

Chapter 4

The History of Our Magickal Lineage

With the printing of Volume I, for the first time a complete history of the art of *Cimande* was printed, that was obtained directly from West Java. Over here I have read a few different versions of the history of our art. Since I obtained the history I printed directly from the society of the old *Pendekar* (*Pendekar Banten*) and they only recognized this version. Indeed, they did not even mention any other version. I refer the reader to Volume I for the physical history of our art. When I trained in Java I was given physical teachers and a spiritual-magickal teacher. As previously stated, this is really the foundation of all real *Pencak Silat*. As an example: Let's say a young boy begins training in the physical art at the age of five, he does it every day for ten straight years and so has mastered the physical concepts. By the age of fifteen, what does he do for the rest of his life? The answer is that he develops the inner portions, which he also had been trained in from early on. So if he lives until he is 75 he will still be learning the *ilmu* (magick) for 50 years. This truly composes the majority of the art. Part of the gift that *Pendekar Sartono* gave me was the ability to receive, channel if you will, knowledge from the founder of our magickal system. This allows holes in the knowledge of certain techniques to be completed. During my years of meditation and the use of various mudras and mantra I found myself inexplicably being drawn to Bali and various Balinese customs and sayings.

Only one year ago after my last visit to my teacher in West Java did he finally give me the history of the founder of the spiritual side and I now realize why I have the feeling I do for Bali, despite our art being a Javanese system. Here, then as given directly

to me from my spiritual master is the complete history of the life of *Embah* Untung Suropati.

In 1603 when Indonesia was a Dutch colony a Governor General, General Edeleer Moor, adopted a young Balinese who was a descendent of a high caste Balinese noble family. His name was Untung. When he was old enough Untung joined the Dutch army. During this time Untung had been seeing the General's daughter, Suzane Moor and without her father's permission she married Untung. Being in Java the marriage was performed by a Moslem Canonist. When the General found out he sent Untung to jail to be executed. His wife, who was pregnant with his son, was exiled back to Holland. In prison Untung was tortured badly. With great effort he escaped with a group of his friends. After a few revolts against the Dutch, outnumbered he left for Cirebon. Cirebon is a port town on the northern coast of Java and was wedged between the warring kingdoms of Banten to the west and Mataram in the interior. At that time the mayor of Cirebon had a son whose name was Suropati, a rude and violent young man. Disliking Untung he attacked him in a fight to the death. With his Pencak Silat Untung killed Suropati. Because the mayor liked Untung and did not approve of his son's behavior he gave the name Suropati to Untung as a badge of honor. From here Untung Suropati travelled south to Tasikmalaya in Rajapolah which is 57 km east of Garut and 116 km southeast of Bandung. Eventually Untung married the daughter of the sultan. In a special ceremony he also married her "genie". Because of this when they had two children, they could live in both worlds – physical and astral. Their names were *Embah* Adisana and *Embah* Samber Nyawa. Through his wife and children Untung Suropati learned the secrets of the other world, i.e. contacting deceased masters, etc. He used his knowledge to develop his *Pencak Silat* fighting powers for combat and enchantment magick and so became the first of our lineage of the *Byang-Byang Naga Penglina* (Shadow Snake Warriors). After constantly refining his internal art he then travelled southeast to kingdom of Mataram (present day Yogyakarta). Because of his great skill and power he became

minister to the King. The King called him Tumenggung Wironegoro and the Pasuruan Region was his authority. The name of his group of men, (troop in the army), was “Wirodimejo”. In battle in 1649 *Embah* Untung Suropati using his magickal and physical abilities against guns, fire and a vastly greater number of enemies was able to save his men. Alive, but very weakened he went to a village called Randatelu and then returned to the castle where he died in 1649. There are a few different dates recorded in the places one finds reference to *Embah* Untung Suropati but I use the ones supplied to me from my spiritual teacher, *Pendekar* Sartono a direct lineage holder from *Embah* Untung Suropati. *Pendekar* Sartono’s teacher was named *Pendekar* Kiyai Donowongso, “descendant of the fourth”, and on August 30, 1985 I was added to this lineage.



Pendekar Raden Sartono Soleman. Photo taken 1997



Pendekar Raden Sartono Soleman. Photo taken 1968



Pendekar Raden Sartono Soleman with his wife Hayani. They were married in Jakarta, Java on March 3, 1968 and have eight children. Photo taken 1990



One of Pendekar Sartono's sons (left) and a student (right) fast, only drinking coconut milk for three days and three nights in preparation to visit Embah Untung Suropati's grave. Photo taken 1993



This winding jungle road is known as the “bewitching” road. It leads to Embah Untung Suropati’s Cemetary. It influences the cemetary and all who travel on it.



This is the entrance to the cemetary in Clapar Village, Karang Anyar Kebumen, Java, where Embah Untung Suropati’s sacred grave is located.



Embah Untung Suropati's grave is located in this building and Embah Untung Suropati's son which was taken from him at birth is buried in the fenced area.



One of Sartono's sons (right) and another student (left) meditate at Embah Untung Suropati's grave site to sharpen their tenaga dalam.



Pendekar Sartono and a student at the grave of Pendekar Sartono's father, 'Soleman' in Kutoarjo, Java, Indonesia.



The house of Embah Untung Suropati in the old Clapar Village, Karang Anyar, Kebumen, Java, Indonesia. The house is 360 years old. Photo taken 1982

