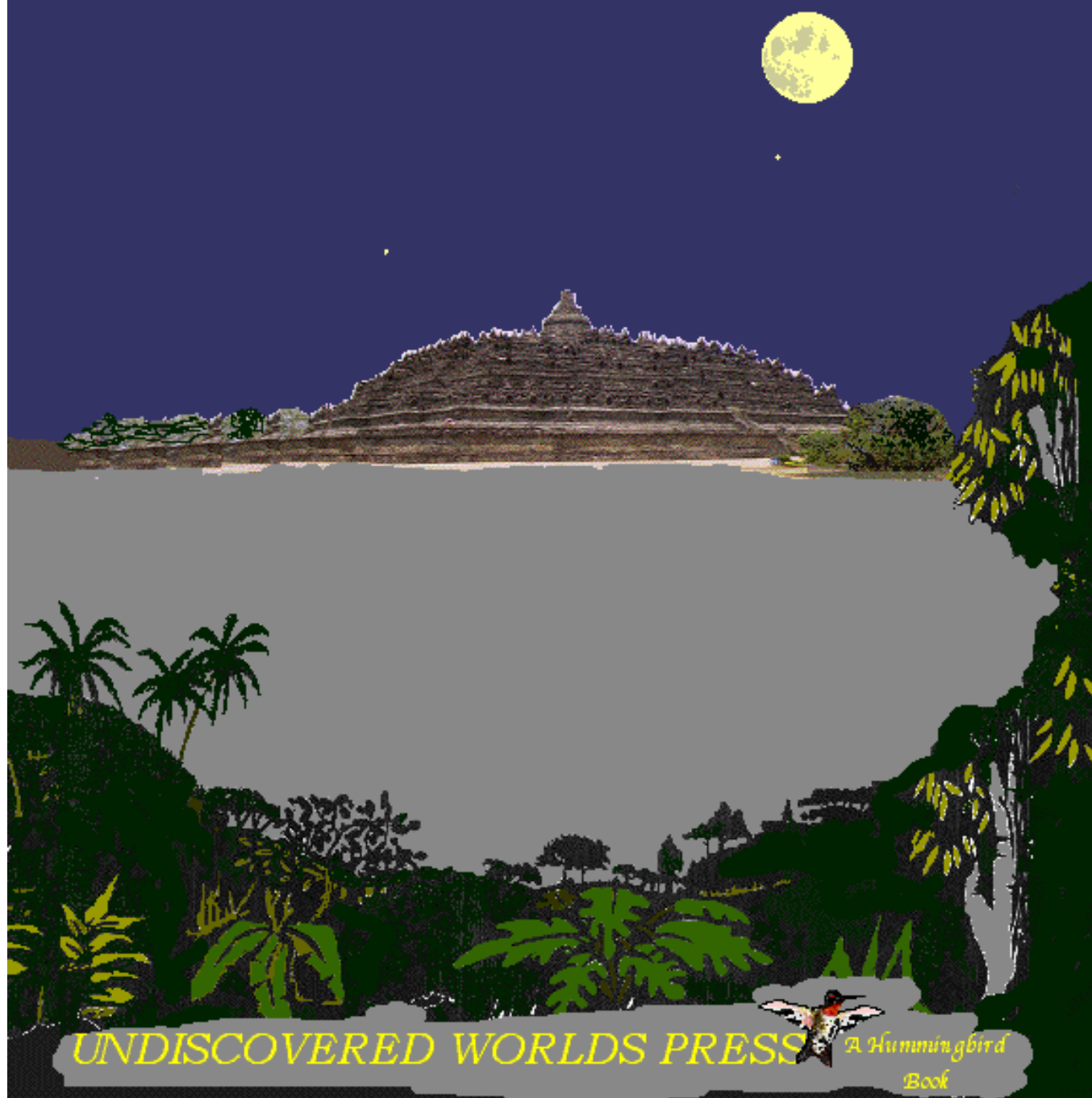


# *THE MYSTICAL WORLD OF JAVA*

*By Mas Prio Hartono*



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**By  
Mas Prio Hartono**



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[admin@undiscoveredworldspress.com](mailto:admin@undiscoveredworldspress.com)

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## ILLUSTRATIONS

By

Hartley Healey and Sofjan Vogel

Photo of International Spiritual Center of Subud,  
Cilandik, Jakarta, Indonesia courtesy of Sharif Hale

Edited and abridged by Rachman Hopwood and Stephanie Healey-Hopwood

*This book is dedicated  
as a tribute to  
my beloved ancestors.*

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## PREFACE

Many books and articles have been written about Java and the Javanese by non-Javanese. However, the outsider can easily be led into superficial or completely wrong conclusions when attempting to analyze a civilization whose central focus partakes of the spiritual and “*inner*” qualities of reality.

In *The Mystical World of Java*, Dr. Prio Hartono, as a son of Java, discloses the Mystical World of Java as the Javanese himself experiences it. Descended from a long line of ancestors steeped in the spiritual life of Java, he reveals an unsuspected cultural heritage.

These mysteries of the “*inner circle*” whisper of a civilization as old as Atlantis. One must turn to the Bible or other of man’s most ancient records to find similar mysteries and supernatural occurrences.

*The Mystical World of Java* is not meant as a religious doctrine or spiritual teaching of any kind. It is a literal and unique personal experience of the author, who is known as Mas Prio amongst his friends. *Mas* means gold but also an older brother in Javanese. As a Javanese nobleman, Mas Prio inherits and benefits from the rich cultural background of his ancestors.

In his recent book: “*Inner Wisdom*,” published by Amity House of Warwick, New York, he described among other things the development of his spiritual eye, which enabled him to see and experience undiscovered worlds, the worlds that cannot be seen by the ordinary eyes. The development of his spiritual eye seems to be the key which opened the door for him to enter undiscovered worlds.

*The Mystical World of Java* does not delve into archaeological nomenclature or historical theory, it is an intimate revelation of personal experiences and leaves readers to judge for themselves.

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# Kayon

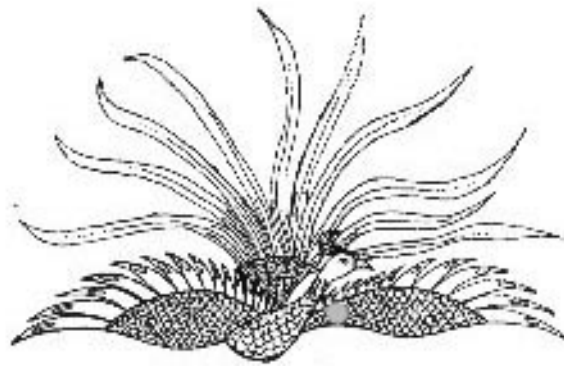
## The Tree of Life

The *Kayon* is an important figure in the Javanese shadow puppet play. Like all other shadow puppets, it is made of hide. *Kayon* is derived from the word *kayu*, meaning wood, but also *kayun*, meaning living. In actual fact, *Kayon* symbolizes a human being. In a human being, the four categories of God's creation on earth are represented, namely material, plant, animal and man. Hence you will find the design of a gate (material), tree (plant), serpents, *garuda* birds, oxen, tigers or lions (animal) and ogres (men) carved in the *Kayon*. The frame of the *Kayon* which forms its support, is usually made of buffalo horns. It is meant to represent the great life force of God. There is a saying in Java: "*Koyo wayang ilang gapètté*" which means: "Like a *wayang* puppet without its frame or support." A *wayang* puppet without its frame will crumble or collapse. Likewise, when the great life force of God leaves a human being, he or she will collapse or die.

The stage of a *wayang* puppet performance is set by placing a *Kayon* in the middle of the screen. In the Javanese shadow puppet play, the *dalang* or puppeteer represents God the Almighty. He is the One who makes His creations alive to play a certain role in a drama. The *dalang* starts the performance by holding the *Kayon* which he will shake or vibrate.

When Almighty God touches a human soul to motivate or move it, that person will feel their soul vibrating. The best description of this vibration is the sound of the *beduk* (a huge drum) which is heard from the mosques throughout Java just before the *muezzin* calls people to prayer. It is played in rhythm imitating the heart beat of a person whose soul is touched by the Light of God.

In this book the *Kayon* is placed in an upright position to open and close the book.



## Chendrawasih

### The Bird of Paradise

Chendrawasih or the Bird of Paradise inhabits the jungles of the eastern most part of the Indonesian archipelago. It is called the Bird of Paradise for its exceptional beauty and color. The Birds of Paradise perform an extraordinary dance in their courtship.

This drawing by Sofjan Vogel is used throughout this book to mark the change of an episode or a subject.





*Pendowo Limo*  
or the Five Pendowo Brothers:  
Harjuno, Bima, Judistiro, Nakulo and Sadewo

## **Prologue**

Miryam Rene Ralph is a charming and courageous lady. She lives on a farm in Pipersville, Bucks County, Pennsylvania. The house she lives in is about two hundred and fifty years old, and was built on a property which William Penn, a Quaker, gave as a grant to a Smithy of Smiths Corner. Originally it was Indian territory, belonging to the Delaware Turtle Back of the Lenape tribe. It is a three story stone house with a basement and is filled to the brim with antiques which she inherited from her parents, grandparents, and great grandparents. Most of the walls are covered by bookshelves crammed with books of learning. Miryam has a photographic memory and knows where to find any book in the house which she or any of her friends wants to read. There are four cats and five dogs in the house, and in the fields, bees, chickens, ducks, geese, cows, not to mention the rabbits, deer and birds which I often saw through the windows. She also had a pond stocked with fish.

Miryam and I used to wake up around five o'clock in the morning when the cocks started to crow. Her first chore was cleaning the fireplace and starting a new fire. Then on with her daily round of chores, feeding the cattle, the goats, the chickens, ducks and geese as well as the birds and pets. Later, she would prepare breakfast. All the food served in the house was natural.

What I enjoyed most was the breakfast which consisted of cereals, a fruit stew made of various kinds of fruit, and a delicious homemade yogurt from the milk of her own cows and honey from her own beehives. During the fall, winter and spring seasons, Miryam also kept a hot pot going around the clock which consisted of a local apple cider mixed with various kinds of fruit juices, spices, ginger roots and a cinnamon stick.

When my wife and I came back to her farm in the winter of 1987, I was surprised to find that the stereo hi-fi system which was there when I first visited her in 1969, was still playing soft sweet music from a local radio station. She had kept this hi-fi system on twenty four hours a day from the time I first visited her in 1969. And I believe that she had already had it on for several years before.

There was a smaller house behind the main house, a greenhouse, a shop for her cooperative activities, a huge barn and a spring house which was originally used as a walk-in refrigerator.

Miriam's farm was known as a retreat where people came for rest and recuperation from the tension, confusion and depression of modern city life. It also functioned as a cultural center where every second Sunday of the month, a

variety of artists and musicians came to display their arts and crafts, entertaining the audience with their music and songs.

The animal population of the farm was always amazing. One day while I was sitting at a desk near the window, I was surprised to see a juniper tree full of bantam chickens. They were roosting on its branches in front of the window. It was in this environment that the inspiration came to me to write this book.

Thank you, Miryam



## Bima

In his search for the *Banyu Perwito Sari* or the Water of Life, Bima was attacked by a giant serpent in the middle of the ocean. He was able to overcome this obstacle

## **Introduction**

The character and behavior of a human being is formed by two influences—those which originate from the soul and those which come from the natural and cultural environment where the person is born, raised and lives.

Before my soul had grown and developed, my opinion was only the opinion that was conditioned by my cultural environment. Born and raised in the metropolitan city of Jakarta, my opinions as well as my way of thinking, were typical of modern intellectual man. I only believed in what I could see and experience and what I could see and experience at that time was very little and limited to the coarse physical realities.

My religious and spiritual concepts were also very narrow. It was not a religious and spiritual consciousness based upon true experience, but indoctrination by my religious teachers. In the European Dutch school, I learned about Christianity and after school I was taught Islamic concepts by my Muslim teacher. It was all limited to the realm of believing and imagining, not witnessing and experiencing.

After receiving spiritual enlightenment through Bapak Muhammad Subuh Sumohadiwidjojo (hereafter referred to as Pak Subuh. Pak is short for Bapak and means father.), the founder of the Subud spiritual brotherhood, (see *Inner Wisdom, A Journey through Seen and Unseen Worlds* by the same author) I realized that the realities in the spiritual world were different than what I was made to believe and imagine.

For instance, I was told by my Islamic teacher that if I strictly obeyed the rules and regulations of Islam by following the Holy *Qur'an* and the *Hadith* (the sayings and examples given by the Prophet Mohammed), then when I died, my soul would go to heaven and enjoy life, doing nothing but eating, drinking and sleeping in the company of beautiful “sweet seventeen” angels.

Later on, I realized that the souls in the hereafter do not live in heaven doing nothing. On the contrary, they are busy working and doing things which

they were in the habit of doing when they were still living in their physical bodies. Even the angels are not living an idle life. They are working very hard keeping law and order in the unseen world.

Before having my own spiritual experiences, I had been indoctrinated with many prejudices against religions other than my teacher's religion. I therefore had acquired prejudices against Animism, Ancestor Worship, Buddhism, Hinduism and Judaism. The Muslim teacher made me believe that all Christians would go to hell whereas the Christian teacher said the same thing: Christianity was the only way to salvation. Unless you become a Christian, you would go to hell.

Within the Subud spiritual brotherhood, people from all creeds and walks of life live harmoniously together because Subud is not a teaching. It does not have its own dogma and theory. It only opens a way for human beings to receive a direct contact with the Light Of God. It is the Light of God within a person which will guide them towards an inner awareness of religious and spiritual experience.

When I was new in Subud, I became a Subud fanatic. I only wanted to talk about Subud and to be with Subud members all the time and I still carried the long imprinted prejudices within me. But as the soul develops into a broader soul, one's scope also expands. Prejudices gradually lose ground and an attitude of tolerance and understanding emerges. One realizes that not only angels, even *setans*, as the creation of God, have a role to play.

It is in the interest of human beings to safeguard and maintain their human qualities. However, God does not give these for free. Each person has to undergo a test or pass an examination. The *setans* are God's instruments for this test. One should not fall under the influence of the *setans* and become a devil instead of a human being.

*Setans* are the original inhabitants of this world and worldly matters are their domain so one cannot avoid them. Human souls are only guests in this world. They are sent to live here temporarily, to witness God's creation from the lowest level and gradually climb up to the highest. A human being, therefore should not be tempted by the *setans* and fall into their trap only to be imprisoned in this world forever.

People in Java are generally more aware of the existence of *setans*. But whether one is aware of *setans* or not, they can exercise a strong influence. Human beings, in fact, are better off if they are aware of them. It is a very bad situation if one is influenced by them without being aware of them because *setans* can easily infiltrate the mind, imagination, emotion and will of human beings. This is actually the reason why people can commit the most senseless murders and evil crimes. *Setans* can even influence and push people to commit suicide. People are most vulnerable to be infiltrated by the *setans* when they are drunk or high through drug abuse or lose consciousness through other means, for instance, by being in a state of trance. Whether one wants it or not, while living

in this world, one cannot avoid them.

In this regard, I admire the old traditional Javanese. They have a great capacity for tolerance and open mindedness. Fanatical Muslims mock and criticize them because their Islamic practice is not strictly Islam but interwoven with other older religious practices. The old traditional Javanese just brush away such criticism with a gentle smile. They understand that there is only One Almighty God. But they also realize that there are many other spiritual beings that play an important role in this world and all of them are made and created by God to fulfill certain functions.

The Javanese accept a policy of peaceful co-existence with these spiritual beings: "Pay them their dues and they will let us live our lives in peace."

"Paying their dues," however, does not mean that the Javanese acknowledge these spiritual beings as their gods. They are simply realistic in accepting the fact that these spiritual beings exist and have the power to influence the lives of human beings. "Paying their dues" is rather like paying a certain tax to a government agency or in a worse case, paying a ransom to a gang of bandits.

Java is an island lying six to nine degrees below the equator. It is the fifth largest island of the Indonesian Archipelago, encompassing 13,677 islands. Indonesia is also called "*Nusantara*," meaning "a chain of islands." Indonesia is located on the crossroads between the Pacific and the Indian Oceans and between the Asian and the Australian continents.

The Indonesians call their country "*Tanah Air Kita*." *Tanah* means land, *air* means water and *kita* means ours. "*Tanah Air Kitah*" means our land and waters. The water area of Indonesia is greater than the land area. Java and the surrounding islands which are an integral part of it, has an area of 133,000 square kilometers and is inhabited by more than one hundred million people. There are about eight hundred people per square kilometer of land in Java, which makes it the most densely populated place in the world.

The magnetic power of Java is very strong. It is difficult for people to leave once they set foot on the island. The land is rich and fertile, and the climate is without snow, long drought, calamitous storms, or typhoons. Nature takes a mild and gentle attitude to it.

The Land of Java is very old. The remains of Java Man or *Pithecanthropus Erectus*, which were discovered in 1891 at Trinil in Central Java, are reckoned to be about one and a half million years old.

The upper class of today's Javanese are of *Aryan* origin. They belong to the same *Aryan* race that came through the Khyber Pass from Central Asia, conquering and ruling other races eastward across the Indian subcontinent and south into Java. The word *Arya* is still used in Javanese royal titles, for instance, *Gusti Pangeran Haryo* (meaning Lord Prince *Arya*) and in Javanese names like, Haryono, Hartono, Haryadi, Harsubeno, Hartati, Haryati, Hardiyati, Hartini, etc.

I was inspired to write about Java because of its rich and interesting mys-

tical world which is largely unknown and probably very strange to the Western world and mind. In the past, these true mystical experiences were never written down as the Javanese preferred to be very discreet about their mystical world which was passed on in whispers from gurus to small numbers of their closest disciples.

This book may be the first attempt by a son of Java to bring this mystical world out into the open. May I be forgiven if in this attempt I unintentionally offend anyone.

Amen,

The Author



## Wonoroto

After going down a long, tree shaded road, one feels elated upon entering this village. The wide open landscape of padifields gives a sense of relief and happiness. Scattered hamlets resembling little islands in the sun, the tall coconut trees waving in the sky, all extend a warm homecoming welcome.

## Chapter One

### Wonoroto

I was born in Jakarta, the capital of the Republic of Indonesia, on the 24th of June, 1930. Jakarta is located on the northern coast of West Java. My parents, however, originally came from Central Java. My father was born in Jogjakarta, and my mother came from Purworejo, a town about 40 miles west of Jogjakarta. My parents moved to Jakarta when my father took up a job as a government official with the Department of Home Affairs.

Although I was raised and educated in Jakarta, on long school holidays, we children were sent on vacation to my mother's parents' home in Central Java. In this way our contact with our original home and its culture was maintained.

My grandparent's house was located in a small and rather remote village called Wonoroto which is about three miles outside of Purworejo. After going down a long, tree shaded road, one feels elated upon entering this village. The wide open landscape of padifields gives a sense of relief and happiness. Scattered hamlets resembling little islands in the sun, the tall coconut trees waving in the sky, all extend a warm homecoming welcome.

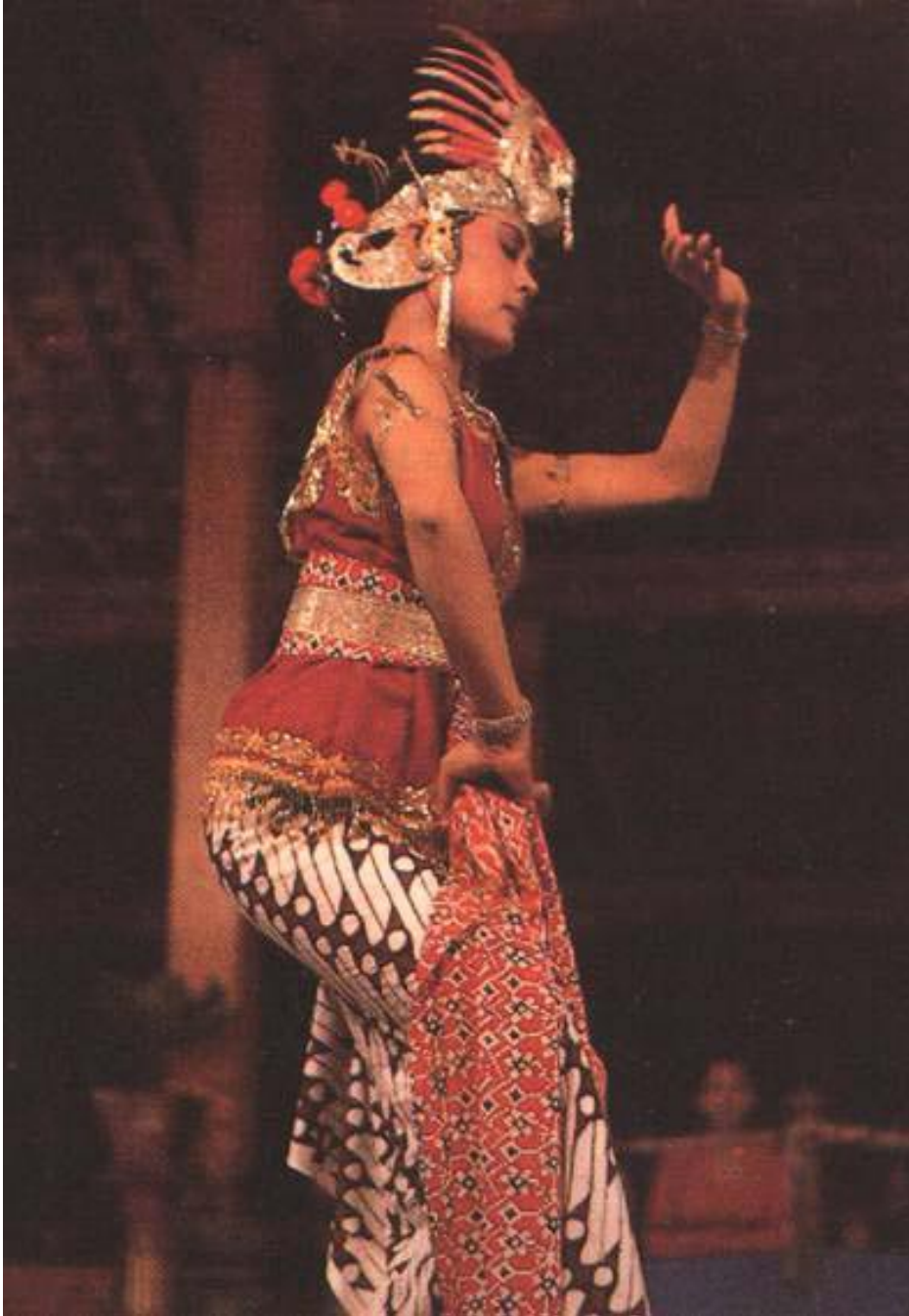
I always enjoyed being in my grandparent's village. It was to me a tropical paradise. At dawn, I would be awakened by the crowing of the cocks. A beautiful sunrise would be smiling at me when I opened the window.

Nature was peaceful and quiet. Over the padifields squadron upon squadron of dragonflies, all sizes and colors, swarmed in the air, swiftly diving at times to catch their prey of tiny insects. When the sun was high above my head, a fresh and gentle breeze would caress me. Sunsets were colorful with flocks of birds flying home enriching the evening scenery. On moonlight nights, a little stroll with relatives and friends was a treat all its own. When no moon was shining, thousands upon thousands of fireflies sparkled more brightly in the dark night. Rain was always welcome on a hot sunny day. And at night, the sound of the rain and the cool air always made me feel cozy sitting on a long bamboo bench by the flickering kerosene light or sleeping under my sarong in bed.

I enjoyed bathing in the clear and shallow water of the river which flowed over a bed of volcanic stones. Sometimes, I joined the village boys herding their sheep just for fun, but my favorite pastime was riding on a buffalo's back while the animal was grazing.

People in the village were bound together as one big family. Social events were plentiful. The village had its own *gamelan* (a five scale musical instrument) orchestra. At a very young age, village children started to practice on these. They also learned the Javanese classical dances. As they grew older, they might

also join the *wayang wong* group, which is a classical drama depicting the old *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata* legends simultaneously in music, song, story telling, dancing and acting. Colorful costumes add to the glory of these performances.



The more sacred events were the *selamatan*s. *Selamatan* is derived from the word *selamat*, meaning safe. A *selamatan* is a gathering where the host invites people to come for dinner and prayers. This is a community affair. Relatives, neighbors and friends come to share in the preparation of the food. When everyone arrives, usually about seven o'clock in the evening, and is seated cross-legged on mats on the floor, the leader of the ceremony (usually an elderly man, learned in religious teachings as well as traditional customs) conducts the prayers which are for the safety, well-being, happiness and prosperity of the person

for whom the *selamatan* is being given. After the prayers, there is an intermission during which the younger generation bring in the food for the festivity. Then the leader of the ceremony explains the meaning of the dishes which symbolize many different things.

A *selamatan* is given when a child is born, when the wound of the baby's navel is healed, and yet another on the thirty-fifth day after birth, which is the cycle when a day in the seven-day week meets a day in the five-day week of the Javanese Calendar.

Besides the week which consists of Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturdays, as in the West, the Javanese have the five-day week of their Lunar Calendar, whose days are called *Legi*, *Pahing*, *Pon*, *Wage* and *Kliwon*. If a person was born on Tuesday–*Pon*, this is considered the person's real birthday which determines their astrological character, fate and cosmic influences. The Tuesday–*Pon* birthday returns every thirty-five days. The Javanese do not celebrate the date of their birth, but their "*wetonan*" or "*wiyosan*" (in High Javanese), meaning the day when they emerged from the womb.

The thirty-fifth day *selamatan* is also dedicated as the *selamatan* for the mother of the new born baby. After this *selamatan*, she is allowed to resume intimate relations with her husband. When a baby touches the earth for the first time, that is, when he or she starts to crawl, a *selamatan* is given. Another *selamatan* is given when the child is circumcised at the coming of age. The most elaborate of all is the series of *selamatans* given for a wedding, which last for several days. There is also a *selamatan* when the bride is seven months pregnant, expecting the birth of her first child.

Besides private *selamatans*, there are also public *selamatans*. For instance, a *selamatan* for the birth of the Prophet Mohammed. A *selamatan* in the month of *Suro*, a sacred month when the family heirlooms should be cleaned, bathed and oiled. And the *Lebaran* or *Idulfitri* celebration at the end of the *Ramadhan* fasting.

*Selamatans* are not only given for the living. They are also given for the souls of the deceased. There is a *selamatan* before the funeral procession, and later in the evening after the funeral. Following these, *selamatans* are held on the third, on the seventh, on the fortieth, and on the hundredth day after death. There is a *selamatan* on the first anniversary after death, the second anniversary after death, and a last *selamatan* is given on the thousandth day after death.

The month preceding *Ramadhan* or fasting month is called *Ruwah*. *Ruwah* is derived from the word *arwah*, meaning the souls, who now live in the hereafter. It is known in Java that the souls of relatives, parents and ancestors come to visit during this month. Therefore people in Java give a *selamatan* called *ruwahan* which is a *selamatan* to greet and welcome the visiting souls. A further *selamatan* for the deceased is given towards the end of the fasting month. This is called *punggahan* derived from the word *munggah*, meaning going up. It is given to wish the visiting souls a safe and good journey back up to heaven. A *selamatan* is also given before the planting of rice. And of course, the *selamatan* at harvest time is a very happy occasion.

People in Wonoroto are materially poor by Western standards. But they

do not feel poor amongst themselves. They are happy, content, generous, sociable, hospitable, honest, and have a sense of humor as well. Most of them are the descendants of the followers of Prince Diponegoro, who fought against the Dutch colonial rulers.

Many heirlooms in the form of *krises* (sacred daggers), spears and other objects are still to be found in the Purworejo area which was the last stronghold of Prince Diponegoro.

Failing to crush Prince Diponegoro after four years of fighting (1826-1830), the Dutch finally succeeded in luring him to come to Magelang (a town about 30 miles north of Purworejo) for a truce negotiation. His troops were not allowed to enter the city, so he came to the negotiating table alone. As a noble prince, raised and educated to observe a strict code of chivalry, honoring ideals of bravery and honesty, he did not suspect that it was a trap. Instead of respecting him as a guest, who came to negotiate peace, the Dutch captured and exiled him to Sulawesi, an island north of Java, where the prince died of old age and grief.

During the Dutch colonial rule, the Indonesian people were suppressed and enslaved. They were even deprived of the opportunity to obtain adequate education. Under Dutch colonial rule, only six and a half-percent of the Indonesian people could read and write. The rest were kept illiterate.

Fortunately, cultural education could be passed from generation to generation by word of mouth and through music, song, dance, acting, storytelling and oral poetry. The most important cultural and moral education passed on was in the form of the *wayang kulit*, a shadow puppet play.

The people's hopes were kept alive by legends and prophecies. One legend tells of the eccentric *wali*, Sheikh Siti Djenar, who lived during the time of the Nine *Walis* in the fifteenth century. (A *wali* is a true and enlightened saint.) After receiving the contact with the Light of God, Sheikh Siti Djenar no longer wanted to observe the ritual religious obligations or the *shari'at*. He only cared about the inner truth, the absolute truth or the *hakekat*, which is the union between man and God through the contact with His Light. He considered all else rubbish.

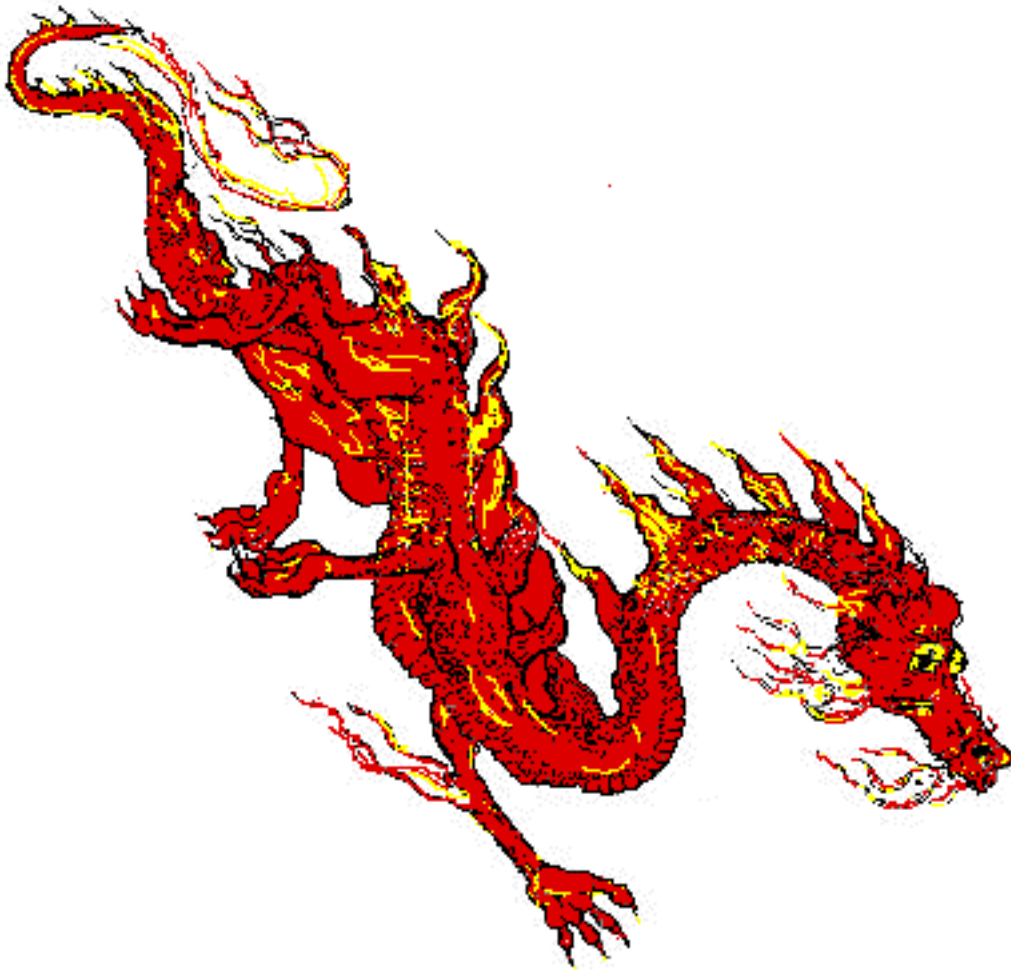
The other *walis* were very concerned about this situation. While it is true that those who receive enlightenment are able to receive direct guidance from God, few people are fortunate enough to receive this. The masses needed to be taught religious teachings and rituals to give them a moral education and a code of conduct in society. If people followed the example of Sheikh Siti Djenar, the other *walis* thought there would be chaos. The council of *walis* tried to solve the problem by inviting Sheikh Siti Djenar for a meeting. But Sheikh Siti Djenar would never come. Finally the council of *walis* decided to kill him in order to keep peace and order in the Islamic community and to avoid chaos and confusion.

After he was killed, they heard a voice saying: "I accept my death. But my vengeance will come with the arrival of an albino buffalo, who will enslave you and your descendants for three and a half centuries." The "albino buffalo" came

in the form of the Dutch, who enslaved the Indonesian people for three hundred and fifty years. This explains why a relatively small number of Dutch people could colonize more than a hundred million Indonesian people. No matter how hard the Indonesian people tried, they could not chase the Dutch away from their homeland.

When the spell resulting from the curse of Sheikh Siti Djenar was over, without any effort by the Indonesian people, the Dutch were thrown out of Indonesia by the Japanese in 1942. The Dutch surrendered to the Japanese almost without a fight.

About the coming of the Japanese, King Joyoboyo prophesied as follows: "Java will be ruled by yellow midgets for a corn's lifetime." The yellow midgets were the Japanese who ruled Indonesia for three and a half years.



## Gandrik

or “Mr. Thunder”

Thunder is an ordinary physical phenomenon. But Gandrik, as a spiritual entity, can manipulate and control it at his discretion.

## Chapter 2

### Animism in Java

In the Webster unabridged dictionary animism is described as:

- “1. The belief that all life is produced by a spiritual force separate from matter.*
- 2. The belief that natural phenomenon and objects, such as rocks, trees, the wind, etc. are alive and have souls*
- 3. The doctrine of the existence of the soul as independent matter.*
- 4. A belief in the existence of spirits, demons, etc.”*

I was educated from the age of four in a European Dutch school in Jakarta, and indoctrinated after school hours into the Islamic religion by an Orthodox Muslim *Ustad* (teacher). I therefore believed that the practice of Animism was a superstition. However, after experiencing and witnessing the spiritual world myself, I came to realize that there is a solid truth behind the practice of Animism.

All religions mention the existence of spiritual beings (like *setans*, *djinn*, angels, etc.) and the existence of souls and life after death. It is the inability of human beings to experience and witness the spiritual world and the souls contained within it which cause them to conclude that these things do not exist. Experience has always been the best teacher.

One cannot go very far by just believing in what other people say. What other people say may in turn be based upon what they heard from another and another and yet another, etc. They will deviate further from the truth the further they go from the source.

Wonoroto is a typical village in Central Java. When you enter it, you find

an unspoiled world that makes you feel you are living in a timeless age. As of this writing, there is still no electricity there.

The pace of life in Wonoroto is slow, nobody is in a hurry. Everyone works to earn their daily living, sometimes till very late at night. You see people walking at two or three o'clock in the morning carrying heavy loads of farm produce or other merchandise to faraway markets. But they walk in a relaxed manner talking to each other on the way.

All the necessary work will get done on time, however. Timing is a very important factor to an agricultural community which heavily depends upon the mercy of Mother Nature. But they do their jobs in relaxed and natural ways, at ease, and in harmony with nature.

Although everybody in the village is a Muslim, they have not discarded the old religious beliefs and practices. Harmonious synchronization of the various practices seems quite natural to them.

Provided you understand the Javanese language, this can very obviously be seen in their *selamatans*. Their Islamic prayers are recited melodiously in heavy Javanese accents. They are aware of the existence of Allah as the One and Only Almighty God. They acknowledge the Prophet Mohammed as the Messenger of Allah. But they also acknowledge the existence of the spiritual beings, who live in and control certain areas of the village. They beg them not to disturb and harm their village and community. They pay homage and express their gratitude to the founder of the village and they ask for blessings from their ancestors, and send prayers for their ancestor's well being in the hereafter.

There are two huge banyan trees in the village, both enclosed by a bamboo fence. The first one, located on the northeastern side of the village is called "Serut." The villagers always try to avoid this place. They are even afraid to cultivate the padifields surrounding this sacred area. It has been known amongst them that Serut is the residence of a powerful fearsome spirit, known as Kyahi Serut.

Raden Subroto Tirtowiranu is an elderly man who holds the position of deputy village head in Wonoroto. His prestige and wisdom, however, goes far beyond that of the village head himself. Subroto told me that one night he had a spiritual experience in which he was shown a spiritual view of Serut. In this experience, he saw Serut as a big mansion. He saw the master of the mansion, Kyahi Serut, as a powerful fearsome looking spirit. In the mansion were several inhabitants of Wonoroto who had died. Apparently, their lost souls live in this mansion as the slaves or servants of Kyahi Serut.

When I came to Wonoroto in 1960, I met with Kyahi Serut myself one morning around dawn. He was about ten times taller than a coconut tree and carried a young chicken in his hand. I was surprised to hear this "chicken" crying like a girl. When I looked more closely, I saw that the chicken was the soul of a girl. I stopped Kyahi Serut and asked him why he was doing this.

With a brief snarl, he said, "Mind your own business," and vanished.

Later that morning, I inquired around the village whether a girl had recently died. I was not surprised when they confirmed that a fourteen year old girl had just died.

The other sacred banyan tree is located on the southeastern side of the village and is called Krapyak. Krapyak is known as a place where Eyang (grandfather) Lokajoyo used to come for a rest or to relax and contemplate. Krapyak is a cool and peaceful place over looking the Mongo River. Once a year in the month of *Suro* of the Javanese Lunar calendar, the place is cleaned and a new bamboo fence is erected around the sacred area. Eyang Lokajoyo is known as a good Grand Old Man. He helps many villagers who sincerely ask his help.

In the month of *Suro*,<sup>\*1</sup> after the villagers clean the place, several families, who are convinced that their prayers for help have been positively responded to by Eyang Lokajoyo, sacrifice goats. The goats are slaughtered under the banyan tree, prepared and cooked on the spot and served as a meal for the *selamatan* which takes place under this banyan tree. As many as fourteen goats can be slaughtered on such an occasion.

The souls who inhabit these places are not, of course, enlightened souls, although they may be powerful. Other unenlightened souls may choose to retire in a remote place, for instance, in the mountains or in the ocean.

The Javanese royal families still faithfully send their yearly offerings for the souls of their ancestors retiring in the Merapi and Lawu mountains as well as those residing in the Indonesian Ocean south of Java.

Other natural phenomena such as rain and thunder are also considered to have their own souls and personalities and hence their own will. For this reason, some people in Java can call a rain to come or refuse a rain to fall. It is a popular practice for people in Java to do the, *narang udan*, a practice to refuse or postpone the rain when they wish to have a big celebration. Simple people do it with simple means, such as a small red onion and a red chili stuck together at the point of the bone of a coconut leaf and saying the wish or the *mantras*. Important persons call on the help of spiritually potent persons and powerful heirlooms such as an ancient *kris* or spear.

There are *kris*es and spears especially designed for such purposes called, *singkir banyu*, meaning to avoid water. There is one of these heirlooms in Wonoroto in the form of an ancient spear whose name is Kyahi Awu-awu Langit, meaning the Master of Gray Skies.

One day as we were about to start a sightseeing trip in an open horse drawn coach the rain started pouring down and all around the sky was colored dark gray. I told Raden Subroto Tirtowiranu and my son, Laksmonosusilo, to try

<sup>\*1</sup> The first of Suro is the Javanese New Year. Some believe that the first of Suro symbolizes the beginning of life. Many people honor the first of Suro, which means honoring the existence of holy life, moreover honoring the Almighty God, the Creator of life.

Kyahi Awu-awu Langit and see how he performed. My son was reluctant and doubtful and told me that it would not work under such an obvious condition. I told him that there was no harm in trying and that the condition was ideal to give the heirloom a real test.

He finally agreed. They went into the heirloom quarter, pulled Kyahi Awu-awu Langit from his sheathe and asked his help to stop or postpone the rain. The rain instantly stopped and the sightseeing trip went on. Although we saw the rain falling all around us and in the distance, it did not fall on us. After we got back home from the trip, the heavy rain started to fall again in our village. Kyahi Awu-awu Langit had proven himself to be worthy of his great name. He is a remarkable spear, who radiates a fragrant smell.

Besides *singkir banyu* (to avoid the water) heirlooms which can maneuver water, there are also *singkir angin* (to avoid the wind) heirlooms which can maneuver the wind and *singkir gromo* (to avoid the fire) heirlooms which can maneuver fire. Having such heirlooms in the house is like having your house protected against typhoon, flood and fire.



Another natural phenomenon that has its own soul is thunder which is known in my village in Central Java as “Gandrik.” Legend tells us that Ki Ageng Selo, the great grandfather of the founder of the Mataram dynasty, once had a fight against Gandrik. Ki Ageng Selo was so powerful that he could capture Gandrik in his hand. Gandrik acknowledged his defeat and surrendered. He asked to be released and promised never to attack any descendants of Ki Ageng Selo.

When I was a boy my grandmother told me to say: “*Gandrik, kulo putunipun Ki Ageng Selo,*” meaning, “Gandrik, I am the grandson of Ki Ageng Selo.”

If you say this, she said, Gandrik will never touch you. I considered this a mere legend, until Pak Subuh told me the same story about Ki Ageng Selo. Since that time, I began to take it seriously.

In the famous Demak mosque on the northern coast of Central Java, one can still see a pair of door leaves with a design of the Thunder carved on it by Ki Ageng Selo. In this design, the Thunder has a head, body and tail. It looks almost like the design of a dragon but with flames branching out from the body.

Pak Subuh told me that one day in the early thirties in Semarang, during a heavy rain, a Thunder came down to him, moved around his body three times and then went away exploding in a big Thunderbolt in the sky. When Pak Subuh asked the Thunder why he did that, the Thunder replied that he was just paying Pak Subuh homage. Pak Subuh also told me that the Thunder has a head, a

body, a tail and long hair like a living being.

I also had an interesting experience in connection with Gandrik. In the late seventies, about a half a dozen of my trained horses were hired by an equestrian school and one of my mares delivered a foal. I did not know that the mare was pregnant when she was sent to the equestrian school. My horses were kept free out in the open on my ranch in the mountains, and apparently this mare was served by a young colt which was also in the herd. After being at the equestrian school for about five months this mare delivered a foal.

I was not there when it happened but my son Laksmonosusilo told me that the foal was claimed by the General and immediately taken to the General's ranch in the mountains. My son was very upset about this, but we as civilians could do nothing to claim our right against a powerful army general in a third world country. I told my son to surrender and submit this matter to God and ask for His justice. I stayed up several nights in a row to do a *prihatin*.

Not long after that, I heard that two of the General's favorite fillies died on the race track, one with a broken leg had to be put to sleep. On his ranch, his best and only imported stallion standing as a stud suddenly died of a colic and his best younger stallion (born in Indonesia) was struck dead by a Thunder while inside the stable. These four casualties happened within a week.

The General called me on the phone and told me about his incredible misfortunes and we decided to meet at the equestrian school. He told me that he was really puzzled that in the space of a week four of his best horses had died.

"And mind you," he said, "the young stallion was struck by a Thunder while still inside his stable."

I told him that he should give me back my foal and this he did without hesitation.

In my area in Central Java, people would not dare to say an oath: "May I be struck by Gandrik if I do not say the truth." Those who had said this and lied had really been struck by Gandrik in our village.

When Sultan Hamengku Buwono the VIIIth died, a Thunder displayed his homage by thunder explosions, although it was a clear day. (The Sultan is a descendant of Ki Ageng Selo.) Thunder is an ordinary physical phenomenon. But Gandrik, as a powerful spiritual entity, can manipulate and control it at his discretion. In the book, *A Dictionary of Angels* by Gustav Davidson, Gandrik is referred to as "Lord of Lightning" or "Angel of lightning."



When people in Java give an offering and place the offering under a tree, a big stone, or other places, they do not worship these objects themselves, but give the offering to the souls residing in them. They do not regard and worship these souls as gods, but just as powerful spiritual entities.

Long before the arrival of Islam and Christianity, the Javanese were already aware of the existence of the One Almighty God, Whom they refer to as *Dzat Ingkang Moho Kuwaos*. *Dzat* means substance, *Ingkang* means which, *Moho* means great, *Kuwaos* means mighty. *Moho Kuwaos* means Almighty. Thus *Dzat Ingkang Moho Kuwaos* means The Almighty Substance or The Almighty God.



That natural phenomenon such as Wind and Water could be commanded, is also mentioned in the New Testament in chapter 8:22-5 of St. Luke:

“Now it came to pass on a certain day, that he went into a ship with his disciples: and he said unto them, Let us go over unto the other side of the lake. And they launched forth. But as they sailed he fell asleep: and there came down a storm of wind on the lake; and they were filled with water, and were in jeopardy. And they came to him, and awoke him, saying, Master, Master, we perish. Then he arose, and rebuked the wind and the raging of the water: and they ceased, and there was a calm. And he said unto them, Where is your faith? And they being afraid wondered, saying one to another, What manner of man is this! for he commandeth even the winds and water, and they obey him.”

In 6:45-51 of St. Mark it is said: “And straightaway he constrained his disciples to get into the ship, and to go to the other side before unto Beth-sa-’i-da, while he sent away the people. And when had sent them away, he departed into a mountain to pray. And when even’n was come, the ship was in the midst of the sea, and he alone on land. And he saw them toiling in rowing; for the wind was contrary unto them: and about the fourth watch of the night he cometh unto them, walking upon the sea, they thought it had been a spirit, and cried out: For they all saw him, and were troubled. And immediately he talked with them, and saith unto them, Be of good cheer: it is I; be not afraid. And he went up unto them into the ship; and the wind ceased; and they were sore amazed in themselves beyond measure, and wondered.”

Jesus Christ derived his power to command nature from the Light of God. Ki Ageng Selo derived his power to control the Thunder by cultivating the essence of fire within him and Amat Sayuti Suryosuwarno derived his power to master the wind by cultivating the essence of air within him.



Old Traditional Javanese in Javanese costumes

## Chapter 3

### A Grand Old Man

In 1983, a friend of mine who was a colonel in the army, invited me to go for a trip to Central Java in his car. As I had nothing to do in Jakarta, I was very happy to go. As we approached Central Java after driving for ten hours through the night, I told him that I had a house in a village called Wonoroto, about 3 miles outside of the town of Purworejo. I suggested that we stay overnight there. He readily accepted. After driving for two more hours, we arrived at my house at 8 o'clock in the morning where we rested. The day was Thursday-*Wage*. (*Wage* is one of the days of the Javanese lunar calendar, see chapter one.)

My friend, Bambang Sri Hastobroto, the colonel, told me, "Tonight will be the Friday-*Kliwon* night, which is a very special night for gaining spiritual strength. We should bathe in a *tempuran* (the waters where two rivers meet) to get the greatest benefit of this sacred night. We need a guide in order to be able to do it in the most efficient way. Otherwise, we would not know when the special spiritual power comes. If we go by ourselves we might have to wait in the water the whole night. But I know an old man, who knows exactly when this spiritual power comes. So we would not have to stay in the water the whole night."

I was reluctant to join in such a venture. I had never done it before and the idea of dipping myself in the cold water at night made my whole body shiver. But the colonel seemed very sincere and I did not have the heart to hurt or disappoint my guest by saying no. So I nodded my head. After resting for a few hours, the colonel left to find the old man. He was lucky in finding the old man, who came along with him to my house.

He was known in the village as Amat Sayuti. He lived in a small hut in a remote village called Tangkisan, a few miles south of a little town called Kutoarjo in the heartland of Central Java. He had practiced celibacy all his life. He ate and

drank very little and hardly slept at all. His physique was small and very thin. His body contained hardly any flesh and certainly no fat.

Standing beside me, his head hardly reached the height of my shoulder. But his eyes were shiny and he had a deep penetrating glance. I met him for the first time in 1983, although he is related to my mother's father's family. He was then already 123 years of age.

I thought that I would get a splitting headache when I met with him because usually such a person needs a very strong will and passion to be able to fast from sex, food, drink and sleep all his life. But I was surprised at the fine soothing vibration that radiated from him.

When I met with the Antelope High Priest of the Hopi Indians in Arizona in the early seventies, I had encountered this same kind of vibration. The fasting of the old man and the Antelope High Priest was not motivated by willpower and passion, but was inborn, and a natural way of life for them. As a result, they had a clear insight into this physical world as well as the world beyond.

Amat Sayuti was illiterate, but his ability to communicate with the spiritual world gave him access to an unlimited source of knowledge and wisdom. Amat Sayuti and I began to like each other from the very first time we met. Our meeting was one of those rare coincidences which might occur once in a life time.

"It is very difficult for me to leave the house on a Friday-*Kliwon* eve. But Bambang just kidnapped me," said the old man.

After the usual introductory rituals, the old man asked my permission to go for a walk, accompanied by Raden Subroto Tirtowiranu, the deputy village head, who happened to be at my house. Later Subroto told me that the old man had inquired about my house. The old man said that he had made frequent visits to my house when Eyang (grandfather) Singgopawiro, my mother's father, was still alive in the late 1880's and early 1990's. (My grandfather died in 1931)

The old man said, "I still remember the old tamarind tree under whose shade grandfather Singgo used to contemplate and give discourses to his disciples. But the house was an old fashioned wooden structure then, and now there is a modern stone house erected there. Did grandfather Singgopawiro sell the house to this new owner?"

"No," replied Subroto. "The new owner of the house is the grandson of Eyang Singgopawiro."

"Oh," exclaimed the old man. "Then he is a relative of mine."

Because I was born in Jakarta, and the capital city kept me busy all the time and I also had to make frequent trips abroad, I had never met the old man before, even though we were related.

At 8 o'clock in the evening, the old man rushed us along to the river. Besides Bambang and myself, Subroto and Sastrowinoto, the eldest and most learned man in the Javanese culture, who is also the Imam (leader in the Islamic religion) of the village, came along with us. After a short ritual and prayer, the old

man told us to undress and plunge into the water. There was a gibbous moon in the sky and the night was very calm and quiet. I merged myself with nature and was enjoying the serene and peaceful atmosphere.

The old man did not undress. He was wearing two layers of sarong, a shirt, jacket and a *peci* (traditional Indonesian black cap) on his head. He came to each one of us and showered our heads with water. Having merged myself into nature, I was not being observant of what was going on and my mind was in a blank state. The water in the river was shoulder deep and cold. I knew that the old man came to me and showered my head with water, but my mind did not bother to think how this old man could stand beside me on the water fully dressed. There was a little commotion when the old man came to Subroto.

“Stay away from me!” the old man shouted.

I looked at them and saw that Subroto was grabbing something under the old man’s feet and the old man was chasing him away.

I heard Bambang cry out, “Oh, it is so cold.”

The old man responded, “Is it too cold for you?”

“Yes, very cold,” said Bambang.

The old man took a *kris* (a traditional Javanese dagger) from under his jacket, unsheathed it and made a cross in the water with it. Suddenly the water of the river became lukewarm.

I was aware of this and Bambang shouted again, “Oh, how nice.”

After staying in the water for about an hour, I saw a green light like an umbrella in the sky above us. I was not sure whether Bambang, Subroto and Sastrowinoto were aware of it. They did not seem to react or respond to it. They did not even look up into the sky. But I knew that the old man was aware of it because after the light disappeared, he said, “Finish,” and told us to get out of the water.

Later I asked Subroto what he was trying to find under the old man’s feet. Subroto said that he wanted to know whether the old man was standing on a stone or on the water.

“Did you find a stone under his feet?” I asked.

“No. The water was shoulder deep and I was amazed that the old man’s sarong stayed dry,” said Subroto in bewilderment. Only then did I realize that the old man was floating on the water.

After the *kungkum* (merging oneself in the water), the old man did not want to stay any longer. He seemed to be in a hurry to go home. His house in Tangkisan village on the outskirts of Kutoarjo, was only 15 miles away from my house in Wonoroto, on the outskirts of Purworejo. We drove him home. Subroto chose to spend the rest of the night with the old man. Bambang, Sastrowinoto and I went straight home after dropping them in front of the old man’s house.

The following day, Subroto had a very interesting story to tell us: “When we arrived, there were several people waiting for him in his house. After all of

them had left, the old man took me for a walk. It was a rather dark night as the moon had disappeared below the horizon. I stumbled several times crossing the padi fields in the dark and got tired trying to keep up with the old man and stopped to rest. The old man told me to hold his sarong. A few seconds after I held his sarong, we arrived at the tomb of Kanjeng Ratu Bagelèn (Her Majesty the Queen of Bagelèn). It was a distance of 15 miles. The old man burned some incense and gave an offering of flowers.

“From the tomb of the Queen of Bagelèn, the old man took me to a beach on the Segoro Kidul (the Indonesian Ocean south of Java) in the same way. We arrived there in a few seconds. And it was a distance of approximately 20 miles. After we arrived, the old man told me to get a banana leaf from a special banana tree called the King Banana. I grabbed a banana leaf in the dark, not knowing whether it was a King Banana leaf or not. Anyway, I gave it to him, and he accepted it. He then burned incense and put the burning incense with some flowers on the banana leaf and placed them on the water of the ocean. Suddenly a big wave came along and swept his offering into the ocean. I followed the banana leaf with my eyes by the flickering fire of the burning incense. The fire got smaller and smaller as it floated farther and farther away toward the middle of the ocean until it finally went out of sight. The old man sat quiet for awhile. Another big wave came along and brought back the banana leaf. The flowers and incense had gone. He said that the offering had been accepted by Kanjeng Ratu Kidul (the Queen of the Southern Ocean). He stood up and told me to hang onto his sarong and we went floating home to his house. I took my leave as I had my office duty to attend to in the morning. He walked along with me to the main road. When we said our goodbyes, he told me that if I walked on without looking back, I would arrive home before dawn. But I could not suppress my curiosity. As soon as I thought he was out of sight, I looked back. When I looked back, my legs became as heavy as lead instead of the light feeling I had before. I walked and stumbled the whole 15 miles and arrived home at 10 o'clock in the morning, tired, miserable, and haunted by a feeling of guilt.”



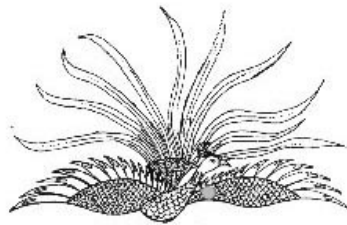
## **Kanjeng Ratu Kidul**

Queen of the South Seas

Sofjan Vogel is a citizen of Switzerland. He had tried for more than a year to draw a picture of the Queen of the South Seas without success. Learning about this, Mas Prio told Sofjan to tell the Queen that he had commissioned him to draw her. That very night Sofjan was shown a vision of the Queen of the South Seas emerging from the ocean on a horse drawn carriage. Sofjan drew her picture while her body was still dripping wet. However, she did not want to show her face even though Sofjan requested her to do so six times.

When Pak Subuh, the founder of the Subud spiritual brotherhood, was still alive, he once told me that his grandfather could walk on the surface of water. Although I had always found that what Pak Subuh told me to be true, this walking on water was only a story to me. But that night I had the experience of witnessing that the Grand Old Man could float on the water. I did not feel anything special from this experience, only the vibration of the Light of God shaking my body. But this was not a new experience to me

However, after dipping myself in the water of the *tempuran* that night, a door opened for me to enter “*the Mystical World of Java*.” And through my frequent visits to the old man after our first introduction, I became more and more interested in Javanese culture and its mystical world.



I remember a story which Pak Subuh told me about Sultan Agung Hanyokrokusomo, the King of Mataram. It was known by the older generation in Central Java that Sultan Agung went to Mecca every Friday noon for his communal prayers. It was also told that upon his return from Mecca, the *apem* or rice cookies which were served before he left would still be warm. Sultan Agung had mastered the “*aji-aji sapu angin*” or the power to exploit and control the essence of air or wind.

According to Pak Subuh, there was a man from Purworejo, Central Java, who stayed in Mecca for 14 years to study the Islamic religion. His name was Kasan. Kasan had been longing to return to Java, but could not do so because he did not have the money to pay for the fare.

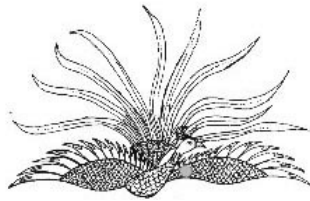
One day he was introduced to Sultan Agung, who was known in Mecca as *Lurah Tanah Jowo*, or the Village Head of the Land of Java. Kasan expressed his wish to return to Java to Sultan Agung. Sultan Agung agreed to take him back to Java and told Kasan to meet him after the prayers. When they met, Sultan Agung took Kasan to a quiet place in the desert and told him to cling to his waist and close his eyes and not to open his eyes until they arrived at their destination. When Kasan felt that they had arrived at a place he was familiar with, he opened his eyes. Kasan fell down onto a thick bamboo bush in the Purworejo area and he was able to find his way home.

Needless to say, his family was surprised and happy to have him back again. They thought that they had lost him forever. After being home for about a

year, Kasan decided to go and visit the *lurah* (village head) who had brought him back to Java. But he did not know where to find the *lurah*. When he had asked the *lurah* where he lived, the *lurah* only said that he lived in the Mataram area and that in front of his house there was a *wringin kembar* (two identical banyan trees).

After pondering about it for a long time, it finally dawned on Kasan that only a king would have a *wringin kembar* in front of his house. This realization made him tremble. He had been riding on a king's back. He made up his mind to go to Mataram to thank the *lurah* for his help in bringing him back to Java. Arriving in the capital of Mataram, Kasan did the traditional *pepe* (a request for an audience with the king, made by staying out in the sun with a naked chest in front of the banyan trees until summoned. *Pepe* literally means to dry oneself in the sun). Eventually, Kasan was given an audience by Sultan Agung.

According to Pak Subuh, Kyahi Abdurachman, a Sufi master, whom he visited when he was young, also went to Mecca for his Friday noon communal prayers by floating on the wind. Upon his return, Kyahi Abdurachman would bring a handful of sand from Mecca. Through the years, the garden of his mosque became covered by sand from Mecca.



My youngest brother, Sargito, came to Wonoroto, and I took him to see the old man. Sargito is a civil engineer by education, and a shrewd building contractor by profession. I could sense that Sargito was shocked when he entered the old man's house. He did not expect that the house of the old man would be such a tiny little hut.

"Don't behave like an arrogant rich man," said the old man. "I know that you only have (the equivalent of) \$20 in your pocket? Sit down. However bad I may look, I am still your relative."

Later my brother asked me if I had told the old man that there was only \$20 in his pocket.

"Did you tell me that you only carried \$20 in your pocket?" I asked.

"No," he said.

"Then how would I know that you only had \$20 in your pocket? You know that I am not in the habit of searching your wallet," I said.

"I thought so too. I just wanted to make sure that the old man knew about it by his own spiritual ability," said my brother.

Later our family financed some improvements to the old man's house.

According to the old man, during the War of Independence (1945-1949), his house, being the largest in the area, became the food supply depot for the Indonesian guerrillas who were fighting the Dutch colonial army. When the Dutch intelligence discovered this, his house became the target of the Dutch artillery who bombarded the area from Purworejo. His house was totally destroyed.



One night, when I was alone with him in his house, I asked to see the *kris* which he had used to warm the water of the river. He went into his heirloom quarter and gave me the *kris* to examine. It looked most unassuming, very ordinary. But when I put my right hand above the *kris* in order to sense its inner content, I was shocked by a powerful vibration.

“How did you get this *kris*?” I asked.

In answer, he told me the following story: “In 1920, when I was walking in the Cempaka Putih area in Jakarta, I saw a *tatit* (a kind of lightning) strike seven times on the same spot of earth. My grandfather had told me that this was an indication that there was a powerful *kris* buried under that spot.

“I marked the place with a couple of stones. The following morning I got a team of well diggers to dig below this spot. They had to dig 30 meters down before finding this *kris*. The last owner of the *kris* must have thrown it into a well which was later abandoned.”

Although the *kris* had been buried for several centuries, it was still whole. No part of it was damaged by rust. Holding it under the light of the kerosene lamp, I noticed a glow of bluish-violet light. I recalled that the late Pak Subuh had once told me that there is a high quality steel in Java, which is called *wesi lanang* (literally meaning male iron).

“Such steel has a bluish-violet glow and is superior to the best German steel,” Pak Subuh said.

Apparently, this powerful *kris* was made of *wesi lanang*. Later, the old man gave this *kris* to my elder brother, Erdy. When I asked why he gave the *kris* to my elder brother and not to me, he said that the power of this *kris* was directed towards the physical world and would not suit me. After saying this, he went into his heirloom quarter and brought back a small *kris* which was only 5 inches long.

“This *kris* was made by your ancestor Sunan Kalijogo.” (Sunan Kalijogo is one of the Nine *Walis* or Islamic saints of the fifteenth century).

“This is the *kris* you should have and it is yours now.”

I accepted the *kris* with both hands and thanked the old man for his gift.

I carefully unsheathed the *kris* to examine it. It had a crescent shape and one bend, which is known in the *kris* world as *jambio*. When I put my right hand above the *kris*, I felt a great calming and soothing vibration radiating from it.

One another occasion I asked the old man: "You are much older than me. Why do you call my grandfather Singgopawiro, grandfather too?"

"Because you and I belong to the same generation strata on the horizontal line. So although I am much older than you, according to the family tree I am only your elder brother." (We are, in fact, cousins.)

Another night, when I was alone with the old man, he gave me a relatively small spearhead. The spear had 5 bends, and also looked very ordinary.

"How did you get this spear?" I asked.

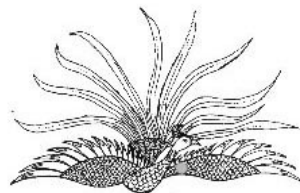
"I found it in the Kayu Lawang cemetery. One night, when I was wandering, I saw a *tatit* striking the same spot of earth seven times. I put a white stone on the spot to mark it. The next morning I came to dig it up myself. I did not have to dig very deep. I found this spear after digging for about three quarters of a meter.

"This spear, Ki Ageng Plered, is the spear which was used by Panembahan (general) Senopati to kill Haryo Penangsang, who claimed the throne of the Demak kingdom.

"After he died, Ki Ageng Joleko's soul also entered a spear. Namely, this little spear. This spear, Ki Joleko, flew away from the *kraton* (palace) and buried himself in Kayu Lawang. When I found him, Ki Joleko told me that although I was the one who found him, I was not supposed to own him, but just take care of him temporarily. I was supposed to give him to a relative of mine who would later come to see me. And just now, I was told that you are the one to whom this spear should be given.

"So it is yours now."

I respectfully accepted the spear with both hands and thanked him.



Kayu Lawang is a cemetery where the founder of Kabupaten Purworejo is buried. According to the old man, Kabupaten Purworejo was originally a minor kingdom and the first *kabupaten* to be established in Java and later Indonesia. He said that the founder of this *kabupaten* was our ancestor (in my case from my mother's side) and his name was Tjokrojoyo.

The Mataram kingdom was trying to subdue this minor kingdom, but Eyang Tjokrojoyo did not want to submit himself to the Mataram ruler. None of the

*senopatis* (generals) of Mataram could conquer him.

In the old days many of the *senopatis* were weapon-proof. There were several highly sophisticated self defense arts specializing in this weapon-proof power. One of them is called *aji-aji tameng wojo*, literally meaning a steel shield. But Eyang Tjokrojoyo had a spear whose name is Kyahi Trijoto. Whoever got stabbed by this spear would not appear to be wounded outwardly. No blood would flow, but his body would be burned from the inside. He would soon wither and die.

As no one could stop Eyang Tjokrojoyo in battle, a cease-fire was called and a truce negotiation was held in a village between Jogjakarta and Purworejo which has since been called *temon* (literally meaning meeting place). The mediator of this meeting was Sunan Kalijogo (one of the Nine *Walis* or saints in Java). A *wates* (demarcation line) was drawn between Jogjakarta and Purworejo. The area between Jogjakarta and Purworejo has since then been known as *Wates*.

Eyang Tjokrojoyo was given the title of *bupati* (the equivalent of a military governor or regent), who was in fact the absolute ruler of the land known as *Kabupaten Purworejo*. (At that time Purworejo had a much bigger area than it has now). But he acknowledged the king of Mataram as the paramount king. Eyang Tjokrojoyo's direct descendants ruled *Kabupaten Purworejo* as *Tjokronegoros* for several generations before the Second World War.

Amat Sayuti's father was a son of the last *Tjokronegoro*. His name was *Tjokrokusumo*. *Tjokrokusumo* was not a first born son, but his mother was a daughter of Sultan Hamengku Buwono of Jogjakarta and became the *garwo padmi* (first lady) of *Bupati Tjokronegoro*. According to the tradition, *Tjokrokusumo* would inherit the *bupatiship* from his father. But his elder brother, born from another wife of *Tjokronegoro*, who was named *Soegeng*, was very ambitious and pleaded to be made the *Bupati* of *Purworejo*.

*Tjokrokusumo* gave in.

He said: "You can become the *bupati*, brother, but none of your descendants will ever become a *bupati*."

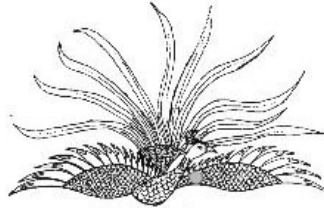
*Soegeng* succeeded to become the *Bupati* of *Kabupaten Purworejo*. But he did not dare to use the name *Tjokronegoro*. He is just known as *Bupati Soegeng*. *Tjokrokusumo* retired to the *kraton* (palace) of Jogjakarta to join his mother who lived there after the death of her husband. He died not long after his arrival in Jogjakarta. But in the meantime, his wife, who stayed in *Purworejo*, was already three months pregnant.

Before he left his wife to go to Jogjakarta, *Tjokrokusumo* said: "I am leaving you with the embryo of my son. When the time has come for you to deliver the baby, go to the tomb of Her Majesty the Queen of Bagelèn. Deliver the baby there and name him *Suryosuwarno*, *Raden Mas Suryosuwarno*."

But as his wife later retired to her parents village in *Tangkisan*, *Kutoarjo*,

she gave him the common unassuming name “Amat Sayuti.” So Raden Mas Suryosuwarno is known only as Amat Sayuti amongst the villagers. I was happy to have a common villager’s relation with him. He introduced himself as Amat Sayuti and I introduced myself as Prio, a relative from his neighboring village.

I thought an old illiterate man, who lived in a small remote village, would not be able to comprehend my doctorate degrees or that I had been traveling all over the world. But I was wrong. He knew more about me than I did myself. And I learned that he had also traveled to Europe and Africa, the Middle East and other places in Asia when he was young.



When I was visiting with him one day, he asked “What is your true ‘senior name’ from the inner circle (meaning royal court)?”

I said Suryoatmojo. *Suryo* means the sun and *atmojo* means son. So Suryoatmojo means son of the sun.

“Senior name” is a free translation of “*asmo sepuh*” in Javanese. *Asmo sepuh* literally means “old name,” but it is more like a “senior name.” A man is called by his childhood name until he gets established and married. Then people call him by his “senior name.” A “senior name” is not a family name as in the Western tradition. Every established Javanese has his own “senior name” which is different than his father’s or his grandfather’s name. I have never used my “senior name” in the modern world of the big cities, but in my village in Central Java, people called me by this “senior name.”

“Oh, it is very close to my own name. My true name is Raden Mas Suryosuwarno,” the old man responded when I had told him my senior name. (*Raden* is the abbreviation of *rah* meaning blood and *adi* meaning noble. *Mas* means gold, but it also means an older brother in Javanese.)

It was this introduction which had led him to tell me about his own origin as well as my ancestry from my mother’s side. As he seemed to know about my ancestry, one day, I asked him if he also knew about my wife’s line of ancestry. We were in the dark about it because my wife was adopted by my aunt (my father’s sister), who could not have a child of her own and she kept the secret of her adopted daughter very strictly until her death.

“In fact, I traced her line a few days ago,” he said.

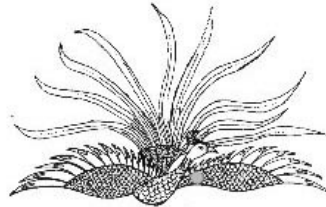
“Her ancestors came from a village between Purworejo and Kutoarjo called Grantung.

But none of her relatives live in this village anymore. They have all gone to

the big cities. In fact, she is related to you through your mothers line.”

It was remarkable that a few days after the old man’s disclosure, a great aunt of mine in Wonoroto came to give me a massage. Without being asked, she started to tell me about my wife’s parents and family line.

“I only dared to disclose this after the death of your aunt,” she said. And what she told me was exactly what the old man had revealed to me earlier.



Whenever I entered the old man’s heirloom quarter, I was always attracted by a spear which stood against the wall. As I was so attracted by it, I had asked the old man if I could have this spear.

“No. It is not a toy. It is a very important heirloom to me,” he said.

After asking about it three times and always being refused, I finally gave up.

More than a year later, I came to see him at 10 o’clock in the morning.

“Oh, I have been waiting for you,” the old man said. “This morning around 8 o’clock, her Majesty the Queen of Bagelèn came in her horse drawn coach. Our neighbors heard the bells on her horses ringing. The rhythm of her horse bells is nine counts whereas the rhythm of the horse bells of the Queen of the Southern Seas is eight counts.”

I recalled that when I was a boy in Wonoroto, I had several times heard the bells of galloping horses moving upstream on the river. The villagers called this sound, *tundan*. Not only me, but everyone in the village heard this sound. The villagers, including my grandmother, would respond to it by beating anything they could get hold of: a *lesung* (a wooden rice huller), a *kentongan* (a wooden signal beater), a *tampah* (a woven bamboo tray) or just the wooden or bamboo wall of the house.

While doing this, they would say: “*Liwat, liwat, liwat*,” meaning: “Pass by, pass by, pass by.”

As the Queen of the Southern Ocean lived in the ocean south of Java, she would travel by the water ways to go to Mt. Merapi, or any where else inland. Ordinary people could hear the sound of the horse bells, but could not see them. Only a few people with psychic ability could actually see them.

Pak Subuh told me that when he was still living in Semarang, the Queen of the Southern Ocean came to pay homage to him. Her arrival was heralded by a heavy rain storm. Pak Subuh said that the color of her dress was *ijo pupus*,

meaning the color green.

Even today, people in Java are afraid to wear green colored clothing when they go to the beach of the Southern Ocean. There have been many accidents where women wearing green colored dresses were swept away by the waves of the Southern Ocean. The Queen of the Southern Ocean is very powerful and has a huge army of followers. According to the old man, the Queen of Bagelèn is an elder sister of the Queen of the Southern Ocean. The maiden name of Her Majesty the Queen of Bagelèn was Loro Sari Kuning whereas the maiden name of Her Majesty the Queen of the Southern Ocean was Loro Sarwi Kuning.

The old man told me to follow him into his heirloom quarter.

There he handed me the spear I had been wanting to have.

“What do you mean by this?” I asked.

“Her Majesty the Queen of Bagelèn instructed me to give Kyahi Trijoto to you,” said the old man.

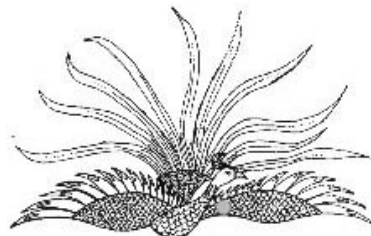
“I was trembling. No wonder he was not willing to part with it—it was the powerful Kyahi Trijoto, which Eyang Tjokrojoyo used to defend his territory from the invasion of the Mataram army. I was trembling, excited and nervous, and the spear fell out of my hand, bending out of line.

The old man had left the room when this happened. I was shocked by the accident and I slowly tried to straighten the spearhead. To my surprise, I could easily straighten it back into line. It felt as soft as wax when I did this. When we sat together at the table, I asked him how he got Kyahi Trijoto.

“From Eyang Tjokrojoyo, it went through the hands of the Tjokronegoros. As Uncle Soegeng was not the legal heir of Kabupaten Purworejo, from the last Tjokronegoro, it was given to my father, Tjokrokusumo and he gave it to my mother to be given to me,” said the old man.

Kyahi Trijoto was the only physical connection the old man had had with his father, who died before he was born.

In the past in Java, a “*pusoko*” or heirloom played a very important role. A king would give a *kris* as a credential to his ambassador. In his absence, a man’s *kris* could even represent him at his wedding to marry his bride.



One night, while I was asleep in Wonoroto, I was visited by two ladies (in a dream). They did not say anything, but just smiled. The following morning I went to see the old man.

"Last night, I was visited by two ladies," I started to say.

"Yes, I know. One of them is Dewi Rantramsari. The other one is Sinom Perdopo. They are friends and usually travel together," cut in the old man.

"How do you know?" I asked.

"Because they came to see me after visiting you," said the old man.

"Where does Dewi Rantramsari live?" I asked.

"She lives in this area," said the old man.

"Where does Sinom Perdopo live?" I asked.

"In Padam Aram," said the old man.

"You mean Pandan Aran north of here?"

"No," said the old man. "Padam Aram is a far away place in the Middle East.

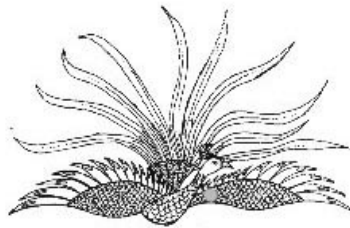
"She is an assistant of Nabi Suleman (the Prophet Solomon)," said the old man.

"What was the purpose of their visit?" I asked.

"They wanted to help you," answered the old man.

I could not believe or accept what he said. How could an illiterate man know about the geography of the Middle East? I had never heard about Padam Aram myself.

When I returned to Jakarta, one morning I visited the house of my daughter, Sri Purwati, who married Haris Hoar from England. There was an open book on the table which Haris was reading. On the open page of the book there was a map of the ancient Middle East. And there on the map I saw a place called "Padam Aram." So the old man was not just pulling my leg.



One day when I came to visit him he asked me in high Javanese: "*Menopo panjenengan nate nglumpati segoro?*" (meaning "Have you ever jumped over the ocean?").

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Have you gone overseas flying in an airplane?" asked the old man again.

"Oh, yes, many times," I said.

I never told him that I had traveled around the world several times, because I thought it would not interest an illiterate old man.

"Who told you that I had been traveling overseas?" I asked.

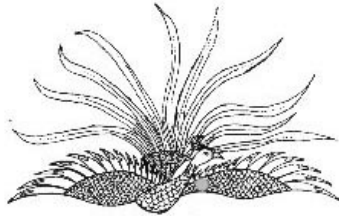
"The Queen of Bagelèn," he said. "She came to tell me that although you

have flown over the territory of Eyang Krakatau several times, you never asked his permission or paid him homage. So the ancestors of Java have not as yet accepted you back.

“One of the ancestors of Java lives on the top of Mt. Krakatau and is known as Eyang Krakatau. The Queen of Bagelèn told me to tell you that you should pay your homage to Eyang Krakatau by dipping yourself in the water of the Java sea (the sea north of the Island of Java) on a Wednesday-*Legi* eve.”

I was indeed having constant bad luck after returning home from America. Our family had to be supported by our children’s joint effort. Fortunately, we had ten of them, because I had no income for eight years and ten months.

But as soon as I did what I was told by the Queen of Bagelèn (through the old man), my luck changed for the better almost immediately. Apparently, in terms of the subtle Javanese ethic, by ignoring the ancestors of Java, I was considered arrogant, and had to be taught a lesson. Due to my Islamic education, I was indeed ignorant of the “*Mystical World of Java*.” I was not even aware of its powerful existence until I was introduced into it through the Grand Old Man.



When I was going to build a *pendopo*, an open hall in front of the main house, I told the old man that I was going to build a house.

One day when I came to visit him, he remarked: “Oh, I did not know that you are building a palace? You told me that you were just going to build a house.”

“Well, I am just going to build a *pendopo* and will later, cost permitting, build a living quarter behind it, not a palace,” I said.

“Eyang Tjokrojoyo, (the founder of Kabupaten Purworejo) told me that you are building a palace, better than his *kabupaten* (in this context *kabupaten* means the building, mansion or palace which becomes the residence and office of the *bupati*). He said, ‘My grandson is building a palace better than my own.’ You were lucky that he did not feel offended by it, but happily accepted it,” said the old man.

“And you have his blessings,” he added.

“Not only Eyang Tjokrojoyo, Eyang Bagelèn, the Queen of Bagelèn, also said the same thing,” said the old man again.

Although my original intention was just to build a simple shelter with a thatch roof, it later developed and unfolded itself into a beautiful, harmonious

and elegant looking *pendopo* which has since become the seat of the souls of kings and queens and many other important persons. It is a real palace in “The Mystical World of Java.”

As predicted by his youngest brother, Tjokrokusumo, none of Bupati Soegeng’s descendants became a *bupati*. In fact, after he retired, the bupatiship of Kabupaten Purworejo, was occupied by outsiders, not members of our family line.

But Eyang Tjokrojoyo still keeps an eye on his *kabupaten*. If he does not like the person who occupies his *kabupaten*, he will do all sorts of odd things, like moving a person from their bed into the stable while they are sleeping. Bapak Kartoharjo, who later became the Bupati of Purworejo, told me, that once he had to go on a business trip to Jakarta. As the work in Jakarta took a longer time than he thought, he could not get back to Purworejo in time for the Friday-*Kliwon* offering. When he finally returned home, he found a cable waiting for him from the Minister of Home Affairs. His term as the Bupati of Purworejo was terminated.

Bupati Suharto, a former student of mine in The Academy of the Ministry of Home Affairs, who later became the Bupati of Purworejo, took the precaution of only working there during the day and living in an ordinary house outside the kabupaten walls.

I have met with the soul of Eyang Tjokrojoyo. He certainly looked like a very powerful, no-nonsense man. I was glad that he gave his blessings to my *pendopo*. I certainly would not want to offend him.

One day, during the early stages of the construction of the *pendopo*, I found the old man very weak and pale.

“Oh, I feel so weak and powerless as if all my bones have gone,” he said.

“Why?” I asked.

He took me into his heirloom quarter. There I saw that the pile of incense residue had broken into three pieces. Through years of incense burnings, the residue had piled up about one meter high. And now it was broken into pieces.

“This has been the terminal of my communication with the spiritual world. Eyang Bhagawan Mayangkoro came here last night and broke it into three pieces with his foot. He told me to bury the heart of it (the middle part of the incense residue) in the middle of your *pendopo*. From now on it will be your *pendopo* which will be used as the station of the ancestors of Java.

“I saw the end of my life coming. I will soon die,” said the old man.

“No, no, you should not die. We still need you here,” I said.

However, weak though he was, he asked me to take him to Wonoroto. There he buried the heart of the incense residue in the middle of the *pendopo* floor.



When we were sitting alone one night in his house, I asked “Who is Eyang Bhegawan Mayangkoro?”

“Eyang Bhegawan Mayangkoro is Hanoman, the white monkey,” said the old man.

He has to be joking, I thought, because Hanoman is just a figure in the Javanese *wayang kulit*, the shadow puppet play.

The old man disregarded my doubt and continued with his story: “When he was young, Hanoman was a powerful *senopati* (general), who always came to help the kings who fought for a good cause. He was, in fact, the protector of those who received the light of *Wishnu*. As he grew older, however, he started to devote himself to his spiritual well-being. He has been living as an ascetic and is known as Bhegawan (Sage) Mayangkoro.

“But he is still around. Your *pendopo* is actually his project,” said the old man.

“When did you meet with Eyang Bhegawan Mayangkoro for the first time?” I asked.

“When I was six years old,” said the old man. “At that time a daughter of the Susuhunan of Surokartohadiningrat, Sunan Pakubuwono the Xth became blind. Her parents were very sad and did a *prihatin* (fasting from food, drink and sex) until they were told by the voice of an invisible person that the only one who could cure their daughter was a six year old orphan, who lived in the Purworejo region and was known as Amat Sayuti.

“So the Sunan called uncle Soegang, who was then the Bupati of Purworejo and told him to look for this orphan. I was sent to the *kraton* (palace) of Surokartohadiningrat.

“I did not know what to do, so during the night I took a walk in the *aloon-aloon* (the large meadow square) in the front of the palace. When I arrived in the middle of the square, I saw the top branch of the banyan tree bend towards me.

“It was Eyang Hanoman who bent the tree branch and who told me to pick three leaves from the branch and use them to caress the eyes of the princess. I did as I was told and the princess could see again,” said the old man.

“From what kind of sickness did the princess suffer that caused her to become blind?” I asked.

“Oh, it was just a curse for something wrong that she did,” said the old man.

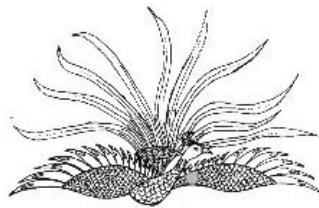
I still did not believe and could not accept what he said about Hanoman. But when I arrived in Wonoroto, I found my son Laksmonosusilo trembling.

“What is the matter?” I asked.

“I saw a huge white monkey. First, I saw his tail hanging. When I looked further up, I saw his body. He was hanging on the inner middle roof of the *joglo*.” (The *joglo* is the roof structure at the center of the *pendopo* which forms its crown).

Apparently the figures in the Javanese shadow puppet play are not just a fictional invention or a fairy tale, but the *wayang* (meaning shadows) of real spiritual beings in the spiritual world. No wonder that this *wayang* culture is still very much alive although its origin is thousands of years old.

Another *wayang* figure whom many people in Java have seen in the spiritual world is Semar. In the shadow puppet play, Semar plays the role of a loyal servant of the *Pendowos* (the good guys). But he is also known as Sang Hyang Ismoyo, a *Dewa*. Recently, Ki Semar has been seen frequently in Java. I was surprised when a member of a strong mystical group in Central Java showed me a photograph of Ki Semar. It was said that upon the request of the leader of this mystical group, Ki Semar agreed to be photographed. In the photograph, Ki Semar looked like the Semar figure in the *wayang* or shadow puppet play, but is seen in all three dimensions, not flat like his shadow puppet.



One night when I visited the Grand Old Man, he told me that Eyang Ratu Bagelèn had told him to tell me that I should do a *kungkum* ceremony again. This time at the *tempuran* of the Bogowonto river and the Jali river, near his house. My first *kungkum* had been at the *tempuran* between the Bogowonto river and the Mongo river near my house.

So on a Friday-*Kliwon* night, I took my son Laksmonosusilo and the deputy village head of Wonoroto, Subroto, with me to the old man's house and he guided us to do the *kungkum* ceremony. I felt more comfortable and at ease doing the *kungkum* this time. After the *kungkum* we went back to his house and chatted for awhile. When I told him that I should go home because the following day I was going to Jakarta, he held me back as if he did not want to part from me. I had to ask his permission to go three times before he finally released me.

Two nights after my arrival in Jakarta, my son Laksmonosusilo telephoned me: “Eyang Sayuti just died,” he said.

The year was 1986. I went to my elder brother Erdy's house, and together we flew by plane to Jogjakarta and took a taxi from Jogjakarta to the old man's house which is about 45 miles from Jogjakarta going west. Many people came to show their respect to the old man. His body was laid in state ready for departure to the funeral ground when we arrived. His adopted granddaughter gave me a huge package wrapped in a *batik* sheet. It was the old man's heirlooms.

"Eyang told me to give all his heirlooms to you. He said that you are the only one strong enough to keep them," she said.

I felt fortunate that Almighty God had guided me to meet this old man. Otherwise his knowledge and wisdom about the mystical world of Java would have been lost forever with his death.

He never spoke about these matters to the simple village folk around him, nor to my elder brother Erdy or my youngest brother Sargito or to his other guests, who came from faraway cities. They would not have been able to understand him anyway. The old man was willing to relate his knowledge and wisdom to me because he knew that I had developed my inner spiritual eye. Thus I was able to experience and witness the truth of what he said. If he had told this to others, they might have thought he was insane. By the Will of God, we were able to be together for a thousand days before he died.

I miss him very much. Fortunately, our relationship and communication does not stop with his death. While I was here in the U.S.A., he came to see me and took me on a journey to Central Java where I was introduced to the soul of His Majesty Sultan Hamengku Buwono the Vth of Jogjakarta. The Sultan lives in a cool and quiet place near the "Kaliurang" waterfall on the slope of Mount Merapi. I was told then that my mother's family sprang from his line.

The most recent visit by the old man happened on the 26th January, 1989, while I was asleep in my house in Virginia. He asked me to come along with him on a trip to Java. We went to the top of Mt. Selamat in Central Java. There I was introduced to the soul of Ki Ageng Selo (*ki* is the abbreviation of *kyahi* meaning master and *ageng* means great) who told me that he is my ancestor.

Ki Ageng Selo is known for having a very great supernatural power. When I met Ki Ageng Selo at his residence on top of Mt. Selamat, he was just wearing shorts with his chest naked. He did not look fierce or awesome. On the contrary, he was slender and handsome. He did not have a beard or a moustache and his hair was cut short. His eyes were rather slanted like my mother's or mine.

His slanted eyes reminded me of a conversation I overheard between my mother and her cousin, my aunt, when I was a little boy. It was about the fact that some members of our family were born with rather slanted eyes. I heard them saying that one of their ancestors came from Champa, which is now called Cambodia. Later I learned that the ancestor was called Prince Rachmat.

Prince Rachmat's mother was the daughter of the Sultan of Champa who lived in the middle of the 15th century. The Sultan was an adherent of the reli-

gion of Islam. Prince Rachmat's father was an Arab merchant. Prince Rachmat's aunt, who was a younger sister of his mother, called Princess Dhorowati, became the wife of King Kertowijoyo of the Mojopahit kingdom (1447–1451). Prince Rachmat was trained and educated in the religion of Islam by his parents. When he reached the age of twenty, he had a strong urge to go to Java to visit his aunt. With the approval and blessings of his parents, Prince Rachmat, who had by then mastered the Islamic religion, went to Java. His aunt, Queen Dhorowati, was overjoyed. At the request of Queen Dhorowati, King Kertowijoyo honored Prince Rachmat with permission to stay permanently in Java. The king also granted him a residence and a fief of 3000 households in Ampel Dento, near Surabaya, East Java.

Prince Rachmat was also authorized to teach the Islamic religion in Java. He later established a large Islamic school in Ampel which became a center for the spread of Islam in Java. Prince Rachmat was widely known as Sunan Ampel. Sunan is the title of a *wali* or an enlightened saint. In 1450, Sunan Ampel married Nyai Manilo, a noble lady of Tuban. The Champa blood in my mother's family line originated from Eyang Sunan Ampel.

I was wondering how a handsome and fine looking gentleman like Ki Ageng Selo could be so powerful—and that very instant, I saw with my spiritual eye a powerful fire burning within the chest of Ki Ageng Selo.

In the past, it was known in Java that man could develop great supernatural powers. By mastering and exploiting the essence of earth, for example, one can achieve "*aji-aji bandung bondowoso*," a very great supernatural power by which one can shake or move a mountain. According to Pak Subuh, Panembahan Senopati possessed this power. By mastering and exploiting the essence of water, one can cover oneself and the surrounding area with a mist to become invisible (*aji-aji siluman*).

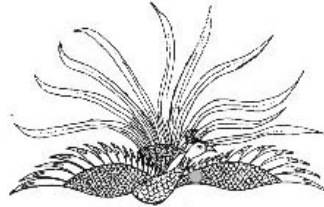
Once the old man took me to visit a tomb. He said that the tomb was that of Eyang Betitit, who is one of our ancestors. He told me that he is called Eyang Betitit because he could disappear in the mist. By mastering and exploiting the essence of air or wind one can also walk as fast as the wind (*aji-aji sapu angin*). And by mastering and exploiting the essence of fire one can throw a fireball to an enemy from a distance (*aji-aji gelap ngampar*). It was told that the thundering voice of a man who had mastered the *aji-aji gelap ngampar*, could stop the heart of his opponent from beating, thus killing him.

In the past, when battles were fought in face to face combat, people in Java were developing their individual personal strength by achieving supernatural powers. Nowadays, one may still see some leftovers of such a culture, such as people who can walk barefoot on an open fire. But these are very basic and coarse examples compared to the highly sophisticated power of, for example, Ki Ageng Selo.

Nowadays, in the physical world, man has been able to exploit and har-

ness the inner energy of material elements, like for instance atomic energy. In the past, people in Java exploited and harnessed the essences of earth, water, air and fire through inner spiritual power.

The souls of those people who had developed supernatural powers still remain and live on this earth because such supernatural powers were achieved through a very strong will and self-discipline. In order to be able to leave this world and return to God, one has to be able to surrender one's will to the Will of God. (see *Inner Wisdom* by Prio Hartono).

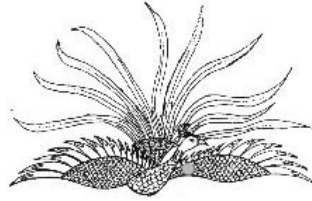


I was introduced to my ancestors from my mother's line by the Grand Old Man, Raden Mas Suryosuwarno. It was the inner of Pak Subuh, who came to me one night and told me that my father is a descendant of Sunan Kalijogo. Sunan Kalijogo is a descendant of Sheikh Maulana Maghribi. In our family tree, Sheikh Maulana Maghribi is known as *Kyahi Ngatas Angin*, meaning a *Kyahi* (master) who came from overseas. Sheikh Maulana Maghribi is a descendant of Sheikh Abdulkadir Jaelani of Baghdad. And Sheikh Abdulkadir Jaelani is a descendant of the Prophet Mohammad.

My first meeting with the soul of Sunan Kalijogo in the spiritual world was in Malang, East Java, in 1958. He came to accompany the inner of Pak Subuh to see me. He was wearing a black robe. I did not know who he was. When I met with Pak Subuh in Jakarta after this experience, I asked him who the man in the black robe was. Pak Subuh said that he was Sunan Kalijogo.

The second time I met with Sunan Kalijogo in the spiritual world, we were sitting side by side amongst a small group of souls, the souls of the former *walis* of Java. This small group of souls were listening to a discourse by the inner of Pak Subuh. Apparently now Sunan Kalijogo has become a disciple of the inner of Pak Subuh, although previously he was Pak Subuh's spiritual guide and ancestor.

I have also met with the soul of Sheikh Abdulkadir Jaelani. He made it clear to me that my father is one of his descendants. Only after this experience did I understand why the Javanese kings of the Mataram dynasty bear the titles: "*Senopati ing ngalogo*" (a general in the battlefield), "*Sayidin panotogomo*" (a descendant of the Prophet Mohammed, the regulator of religion). Of course, my mother's and my father's line have crossed each other several times along the way down.



It was Pak Subuh who guided me towards the way of the prophets. I believe that it is due to what I have achieved in receiving the way of the prophets that has motivated the souls of the ancestors of Java to come closer to me. They need a way to liberate themselves from this earthly life.

I wish and pray that I may be able to be of some help to them. Amen.

The way of the prophets is a special privilege given by Almighty God to persons of His choice. The great life force of God himself transformed the prophets into beings capable of receiving guidance and messages directly from Him. The prophets then conveyed the words of God to their followers in the form of religious teachings. But the prophets could not transform their followers the way the great life force of God transformed the prophets.



Krakatau  
or Mt. Krakatoa

There are two giant forces hidden within this mountain, namely the Krakatoa volcano and Eyang Krakatau, or Grandfather Krakatoa, an ancestor of Java who controls and supervises the waters of the Java Sea.

## Chapter Four

### **The Unseen World**

My first experience with the unseen world happened in Jogjakarta in 1946 when I was sixteen years old.

When the news reached Indonesia that Japan had surrendered to the Allied Forces, Indonesia, through Sukarno and Hatta, proclaimed her Independence on the 17th of August, 1945. Unfortunately, the Dutch came back to Indonesia behind the Allied Forces after Japan's capitulation. This started the bitter War of Independence between Indonesia and the Dutch, who attempted to recolonialize her. However, history was on the Indonesian side. Apparently the spell from the curse of Sheik Siti Djenar was over. No matter how hard the Dutch tried, they did not succeed in conquering the Indonesian people this time.

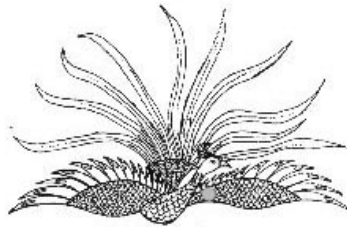
During the war, the capital of the newly born republic had to be temporarily moved from Jakarta to Jogjakarta. Our family also moved to this new capital. We moved to Jogjakarta during the last quarter of 1946.

Several weeks later, I fell ill from acute malaria. During this sickness, I did not sleep for forty days and forty nights. I was cured from this sickness after staying awake both night and day for this whole period. As well as being cured, I also felt as if I had become a different man. I felt very light and happy and filled with bliss. My mind was clear and bright and I felt very close to God. In this state I was never sleepy or tired. During this period, I started to see things I had never seen before, namely the unseen world.

One day towards the end of 1946, while I was sitting on the porch of my uncle Suratman's house in Tutu Kulon street, Jogjakarta, I saw a procession of royal coaches pass before me. One coach was drawn by eight identical white horses, another by eight gray horses, another by eight red horses, and still another by eight black horses. Besides the driver, on the back of each coach stood a valet clad in a colorful uniform. Royal couples dressed in the old Javanese traditional costumes rode in the coaches. They seemed to know me, because they looked and smiled and even nodded to me.

This procession was heralded by a rain storm. But as the coaches approached, the storm subsided and the procession was showered by a gentle rain. While the royal coaches passed, I could still see the usual traffic going on, people walking or running on the street, bicycles, cars, *bechas* (rickshaws), and *andong*s (a four wheeled coach drawn by two horses).

It did not occur to me that the procession did not really exist in the physical world, but belonged to the realm of the spiritual which could not be seen by the ordinary physical eyes. I only realized the truth several months later when I discovered that the stables of the palace of the Sultan of Jogjakarta were empty of horses. They had all been taken by the Japanese during the Second World War, and had never been replaced. The royal couples who rode in the coaches were the souls of the former kings and queens of Java.



I remember a day when I was a little child walking in the garden with my grandmother. Suddenly, all the chickens in the garden stood still and looked in one direction as if to follow the movement of a passerby. As they did this, they all made a uniform noise. Although I could not see anything, I felt that someone was passing by. It was my grandmother who told me that there was a spirit passing.

After that I had many more experiences of seeing the chickens in the garden suddenly stand still, making their peculiar uniform noise while their eyes followed the movement of an unseen person. In later years, when my spiritual eye had developed, I could also see the passerby when the chickens behaved this way. As my grandmother had told me, there really was a spirit that could not be seen by the ordinary physical eyes but which actually existed in the unseen world.

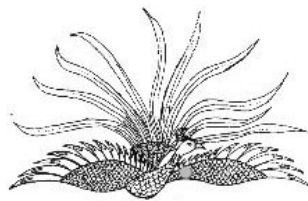
To give an example, in 1958, when we were still living in Malang, East Java, around three o'clock in the morning, I heard all the chickens which were housed in the backyard of our house making a peculiar uniform noise. I opened the door to the backyard to see what was going on. As I opened the door, I saw a spirit standing (or to be more exact, floating as his feet did not touch the ground) in front of the door. The spirit was in the form of a cadaver still wrapped in its white shroud. When I was a boy, I had heard people in Wonoroto talking about such a spirit which they called *Pochong*. At that time, I thought that they were just inventing such stories to frighten people. But now I realized that such a spirit

really existed. The spirit was apparently as shocked and frightened to see me as I was to see him. Both of us were mutually shocked. With a hair raising sound of “*Kweck*” he instantly floated away.

Why is it that chickens could see these spirits whereas most human beings could not? In the case of chickens and other animals, their inner corresponds to their outer, namely they have an animal body and an animal soul. Humans, on the other hand, although they have the physical body of a human being, their inner has very likely degenerated into the material level which causes them to be materialistic, individualistic and egoistic.

This explains why in this modern society one may read in the newspaper or watch on the television screen the news of an armed robbery in which people kill people in order to take possession of the material things belonging to the victim. For people with a materialistic soul, a material object is more important than a human life.

There is an active volcano about thirty miles northwest of Jogjakarta, named Mt. Merapi. In the old days, people would learn from the animals when the volcano was going to erupt. If the rats, ants, deer, tigers and other animals started to run down hill, it meant the volcano would soon erupt. People would follow the animals running away from the slope or the foot of the mountain. But when the movement of these animals happened at night, people whose instinct had become dead (due to the influence of the material forces) would get no warning of the eruption and would still be sleeping under their blankets when it happened. Another phenomenon of this kind is the fact that all the rats will leave a ship that is about to sink.



Before I saw the royal procession in 1946, Jogjakarta was attacked by a plague. It was a terrifying experience to see people dying like falling leaves. Many of my neighbors died. With my own eyes, I saw that when anyone became sick, that person would die only a few hours later.

After thousands of people had died, a popular appeal was made to His Majesty the Sultan of Jogjakarta to take the most sacred heirlooms of the Sultanate on a parade around the plague area. His Majesty, Sultan Hamengku Buwono the IXth, consented and soon *Kanjeng Kyahi* (Lord Master) *Tunggul Wulung*, a sacred heirloom in the form of a banner, accompanied by other sacred heirlooms in the form of *krises* (sacred daggers) and spears were paraded around Jogjakarta, escorted by the royal guard and drum band. The parade took

place in the evening and it was a most beautiful and thrilling experience to watch. The former kings and queens of Java were moved by this appeal. They promptly responded by parading themselves around Jogjakarta the following day and the plague soon disappeared.

Most people could only see the outer manifestation of this event. They saw the sacred heirlooms being carried around the town and how almost instantly the plague disappeared.

They did not know what was happening behind the scenes in the unseen world. It was the spiritual power of the former kings and queens, who chased the plague away in response to the prayers of their descendants.

How did the ancestors of Java chase away the plague? Although I was able to see them, parading in their royal coaches, I did not have a clue as to how they managed to chase the plague away. In later years, however, I realized that plague was brought and spread by spiritual beings. The ancestors of Java, who live in the spiritual world, could see these spirits and being very powerful souls, they were able to drive them away.

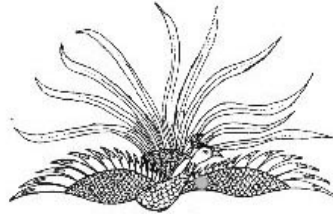
In 1958 when we were still living in Malang, East Java, I came home from a trip to Jakarta. I arrived home around midnight. When I entered my wife's bedroom, I saw two of my youngest children, my daughter Sri Purwati and son Martono sleeping with her. Both of them had chicken pox. When I opened the mosquito curtain of the bed, I saw a spiritual being which looked like a being made of the essence of water, jump out of the body of Sri Purwati into the body of my wife, Rukmiwati. The following morning Rukmiwati had chicken pox. Apparently, the spirit of the chicken pox attacked my son Martono, then moved on to attack Sri Purwati after which the spirit moved into Rukmiwati's body.

When I was in Jambi, Sumatra, in 1963, giving lectures to the Faculty of Law there, one night, I saw a giant spiritual being emerge from the water of the Batanghari river. This spiritual being wore a yellow robe and had a bald head. I was told by an inner voice that this spiritual being came from the China Sea to spread the cholera disease. The following Sunday morning, I went to visit the house of a medical doctor. While we were sitting on his porch, a delegation of people who lived on the bank of the Batanghari river came to ask the doctor for his help. A cholera epidemic had started to spread in their area.

The medical profession are able to discover the physical causes of diseases, like bacteria, viruses etc. But they do not know that there are spiritual beings who bring these instruments of sickness and spread them amongst people.

In the history of Java in the old days, when the country faced difficulties such as famine, plague and other disastrous events, the king and queen would refrain from food, sleep and pleasure and turn themselves to God for guidance and help. This act is called "*prihatin*" or "*topo*." A king or queen, who only indulged in pleasure, was certainly not in a position to help their country. On the contrary, their over indulgence might even bring disaster.

Indeed, human beings have the freedom to choose to be good or to be bad. To be highly developed or to lower themselves below the animal level. Through their own wrong doing, they can even degenerate into the material level. They can also develop into a higher being, who can see better than the animals, and even see far into the future, receiving visions of what will happen several centuries later.



It is interesting that after writing this chapter, on the 12th of February, 1987, President Ronald Reagan of the U.S.A. spoke about his ghost experience in the White House to a group of high school students. He had heard from many people that the late President Lincoln is still living in the White House. He, himself, had never met President Lincoln. But one night his dog was barking towards President Lincoln's room and stopped in front of the door. President Reagan went and opened the door, thinking that the dog wanted to enter the room. Instead, it just stood there, staring, but not wanting to enter. (This incident was broadcast on the TV program *U.S.A. Today* while I was in New York.)



## The Loro Mendut Temple in Central Java

In ancient Hindu and Buddhist religions, the ashes and relics of the deceased are placed within the temple.

## Chapter 5

### **Life after Death**

After reading the first chapters, readers may be wondering what happens to human beings after they die.

Human beings consist of two basic parts, namely, the eternal part and the temporary part.

The eternal part is the soul. It is eternal because it already exists before a human being is born here on earth. It will remain within them during their lifetime on earth and will continue to exist after they die.

The temporary part consists of their worldly life organs, namely, their physical organs and their mental life organs, such as the will, the mind, the passions and emotions. Although the mental life organs are immaterial, they are only of a temporary nature. They will disintegrate when a person dies. These mental life organs may even start to disintegrate before a person dies, as in the case of senility in old people.

There are three possibilities that may happen to people after they die.

The first possibility is the case of people, who during their lifetime here on earth, led a normal human life. However, they were not fortunate enough to receive enlightenment in the form of a direct contact with the Light of God. Hence their soul did not get a chance to grow, as only through such a contact could a soul begin to grow and develop. When such persons die, their body will disintegrate. Their soul which is still in the form of an undeveloped seed will be released from its former container and return to its place of origin. Such a soul may be sucked again into this world through an act of sexual union. When this happens it is called reincarnation.

The second possibility is in the case of people, who during their lifetime here on earth, led a very strong passionate life. For instance people who were carried away by the passion of greed. No matter how rich they became, they could never be satisfied. No matter how powerful they became, they still wanted more power. In order to reach their goals they work very hard, exercising their minds, their passions and will power to the limits. As a result, their mental life organs become very strong. When such persons die before receiving spiritual enlightenment, their bodies will disintegrate. But their mental life organs may have crystallized to such a degree that they will not disintegrate. Their soul, still in the form of an undeveloped seed, will be trapped within their mental life organs and thus unable to return to their place of origin. The souls of such persons will still be hanging around in this world after they die, contained or imprisoned by their mental life organs. In popular language, such a soul is called a spirit.

There are of course, many spirits living in this world unseen by the ordinary physical eyes. They live in communities as we do on the physical plane. The bigger and more powerful spirits become leaders and the ordinary and smaller spirits become their followers or subordinates. They also have their kings and queens as well as emperors and empresses, whose power and jurisdiction are no less than their counterparts in the physical world. As a matter of fact, they can also exercise their power in the physical level of human life.

For instance, when I was in Surabaya, East Java in 1958, one evening a man came to me for consultation. His name was Hasan and he was the father of nine children. He told me that for several years his family had been having bad luck. Each year, one of his children had died. So far, four of his children had died during the last four years. He asked me if I could do something for him. I felt sorry for him and did an instant spiritual testing to seek for an indication of the source of the problem. I instantly felt the vibration of a powerful and angry spirit. As I was moved to help him, I decided to visit his house to track down the source of this vibration.

Two friends of mine, who were fellow members of the Subud spiritual brotherhood, came with me. It was already past midnight when we arrived at his house. In the meantime, I was able to maintain the contact with the vibration of this spirit which made it easier for me to track down where it came from. As we entered his house the vibration grew stronger. I was then convinced that the spirit lived in his house.

A further search led us into one of the bedrooms in the house where several of his children were sleeping. Hanging on the wall above the children's bed I saw a small object wrapped in black cloth. It was the seat of a powerful spirit. At that moment, I not only felt the spirit's vibration but actually saw him becoming restless and very angry.

I asked Hasan what the object was and was told that it was a small but very old dagger. When I asked him to take it down, the spirit jumped to attack us.

I felt the wind of the blow pass by and hit one of the two friends who stood behind me. It struck Kusumo Sutanto, a rear admiral of the Indonesian navy. He almost fell over and was really shocked.

While still in a state of shock, he showed me the goose pimples covering his whole body. Fortunately, he was a person who had received the contact with the Light of God. Otherwise the blow would have been fatal. I suggested to Hasan that he throw the dagger away in the river. In the Javanese language such an act is called "*nglarung*," meaning, throwing an heirloom in the river. Hasan did not dare to do it. The other friend with me, Darmosewoyo, who was an elderly man, said that he would do it for Hasan.

Since the old dagger was taken away from the house, the family has lived in peace. However, the old man got tempted to keep the dagger and later I learnt that it has since taken another toll of human life. Such a spirit could take the life of a human being as easily as a powerful gangster in the physical world could if he became annoyed or angry. The spirit residing in the old dagger was angry because he was not given the offerings he was usually given by previous owners.

Jakarta is the capital of Indonesia as well as her main and most important harbor. It is an international cosmopolitan city. In this environment, the practice of giving any kind of offering is considered "*bijgelovig*" (the Dutch word for superstition). But after this experience, I began to understand why people in the rural areas of Java and Bali give offerings in sacred places. These people believe in a peaceful coexistence with the spirits who live side by side with them, but cannot be seen by the ordinary physical eyes. The whole idea of the offering is to make peace or please the spirit which resides in and controls the area.

As in the case of ordinary human society, there are bad guys and good guys and an innumerable variety of characters in between. Good spirits do not usually interfere in ordinary human life. After the one thousandth day celebration of their death, they usually go far away from their original home and family. But if a descendant was in real need of help, an ancestor, who is in a position to do so, would come to help.

The Javanese are aware that lip service prayers alone are not able to reach their goal. In order to make an appeal heard by Almighty God or the ancestors, or any other powerful being, they must prove their sincerity by doing a *prihatin* or *topo*. It is not easy to refrain from food, drink, sleep, the pleasure of sex and other indulgences of worldly living, especially in this modern world. However, if one can do so, it usually works.

An ancestor can only help and give protection down to the seventh generation of descendants. Therefore a Javanese *kraton* or palace is moved to another site after it has served more than seven generations. It is for this reason that these palaces were usually made of wood, although stone was available in abundance. That they had the technique to build stone structures is shown by

the various stone temples in Java.

The founders of dynasties usually did a lot of *prihatin* or *topo* in their struggle to form or set up kingdoms. They were usually born with a great soul as a result of the *prihatin* or *topo* of their ancestors. As they also did a lot of *prihatin* or *topo* themselves, they developed into strong persons.

But their children and grandchildren, having been born with an abundance of wealth and honor, may not feel the same need to live a *prihatin* life. On the contrary, they may be tempted to indulge themselves in the pleasures of worldly living. As they do so, the dynasty begins to deteriorate and their offspring degenerates. The founder of the dynasty, as a strong person, may still be able to protect and help up to the seventh generation of the dynasty. But beyond that, their spiritual power is no longer effective. If none of their descendants, who hold the throne, pay attention and follow their example in doing *prihatin*, the dynasty will collapse and the struggle to form a kingdom will start all over again.

Oddly enough, the successful contestant for the new throne has always been a descendant of the original king. The line of the Javanese dynasties has never been broken. However, it may not be continued by the line of the first born, who would legally inherit the throne, but by an offspring of a relative, who does not have the right of succession.

This may be a blessing in disguise, because being aware of their inferior status, the person not in line for the throne may be inclined to follow an ascetic life in a remote place. Their descendants become commoners, perhaps just simple farmers, although born of noble royal blood. This noble royal blood combined with a disciplined *prihatin* life will certainly produce high or good quality children and grandchildren, who may one day become the founders of new kingdoms.

The third possibility in life after death is the case of persons who during their lifetime were fortunate enough to receive enlightenment or the contact with the Light of God. This is, of course, the most ideal situation.

As a result of receiving the contact with the Light of God, the seed of the soul will start to develop and grow. From a small seed of a soul, it will grow and develop into a bigger soul and eventually outgrow its container, namely the mental life organs as well as the physical body. In the process of this growth and development, the physical body, as well as the mental life organs, undergoes a purification. As a result of this, the physical body will become healthier and stronger and the person will also become mentally calmer, more patient and brighter. When such persons die, their physical bodies will disintegrate. However, their purified, their purified mental life organs will remain intact, enveloped by the soul.

As the soul is an eternal element, it will continue to live forever and the purified mental life organs will also remain within the soul forever. It is the purified mental life organs which still remember and have the inclination to help their

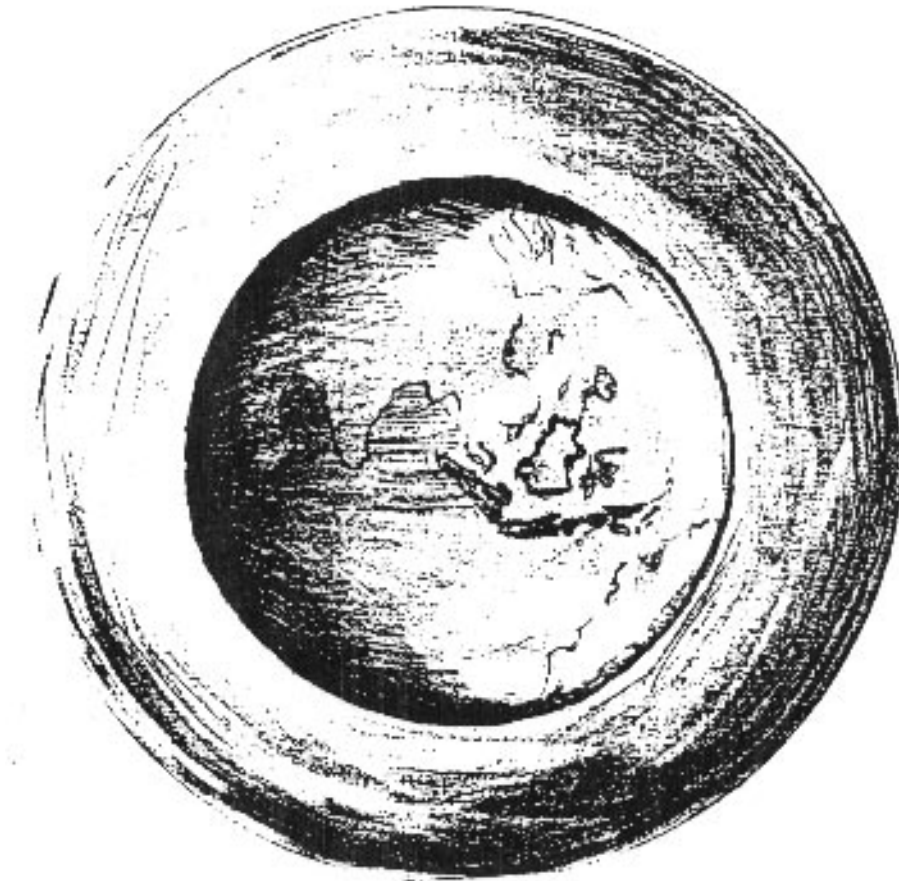
descendants.

The teachings of the great religions such as Islam, Christianity and Judaism only speak of the ideal state of man's life after death. People who achieve this ideal state will not reincarnate. As far as the second possibility is concerned, they refer to it as going to or living in hell.

The Javanese have an inclination to prefer the *hakekat* or the essence or the content of any religious teaching which they call "*kasunyatan jati*," (the real truth) rather than its form or rituals. As a result of this, many of them have come to experience spiritual truth, and have witnessed the spiritual world and communicated with the spiritual beings who live there.

Although they readily accept the teachings of the later great religions that came to Java, they do not discard the old but blend it harmoniously with the new ones. The rituals of a religion may differ one from the other. However, as they all come from the One and Only God, their essence is the same. It is for this reason that although the Javanese embrace the Islamic religion or become Christians, you will still see in their traditional customs, elements of Buddhism, Hinduism as well as Animism and Ancestral worship.

This does not, however, exclude the fact that there are Javanese, who no longer wish to believe in their old traditional customs and prefer to strictly keep to the letter of the teachings of their new religion.



## The Spiritual Eye

The spiritual eye sees by enveloping  
the object it observes

The sight of the spiritual eye is not limited to astral phenomenon. It can penetrate deeper into the essence of the spirit. Thus it cannot be fooled or misled by disguises of whatever form. The spiritual eye sees directly into the soul which has no form or color, yet really exists and is very powerful.

## Chapter 6

### **The Spiritual Eye**

The reader may now be wondering how one sees all these spirits or beings who live in the unseen world. In the case of my own experience in Jogjakarta in 1946, the phenomenon is usually called a psychic ability. People whose mental life organs are in a clear and light state as a result of fasting from food, sleep, pleasure and most probably also due to inherited qualities, may be able to see and communicate with the spiritual world.

Beings who live in the spiritual world may also wish to communicate with human beings. However, not everyone can communicate with them. Spiritual beings can only communicate with humans who have psychic ability. The simplest form of communication from the spiritual world comes through dreams.

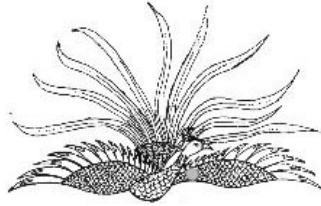
In the villages of rural Java, one often sees large banyan trees enclosed by a bamboo fence. This is a sign that these trees are sacred. Spirits are fond of banyan trees and often use them as their homes. Trespassing on such an area may cause the residing spirits to become angry or annoyed and the trespassers could become sick for no physical reason.

In such a case, the villagers may be approached by the spirits, who tell them the reason for their anger and what kind of offering they demand to compensate for the damage. The trespasser may unknowingly have stepped on a spirit's bedroom with dirty feet or urinated in the area.

If the demand is not fulfilled to the satisfaction of the spirits the trespasser may remain sick or even die. After such an experience, the villagers erect a fence around the tree to prevent people from trespassing on the sacred area. This is a one-way communication, because in this case the spirits can communicate with a human being, but the person cannot communicate to the spirits by his or her own will.

One afternoon in 1958, when I was walking along a street in Malang, East Java, I saw an offering of flowers and incense at the corner of a crossroad.

Bored of walking by myself, I kicked this offering. Returning home, I lay down for a nap. While sleeping I saw a spirit with a fat belly dressed in the striped uniform of a prisoner coming at me. He carried a whip in his right hand. Before I knew what was going to happen, he swiftly hit the crown of my head with his whip. The blow sounded like a gunshot. I awoke and asked the spirit why he had hit me like that. He said it was because I had kicked his offering. Fortunately, when this happened, I had already received the contact with the Light of God. The blow did not hurt me. However, such a blow might be fatal for someone else.



A spirit can also communicate by possessing someone with a weak soul. However, such a way is not reliable because the person would be in a state of trance. In a state of trance, a person loses consciousness and cannot see the spirit possessing them, nor remember what the spirit said. In such a case one cannot verify what the spirit said.

A more advanced way of communication is the two-way communication between psychic persons and spirits. But the requirement to do this is very hard because one has to continuously be in a *prihatin* state to maintain the clarity of the psychic ability. In a two-way communication, both parties, the spirit and the psychic person can contact and communicate with each other in a conscious state.

In fact, communication in the spiritual world is much easier than it is in this physical world. In the spiritual world one can read the other party's mind and intentions. Thus different languages are not a barrier to communication. In the spiritual world, one also does not have to exchange words to convey one's idea or intention. A look in the eyes is enough to convey or receive a message.

Amongst the cultured Javanese, the phrase: "*Tanggap ing semu*" is an important indicator of spiritual sensitivity and fine manners. *Tanggap ing semu* means being able to sense or perceive a message by a wink of the eyes, a tone of the voice, or the change in the color of the other party's face. For instance, a fine Javanese would never bluntly say no to a request. But one has to be able to sense or perceive whether the person really means yes, when he or she nods his or her head. If one senses or perceives an air of reluctance, a fine Javanese would not pursue the matter. Another example is the phrase: "*Sabda ingkang dèréng kawijil ing lesan*," meaning, "Words which have not been expressed orally." A wise man should be able to perceive words which have not been expressed

orally.

In the above mentioned cases, the spiritual beings showed themselves in the form of human beings. What one sees is the mental life organs or the astral body of the spiritual being which usually takes the form of the way they looked when they were alive in the physical world.

However, spiritual beings can transform themselves into whatever form they wish. As they are no longer enveloped by a physical body or subject to the laws of physics they can transform themselves into any form their imagination takes. They can also travel or fly as fast as the speed of their mind.

As you know, in a split second your own mind can be in Tokyo while you are physically sitting in New York. The next moment, your mind can be in Paris, London, or Rome, perhaps fondly remembering the good experiences you had while you were there. Without the physical body, the astral body can travel anywhere in a split second.

The situation of a person with an enlightened soul is different from that of psychic persons. What psychics perceive with their clear mental life organs is limited to the astral world and the astral beings or spirits who live in it. The astral world itself is not eternal. Its nature is temporary. It will disappear and no longer exist when the world ceases to exist. It is for this reason that the *setans* envy human beings. *Setans* cannot die as long as the world still exists. They can suffer and be in pain but they cannot die. However, they will cease to exist with the destruction of the world.

Human beings will die from old age, sickness or accidents. But they have a chance to live forever and ever if they receive enlightenment in the form of a contact with the Light of God. After receiving the contact with the Light of God, a process of purification and transformation will take place within a person.

The contact with the Light of God is received by the eternal part in a human being, which is the soul. As a result of this contact, the soul which was still in the form of a seed, will begin to develop and grow. From a small point of light, it will grow into a bigger and bigger light.

When the soul is still in the form of a seed lying dormant in the innermost part of a human being, the person is not aware of its existence. Although a seed contains a living embryo, before it begins to grow, it is like an inanimate object. Therefore a soul which is still in such a state is called a material soul.

In its first stage of development, as the soul grows into a bigger and bigger light, it pushes out impurities and sicknesses from the physical body. Therefore the first symptom of an enlightened human being is better physical health and fitness. However, this does not mean that the physical body is exempt from the laws of nature such as sickness, old age and death.

In its development into a bigger and bigger light, the soul eventually outgrows the physical body. In Javanese mystical terminology, such a situation is called: "*kodok hanumuri leng*," meaning a frog covering the hole in which it lives.

How could a frog envelop the hole in which it lives? Most people are puzzled by this saying and imagine all sorts of things or get into lengthy debates or arguments about what it really means. One only knows the truth symbolized by the phrase when one has experienced it for oneself. For example, experiencing a situation where one's soul, which was smaller than a pepper seed, dormant within one's self, grows bigger and bigger and finally outgrows its container, the physical body.

While it is still in an inanimate state, people are not able to feel the existence of their soul. But after receiving enlightenment, their soul starts to become alive, and they will certainly be able to feel their soul vibrating within their body. They will eventually also feel that the soul within them has a will of its own.

The ego, which is the personality of the mental life organs, is called in the Javanese language, *kawulo*, meaning a servant, whereas the personality of the soul is called *Ingsun*, meaning Master. However, in most cases it is the *kawulo*, who becomes the master within man. Such a situation is called: "*Petruk dadi ratu*," in Javanese mystical language. Petruk is a servant figure in the traditional *wayang* or shadow puppet play. "*Dadi*" means to become and "*ratu*" means king. *Petruk dadi ratu* is an episode in the *wayang* story in which Petruk becomes the king, resulting in chaos and confusion within the kingdom.

If the *kawula* or ego becomes the master within the kingdom of the human body, the result is chaos and confusion. The ego is the personification of the mental life organs. The mental life organs are given by God as a temporary instrument for worldly living. Thus the ego is subjected and dominated by the forces or influences of this world. Such an instrument cannot be used to communicate with God.

It is the soul as the eternal part of a human being which can receive the contact with the Light of God and the soul will always follow the Will of God. Peace, harmony and happiness can only exist with a human being if the soul has become alive and functions as the master or king and the ego is put in its place as the servant.

When the soul has outgrown the physical body, a person will have a kind of radar and be able to feel or reach out beyond their physical body and sense the situation around them. When sitting near someone who has a headache, they will feel the headache and near someone who is sad, they will sense their sadness. Likewise, when they are close to someone who is frustrated, they will feel their frustration and near someone who is calm and happy, they will also feel calm and happy and so on.

Next the soul will grow or develop to the plant level. In this stage, the soul is tall like a tree of light, with an antenna that enables it to be in constant contact with the Light of God in a continuous inner prayer or *dzikr*. Such an inner prayer will not interfere in the ordinary life of a person. He or she can still function and live normally in this world, all the work for worldly living being done by the *kawulo*

or servant while simultaneously, the *Ingsun*, or the Master, continuously prays. The *Ingsun* also holds the reins, making sure that the servant walks on the right track.

The soul next grows or develops into the animal level. In this stage the soul develops its senses of taste, feeling, smelling, hearing and seeing. It is in this stage that the soul develops a spiritual eye which enables it to see the spiritual world and the souls in it.

Unlike the physical senses which will deteriorate through sickness, old age and death, the senses of the soul are of an eternal nature which will exist and function forever and ever. The ability of psychics to perceive the unseen astral world will deteriorate when they indulge in the pleasures of worldly living because the mental life organs are not the eternal part of man.

Unlike the psychic ability that can be commanded at will by the ego, the senses of the soul cannot be commanded at will. Therefore persons whose souls have developed to the animal level cannot demonstrate to other people their ability to see the spiritual world. When it is necessary, Almighty God will show them the spiritual world. But when and where and what is to be seen is in the hands of God. Thus such persons cannot boast of themselves as all knowing and are bound to remain humble. What they can do can only be done if it is the Will of God.

To complete this chapter, one has to go into the next stage which is the human level. In this stage, the human soul will develop its own means of understanding which is the inner consciousness or *Inner Wisdom*. Unlike the mind or the intellect which can only remember and understand what one has been taught or experienced, the *Inner Wisdom* can receive something genuinely new, something which one has never seen or heard. The *inner wisdom* receives knowledge, understanding or wisdom directly from the Light of God by way of inspirations or revelations.

When I was sixteen years old, by accident, I was able to achieve a clear psychic state after staying up for forty days and forty nights. This was accidental, I did not do it on purpose. It just happened when I was suffering from acute malaria. But after staying up for forty days and forty nights, I was not only cured of my sickness, but I also felt very happy and was filled by a feeling of bliss and I felt very close to God. As a result of this, I continued to stay up, wandering every night wherever my feet took me. I felt so light it was as if I were floating, not walking.

One afternoon, my uncle Suratman was following me while I was walking in heavy rain. He was concerned because I had just recovered from acute malaria and was not supposed to walk in the rain. As he did not dare to stop me, he just let me do what I wanted but followed me at a distance. Nobody could stop what I wanted to do at that time, because in that state, my personality became very powerful and people were afraid of me. My uncle was surprised to find that

I was still dry, even though I had not worn a raincoat or used an umbrella. He himself wore a raincoat and had an umbrella over his head. Uncle Suratman was a very understanding man. I was grateful to God to become a channel for the transmission of His Light to open or initiate him before he died.

It was during this period of time in 1946 in Jogjakarta that I started to see the spiritual world. My experience continued for about half a year. My clear psychic ability started to deteriorate when I gradually returned to normal life at the urging of my family. They were all concerned because I stopped going to school. They wanted me to postpone my spiritual inclination and activities and divert my attention and energy to my studies. But this experience showed me that a psychic ability is of a temporary nature because it is built upon the temporary life organs of human being, namely the mental life organs.



Pak Subuh told me that he knew a *Sufi* master in Java, Kyahi Abdurachman, who had achieved a very great and accurate psychic ability by burying himself in the ground for forty days and forty nights.

Pak Subuh said that this man could clearly see one's line of ancestry seven generations back and could also predict one's descendants seven generations on in complete detail of year, month, the day of the seven-day week, as well as the day of the five-day lunar week. He even knew the exact hour and minute of one's birth. But when his guests, who came from the big cities, started to spoil him with goodies, like bread, butter, cheese, milk, chocolate and candies, which were luxury items for an ascetic, who lived in a remote place in the mountains, his psychic ability started to deteriorate. After losing his clear psychic ability, he had to rebury himself for another forty days and forty nights in order to regain it.

In the 1960's, I had a chance to stay awake for one thousand days and nights (three years) with Pak Subuh. It was the best experience I ever had in my life, being continuously enveloped by the vibration of the Light of God. Due to this vibration I did not feel sleepy or tired. On the contrary, this vibration filled me with happiness, bliss, energy and inspirations. I wrote a doctoral thesis during this period, entitled "The Character and Behavior of Man" and won PH.D. degrees in Law and Social Sciences. Unlike the clairvoyance which I achieved when I was sixteen, this time the progress I achieved continued to stay on because it was a development of the eternal part within me, which is the *jiwa* or the soul.

A *jiwa* or a soul which has developed into a complete spiritual entity with

its own eternal spiritual senses as well as an eternal means of understanding, which cannot go senile, is called *Ingsun* in Javanese. *Ingsun* could probably be translated into English as the inner self.

The sight of the spiritual eye is not limited to astral phenomenon. It can penetrate deeper into the essence of the spirit. Thus it cannot be fooled or misled by disguises of whatever form. The spiritual eye sees directly into the soul which has no form or color, yet really exists and is very powerful.

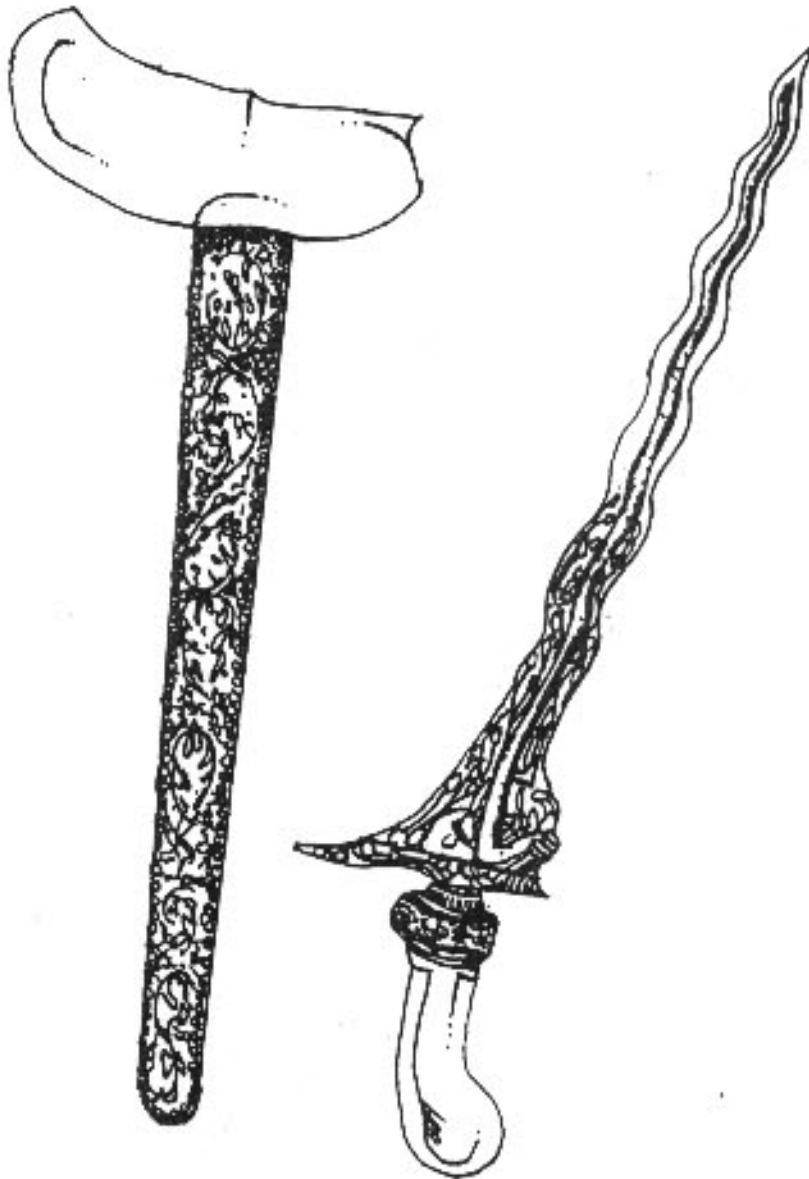
The soul is so powerful that the Javanese called it *dewa*. As *dewa* represents a powerful being, somehow the word “*dewa*” got translated into English as “god” without the capital letter. In fact, the word “*dewa*” is derived from the word “*jiwa*” which means soul. But a *dewa* is a soul which has developed into a complete spiritual entity as mentioned above.

When somebody escapes a near death by accident, the Javanese say, “*Oh, selamat margo isih di ayomi dewa-né,*” meaning, he or she is saved because they are protected by their *dewa*. *Dewa* used here is his or her own *jiwa* or soul, not “god” in the sense of polytheism.

The *jiwa* is very powerful because a *jiwa* which has developed into a complete entity is continuously in contact with the Light of God. In fact such a *jiwa* has become one with the Light of God. The Javanese call such a spiritual state, “*manunggaling kawulo lan Gusti,*” which means the union between the servant (meaning man) and God. When in union with the Light of God, a *jiwa* can expand beyond limits. It can even expand larger than the whole sky because the Light of God is everywhere and envelops everything.

It is told in the *wayang story* (the Javanese shadow puppet play) that when Bima met with his own inner self for the first time, he was surprised to see a being identical to himself but very small—just the size of his thumb. This being introduced himself to Bima as Dewa Ruci, which means a midget *dewa*. Dewa Ruci told the big and tall Bima to enter the hole of Dewa Ruci’s ear. Naturally Bima was puzzled. How could he, a giant of a man, enter the ear-hole of this midget whose entire being was no larger than the size of his thumb? With great authority Dewa Ruci commanded Bima to just jump without hesitation into Dewa Ruci’s ear-hole. Bima obeyed the order and found out that the ear-hole of Dewa Ruci was bigger than the whole sky.

As there are many *dewas* in the Javanese *wayang* or shadow puppet play, people think that this *wayang* culture is a polytheistic cult or religion. Whereas in actual fact, *dewa* means *jiwa* or a fully developed soul, who is indeed very powerful. A *jiwa* can shrink to the size of a midget, as well as expand to cover the sky. A *jiwa* does not see an object by looking or staring at it from outside, but by enveloping the whole object.



## Kris

A *kris* is for a Javanese a weapon, an attribute and a source of supernatural power.

## Chapter 7

### **Nogososro, The King of the *Krises***

In olden times in Java, *krises* played a very important role. A Javanese without a *kris* cannot be regarded as a complete man. A *kris* is for him a weapon, an attribute and a source of supernatural power. A *kris* is a sharp metal object like a dagger, but shaped in various kinds of artistic ways.

Their shapes can in general be divided into two groups, straight *krises* and *krises* with bends in their blades. However, even the straight shaped *krises* are not exactly plain straight like a dagger in the West, but beautifully and artistically shaped with the point bowing down in a humble attitude and at the ready to serve their master.

Bend type *krises* may have one, three, five, seven, nine, eleven, thirteen up to thirty-five bends or more. Most *krises* have an uneven number of bends. A *kris* with an even number of bends is to be avoided. Only a man with great spiritual stability can handle such a *kris*.

A *kris* with an even number of bends is considered an exception, because if the bends are even, the end will have to point upward instead of downward. Such a *kris* would not pose itself in a humble position, but an arrogant one. In the Javanese language, such *kris* is called *Ladhak*, and most people would avoid having such a *kris* because it would attract a courageous but reckless, high tempered and arrogant soul to enter and reside in it.

The character of the soul residing in a *kris* will strongly influence the holder of the *kris*. In the history of Java, the most well known *Ladhak kris* is Setan Kober, which belonged to Adipati Haryo Penangsang, the military governor of Jipang, who was a contender for the throne of Demak. He was a very brave and powerful warrior, but also reckless and arrogant.



I had an interesting experience in relation to Adipati Haryo Penangsang. In 1979, I visited my old friend, Sudomo, who was then the Bupati of the Kabupaten of Demak, a town on the northern coast of Central Java. The Kabupaten of Demak is famous because it was once the residence of Raden Ajeng Kartini (1879-1904), a Javanese princess, who through her work pioneered the women's emancipation movement in Java and Indonesia.

My friend, Sudomo, took me on a sight seeing tour to see the famous Mesjid Agung (the great mosque) which was built by the Nine *Walis* of Java in the fifteenth century. There are two items of great significance in this mosque. The first is the two door leaves contributed by Ki Ageng Selo with the design of Gandrik or Mr. Thunder carved on them. The second item is the *soko guru* (main pillar) which was contributed by Sunan Kalijogo. When the mosque was being built, Sunan Kalijogo was assigned to contribute a *soko guru*. He was late in doing this and the day before the four *soko guru* were due to be erected, he still did not have one. During the night, however, Sunan Kalijogo made a *soko guru* using *tatahs* (scrap wood). He did not use any glue, nails, or screws. Miraculously, this *soko guru* still stands today, even though it was put together several centuries ago.

Later, I went with Sudomo to the Kadilangu Cemetery to pay our respects and homage at the tomb of Sunan Kalijogo. While walking towards the tomb, I noticed a simple tomb with a rather large garden enclosed by a bamboo fence. The ground of this garden was so meticulously clean. I did not see a single dry leaf on the green moss that covered it. There was a big tree standing in the garden, but no fallen leaves at all. I remarked to Sudomo that the keeper of that tomb must be a very diligent man to keep the garden so clean.

"Oh, no," exclaimed Sudomo. "Nobody dares to clean this tomb. Whoever tried to do so would be hit by Haryo Penangsang. This is the tomb of Adipati Haryo Penangsang. It is he himself who keeps the garden clean."

I was astonished to hear Sudomo's explanation. On the way back from the tomb of Sunan Kalijogo, I separated myself from the party to stand for a while near the fence of Haryo Penangsang's tomb. A strong wind was blowing and I saw leaves falling from the tree, but these did not fall on the garden of the tomb. They drifted away and fell outside the fence.



The blade of a *kris* is made of many layers of metals, topped by a shiny white-colored metal called *pamor*. *Pamor* was obtained from falling meteorites. The *pamor* of a *kris* is blended into the blade in the form of various kinds of designs. Examples of these are *melati renonce*, meaning a garland of jasmine, *pager gunung*, meaning a fence of mountains, *udan mas*, meaning a golden rain, *blarak sineret*, meaning a row of coconut leaves. It is known that a *kris* with a *blarak sineret pamor* can exercise supernatural power while still in its sheathe.

The master *kris* makers are called *empu*. In the past, they not only developed a highly sophisticated skill of the arts, but possessed supernatural powers as well. In their hands, metals like iron, steel and *pamor* could be bent and shaped at will, as if they were as soft as wax. Several powerful *kris*es still have the marks of fingerprints indented on their blades where the *empu* pressed the hot metal with their bare fingers. I happened to inherit one of these which is called Kyahi Pajang.

Ancient *kris*es and spears were made in a very special way by *empu*. This ability to make sacred weapons seems to have been inherited through the generations by certain families. Becoming an *empu* not only depended upon long years of apprenticeship, but more importantly, upon inherited spiritual qualities and abilities. Spiritual qualities and abilities had to be developed through long years of ascetic life, whereas the skills were achieved through long years of apprenticeship.

After a very long absence, a new generation of the descendants of *empu* are coming to the surface again in Java, opening shops for automobile body work. Their shops are called magic body work shops. I have tried them myself several times. The dents of my cars could be repaired in a very short time. Coming out of such a shop, the body goes back to its original smooth lines as if it were new and a beaten up car looks whole again. Although they could return any dent to its original form, they do no painting or welding which requires tools other than their own hands.

Interestingly, the wooden handle of an *empu* made spear remains unharmed by insects for centuries as long as the powerful spear is mounted on the handle. As soon as the spear is removed, however, the wooden handle is soon damaged by insects.

A powerful *kris* or spear has a content which is a powerful soul. A sensitive person can easily feel the soul vibrating from the sacred weapon. A weapon without a soul is just cold dead metal. A similar vibration can be felt from ban-

ners, umbrellas, and other sacred heirlooms. As in the case of a *kris* and a spear, a banner or an umbrella with a soul will also remain unharmed by insects for centuries and its color will remain as fresh as new.

The Javanese honor and respect these heirlooms and give them offerings, because the souls residing in them could have been powerful personalities like heroes, rulers or even kings and queens during their lifetime. It for this reason that these heirlooms become powerful, protecting their bearers from danger, helping to promote their careers, enabling them to be weapon-proof, brave and confident in battle. Some of the most powerful heirlooms are even considered the keys to the throne. Many battles had been fought in the past for the possession of these sacred heirlooms.

There are, of course, also heirlooms which are inhabited by bad spirits, which can cause the owner a great deal of trouble and misfortune. An ordinary man is not in a position to recognize the spiritual content of an heirloom. It is therefore not recommended that a layman own one.

A good and powerful heirloom may not want to serve or help an unworthy master and keeping such an heirloom, however good and powerful, may cause the owner many problems. Such an heirloom is able to choose where and in whose hand it wants to be and is able to find its own way to that person.



In 1967, when I was resting on a sofa, around 3 o'clock in the morning, I suddenly saw two balls of light, each as big as the moon as we see it from the earth. These lights were approaching me. When they arrived in front of me, they bowed, to pay homage and as they did so, their shapes changed into two *kris*es. I knew that they were the two *kris*es of our family.

The following morning, I went to my parent's house in town. (I was then living on the southern outskirts of Jakarta, and my parents had their own house in town.) I told my father about this experience, and he realized what it meant.

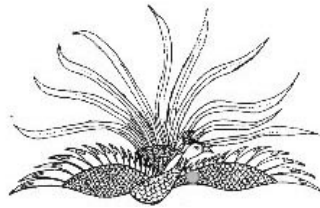
"You can have the two *kris*es. Apparently they want to be with you. Take them. They are in the cupboard in my bedroom. But one disappeared and has been missing from the sheathe for several years," my father said.

I went into his bedroom, opened the cupboard and found both *kris*es resting peacefully in their sheathes. I showed my father the two *kris*es.

"Oh, Kyahi Pajang has returned. So he really wants to be with you," he exclaimed.

A living *kris* can disappear and travel by itself.

Although I still had a living older brother, my father gave the family heirlooms to me without hesitation because I was the one who received the *pulung* or the “light.” Feeling that Jakarta, the capital of Indonesia, was not a suitable place for heirlooms, I later moved all of them to my mother’s home village, Wonoroto, in Central Java.



One night in 1983, I visited the Grand Old Man. As it was the eve of Friday-*Kliwon*, a special day in Java when family heirlooms should be bathed and oiled and given their offerings of flowers and incense, I took Kyahi Pajang with me so that he could participate in the celebration.

When I arrived, there were already many heirlooms spread out on a big table belonging to several families who shared the cost of the celebration. A heavy rain had been pouring the whole night. Around 3 o’clock in the morning, only the Grand Old Man and me were still up.

He was resting on a bamboo bench with his eyes closed and I was sitting on a bench across the table from him. Suddenly, he stood up, walked around the table and picked up a *kris*. As the room was lit only by a small kerosene lamp, I could not see which *kris* he was holding in his right hand. It was even more difficult to distinguish them because they were all lying naked without their sheathes.

While holding the *kris* in his right hand he said: “I saw a persistent light shining from this *kris*.”

I stood up and came closer to see what *kris* it was. It was Kyahi Pajang. After holding the *kris* for a while in a deep contemplative mood, he put the *kris* back on the table and returned to his bamboo bench. I also sat down. Very slowly I asked him what this phenomenon meant.

“It means that this *kris* has the *wahayu kedaton*,” he said.

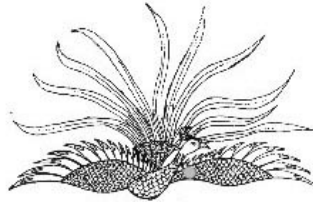
A *wahayu kedaton* means the spiritual power of a palace or a throne. I was shocked and surprised to hear this. I could not believe what he said and thought that he was just trying to pull my leg. He did not seem to care about my reaction and lay down on the bamboo bench. I did not sleep the rest of the wee hours, pondering about this *wahayu kedaton*.

A *wahayu kedaton* is a living light with a will of its own. He can enter an heirloom and leave it again if the condition is no longer right for him. Was it possible that he had left the palace of Surokartohadiningrat which had recently

burnt down and entered Kyahi Pajang? I could not ignore what the Grand Old Man had said, and decided to wait for more evidence. I took my leave at the break of dawn to go home in my horse drawn coach.

Kyahi Pajang is a great *kris*. He has five bends, making him a *Pendowo Limo Kris*. (*Pendowo Limo* means the Five *Pendowo* brothers in the Javanese shadow puppet play.) His blade has the fingerprint indentations of his maker, *Empu Supo*. The sheathe is made of a rare *timoho* hardwood called *timoho macan gembong*, a *timoho* wood that has the color of a Bengal tiger.

In the past, the *empu* or master *kris* makers took great care in selecting the wood for the sheathe of a great *kris*. They would look in the forest for a *timoho* tree which has a special aura on certain nights.



I did not have to wait too long for additional evidence about Kyahi Pajang. One morning, several weeks after my return to my house in Jakarta, I felt a very strong vibration enveloping my body. I was sitting on a sofa and just allowed this vibration to continue radiating within me. This experience lasted for four hours, from 8 o'clock in the morning till 12 o'clock noon. Then my son Prio Handoyo telephoned me from his office and told me that someone had come from Central Java who wanted to show me a *kris*. I asked whether he had seen the *kris* himself and my son had said no, and that he would rather have me see it myself because he would not understand about it anyway.

The man came to my house and showed me the *kris*. Apparently, he had just arrived by the night train from Central Java. I had never met him before. I was really surprised because around the midnight before, while I was out walking to get some fresh air, I was shown this same *kris* in a spiritual vision. However, I had forgotten all about it the following morning.

When I took the *kris* out of the sheathe I really admired its beauty. It was a real masterpiece. The sheathe and handle were made of ivory and gold with diamonds inlaid. The blade had thirteen bends. Carved into the blade was the design of a dragon wearing a royal crown covered by twenty-four carat gold with diamonds on the eyes and mouth. Other royal marks were also carved into the blade, namely a deer, a turtle, plus flowers equally covered with twenty-four carat gold. It was the famous Nogososro *kris*: “*nogo*” means dragon and “*sosro*” means a thousand. Nogososro is the *kris* of the Thousand Dragons. It is a *kris* whose spiritual power equals the spiritual power of a thousand dragons. In the past, many battles were fought for the possession of this powerful heirloom.

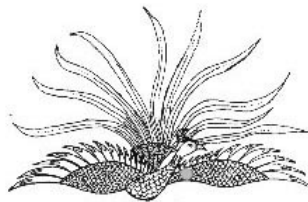
At that time, I did not have a single penny to my name. However, I felt confident that if this great heirloom really wished to be with me, he would be able to provide his own means to do so. I told the man who brought the heirloom that I had received an indication that this heirloom wished to be with me. But I had to wait for a more positive indication, namely, till Thursday-*Wage*, the day before the Friday-*Kliwon*.

The best day to receive an heirloom is when the Friday of the seven day week meets with the *Kliwon* of the Javanese lunar calendar. I thought that if by, or before, that time, I got the means to give the dowry for the *kris*, in gold, then there would be no doubt that the *kris* really wished to be with me. It would be very obvious, because at that time I was penniless and had been without any income for eight years and ten months.

Sacred heirlooms are not supposed to be bought and sold. But one is supposed to give a dowry like in the case of giving a dowry for a bride. The giver of the *kris* is not supposed to demand how much gold he wants to deliver the *kris*, and the recipient must be fair, honest and sincere in giving the dowry. Failing to do so will result in bad luck.

The next Friday-*Kliwon* in the month of *Suro* was only five days away. Indeed, two days before the Friday-*Kliwon* I got an unexpected windfall. This gave me just enough time to go to Central Java to give the dowry for the *kris* and then go to my mother's home village of Wonoroto. I arrived there on the morning of Thursday-*Wage* in time to celebrate the arrival of this great heirloom on the Eve of Friday-*Kliwon*.

According to the lunar calendar, the day changes around four o'clock in the evening, whereas by the solar calendar, the day changes at midnight. Thus on Thursday-*Wage* at four o'clock in the evening, the day has changed to Friday-*Kliwon*. Friday-*Kliwon* in the month of *Suro* (the first month of the Javanese calendar) is the best moment to give a *selamatan* for the arrival of an heirloom.



After having the Nogososro *kris* for a few months, I recognized its contents. It was the Great Dragon I saw in Jogjakarta in 1946 when I was sixteen years old. One evening at that time, I was sitting on a bamboo bench on the porch of our house. It was raining very heavily. Suddenly the rain stopped and at that very moment I saw a light moving in front of me close to the tree tops. It was a long light, as big as an airplane search light. However, it did not move in a straight line but zig-zaged like a snake, making a sizzling and hissing sound. It

was the spirit of the Great Dragon namely the Nogososro or the Thousand Dragons.

After the spirit of the Great Dragon passed by, another light came down from the sky in front of me. It was as big as a coconut and in the shape of a pear. It was shining in a brilliant light blue color. It was the spirit of the Great Sabuk Inten or the Diamond Belt. Both the spirits, Nogososro and Sabuk Inten reside in this great heirloom. It is a great heirloom of Java because it was considered as the key to the throne and brings with it a great charismatic power as well as wealth.

It was good that I did not understand the meaning or significance of those lights at the time. Otherwise I would have been impatiently waiting in frustration for the arrival of the heirlooms, not knowing that it would only come about forty years later.

One day the Grand Old Man, Raden Mas Suryosuwarno, visited me in our house in my mother's home village of Wonoroto. I had with me the Nogososro *kris* which I showed him. He held this *kris* for a long while in a deep mood of contemplation.

When he finally opened his eyes he said: "This *kris* has a double soul, namely the soul of the Great Nogososro and the soul of the Great Sabuk Inten." There are other "Nogososro" type *kris*es in Java, but my own experience, which was independently confirmed by the Grand Old Man, Raden Mas Suryosuwarno, strongly indicated that it is this *kris* that has the souls of Nogososro and Sabuk Inten.

Two weeks after the arrival of Kanjeng Kyahi Nogososro (meaning Lord Master Nogososro) about a dozen women in Wonoroto saw a *kris* flying low, approaching Wonoroto from the east. The women were in the crowd at the vegetable stand. It was about 9 o'clock in the morning.

They all screamed in excitement, "*Ono keris mabur, one keris mabur*," meaning : "There is a *kris* flying, there is a *kris* flying."

After that, the whole village began talking about it. I happened to be in Wonoroto at the time. It was unusual that a *kris* should fly during the day. They usually fly late at night when most people have gone to bed. They said that the *kris* was flying low just above the coconut tree tops. From the east, which was the direction of the palace of Surokartohadiningrat that had recently burnt down, it went west towards my house. It could not be seen after it passed the village school building because it went down. They said that at the tail of the *kris* there was a kind of fire, like the fire at the tail of a rocket. The only disagreement was about the color of the fire. Some women said it was reddish while others said it was yellowish in color.

Several men went to look for the *kris* in the dried padi fields behind the school building that evening, using torches and flashlights. They could not find it because the *kris* went straight down into my house to join the Nogososro. She is

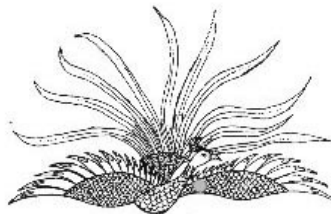
his female counterpart in the form of a straight blade *kris* with the design of a Dragon Queen with spread wings. The Dragon Queen is also covered with pure gold and studded with diamonds on her body, wings, crown, eyes and mouth. She is called the Nogo Lar Mungo, meaning the Dragon with Spread Wings

Many more *kris*es, spears and other kinds of heirlooms came to me after this. People knew about a spear which had buried itself in the ground of Wonoroto from old stories passed down by word of mouth for several generations. On certain nights the place of his burial was illumined by a light. Many people had tried to find him, but to no avail. But he came out of his burial ground by himself after Kanjeng Kyahi Nogososro came to Wonoroto. The name of this spear is Kyahi Puger. There was also a *kris* that approached Wonoroto from the river, swimming like a snake. His name is Kyahi Tunggul Jati. It is a *kris* with an even number of bends identical to Setan Kober. Apparently, because it has an even number of bends, the last owner abandoned it in the river.

According to the Grand Old Man, this *kris* was made by the *empu* who made Setan Kober. But while making Kyahi Tunggul Jati, the *empu* was supervised by a *wali*. Thus the *kris* does not have a hot tempered soul, but a calm and steady soul, and yet a very powerful one. There are, of course, many learned men in the art and history of *kris*es, but very few know their real contents.

The Grand Old Man also said it was the Queen of Bagelèn who sent me the *kris*, Kyahi Tunggul Jati, through him. Both Kyahi Puger and Kyahi Tunggul Jati were found by Raden Mas Suryosuwarno and given to me. When he died at the age of 126 years, the Grand Old Man left all his heirlooms to me.

There was also another old man who had collected *kris*es and spears for thirty-five years. When he felt that he had become too old to take care of these heirlooms, he gave all that he had, 154 *kris*es and a spear to me. Each of them is a genuine *kris* or spear, as he himself is a master or learned man in *kris*es and spears. Amongst his collection, I recognized one particular *kris*, the Nogorojo, meaning the Dragon King.



When I was in the U.S.A., on the 20th of March, 1987, I had an experience while I was asleep in my house in Virginia. In this experience, my soul went to East Java. There I visited an old Javanese *kraton* (palace), the palace of Mojopahit. Although the palace no longer exists in the physical world, in the spiritual world, it still stood on the original site. I was met and welcomed by the guardian of the palace. He was dressed in the old Javanese costume.

The palace was a very old wooden structure. It had many carved doors and I went through all the doors myself as the guardian seemed to be afraid to enter the main buildings of the palace. When I came out at the other end of the palace, I found the guardian waiting for me.

He guided me into the heirloom quarter. In the heirloom quarter, the guardian sat cross-legged against the wall near the entrance door after paying obeisance to the heirlooms which were placed in the middle of the room. In the middle of the room there were two heirlooms. One was a *kuluk kanigoro*, a kind of old Javanese headdress or crown. It was made of gray and black velvet with golden stripes and bands. It looked too small for my head, but when I put it on, it fitted perfectly.

The second heirloom was in the form of a *kris*. It had an ivory handle, carved in an old East Javanese style, whose color had turned black from age. It was the Nogorojo, or the Dragon King, which later came to me leading an army of 154 *kris*es and a spear. Unlike the Nogososro (or the Thousand Dragon) which has thirteen bends, the Nogorojo has eleven bands.

Other important *kris*es, who came to me from different sources, were the Nogo Pandito, the Dragon Sage, the Nogo Singo, the Dragon and the Lion, the Nogo Kingsru or the Swimming Dragon and Singo Mataram, the Lion of Mataram.

It is of the utmost importance to have *sombro kris* amongst the collection. Empu Sombro was a lady *kris* maker. Her *kris*es look rather ugly. As a matter of fact, they are shaped like the form of a *penis*, but a flat one. Her *kris*es are usually very thin, almost as thin as paper. The marks of her fingerprints can usually be seen very clearly. Her *kris*es, which are now known as *sombro* can tame the wildest *kris*. I am fortunate to have two *sombro kris*es in my heirloom quarter. It is usually difficult for anyone to obtain a genuine *kris* or spear, because the good ones are rare and those who have them do not want to part with them. Most *kris*es which one can find in the market are imitations.

After the arrival of Kanjeng Kyahi Nogososro, hundreds of *kris*es, spears and other heirlooms came willingly to me. They are the Nogososro's army. Apparently, during the several years of his disappearance, Kyahi Pajang was having meetings and conferences with many heirlooms in Java, mobilizing them to join forces with him.



I would like to relate two experiences which were significant and may have far reaching consequences for a Javanese.

While I was driving through the night on my way from Denver, Colorado to Front Royal, Virginia, somewhere in the state of Ohio, on Sunday-Wage, the 2nd of December, 1990, I felt the presence of many powerful souls. I was aware that these souls came from Java. Due to the presence of these souls, who wished to communicate with me, I became very sleepy. In fact, I had fallen asleep at the wheel a couple of times before I could finally find a gasoline station where I parked the car on its parking lot.

I closed my eyes. There, in a state of half asleep and half awake, Panembahan Senopati, the founder of the Mataram dynasty, came to me accompanied by a host of several thousand followers. He voiced a strong opinion about the political situation of Java. However, his *dawuh* (words) were not to be disclosed yet.



International Spiritual Center of Subud,  
Cilandik, Jakarta, Indonesia

...It started with a dream experience when I fell asleep in the big dome hall at the International Spiritual Center of Subud in Jakarta. In this dream, a man came to me and gave me a sacred umbrella. The color of the umbrella was green with several golden bands around it.



## Dewi Shinto

the wife of Prabu Romo or King Rama

The actual gate to heaven is through the mother

## Chapter 8

### Ancestral Worship

Besides animism, “ancestral worship” is also an obvious phenomenon in Javanese culture. Children are told that offending parents, grandparents and ancestors is a serious sin and that to be successful in a venture, or in life, one needs blessings from parents, grandparents and ancestors. It would be disastrous if someone received a curse from parents, grandparents or ancestors.

Wherever they are, even if they have to travel long distances, the Javanese always make a great effort to come back home for the *Lebaran* celebration. *Lebaran* means “the end” and is the big celebration after the fasting during the Ramadhan month. The Javanese want to be home for this occasion for family reunions and to offer flowers and prayers at their ancestral graveyards. While praying at the graveyard, they also renew their appeal or request for blessings in order to face life in the years to come.

*Lebaran* is a very special day for the Javanese. On this day everybody wears the best new clothes they have. Right after dawn they go to the mosque for communal *Idulfitri* prayers, then on to the graveyards. Some will also have done this the evening before the *Lebaran*.

Several days before the *Lebaran*, the women are busy making cookies and food for the festivities. The special meal for the *Lebaran* is called the *ketupat*, which consists of rice cooked in a box made of woven young coconut leaves. After being cut diagonally, the rice cake is cut in small pieces and served on a plate with all sorts of spicy dishes.

After this breakfast, they also go first to the eldest person still alive in the family: great grandparents, grandparents, parents, aunts, uncles, elder brothers and sisters, cousins, etc. The Javanese do their *sungkem*, which consists of kneeling down to kiss the elderly persons knee, while asking for forgiveness and blessings. Members of the older generation are highly respected. They stay at home and the younger generation flocks to them. *Lebaran* is also an occasion

for people to give presents to their honored, respected and beloved relatives as well as to friends.

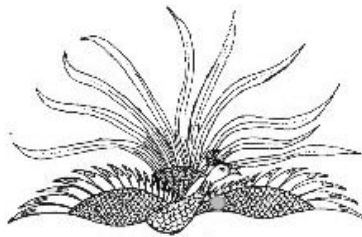
In Java, the relationship between living human beings and their ancestors, who have moved to the hereafter, is still very close. Every time they make a *selamatan*, they always send prayers to them. Before serving food and drink to the living, they first take a little of the best parts and place it in small dishes on a special table as offerings to their ancestors. The offering may include a cup of tea and a cup of coffee as well as flowers.

Although the ancestors in the hereafter are no longer able to eat the food and drinks, they believe that they can still enjoy the essence as well as the tasty aroma of the offerings. At the very least, they wish to show that they still remember their ancestors with love and affection.

These practices are no longer performed by modern minded people in big cities nor by orthodox Muslims and Christians in Java. But it is still a common practice in the heartland of Java where not only are they strictly observed in rural villages, but also in the capitals of Javanese culture, namely, the *kratons* or palaces of the royal families.

Although most souls of kings and queens and other members of the royal families retire to remote areas, some of them prefer to live within the palace's walls, occupying certain buildings as well as the sacred heirlooms of the *kratons*. In fact, this phenomenon not only happens in the Orient, but it also exists in the West. From time to time one reads in newspapers or magazines about ghosts in the palaces of the West. However, in the East, people are more aware of them.

In the beginning, I did not understand why members of the royal families and their subordinates always knelt and bowed and put both hands palm to palm in front of their noses in a most respectful manner before entering certain buildings in the palace. Later, I realized that those buildings were sacred and had become the residences of important souls. They treat these souls in the same way as when they were still living in this world, namely with respect and love. They will never enter such a building carelessly. On the contrary, they first respectfully ask permission and blessings of the invisible occupants of the building before entering.



My understanding of sacred buildings opened up when I myself built a *pendopo* in Central Java, using four *soko guru* (*soko* means pillars, *guru* in this

context means the main and most important; thus *soko guru* means the four main pillars in the center of the building).

A *pendopo* is an open hall. It has a proper roof, but no walls at all. Coming home from the outside world, one is supposed to unwind oneself in the *pendopo*. In this empty and open hall, one should free oneself of the negative influences from the outside world. One should free oneself from anger, disappointment, sadness, dirty thoughts, frustrations, irritations and any other negative emotions before entering the family quarters.

In this way, the family will be saved from the consequences of these negative influences. For instance, one will not become irritated and hit or slap or curse an innocent member of the family due to the irritation one still carries from the outside world. In the past, when many people still had great supernatural powers, such an incident could have consequences. A slap by a spiritually potent person could result in death and a curse could cast a spell for several generations.

The *pendopo* is also used to receive official visitors, to accommodate a *selamatan*, wedding ceremonies, a big celebration or gathering, a dance and *gamelan* music performance, to seat the guests for a *wayang kulit* puppet show performance and many other public functions.



It was my dear and beloved mother who, before she died, had continuously urged me to build a house of my own. At that time we were living in a small one bedroom apartment provided by the International Spiritual Center of Subud on the southern outskirts of Jakarta, Indonesia. I was fully occupied by my Subud activities, traveling to many places under the sun, visiting Subud groups as well as isolated members. A house of my own was something very remote from my attention.

When I started to visit my mother's village more often, I began to realize the importance of having a *wismo* (house) as one of the requirements to be complete Javanese. This was the reason why my mother was very unhappy that I did not have a house of my own. I was not aware of the deeper implications of Javanese culture while living in Jakarta and traveling abroad.

Originally, I only wanted to build a simple shelter, constructed from coconut trunks with a thatched roof. I had already ordered the old coconut trees to be cut from our own family gardens. They had been shaped into sixteen round pillars, four big pillars for the *soko guru* (main center pillars) and twelve smaller

pillars for the *soko rowo* (the pillars standing in the next outer square of the *pendopo*). However, the construction of this simple house never materialized and for more than eight years those pillars were just lying wasted in storage being eaten by white ants.



But the day came when an important heirloom came to me in the form of a sacred umbrella. It started with a dream experience when I fell asleep in the big dome hall at the International Spiritual Center of Subud in Jakarta. In this dream, a man came to me and gave me a sacred umbrella. The color of the umbrella was green with several golden bands around it. Besides the umbrella, this man forced a little round object shaped like an egg into my right hand. It was smaller than a chicken egg and colored sky blue and brown like the color of a globe. This object was forced and pressed into my hand so hard that my hand still hurt when I woke up. I looked at my watch and the time was 3:45 am.

This experience happened shortly after I received the *Nogososro kris*. I received the heirloom in the form of a blue colored egg through the Grand Old Man, Raden Mas Suryosuwarno. He told me that he was summoned by an ancestor of Java who resides on the top of Mt. Selamat in Central Java. When he arrived there he was given the blue egg to pass on to me. It was exactly the object given to me in my dream. Using his supernatural power, *aji-aji sapu angin* (the ability to walk on the wind), the Grand Old Man could go to the top of Mt. Selamat to meet an ancestor and be back within minutes.

When I asked him what is the use of this heirloom, he said, "This is a petrified dragon egg. By having this egg, whatever you want will come rolling to you."



Several weeks later, when I was in my house in Wonoroto, a man came in a pickup truck. He brought an umbrella covered in beautiful decorative wrapping paper complete with a stand and a pair of spears to stand on the left side of the umbrella as the guardians. It was the same umbrella given to me several weeks ago in my sleep.

Before I got my own umbrella, I did not understand why an umbrella should become an important heirloom in the history of Java. Reasoning with my common sense, I came to the conclusion that an umbrella is placed *above* the head. In Java, the head is the most important and sacred part of the body. It is an intolerable offense to hold a person's head, especially if the person is of high social standing. Only the souls of kings and queens can place themselves above the head of a current king or queen, namely, the soul of his or her own ancestor.

An umbrella is shaped like a *wahayu*, a spiritual light which gives blessings and protection to those who receive it.



Panembahan Senopati, the founder of the Mataram dynasty was given the sacred umbrella, Kanjeng Kyahi Mendung, by his adopted father, Sultan Hadiwijoyo. This gift was a token that he was chosen by the Sultan as his successor, instead of the Sultan's own son or a direct member of the family. It is said that Kyahi Mendung could invoke a cloudy sky and cool air when used on a hot sunny day.

Many contestants to the throne were jealous of this gift. Battles were fought for the possession of this sacred umbrella and once Kyahi Mendung was stolen from Panembahan Senopati by a strong opponent. It took a bloody battle and many casualties to gain it back.

None of Panembahan Senopati's opponents succeeded in becoming the King of Java, because the sacred umbrella containing the *Wahayu Kedaton* or the spiritual power of the throne was in the hands of Panembahan Senopati. This means that the souls of the ancestors of the kings and queens of Java backed Panembahan Senopati as indisputable King of Java. His most powerful supporter was the Queen of the South Sea, Kanjeng Ratu (Queen) Kidul, who also became his spiritual wife.

When we went to see a display of the royal heirlooms in the palace of Surokartohadiningrat, my wife, Rukmiwati, was shocked when she touched an ancient umbrella with her hand. There was a very strong vibration radiating from his umbrella.



When the Grand Old Man, Raden Mas Suryosuwarno, came to my house after I got the umbrella, he did not dare to come into the room where the umbrella was kept. He knelt at the door and paid homage to the umbrella. Later he said that the soul of Ratu Kencono Wungu resided in the umbrella. Ratu Kencono Wungu was the queen of the great Mojopahit empire. This was the first sign of the magnitude of the umbrella.

The second sign happened when a psychic sculptor came to my house. His name is Raden Sukocho and he lived in Muntilan, near the Borobudur temple. I had asked him to build the gate for the entrance to my property in Wonoroto. When he asked for the design of it, I invited him to come into my heirloom quarter where it was kept.

When I opened the door, he suddenly knelt down and paid homage to the umbrella, saying: "Ratu Kencono Wungu Nogo," which is the name of the umbrella.

The umbrella was covered by a yellow cloth cover.

How did he know that it was Ratu Kencono Wungu Nogo, I wondered.

When I asked him about it, he did not want to answer and kept kneeling down in a *sembah* position (holding both hands palm to palm in front of the nose).

He remained so for about 35 minutes.

When he had finished I asked him to sit on the porch for a cup of coffee. After he had become calmer I asked him:

"Have you ever seen the umbrella before?"

"No," he said.

"Have you visited the palace of Surokartohadiningrat?" I asked.

"No," he said.

"How do you know that it is Kanjeng Kyahi Tunggul Nogo?"

"Look at me," he said. "My whole body is still trembling. I just know that it is Kanjeng Kyahi Tunggul Nogo."

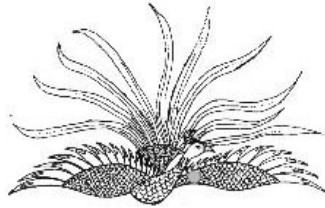
"You are right, it is Kanjeng Kyahi Tunggul Nogo. But how did you know that it was Kanjeng Kyahi Tunggul Nogo inside the yellow cover?" I asked again.

"Just before he died, my grandfather called together the members of our family. When everybody had come, he said: 'All of you listen carefully and witness! Something very important will happen in the future, namely, that the heirloom of Java, Kanjeng Kyahi Tunggul Nogo, will fly away from the palace. However, I do not know as yet where it will go.'"

"After saying this, my grandfather died.

"Then my uncle, who was a hermit and practiced celibacy during his life, also said the same thing before he died, adding that: 'If what I have just said is not proven right, you may dig up my grave.'"

“I am so grateful to Almighty God that I was allowed to witness this before I die,” he said.

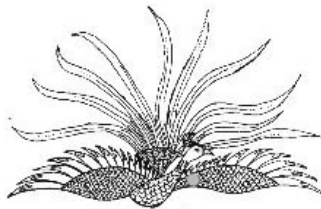


Another spiritual experience which confirmed to me the importance of the sacred umbrella in Java was a dream experience I had the night before His Majesty Sri Sultan Hamengku Buwono the IXth died on the second of October, 1988.

In this dream I saw two identical *songsong gilap* (golden umbrellas) each with one sky blue colored band standing side by side on their stand. Suddenly, one of the umbrellas fell down from its stand. The following day His Majesty Sri Sultan Hamengku Buwono the IXth died. This dream experience also indicated to me that His Majesty Sri Sultan Hamengku Buwono the IXth had received a *Wahyu Kedaton* and had held it till the end of his life.

Unlike Kanjeng Kyahi Mendung and the *songsong gilap* which are one layer umbrellas, my umbrella, Kanjeng Kyahi Tunggul Nogo, consists of three layers. Such an umbrella is not to be used above one's head to protect against the heat of the sun or rain, it is a ceremonial umbrella which mostly stays in the *pendopo*.

The palace of Surokartohadiningrat burned down. It was after this dramatic event that many of their heirlooms moved out of the palace. Some had even moved out before the palace burned.



The Queen of the South Sea, Kanjeng Ratu Kidul, is known to be the spiritual wife of Panembahan Senopati, the founder of the Mataram dynasty. Her invisible palace is located in the midst of the Indonesian Ocean south of Java. She and other powerful souls in Java still play an important role in the power politics of the country. It seems that in the mystical world of Java, the ancestors of Java still supervise the well being of our country. They are united in

a council.

Leaders of Javanese mystical groups are always eager to know the outcome of their annual meeting where political decisions are made, including changes of personnel of the top executives of the Indonesian government. This meeting usually takes place in the Javanese month of Suro.

In the wee hours of Thursday-*Kliwon*, the 29th of Suro, 1917 (which coincided with the 25th October, 1984) when I was in Wonoroto a vision like a movie was shown to me around three o'clock in the morning. It started while I was asleep. But when I woke up, the movie was still going on. When I fell asleep again, it still continued to show. I woke up, slept, woke up, slept, woke up and slept again five times and the scene continued uninterrupted. It happened to be a vision of the future of Indonesia which I did not wish to disclose for obvious reasons.

As His Majesty Sri Sultan Hamengku Buwono the IXth was involved in it, when I went to Jakarta, I asked for an audience with him. We met and I told him of my experience. He did not seem to be surprised. On the contrary he confirmed it.

He said that he had just come back from Jogjakarta. While he was there, a man was summoned by his great grandfather, Panembahan Senopati, founder of the Mataram dynasty. This man did not come to see Panembahan Senopati at the first and second calls because he was afraid to enter Panembahan Senopati's tomb without the Sultan's permission.

But when he was called for the third time, he went to ask the Sultan's permission to enter the tomb of Panembahan Senopati.

Permission was granted and the man went to the tomb of Panembahan Senopati. There he was met by three persons: Panembahan Senopati, Kanjeng Ratu Kidul, and the father of Panembahan Senopati, namely Ki Ageng Pemanahan.

Panembahan Senopati instructed this man to convey a message to the Sultan about what was going to happen in Indonesia and where the Sultan should stand. The message is similar to what I saw in my experience.

On this occasion, the Sultan told me of his experience in 1939 when Governor Adam, who represented the Dutch government, forced him to sign a political contract which delegated almost all of his political powers to the Dutch government. The Sultan refused to do it and negotiations came to a deadlock for about three months. Governor Adam threatened that he would choose another candidate to become the Sultan of Jogjakarta. The Sultan did not want to sign and challenged the governor to go ahead and choose another man.

But one afternoon while he was half asleep and half awake, Panembahan Senopati came and whispered to him: "Don't you worry, son. Just sign the contract. The Dutch will soon have to leave your country."

Upon receiving this message, the Sultan signed the contract without even

reading it through. Indeed, not long after that, the Japanese came to Indonesia and the Dutch had to flee. Those who did not go were captured and killed or imprisoned in concentration camps.



It was the souls in the royal heirlooms, who demanded that I should build a house with a proper *pendopo* for them stay in. I was happy to do so if they provided the funds to build it. This, they promptly did.

My luck and fate instantly changed for the better after I received Kanjeng Kyahi Tunggul Nogo and Kanjeng Kyahi Nogososro and Sabukinten. (Kanjeng Kyahi means the Lord and Master.) I was introduced to an Indonesian business man, who seemed to benefit from his association with me. His luck instantly changed for the better and he was instrumental in providing the funds to build a *pendopo* and a house for the heirlooms.

I decided to build the house in the traditional Javanese way, taking into consideration Javanese spiritual formulas and insight. The first inner square of a *pendopo* is supported by four main pillars which are called the *soko guru*. The next square round it is supported by twelve pillars which are called the *soko rowo*. The next or third square around it is supported by twenty pillars which are called the *soko pengarak*. A *pendopo* with three layers of squares which has a total of thirty-six pillars, is called a *pendopo agung* (great) *proboyekso* and this was the *pendopo* I was to build.

As big and long pillars for the four *soko guru* are difficult to find nowadays, Wiryawan, who I had put in charge of construction, suggested that I should just buy an old house with big *soko guru*. The house to be bought had to be located north of the site where the new house was going to be built. The building materials from the old house can then be moved to the south. Moving a house to the north goes against the general direction of Nogobumi, the Dragon of the Earth, which would be disastrous.

It so happened that there was such an old house with big and old *soko guru* for sale in a village north of Wonoroto. The *soko guru* should only be moved to the new site when all preparations to receive them have been completed. They have to be moved in a standing position and immediately erected on the new site. A living *soko guru* should not be put down on the ground in a flat position. Having them laid down in such a position would cause the downfall of the owner. The exact day and hour to move them must also be carefully calculated to ensure the best and safest result. Anyway, after all the advice of the elders was

followed, the work to move and erect the *soko guru* on the new site went smoothly. These *soko guru* were already more than one century old.



When the construction of the inner square supported by four *soko guru* had been completed, including the wooden structure of the roof, a *selamatan* was given followed by an all night vigil. I was not there when the *selamatan* and the vigil took place.

My son, Laksmonosusilo, told me that around midnight he heard a strange sound similar to that of a siren. After this, he saw a light entering the north eastern *soko guru* (main pillar) and the whole structure vibrated. Later, when all the thirty-six pillars had been erected and the tiles put on, he witnessed another spiritual phenomenon. One night he saw a big ball of fire falling on top of the roof of the *pendopo*. He was shocked, thinking that the *pendopo* was on fire and started to scream for help. But the fire split into four directions on the roof and disappeared from his view. It was not a fire but a spiritual light or a *wahayu*.

Before witnessing these spiritual phenomena himself, Laksmonosusilo was very skeptical about anything spiritual. He was born and raised in Jakarta and trained for two years in horsemanship in Germany. I lured him into moving into Wonoroto in the heartland of Central Java by building stables and a *manège* to train his horses in equestrian sports. I believe that he enjoys being there now and appreciates our Javanese culture and traditions.



A few days before he died at the age of one hundred and twenty six, the Grand Old Man, Raden Mas Suryosuwarno told me the following:

“There are three *wahayus* (spiritual lights) in your *pendopo*.

“The first one is the *Wahayu Trilintang*, meaning the *Wahayu* of the Three Stars, residing in the northeastern *soko guru* (main pillar).

“The second one is the *Wahayu Ttriwulan*, meaning the *Wahayu* of the Three Moons, residing in the *dodo paksi* (cross beam of the central ceiling).

“The third one is the *Wahayu Tri Trenggono*, meaning the *Wahayu* of the Three Palaces, residing in the *dudur* (the standing beam in the middle of the crown of the *pendopo*).

“With these three *wahayu*, your house will become a good place to live through the generations.

“You should inaugurate your house on the Friday-*Kliwon* eve of this *Suro* month.

“The ancestors of Java will come from eleven directions, including the one who now resides at Gunung Ali-ali (literally meaning the ring mountain which is the Ayer’s Rock in the middle of the Australian continent).

“They will stay from five o’clock in the evening till three o’clock in the morning in your *pendopo*.

“Her Majesty the Queen of Bagelèn will host the meeting. She just came to tell me about this arrangement.”

That the annual general meeting of the ancestors of Java should take place in my humble *pendopo* which was not fully completed at that time was really far beyond my expectations.

I certainly felt greatly honored and was very grateful to God for this. I gave a *selamatan* for two hundred people which continued with an all night vigil.

Indeed, one could feel calm, quiet and happy to be in this *pendopo* and I could easily feel the vibrations of the Power of God there. Many people also noticed that this happiness made one feel alive and not sleepy.

After all these experiences, I began to understand and appreciate the way the royal household in Jogjakarta would always kneel down and respectfully bow before entering a *pendopo* in the palace. They do not bow to the place, but to the great souls residing in it.

For a long, long time I was wondering how the souls of the kings and queens of Java knew me when I was still a boy of sixteen years old. Why were they kindly smiling on me and fondly greeting me at that time in 1946 in Jogjakarta? Apparently, they know what the future holds. They loved me and I love them dearly.



Do the souls of the ancestors of people in the West also exist? They certainly exist. To give an example from my own experience, I met with the soul of Napoleon when I visited his tomb in Paris and I also met with the soul of Simon Bolivar when I visited the house where he was born in Caracas, Venezuela and

I have also met with other souls in the West. They do exist and are still living in this world, although not visible to the ordinary physical eyes.

However, I noticed that the relations of people in the West to their ancestors are not maintained the way people do in Java. Their relations with their parents, grandparents and ancestors stop at the funeral. Nowadays, their relationship may even be stopped before that with the recent development of old people's homes. Most elderly people no longer live with their children and grandchildren. They go or are sent to the old people's home, and their children or grandchildren are probably too busy to visit them.



The term "Ancestor Worship" is actually misleading here. The Javanese do not worship their ancestors as gods. They just continue to respect and love their ancestors in the same way they respect and love their parents and older relatives who are still living here in this world. The Javanese pay their homage and ask for the blessings of a living older relative. The respect, love and affection for their parents and older relatives does not stop with death. They continue to respect and love them even after they have moved into the hereafter.

The strong family affection and deep spiritual bond amongst the Javanese is due to the domination of the human life forces in them. This family relation is of an eternal nature which means that it will continue to exist after one dies and lives in the hereafter.

Spiritually speaking, it is this human life force which distinguishes the human race from the animals. The family care and affection of most animals will cease after the young have been weaned. Also, there is no husband and wife relationship amongst animals as exists between human beings. For instance, for a male sheep, any female sheep is good to couple with, whether it is his own sister, mother or grandmother etc. and vice versa. And it will couple with as many female sheep as are available to it. That is why human beings whose inners are dominated by the animal life forces have the tendency to be promiscuous.

Whereas the human life force will cause human beings to have a strong husband and wife relation as well as parents and children relation, grandparents and grandchildren relation and so on. People of good families can even trace their family line back for several centuries or even several thousand years in the past.

Animals do not have this awareness, because they do not have within

them the human life force.

It is a pity that due to the pressure of modern living, the human life forces within human beings are losing ground. They no longer dominate the inner condition of human beings. Their position has gradually been replaced by the material life forces.

The material life force will cause human beings to become materialistic, possessive, individualistic and egoistic. The love and family affection are being replaced by self-centered personalities who only think of their own self interest.

In pursuing their own self interest, people who are dominated by the material life forces would not hesitate to sacrifice the interest of other fellow human beings. Some have even degenerated so far that they would not hesitate to kill their fellow human beings in order to get what they want.

The overwhelming power of the material life forces have destroyed the foundation of human family life. Hence the high increase of divorces and broken families. People whose inners have been dominated by the material life force outwardly still look like human beings, but inwardly they have become as hard as stone. Spiritually speaking, they are no different than an inanimate object which has no feeling and emotion.

The cleverer such people are, the more dangerous they are for human society. The material life force is known as the satanic life force in the spiritual world. A human mind which is filled by this satanic life force will have an evil mind. A human heart which is filled by this satanic life force will have an evil intention.

In fact there is an eternal bond between parents and children, grandchildren, great grandchildren and so on. The Javanese have a saying: "*Anak polah wong tuwo kepradah*," which means: "whatever the children do, or whatever happens to them, their parents will automatically bear the consequences of it."

If a child does something shameful, the parents will also become ashamed of it. If a child is sick, the parents will also suffer. If a child is sad, the parents will also become sad. If a child is happy, the parents will also feel happy, and so on.

But if the parents are dominated by the material life force, their human relations as a family is broken and they do not care what happens to their children and vice versa. There are even instances where parents give away their child or children. I have even seen worse cases than that on the TV in America where mothers have literally dumped their newly born babies on garbage piles.

The Javanese also have another saying in this regard: "*Mendem jeroo, njunjung duwur*," which means: "If you go to hell, you will bring your parents down with you, on the contrary if you go to heaven you will automatically lift your parents up to heaven with you too."

As a matter of fact, one cannot go to heaven by oneself, because the souls of one's parents and ancestors will be sitting on one's head. Thus one will have to carry all of them to heaven too.

The way children come into this world is through the parents. Parents suffer and sacrifice a lot for their children. To balance this, nature, which is actually Almighty God Himself has arranged that children have the obligation to help the parents go to heaven with them. One cannot go to heaven unless one can bring one's parents and ancestors along up to the seventh generation. Vice versa, a powerful ancestor can help and protect a descendant up to the seventh generation.

Islam also teaches how important it is to have religious and God obeying and loving children. Such children can send effective prayers to enlighten the parent's situation in the hereafter.

When my father died in 1972 in Indonesia, I was then in America. After he died, his soul came down through the crown of my head and settled in my head for sometime. Within my head, my father's soul underwent a spiritual process of adjustment. His soul was being adjusted to the level of my spiritual progress or achievement.

In 1946 in Jogjakarta, when I was sixteen years of age, due to my strange behavior—not wanting to go to school, walking out of the house all night every night from early evening till dawn, talking about seeing lights, spirits or souls and other spiritual phenomena, I was misunderstood by most members of my family. As a result of this, I was alienated from most of them and especially one of my uncles, who had really hurt my feelings very deeply.

One evening, I went away from home and I was instinctively urged to go to the graveyard of my ancestors in Wonoroto. I walked through the night and arrived in Wonoroto the following day. It was a distance of about 65 kilometers. When I could not turn to anybody else for advice and consolation, my instinct urged me to seek guidance and peace of mind from my ancestors. I did not know why I did this and nobody advised me to do it. But I felt to do it and although I was alienated in this physical world, I found a warm welcome and understanding from my ancestors, who live in the spiritual world. I stayed by my ancestors graveyard for three weeks and left the place with a renewed confidence.

Later I learned that there were also other people in Java who did the same thing. Spending some time by a graveyard is a kind of *prihatin* (a way to refrain oneself from the pleasures of worldly living) in order to receive moral support from one's ancestors and guidance from God.

Very much later again, I learned that Eyang (Grandmother) Kursinah, the mother of Pak Subuh, the founder of the Subud spiritual brotherhood often slept in the graveyard of her ancestors during her young years. Pak Subuh even told me that it was while she slept by the graveyard of her ancestors that she received the first indications that she would bear a son of great spiritual potential and importance.

Once while attending a Javanese shadow puppet show, a remark of the

*dalang* (the puppeteer) really struck a chord within me. He said that many people in Java who had spent some time by the graveyard of their ancestors became successful in their lives. Why? Apparently this tradition gets its merits from the phrases: “*Kacang ora ninggal lanjaran*” and “*Sangkan paraning dumadi*.” *Kacang lanjaran* or *kacang*, in short, is a string bean plant which grows by creeping on its *lanjaran* or bamboo support. *Ora ninggal* means not leaving or forgetting. By remembering our ancestors it means that we remain grateful to our ancestors who were instrumental for our existence here on earth. To remain grateful to those who had helped or supported us is considered a praise worthy and noble attitude amongst the Javanese. The deeper significance of this tradition is embedded within the phrase: “*Sangkan paraning dumadi*,” which means “The origin of our existence.”

After receiving the contact with the Light of God, one will eventually be guided towards a state of self realization. One will then know one’s own true self or one’s inner self. One will also be guided towards the realization and appreciation of one’s own culture. Prior to the state of self realization, due to my Western education, I did not understand nor appreciate the Javanese culture. As my understanding and realization of the Javanese culture grew deeper, I began to appreciate it more and more. The Light of God within had guided and educated me to be a better Javanese. Likewise and Englishman, a German or an Indian would also be guided and educated by the Light of God towards the realization of their true inner selves which would make them become a better Englishman, German or Indian. Our parents in turn came into this world through their parents who are our ancestors.

The way for us to return to God is by tracing our way back where we came from, starting from the state of self realization, through our parents, ancestors and finally back to God. “From God we came and to God we should return.” This is the meaning of “*Sangkan paraning dumadi*.”

The Javanese word for praying is *sembahyang*. It is derived from the words *sembah* meaning paying homage and *eyang* meaning grandparents or ancestors. Thus *sembahyang* actually means turning oneself to God through one’s ancestors.

To pay homage is called *nyembah* in Javanese. This is done by placing both hands palm to palm in front of the nose. When one carefully looks at the shape of both hands being placed palm to palm in front of the nose, one will see the image of a vagina. This was intended to remind the Javanese that they come into this world through the womb of their mother and that the mother’s vagina is “the gate to heaven.” One can only return to God in heaven through this gate which is the mother’s vagina. Therefore to offend against one’s own mother is considered a grave sin.

Of course such knowledge can only be understood by those who have experienced it and those who have experienced it, keep it to themselves. It is

regarded as a sacred and secret *inner wisdom*.

Before arriving into the mother's womb, one's soul came into this world through the father, and the father in turn came into this world through his parent's and onwards through the ancestors. The place of the father's soul is on the head of his son who has the strongest spiritual capacity. Hence parents and ancestors are called *Pepunden* in Javanese, meaning those whom you carry on your head.

Whatever spiritual progress the children have achieved will automatically benefit the parents and ancestors too. Based upon this true spiritual experience, there is a tradition in Java to address the father of an *Adipati* (governor), for instance, as *Adipati*, although his actual rank may only be a *lurah* or a village head.

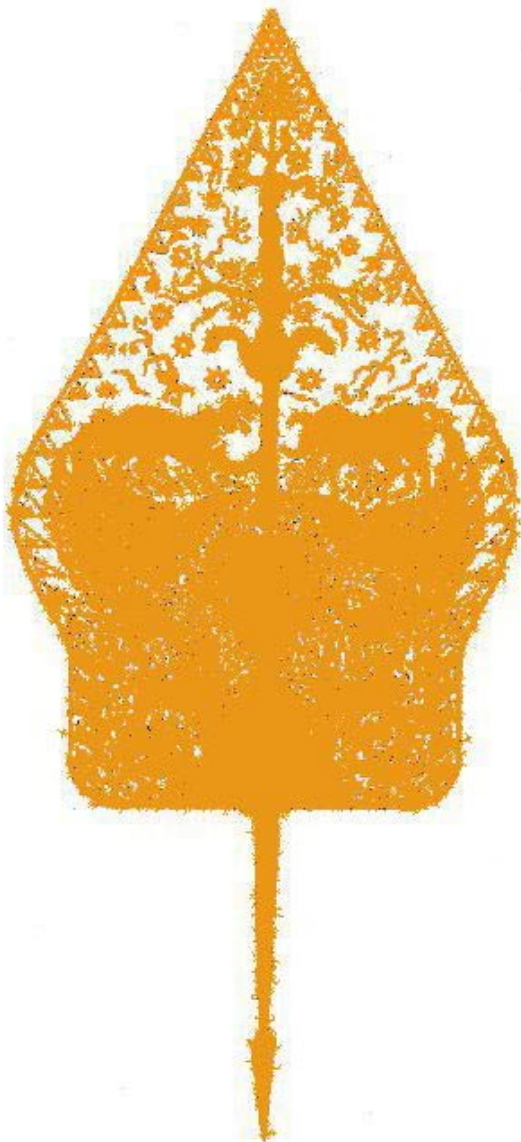
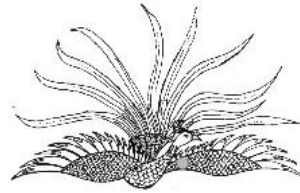
Therefore the Javanese consider it as very important to have children born with good qualities. Children are regarded as the most valuable treasure in Java as they may be instrumental for their parents' and ancestors' spiritual salvation.

How does one actually enter "the gate of heaven" as mentioned above? Certainly a child or a full grown human being cannot physically reenter the mother's womb through her vagina. The way to enter "the gate to heaven" is through the sacred and secret act of sexual union, not with the mother but the wife. In Java, men of wisdom do not regard sexual union as an act of lust and pleasure, but as a sacred instrument of worship. Sexual union is an instrument devised by Almighty God to multiply His creations. While doing it, one is in fact functioning as God's instrument to multiply His creation. If a sexual union is performed with this awareness and sense of responsibility, the sexual union becomes an act of true worship of God and the persons concerned will automatically experience a spiritual uplift. However, this: "gate to heaven," can also turn into "the gate to hell" as the other side of the coin if man abuses God's instrument to multiply His creation by indulging in sexual intercourse with prostitutes, for instance. In such cases a man's mother will really suffer in hereafter. Pak Subuh once told me that the soul of a mother in the hereafter will feel as if a red hot iron is being stabbed into her vagina every time her son has intercourse with a prostitute. Such an act is considered a very grave sin. In the past, adultery could be punished by death or excommunication. Nature has also shown dreadful deterrents for such violations in the form of various kinds of venereal diseases, like syphilis, herpes and more recently AIDS.

If the sexual union is motivated by the Light of God, the persons concerned will also experience a process of spiritual purification. After experiencing a long process of spiritual purification, the deeper one delves into the spiritual realm, while having a sexual union with the wife, one will experience and realize the presence of the soul of his mother within his wife. Such a sexual union will not only lift up the soul of the wife, but it will also lift up the soul of the mother as well. Passing through such an experience is considered as passing through "the

gate to heaven” which will enable one to delve deeper and further into the realm of the spiritual.

Javanese wise men acquired their knowledge of the past, not only through history and archaeology which is limited by material findings, but most importantly by passing through “the gate to heaven” and from there on they travel and wander in the eternal world. Whatever takes place in this world, as well as the world beyond, is automatically audio-visually recorded. Even though all traces may be completely wiped out physically, in the eternal world everything is still recorded.



Pak Subuh told me many things of the past including his vision of the true Atlantis. He said that Atlantis really existed and that at that time, human beings had reached a very high level of technological development. They had been able to produce a very powerful weapon, much more powerful than the atomic bomb of our age. Their powerful weapon was in the form of a light which could destroy or wipe out whatever it touched. It became a weapon of total self destruction.

“Because when Atlantis submerged into the bottom of the ocean, most people died,” Pak Subuh said. “The remaining few completely lost their memory as well as their knowledge. Human intellect turned back.

“During the Indonesian revolution when the Indonesians fought the Dutch, who were trying to re-colonialize her, a group of guerilla fighters destroyed a bridge north of Jogjakarta by using a heavy amount of explosives. As it was a secret operation, it was naturally done late at night. There was a house near the bridge which looked deserted. The guerrilla fighters did not know that there was a man sleeping in the house. When the bomb exploded, the man was so shocked and

terrified that he instantly became deaf and speechless. That was only the explosion of a bomb, however powerful. You can imagine the terrifying noise and force of the submerging of a whole continent like Atlantis.

“The Land of Java already existed when Atlantis stood as a continent and Java survived past the sinking of Atlantis. Java is a very old land.”