

A photograph of a courtyard in Malaysia. The scene is filled with lush greenery, including a large tree and various hanging plants. A blue wall with peeling paint is on the left, and a red-tiled floor is in the foreground. A low, rectangular table sits on the floor, and a small object is on top of it. A staircase with a green railing is visible on the right. The text "LESSONS FROM MALAYSIA" is overlaid in the center, and "UQ Architecture Field Experience 2018" is written below it.

LESSONS FROM MALAYSIA

UQ Architecture Field Experience 2018

LESSONS FROM MALAYSIA

UQ Architecture Field Experience 2018

FOREWORD

On the 31st of March, 2018 seventeen enthusiastic third year architecture students - along with myself and the School of Architecture's Engagement and Communications Officer, Olivia Dwyer - flew out of Brisbane Airport bound for Singapore, the first destination of a seventeen day fieldtrip through Malaysia.

Sixteen students on the trip were funded through the Australian Government's New Colombo Plan Mobility Program that aims to expand students' knowledge of the Indo-Pacific region. Building upon work done on the 2016 fieldtrip to George Town, this year's trip had an expanded itinerary visiting four cities historically linked as significant colonial trading posts along the Malacca Straits. The focus of the trip was to develop an understanding of the cultural heritage of these cities and the ongoing challenges of maintaining links to the past.

On day one, our intrepid travellers hit the streets of Singapore to explore as much as they could on our brief stopover. Despite the heat and

humidity, they covered a large part of the city centre on foot - some managed to walk an amazing 25 kilometres on the first day – to experience how a growing modern city still embraces its past.

The next day we travelled by coach – such resplendent interiors Malaysian travel coaches have - crossing the Singapore/Malaysia border on our way to the city of Malacca. Along with George Town, Malacca, was jointly listed by UNESCO as significant World Heritage Urban Environments in 2008 and are recognised as well-preserved Asian trading cities, with unique early shop-houses, merchants' mansions, colonial architecture and 'floating villages'. These two centres bring together descendants of cosmopolitan Asian trading minorities whose streets and temples honour their heritage.

Our next stop was Kuala Lumpur, the national capital city of Malaysia, where one of the highlights was having the opportunity to visit

projects by architect and UQ School of Architecture Adjunct Professor Kevin Low.

On the final leg of our land journey we travelled by train to Butterworth and then by Ferry to George Town, where we spent nine days undertaking an intensive workshop program to develop a series of focused studies. Whilst in George Town the group had the opportunity to meet local experts, as well as, support from Brisbane based architect James Davidson, who had previously worked for Laurence Loh architects in George Town. Kevin Low also joined the group in George Town and provided guidance through his engaging approach to teaching.

This trip provided an invaluable opportunity for students' to immerse themselves in observing, documenting and analysing aspects of each city. International fieldtrips provide an experiential learning experience that can never be replicated in the classroom. It has been a privilege to work so closely with Olivia and the students, along with the support of all of our project partners, as a team. This booklet accompanies an exhibition of the fieldwork produced during the trip; we hope you will take the opportunity to share in the students' insights of the wonderful cities we visited.

- Leonie Matthews

STUDENTS

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 Harsheena Cheema
 Thomas Cleary
 Jeffery Cronin
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Dr James Davidson
 / James Davidson Architect, Brisbane

MASTERCLASS

Kevin Mark Low
 / Small Projects, Kuala Lumpur

CONSULTANTS AND STUDIO LEADERS

Australian High Commission

Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia



We feel honoured to have had the opportunity to visit the Australian High Commission in Kuala Lumpur. Their presentation of the role the Australian High Commission plays in Malaysia and the support services they provide, was helpful in demonstrating the valuable relationship between Australia and Malaysia. We are very grateful that the New Colombo Plan has given us this opportunity to further understand and grow the relationship between Australia and Malaysia at an individual level.

Tiong Kian Boon

Principal, SLT Architects, Melacca

Honorary Secretary, ICOMOS Malaysia

Tiong Kian Boon, known to us as KB, imparted his heritage knowledge through his walking tour of Melacca. Through this we visited Cheng Hoon Teng Temple, Baba Nonya House, Sri Poyatha Moorthi Temple, Kampung Kling Mosque and ended our day at Kampung Morten traditional Malay village. KB's enthusiasm in the history of Melacca taught us the importance of intangible and sub-tangible heritage and its contribution to the spirit of a place.



John Bulcock

Principal, Design Unit, Kuala Lumpur



We had the privilege of being taken on a guided tour with John through his 'Factory in the Forest' project in Penang. This allowed us rare insight into the thoughts of the architect and how these manifest in the physical architecture. Through this we learned how creating a pleasant working environment by connecting workers to nature was integral to the design intent. John's passion for architecture and its role in shaping people's lives was truly inspiring.

Elizabeth Cardoso

President, Badan Warisan Malaysia, Kuala Lumpur

Elizabeth's enthusiasm and passion for heritage conservation was evident through her presentation on the works of Badan Warisan and their goals for creating awareness and public support for conservation. Our tour of the Malay House, commonly known as Rumah Penghulu by locals, educated us on the traditional organisation of a Malay house and the rationale behind the built form. This demonstrated how important it is to ensure the survival of our built heritage.



Dr James Davidson

Principal, James Davidson Architect, Brisbane



James' values on socially conscious design and experience gained from working in George Town for Laurence Loh Architects in 1996-97 helped form the backbone of our field trip when he joined us in Penang. He was a great mentor throughout our time in George Town and always encouraged us to explore and experience the culture.

Dr Sharifah Fadzil

Architect and Environmental Building Performance Researcher, Malaysia
Associate Professor of Architecture, Universiti Sains Malaysia

Sharifah and the students at Universiti Sains Malaysia (USM) were gracious hosts and welcomed us into their school. The guided tour through the architecture faculty, design studios and workshops exposed us to the parallels in life as an architecture student in Malaysia compared to Brisbane. Participating in the writing exercise with the USM students was rewarding, collaborative opportunity and allowed us to form connections with the USM students.



Mariana Isa

Council Member, Badan Warisan Malaysia



Our day with Mariana began by meeting at the historic junction of the Klang River. From there we journeyed to the different quarters of Kuala Lumpur where Mariana's provided her insights into the history behind the street names of KL and the effects of urban renewal on the local communities. Her vast knowledge, enthusiasm and passion for heritage conservation were infectious and provided us with a new perspective on this vibrant city. We really enjoyed the Teh Tarik that we shared with her!

Ch'ng Kiah Kiean

Founding member of Urban Sketchers Penang

We were fortunate to have had a Chinese twig and ink workshop with Ch'ng Kiah Kiean, known to us as KK. Through this workshop we explored different mediums for sketching and visual recording. Sitting in the five-foot way near Ke-Lan-Tan House hovering over KK as he drew a worn timber house nearby allowed us to be absorbed by his unique artistic style and critical eye. We were so lucky to have seen this genius at work.



Kevin Mark Low

Architect, Small Projects, Kuala Lumpur
Adjunct Professor, The University of Queensland



We began our journey with Kevin through a tour of his Small Projects Kuala Lumpur. Through these projects we learned the value of rooting our designs in a meaningful spatial experience and the importance of thinking critically about architecture. He not only inspired us, but he also taught us the significance of sensitive design and designing for what people need. Living with him in Ke-Lan-Tan House and our many group outings gave us the opportunity to view him not only as a mentor, but as a friend.

Tan Yeow Wooi

Director, Tan Yeow Wooi Culture & Research Studio, George Town, Penang

Tan's documentaries and presentation gave us a very special insight into life in George Town, a life that is slowly disappearing. We were touched by the sensitivity Tan showed towards the people and their everyday practices, from filming a woman having her hair washed at Chew Jetty to two young boys watching a puppet show in the street.





SINGAPORE



1800's

Pre-colonial vernacular architecture in Singapore consisted of traditional Malay houses.



1819

Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles establishes trading post for British East India Company.



1830's

Shophouses gave a solution to the housing needs of Singapore's immigrant and laboring classes.



1835

George Coleman completes the Armenian Church, Singapore's first Christian church.



ANCIENT

BRITISH COLONIAL RULE



1822

Jackson Town Plan segregated ethnic groups into four areas.



1849

The National Museum of Singapore is built. Today, it is Singapore's oldest museum.

1929
Post WWI the Great Depression harmed Singapore's trade.

WWI & WWII

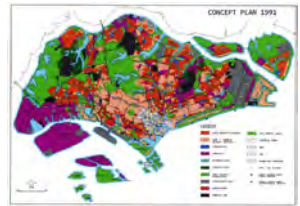


1945
Allied forces return after Japanese surrender.

1971
Long term concept plan was fabricated to dictate urban development for the next 40-50 years.



1991
Second revision of concept plan which address sustainability and land conservation for nature reserves.



INDEPENDENCE: 1963 to PRESENT



1976
Pearl Bank apartment block becomes the tallest, high density residential building at 38 floors.

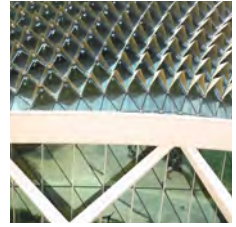


1976
I.M. Pei's Brutalist OCBC Centre is completed becoming Singapore's tallest building at 197.7m.



A NEW WORLD

—
Kelly Drenth



- 1 SHOPHOUSES BOAT QUAY
- 2 MARINA BAY SANDS
- 3 ENTERTAINMENT CENTRE
- 4 SKYSCRAPERS
- 5 TOURISTIC PHOTO

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I am led along the river bank. Facades of old shop houses lean towards me. The red brick is uneven and cracked below my feet. There is something peaceful about the way the buildings along this street have held tightly to their old skins. Not wanting to let go. The atmosphere here holds a sense of community as locals fill their stalls with produce along the road. New sights and smells surround me. Continuing, the space around me begins to transform itself and I feel like I have entered another world. Sparkling, new, and futuristic. Pushing my way through the masses

of people, all smiling with their camera phones and selfie sticks, I cannot help but ask 'Where am I?' Carousel music blares over the stretch of water in front of me as though I am in a theme park. A theme park of modernised structures in steel, glass and concrete. Shop houses have vanished into the past. The horizon is taken over by competing buildings with their sky high crowns. This is not what it used to be. The sense of community quickly evaporates and everything in front of me strives to be bare, stripped back, and cold.



PLACES

—

Harsheena Cheema



- 1 APPROACHING A MOSQUE
- 2 SHOPHOUSES
- 3 OLD CITY INFRONT OF NEW
- 4 INDIVIDUALITY
- 5 MOSQUE CONSUMING STREET

1	2	3
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Right

Handmade lanterns creating enclosure. I enter, squeezing in between the tables and chairs. They force me to sit and observe the individuality of each shop house. I notice the prickly grass underneath me, creating an eerily familiar sensation beneath my shoes.

Left

I am greeted by merchandise. Batik fans, key rings and shawls luring me in. Around every corner, an opportunity for trade. Each had a potential to be a time machine, a way to capture my present in the future.

Front

A mosque creating movement in my neck as i strain to see its entirety. Overlooking everything on the street; I am grounded by grandeur. I am left to marvel at its organic repetition and to query its symbolic knowledge disguised as decoration.

Back

Infrastructure. The tether back to the 21st century. I hear its murmuring bustle and the call of a tireless Singaporean routine. This was a transition place, where the past holds on yet emphasises the transition of the city itself. Waiting to cast me away...

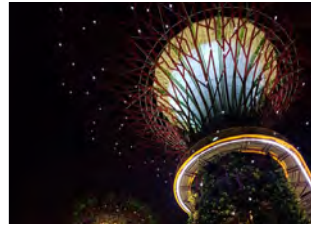
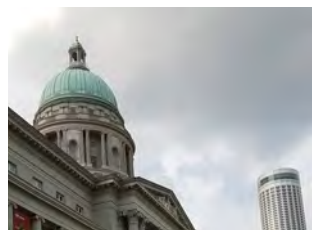
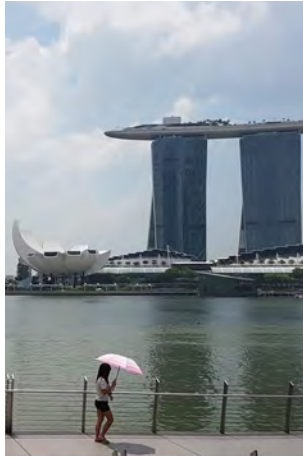


FUTURE CITY

—
Jeffery Cronin

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- 1 BEACH ROAD
- 2 MARINA BAY
- 3 PARK ROYAL HOTEL BY WOHA
- 4 DOME OF CITY HALL
- 5 GARDENS BY THE BAY



What was perhaps most surprising about Singapore were the contrasts that abound in this tropical metropolis. Glittering towers soar overhead, leaving the older, less glamorous structures in shadow. These alien behemoths contrast with the stately colonial architecture, the shophouses and the sprawling malls that seem to stretch forever and morph into one-another. The Marina Bay Sands lurks in the background, a symbol of Singapore's march ever forward. In this city, it seems that progress is quickly embraced, and the past too easily left

behind. The forest of cranes on the horizon makes it seem like every building is striving to be taller, cleaner and sexier than the last. Palm trees sway from the rooftop of any building claiming to be anything. Vines spill from voids puncturing the sheer walls of name-brand hotels and shading systems cling weightlessly to soulless bank towers. This is a city of the future, certainly, where 'new' is good above all else. 'Utopia, dystopia, corporate megapolis or world-class city,' there is no doubt that Singapore is built to inspire all who visit.



THE UNDERAPPRECIATED

—
Vita Attrill

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- 1 THE ACCOMPANIED
- 2 HOMELESS
- 3 BACK OF HOUSE
- 4 BEHIND THE SCENES
- 5 AIR-CONDITIONED GARDEN



One point five meters. One point five meters from the shop front doors. Drips. A lineage of drips. Not rain, nor from a fountain - just drips. Drips from the myriad of air-conditioners above. Each window accompanied by a groaning box. Mitsubishi, Daikin and Sharp. Each with their own tones and sighs. The exhausted appliances weeping onto the grimy pavement. Tears from being overworked and taken for granted. They are the labourers who prevent armpit sweat from developing on international business men.

Like the shake of coins from a homeless citizen, the drip divert the commuters attention to the forgotten above. The appliances beg for recognition and maintenance. Producing a reaction consisting of squinted eyes followed by a disgruntled scold. Contaminated water filtering through their hair and trickling onto the scalp.

Degraded yet undeniably the backbone and mother to a glamorous city.



MALACCA



1400

The last Raja of Singapura, Parameswara, established a port in Malacca due to its strategic location along the Malaysian coastline



1511

Malacca lost its protection from China, increasing its vulnerability to attacks.

In 1511 the Portuguese invaded the trading port and took power, wherein missionaries attempted to convert the town to Catholicism.



1588

Malacca became an entirely walled city, for the Portuguese protection



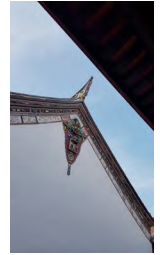
1622

The Bukit China Hill was bought by a early trustees of Cheng Hoon Teng Temple and gifted as a burial ground.



1645

Cheng Hoon Teng temple built. It remains the oldest temple in Malacca.



PRE-COLONIAL

COLONIAL RULE



1405

An alliance was forged with the Ming Emperor in 1405, leading to intermarriage between Chinese settlers and Malaysian natives



15th C

Chinese traders permanently settled in Malacca, bringing elements such as courtyards and masonry staircases to vernacular Malay houses.



16th C

Construction of the A Famosa by the Portuguese, and Manuline Gothic style introduced.



1641

Malacca passed into Dutch ownership in 1641.

1650

The Stadthuys was built, currently the oldest Dutch structure still standing in the East.

1710

The Dutch government allowed the construction of a Dutch Catholic Church titled ' St Peter's Church'.



1753

The Dutch construction of 'Christ Church' was completed.



1820's

The British painted the Dutch Stadthuys its distinctive salmon red colour, with the exact reason of why remaining unknown.



1946

Malacca becomes a British Crown Colony.

1957

Malaysia declares independence.



COLONIAL RULE

INDEPENDENCE



1728

Kampung Hulu Mosque was built. It remains the third oldest Mosque in Malaysia.



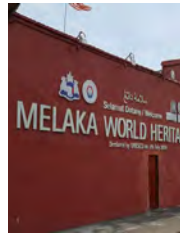
1748

Kampung Keling Mosque was constructed, and was built on the foundation of the original timber construction.



1824

The Anglo-Dutch treaty saw the Dutch pass ownership of Malacca to the British.



2008

Malacca was formally added to the UNESCO World Heritage List.



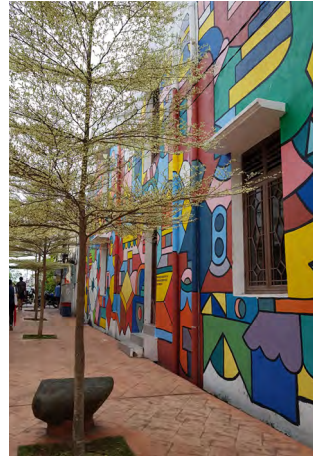
1904

Fountain in Town Square constructed, to commemorate the reign of Queen Victoria.



QUIET ON SET, PLEASE

—
Dana Stephens



- 1 MALACCA RIVERFRONT
- 2 'LITTLE VENICE'
- 3 STREET ART
- 4 KAMPUNG MORTEN

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Along the river, we walk amongst the shophouses, their faces painted bright with colour, a tattoo of popular culture's infiltration into Malacca, seeping into its bloodstream. It's twisting veins extend from the heart of the city's heritage, where the disease is strongest, dispersing along its banks where it is skewered abruptly with towering parasites. Their disjunction sticks out like a sore, diminishing the preciousness of the city lying in its shadows.

Walking along the riverfront, it is difficult to distinguish the line of heritage, blurred by ferris

wheels, pirate ships and 'little Venice' bridges. Their creaking, rusting bodies swaying in the wind, waiting for their next tourist to entertain.

Emerging from the shadows of one of the towers, Kampung Morten sits in a surreal state, where the trailing greetings from passerby's has my head whipping around in all directions. The skins of the buildings appear paper-thin, like movie-sets, which could be packed away at any moment. Crossing the threshold, I do not feel as if I am in a home, but a stage, where I am an invader; a thief of reality.



THAT'S JONKERS

Moksha Maisuria

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- 1 COCONUT THROWING
- 2 SERVING COCONUT WATER
- 3 KARAOKE AUDIENCE
- 4 KARAOKE PERFORMANCE
- 5 FRIED SQUID



As the sun sets the town awakens. Stalls are pushed out onto Jonkers street, people crowd down small lanes. I walk carefully on the side of the street for fear of being hit by a speeding bike or falling in a drain. People are moving everywhere as I squeeze past sweaty bodies. I can feel the excitement in the air. I am trying to squeeze past all the people to catch a glimpse of a man throwing a de-skinned coconut in the air. Up and down he throws the coconut as though this effort may enhance the flavour. I am swayed this way and that as scents

from stalls and restaurants entice me. I stroll along, subconsciously being drawn to the faint sound of music in the distance. I find a stage where the locals are having a karaoke performance. The audience watches along, swaying as a lady dances on stage. The street is alive. The next day I awaken, eager to see the continued life of the street. I enter Jonkers and am disoriented. Where are the stalls? Where are the people? With the setting sun the street vendors have retreated to their houses. The life of the night has disappeared.



CULTURAL THEME PARK

—
Simin Louei

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- 1 MALACCA RIVER
- 2 NIGHT MARKETS
- 3 MALACCA RIVER
- 4 OVERLY DECORATED RIKESHAWS
- 5 MALACCA RIVER AT NIGHT
- 6 TOWN SQUARE
- 7 STREET DECORATIONS

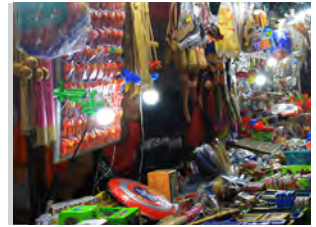
Sun was slowly setting with each step we took. Golden beams of light were casting on the river. The now lighted up old-fashioned street lamps and red roofed buildings were making this riverfront so romantic. I took a moment to snap photos of the sunset and savour the cool river breeze, which is always welcoming in this crazy-humid weather. The sound of Azaan calling Muslims to prayers could be heard and now I wasn't sure whether I was walking along the river in Amsterdam or somewhere in the middle-east. A walk through Malacca touches one

with a mixture of different cultures. Traces of both the East and the West are littered everywhere. The Peranakan houses and Dutch buildings portraying Malacca's past colonial rulers are admirable. I feel like I'm in this historical theme park. Old buildings guide my path, impressing me with their spruced and preserved facades. Crazy decorated cycle rickshaws pumping out loud music ride past me. Malacca is not the rundown, sleepy town I expected



A MOMENT BACKSTAGE

Katie Lee



1 JONKER STREET AT NIGHT
 2 WALL
 3 RICKSHAW
 4 MARKET
 5 WALL

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The streets of Malacca are in bloom with lit up neon signs and the garish flashing fairylights of the rickshaws that wait at the night market entrance. Market stalls have popped up in Jonker Street, like scores of mushrooms after a day of rain. I stop to inspect a table of plastic magnets and can't help but wonder what these markets may have been like a decade ago, before the city was infected by tourism. The old town of Malacca feels like a place that is clinging to the last vestiges of tradition, but is being forced into becoming little more than a reproduction of what it once was; little more than a

set for people to play out their cultural holiday. I find myself lost in the alleys behind Jonker Street, where at last I feel like things are not so much for show. Air conditioning units weep moss and grime down crumbling walls, and sinewy black wires tangle with the weeds growing out of gutters. Here, the scent of fried food is replaced with something more distasteful. I look up, and am startled to find that what looked like pretty green and brown tiling on the top of a wall is actually a crown of broken glass bottles. Here, in this alley, the old city of Malacca is quietly baring its teeth.



KUALA LUMPUR



1857

The lure of metals brought a group of Chinese Tin miners to the area. Leading to a mining boom around the confluence of the Klang and Gombak rivers



1867-1874

Tension between sultans controlling the Tin mines led to the Klang war.

Also, during this time period the towns population increased by 30%



1880

The ever-increasing population and expansion of the city proved too much for the simple governance of Yap Ah Loy, resulting in the transfer of power to the British.



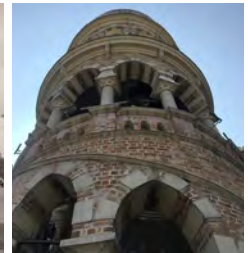
1622

The Kuala Lumpur railway station was erected to connect the city with the rest of the Klang region. Greatly improving trade and the city's image



PRE-COLONIAL

COLONIAL RULE



1868

The sultan (Muslim sovereign) appointed Yap Ah Loy to regain over the unruly mining gangs that were beginning to engage in disputes of mining territories.

1881

The city, caught in the middle of unrest and unprecedented expansion, was burned down. The city was later re-built by the British colonialists using fire-resistant bricks. As opposed to the traditional Malay vernacular timber structures.

1880's

Under new management, a radical new city plan was established, based on European precedent. The central governance of the region was transferred to Kuala Lumpur from Klang

1887

The newly formed 'Federated Malay States' chose Kuala Lumpur to be its capital.

1957-1969

Free from the shackles of colonial rule and fueled by a growing sense of national pride. Kuala Lumpur thrived as the capital of an independent Malaysia.

1942

The British Empire controlling the nation surrendered Malaysia to the Japanese forces. Thousands of Malaysians were taken as prisoners of war, many forced to work on the notorious 'Burma Railway'.



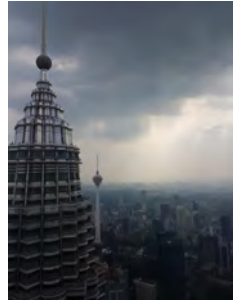
1969

In the aftermath of the violence, the Islamic community took control of the country's political administration and police force, becoming the dominant religious group. The National Mosque of Malaysia being completed four years earlier.



1996

The Petronas Towers, standing at 452m, are constructed. Becoming the tallest buildings in the world at the time. Such a feat of engineering and architecture, brought global attention to the city.



WWII



1945

With the Japanese defeated in the Pacific and forced to retreat, the British were able to retake the nation. Many Malaysians, however felt betrayed by the British, having suffered under harsh Japanese rule.

INDEPENDENCE



1969

Race related riots between ethnic Malays and the Chinese claiming hundreds of lives.



1974

The power of the city was passed over from the Sultan to the Government. Officially becoming a Federal Territory with its own administration.



Present Day

Kuala Lumpur has become the country's most prosperous and populous city. As well as becoming a major economic and administration hub in the Indo-Pacific Region.



I COULD SEE A WAY OF THE CITY

—
Fergus Egan

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- 1 PETRONAS TOWERS AT NIGHT
- 2 KITCHEN COOKING FOOD
- 3 HOUSING BLOCK
- 4 PEOPLE OF KUALA LUMPUR
- 5 PEOPLE OF KUALA LUMPUR



Walking through a air-conditioned tunnel above the city from the Pavilion Shopping Centre to the Petronas Towers...

I could see the layer of perspiration on peoples foreheads; but feel no heat.

I could see the ordered mayhem of the traffic; but hear no sound.

I could see the street stalls; but smell no food.

I could see a separation.

A way of navigating the city but not experiencing it.

A way of secluding yourself to not get lost in the chaos.

A way of structuring a series of specific views through a city.

A way of masking.

The city of iconography; focusing on a facade.

The city trying to bring order; but resulting in chaos.

The city striving for the future; not wanting to show its past.

The city of KL.

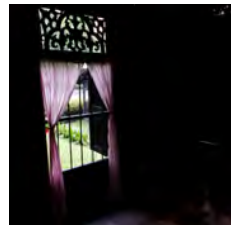


CITY ON STEROIDS

—
Ben Weissbock

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- 1 TRAFFIC JAM
- 2 KRANG RIVER
- 3 PAVILLION SHOPPING CENTRE
- 4 RUMAH PENGHULU ABU SEMAN
- 5 RUMAH PENGHULU ABU SEMAN



The city races without a finish line in sight. Its skyline stretches in all directions with never ending megastructures that defy comprehension. Like a young buck puffing out its chest, Kuala Lumpur proudly proclaims its accomplishments for the world to see. Massive ropes of concrete suspended in the air carry commuters across the city. KL also demonstrates a desire to repent for some of the ecological sins that have accompanied its explosive growth. While the hard work begins, the Klang River attempts to mask its flaws with blinged-out floating

fish ponds and clouds of artificially generated mist. Despite their size, the city's arteries continually clog; blocked by the viscous tides of traffic that ooze like lava. Beset by its towering neighbours, a small fenced off lot provides sanctuary for an important link to Malaysia's not so distant architectural past. Here stands a traditional Malay dwelling, complete with intricate carved timber paneling. Inside the stilted structure, its tiny partitioned rooms become cozy cave like spaces. With the soaring prices of real estate however, its future remains uncertain.



CRUMBLING STORIES

—
Bronte Scott



- 1 KL SMALL HOUSE
- 2 PUBLIC HOUSING
- 3 OLD BUILDING
- 4 ABANDONED CAR PARK
- 5 FACADE BREAKING
- 6 ABANDONED BUILDING



1 | 2 | 3 |
 | 4 | 5 |
 | 6 |

When people tell you stories, they create their own place in your mind. Layer upon layer, they add up to create a tiny running picture as your imagination fills in the gaps, creating the detail of what was there. Stories which you have heard over and over do this even more deeply, as you reach the point of maybe believing you also remember being there.

Such stories for me have been repeated over 20 years. Stories of a tiny apartment, wicker chairs, Malaysian nurses, monkeys in the street and women

peeling prawns with chopsticks. These stories have created a whole imaginary place. A place that has only ever existed in my mind. But now as I walk down the streets of Kuala Lumpur the bricks of those stories begin to crumble as they are replaced by the reality. Dreams of what could be shatter beneath me, whilst other elements shine so much brighter, the colours grow deeper and the gaps in the detail are finally filled in. The imagined world now knocks on the door of what is truly there and a childhood imagined reality fades into the distance.



LOST

—

Samantha Rieu



- 1 CHINATOWN MARKET
- 2 STREET FOOD
- 3 STREET NEXT TO THE BAZAAR
- 4 INDIAN TEMPLE
- 5 VIEW ON THE KL TOWER

1	2	3
	4	4
	5	5

A fish spa and a massage these were the only things we were asking for, after a long day of discovering as much as we could in the enormous Kuala Lumpur. Instead, we stumbled across a whole new part of the city – a myriad of flavors and colors were inhabiting the little Chinatown. People were approaching us trying to sell their jewels and souvenirs.

Although, each little shop was selling something similar, they each had a different approach and way of welcoming us into their little paradise.

Leaving the bazaar we wondered, where are we exactly? A colorful temple protected by dragons, shines ahead of us. Little India is this you? We kept walking down unknown alleys and streets admiring the abandoned buildings and ruins at night.

Unfortunately, the city traffic found us, and we knew where we were... I wondered, was that really a good thing? I am not sure – as Erol Ozan said “some beautiful paths cannot get discovered without getting lost”, and our beautiful path was lost.



GEORGE TOWN



7th - 8th century

George Town becomes part of the state of Kedah ruled by the king of Srivijaya.



1786

Fort Cornwallis was built. It is the largest standing fort in Malaysia.



1806

Creation of the commercial district between Pitt Street, Malabar Street, Light Street and Beach Street.



1824

The English and Dutch divide parts of Indonesia and Malaysia. The Dutch take over Indonesia and the English, Malaysia.



PRE-COLONIAL

COLONIAL RULE



From the 14th to the 16th century

Portuguese, Chinese and Muslim traders arrived on the island of Penang, and became important trading partners.



1786

Establishment of George Town. Penang was ceded to the British East India Company in exchange for military protection. Sir Francis Light founded George Town as the first British settlement in South-East Asia named after the English King George III.



1805

Penang's colonial status was elevated to a "Residency" status, with over 12,000 people inhabiting Georgetown.



1816

'Penang Free School': First school in Malaysia.

1905

Penang is one of the first states in Malaya to get electricity.



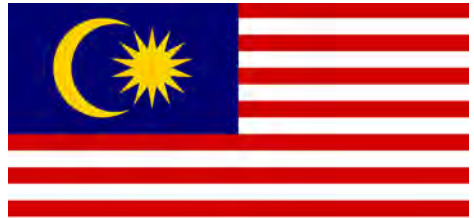
1957

George Town was granted the city status making it the first city of Malaya.



1963

31st of August: Creation of Malaysia consisting of Malaya, Sabah, Sarawak and Singapore.



2009

Penang attracted 5.96 million tourists, ranking third in tourist arrivals in Malaysia.



STRAITS SETTLEMENTS



1826

Penang becomes part of the Straits Settlements along with Malacca and Singapore, representing vital British entrepôts.



1946

Dissolution of the Straits Settlements, Penang becomes part of the Federation of Malaya.



1957

Independence of the Federation from the British. T.A. Rahman becomes the first Prime Minister of Independent Malaya.

INDEPENDENCE



2008

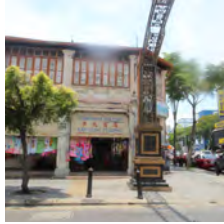
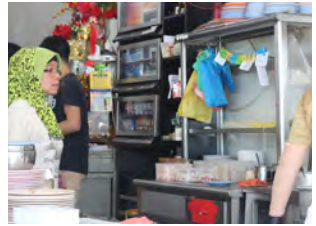
Penang was formally inscribed as a UNESCO World Heritage Site alongside with Malacca for their well-preserved heritage architecture.



RAVENOUS

—
Julia Zin

1	2	3	6
		4	7
		5	



- 1 STREET STALL
- 2 INDIAN STREET FOOD
- 3 FOOD MARKETS
- 4 SHOP
- 5 FOOD MARKETS
- 6 CHINESE STREET FOOD
- 7 STREET ART

The cool breeze is whipping on my face, I see the horizon across the sea as the barge moves closer and closer to our destination. Penang is in sight.

Anticipation is taking me over. As I step onto the shores of George Town, I can already sense the colourful history and intangible culture in the air. As the bus weaves through the streets, it hurtles past bright shophouses, curious alleyways and food stalls full of mouthwatering delights. People smile at me from their stalls, calling out to me to try their

food. As the sun sets across the pink sky, my hunger kicks in and I enter the humble restaurant. The sting of chilli make my eyes water, the evocative scent of cardamom infects my nostrils. Red chairs, green tables, sweating customers yelling out orders and devouring their meals. Spicy, salty, tangy and sweet.

The roti maker, pushes and pulls, a dance of his buttered hands to the sound of the grill. The dough flips and swirls into the air, spreading into a thin crispy pastry ready for me to eat.



SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Jenny Carey

1	2	3
	4	
	5	

- 1 SIGNS
- 2 SIGNS
- 3 LEBUH CAMPBELL STREET
- 4 SIGN
- 5 LEBUH CAMPBELL STREET



Signs and symbols take on different meanings for different individuals and groups. Each viewer's perspective is shaped by their unique personal history and culture. Lebuah Campbell is littered with colourful signs promoting boutique cafes and vacant hotels, which violently catch my attention. As an outsider I respond intensely to the calls of the signs, chaotic, swapping randomly from language to language. Individual components are simple enough, but all together they create a jumbled neon light-show embodying the character of the

strip. Instead of feeling drawn in, I find myself alienated and confused, unable to differentiate the goods that they proclaim. I question how George Town is attempting to define itself through decaying signs weathered with time. I see a South-Eastern Las Vegas, its fabric woven from symbols and iconography which cater to the sightseer, and not the permanent inhabitant. Yet through the cracks I find some light, signs of religious rituals and casual gatherings, of washing and waste disposal. Through the cracks reality seeps through.



MIX-MASHED GEORGE TOWN

—
Arjan Sandhu



- 1 DRIVE THROUGH
- 2 MIX
- 3 BLURRED VISION
- 4 DE-CONSTRUCTION
- 5 FORGOTTEN



I hop off the train and I am hit with an abundance of people flirting with cameras and phones. Tourists: they spread far and wide along the stretch of George Town and I can only wonder how the locals deal with them.

Locals: they hide behind their own deteriorating walls. Walls that are being stripped away by foreigners and turned into modernised restaurants that are not of true origin and context. I walk through five foot ways, which are infiltrated with planks and

debris. Permanent barriers created and large step ups/downs, alter the path. I question why they would block these traditional strips? What has happened to these zones that were once used for display, ventilation and protection against the elements?

As I venture down the Clan Jetties tourists further infect the historic works. Local faces try to invite me into their restaurants and display stalls. What is happening to these floating villages? For the locals and tourists of George Town seem blinded.



CROSS ROADS

Thomas Cleary



- 1 CRAZINESS OF PENANG
- 2 METALLIC WAVES
- 3 NAVIGATION
- 4 HOLDING MY WHITE LINE
- 5 HONING IN

1	2	3
	4	4
	5	5
	6	6
	7	7

There I stood, trapped in the middle of a vast ocean. With my ignorant state of mind I unthinkably plunged into the depths of the bitumen sea ahead, I eagerly await the foreign smells and tastes of the local hawker food stalls. But now I was unsure. Trapped. I stood there motionless and from the corner of my eye an amalgamation of varied masses approached. Varied in colour and size, they approached. I hesitated, but nervously looked up. Motor vehicles of all types approached. I stayed still, perched on my white line that ordered the craziness of Penang.

It was my vessel in this wild and unpredictable moment. Metallic waves passed on either side, only fingertips away. I was oblivious to them. I pushed on, navigating the unpredictable stretch of bitumen. Regrettably however, I also perceived a bus honing in on my direction. Like an arrow, it saught to deliver my obliteration. I evacuated; deciding to leap for safety, conscious still that the end could be a step away. Faint-heartedly I jump. I feel the bus' pull. Attempting to tug me back into the craziness of Penang.



BROKEN

—

Andrew Davis



- 1 CLAN JETTIES
- 2 EXHAUSTED DOG
- 3 TEMPLE ON WATERFRONT
- 4 CLAN JETTY INHABITANTS
- 5 CLAN JETTY BUILDINGS
- 6 CLAN JETTY BUILDINGS



1 | 2 | 3 |
 | 4 | 5 |
 | 6 |

The waves lap gently against the meagre supports, over and over again. The soft rhythm is in direct contrast with the busy chaos of the city streets above. The jetty stands before me like an empty floating city. The boards creak under my feet as I step forward.

People move in and out of dilapidated houses like ghosts, taking no notice of me as I intrude into their home. Dogs, exhausted by the unrelenting heat barely move a muscle as I pass by them. It is not a

happy place; both man and animal seem resigned to tourism, getting on with their lives but not really living. Emotionless and still, they mirror the buildings they live in.

As I finally, pass the houses I wander out on the boards towards the end of the jetty. The timber under my feet creaking painfully and nearly caving in with each step. Beaten down and barely holding on; just like the people living here.



TERRACOTTA ARMY

—
Vita Attrill



All along the streets of shop houses, the activities and rituals hidden within homes, institutions and religious sites are protected by an army of clay tiles. Layer upon layer of individually crafted and arranged plates. Stained with oranges, browns, blacks and greens, the infinite layers are almost an illusion. Each tile placed to protect the family and traditions below. Each imbrex and tegula channelling water from the house and pushing it onto the street. They are an amour from the weather, an appearance for the street and an identity for the building.

Over time, their bones become frail and their skin

starts to blacken. No colour, a lack of circulation. As cracks form within the chainmail, additional layers are placed to sew up the tears. A continuous process where new tiles umbrella the old and tired, a patch work to protect below. Some have their purpose flee and their function is no longer needed. They surrender to the elements; their peaks collapsing into the troughs and eventually falling to the floor which once supported them. Sometimes a stronger, more affordable infantry is eventually deployed and the of the lay of land is changed. The identity is lost and an era falls.





V-Shape Original



U-Shape Original



V-Shape Replica



U-Shape Replica



Marseille Introduced



Temple Original

simple tile again

1	2	7
3	4	8
5	6	



V.



U.



- 1 CLAY TILES BUNDLED
- 2 TILE LAYERING
- 3 ROOF TEXTURE
- 4 TILE MOUND
- 5 TILE PROFILE SHADOW
- 6 DUMPED TILES
- 7 ROOF TILE PROFILE COLLOGRAPH
- 8 PHYSICAL V AND U TILES



LEFT OVER

—

Jenny Carey



Within Jalan Kedah a masked abandoned lot supports unauthorised activities, and fighting cocks are kept caged in small metal structures. Behind Jalan Phee Choon vacant land bears the evidence of a history rejected. Scattered rubbish and overturned chairs fill the air with unrecognisable smells.

Through Jin Khoo Sian Ewe, 2 smokers relax after their morning's work, sharing stories of their daily routine. On Lebuhs Pintal Tali a graffitied fence shows the efforts of one disenfranchised individual trying to make their mark on the city. Between Lebuhs Pintal and Lebuhs Carnarvon a displaced man sleeps surrounded by his few possessions, his refuge within a city which does not accommodate him.

Along Kampung Kolam a section of left over land has become claimed with a sign, it's neglected concrete cracking to expose green growth beneath. Off Lorongsoo Hong, 2 strays protect their 4 young puppies. Deadlocked back doors and walls protect this back refuge from the bustle of the street. Off Lebuhs AhQueen tourists photograph one

another mimicking the poses of murals that take over the walls. By Lebuhs Armenian café, patrons spill down an alley shaded by leafy bamboo and red chinese lanterns. Along Lebuhs Victoria red iron surrounds several small spaces, securing them and their activities from view.

These interstices in the city's fabric represent fleeting moments, activities that can not be locked down or defined. But the diversity of this city owes as much to these marginal areas which do not conform to prescribed social and spatial norms, as it does to its efficient and profitable elements and structures. Counter-spaces allow for counter-cultures outside commodified and controlled space.

What happens to a city once these unstructured pieces are lost? What if these zones become increasingly privatised? I fear a homogenous landscape frozen in time, never adapting and changing, forgetting those who do not fit within the ruling class's vision of a city. Without left over, where do the leftover people fit?

OUTER ZONE



BUFFER ZONE



HERITAGE ZONE





Field Work Photography Outer Zone



Field Work Photography Outer Zone



Field Work Photography Buffer Zone



Field Work Photography Buffer Zone



Field Work Photography Heritage Zone



Field Work Photography Heritage Zone



DECAY

—

Harsheena Cheema



Sandwiched between the second generation, laid an original. Its neighbours rejected their identities and lived in a state of constant discontent. Coats of paint to cover up the scars; patches of plaster to cover up the loss; borrowed materials to pretend it's 1890. They constantly reject time's gifts, through the mindset that they must be at a place that they were once more, in the attempt to create a fictional stability, achieved through a pointless chaotic battle, as remnants of time's gifts start from within.

However, the original wore Time's gifts with pride. It was tired you see and as much as it enjoyed the family business that adopted it, time could tell it needed to sleep. So, this one accepted its gifts with glee. The gifts were the essentials for a long, gentle slumber. Finally reaching its peace, the original started giving gifts of its own. It gave life to the birds and bats fluttering around inside it. It gave nutrients to the starving plants and trees. And it gave me insight into the beauty of death.

PLASTER DECAY



Tiny cracks on paint
OR
Dirt collects on surface



Larger patches of paint come off
OR
Dirt collects in patches



Plants start forming in dirt

EXPOSED STRUCTURE



Cracks reach brick



Plants die as the bricks do not provide nutrients

PLANT DOMINANCE



Death of plants create excessive dirt, allowing for larger plants to grow



Larger plants create more rubble as they start overpowering brick



LEBUH PANTAI



LEBAH VICTORIA



LORONG LUMUT



THE FIVE FOOTWAY

—
Thomas Cleary



Was I on the sidewalk or was I within the building? Unsure of my place I Proceeded. The Five Footways of George Town carried a blurred nature, somewhere between that of public combined with private. As I moved from Shophouse to Shophouse the fabric nature transformed, it developed a unique experience between that of one shop to the adjacent. I continued throughout the semi-enclosed Five Footway, immersing myself in the intangible nature of this diverse place. Hands covered in grease laid a trail for rebirth, revealing the mechanics life giving touch upon the lifeless metal he worked. Traces of inimitable cultural fusions and spices drifted throughout the Five

Footway, prompting locals and the like to mingle in the shade of the Five Footway. Suddenly it all ended. I was taciturnly forced to street by a sheet of detached steel that filled the archway of the Five Footway. I found temporary liberation upon the side of the road, but that was soon lost. Metallic masses seemed to be relentlessly hurled from beyond, all oblivious of my presence on the side of the road. It was used as a sidewalk, but had no characteristics of a sidewalk. I felt disoriented. The complex relationship between the shops that housed the intangible & myself became imperceptible. The given associated meaning was lost. What is the sidewalk & what wasn't?



The Five Footway was considered more than a sidewalk, remnants of which can be experienced between 183-229 Lebu Chulia. Observation of this particular Five Footway, being used as a sidewalk, allowed pedestrians to mitigate exposure from the elements. Furthermore, it allowed pedestrians to visually interact with the interior shop environment & experience the fabric change as they move through the space.

A notable factor effecting the Five Footways is viral tourism. This factor has influenced locals to privatize the Five Footway space outside their dwelling into a semi-private room, introducing fencing or eclectic item in the Footway. This was due to tourist's lack of understanding of what was public and what wasn't, causing conflict. Despite this, privatization of this space has caused the Five Footway to become interrupted, forcing pedestrians to use the street as a sidewalk.

Motorcycles & scooters have characterized the change the Five Footway has encountered. Despite the Five Footway being designed prior to the integration of scooters, it possesses traits similar to that of undercover parking. Thus, using the space as a protective parking medium forced infrequent transition between the street & the Five Footway, which produced a blurred locality of the Five Footway.

JALAN CHOWRASTA PHOTOMONTAGE





Case study interview with shop owner on Jalan Chowrasta

Why do you leave store products in and around the Five Foot way? *"I move my products into and beyond the Five Footway so that possible customers are exposed to my products. The street pop-up markets block my shop front."* When the Five Footway clutter is removed at night, why don't the locals use the Five Footway? *"I think the Five Footway has taken on a new purpose, but, as I said before the Five Footway has been privatised and isn't a public place."*



Case study interview with a mechanic from Lebu Chulia

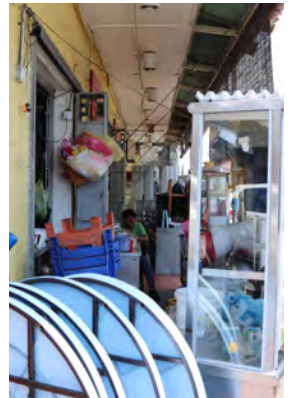
During the market period the Five Footway was no longer a pedestrian sidewalk as the street had become pedestrianized, leaving the Five Footway to become irrelevant as a means of circulation. Instead it was privatized for retail use, blocking the Five Footway with items such as products and edible goods. Furthermore, Shophouses would proportionally expand their privatized area into the Five Footway as more pop-up markets formed, increasing customer exposure.

Why do you prefer working in the Five Footway in contrast to the interior of your Shophouse? *"I like to work here. There is more light (physically illustrating the light in contrast to the interior) & ventilation making a safer and more pleasant working area."* Is there a light well inside your shop house? *"Yes, but we filled it in."* Why? *"I did this to provide more storage space within the Shophouse, as we can use the Five Footway as a workshop. This made the use of the interior as a work area unnecessary."*



Observation of Mechanics at the Chop Cheng Hai workshop on Lebu Chulia revealed the importance of the Five Footway as a 'work-space'. Mechanics opted to work facing the street in the Five Footway, as the orientation within the space provided more ventilation and natural light in contrast to the interior environment (spatial difficulties led to closure of air well). However, despite producing a better working environment, the Five Footway became congested forcing pedestrians to use the street as a sidewalk.

LEBU CHULIA 2 POINT CONGESTION





STREETScape

—
Jeffery Cronin



At first glance it seems like any other street. Cars and motorbikes whistle past, Chinese lanterns sway in the gentle breeze, and a wall of colourful shophouses stretch into the distance like elaborately decorated cakes. 'Campbell Street!' a magnificent arch spanning the entrance to the street proclaims, but to whom? The street is devoid of pedestrians but for a sweaty tourist and few shop owners seeking a breeze in the five-foot way. An elderly beggar sits on the kerb without anyone to fund their meagre existence. Just a stones throw from bustling Chulia street, it seems that a textbook

gentrification has leeched the life from what plaques reminisce was once a bustling marketplace. Today the quadruple sidewalks are devoid of human life. There are no street vendors hawking their wares nor shops spilling their merchandise onto the street. Trying to use the attempted bicycle lane would be a suicide mission. The rushing cars use the street like a freeway, a shortcut between places to be. It seems like in the case of Campbell street, the best of intentions have created the worst of realities. In a city which relies on authenticity, Campbell Street has become a nothing place.

Campbell Street, George Town.



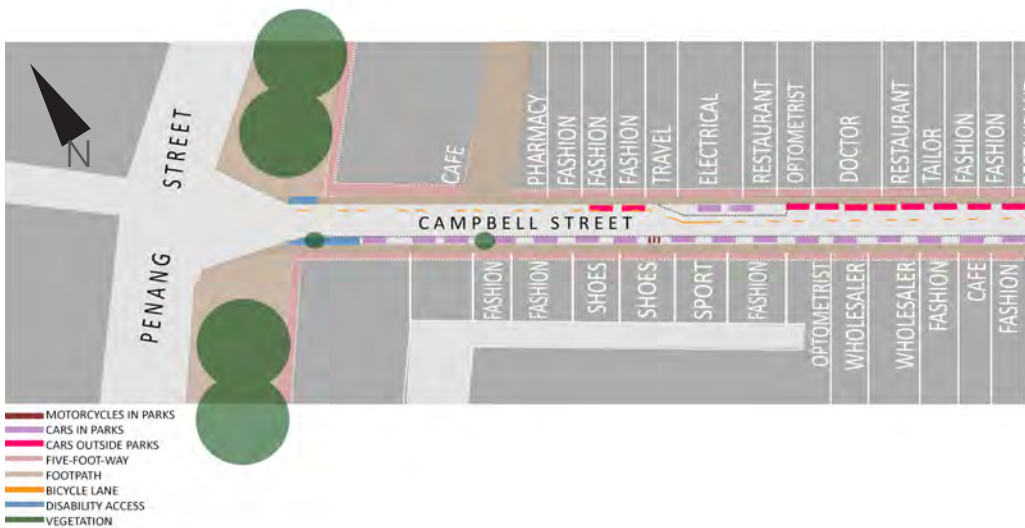
North Elevation



South Elevation

This is Campbell Street, one of the major thoroughfares of inner-city George Town. Running between Penang Road and Carnarvon Street in the city's heritage buffer zone, Campbell Street at first seems like any other route in George Town. It is lined with rows of shophouses in the typical varying degrees of repair. The noisy flow of traffic is

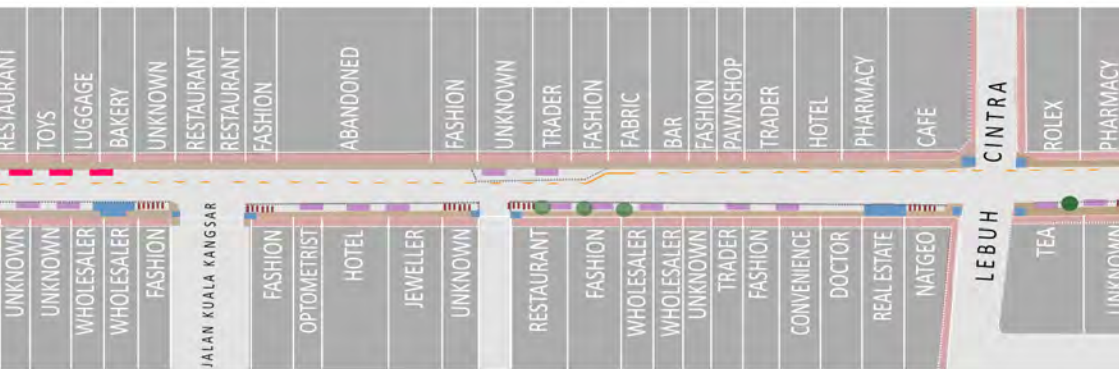
familiar, as is the unique stench of George Town that permeates the air. But Campbell Street seems to have a problem. A plaque on the street remembers a time before the war when Campbell Street was the epicentre of George Town's red-light district. When instead of today's wholesalers, the street was lined with brothels lit by red lanterns and serviced





by courtesans that didn't discriminate. The plaque references Campbell Street's later prominence as a bustling market and trading street. Today, however, the street is dead, devoid of pedestrians and the life that pervades the rest of the city. Locals attribute the influx of shopping malls to the decline of trade in Campbell Street. Low-traffic

business like jewellers, doctors, pharmacists and specialty wholesalers are all that remain. Local authorities seem to have diagnosed the problem, however the solution prescribed seems to be generic, Westernised and completely oblivious to the local condition. Suddenly with



Campbell Street, George Town, cont.



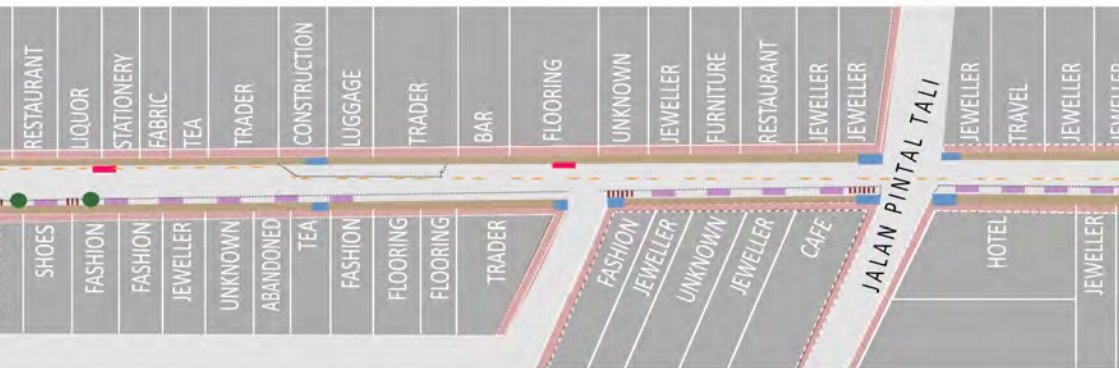
North Elevation cont.



South Elevation cont.

permanent on-street parking spaces, Campbell Street seems to cater primarily to the automobile. It has become a highway. Locals, usually relegated to parking on backstreets or empty lots-turned-car-parks have flocked to the opportunity of on-street parking. The permanent parking spaces mean that street-vendors – who can be seen

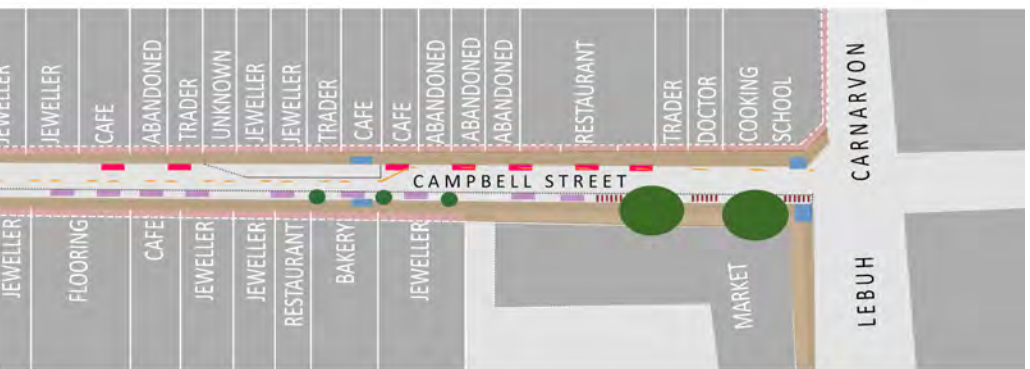
as quintessential to the street life of George Town - have nowhere to ply their trade. The five-foot-ways, already clear due to the lack of merchandise-driven trade on the street have been needlessly accompanied by a disabled-accessible sidewalk. This path has understandably become a favourite car-free pathway for motorcyclists. It also covers





the open drains utilised by street vendors to dispose of waste, thereby extinguishing even the possibility of utilising the sidewalk for trade. There has even been an attempt at an on-street bicycle lane, however this was often blocked by cars parked outside the permanent parking spaces. Plus, cycling in the chaotic George Town traffic seems to be asking for

disaster. It seems then, that Campbell Street's decline has been a long time coming, however grave mistakes and an inattention to context in recent years have robbed Campbell Street of its former glory, instead turning it into a means to an end.





SHORTCUTS

—

Andrew Davis



Lost and overheating, I decide to use a seemingly unimportant carpark as the starting point for my adventure into the unknown. Like a beating heart, paths seem to flow out of this central space like arteries, heading out into the city in every direction. Overwhelmed with unkept and overgrown vines and crumbling tiles, I decide on a path to head down. Such greenery and quiet seems out of place in such a built up, urban environment, just meters from the city's busy streets. Winding my way down the path I quickly begin to see another side to the city, a side where the people are free to be themselves, away of the greedy expectation of tourist eyes.

Apartments facing onto the path are more open, displaying the lives of their inhabitants without a filter. I see children playing and relaxing freely, running through overgrown pathways left to grow and thrive unaltered. It may be dirty and quit here, but it feels more authentic, more real. Away from the hustle and bustle of the street, people sleep in harmony under the trees, the nearby traffic heard so faintly it is almost peaceful. I turn the next corner and the alleyway opens up into a thriving stall. Locals engaging in conversation amongst the steam from large pots with foods I have never

seen before and smells I cannot decipher. I pass by, receiving a few confused looks but otherwise unnoticed. Finally, I reach the street, however, not the same one I started on. This one I recognize as being closer to home. The path I have taken must have been a shortcut, unconstrained by the strict layout of the city streets.

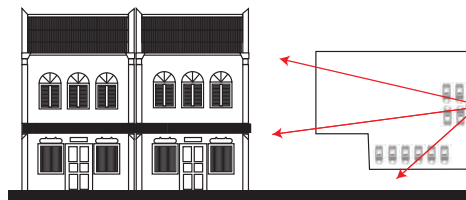
Across the street I see an entrance to another side alley, perfectly aligned with the one I have just exited. Whilst the paths had seemed so chaotic and random at first, I now see that there is a logic to them. Almost like an interconnected series of veins, the paths weave in and out of dense city blocks in a complex, yet intelligent way.

I feel compelled to enter and my adventure continues. Following the paths, I circulate the city, barely making contact with the main streets or tourist hotspots. Passing only locals and stray cats. I begin to see the city with different eyes. As its secrets begin to reveal themselves I feel overwhelmed, I cannot keep up. I may be able to take shortcuts through the city's streets, but there are no shortcuts to understandings it.

Case Study A



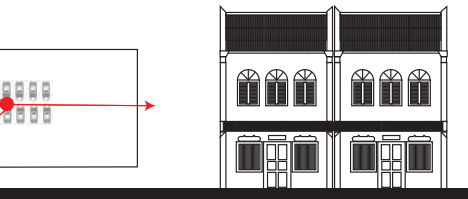
Experience of travelling throughout a connection of pathways and spaces outside of the Heritage buffer zone



Case Study B



Experience of travelling throughout a connection of pathways and spaces within the Heritage zone





JUNCTIONS

—

Kelly Drenth



■ JCT 1: JALAN ARGYLL, LEBUH CHULIA, JALAN PENANG & LEITH ST

■ JCT 2: LEBUH CHULIA, LOVE LANE & LEBUH CARNARVON

■ JCT 3: LORONG STEWART & JALAN MASJID KAPITAN KELING

As the sky speckles itself in bright orange, people slowly come out, one by one. The junction of Jalan Chulia and Love Lane quickly come to life. What was once a quiet street has now transformed by night. Carts roll out onto the street and set up their stalls. As the air around me cools down it seems that everyone is coming out of hibernation, hungry and ready for action. Weaving through the growing crowd, I notice a lot of tourists are occupying this popular street. I question whether this is what is happening all over streets inside the heritage zone

of Penang. Is tourism creating an unrealistic view of actual traditional street culture? It almost works in cycle. The increase of shops and stalls targeting tourists may be causing a loss in authentic cuisines and pushing the locals out elsewhere. To truly see what happens along the street over the day I visited three very different sites to compare how they are used and who actually uses them. Junction 1 is located within the Buffer Heritage Zone while Junction 2 & 3 are located inside Penang's main Heritage Zone.

JUNCTION 1

7:42am

1:12pm

8:12pm

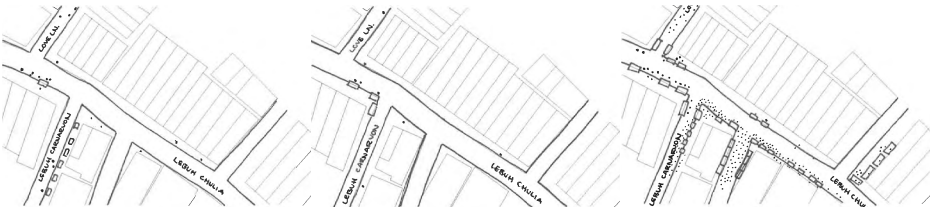


JUNCTION 2

7:50am

1:34pm

8:30pm

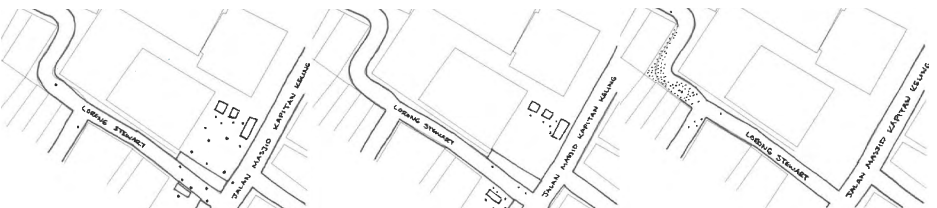


JUNCTION 3

8:01am

2:34pm

9:29pm



Jalan Argyll, Lebuh Chulia, Jalan Penang & Leith St



This junction is a sleepy/slow spot in the morning. Locals sit along some of the seats and look as though they're just waiting. Presumably waiting for work to start. I spot a guy who had parked his motorbike beside him and is now sleeping with his head against the motorbike. A woman later arrives to feed the flock of pigeons that have now surrounded around her.



This area provides no shade during the day. Hence, because of the heat, no one is found using the space during this time. It is only used as a type of thoroughfare for people to cross the roads.



Locals are seen sitting and relaxing along the seats. There is a good breeze that comes through from the intersecting roads which makes the junction a great place to be. Majority of people are local men sitting on their phones, possibly on their work break. Their motorbikes parked all over the small park. Other people still use this space as a main pedestrian thoroughfare. There are however no food stalls that pop up anywhere around this junction.

Lebuh Chullia, Love Lane & Lebuh Carnarvon



Everyone seems to start up their days really relaxed. The streets are still quiet and only one food stall is spotted on Lebuh Chullia. This particular stall stays open all through the day, every day, and in the exact same spot. It is a fruit stand. As I walked past, they were bringing all the fruit out from the shop house behind to set up. Lebuh Carnarvon has 6 food stalls set up that are connected to the Chinese restaurant which at this time of day, has very slow business.



There is more foot traffic in this area compared to the other junctions however it is still very slow at this time of day. This is possibly because of the heat which means a lot of people stay indoors. There was only 3 food stalls were set up along the road however didn't have many customers.



This junction comes alive at night. Food carts get wheeled out around 5-6pm and populate themselves down Lebuh Chullia. Restaurants along Love Lane move tables and chairs out onto the street. It is very easy to spot that mostly tourists use this destination to eat a meal and go for drinks. The restaurant shop house and even the food stalls have all catered towards drawing tourists in. Lebuh Chullia remains a two-way street even though the stalls push out onto the road, creating traffic jams and tight pedestrian access. Everything feels chaotic.

Lorong Stewart & Jalan Masjid Kapitan Keling



The only activity that occurs on Lorong Stewart in the morning is the selling of Chinese fire crackers, ornaments and offerings which is located in permanent stalls beside the Temple. Locals are visiting the temple for prayer but otherwise Lorong Stewart is empty of foot traffic and all the shop houses are shut, hiding any activity behind.



During the day, Lorong Stewart displays the same quiet street life as the morning. Due to the heat and locals being at work, there is even fewer pedestrian and motor activity in this area.




By night, the Chinese Temple stalls have closed and Lorong Stewart has a different atmosphere. One of the oldest liquor stores of George Town is located on the bend and it attracts many locals and tourists who are looking for a laid back environment with cheap drinks. There is rarely car traffic so people move tables and chairs out onto the street. It is a dark road and on this night in particular, a large brawl took place on the streets.



SMALL INTERACTIONS

—

Fergus Egan



■ People and Objects

As a visitor we seek something different. We see something foreign and we associate meaning - a meaning vastly different from that we would assume at home. We associate our own message to the objects we buy, the people we see and places we visit. We infer from our own thoughts and ideas about a place and culture to create an impression of a place. However, without listening we ignore the people and their stories. The story of the fisherman who did not catch anything on the Jetty that day. The story of the Joss Stick maker's son who feels a responsibility to care for his ageing father.

The story of the lady taking shelter in the shade who makes a joke to her friend after I take her photo. These small interactions weren't planned or forced - they just happened.

The interaction of people's stories, culture and ideologies are key for a place to thrive.

This project explores my interactions through the stories people have using their objects as a basis for conversation. It acknowledges the constraint of time and place.



Caught no fish.

On the 11th of April 2018 at 3:18pm

Tan Jetty



*Directed us to the temple on Yeoh
Jetty.*

On the 12th of April 2018 at 11:36am

Yeoh Jetty



UNFORGOTTEN

—

Katie Lee



- DECAYING / USED
- ABANDONED / UNUSED
- ABANDONED / UNSOUND

The question that directed this study came about because of the surprising frequency of what appeared to be abandoned buildings in George Town. Buildings that were dilapidated to the point of crumbling walls and greenery spilling from their windows were sandwiched between perfectly functional shophouses, or used as the back wall of a thriving hawker's market. I noticed even more frequently that the second level of shophouses - up to a whole row of them - appeared too dilapidated to be used; this was indicated by glassless windows, shutters falling off, and crumbling plaster. I found it fascinating that these buildings were accepted, and allowed to exist without much interference or apparent complaint. The question that arose was: *how do the people and institutions of Georgetown treat abandoned buildings?*

The George Town Heritage Centre revealed that abandoned buildings were a recognised and documented part of the heritage area; there were 60 abandoned sites as of 2017. However, the more many buildings were left to age due to lack of funding, as buildings have to be restored according to the heritage guidelines, using traditional materials and

craftmanship. Arguments over ownership and building inheritance in families was also listed as a cause.

It appears that abandonment of buildings is not a result of an immediate change- occupied to unoccupied- nor sheer neglect on part of the building owners. Many buildings which seem abandoned are - as a local interviewee explained - actually lived in despite their ageing condition. The answer I have found is that they are not abandoned at all. Some are used as a canvas for street art to attract tourists. Some are homes, restored on the inside, while others are simply waiting to be restored. The issue is that George Town's heritage status is stifling these buildings' abilities to be renewed due to sheer expense and complicated process. As a result, the people of George Town must live in and around these buildings in their condition.

There is a subtle difference between acceptance and tolerance; it is this difference which explains the relationship the people of George Town have with its abandoned and dilapidated buildings.

CATEGORY 1: DECAYING / USED

These buildings are deceptive to the untrained eye: many appear abandoned from the exterior, but are still partially or fully inhabited.

Field work found their uses include residential, warehouse, and small business uses.



CATEGORY 2: ABANDONED / UNUSED

Buildings which are abandoned in the sense that they are not inhabited and have been left unused.

They are structurally sound - if weathered - but empty. All that remains inside is evidence of squatting, or the slow invasion of animal and plant life.



CATEGORY 3: ABANDONED / UNSOUND

Buildings which are have been abandoned long enough that they have crumbled in age.

Too hazardous to be given public access, they are often barricaded or provided with additional support like steel framing.

A few are in the process of being restored.





CATEGORY 1 SHOPHOUSES , LEBUH CAMPBELL



CATEGORY 3 HOUSE, JALAN KEDAH



CATEGORY 3 SHOPHOUSE + INTERIOR, JALAN KEDAH

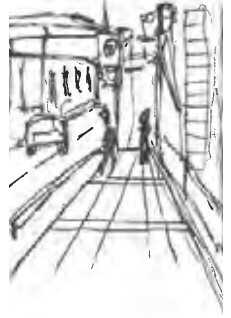
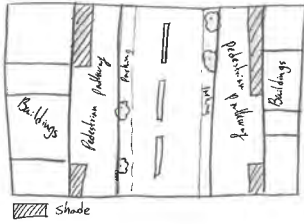
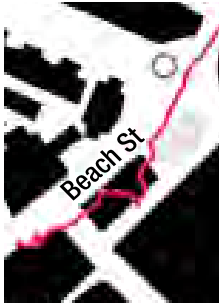




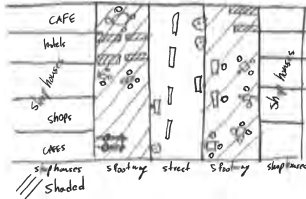
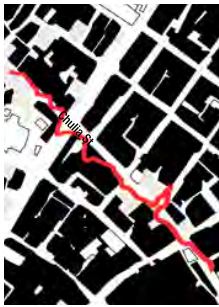
TRACING

—
Simin Louei

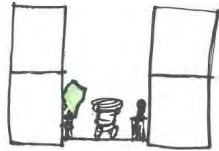
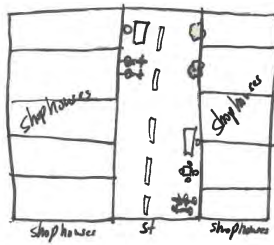
Uninterrupted pedestrian pathways



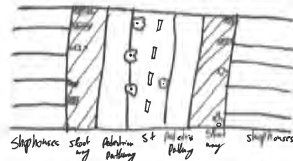
Five foot ways | Interrupted pathways

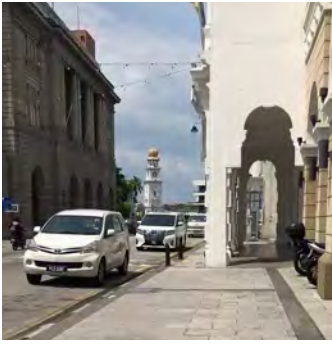


No pedestrian pathways | no 5 foot way



Five foot ways + uninterrupted pedestrian pathways







FLAVOURS

—

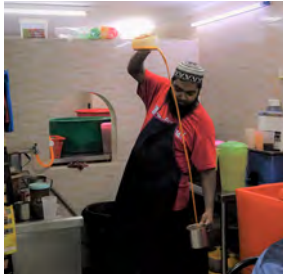
Moksha Maisuria



Chatter and laughter echo throughout the town as dinner nears and people gather around their meals. Food lies at the heart of their daily ritual. Indian, Malay, Chinese, each is represented in the numerous restaurants along the streets; their flavours and methods having travelled long distances to reach this town. Through their journey some spices have been lost, others have been gained. Each has found a new home, transforming their traditions to create a new identity, one which is unique to this place. Over time the flavours of each cuisine have intersected; a sweetness in one is experienced in another, the spiciness of a masala chai is felt in a pan-fried fish. Modifications have been made to the recipes, variations to the customs. Here in George Town

each flavour is celebrated, accepted, respected; a positive uniting of differences rarely seen. I feel drawn to the unique mixture of flavours and cultures, the celebration of this coalescence. I feel a sense of belonging that reminds me of home. The diversity of cultures, the variety of flavours, the coming together of disparate elements, all contribute to the authenticity of this place. This spirit of place is captured in the feelings I experience when tasting different cuisines. There is intensity, honesty, simplicity in this ritual I participate in. As I taste the flavours of this town I find that each component brings its own feeling but only when experienced together is something original created, something tangible in moments throughout George Town.

INDIAN: MASALA CHAI



INDIAN: EGG AND CHEESE ROTI

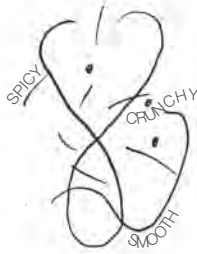
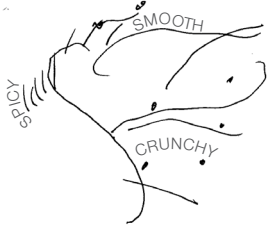


MALAYSIAN: PAN FRIED FISH

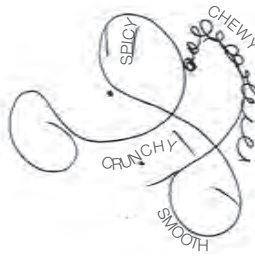
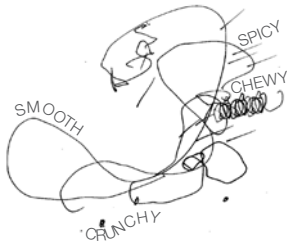


CHINESE: HOKKIEN MEE

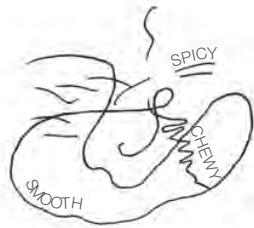




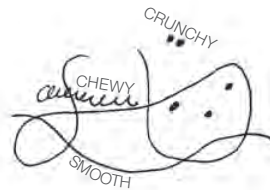
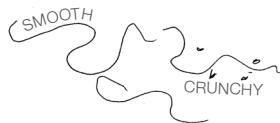
RITUAL



INTENSITY



HONESTY



SIMPLICITY



HIERARCHIES

—
Samantha Rieu



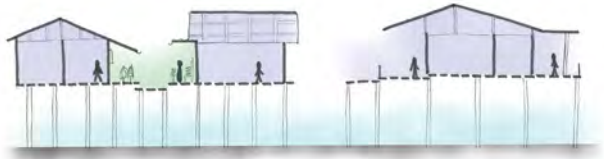
Hierarchy is always there; sometimes it is hidden beneath the surface, and in other instances it is laid out for all to see.

The first instance takes place on the outskirts of George Town. Dominated by villages of floating houses, past and present seem to mingle. Indeed, ancient houses are demonstrating elements of a new era. The jetties appear to represent not only a home, but a livelihood for its inhabitants. The duality between work and life is near imperceptible, as the new market has been established on what once was a private porch. As I climb the steps and wander between the souvenirs and the clothes, the contrast is overwhelming. I feel like an intruder who has invaded their home, their privacy, which only starts a few feet away from where I am standing.

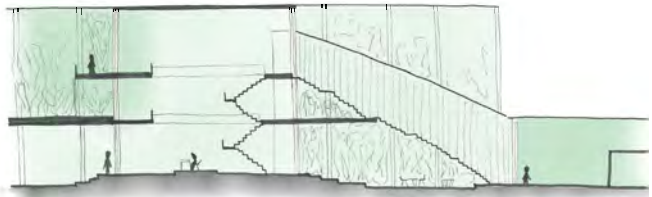
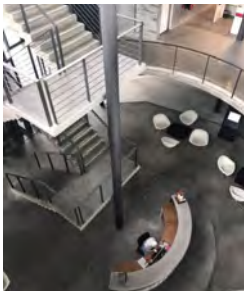
Another instance was located outside the city where a factory lay hidden in the middle of a jungle. A building designed around an immense circular

space absorbing anyone who dares to look inside. From the outside the structure of the building and hints of greenery made the space appear as though an inviting concrete park; a place where you want to discover every nooks and crannies. However, we soon learned that this playground was limited to the ground floor, as the first level presented an endless sea of desks. The silence of the workers painted a perfect image of efficiency and hard labour and here, the limit to our visit was inexplicitly laid, as the playground disappeared into the sound of typing.

Different places express their hierarchy in different ways. Knowing how to read your surroundings and define your limits is paramount to understanding the accessibility of a place. Minor details can mark the difference between being welcomed and being invasive, the difference between public and private. George Town is full of these moments of hierarchy and as you move throughout the city, they become increasingly important to your journey.



CLAN JETTIES: Chew and Tan Jetties - Pengkalan Weld - Georgetown, Penang



PARAMIT'S FACTORY IN THE FOREST - Plot 372 - Penang Science Park - Seberang Perai Tengah, Penang



CHINAHOUSE - 153 Lebuhraya Pantai - Georgetown, Penang

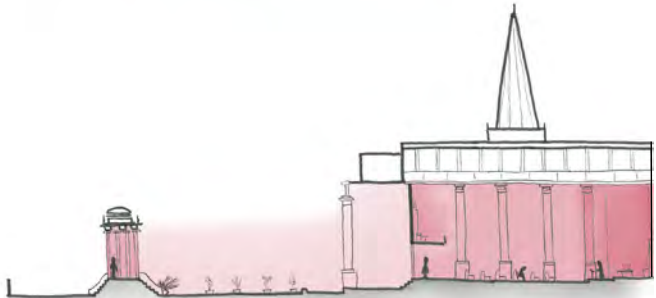




LEONG SAN TONG KHOO KONGSI - 18 Cannan Square - Georgetown, Penang



ST GEORGE'S ANGLICAN CHURCH - 1 Lebuah Farquhar - Georgetown, Penang





STREET LIFE

—

Arjan Sandhu



I crawl under the first umbrella in a jam packed crowd full of cheerful colours with locals and the occasional tourist. And then the inevitable, I find myself in front of the display of clothes, shoes and home accessories. Where am I? Is this really the infamous Chowrasta Street? I feel as though I've parted to a shopping mall with packed snacks as fast food by my side. There seems to be nothing of culture attained in the area.

Later in Chulia Street I'm hit with stools, chairs and

desks being spilled onto the street where tourists occupy the spaces. They've taken control of the town, leaving the locals vulnerable.

Signage rules the streets which are unequally distributed across the facades of the shop houses. Stalls rented in front of the shop houses disguise the display of the beautiful facades which were built over the last century. What is left to preserve of this beautiful town if its beauty is not going to be acknowledged?



GAPS

—

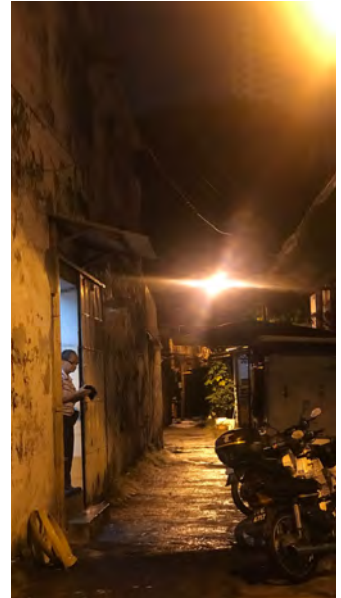
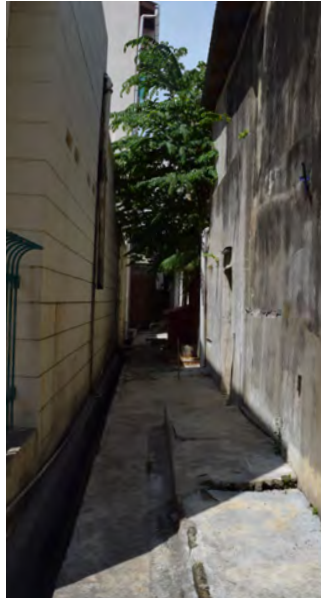
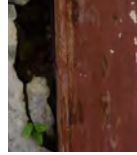
Bronte Scott



■ SHARED SPACES
 ■ CLAIMED SPACES
 ■ LANEWAYS/ PATHS
 ■ SERVICE SPACES
 ■ FORGOTTEN SPACES
 RED DASH, MAP THE PATHS
 THE DOCUMENTATION OF
 THESE GAPS WAS
 FOCUSED ON

Fractures, gaps, spaces, the moments that don't seem to connect. The small breaks in the fabric of the shop houses each tell a unique tale and story, nearly all are given a purpose, or create a connection otherwise lost. Some become simply a place to park; a place to leave things for a moment. Others are claimed and sealed off from the public, with only glimpses of what is hidden behind being revealed. But some become a little more important, they create a path to a beautiful garden, or a place for fish to swim. They are shared and used. Little temples arranged, plants potted and clothes hung. They hold a purpose, a significance to those who use them. People stand in doorways to examine

the rain, watching it splash into the gutter. Air conditioning units huddle together in each of them, providing cool air to those within, whilst sending wires sprawling across the void, and down the walls. There are others, however, that lay forgotten and abandoned, an old rusty door and boarded up temple the only thing suggesting they ever had a place in the city. The tiny breaks in the fabric of George Town might only be a simple result of the regulation to stop the spread of fire, or a stubborn neighbor who refused to share a wall, but they become so important to those who use them. Each captures a hidden feeling and reaction. Each is a moment to discover when traversing the city.



LEBUH CINTRA

LEBUH GEREJA

LEBUH KIMBERLY

Who took the time to arrange this place, to pot the plants, organise the boxes, hang the washing across the narrow lane way, and create the tiny temple? Has someone claimed ownership? Or have a collective begun to share the space, each adding and no one taking...

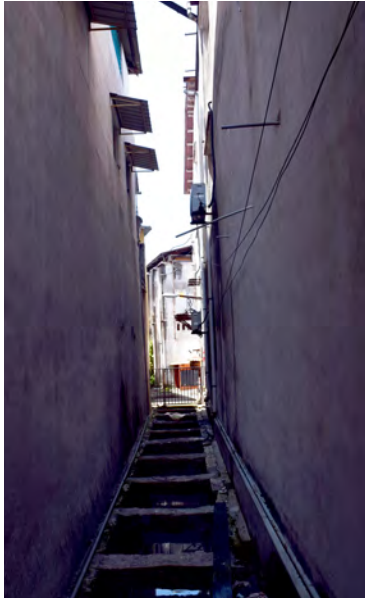
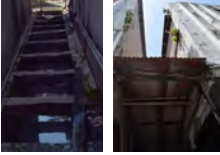
Hidden and forgotten. Did this space once hold meaning? A rusted door, surrounded by overgrown plants and crumbling stones, perhaps give this away. A small temple now boarded up, closed forever, is the only thing that gives the space any purpose as it sits at the end of the crumbling path.

A man stands on his phone in the doorway, as if attempting to make a decision on whether to leave or stay as the rain begins to clear. The gap, leads to houses and gardens behind, but is also used to park bikes. People using the space as a stop off on their journey further.

SHARED SPACES

FORGOTTEN SPACES

PATHWAYS



LEBUH CAMPBELL

This gap has been roofed over and concealed from the street. But below that roof is a 1.5m wide open section of the drainage/ sewage system, with the water quickly flowing along its pathway and back below the road. The space is completely devoted to it service, the role it plays in clearing this water away.



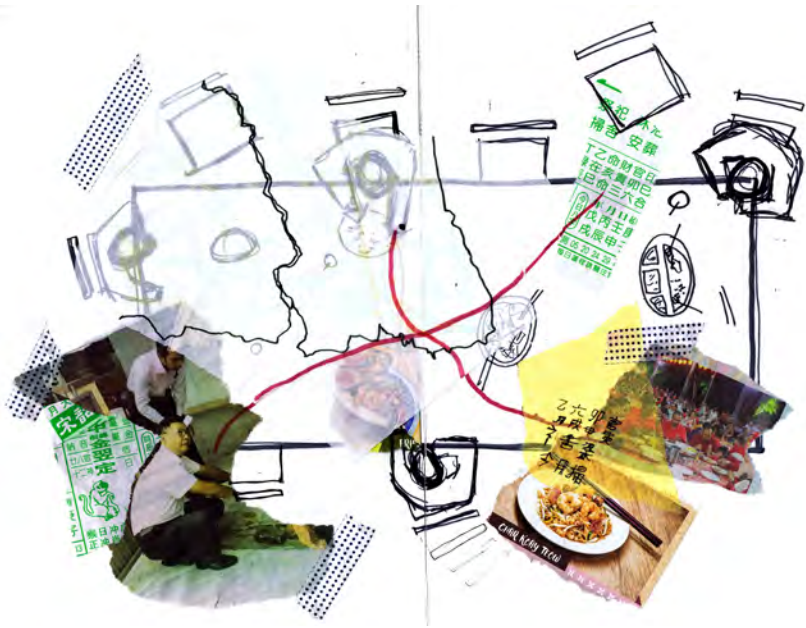
LEBUH MALAYN

This tiny gap, has been completely claimed by the owners of the theater and exhibition space beside it. Adding a sheet of Plexiglas they have sealed the space, and added a fish pond, allowing those who pass a glance at the little glimmers of gold as they swim up and down and the lavish garden behind. Did they always own this gap, or did they simply adopt the space into the renovations? Who decides?



SERVICE SPACES

CLAIMED SPACES



THE MEAL

Dana Stephens



The starkly white coffee shop sits tucked beneath an aging shophouse, bleeding its western influence into the fabric of Penang. I slip through the tight gap of the pivot door, only wide enough for one. The blasting cold A/C immediately isolating this space from the sticky, vibrant street on the other side of the condensation-covered glass. I weave carefully to one of few stools, fearful of rupturing the bubbles in which the two other customers reside, accompanied only by their laptops and a steady flow of coffee.

Ghosts of arms pressed up against mine at dinner the night before shadow my resting body. The commotion of the vibrant street in close proximity to our spot on the street edge. The energetic chatter at our clustered circle just heard over the traffic and

shouts of hawker's; sharing stories of our day, the exciting tastes of unusual foods and the company of friends. A striking contrast to the cultural vacuum I sit in this morning; deprived of the blending of meal space into the vibrant life of the street, family businesses and child-raising.

As an outsider to the city, the comfort of familiar music, smells and the opportunity of introversion is all too easy to fall back into, unconsciously robbing one of new experiences. However, without the sharing of language, culture and stories, the communal meal would no longer hold cultural importance in the setting of Penang's vibrant street life, and would disappear behind airconditioned, coffee-sipping photo opportunities.



PENANG BAZAAR

SATURDAY 7TH APRIL - 2:53PM



JALAN MCALLISTER HAWKER MARKET

TUESDAY 10TH APRIL - 8:54PM



RABBIT COFFEE SHOP

WEDNESDAY 11TH APRIL - 12:58PM





ISLANDS OF SHADE

—
Ben Weissbock



Within the cool confines of the Blue Mansion, I watch as tiny fish dart about in a shallow indoor pond. The lightwell above shines a spotlight on their stage. Sequin costumes shimmering, the divas vie for the limelight as they perform their chaotic choreography. It strikes me that I too have been performing this dance; but in reverse. Instead of the sun, I seek the shade. Even the smallest amount of relief from the vicious Malaysian sun is worthy of pursuit. I duck in and out of five foot ways guarded by bamboo blinds

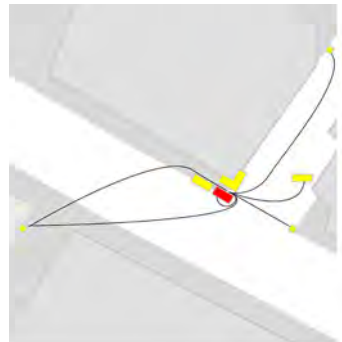
and aluminium awnings. Temporary structures, tethered to the mainland, extend the safe zone into the sea of light. Before long, I'm island hopping from one food cart to the next. Each destination is unique, complete with its own local cuisine. The vendors masterfully maneuver about their carefully curated carts. Each object optimised and perfectly positioned for the task at hand. Finally the sun begins to set. The tide comes in. And the islands wash away.



OBSERVING THE MORNING ROUTINE OF A STREET FOOD VENDOR

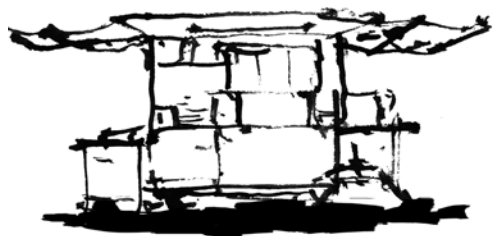
12 April 2018, 11AM, Lorong Kampung Malabar

- Pours waste water into neighbour's pot plant
- Sips at tea drink in plastic bag (hangs from cart)
- Wipes perspiration from face with small hanging towel
- Crosses street to fill water bucket
- Takes cooking element to rear of building
- Returns 10 min later empty handed
- Repositions scooter
- Removes apron and hangs it on cart
- A second stall attendant arrives
- 5 min conversation with colleague
- Checks gas bottles on street
- Collects helmet and leaves by scooter



1		3
2		

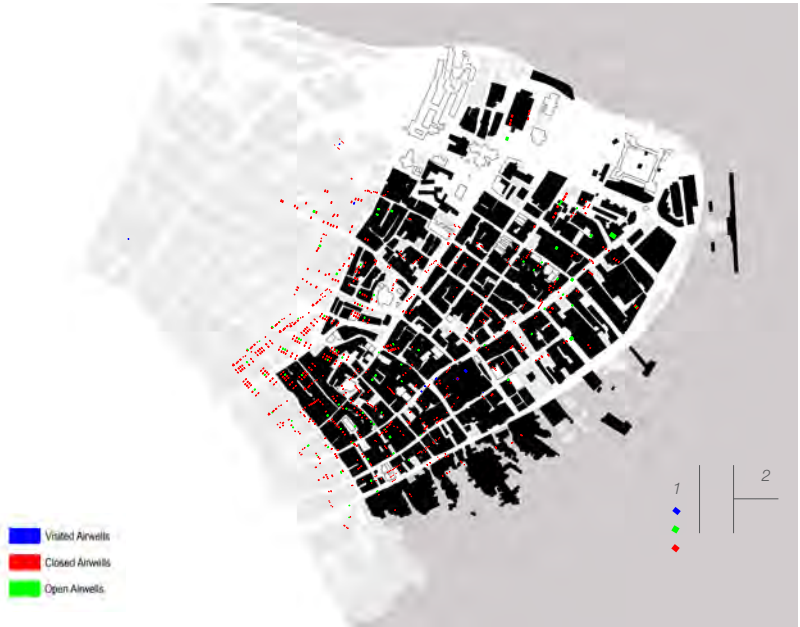
1 PANORMA OF LORONG KAMPUNG MALABAR
 2 MOVEMENT PLAN NTS
 3 VARIOUS STREET CART TYPOLOGIES





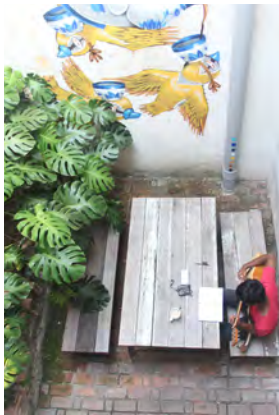
ILLUMINATE

—
Julia Zin



The pitter patter of my footsteps echo throughout the charming shophouse. I turn the corner and the light illuminates my surroundings. As the shadows of the past engulf me, my eyes are drawn towards the soft light caressing the vibrant tiles along the walls. A perfect balance between the darkness and the light, like the polarity of a life force, the airwell is the centre for your Qi. The energy of the house, lying between the depths of the lower floors and penetrating through towards the heavens. I gaze upon the balustrades, the floors, the posts and the beams. Wood, fire, water, earth and metal. The trickling of a fountain and the whispers of the breeze is a quiet sanctuary in a dynamic city. The elements of the shophouse are embedded in the

bones of a body, with the airwell at its core. As the heart of each house shines brightly for the people, do the people see its iridescent rays? The future is speeding down the train tracks and a collision may occur. As I tread further into the light, I spot a man reposed in the shade. The space has now been closed off to accommodate the paintings and the trinkets to create more space. The effects of increased rental costs and a tourism boom eclipse the meaning and spirit hiding underneath. The openings of the airwells are sealing one by one. The pores of this city closing up with perspex and roof sheeting, perhaps turning the pages to a new chapter.





- 1 CHINA HOUSE MODIFIED AIRWELL
- 2 NOMAPS AIRWELL
- 3 MUSICIAN IN NOMAPS AIRWELL
- 4 BLUE MANSION COURTYARD
- 5 KE LAN TAN HOUSE OPEN AIRWELL
- 6 BATIK MUSEUM CLOSED AIRWELL
- 7 KHOO KONGSI OPEN AIRWELL

1	5	6
234		7



UNFORGOTTEN

—

Katie Lee



- DECAYING / USED
- ABANDONED / UNUSED
- ABANDONED / UNSOUND

The question that directed this study came about because of the surprising frequency of what appeared to be abandoned buildings in George Town. Buildings that were dilapidated to the point of crumbling walls and greenery spilling from their windows were sandwiched between perfectly functional shophouses, or used as the back wall of a thriving hawker's market. I noticed even more frequently that the second level of shophouses - up to a whole row of them - appeared too dilapidated to be used; this was indicated by glassless windows, shutters falling off, and crumbling plaster. I found it fascinating that these buildings were accepted, and allowed to exist without much interference or apparent complaint. The question that arose was: *how do the people and institutions of Georgetown treat abandoned buildings?*

The George Town Heritage Centre revealed that abandoned buildings were a recognised and documented part of the heritage area; there were 60 abandoned sites as of 2017. However, the more many buildings were left to age due to lack of funding, as buildings have to be restored according to the heritage guidelines, using traditional materials and

craftmanship. Arguments over ownership and building inheritance in families was also listed as a cause.

It appears that abandonment of buildings is not a result of an immediate change- occupied to unoccupied- nor sheer neglect on part of the building owners. Many buildings which seem abandoned are - as a local interviewee explained - actually lived in despite their ageing condition. The answer I have found is that they are not abandoned at all. Some are used as a canvas for street art to attract tourists. Some are homes, restored on the inside, while others are simply waiting to be restored. The issue is that George Town's heritage status is stifling these buildings' abilities to be renewed due to sheer expense and complicated process. As a result, the people of George Town must live in and around these buildings in their condition.

There is a subtle difference between acceptance and tolerance; it is this difference which explains the relationship the people of George Town have with its abandoned and dilapidated buildings.

AFTERWORD

I don't think any of us really knew what to expect the day we all arrived at Brisbane airport. The group was excited, but there was still a shyness there, as people were meeting for the first time. None of us really had any idea of the whirlwind tour we were about to embark on. The journey that saw us visiting four cities in two weeks, was still in our future. None of us truly knew how close we would all become, as we shared experience after experience, and moment after moment.

Throughout each stage of our travels, I remember both saying to people and hearing others mention how it felt as though the trip would never end. It genuinely felt as though our little family would keep on travelling together on a never ending road trip. It felt as though we would keep hopping from city to city, continue to scribble down notes and sketches, to write stories on the trains and buses, and spend more endless hours talking to Kevin Low. The trip, in a way, became its own world of possibility and exploration, completely removed from everything else. It felt like it would last forever. And I think many of us wanted it to.

Each shared meal, each conversation as we walked together around the cities, each moment sitting next to each other in vans, cars, trains, planes and buses all added up to create a pure adventure. And by the end of it, there was no shyness. We had shared and learned so much by each others sides, as we discussed everything we saw. The analysis of tiny moments, and small details capturing everyone's imaginations as we explored the new culture. These moments will stay with us forever, and will, perhaps, always be treasured, as the study of architecture became so wholly shared amongst us all, and so far removed from its usual solo endeavour.

So maybe, in many ways, our two weeks will in fact, last forever.

- Bronte Scott





