

The Myth of Maempo Cimande

(Original Indonesian text is shown below)

Not far from the Mande river shore was a family of a merchant by the name of Kahir who lived in peace and calm. One day his wife went toward the river to run her daily errands such as washing laundry, cleaning food materials and relieving herself. When the wife was washing laundry she saw a school of monkeys across the stream, picking up "kupak" fruit along the river shore. Not too long after that a tiger appeared at the same place. Feeling that the presence of the tiger was very disturbing, the monkeys screamed and made loud noises, as loud as they could. Kahir's wife was alerted and wondered what would happen next. The tiger roared furiously and charged towards the monkeys with its strong paws, but the little monkeys, not showing any fear at all, dodged the tiger and struck back by biting on the tiger's stomach. The tiger struggled and struck back, but his attacks did not prevail over the monkeys. On the other hand the other monkeys, using branch sticks, they tried to divert the tiger's attention and made him even more angry and jumped on them again. But at the same time the monkeys dodged the attack and bit on him again.

Ibu Kahir was carefully watching this moments by moments, she comprehended every movements which appeared to be as a fighting technique. As a result, she didn't finish her job in time, she arrived home late and did not prepare lunch yet. Her delay in preparing lunch made Mr. Kahir very upset at her and he didn't want to understand her, though she tried her best to explain. He got so upset and that he tried to slap her on the face. She dodged and escaped the slapping. Her husband got even more upset and lost control over himself. Blow by blow he tried to land on his wife, but none were able to touch her. She always managed to dodge the blows. Panting and out of breath, Mr. Kahir asked his wife : "where did you learn to play poho?" (poho means to perform "deceiving moves", or "maempo" for short). The wife explained to her husband that her delay was due to her return from the river, after having watching an interesting fight between the tiger and the monkeys.

After that Mr. Kahir dilligently asked his wife how those swift moves were done, and his wife showed him some samples. Mr Kahir would recall those fighting moves and it is now known by the name "jurus kelid pamonyet" (dodging monkey style). The monkeys attacking by using branches is known as "jurus pepedangan" (sword move) and striking of the tiger with both of its strong paws is known as "jurus pamacan" (tiger style). Because the tiger's position when charging against the monkeys was with both rear legs in squatting position and the monkeys were using low stance position, thus the basic moves for Cimande is first - jurus kelid (dodging moves), starting from the tiger's sitting position and the next step is standing low (low stance) monkey style. The maempo teknik was continuously developed by Mr. Kahir and the locals called it by the name of maempo Cimande.

[Source : Interview with Bapak Rifai, Guru Pencak Silat Cimande Panca Sakti in Jakarta, 1993]

The life of Guru Kahir

[Short essay quoted from Gema Pencak Silat Vol 3 no. 1:18-19]

Kahir lived in a village of Cogreg, Bogor. He became a feared pendekar around the year 1760 which was when he first introduced to his students the maempo Cimande moves. His students then spread it out to other regions like Batavia, Bekasi, Karawang, Cikampek, Cianjur, Bandung, Garut, Tasikmalaya, Sumedang, Ciamis, Kuningan, and Cirebon. When he was living in Cogreg, Bogor, Kahir used to travel far, leaving his hometown for trading horses. There has been many attempts to rob him, but he was able to overcome them all because of his skills in playing maempo. In Batavia he was able to get acquainted with other silat pendekar(s) from Minangkabau and Cina - masters in the world of silat, and he traded experiences with them. His meeting with other silat pendekar gave him an idea to broaden his horizon by accepting other cultures into his own. When doing business in Cianjur, he met with the 4th city mayor of Cianjur, Raden Adipati Wiratanudatar (1776-1813).

He then decided to move to Cianjur and lived in Kamurang vilage. Raden Adipati Wiratanudatar knew that Kahir is skillful in playing maempo and he asked him to teach him and his family, all regional and security officers. In order to prove Kahir's his skills, the mayor challenged him to a fight against a Chinese master of Kuntao Macao in alun-alun (park) Cianjur. Kahir won the fight and made himself more popular among the people in Cianjur region. In 1815 Kahir came back to Bogor, he begat 5 "sons" which are Endut, Ocod, Otang, Komar and Oyot. By his 5 sons was Cimande widely spread throughout the land of Pasundan (Western Java). Meanwhile in Bogor, Cimande was succeeded by his student, Ace, who died in Tarik Kolot. His descendants have become the elders of pencaksilat Cimande Tarik Kolot Kebon Jeruk Hilir. The beginning of the 19th century was when Cimande reached it's glorious moments in West Java, that Kahir's typical clothing of "sontok" or "pangsi" shorts (very loose/baggy shorts) with "kampret" shirt has become the model uniform of pencak silat until present.

In 1825 Kahir died and his fighting art is continuously developing and widely accepted by people of West Java. His training methods was developed by his pupil such as Sera' and Ciwaringin style which along the way made some changes in the moves such as done by Haji Abdul Rosid. However, the changes is not too much different than the basic maempo Cimande moves. Today Cimande has developed and widely spread unto different corners around the world. The problem has been that Kahir did not put his teaching in writings, but oral tradition which is not systematic. In the village of Cimande, maempo Cimande is not in an organized form. From one family to another, the Cimande is passed down from one generation to another in an unorganized manner that it produced many students and branched many schools, legaly as well as illegally, not familiar with one another. At least Cimande has become the basic for other silat moves that later developed and branched out world widely.

Basics of Cimande

[short essay from Gema Pencak Silat Vol. 3, no. 1:20-22]

Originally, Cimande was using long distance fighting techniques, i.e. the fighter would stand within a distance of a few feet from the opponent, which will make it possible for the fighter to dodge opponent's attack. The distance also makes it dominant for counter attacks. In launching attacks, every fighter (pesilat) should always pay close attention to position of feet or stance and keep a certain distance from the opponent. The use of Kuda-kuda pipih (flat stance?) can easily be adjusted/increased in speed or frequency, as one can expect an opponent to strike with a fast punch or kick within a distance. Therefore one needs to adjust one's own speed in order to level with the opponent. In essence, jurus (moves) of Cimande is divided into : Kelid (dodging) Cimande, Pepedangan (sword fight) Cimande and Tepak Selancar(?). Kelid and Pepedangan are self defense techniques whereas Tepak Selancar is a demonstrative art moves (accompanied with pencak drum beats).

1. Jurus Kelid Cimande (Cimande dodging techniques) :

These moves are the core moves which are meant for blocking and knocking down of an opponent.

There are altogether 33 moves (jurus) :

1.

tonjok bareng (simultaneous punch)

2.

tonjok saubelah (single punch)

3.

kelid selup (dive dodge)

4.

timpah seubelah (single strike)

5.

timpah serong (side strike)

6.

timpah duakali (double strike)

7.

batekan

8.

teke tampa

9.

teke purilit

10.

tewekan

11.

kedutan

12.

guaran

13.

kedut guar

14.

kelid dibeulah

15.

selup dibeulah

16.

kelid tonjok (dodge & punch)

17.

selop tonjok

18.

kelid tilu

19.

selup tilu

20.

kelid lima

21.

selup lima

22.

peuncitan

23.

timpah bohong (mock strike)

24.

serong panggul

25.

serong guwil

26.

serong guar

27.

singgul serong

28.

singgul sebelah

29.

sabet pedang

30.

beulit kacang

31.

beulit jalak pengkor

32.

pakala alit

33.

pakala gede

We can see that the dodging techniques is stressing on the hands as source of power/strength.

For example :

Tonjok

forming fist

Teke

using fingers

Tewekan

finger tips thrusting flat

Kedutan

hand palm

Guaran

using outer or inner side of hand

Singgulan

using wrist

In all, the Jurus Kelid looks somewhat unique compared to other styles/moves where stress is put on the feet, like silat Minangkabau.

How to Train

This is usually done in pairs by sitting position, two facing each other, one leg extended and one folded. Sparring partners performing strikes and defense in sitting position. Purpose of this training is to develop one's imagination to figure out and decide which stance and moves are proper to be used in a standing position. If hand moves is mastered, the proper stance to use can easily be determined.

2. Jurus Pepedangan Cimande (Cimande Sword Style)

This style is stressing on the flexibility of the feet and striking techniques using the Golok. Bamboo is used to replace the sword when doing training or mock fight. The pepedangan consists of 1 set of flow of moves, i.e.

elakan sebeulah - selup kuriling - jagangan - tagongan -

piceunan - balungbang - balumbang - sabeulah - opat likur -

buang dua kali - selup kuriling langsung - selop bohong

3. Jurus Tepak Selancar (Demonstrative)

This style is only performed for the beauty as each moves is very artistic and is followed by music in form of pencak drum beats, which includes 2 large drums (indung) and 2 smaller drums (kulantir), which regulates the rhythm. Melody of the trumpet and as small gong (kempul) or bende which accompanies every moves should follow the beating of drums.

Common standard music titles are : Tepak Dua, Tepak Dunggulan, Paleredan, Golempang and Tepak Tilu.

Student candidate and code of ethics

[short essay from Gema Pencak Silat Vol.3 no.1:20-22]

All candidates of Cimande students are required to obey and honor certain rules and code of ethics of the school before entering into training. One of the requirements is to go through a series of traditional 7 day fasting from Monday through Thursday.

The following step is to read Cimande swear or oath (Patalekan Cimande) :

1.

Faithful and obedient to God and His apostles

2.

Respectful to parents

3.

Respectful to teacher and government (ruler)

4.

Avoid gambling and stealing

5.

Avoid arrogance, boasting or showing off

6.

Avoid adultery

7.

Avoid lies and deception

8.

Avoid drunk and drugs

9.

Do not take advantage or abuse fellow creatures of God

10.

Do not pluck nor take without permission

11.

Avoid envy and hatred

12.

Do not avoid paying debts

13.

Always be polite, humble and appreciative to other fellow human beings

14.

Learning Cimande is not for showing off, boasting or for acting recklessly, but for achieving safety on earth and in heaven.

Patalekan Cimande is explained in such a way and repetitively to student candidates in order for them to fully understand and comprehend while their hands are being held by the teacher as symbol for acceptance. The next step is for the teacher to say a prayer, tawasul, and drop a mixture of water and betelnut (sirih) extract to the student's eye (peureh), this tradition is called "keceran" and is meant to sharpen the student's eyes. The function of Cimande is basically for spreading Islam, and therefore the devotion for God and His apostles while doing all of His commands and avoid the taboos is a must to all Cimande practitioners. Cimande is used for controlling all animal lust and other lust that does not benefit human beings. Cimande is not to be used for controlling (or having superiority against) other human beings. Talek Cimande is basically the spirit of the pencak itself, without Talek Cimande, the pencak is like a corpse without soul which spreads out an unpleasant (rotten) smell.

May this information be beneficial in describing the whats and hows of Cimande. May you success in your fasting.

Mythos maempo Cimande

Tak jauh di tepian sungai Mande sebuah keluarga pedagang bernama Kahir hidup tinggal temtram dan damai. Di suatu hari istrinya pergi kesungai untuk melakukan kegiatan sehari-hari mencuci pakaian, makanan dan membuang hajat. Di saat istrinya mencuci pakaian di seberang tampak segerombolan monyet memungut buah kupak di tepian sungai, selang waktu kemudian datang seekor macan (maung) di tempat yang sama. Monyet-monyet itu merasa terusik kenyamanannya dengan kedatangan macan, monyet-monyet itu menjerit jerit mengeluarkan suara sekeras-kerasnya. Suasana itu mengejutkan istri Kahir untuk memperhatikan keadaan, kemungkinan apa yang terjadi. Macan itu marah mengaum dan menyerang ke arah monyet dengan tangannya yang kekar tetapi monyet yang bertubuh kecil itu, merasa tidak takut, meloncat dengan berkelid kembali menyerang dengan mengigit di bagian perut macan. Macan menggeliat kembali melakukan serangan-serangan namun tidak menyentuh tubuh monyet. Sebaliknya monyet yang lain dengan menggunakan tangkai kayu, mencoba mengganggu macan agar supaya marah dan menyerangnya kembali. Pada saat yang sama monyet kembali berkelid dan mengigitnya. Kejadian ini detik demi detik diperhatikan dan diamati oleh Ibu Kahir diredungkan kembali teknik perkelaian itu. Sebagai akibatnya pekerjaannya tertinggal tidak terselesaikan tepat waktu, sehingga Ibu Kahir kembali ke rumah terlambat dan belum memasak makanan siang. Keterlambatan memasak ini membuat Pak Kahir marah terhadap istrinya tak mau mengerti. Istrinya mencoba menjelaskan tetapi suaminya marah dengan menempeleng istrinya, dengan gerakan cepat berkelid, serangan itu dapat dihindari. Kemarahan yang tidak terkontrol itu meluap-luap dilakukan dengan pukulan demi pukulan namun tak berhasil menyentuh istrinya, cukup diatasi dengan gerakan kelid. Pak Kahir nafasnya terengah-engah, bertanya kepada istrinya: "Di mana kamu belajar maen poho?" (artinya "menipu gerakan" dipersingkat menjadi "maempo"). Istrinya menjelaskan kepada suaminya, dia terlambat kembali dari sungai disebabkan lama sedang asik menikmati perkelaian (maung) macan dan monyet. Sejak itu Kahir bertanya-tanya bagaimana gerakan tadi, istrinya dengan rajin memberikan contoh gerakan kelid. Kahir dengan cermat memulai memikirkan menjadi gerakan perkelaian yang kini dikenal dengan nama "jurus kelid pamonyet", monyet menyerang dengan tangkai kayu menjadi "jurus pepedangan" dan serangan tangan yang kokoh dikenal "jurus pamacan". Karena posisi macan sewaktu menyerang monyet kedua kakinya sedang berada di posisi duduk dan monyet menggunakan posisi kuda-kuda rendah, maka latihan dasar Cimande pertama-tama jurus kelid dimulai dari posisi macan yaitu duduk dan tingkat berikutnya mulai latihan dari posisi berdiri dengan kuda-kuda pamonyet(rendah). Berikutnya teknik mempo' ini terus dikembangkan oleh Kahir dan masyarakat setempat memberikan nama maenpo' Cimande. (Sumber wawancara dengan Bapak Rifai Guru Pencak Silat Cimande Panca Sakti di Jakarta 1993)

Hidup guru Kahir

(kutipan singkat dari Gema Pencak Silat Vol. 3, no. 1:18-19)

Kahir tinggal di kampung Cogreg, Bogor menjadi pendekar yang disegani kira-kira pada tahun 1760 pertama kali memperkenalkan kepada murid-muridnya jurus mempo' Cimande. Kemudian murid-muridnya menyebarkan luaskan kedaerah lainnya seperti Batavia, Bekasi, Karawang, Cikampek, Cianjur, Bandung, Garut, Tasikmalaya, Sumedang, Ciamis, Kuningan, dan Cirebon. Sewaktu beliau tinggal di Cogreg Bogor, Kahir sering bepergian jauh meninggalkan kampung halamannya untuk berdagang kuda. Pengalamannya sering di begal oleh rampok dan bandit namun keadaan itu dapat diatasi karena kepiawaiannya bermain maempo'. Di Batavia berkesempatan berkenalan dengan pendekar-pendekar silat Minangkabau dan Cina yang ahli dalam dunia persilatan untuk saling mencoba dengan bertukar pengalaman. Pertemuan dengan ahli silat lain ini memberikan cakrawala untuk membuka wawasan pandangan tentang permainan yang dimilikinya berinteraksi dengan budaya lain. Ketika berdagang di Cianjur, beliau bertemu dengan Bupati Cianjur ke VI yakni Raden Adipati Wiratanudatar(1776-1813) Beliau menetapkan pindah ke Cianjur dan berdomisili di kampung Kamurang. Raden Adipati Wiratanudatar mengetahui bahwasanya Kahir mahir bermain mempo' untuk itu memintanya untuk mengajar keluarganya, pegawai kabupaten dan petugas keamanan. Untuk membuktikan ketrampilannya, bupati mengadakan adu tanding melawan pendekar dari Cina dengan permainan kuntao Macao di alun-alun Cianjur. Pertandingan yang dimenangkan oleh Kahir ini membuat namanya semakin populer di Kabupaten Cianjur. Pada tahun 1815 Kahir kembali ke Bogor, beliau memiliki 5 putra yaitu Endut, Ocod, Otang, Komar dan Oyot. Dari kelima anak inilah Cimande disebarkan keseluruh Tanah Pasundan. Sementara di Bogor yang meneruskan penyebaran Cimande adalah muridnya yang bernama Ace yang meninggal di Tarik Kolot yang hingga kini keturunannya menjadi sesepuh pencak silat Cimande Tarik Kolot Kebon Jeruk Hilir. Pada permulaan abad XIX di Jawa Barat adalah masa-masa kejayaan Cimande sehingga cara berpakaian Kahir dengan menggunakan pakaian celana sontok atau pangsi dengan baju kampret menjadi model pakaian pencak silat hingga kini. Pada tahun 1825 Kahir meninggal dunia sedangkan buah karyanya terus berkembang dan diterima secara luas oleh masyarakat Jawa Barat. Pola pendidikannya dikembangkan oleh anak didiknya seperti Sera' dan aliran Ciwaringin yang dalam perkembangannya mengadakan perubahan jurus seperti yang dilakukan Haji Abdul Rosid. Akan tetapi perubahan itu tidak jauh berubah dari pakem mempo' Cimande . Dewasa ini Cimande sudah berkembang ke seluruh pelosok dunia, masalahnya Kahir meninggalkan maempo Cimande tidak berupa catatan tertulis , oral tradisi yang tidak sistimatis. Di desa Cimande, maempo' Cimande tidak berada di dalam tatanan yang terpadu seperti organisasi. Maempo Cimande berkembang bermula dari keturunan dan keluarga yang tidak terorganisir dalam waktu yang panjang telah menghasilkan murid-murid yang banyak dan dari senilah berkembang dengan seizin atau tidak menjadi perguruan-perguruan Cimande yang baru yang satu dengan yang lain tidak aling mengenal lagi. Setidak tidaknya Cimande menjadi bagian dasar pendidikan aliran-aliran pencak silat baru yang sudah banyak tersebar diseluruh dunia.

Pola dasar Cimande

(kutipan singkat dari Gema Pencak Silat Vol. 3, no. 1:20-22)

Cimande pada mulanya menggunakan teknik perkelaian dengan jarak jauh, yaitu pesilat mengambil jarak jangkau selepas kaki, jarak ini dimungkinkan untuk dapat mudah menghindari serangan lawan. Jarak ini menjadi jarak dominan untuk serang balik. Setiap pesilat dalam melakukan serangan harus memperhatikan sikap kaki atau kuda-kuda yang bertujuan untuk menjaga jarak lawan. Kuda-kuda pipih yang digunakan dapat dengan mudah dipindah-pindah, dan dapat diubah-ubah dalam kecepatan dan frekuensi tinggi. Karena dipastikan lawan akan memberikan serangan jarak dalam bentuk pukulan atau tendangan cepat dan tinggi, untuk mengatasinya maka diperlukan jurus agar pesilat dapat mengimbangnya. Secara garis besar Comande dibagi dibagi dalam tatanan yaitu: Kelid Cimande, Pepedangan Cimande dan Tepak Selancar. Kelid dan Pepedangan merupakan jurus beladiri, sedangkan Tepak Selancar Jurus Seni (dengan iringan musik gendang pencak).

1. Jurus Kelid Cimande

Jurus ini adalah jurus inti yang bertujuan menangkis serangan lawan dengan berusaha merobohkannya. Kelid artinya menangkis serangan lawan sambil berusaha merobohkannya.

Jurus ini berjumlah 33 jurus yaitu:

- 1.tonjok bareng,
- 2.tonjok saubelah,
- 3.kelid selup,
- 4.timpah seubelah,
- 5.timpah serong ,
- 6.timpah duakali,
- 7.batekan,
- 8.teke tampa,
- 9.teke purilit
- 10.tewekan,
- 11.kedutan,
- 12.guaran,
- 13.kedut guar
- 14.kelid dibeulah
- 15.selup dibeulah,
- 16.kelid tonjok

- 17.selop tonjok
- 18.kelid tilu,
- 19.selup tilu
- 20.kelid lima
- 21.selup lima
- 22.peuncitan,
- 23.timpah bohong
- 24.serong panggul,
- 25.serong guwil,
- 26.serong guar,
- 27.singgul serong,
- 28.singgul sebelah,
- 29.sabet pedang,
- 30.beulit kacang,
- 31.beulit jalak pengkor
- 32.pakala alit
- 33.pakala gede

Jika diperhatikan jurus kelid ini nampaknya tertumpu pada ketangguhan tangan sebagai inti kekuatan, seperti:

Tonjok : bentuk tangan mengepal

Teke : menggunakan ruas jari tangan

Tewekan : bentuk tangan pipih menusuk

Kedutan : menggunakan telapak tangan

Guaran : menggunakan sisi tangan bagian luar aupun dalam

Singgulan : menggunakan pangkal tangan

Secara keseluruhan gerakan jurus kelid terlihat agak unik dari gerakan silat lainnya yang pada biasanya kekuatan serangan

bertumpu kepada kaki seperti silat Minangkabau.

Untuk melatihnya:

Biasanya dilakukan dengan duduk ditempat, sepasang duduk saling berhadapan salah satu kaki dilipat dan lainnya dilonjorkan kedepan demikian pula pasangannya dengan posisi sebaliknya. Pasangan itu melakukan serang bela dalam posisi duduk . Tujuan latihan ini untuk melatih daya emajinasi seseorang untuk menentukan kuda-kuda yang tepat saat jurus-jurus tersebut dilakukan dengan posisi berdiri. Dengan dikuasanya gerakan tangan tentunya secara otomatis dapat dengan mudah menggunakan kuda-kuda dan serang bela.

2. Jurus pepedangan Cimande

Jurus ini bertumpu kesigapan kaki dan teknik serangan senjata golok. Dalam latihan digunakan senjata dari bambu sebagai pengganti senjata yang sesungguhnya. Jurus pepedangan ini berjumlah 1 rangkaian jurus yaitu elakan sebeulah - selup kuriling - jagangan - tagongan - piceunan - balungbang- balumbang - sabeulah - opat likur - buang dua kali - selup kuriling langsung - selop bohong.

3. Jurus Tepak Selancar

Jurus ini hanya disajikan sebagai keindahan gerak karena jurus jurusnya memiliki unsur keindahan dan setiap penampilannya harus diiringi musik gendang pencak yang terdiri dari dua gendang besar(indung) dan dua gendang kecil(kulantir) yang berperan sebagai pengiring gerakan dan mengatur tempo lagu. Terompet sebagai melody lagu dan gong kecil (kempul) atau bende dalam penampilannya gerakan pencak selalu ditikberatkan dengan iringan gendang. Pakem musik yang sudah baku ialah: tepak dua, tepak dungdung , paleredan, golempong dan tepak tilu.

Calon murid dan kode etik

(kutipan singkat dari Gema Pencak Silat Vol. 3, no. 1:20-22)

Setiap calon murid Cimande yang akan mengikuti latihan terlebih dahulu harus menyatakan kesediaannya mematuhi tatacara atau etika perguruan yang amat dihormati; Syarat-syaratnya ialah harus melalui rangkaian upacara tradisi seperti puasa selama 7 hari yang dimulai dari hari Senin atau Kamis.

Selanjutnya membacakan sumpah atau janji (Patalekan Cimande)

1. Harus taat sdan taqwa kepada Allah dan Rasulnya
2. Jangan melawan kepada ibu dan bapak
3. Jangan melawan kepada guru dan ratu(pemerintah)
4. Jangan berjudi dan mencuri
5. Jangan ria, takabur dan sombong

6. Jangan berbuat zinah
7. Jangan bohong dan licik
8. Jangan mabok-mabokan dan menghisap madat
9. Jangan jahil dan menganiaya sesama makhluk Tuhan
10. Jangan memetik tanpa ijin, mengambil tanpa minta,
11. Jangan suka iri hati dan dengki
12. Jangan suka tidak membayar hutang
13. Harus sopan santun, rendah hati dan saling harga menghargai diantara sesama manusia.
14. Berguru Cimande bukan untuk gagah-gahan , kesombongan dan ugal-ugalan tetapi untuk mencapai keselamatan dunia dan akhirat.

Patalekan Cimande dijelaskan sedemikian rupa dan diulang-ulang kepada calon murid hingga murid benar-benar memahaminya dan mematuhi dengan dipegang tangannya oleh guru sebagai tanda kesanggupan . Berikutnya guru membacakan do'a tawasul dan meneteskan air bercampur daun sirih ke mata sang murid (dipeureh) tradisi ini disebut upacara keceran untuk menajamkan pandangan mata. Pada dasarnya Cimande ini berfungsi sebagai media siar agama Islam oleh karena itu ketaatan kepada Allah dan Rasulnya dengan menjalankan segala perintahnya dan menjahui larangannya merupakan syariat yang harus ditaati warga Cimande. Cimande merupakan pengisi dan pengekan nafsu hewani dan sifat-sifat lain yang dapat merugikan semua pihak. Hal ini Cimande bukan bertujuan untuk menguasai dan berkuasa atas diri manusia lainnya. Pada hakekatnya Talek Cimande adalah roh dari pencaknya, tanpa Talek Cimande, pencak Cimande ibarat mayat yang menebarkan bau busuk yang menyesakkan.

Semoga informasi ini berfana'at memberi gambaran apa dan bagaimana Cimande. Selamat menjalankan ibadah puasa dan semoga tetap afdol puasanya.

Passage from the book, Learning Silat, page 10, by Mr. R Asikin, Bandung, August 1975 and authorized by H. Suhari Sapari, The General Leader of PPSI "The Indonesian Self Defense Association" of West Java, and the IPSI, Ikatan Pencak Silat Indonesia

(Original Indonesian text is shown below)

Embah Kahir

He was the master of "Cimande", clan. He introduced the "Cimande" fighting system to the West Javanese. He called his clan "Cimande" for the place where he lived had a river called the Cimande River. He lived in a small village called the "Congreg" near the town of Bogor in West Java, around, 1780.

Embah Kahir had many students in many places like: Bogor, Jakarta, Banten, Bandung, and else where in West Java. In 1773, he fought against a fighter from Macao in Cianjur, a small town in West Java. It was witnessed by the chief of the district of Cianjur called the Prince of Kornel.

His very well known student was "Bapak Sera", who had many students in Depok, Bogor, Jakarta, Tangerang, and Banten.

Embah Kahir's five students who spread Cimande in Bandung were: Bapak Endut, Ocod, Otoy, Komar, and Oyot.

There were three other students who came from Bogor to Bandung and taught Cimande, namely: Bapak Bidong, Mailin and Bapak Abo.

Embah Kahir (original Indonesian)

Yang mula-mula memberi pelajaran di Jawa Barat, hidup pada pertengahan tahun 1780, tinggal di kampung Cogreg, Bogor. Alirannya disebut Cimande, karena di tempat Embah Kahir ada kali yang bernama Cimande dan murid-muridnya berlatih di kali tersebut.

Beliau mempunyai banyak murid yang menyebar-luaskan pelajarannya; di Bogor, Jakarta, Banten, Bandung dan tempat-tempat lain di Jawa Barat. Pada tahun 1773 beliau pernah bertanding dengan orang Macao di Cianjur, disaksikan oleh Pangeran Kornel, yang pada waktu itu menjadi Kepala Cutak (Wedana) di Cianjur.

Murid-murid Embah Kahir yang terpenting ialah: "Bapak Sera", yang mempunyai banyak murid di Depok, Bogor, Jakarta, Tangerang dan Banten.

Yang menyebar-luaskan pencak Cimande di Bandung yaitu terutama anak-anak Embah Kahir sendiri sebanyak 5 orang, yaitu: Bapak Endut, Ocod, Otoy, Komar dan Oyot.

Kemudian datang lagi di Bandung dari Bogor yang mengajarkan pencak Cimande, yaitu Bapak Bidong, Mailin dan Bapak Abo.

The Kudi or Kujang

Keris and Other Weapons of Indonesia

by Mr. Moebirman

It was since long prior to the Hindu Javanese period of civilization that Indonesian empu's or master smiths have produced the kudi (Javanese) or the kujang (sundanese) as a weapon of some mystical importance (as a kind of tumbal). Certain offerings, sajen-sajen, were carefully prepared for the service of the kujang (being the medium of the ancestral spirits) as much to evoke at regular times the 'good spirits' from the other world.

Rituals were also carried out in due time, so that the people would be blessed with good health and fortune. The solemn ceremonies preceding the composition of works of art and its manifestations evidently prove that the Indonesian artists are conscious of the fact that art is closely related to the supernatural. The people of the past held the same opinion as they had a more or less primitive outlook upon life, which is generally referred to as a kind of animism. This animistic belief is founded so far on three basic principles:

- a. the belief in the existence of a 'soul matter', which can incorporate into a human body or a definite object, and which gives life to everything existing.
- b. the belief in an individual soul, which continues its existence after death.
- c. the belief in spiritual beings and deities, having human qualities, which are supposed to be able to influence mankind either harmfully or beneficially.

Already Plato (427 - 347 B.C), the Greek philosopher, thought that all natural objects were imperfect representations or symbols of perfect divine ideas. But on the other hand, according to other philosophers, man endeavors through art to approach closer to these divine ideas than nature might accomplish to the beings of things, the transcending, ideal realities, than nature. And, this explains how, for instance, a painter or a sculptor succeeds in composing a perfect picture of an object having beauty defects. Our irresistible impulse towards the perfect, beautiful and harmonic must, therefore, stand in direct correlation with the beings of mankind in whom has been created a notion of the existence of higher, esoteric spheres and, who, consciously or unconsciously, takes his inner feelings as the basis for every artistic endeavor. Religion or belief is the translation of the mind, and art the interpretation of the senses of this metaphysical notion.

In this case the relation of religion to art is clearly evident from the meaning of each symbol with the so called pamor motifs, as also with the carvings of keris grips, and the various forms of the kudi.

Form of the Kudi

Various forms of the kudi or the kujang are found in places scattered over the country (the Alor islands, Java, Madura, Bali, Sumatra, Sulawesi, Kalimantan). and it seems that the bronze axes ever made during the Dong Song period before the beginning of our era have given form to the first kudi's or kujang's of a later period.

As said before, the most ordinary kudi in Java and elsewhere resembles a deer's horn (tanduk kijang) branched into two side antlers. Some other kudi's look like a bird-head as regards its upper part. Pamor or damascening art is sometimes applied to the technique of forging with the production of the so called 'kudi pusaka'. Very scarce are those ones embellished with a cut out representing some wayang face in profile, which can be seen on the back of the blade's top (Semar figure).

As a pusaka heirloom, the kudi is once kept in the collection of sacred weapons belonging to the kraton of the sultan Sepuh of Cirebon, and another one to the kraton of the sultan of Jogjakarta. The kudi belonging to the collection of the late Pangeran of Pamekasan (\pm 1853) is performed with 30 holes in the blade. The number of holes has its special meaning, and it is said that this corresponds with the number of merits of its bearer. Sometimes, the holes are filled with gold or with the so called besi kuning, which contains a supernatural force of some sort. Some explications are given on the subject, but they are rather confusing and no definite interpretation can be given till now.

As a sacred weapon, the kudi can be seen in the hands of hermits on bas-reliefs of the famous Borobudhur temple in Central Java. It was also recorded that king Adityawarman (the first king of Minangkabau) has ever kept a kind of kudi as a state-weapon (1345-1375). The well known and mighty Prabu Siliwangi, king of Pajajaran has also possessed a sacred kujang, and this inspires the Siliwangi Army division of today to use it as a symbol of power and strength in the emblems. (3)

Not unlike the keris pusaka, which has found its way throughout the life stories of our national heroes (a.o. Pangeran Diponegoro, Prabu Brawijaya, Untung Suropati, and others), so did the kudi or kujang, in a certain way, play its role as a weapon of mystical sense and as a symbol of sovereignty.

Later on, this curious arm was made only after special order of the raja or the sultan concerned, and after first being inspired by the deities. The kudi forms part of the royal collection of sacred weapons, known by the name of ampitan in the Principalities of Central Java; it is a state-weapon of primary rank.

However, after the propagation of the Islam since the 13th century in Indonesia, all forms of idolatry and superstition were soon in contradiction with the principles of the new religion. Hence, the proto type of the sacred kudi (kujang pusaka) gave only reason to some unknown metal workers toward the ingenious idea to use the basic structure of the weapon, merely for

practical purposes. By deviating somewhat from the original form, a similar piece of work in the shape of a deer's horn (with two branches) was created yet bearing the same name soon as the master smiths found that the main form of the kudi should lend itself excellently to both chopping and paring some tough materials. In some way, this succeeding tool can be used effectively, for example, in taking out the copra from its tough rind and afterwards from its stone hard shell (batok kelapa). Nevertheless, it is evident from the foregoing that in whatever situation the kudi might be considered and adopted by the mass, the weapon has continued to exist although in another function than before and to develop further into various forms according to the traditional art of the people.

During the ages of social and cultural progress in Indonesia, the kudi has changed gradually of its primary function, namely from a weapon of magic religious sense during the remotest past into a practical tool of the present. Beside the name of khodiq, the tool is also called caluk in Madura, and calok in Javanese. (2)

The main difference between the kudi pusaka (as a state weapon) and the ordinary kudi (as a tool) lies only in the absence of pamor damascenings with the latter, as its intricate technique of forging has disappeared since the decline of the Majapahit kingdom.

Footnotes

(1) - to compare also with the verb *kampit* meaning to own something, to take possession of

(2) - In a very special case the word *caluk* (from *calui* in Chinese) indicates a go-between who unfairly used to chop the smooth and easy course of business in order to make profit.

(3) - Some experts in this field are inclined to associate the meaning of '*kujang*' with that of '*kijang*' by assuming that some corruption could take place within this scope, for, the main form of the ordinary kudi yet bears witness of itself.

The Rencong

Hands of Time: The Crafts of Aceh, by Barbara Leigh, 1989, Jakarta

Acehnese say that the rencong takes the shape of the invocation, "Bismillaah In the name of God, the merciful and compassionate."

According to Drs. Syamsuddin and Drs. Nur Abbas of the Department of Education and Culture in Aceh, the component parts of the rencong can be likened to individual letters of the formal Arabic script "huruf gundul", literally "bare lettering", of the phrase 'Bismillaah'.

The hilt of the rencong is in the shape of "ba".

The decoration at the base of the hilt is "sin".

The blade's shape is "mim".

The shape of the metal parts at the top of the blade is "lam".

The base of the scabbard has the shape of the letter "ha".

Together, "ba, sin, mim, lam and ha" make up the world, "Bismillaah" (1)

Yahya bin Ahmad raised his saw and cut into the smooth curved elephant tusk. The ivory gave off a soft glow, so that the jarring cut of the saw seemed to be an almost sacrilegious act. Yahya is a big man with strong arms and sturdy frame. It seemed fitting that such a massive figure of masculinity should be working with this part of one of the largest and most powerful of beasts to fashion a rencong, the dagger that represents the might and inner strength and power, kekuasaan, of the Acehnese people.

Yahya is the head workman in the workshops of Sibreh village. Sibreh is not far from the capital, Banda Aceh, but it is situated off the bitumen road through, many kilometers of rice fields. There are nineteen work huts in the village, eleven of which are used for making rencong. Knives and sickles are produced in the others. In each work hut are approximately seven workers, most of whom are men of the village.

Yahya, the son of Ahmad, belongs to a family of weapon makers. As a small child, he helped his father in the same way that his son now helps him. His position of responsibility has taken him all over Aceh in the search for raw materials. Now people usually come to him to sell their scrap metal; he needs one kilogram for the blade of a medium sized rencong. They bring their buffalo horn, which will be whittled down into hilts and scabbards for new blades, and the rare ivory tusk, which is used in the production of the more expensive rencong. He is pleased that the work huts have become so well known that it is no longer necessary to travel in search of raw materials. Yahya wipes his brow and removes his coat, as he gets ready to begin his work.

Rencong blades are forged and annealed (2) from metal. Yahya sits at an open coal fueled fire where he hammers the red hot metal into shape. At critical points of forging, air is pumped by

goatskin bellows into the coals to increase the heat. This heating and hammering continues until the metal has taken the shape of the blade.

A non-tarnishable steel is used for blades that will be fitted with buffalo horn hilts and scabbards. A brass alloy is used for those with scented wood or ivory hilts and scabbards. Stylized bamboo shoot motifs, pucuk rebung, are worked into what will become the lower end of the hilt. Above this is a sharp point which will later be inserted into the hilt, when the two parts are joined together.

The blade is sharpened. Out in the open air, Yahya holds the knife against a circular whetstone while Ridwan alternately pulls the two ends of a string wound round the axle which turns the stone.

When making the hilts, the requisite material is cut into rough shape. Ivory, gading, wood, kayu keumuning, (*Murraya exotica* L), or buffalo horn, tanduk, may be used. The pieces are filed and smoothed. A hole is bored in the center of the hilt into which the sharp point at the upper end of the blade is inserted and glued in place.

The scabbard, whether horn, wood, or ivory, is shaped to fit the blade. The bottom end is decoratively worked first, then the inside is hollowed out, gouging out the core of the scabbard material from both the top end and through a small slit cut into the convex curve of the scabbard. When finished, the small wedge removed to make the slit is replaced and secured with three narrow metal bands spaced at an even distance from each other down the length of the scabbard. The completed weapon measures about 40 cm. in length; smaller ones are made for visitors to the capital.

Horn, wood and ivory are not the only materials used for rencong hilts and scabbards; silver and occasionally gold may also be used. Such rencong are not made by iron workers, tukang besi, but by goldsmiths. They are used for ceremonial purposes by those who can afford to buy them.

Tucked away in a small goldsmith's shop in Meulaboh, West Aceh, Abdullah PK spends much of his time melting down old silver and making, among other things, new rencong.

Abdullah PK rubs his hands over his smooth head, then adds 300 ml. of hydrochloric acid, air keras, to 80 grams of melted silver. He heats the molten compound in a small crucible over a gas burner, using his foot to pump the gas up to his workbench from a container of bottled gas on the floor.

When the mixture is ready, Abdullah PK pours the silver into an ingot or oblong rod. When it has cooled slightly, he beats it with a mallet. He reheats the silver and hammers it again. The heating and hammering process continues over a period of five days, until the silver is no more than 5 mm. thick.

Four large pieces of this flat silver are needed for the hilt and scabbard of the rencong. Small pieces are required for the decorative pucuk rebung which is wrapped around the bottom of the hilt, and for the disc which covers the upper end of the hilt, tutup rencong.

The rencong blade is forged from an alloy composed of 60% silver and 40% brass. It is glued to the hilt by filling the aperture in the hilt with an adhesive and fitting the sharp upper end of the blade into the aperture.

The rencong is now ready for ornamentation. Abdullah PK takes up a hot chisel, and with a practiced hand engraves scrolls, curves and chevron patterns in the silver scabbard and hilt. He notches the base of the scabbard further, giving greater realism to the rencong's invocation of "Bismillah - in the name of Allah, the Merciful and the Compassionate."

Aceh's history is filled with a large array of weaponry. Swords and daggers have been used throughout for both ceremonial purposes and war, Aceh having experienced both in abundance. The rencong is one of those weapons which has been elevated to the position of a symbol for the whole province.

Whilst it is true that the rencong is in the shape of the invocation "Bismillah" it is quite possible that a similar dagger was used in the region prior to the coming of Islam and was then later sanctified by likening it to Arabic script, a script which is quite flexible in its rendition (3) The noted authority on Malay crafts, Mubin Sheppard writes that it is possible that a first century Dong S'on dagger from the Gulf of Tonkin provided the prototype for the keris (4). However the keris differs from the rencong in that the blade is usually wavy and is sharp on both sides. Sheppard also writes of one sided sharp daggers which were common in the Malay world; the badek and the more elaborate tumbok lada which has a tubular hilt and more closely resembles that Acehnese siwah. (5) Unfortunately he does not give any evidence of the earlier use of these weapons.

As Aceh was an important military power within the Malay world, its weaponry was extremely important. Because of its international links westward, it is possible that the shape of the rencong was partly influenced by weapons used by Aceh's western neighbors, particularly Turkey and the Indian subcontinent. The shape of the rencong blade bears a resemblance to the Turkish sabre, the kilij. An emerald dagger which belonged to the Ottoman Sultan Mahmud I has the same curved blade. (6) The rencong is also reminiscent of the Mughal scimitar, although much shorter. An Indian wall hanging from Madras dated 1610-1620 depicts several fashionable men with rapiers and daggers hanging from their belts. Some of these are quite long. Others are shorter and curved, and closely resemble the rencong in size.(7)

A popular magazine article claimed that the shape of the rencong was invented in Aceh in the 16th century by Sultan Al Kahar. (8) This was the Sultan who enjoyed a close relationship with the Ottoman Turkish Caliph, and on several occasions requested Turkish assistance in repelling and attacking the Portuguese on water, and the Bataks of the highlands on land. Another

Acehnese source says that the rencong was already known during the first Islamic Sultanate in the 13th century. (9)

We know that the rencong existed in Aceh in the 18th century, for the heroic literary figure Poecut Muhamat ordered that "reuntjong daggers be made", and that "the steel pile up in whatever direction." (10) Example of 17th and 18th century rencong may be seen in the Military Museum in Prague. (11) The most precious rencong in the Jakarta Museum date from at least the 19th century. They are embellished with engravings in Arabic, with strophes from the Holy Qur'an. (12) According to the noted authority on Indonesian weapons, Moebirman, the rencong used by Cut Nyak Din against van Heutz in the late 19th century is now in the Hague.(13) Dutch sources show a particularly fine array of Acehnese weaponry from this period. (14) Examples of weaponry in use at this time may be seen in the well illustrated book on the Dutch colonial war produced by the Documentation and Data Centre in Aceh in 1977. (15)

There was a great demand for weapons in Aceh. Draeger tells us that the Minangkabau manufactured arms for their own use and "to supply the enormous Aceh demand".(16) The rencong was a particularly effective weapon; instructions for its use are as follows: The rencong is usually worn sheathed on the left hand side of the bearer. When it is used as a weapon, then it is usually drawn with the left foot forward so that by a quick short step forward with the right foot, the thrust of the knife receives added impetus. The blade is withdrawn from its sheath, cutting edge toward the enemy. It is then whipped to the right by a snap of the hand which brings the palm upward; the elbow is held fairly close to the body. The thrust is made by extending the right arm almost to full extension and turning the palm downward just prior to penetration of the target. (17)

In the past, the Islamic symbolism of the rencong was linked with fighting the Holy War, jihad, Users allied the power of their weapon with the power of Allah. Certain rencong were said to have ilmu, which literally means knowledge but is better translated as 'power'.

Tatob ngon reuncong jeuet lon peu-ubat, nyang saket that tapansie haba.

To be stabbed with a rencong can be treated; much more hurtful is criticism with words.

This well known Acehnese saying conveys the opposite meaning of the English ditty: "Sticks and stones will break my bones, but names will never hurt me." In Aceh, name calling is more hurtful than physical harm. The Acehnese saying, above, gives an indication of the importance placed on external form and appearance in which the correct use of words plays a significant role. Correct gestures and clothing are also valued. Traditional formal costume is the correct form of dress. (18) For a man in traditional costume, pakaian adat, the rencong tucked into his waistband is an absolute essential. The gleam of gold or silver at his waist tells of a rencong hidden in the folds of his dress.

The rencong is worn on a man's wedding day in coastal Aceh. It is part of the costume of the seudati dancer as he performs the energetic dance movements with seven other men. It is given to visitors as a token of respect, a sign of admiration and of the giver's feeling of being honored by the visit.

Today, the Islamic symbolism remains evident. Indeed, the rencong is considered one of the foremost symbols of Aceh, representing a confluence of masculinity, Islam and power.

Footnotes

1. Syamsuddin, T, and Nur Abbas, M.,1979: 7.
2. Annealing is a process undertaken to remove stresses in metal that may have been introduced by rolling out, hammering and bending. It prevents the metal from cracking or breaking up. The metal is placed on the hearth and with a large open flame, the temperature is raised to bring the metal to an even, dull cherry red. It is then allowed to cool gradually. After annealing, the metal is cleaned of oxide using acid.
3. Dr. Achmad Shboul, University of Sydney, was very helpful in showing me renditions of Arabic script.
4. Sheppard, M., 1979: 124.
5. *ibid*: 131, 134 5. See also plate 9.7, p. 135.
6. Levy, 1975: Fig 77.
7. Gittinger, M., 1982: Fig 83. p. 96.
8. Gadis. September 21 October 1, 1978: 25.
9. Syamsuddin, T. and Nur Abbas, M., 1979: 1
10. Siegel, J., 1979: 125.
11. Wagner, E., 1979: 96, 98.
12. Moebirman, 1970: 41. See Jakarta Museum entries 2297, 20778, 22805.
13. Interview with Moebirman, October 22, 1980.
14. For a comprehensive listing of weapons extant in Aceh in the early years of the 20th century, see Kreemer, Voll I, 1922: 291 ff, and Jasper, J.E. and Mas Pirngadie, Vol V, 1927: Figs 331 338, p. 236 ff.
15. Perang Kolonial Belanda di Aceh, 1977. For example p. 167 shows a Panglima from Jeuram wearing a rencong,
16. Draeger, D.F., 1972:129.

17. *ibid.* p.151.

18. In Australian suburbia where I was raised, primary importance was given to one's heart or soul or motives over and above one's outward appearance. I grew up believing that if one was good inside, there were a great many ways in which this could be manifested in behavioral terms and dress was an insignificant factor. In Aceh, and other parts of Indonesia as well, I found that the emphasis given to dress was much greater than that to which I had been accustomed. This was particularly true when it came to wearing traditional dress. For the Acehnese, the correct external form is deemed very important. In fact it was seen to reflect the correct inner state of the person. It shows that a person is pure and clean within, and in true accord with his historical links. I do not want to draw a marked difference between the two societies, but merely to draw attention to the separate emphases as I experienced them.

The Kris In his Supernatural World

Ing - G.J.F.I. Tammens

The Back of the Book

"The religious thinking pattern surrounding THE KRIS, can be seen as very diffuse."

Speaking is the writer of this book Gerard Tammens, old president of the V.N.W. (Dutch organization of weapon collectors), born in 1924 in the small town Gorinchem. He already became interested in everything Indonesian and especially the kris as early as the 1930's.

In recent years the specialized books "De KRIS 1, 2 and 3 written by him got publicized.

This fourth book gives a totally different view about this interesting subject and does so with twenty stories.

Opening Poem - Offering flowers

This is my lust to fly high above the earth on the wings of my thoughts.

In the deep blue of the horizons, where the sunlight lit clouds sail without a purpose.

Where never ever the Miracle explained itself,

There the spirit takes his flight to the far away,
the void.

But never can the eyes,

no matter how they stare,

Fathom the unthinkable Beauty of the sky.

Oh misunderstood pain, that always hurts,

That always pushes me to carry on,

To the far away,

never reachable End.

Like a flower bathing in sunshine the soul – clean still in the dress made by space and time – in joy, the shine of eternity.

Naar Raden Mas

NOTO SOEROTO

1922

Introduction to the Book

by Roelman W. Immink MD

3101 Saturday court

Finksburg, MD 21048, USA

It's an honor for me to write an introduction for part four of the series "The Kris" gathered by my good friend Gerard Tammens. Those who know the first three parts of "The Kris," know what an extraordinary piece of scientific work is made in them. His thorough and detailed knowledge of the subject the kris in all his aspects is unrivalled. His books are one of the most sought after works about the subject. This is for the layman, as well as the more knowledgeable kris collector. So we know for sure that part 4 will be as well received as the other three parts. Everyone who has something to do with krisses knows about the existence of the magical powers, attributed to the kris. There's no escape from it. Especially speaking about the Kris Pusaka, the sacred heirloom, made by a famous Empu, according to century old tradition. Born in the former Dutch-Indies I personally was confronted by "magic", which is a part of the daily existence in the Indonesian culture. There it is almost normal to live according to the possibility of magic, the silent force. It was not that important whether one believed in it or not. It was a kind of feeling, you simply kept it in the back of the mind and accepted, without asking, the people the way they were. Without a doubt the kris is a magnificent piece of art and a witness of a century old tradition. That an Empu was able to make such a magnificent piece of art that can fascinate us so, which is so breathtaking, so respect demanding, is a form of "magic" in itself. I pray that this fourth part will give the reader as much pleasure as the previous parts.

Introduction by Gerard Tammens

Never say never is a known way of speaking. After three parts "The Kris, magic relic of Indonesia" I was inclined to say, "It has been good enough". Most of the facts about krisses are out of the unknown and published, with almost 900 pages one can truthfully say, "I did my best to contribute what I could to benefit the kris."

There will always be people who disagree with what another one writes, rightly so or not. Luckily the positive reactions were the majority. Even so through the years people told me on a regular basis that the part on "unexplained event with krisses" was very small and I have to admit that I wrote little about it and when I did it was rather unattached and neutral. But the kris has his origin in both technique and magic. It has always been my goal to fill the three parts of "The Kris" with sober and as much checkable information and a lot of illustrations. When I hear the reaction I think this goal is achieved.

But a steady drop of water can hollow out a rock and the repeating question or a book with mystic "old Indies" stories about krisses, had an effect in the long run. Dutch Indonesian stories and Dutch Indonesian stories are two different things especially when they are about the Kris. Furthermore I noticed that a lot of the old stories resembled each other very much, and a book

with horror stories is easily written. That is one of the reasons why I chose a different approach. So I didn't write down the stories people told me but instead the storyteller wrote his/her story him/herself. I only fitted them into the book. It makes the whole more believable because the stories "live" more and it makes the book more "tasty".

Of course I know the names of the writers and the places where the events took place. But nothing from this will be publicly known unless the writer gives a written authorization.

I already said that stories often resemble each other. A typical example is the story about the blood kris. It is mostly about a kris that was involved in a murder. On certain times, usually in the morning, one finds little pools of blood under the kris. Another story is about the standing kris. I already explained how this works in part I of "THE KRIS" but a lot of people swear that they have seen it, even on a newspaper held by four men.

I will be the last person to deny strange and incomprehensible events with the kris and I always believe people who tell about them immediately. But I have a nasty habit, I want to see and experience. Some, very strange events, written down in this book I experienced myself. So in part I'm a content and happy man. Like I told already during the past years a lot of people told me wonderful stories and I don't have a reason not to believe them. Out of these stories this book came to "life". My thanks for this, and for all the other help. I hope you will have enjoyable hours with the book. One last word of advice: "Don't get scared".

1. The Keris Pusaka

Uncle Frans is a nice Indonesian guy and usually well dressed. His behavior is very quiet like with most people from his generation, he's very kind and helpful. This was not always the case. In his youth he was a bit wild. He earned a lot of money in the restaurant where he started as a young helper and became a famous chef. It didn't take long before Uncle Frans got an offer to start a restaurant in Amersfoort, Holland together with his nephew, as equal shareholders. Before he went to Holland an Uncle gave him an old Pusaka Keris. He was told exactly how to take care of it. Grateful Uncle Frans took the Pusaka. The restaurant was a big success. Uncle Frans married a Dutch wife and got a daughter and a son.

Many years later he went back to Indonesia to visit his family. In the house of his Uncle Boetje he saw "his" old Pusaka Keris. "Did you have two identical ones?" Uncle Frans asked surprised. "No, but since you never bothered to treat this Keris well, it came back to me," his Uncle said. At that moment Uncle Frans remembered that years ago in Holland there were months of strange nightly sounds, as if someone was in the corridor. But there was never someone to be seen. The lamplight's swung from the ceiling, without a breeze. It gave Uncle Frans sleepless nights.

The unexplainable sounds gave him goose pimples and he lost pounds from sheer fear. Never did he find out what caused them. After a year the noises stopped. Uncle Frans got his rest and gained weight again. After he told all this to his Uncle Boetje, he could explain what had

happened. Uncle Frans was very hard spoken to: "A Keris Pusaka is not an ordinary dagger. Generations of family honor and respect for the ancestors and the keeping of our century old traditions are personified in this Keris. A Keris Pusaka lives! An unrespectable treatment of such a Keris is absolutely intolerable. Because you treated our Pusaka so badly, the Keris came back to me. Because here he gets treated well, the way it should be." Uncle Frans dared to ask, "How can this Keris get to Indonesia by himself?" A bit angry his Uncle said, "My God, Frans, I just gave you the explanation, what do you want more? Two follows one! You're not stupid are you?"

Back in Holland Uncle Frans went to the box, which held the Keris when he got it from his Uncle Boetje. It was at precisely the same place where he left it. And the red ribbon still was wound around it the way he had left it. Uncle Frans had never taken time for the Keris. He opened the box. The red velvet cloth was still in it, but the Keris was gone. Nowadays Uncle Frans lives from his pension. That he didn't take care of the Keris then, he still regrets it. Years ago he bought a Keris at a market, which he takes care for and treats according to tradition. "I will try to bring 'the spirit' of the Pusaka in this Keris, for my son. And maybe, if my son takes over the tradition, maybe then Uncle Boetje will give 'our' family heirloom to my son."

2. The Keris Kiahi Waroe

This story really happened around 1930 in my birthplace Surabaya on East Java. I was a little boy seven years old and I lived with my grandmother and mother in a big house with a large backyard, on Goebeng Podjak, in front of the main station. We lived there with a lot of servants in the real Old Indies style. Grandma's hobby was going to sales and markets, which took place every day. She often came home with the most peculiar things that usually left the house with whomever wanted them. But one certain day she came home proud with an old rusty keris. Because no one knew what to do with the old thing, it was put down on a shelf in the clothing closet, according to Dutch Indonesian custom. But the keris was not taken care for. My grandmother had to pay for that. After a few weeks she started dreaming about a black ghost with glowing red eyes who looked at her. If that wasn't enough, a few days later, exactly at midnight, she got a heavy feeling on her chest, as if a weight was on it. It felt as if she would choke and grandma woke up screaming. A week later it got worse: in her dream mysterious blood red saliva came on her bed, but never on her body. Everyone thought that they were working witchcraft on her, the famous Goena-Goena. Nobody thought about the keris.

My grandmother's old nanny decided to sleep with her to protect her "Nonnie" (little girl) against the black monster. The second night things stated: my Grandmother groaned and the awakened "Nenneh" (little grandmother, the nickname from the nanny) saw a black shadow sitting on my grandmother's chest. She screamed and ran at the ghost with my grandfather's cane. But the ghost disappeared and immediately after this there was a big bang in the closet. A trace of blood red saliva led to the closet. So the cause of the events, the old keris, was found but how to get rid of it? Every family in Indonesia knows that you can't just give an old Pusaka like that away or throw it away, the results might be disastrous. And this was one big boy, so

that could be very dangerous. The old house servant had a solution. He knew a white magician who lived in a Kampung just outside of Surabaya. He would probably know a cure. At the beginning of the next day the servant and Nenneh left by cart to search for the wizard. During the midday they came home with a stately Javanese dressed in impeccable Indonesian garb. He greeted the family with a sembah.

Grandmother- who wasn't born yesterday- fathomed the man's spiritual depth immediately and asked him to take a seat next to her. I was standing behind grandmother's chair and I noticed the eyes of the man. They had a penetrating friendly expression and it seemed as though they looked straight through you. His name was Hadji Saleh. After coffee and refreshments my grandmother told him what had happened. Hadji Saleh listened without as much as an expression on his face closed his eyes for a while and assured her that she could be helped. Then he went in a trance to ask the keris why it was this angry. Shortly after that the man explained that the nature spirit inside the keris had told him how he went downhill due to countless bad owners. He hadn't had attention, offerings and wasn't taken care for since a lot of years. When grandmother- his youngest owner- didn't give the needed attention, he had committed his bad deeds to attract attention, which he regretted a lot now. He begged her and the magician to set him free from the keris to which he was bound centuries ago by the maker of the keris. Taken by his sad story, grandmother gave permission and asked the wizard to prepare for everything needed. The magician said that the next day (which was by chance a very auspicious day) at noon he would throw the keris and several offerings in the nearby river, Kali Mas, then the spirit would be freed from his imprisonment. But first he asked grandmother to put a glass bowl filled with clear water in the closet (cubbard?).

This was soon done. After this Nenneh had to take the keris out of the closet and bring it to him. The Hadji greeted the keris and went in trance with the keris in front of him on the table. He closed his right hand. I know absolutely sure, I was standing right on top of it, that his hand was empty. But when he opened it a while later there was a white melatti flower in it. The flower went back to the closet together with the keris. All the evil was gone now and was put in the bowl of water, the Hadji explained. After this he asked my grandmother to get the bowl and throw the contents out in the backyard. We were very astonished when my grandmother came back with the bowl, now it wasn't filled with clear water anymore but with a kind of red mud. It was clear to see what she thought when she poured it out.

The next morning the magician appeared again. After a lot of burning incense and flower offerings, he carried the keris to the Kali Mas, which streamed in front of the house. There he threw the keris into the water while saying un-understandable words. With that the spirit became free again and my grandmother got free of her burdens and the magician a reward richer. Everybody was happy, or so it seemed.

Regrets

A few days later a couple of family members thought they saw a black shadow at the stairs, it was crouching and gave a sembah and looked up with fiery eyes begging. Grandmother wasn't afraid now, because she understood that the former keris spirit had something to tell her. The Hadji had to be summoned again, but before grandmother's request reached him he was standing at the door, he asked to speak to my grandmother. He explained that the freed spirit had visited him and asked for help. What was going on? The spirit was grateful for his freedom, but had big regrets about his bad deeds. He wanted to make things up, by protecting the house, gardens and family for "food and a place to stay". That sounded good to my grandmother, such a powerful spirit as protector of everything she cared for. She told the Hadji she gave her permission but on two conditions. The spirit could live in an empty servant room, but not in the main building and he should especially protect her grandson (me). Via the magician the Kiahi (keris spirit) promised solemnly, but he asked permission to go live in an old gigantic tree that stood close to the back wall of the house. The branches always gave cool shade, but nobody could enjoy it because since a long time a big colony of mean red ants lived in the tree. If someone dared to go under the tree the soldiers fell out of the branches and attacked the person with their cruel jaws and acid. Whoever happened this once knows how terrible this is.

Thinking about this my grandmother said smiling: "I wish the Kiahi the best of luck, but I don't believe he will make it." The acceptance of our protector had to be celebrated on the holy day Djoemat Kliwon and there was a slamatan. It was arranged and on that day everything took place under the guidance of the magician. Even the servants participated. I was sitting next to the Hadji, on behalf of our family. The offerings and food for the spirit were no problem, our kitchen maid (a Balinese) offered to take care of these. She was used to take care for house gods. The other servants were relieved and praised her for her courage. The Kiahi Waroe, as the former keris spirit was called from then on, went to work immediately. Two days after he started living in the tree, the neighbor discovered that all ant nests were thrown out of the tree and totally destroyed. We went looking right away and indeed, the ground was covered with pieces of nests and thousands of dead ants; the survivors were busy bringing eggs to safety. Via the back wall they left the courtyard, after which they took residence in a tree from the neighbor. He didn't like it at all. In that time there were no repellants for insects. But, that was his problem now. We were freed from the biting animals. Within 24 hours there was no ant to be seen. I could climb the tree without any care, what could happen to me as I was protected by the Kiahi! The Indonesian peoples at the stations square had heard the wildest stories from our servants. From that moment on they called me "Anak Mas", the golden child and treated me with a lot of respect.

A child wouldn't be a child if the adventure didn't have its attraction. I kept asking my mother and grandmother until they gave permission for a tree house in the Kiahi's tree. Trusting on the Hadji and the Kiahi I got my tree house on my 8th birthday. Our gardener built from bamboo sticks, rope and weaved bamboo walls a magnificent tree house. A boy's dream come true!

Si Satan

On a bad day our rooster was lying on the ground with his feet up, dead! Surrounded by his chickens the harem master was gone. What a pleasant death. So a new cock had to be bought. The next morning, while my grandmother was walking in the garden, our servant brought a new rooster. It was a big one, a former fighting champion, who was lying with feet tied on the floor. Better still, it was the cock, famous in the fighting game, who, because he missed one eye, wasn't allowed to participate in fights anymore. "What a ugly one" my grandmother complained, looking at the heap of feet and feathers before her. Ugly one was a good description. He had too long thick legs with big spurs, an almost bald neck and torn parts on his head (the red pieces of skin). To be short, he wasn't much to look at. The cock looked so pitiful at us with his one eye that we decided to keep him. He was released inside the chicken farm, and hell broke loose. Within a week the cock was the terror of the backyard. Everyone who was within distance was an opponent from the fighting arena. He attacked with big leaps and wings flapping and picked and scratched with his beak and spurs at the naked feet of his victim. The servants knew soon that he was "Kemasoekan Satan", possessed by the devil. They called him Si Satan. Every sundown the chicken and ducks went to their sleeping places, except of course Si Satan, who kept pacing up and down in front of the henhouse. A ritual developed. The gardener swept with his broom, immediately being attacked by Si Satan. After 10 minutes, of fighting the gardener gave the cock a mighty sweep against his chicken buttocks and the cock ended up locked up. Then Si Satan walked slowly into the sleeping room. But you could see him thinking: "Better luck tomorrow." After a year I got in the habit of shooting at Si Satan with a blowgun. I the coward was always sitting in my tree house where Si Satan couldn't reach me. But one day fate struck and suddenly I was standing in front of Si Satan. With his one eye he looked at me unbelievable angry. He was surely thinking about all the times I teased him and put his feathers up. Without a second lost he attacked.

Wings flapping he leaped at me, his beak as a spear held in front, his gleaming spurs as daggers at his feet. I was stupid enough to think that if I did likewise it would impress him, but no. He attacked my naked feet with ever more dedication and followed by a cock who thought he had already won I ran to the tree house. While I was climbing in and looked back at Si Satan his fate met him. Before my eyes and those of the watching relatives and servants the cock seemed to be snatched out of midair. His neck twisted a couple of times and with a wide bow he seemed to be thrown out of our backyard. There he died with his neck broken. I was rightly blamed for all of this. Soon the story circulated that Kiahi Waroe had protected me. My family members didn't agree with this action. They thought I had gotten what I deserved. But nevertheless a story was born and years later I kept hearing how the Kiahi living in the tree had saved me from an angry cock. It was told to everyone.

3. Black Saturday Ended in a White Cloth

Strange things not only happen with keris but with wayang dolls also, proven by the next story.

The role of the intrigant is never clear. Not even after the event. So it will always be a riddle if the old wayang doll acted up to his dubious reputation, or if I imagined it all. But I, almost ten

years after it happened, still have a problem with this black history and it takes a lot of effort to write it down. It was a horrible period of time for my family and me. To guarantee the privacy of the persons involved I changed the names. Otherwise this story is authentic.

September 1995, Judith

Welcome

In the summer of 1983 I got an old wayang doll from my friend Betty and her husband Herbert. They had owned it several years, but because very few people are crazy enough to look after another's 20 cats for three weeks, I got, as I heard later rather precious, the wayang doll as a thank you gift. According to Betty, whose father was busy with old Indonesian artifacts for years, the doll was really used for playing in the traditional way. This information went in one ear and out the other. It was an ugly little fellow with a half arm, but because of this he was kind of cute, I thought. That's why he got a place in our living room. An old wine bottle was soon found and that way he went in front of the window as a piece of the interior. My husband Bert didn't particularly like it, but what the heck, if I liked it. And so Durna, not until after the scary intrigues I heard his name for the first time, stood for years between plants and flowers. On a market I bought a second doll, because that would be even nicer between the plants, I thought. Number two was a female, this way it seemed like a couple. Durna was just out of Betty and Herbert's house, when their marriage went wrong. This could be coincidence, but it was strange. In the mean time our lives went on quietly. Our daughter from one and a half years old grew fast and Bert and me had a happy marriage. At the end of 1984 we went to a new home and again Durna got a place at the window. But when exactly is hard to tell, our relationship started to become a bit uneasy. Bert often had pain in the neck and he became unsatisfied with himself and sought answers in the supernatural. He always had been curious for "there's more between heaven and earth things", but now he became obsessed. And I, friends always call, me too earthly, didn't understand a bit about it. I couldn't relate to it. Even more it repelled me. I sought my own way. Strangely enough, one of the things that started to get my interest were the wayang dolls that were standing in my living for so long. I asked Betty's father for advice about how I could restore them. Especially the old doll with his ugly painted head and worn dress, I wanted to make it beautiful again. In the past some idiot most have been busy with it, who gave the doll fat black lined eyes a very pink nose and painted upper body. And the pitiful rag that should be his clothes didn't look like anything. On my next birthday I turned 26 years old and I got a book on wayang dolls. Strangely enough I never read it and it was put by my books and that was it. In hindsight it is very strange. If I only had read the book then I would have known what stood in my living room. If I would have handled it according to that knowledge? I don't dare to say. But later I found it very strange indeed that I wanted to restore the old doll and that I never read the information I needed in that book. That's very contradicting isn't it? Why didn't I ever read the book?

The sad story continues. The tension in our marriage grew. So much, that in November 1986 I thought to find my cure with the very nice, but married neighbor and father of two small

children. A person of whom I later have to say was Durna in the flesh. A smart intrigant who, just like Durna, didn't have much confidence due to a physical handicap. Mindful, sweet, giving compliments, charming and mean! But, I didn't know all then. I only saw the good side from that man and even more from the bad ones of my Bert. Bert in turn was blind to it all. Even more, he too became a friend to the neighbor. Ever more often both men did things together. The neighbor told me he did it on purpose, so he could be around me more. Usually this would have put my defenses up. Because I have a well developed sense for justice and honesty. But the strange way of loving him, not to say obsession, made me do nothing and let him become even more important in the life of Bert and me. In the mean time Durna became even more interesting to me. While Bert still thought it an ugly thing, I dusted him regularly (and this while I hate to dust anything, but Durna was cleaned daily) and in my thoughts I was already restoring him. But the book on wayang dolls stayed closed. It still is a mystery to me how it was possible to be so emotionally involved with that doll and on the other hand never taking practical actions. What powers kept me off the book, I wonder now. March 1987 the bomb exploded. After three months of a double life I confessed to Bert what was going on between me and the neighbor. Of course Bert was very angry. He did have his suspicion, but declared himself a fool. The fact that the neighbor kept coming and was also interested in him had confused him. Only years later Bert told me that he had wanted to confront the neighbor with his suspicion, but something had held him back.

Durna's True Face

Two days was all that Bert and I could stay together then I decided to go to Betty to think my marriage over. Maybe I should divorce, but there was of course also a child of almost four walking around. Betty was living alone in a small apartment. But I was welcome for the weekend. That was all the time I wanted. Betty and her new friend Anton listened to my story and didn't tell me their conclusion. Later both of them told me they thought our marriage was stranded forever. That was the same way I felt at the time. After a long Friday night I woke up on Saturday morning with a clear head. While Anton and Betty went out for the day, I stayed alone in the apartment, thinking about my own future. I decided then that my marriage had to be over. Herbert's (Betty's ex) new girlfriend was living with Herbert and I could live in her house, she promised me after I called her and explained the situation. So a home was taken care of. Betty, a divorced housewife herself, knew how to get to the social services and could help me with that. In fact I had settled my affairs very fast, the way I usually do. The next day I would go to the new house. So, only one night of sleep at Betty's and my new life would begin.

In The Mean Time

After I left Bert collapsed. He went to his parents where his sister in law Marijke had an open ear. She let him tell his story, respected his sorrow and tried to support him. Bert didn't want to be in our house for some reason. Until late at night he stayed with his brother and sister in law. In their house he felt safer. The next morning, Saturday, he felt miserable again in our own house and especially in the living room (with open kitchen). He called Marijke and asked her to

come. They were both sitting at our kitchen table talking and drinking coffee. Suddenly Bert felt a stinging pain at the right side of his head. That side was toward the living room. This happened a few more times and the pain grew increasingly worse. Unconsciously Bert looked into the living as if he were searching for the reason of his pain there. As if he was stung by a hornet his attention stayed with the old wayang dolls. A chill went down his spine. The doll suddenly had a face Bert never saw before: threatening and mean. As if he had to confront something Bert went over and looked the doll straight in the face. The stinging got even worse. Bert kept looking at the doll and after a few minutes the pain lessened to disappear eventually. Then Bert turned the doll's head to the wall. Because Bert couldn't believe what just happened, despite his beliefs in the supernatural, he called Marijke. He asked her to look at the doll and turned his head back. Marijke looked only a second at the doll face, ran hysterically to the most far away corner of the room and started to cry. Also she got an instant headache. She trembled all over her body and didn't want to look at the doll again. After that Bert took the doll and put it in the bicycle garage, which wasn't under our roof. It was early in the evening about 18:30 when this happened.

Conclusion

In the mean time I used the Saturday to work on my plans for the future. While the day proceeded they became clearer and I was getting sure that a divorce was the only good way for me. Because I slept so bad on Betty's small couch, Anton offered to get a folding bed from his own house, several miles away. After a quarter of an hour Anton was back breathing heavily and sweating, because he had climbed the four stairs to Betty's home with the bed. What happened then I can't recall. I saw the scene - Anton dragging the bed through the front door - and said without thinking: "I'm going home." I suddenly was very sure. Without hesitation I packed my things, called Bert and asked Anton to bring me back. This he wanted. Anton, who just rode back and forth for that folding bed, wanted to get in his car and saw just in time that all the screws from his four wheels were loose. In that short time if Anton hadn't seen it, we would probably had an accident. So we took Betty's car and within half an hour we were back in the place I lived. Bert was already waiting for me. I was still nervous but on the other hand very calm. Not long after that our talking came to the doll. We put facts and a timetable together and found scary parallels. Most shocking was the fact that in the same instant that Bert put the doll away, the same moment I suddenly wanted to go home. While Bert was talking about what happened to him that day the fear for the doll crept in him again and even the proximity of the doll in the bicycle shed was too near for him. Around midnight we called Betty's father, with the request if we might bring the doll to him. In spite of the late hour we could bring it right away. Betty's father advised us to put the doll in a white cloth and transport it that way. This was soon done. This Durna is still in the possession of Betty's father until this day. In the mean time it is restored and looks very attractive. But even if they gave me a hundred thousand guildens, I would never want that doll back in my possession.

Closing Words

I end the way I started. The role of the intrigant is never clear. Until today I cannot prove without a doubt that an old doll has made our lives miserable. Maybe it would also have happened if the doll hadn't been there. But honestly I don't believe that. Too many things happened that don't belong to Bert's and my own character. Finally, for those who like happy endings: It took Bert and me years to get rid of the tensions in our marriage but now we are happier then we have ever been. And the neighbor is, just like Durna, restored to his Old Glory, he moved elsewhere with his family and we never saw him again.

4. The Malangkeris

I was born on Java during the World War I. My parents were Dutch and my father worked with the Bataafse Petroleum Maatschappij and after some years we moved to the Netherlands, but I always kept longing feelings toward my birth land. In the winter of 1939 -1940, I had just graduated and I was given the opportunity to go to Indonesia again. Because of the start of World War II this didn't happen.

But the longing stayed and by 1973 it became reality. All of my memories about Indonesia had caused me to collect Indonesian artifacts, on which I was very attached. Of course I also owned some keris, who I admired very much, but about which I had little knowledge. Back then I started to try to find out more about the phenomena "Keris", but that wasn't very easy. Luckily I got the opportunity to fill my knowledge years later. After 1974, I traveled a lot and in Switzerland I met a nice girlfriend, born in Surabaya, called Carla. On her invitation I traveled to Java and stayed as a guest in her house. In that period I had the chance to make my collection "substantially" bigger. On a given day I visited Malang, a beautiful mountain city in East Java. There I saw a kind of barn, filled with Indonesian stuff that was for sale. Suddenly I had a very strange experience. I was drawn inside as by a magnet and once inside the same magnet got me to walk straight to a pile of rubbish and started me searching. To my delight five keris came out, which I studied in another part of the barn. They where all in a very bad shape, dusty, dirty and rusty.

One keris had my special attention and it was as if I heard a tiny voice in my head, telling me to buy this keris no matter what. I asked information about this keris which was how is it possible in the most badly shape of them all. The wood was all but rotten, full of holes, the blade was rusty and there were no mendak or pendok. Nevertheless something had me in its powers and the feeling to posses the keris became more urgent. The seller asked a very high price, but I got it down a lot, and not long after I was the owner. Home in Surabaya I cleaned the keris the best I could, but it still looked as if no one had taken care for it in years.

The keris was mine now and I was happy with it. In spite of everything it was the way it was supposed to be, I always thought and often I wondered whether it was nothing but coincidence.

Some days later Carla had some friend over and I made their acquaintance. We were sitting on the porch in the tropical night air. On a given moment we talked about my new keris and the

company grew curious. I took the keris from my bedroom and put it on the table. Two from the friends wanted nothing to do with it, but one friend showed a real interest, and we found out he knew something about the subject. After he had taken a good look and had closed the keris, as one calls it, he wanted to give it back to me. To his big surprise he couldn't let go of it. His hand kept shut and the keris shook and swayed from right to left. With a lot of trouble I managed to "break" his hand open. We all looked at this strange thing that happened and somehow I found it very interesting, although with mixed feelings.

I immediately thought that I would hear more of this. And yes, Carla started to say she was worried a few days later. She proposed to let an expert have a look at the keris. This I promised her and I also said I would have the keris destroyed if something was "the matter" with it. I went with Carla's driver to the mentioned keris expert, the driver would be my translator. The expert was an old man, who studied the keris closely, took every part apart and examined everything. He put some white powder on the thing and went into trance. In the mean time a lot of men came sitting with us and everything was followed closely. By me to, even though I was rather skeptic. After a quarter of an hour he was still in trance and my curiosity grew by the minute. When he came out of the trance he started talking in Javanese, which the driver, from Arabic origin, translated in a mixture of bad Dutch-English. And so I heard the story that it was a good keris, badly taken care for, but no keris 'darak' (blood keris), which meant there was no murder committed with it. The keris favored me, would do me no harm and I could possess it without worries. I listened to this all with a lot of skepticism, thinking the man was only telling me what I wanted to hear. I wasn't convinced by his story but this changed quickly as he went on. He told me that I had more keris in my home in Holland and that I could own these to without problems and that those would accept this keris also. That he "saw" keris at my home surprised me, but I was really astonished when he told me the right number. Stupefied I listened to him telling me how the keris hung at the wall in my house and that I shouldn't do that with this keris. Nobody knew these personnel things, so there could be no case of foreknowledge by someone else. The keris expert gave me the urgent advice to take the other keris from the wall also. After that he put some oil on the blade, put the hilt back on with a filling of horsehair, and took another good look at it. Then he waved the keris through the air and gave it back to me. I was really stupefied. The time I stayed in Surabaya the keris lay on a table in my bedroom. New manifestations stayed away; I think the keris was happy with his new owner.

It was time to go back to the Netherlands. While I was packing my suitcase and put the keris in a piece of cotton, I had one big worry: "how could I get the keris through customs". Keris weren't allowed to be brought out of the country. I only hoped I wouldn't get any trouble. Once at the airport in Jakarta, I had just like all the other passengers my luggage x-rayed. Tensed I waited and prayed a silent prayer. And what happened; when my suitcase was checked on the x-ray screen there was nothing to be seen from the keris! Just some shadows from the insides, like shoes, clothing, some Balinese woodcarvings and some other souvenirs. So I got safely aboard the DC10 with my luggage, and landed hours later at Schiphol. When I was home I cleaned the

keris some more and put it on a table. I was very glad with it and thought it was a fine new thing for my collection. Some years ago I came in touch with the writer of the books The Keris 1, 2 and 3, who offered to restore the keris. After he was finished with it I was astonished by the result. The keris was beautiful indeed. It turned out it was a very special keris, really a top keris from high "birth", with an exceptional pamor on the blade, which wasn't to be seen before the restoration.

I see this keris as my protector and developed the habit to take this keris with me in a briefcase when I have to leave home for a couple of days. I even gave the keris a name - 'Malangkeris'.

Summer 1995 'KRISMAN'

(Of course not my real name)

5. Cold

Mr. Evenoud lives in an old stately mansion in the center of Ottendorp. The house hasn't been painted and cleaned in years and doesn't let much daylight in through its dusty windows. The rooms breath out the aura from centuries and are furnished with heavy dark furniture. Evenoud is a somewhat strange, slightly lonely man with a surprising clear way of looking at you. He earns his living by restoring finely made furniture with loving care; he's got a very good reputation in this field of work. His big love is everything strange, exotic, and the grim dark side of life. He owns a very varied collection of objects that can disturb sensitive people very easily. Evenoud also has a respectable collection of oriental weapons, one of them a Cundrik: a gray, unattractive weapon, mounted as a kris in a mother of pearl inlaid Madurese sheath. It is an ugly but very impressive thing.

On a rainy night in the early spring of 1994 Evenoud got a visit from his old customer Wouters. Wouters is a dull and greedy man with an urge to get access to things that are none of his business. That's why it happened that, after long insisting from Wouters, Evenoud let him into his private rooms. They soon talked about the collection from Evenoud. Charlotte, the young foreign wife from Evenoud, was present with this conversation. The room where it took place, stuffed full, dusty, dark with vague corners, the collections, the unforbidden furniture, all this fed Wouter's fantasy. And thus it came that in the course of the conversation the Cundrik came in the hands of Wouters so that he could take a good look at it.

Up until that moment there had never been any problem with drawing the weapon, it was always loose in his sheath and let itself go easily. Wouters couldn't manage to get it out though; it was stuck and didn't come loose at all. Eventually it was Evenoud who took the blade with ease out of its scabbard and handed it to Wouters. At that moment everything in the room seemed to stop, as if time itself held his breath. And from the old floor, as in an autumn night in the field, a choking and invisible mist came up to the height of the blade. Slowly everyone stiffened from the cold that drifted and felt as sharp as icy water in warm air, and nobody was able for what seemed an endless moment to act or even to move. Suddenly, as awakening from

a deep sleep, Evenoud took the blade from Wouters and put it back in its scabbard. Just as unexpected as the cold had come, it disappeared as fog under the sun. The conversation slowly started again. But Wouters, deeply shocked in his trust about the nature of things, didn't want to stay a moment longer than necessary in this damned place and left after vague apologies. The next bright spring-morning made the memory fade and also the knowledge about the amount of wine spent made the whole deal very unlikely. But, around eleven that morning there was a phone call from Wouters who said that in his own house all his flowers and plants, without exception, were fallen down without breaking anything. Wouters never visited Evenoud again since then...