Batas Langit*.

Edited by Jason Erik Lundberg
Cover design and layout by Stephanie Wong

Cover photograph by Wazari Wazir
www.wazariwazir.com

National Library Board, Singapore Cataloguing-in-Publication Data

Mohamed Latiff Mohamed, 1950-
Confrontation: a novel / Mohamed Latiff Mohamed;
translated from the Malay by Shafiq Selamat.
– Singapore: Epigram Books, 2013.

p. cm.

ISBN: 978-981-07-5557-7 (paperback)
ISBN: 978-981-07-558-4 (ebook)

1. Singapore – Social life and customs – Fiction. 2. Poor – Singapore – Fiction.
3. Malaysia – Foreign relations – Indonesia – Fiction. 4. Indonesia – Foreign relations
– Malaysia – Fiction. I. Shafiq Selamat. II. Title.

PL5139.M58

899.283 – dc23 OCN830513182

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the product
of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons,
living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

First Edition

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

To my faithful wife, Jamaliah Md Noor,
my sons, Khairil and Haikel,
my beloved granddaughter, Batrisyia Noor Tasneem,
and my loyal friends in Asas '50.



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CAST OF CHARACTERS

Adi	A young village boy
Mak Timah	Adi's mother
Pak Mat	Adi's father
Ani	Adi's older sister
Omar	Ani's husband
Pungut	Adi's adopted sister, Busuk's biological daughter
Abang Dolah	The village bomoh and a political activist
Kak Habsah	Abang Dolah's lover and common-law wife
Bibik	Elderly Peranakan woman who raises ducks
Busuk	Bibik's daughter and Pungut's biological mother
Ah Kong	Chap ji kee towkay
Tong Samboo	Chinese mother of two children, a boy and a girl
Tong San	Seventy-year-old Chinese man
Kak Salmah	Violent woman with a gold-tooth, samshu addict
Jamilah	Kak Salmah's adopted daughter
Bongkok	Shop owner, sells samshu illegally
Pak Abas	Richest man in the village
Bibi	Divorcée with three children, seduces the village's married men
Adi's friends	Kassim Boca, Yunos Potek, Dolah Supik, Yahya, Sairi, Basri
Assorted villagers	Yusoff Gemuk, Mail Sengan, Daud Cina, Mama Sulaiman, Ali Spring



PART
1

ANI DISAPPEARS

THE ENORMOUS BANYAN tree in the centre of Kampung Pak Buyung, one of Singapore's many rural villages, had always been a topic of conversation for the people who lived around it. Mandarin oranges and joss sticks had been inserted in the crevices between its roots. Some of the joss sticks, precisely six, had burnt out. Soon, the Mandarin oranges too would disappear—left there as offerings by the Chinese villagers, they were often eaten by famished children. The banyan tree was already said to be several hundred years old; it was also said to be haunted, and no one dared to walk under it after dark. Its branches were the girth of an embrace. Its majestic canopy of leaves gave shade to the attap-roofed houses beneath it. Its roots were each the size of a man's arm. The trunk of the banyan was thick and bore many incision marks; many bird poachers had come and cut the tree for its sap, which would then be mixed with vinegar and used to trap birds.

The giant of a tree was a playground for Adi, who would swing from it like Tarzan. He would climb up and gaze at the far-off Cathay Building from his perch. He would look down at the cauldron-sized holes formed by the tree's intersecting roots, far below. Rumour was that, once in a while, two or three monitor lizards would come out of these holes, raise their heads, and then turn around with a flourish

to once again hide themselves under the roots of the tree. Adi had never come face to face with these 'spirits' of the banyan tree, but whenever he thought about them, he always remembered Abang Dolah's story about the *hantu jerangkung*, the skeleton ghost. Abang Dolah often told this story on Friday nights, when Adi pressed him for ghost tales. The skeleton ghost, the story went, would appear around evening, and then wander about the latrine tanks. That was why, Abang Dolah said, if the skeleton was present around dusk, the whole village would stink of shit.

Adi tried to look down the length of the banyan tree, but could only see its hanging roots, which were gnarled and twisted. Adi would use these arm-thick roots to slide quickly down the tree. His mother would shriek whenever she saw him clinging to the banyan roots, terrified that he would fall. She believed that the banyan tree always claimed victims. That was why the Chinese people in the kampung made offerings to the banyan tree.

• • •

One day, Adi climbed down the tree to find two men crouched at its foot, shaking for numbers. They were trying their luck at chap ji kee, a game of chance and illegal lottery.

"Go away, go away!" one of the men shouted. He wore a torn singlet, and shooed Adi off.

"*Sa, ji, kau,*" Adi teased the man as he left, reciting Hokkien numbers he had no intention of betting on, his eyes focused on the Mandarin oranges below. He intended to take them once the Chinese men were gone. Adi walked home. He sat on the ambin, a low wooden platform on the veranda in front of his house, staring at

the banyan tree. He thought about the lizards, the spirits of the tree. Hundreds of starlings flew about and then perched on its branches.

Adi felt the beginnings of hunger pangs. Since afternoon he had only eaten two guavas, stolen from behind Bibik's house. Usually, if there was any rice left over at home, his mother would ask him to give it to Bibik, who would then feed it to her ducks. For the past few days, though, his mother had not asked him to deliver any leftover rice to Bibik. This afternoon, while wandering in the banana plantation behind Bibik's house, Adi had seen two yellowing guavas. He had climbed the guava tree stealthily, afraid that Bibik would hear him. She would normally curse at him if she saw him climb her guava tree.

Bibik actually did not care so much about her guavas, which after all, no one ever ate. When they ripened, they just fell and were squashed on the slushy ground, right where her ducks soaked themselves in the mud. Adi would often pick up the guavas that had fallen to the ground, wash them at the well, and eat them later. This time though, Adi had plucked the two half-ripe guavas off the tree and then quickly fled into the banana plantation to eat them.

Thinking still of the guavas, Adi got down from the ambin, walked into the house, and entered the kitchen. His mother was cleaning some tamban fish.

"Go fetch some water," she said. "Your father will want to have a bath when he comes home. There's no more water." Adi suddenly thought of a story Abang Dolah had told him, about the pontianak, a vampiric female ghost that preys on men; he'd said that if a pontianak cleaned fish with her hands, she would eat up every bit of the fish's stomach.

Adi reluctantly picked up a bucket and two empty kerosene tins. The well was located about twenty metres from his house; the

water in it was clear. About ten families used this well; among them were Adi's family, Ah Kong the chap ji kee towkay (or boss), Tong Samboo and her two children, the Chinese coconut-husk peeler (who had five children, one of them with a pink face), Abang Dolah, Mama Sulaiman and his son Ali, and Tong San the seventy-year-old Chinese man whose wife nevertheless gave birth to a baby every year (Adi's mother had said that whenever Tong San's wife delivered a child, he himself acted as the midwife).

Adi made his way to the well, passing by Tong San's house. Inside, Tong San's wife was cleaning some pork, and her most recent baby was sleeping, strapped to her back with a red sash; Adi found the smell of the pork unpleasant. Her other children were roaming around nearby, playing in a drain, catching worms. As Adi walked past Abang Dolah's house, he noticed that the door was locked, concluding that Abang Dolah was probably not at home.

The area around the well was partitioned using rusty metal hoardings. It was divided into two parts, one section which allowed privacy for the women to bathe. The floor around the well was mouldy and slippery, and the bricks of its walls were broken and eroded, covered with layers of moss. Adi lowered his bucket inside; the water level had gone down. A small sepat fish was swimming inside, and a fallen hibiscus flower floated on the water's surface. Adi drew up his bucket and emptied the water into his kerosene tins.

Whenever someone accidentally dropped their bucket into the well, Adi would volunteer to climb down to retrieve it, using the bricks set into the walls of the well as handholds. For this effort, he would get ten cents. Adi had become adept at this retrieval, and was always called upon whenever someone lost a bucket. Except, of course, for the coconut-husk peeler; he had a pole with a hook attached to it, so

if his bucket fell into the well, he would pull it out himself.

After both the kerosene tins were full, Adi carried them back. By the time he reached home, his mother had finished cleaning the fish. Adi's father had not yet returned home. He worked near Kallang Airport, where he kept watch over dredger vessels that were being repaired. He often came home late at night, or sometimes, not at all. One time, he had found his father gambling two days after his payday.

"Where's Ani?" his mother asked, a few strands of her greying hair having fallen onto her cheeks. "I've not seen her face since morning. Go look for your sister after you finish with the water. No shame! A girl like her shouldn't be loafing at others' houses."

Adi made another trip to the well, this time to fill up the earthenware jar used to store water in the house. When he started to draw up his bucket, he heard somebody from the other side of the well area, where the women bathed. When he lowered down his bucket again, he saw a fair hand doing the same; Adi guessed it was the coconut-husk peeler's daughter. She was a beautiful young woman with rosy cheeks and a voluptuous body. Their buckets knocked against each other and Adi felt a thrill. Abang Dolah, whose house was quite close to the well, would often peep at her whenever she took a bath; he would then giggle and run back into his house.

After three rounds of walking back and forth, carrying the two kerosene tins of water each time, Adi had filled the earthenware jar. Adi then noticed that the other jar, the one used to store drinking water, was half-empty. Later, he would have to fetch water from the communal tap, which was located about one hundred yards from Adi's house; if not, his mother would certainly nag him. Adi resigned himself to the long queue that he would have to join in order to complete his chore.

His mother was frying the tamban fish she'd been preparing, and Adi found the aroma stimulating. She gave him the smallest piece. Munching on the hot tamban fish, he stepped out of the house and set off towards Kak Salmah's house, in search of his sister.

The day was turning to dusk, and the leaves of the banyan tree had begun to darken. The coconut-husk peeler was eating porridge on his veranda. His son, the one whose face was pink, was not eating, but was still peeling the husks off some coconuts; Adi found the sour smell of the husks unpleasant. He took a shortcut, passing by a row of barrack houses whose residents were all Chinese. The kitchens of these barrack houses were located towards the front, and the aroma of Chinese cooking also bothered Adi as he walked past. Between the kitchens and the footpath ran a drain, which was full of scattered garbage. On reaching the end of the row, Adi turned towards Kak Salmah's house. Old bicycles had been left leaning against the walls, here and there.

Adi found Kak Salmah eating, along with her adopted daughter Jamilah. Kak Salmah used chopsticks instead of her fingers, like a Chinese person. When she saw Adi, she invited him to join her, but he declined. He looked inside Kak Salmah's house for Ani, but his sister was not there.

Kak Salmah was pretty, her skin tanned and attractive. Her shoulder-length hair hung loose, and her body was slim but curvaceous. One of her front teeth was set with gold, and when she smiled, her gold-inlaid tooth gleamed. Some people said she worked as a hostess in a bar at Lorong 25. Others said she was a hustler. Adi had noticed that Kak Salmah often changed partners: some were Eurasian, some Chinese, some Indian, but never Malay. Kak Salmah was on familiar terms with all her Chinese neighbours; she was fluent in Mandarin and could

speak various dialects, including Hainanese, Hokkien and Cantonese. She was also a fierce woman when she got drunk on samshu; she would beat Jamilah until the girl was half-dead, and Jamilah's face was perpetually disfigured as a result: her lips swollen, the skin around her eyes blue-black, her face covered with scars.

"Please get me some samshu from Bongkok's shop," Kak Salmah said to Adi, handing him a fifty-cent coin and an empty gripe-water bottle. "Buy thirty cents' worth. You can keep the twenty cents change."

Adi immediately darted to Bongkok's shop, which was located about one hundred yards from Kak Salmah's house. The dilapidated old store was sheltered under a cotton tree. Bongkok had opened his shop in the middle of Lorong 23 decades ago, and he sold samshu and lottery tickets illegally, something which had gotten him arrested many times. He would only entertain people whom he knew, and often went about his business without putting on a shirt. His breasts sagged because of old age, and his body had become flabby.

"Bongkok, give me thirty cents worth of samshu," Adi said, handing over the gripe water bottle and fifty-cent coin.

"For whom?" asked Bongkok, warily.

"Kak Salmah, Salmah lah!"

Bongkok went into another room. He drew the curtain over the door and disappeared. Adi's eyes roamed around Bongkok's shop. The wooden walls were very old, ugly, and black. A Chinese deity figurine stared intimidatingly at him from an altar; two candles and three Mandarin oranges had been placed as offerings at its feet. Sacks of sugar, rice, flour, salted fish, dried melon seeds and dried squid lined the walls, along with Chinese prayer candles and several tins of biscuits. The floor of the shop was uneven dark mud, as though distended by tiny, pitch-black anthills.

Bongkok soon returned with the gripe water bottle, now full of samshu. His mouth also reeked of the drink. Adi took the bottle and the twenty cents change, and immediately left for Kak Salmah's house. He tried to smell the cork. The samshu's sharp odour seemed to sting his brain.

Upon reaching Kak Salmah's house, Adi was shocked to see her pressing Jamilah's face into the dirty cement floor of her house. Jamilah was shouting and crying. She struggled and asked to be let go. Her nose was bleeding.

"You swine! Damned child! Can't even eat properly, so messy. I slut around to feed her! Damn it! I'll kill you!"

Adi handed over the bottle, and Kak Salmah snatched it with the expression of an angry lioness. He hurriedly left the scene, the coins clinking in his pocket. As he walked away, he could still hear Kak Salmah swearing at Jamilah.

Adi walked past some Chinese houses and reached the kolong of Pak Abas's house, dimly lit by a gloomy street lamp. Pak Abas was the richest man in the village. He had constructed about twenty barrack houses, which he rented out to satay sellers, mee rebus sellers, and taxi drivers from Malacca. The kolong of Pak Abas's house consisted of loose soil; this space under the stilt-raised kumpang house was where Adi usually played with his friends. Adi looked around for Kassim Boca, Yunos Potek or Dolah Supik, but none were there yet. Adi continued wandering around. He peeped through the slit in a wall of the nearby surau and saw two rows of people performing their prayers within the hall. He left and headed for a sarabat stall by the roadside at the junction with Aljunied Road. This was the regular hangout for residents of Kampung Pak Buyung. They would play poker, eat prata, tease passers-by, and discuss politics here.

Adi saw Dolah Supik coming towards him on his bicycle. Dolah Supik saw him too.

“Would you like to watch a ten-cent movie?” asked Dolah Supik rather politely. “*Sumpah Orang Minyak* is playing at Jalan Alsagoff tonight.”

“Give me a ride!” Adi shouted. The twenty cents he now had was enough: ten cents for the movie, five cents for turnips (which he would eat with petis, a delicious congealed fish paste), and five cents left over to buy opak, which were fried cassava chips. As he thought about the movie and the snacks, he forgot about his sister.

The bicycle had big mudguards. Adi rode pillion, while Dolah Supik pedalled. They used a shortcut to avoid being spotted by a policeman, since riding pillion on a bicycle was a chargeable offence. They rode through Lorong 25, then through Lorong 29, and came out at Kampung Wak Tanjung. Then they entered Jalan Afifi, passed by a sewage processing plant, and entered the Kampung Paya area. Dolah Supik was short of breath.

There were drains on both sides of Jalan Denai, with tall shrubs here and there. The narrow ground was uneven; Dolah Supik lost control of the bicycle a few times, and it very nearly went into a drain, so Adi had to climb down and help push the bicycle. He got back on again when the road was smooth.

• • •

The area where the ten-cent movie was to be shown at Jalan Alsagoff was brightly lit. To the right of the open-air stage was a Chinese temple, in front of which were many hawkers. He and Dolah Supik bought some opak and petis-mixed turnip from an Indian man,

then Dolah Supik took Adi’s ten cents and bought both their movie tickets. Adi munched on his spicy turnip, and the petis and chilli sauce abruptly seared the inside of his mouth and throat. He wanted to buy some water but had no more money. Dolah Supik kindly lent him five cents, and Adi immediately gulped down a cup of sugarcane juice.

That night, Adi watched *Sumpah Orang Minyak* (*The Curse of the Oily Man*) with rapt attention. His mother’s instructions to look for his sister, who had not come home all day, were gone completely from his mind.

WHICH PARTY WILL YOU VOTE FOR?

IT WAS LATE at night by the time Dolah Supik dropped Adi off. The light from the pressure lamp at the sarabat stall had begun to dim and the canvas blind had been lowered. The surau was already dark and quiet. To reach home, Adi would have to face packs of dogs; he looked around for a good-sized stick that he could use to ward them off. Gripping firmly on to a small wooden stick he found nearby, he walked past the satay sellers' barrack houses. Adi noticed that many of them were still awake and busy preparing satay by skewering pieces of meat onto thin sticks. He had to walk carefully because the cement flooring was slippery.

In the clearing in front a Chinese temple, there stood a large angkana tree, the full moon clearly visible through its leaves. This area had the most dogs that Adi knew of; several of the mangy animals glanced at him, and a few bared their teeth. He held tight onto his wooden stick and waved it to frighten them off. He continued walking. As he passed Kak Salmah's house, he noticed the door was still open; Kak Salmah sat inside, facing a dark-skinned man, both of them munching on fried peanuts. Three empty bottles of stout were on the table.

Finally home, outside the house, Adi could see a kerosene lamp burning brightly inside, and his parents on the ambin, talking to Abang Dolah and Bibik. When Adi stepped through the door, his mother glared at him; his father, however, remained intent on his Poker cigarette. Abang Dolah scratched at the white spots that constantly plagued his neck. He was a lean man, and his spectacles and broad forehead gave him a scholarly look, which may well have been merited—it was generally said that Abang Dolah had passed his Senior Cambridge Examinations, he could speak and write English quite well, and he was good at teaching children to recite the Quran. Though he had at one time worked as a clerk, Abang Dolah did not like to hold a salaried job. Currently, he was on welfare and received thirty dollars every month.

Adi's sister Ani was sleeping on a mengkuang mat, on the floor; she looked completely exhausted and had fallen into a deep sleep. Adi's gaze then turned to a big lizard on the wall, next to one of the holes through which Adi would sometimes peep to spy on his next-door neighbour, Ah Kong, who often smoked opium. It was not unusual to see two or three people sprawled on the floor of Ah Kong's house, the sound of a classic Chinese song from his Rediffusion radio filling the air. Adi had been inside Ah Kong's house several times, conveying Abang Dolah's chap ji kee numbers; Ah Kong would stay inside his yellowed mosquito net, the room ripe with a foul odour mixed with the lingering tinge of Tiger Balm. To the left of his bed was a China-made spittoon with an engraved design of flowers.

Adi turned his attention to Bibik's conversation with his mother.

"A curse on Busuk. Rotten girl. She doesn't want to look after her own child. Do take it, Timah, please!" Bibik wore a batik sarong with

a kebaya, an outfit typical of her Straits Chinese culture, and was chewing on some quicklime-coated betel leaves. Like Adi's mother, her hair was grey, although she was much older.

"I don't know," said Mak Timah. "Let me sleep on it."

"Please take it. We will pay for its birth certificate and letter of oath. Busuk will give you another two hundred and fifty dollars," Bibik said, adding, "Damn Busuk! She went to see a datuk; the high priest said the child would bring bad luck! No one else wants to take care of it!"

Adi's mother still remained silent.

Bibik continued: "If no one wants the child, she will abandon it. Her heart is rotten."

"Let me consider it, Bibik," Adi's mother replied. "At this age, I'm not keen to look after a small child."

"Let me look after Busuk's child, Bibik," Abang Dolah interjected, puffing away at his Poker cigarette. The smoke filled the room.

"You want to look after a child?" Bibik said, sucking her few teeth loudly. "Your own kitten is undernourished. Your welfare money is not enough for you to buy cigarettes. Yet you have the cheek to say you'll look after a child!" She paused for a moment and her shoulders slumped. "I have to go home. Busuk and her husband have gone to watch wayang pek ji, the Chinese opera near Lorong 3. There's no one at home. I should leave now." She adjusted her fading batik sarong and left, disappearing past the dim light of the street lamp in front of the coconut-husk peeler's house.

"Auntie, Uncle," Abang Dolah said to Adi's parents, changing the subject abruptly, "on polling day, who do you plan to vote for?"

"I don't know. Anyone will do," Adi's mother casually replied.

"Vote for the goat's head logo party, Auntie. That's the people's

party. Our own people. If they win, they'll be able to help the people."

"What kind of help?" said Adi's mother. "Can they give us money? Can they replace the leaking roof of my house?"

It was now getting late. The faint melancholic sound of classic Chinese songs from Ah Kong's radio could still be heard. Adi began to feel drowsy. Through his sleepy haze, he could still hear Abang Dolah trying to convince his parents to vote for the party with the goat's head logo.

Adi fell asleep to the sound of their voices.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

A WORK OF FICTION would not be fiction if it had not been for the commitment of the characters that manipulate the plot to reach its climax. *Confrontation* reaches its climax because of the contributions of history and the environment I was born into. This environment I vividly resurrect for the benefit of readers to experience the true facet of humanity in confronting life's most challenging moments.

On the same note, readers would not have been confronted with *Confrontation* if it had not been for the following individuals and organizations: Mohamed Pitchay Gani Mohamed Abdul Aziz, for his initiatives and ongoing commitment towards this publication; the National Arts Council, for their generous support in terms of translation and publication grants; Angkatan Sasterawan '50, for embarking on the translation of the Malay version of this novel into English, and applying for the NAC grant; Muhammad Herwanto Johari, for his inputs and proofreading, Dr Krishna Udayasankar for initially line editing the translated manuscript; Edmund Wee, for his expert advice and for publishing this book; and finally Jason Erik Lundberg, for his personal touches and creativity on editing this book, and also (most importantly) for coming up with the title that very much expresses my confrontation with reality. To all, please accept my most humble gratitude.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

MOHAMED LATIFF MOHAMED is one of the most prolific writers to come after the first generation of writers in the Singapore Malay literary scene. His many accolades include the Montblanc-NUS Centre for the Arts Literary Award (1998), the SEA Write award (2002), the Tun Seri Lanang Award (Malay Language Council of Singapore, Ministry of Information, Communication and the Arts) (2003), the National Arts Council Special Recognition Award (2009), and the Singapore Literature Prize in 2004, 2006 and 2008. His works revolve around the life and struggles of the Malay community in pre- and post-independence Singapore, and have been translated into Chinese, English, German and Korean.

The original Malay edition of *Confrontation*, titled *Batas Langit*, was awarded Consolation Prize in 1999 for the Malay Literary Award organised by the Malay Language Council of Singapore, and selected in 2005 for the READ! Singapore nationwide reading initiative organised by the National Library Board.

“A must-read. Latiff’s characters are indelibly memorable.”

– Isa Kamari, Cultural Medallion winner and author of *Intercession*



Adi loves his life in the kampung: climbing the ancient banyan tree, watching ten-cent movies with his friends, fetching worms for the village bomoh. The residents of Kampung Pak Buyung may not have many material goods, but their simple lives are happy. However, looming on the horizon are political upheaval, race riots, gang wars and the *Konfrontasi* with Indonesia.

Mohamed Latiff Mohamed, three-time winner of the Singapore Literature Prize, brilliantly dramatises the period of uncertainty and change in the years leading up to Singapore's merger with Malaya. Seen through the unique perspective of the young Malay boy Adi, this fundamental period in Singaporean history is brought to life with masterful empathy. In the tradition of Ben Okri's *The Famished Road* and Anita Desai's *The Village By the Sea*, **Confrontation** is an incredible evocation of village life and of the consequences that come from political alignment and re-alignment.



EPIGRAM BOOKS

ISBN-13: 978-981-07-5557-7



9 789810 755577

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