

**THE ORIGIN OF THE NAME KASIHAN DISTRICT,
BANTUL**

Asal-usul Nama Kecamatan Kasihan Bantul

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THE ORIGIN OF THE NAME KASIHAN DISTRICT, BANTUL

The Superior Weapon of Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo

Once upon a time, in the region of Mangiran, or Mangiran Village, there lived a figure named Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo. Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo possessed a knife. It was simply-shaped, not too big, and had the appearance of a kitchen knife. Nevertheless, the inside of the knife contained an extraordinary power.

When a beautiful woman named Sarinem came to the village to borrow the knife, Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo did not give it to her straightaway. Sarinem explained that she needed the knife to prepare for the village purification ceremony. This request was granted by Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo, provided that she would carefully use the knife.

“All right then, Sarinem, you can borrow this knife, but do not ever place it in the lap of a virgin woman!” ordered Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo to Sarinem.

“Yes, my Lord, I will always keep your message in mind,” Sarinem replied with a salute.

“Yes, you may bring the knife now, Sarinem,” said Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo while handing his knife to Sarinem.

“Thank you, my Lord,” answered Sarinem as she received the knife from Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo.

Thereafter, Sarinem left the village once she obtained the knife needed. As a matter of course, during the village purification ceremony, every villager came together for the purpose of cooking the food and preparing the food wrappers, be it the wrappers made of banana leaves and teak leaves. Man, women, old, and young were participating in the event of village purification ceremony.

Village purification ceremony is a ritual in Mangiran society. Village purification ceremony is a heritage of cultural noble values showing that humanity is becoming one with the nature. Such ritual is also intended as society’s homage to the nature that has conferred life upon them. This event of village purification ritual ordinarily takes place once a year. This event is divided into a series of events. The first day is routinely devoted for the ritual offerings and preparations for all things in the next day.

The offerings are put on spots, including village centers, sacred places, water-related places (wells, rivers, springs), village borders (north, south, east, west), every intersection, and every T-junctions in the region of Mangiran. On the second day, the

events featuring local cultural arts are held, for instance, shadow puppetry, leathered horse, and dances. Also on this day, a feast is held; each villager cooks en masse in a particular place, then the cuisine is taken to the venue of the arts performance and will be eaten together. In the region of Mangiran, *tayub* dance is customarily being performed during village purification ceremony.

A series of village purification ceremonies in the region of Mangiran regularly starts at the first harvest or the first time of picking paddy. This first ceremony is located at the paddy field belonged to a villager which previously has been provided with offerings. The ingredients made as the offerings are yellow leaf, scattered flowers (seven varieties of flowers), glass, comb, water in a jug (the jug is made of clay), traditional snacks, rice, and bananas. The offerings are then subjected to joint prayers led by village elders. After being prayed over, the paddy that has been picked is brought to the granary. There, a further ceremony has been prepared beforehand, such as numerous types of leaves: jackfruit, coral tree, stone apple, and sugarcane for a place of offerings. Each of the offerings has its distinctive functions and meanings, for example savory rice serves as an offering of gratitude to God Almighty; *Inkung* (Javanese-styled chicken) serves as a symbol of humans in their babyhood and submission to Divine Being; Traditional snacks as a symbol for the society to acquire boon; Plantains as a symbol of hope to reach the glory in

the life; *Ambengan* rice as an expression of gratitude for the sustenance from the Divine Being; Porridge, namely red and white porridge that symbolizes father and mother, and cross porridge that is meant to ward off evil; Cone-shaped rice comprises male cone-shaped rice (a symbol of God the Almighty) and the smaller one, namely female cone-shaped rice (a symbol of honor for the ancestors); sticky rice; compote; and coconut pancake for the offerings to the supernatural beings in the region of Mangiran.

This village purification ceremony was once related to the story of Devi Sri, as the goddess of the farmers. As in the view of Mangiran society, the success of the harvest was caused by Devi Sri who constantly watched over their plants from pests and other disruptions. However, today's village purification ceremony is aimed at showing gratefulness to the Merciful God and preserving the existing tradition.

The ceremony is performed due to encouragement of human feeling to conduct varying acts with the intention of finding a relationship with the unseen world (religious behavior). In this case, humanity is driven by a religious emotion. This is a sacred act; the whole elements within it during the ceremony, such as the objects for the ceremonial equipment, as well as the people involved in the ceremony are deemed sacred.

Sarinem was busy preparing the dishes. She accidentally placed Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo's magic knife on her lap. The magic knife suddenly disappeared into thin air. It turned out the knife supernaturally got into Sarinem's stomach.

"Good Heavens, I've broken Ki Ageng Mangir's message!" said Sarinem in shocked.

"What should I say later to the nobleman?" Sarinem thought about it, shivering.

Because of her mistake, Sarinem was stricken with tremendous fear. She imagined the wrath of Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo once he knew that his knife had gone missing. Sarinem's face turned pale and eventually fell unconscious. Some of the villagers nearby immediately helped Sarinem. Ki Tali Wangsa, Sarinem's father, informed the incident to Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo when he learnt about it. After hearing the story, Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo simply smiled, leaving Ki Tali Wangsa wondering.

"I give you my word, Ki Tali Wangsa, I will overcome that problem soon!" told Ki Ageng Mangir with a smile.

"I will soon marry your daughter, Sarinem," continued Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo.

"The only way to overcome the problem is marrying Sarinem," Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo advised Ki Tali Wangsa.

“Hmmm.....Why does it have to be that way, my Lord?” asked Ki Tali Wangsa, wondering.

“Well yes, it’s because the power of the knife can impregnate a virgin woman, if the knife is placed onto her lap.” Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo gave explanation to Ki Tali Wangsa.

A few days after their wedding ceremony, Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo decided to go into meditation.

Ki Jagabaya was assigned to be the person in charge of security of the village and was appointed as the temporary replacement of Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo. Ki Tali Wangsa, Ki Jaran Tirta, and several Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo’s confidants were asked to stay in the village while Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo was on his meditation.

Nine months had passed after the occurrence of that rare incident, and then the time had come for Sarinem to give birth. That night, up in the sky, the full moon was shining brightly. In the midst of the silence of the night, strange sound of a crying baby was heard all of a sudden. The baby carried by Sarinem was born, but the baby took the form of a dragon. The whole village was left utterly surprised. The villagers were petrified to see a dragon-shaped baby. Ki Tali Wangsa became depressed after finding out his grandson’s body took the form of a dragon. Nonetheless, Sarinem could not care less of what people said. With affection, she kissed

and stroked the dragon, as if a mother's love to her child. A few years later, the dragon grew bigger and was able to speak. Just like a child, the dragon deeply loved Sarinem as his mother. If Sarinem got sad, then the dragon would get sad as well. One night, Sarinem looked sad.

“Why are you crying here?” asked the Dragon.

“I miss your father, Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo, son,” responded his mother, wiping away her tears.

Sarinem then told her son about who his father was.

“Your father is the most powerful person in this Mangiran Village, son,” Sarinem told the story to her son.

“So, where is he now, mother?” the Dragon demanded.

“Your father is now meditating to advance his power,” replied his mother.

“And....where is it, mother?” the Dragon inquired, as he wanted to know.

“I do not know for sure, son. Just try to find him along Progo River,” his mother answered.

Upon listening to his mother's story, the Dragon begged for her mother's permission to be allowed to find his father who was on

meditation. As a child, he terribly wanted to meet and live a life of devotion to his father. Sarinem dissented from the Dragon's wishes, but he was endlessly begging and whining.

At the end of the day, Sarinem obeyed the Dragon's demand. However, the Dragon must have a name before starting his journey to find his father. Afterwards, Sarinem gave a new name to the Dragon, Baru Klinting. Baru Klinting began his journey from Mangiran Village to Progo River Watershed. Upon his arrival on the riverbank, Baru Klinting immediately plunged himself into the river. Baru Klinting immediately turned into a gigantic dragon. His eyes became wide, his body had gold scales, and his fangs were very sharp. That dragon had a pair of extremely pointy horns. Baru Klinting who had just turned into a giant dragon let out a spine-chilling voice.

“Hauumm..., hauummm...., hauummm.....” Baru Klinting roared.

Many people were wondering, “What kind of sound could that be?”

The sound of the giant dragon was capable of swaying the trees and rustling the house roof made of palm fibers. Before long, the easily hungry Baru Klinting had already swallowed two of the boatmen who provided service in transporting people across Progo River.

The story about Baru Klinting's savagery spread like wildfire. All the people in the proximity of Progo River were haunted by anxiety. Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo had also heard the bombshell story. Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo suspected that the giant dragon was most likely the baby conceived by Sarinem after his knife's demise. Baru Klinting was the transformation of the kitchen knife that was borrowed by Sarinem but got into her stomach after she put it onto her lap. Baru Klinting kept making troubles. He did not only make trouble, but also killed and fed on humans if starved.

Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo envisioned the highly disturbing behavior of Baru Klinting.

"I have to step in immediately. If I don't, then Mataram troops or even Pajang troops will come to capture my son," he told himself.

Suppose he got caught, he would be tried and sentenced to death for allegedly being the leader of disruptors and inflicting woe upon the people. Thereafter, one night, Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo came out of his meditation retreat on the slope of Mount Merapi. Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo walked southward along Progo River until being ultimately reunited with Baru Klinting.

Baru Klinting was shocked to see such a wise man, who was none other than his father, Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo. Ki Ageng

Mangir Wonoboyo was submissive, his appearance was indeed remarkable, his speech was immaculate and humble, but tremendous dignity remained within him, regardless. Baru Klinting kneeled before him and expected that he would be recognized as his son.

“Are you Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo, my Lord?” Baru Klinting asked as he bowed before him.

“Yes, I am Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo,” Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo answered calmly.

“If so, then my Lord is the one I have been looking for all this time. Pardon me, my name is Baru Klinting. I am the son of Sarinem, your wife. Please, acknowledge me as your son, my Lord,” Baru Klinting begged to Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo.

However, Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo could not accept it as Baru Klinting had thrown many places in turmoil. Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo, nevertheless, still gave a chance to Baru Klinting if he wanted recognition as his son.

“O, Baru Klinting, I am willing to accept you as my son, but there are some conditions to meet!” demanded Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo.

“What are they, my Lord? Do tell!” Baru Klinting asked him eagerly.

“There is only one condition, if your body is able to wholly encircle the slopes of Mount Merapi, then I will be willing to accept your prostration to me!” Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo described the condition.

“All right, my Lord, I accept that condition,” Baru Klinting retorted, nodding his head.

In a heartbeat, Baru Klinting implemented the condition, yet the slopes of Mount Merapi were so enormous. Baru Klinting was forced to vigorously stretch his body so that his tail could touch his head.

Baru Klinting was few meters away from reaching his goal.

“Ughhh.....I was so close from fully encircling this mountain,” Baru Klinting told himself.

“Ughhh, ouch.....My body feels hurt if I keep on stretching!” Baru Klinting muttered while holding back his pain.

In the long run, Baru Klinting began to feel desperate. If he kept on forcing his body to stretch, it would be surely cut off and it ultimately led to Baru Klinting’s deception: Baru Klinting stuck out his tongue and hoped that Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo would not find out about it. Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo, however, learnt that Baru Klinting had cheated. Ki Ageng Mangir

Wonoboyo punched Baru Klinting's dragon tongue with a vengeance, making him shout in pain.

"Aauugghh...., Please, have mercy on me, my Lord!" Baru Klinting screamed in agony.

"This is the outcome of your action which failed to meet my condition!" Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo responded sharply.

Baru Klinting's tongue was severed due to the punch. The severed tongue immediately turned into a spearhead. New Klinting's dragon head, body, and tail turned into a wooden stick. Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo then picked up the spearhead and the wooden stick. Then, he immediately connected the spearhead with the wooden stick, thus creating a weapon in the form of a spear.

The spear was then given with the name "Baru Klinting" Spear by Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo. On his way home to Mangiran Village, Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo received supernatural whispering which came from his superior spear, Baru Klinting.

"I will always faithfully serve you." so the supernatural voice whispered.

The spear later became the superior weapon of Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo. Its power was proven in the future. Despite having the mighty Kiai Plered spear, Panembahan Senapati was unable to conquer the territory of Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo who was

considered to have rebelled against the Mataram Kingdom, thanks to Baru Klinting Spear.

Panembahan Senapati's Plan

Not far away from Mangiran Village, lived a well-known king named Panembahan Senapati who ruled the region of Kota Gede, Mataram.

He was the eldest son of Ki Ageng Pemanahan and Nyai Sabinah. Panembahan Senapati had made territorial expansion to East Java and some parts of West Java. But, there was one village closed to his territory that openly put up a resistance against the greatness of Senapati as the King of Mataram. The power of Panembahan Senapati was indeed prominent throughout Java, but he had to see the rebellions raised by the surrounding kingdoms.

One of the most difficult rebellions to quell was the one under the leadership of Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo. Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo had a marvelous weapon, Baru Klinting spear, and hundreds of followers, if not thousands. For this reason, if Panembahan Senapati ordered the invasion to Mangirian Village, a major battle would certainly be inevitable. That was to say a number of soldiers would be killed and injured; whilst many of the commoners would suffer much, too. Therefore, Ki Juru Mertani who served as the counselor of Panembahan Senapati, was summoned to the palace. Ki Juru Mertani was asked for his

opinion on how to conquer Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo without taking a huge toll on human lives.

“My son, Senapati, did you ask me to come here?” Ki Juru Mertani asked as he saluted him.

“Yes, I did, Uncle, please have a seat,” replied Panembahan Senapati.

Upon hearing Panembahan Senapati’s request that was somewhat hard, Ki Juru Mertani paused briefly and then contemplated. A moment later, he sighed as he stared at Panembahan Senapati wearily.

“My son Senapati, this problem is doubtlessly very heavy since it is not easy to defeat Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo who has Baru Klinting heirloom weapon,” Ki Juru Mertani responded.

“If so, is there anyone who can bring Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo to his knees, Uncle?” Panembahan Senapati asked Ki Juru Mertani.

“Yes, there is, my son, Senapati. The only one who has the ability to defeat Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo is Princess Pembayun. She is none other than your Majesty’s eldest daughter,” Ki Juru Mertani answered with confidence.

Princess Pembayun was undeniably known as a beautiful woman with yellow complexion, clean, and friendly, and always smiled

to everyone. Panembahan Senapati was taken aback by this revelation.

“Who is it, Uncle? My daughter, Pembayun? How can a teenage girl with no experience in the warfare assigned to defeat Ki Ageng Mangir who is famous for his power?” Panembahan Senapati asked with a little frown.

“My son Senapati, this is the advice that I could give. Now, it all depends on your Majesty,” replied Ki Juru Mertani.

“Is there anybody else, Uncle? I’m worrying about Pembayun’s safety there later on!” Panembahan Senapati reacted, holding his breath.

“No, there is not, my son Senapati! Pembayun is the one and only to overtake Ki Ageng Mangir without the bloodshed. Suppose somebody fall victim to it, then it will be no one but Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo himself; on the other hand, Pembayun only needs to sacrifice her feelings.” Ki Juru Mertani gave careful explanation to Panembahan Senapati so as to not offend him.

Shortly after, Ki Juru Mertani explained his plan with all sorts of reasons behind it, Panembahan Senapati eventually gave his approval to it. The conversation between Panembahan Senapati and Ki Juru Mertani ended at approximately 12 noon.

“Uncle Juru Mertani, I now understand what you were trying to say and I welcome your advice,” Panembahan Senapati replied with heavy hearts.

“All right, my son, Senapati, if your Majesty now can agree to it, then please allow me to excuse myself,” Ki Juru Mertani asked for permission to retreat himself from the presence of Panembahan Senapati.

“Please do, if Uncle shall leave now.” Panembahan Senapati responded.

Thereafter, Ki Juru Mertani returned to his home, while Panembahan Senapati entered the private room.

That very afternoon, the air in Mataram Kingdom was very much hot. In the dining room, Panembahan Senapati was seen thinking alone. He had a dead look on his eyes.

Despite the various dishes being served already on the dining table, like meat, fish, and eggs, Panembahan Senapati seemed to have no appetite for lunch. His mind was wandering to find a way to persuade Pembayun to run his plan. He was aware that the brilliant idea from Ki Juru Mertani was not easy to do. Panembahan Senapati eventually canceled his lunch at that moment. He preferred to have some rest in his bedroom to calm his mind. Perhaps, Panembahan Senapati was overly exhausted

from thinking about how to persuade his daughter, thus he was not awoken before night.

“Oh, the night has come. Apparently, I took a very long rest this afternoon,” Panembahan Senapati mumbled.

As he did not have lunch that afternoon, Panembahan Senapati was starving that night. For that reason, Panembahan Senapati commanded one of the palace’s maidservants to prepare for dinner straightaway.

“Maidservant, prepare the dinner on the dining table now....,” Panembahan Senapati instructed her.

“Yes, your Majesty, I will prepare dinner soon,” replied the maidservant.

The maidservant did those commanded by Panembahan Senapati soon afterwards. After finished preparing for Panembahan Senapati’s dinner, the maidservant immediately came to his presence to invite him for dinner.

“Your Majesty, the dinner is ready, Please enjoy the dinner, your Majesty,” the maidservant told Panembahan Senapati.

“All right, thank you, maidservant” Panembahan Senapati replied with a smile to the maidservant.

Panembahan Senapati promptly got up from his seat and headed for the dining room. He stared at the dishes on the table, one by one. Panembahan Senapati smiled and then took one of the chairs to sit on.

Panembahan Senapati ate his dinner with gusto. He nearly finished off all the dishes.

After having the dinner, Senapati did not immediately move from his seat. Panembahan Senapati commanded a maidservant to tell Pembayun to come before him.

“Maidservant, tell Pembayun to get here now!” Panembahan Senapati demanded.

“Yes, your Majesty, I will tell Princess Pembayun immediately.” The maidservant quickly did the Panembahan Senapati’s command.

With a rush, Pembayun came before his father, Panembahan Senapati.

“What’s the matter, Father? Why do you summon me late at night?” Princess Pembayun greeted her father with curiosity. Princess Pembayun bowed and sat cross-legged in front her dignified father. Panembahan Senapati did not immediately tell his plan to Pembayun; instead, he first explained that Pembayun was considered to have come of age.

“My daughter, Princess Pembayun, whoever claims to be the people of Mataram, is obliged to serve their country and the people of Mataram, and you are no exception, my daughter!” Panembahan Senapati said with dignity.

Pembayun carefully listened to the words of Panembahan Senapati. But, Pembayun did not understand why her father suddenly gave such advice.

“Father, why do you talk to me like that all of a sudden?” Princess Pembayun asked inquisitively.

Upon explaining the honorable values that a princess must undertake, Panembahan Senapati revealed to her that Mataram Kingdom was hanging by a thread.

“My daughter, Pembayun, your father gave you that talk because this kingdom is in mere danger,” replied Panembahan Senapati.

“What, Father? In danger?” Princess Pembayun shouted with widened eyes.

“That’s correct, my daughter! Mataram is indeed in danger, and you are the only one with the ability to solve the problem,” said Panembahan Senapati.

“What, Father....? I am the one who had to solve this....?” Princess Pembayun became even more confused.

“That’s right, my daughter, there is nobody but you to solve the problem!” Panembahan Senapati replied in certainty.

Princess Pembayun’s became even more astonished when Panembahan Senapati told her that she was the only capable of releasing Mataram Kingdom from such threats.

The plan to overcome the danger was soon described by Panembahan Senapati to Princess Pembayun. The plan outlined that Princess Pembayun must disguised herself as *tayub* dancer, with a mission to attract Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo. After successfully putting him under her spell, Princess Pembayun should be able to take over the superior weapon of Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo, Baru Klinting. To do this, Princess Pembayun had to stay together with a *tayub* group under the leadership of Tumenggung Martalaya, alias Ki Sandiguna.

Tumenggung Martalaya was one of the commanders of Mataram Kingdom’s combat troops who once triumphantly conquered the territory of Brang Wetan or East Java.

For the road trip plan to Mangiran Village, Panembahan Senapati did not only order Princess Pembayun to perform *tayub* dance, there would also be several other princesses accompanying Princess Pembayun: Ni Ijah, Ni Witri, and Ni Sita. They must change their names when they became *tayub* dancers later on. Pembayun had to call herself Rara Kasihan, Ni Ijah should

change her name into Rara Kebes, Ni Witri should name herself Rara Luwes, and Ni Sita should become Rara Ayu.

“That is the reason, my daughter, why you are the only one who can resolve that problem,” Panembahan Senapati told her affectionately.

After listening to the explanation given by her father, Panembahan Senapati, Princess Pembayun finally smiled.

“My father, this duty is very interesting to me. I am accepting this duty with all of my heart,” replied Princess Pembayun as she smiled sheepishly.

Nevertheless, Princess Pembayun had doubts about it in her mind. The toughest problem that might happen was what if Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo became genuinely interested, and how if Princess Pembayun sincerely fell in love with Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo. In other words, Princess Pembayun doubted her ability to play her role in this fakery. But, with Senapati's persuasion, Pembayun had no worries and finally felt relieved.

The preparations were made shortly after. They practiced in secret, keeping the palace's bureaucrats in the dark about it.

Reportedly, the queen consort or Panembahan Senapati's wife even had no knowledge upon what was really happening. Among those helping the preparation was an old lady who was very

beautiful in her youth. The old lady helped Princess Pembayun and three other princesses to maintain their freshness and fitness in performing *tayub* dance.

“My daughters, performing *tayub* dance is highly exhausting. All of you must be able to keep your condition well,” said the old lady gently.

“But Grandma, how can we prevent ourselves from getting easily sick from fatigue?” asked Princess Pembayun.

“That is easy, my granddaughters. First of all, you must eat regularly and have nutritious diets. Second, you must get enough sleep, for at least six hours a day. Third, you have to drink plenty of water, about eight glasses a day,” the old lady told the four daughters of Panembahan Senapati.

“All right, Grandma. We will follow your advice,” the four daughters of Panembahan Senapati responded synchronously.

On a side note, they were asked to smear lime betel onto their underarms to eliminate their body odor while allowing their skin pores to open and sweat.

The Journey of Princess Pembayun

After the preparation had been fully completed, Princess Pembayun’s troupe embarked on their journey to Mangiran Village. Once entering the village in Mangiran territory, they

hastily held *tayub* dance street performance. People crowded around and started to admire the beauty of the *tayub* dancers, particularly Rara Kasihan who was none other than the alias of Princess Pembayun, the eldest daughter of Panembahan Senapati.

What made it interesting was that Rara Kasihan had distinctive appeal from other three princesses. It was why few elderlies came to see the *tayub* arts. Those people wanted to find out whether Rara Kasihan attracted people using some particular spells, or using her natural personality and beauty. It turned out that Rara Kasihan's charm came from within herself. It was what made Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo felt attracted with Rara Kasihan's *tayub* troupe.

Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo, thereby, invited the *tayub* troupe to perform at Mangiran Village. He had intention to enjoy it and dance with the *tayub* dancers.

By nightfall, the *tayub* troupe had arrived at Mangiran Village. At that night, Rara Kasihan and other three dancers showed their skills. The movement of their necks, arms, and bodies left the audiences in awe. Previously, Rara Kebes aka Ijah performed the dancing first, and then followed by Rara Luwes, and Rara Ayu. That night, Mangiran Village was truly cheerful due to the *tayub* troupe led by Ki Sandiguna.

It did not stop there; the people of Mangiran praised the grandeur of Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo more, because he managed to bring in the *tayub* troupe that could extremely satisfy all of the villagers, old and young. Therefore, Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo began to think whether he should propose to Rara Kasihan. In this way, he would feel the happiness for having a beautiful wife; thus further increasing his prestige in his people's eyes. Upon realizing it, he called Ki Sandiguna and expressed his desire.

“Sandiguna, there are some important matters that I wish to tell you,” said Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo.

“What are they, my Lord?” remarked Ki Sandiguna.

“Here's the thing, Sandiguna, what do you think if I take Rara Kasihan as my wife?” Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo asked for advice to Ki Sandiguna.

Ki Sandiguna simply smiled, but then shook his head.

“Pardon me, my Lord. How can Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo who is a descendant of a king get married to Rara Kasihan who is only a *tayub* dancer and descendant of commoners?” Ki Sandiguna replied.

However, Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo kept urging Ki Sandiguna to obey his wish.

“For me, that is not something important, Sandiguna,” urged Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo.

“Well, if my Lord wishes so. I shall first ask about it to Rara Kasihan. Whether or not she’s willing to accept it is fully depending on her decision, my Lord,” Ki Sandiguna answered.

“Fine, Sandiguna, please do ask the matter to Rara Kasihan,” instructed Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo.

Later on, Ki Sandiguna excused himself to get back to his dance troupe and subsequently told the matter to Rara Kasihan aka Princess Pembayun.

“Pembayun....,” Tumenggung Martalaya alias Ki Sandiguna greeted her.

“Yes, Uncle Martalaya, why do meet me at nighttime?” asked Princess Pembayun.

“This afternoon, I was asked to come before Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo. He expressed his desire to marry Princess Pembayun.” Ki Sandiguna recounted his meeting with Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo.

“Does that mean our plan is working, Uncle?” said Princess Pembayun reacted while combing her hair.

“It is correct, Pembayun, but are you ready to become the wife of Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo later?” questioned Tumenggung Martalaya.

“No problem, Uncle, I am ready to be the wife of Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo,” told Princess Pembayun.

Ultimately, after asking Rara Kasihan and receiving her approval to Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo’s marriage proposal, Ki Sandiguna let her to do so. The wedding between Rara Kasihan and Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo would be prepared in time. The wedding party was not very luxurious, but considerably solemn, upon Ki Sandiguna’s request.

The villagers in Mangiran were also rejoiced by the wedding party of Rara Kasihan and Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo. Traditional art performances were held for two days and two nights, featuring *jatilan*, *tayub*, *gejok lesung*, puppet shadow play, *human wayang*, and *ketoprak*. The people of Mangiran Village were truly entertained with the wedding party of Rara Kasihan and Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo.

A couple of nights after the marriage ceremony, Ki Sandiguna said goodbye to the newlyweds and continued the journey to hold *tayub* dance street performance. Nevertheless, once the troupe left Mangiran Village, they took a turn to Mataram Kingdom to report

the incident to Panembahan Senapati. In Mataram Kingdom, Panembahan Senapati had been waiting for the troupe.

“How are you, Mertalaya? It’s been a long time,” Panembahan Senapati greeted him cheerfully.

“I’m fine, your Majesty,” said Tumengung Mertalaya as he gave salute.

“What about our plan in the past, Mertalaya? Did it work?” Panembahan Senapati asked.

“Yes, it did, your Majesty. My presence is to address the problem. Your Majesty’s daughter, Princess Pembayun, now has been married to Ki Ageng Mangir,” replied Tumengung Mertalaya.

“That’s good..., Mertalaya, our strategy goes according to plan. Hopefully Pembayun is able to carry out her duties well.” Panembahan Senapati said gleefully.

Panembahan Senapati was really contented after listening to the reports from Tumengung Mertalaya alias Ki Sandiguna. He ordered Tumengung Mertalaya to keep an eye on Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo.

After more than three months, Rara Kasihan began to feel anxious because she remembered her duty. On the other side, Rara Kasihan was also greatly in love with Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo. But, as the daughter of Panembahan Senapati, her

main duty was to retrieve the superior weapon of Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo. It was why, one night, she revealed the secret that she had been hiding for all this time.

“My dear husband Mangir, are you still awake?” Rara Kasihan greeted him.

“Oh..., my dear wife Rara Kasihan. Yes, I am, it feels very hot tonight,” Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo replied.

“My dear Mangir...., are you happy to be married to me?” asked Rara Kasihan.

My dear.....my dear....., your question is strange I think,” Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo responded with a smile.

“Why won’t you answer it?” demanded Rara Kasihan, showing sour face.

“The answer is definitely happy, my dear,” told Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo.

“Will you still be truly happy if you know the origin of my family?” Rara Kasihan asked him.

“My dear wife, I have always known that you are the daughter of a *tayub* artist. I don’t care about it,” Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo tried to convince his wife.

“My dear husband Mangir, you are wrong. I am not the daughter of a *tayub* artist. I am actually a princess,” said Rara Kasihan seriously.

“O..., so you are princess, aren't you?” replied Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo, trying to crack a joke with his wife.

“Pardon me, my dear. I am telling the truth. I am actually a princess of Mataram Kingdom,” said Rara Kasihan firmly.

“If so, are you the daughter of Panembahan Senapati?” Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo asked Rara Kasihan.

“That is true. I am the eldest daughter of Panembahan Senapati. My real name is Princess Pembayun. I was assigned by my father to retrieve your superior weapon, Baru Klinting spear,” replied Rara Kasihan who was none other than Princess Pembayun.

“What...? You are the eldest daughter of Panembahan Senapati, Princess Pembayun!” exclaimed Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo as he rose from his seat.

Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo was certainly shaken up after learning that Rara Kasihan was actually Princess Pembayun, the eldest daughter of Panembahan Senapati, his eternal enemy. But, Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo was also proud to have married to the daughter of a famous and supernaturally powerful person.

After he eased his anger, Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo approached Princess Pembayun.

“My dear wife, Pembayun, whoever you are, I will still love you,” Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo said it in a loving voice.

“Forgive me. I have been lying to you for all this time,” Princess Pembayun responded, wiping away her tears.

“My dear wife Pembayun, I am certainly forgiving you. I have been in love with you too much already,” answered Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo as he consoled his wife.

“Now, I surrender my destiny to you. I’m ready for punishment if considered guilty,” said Princess Pembayun, sobbing.

“No, no....I cannot give you punishment. In fact, if Panembahan Senapati commanded you to kill me, I would sincerely accept it,” Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo told Princess Pembayun to convince her about his genuine love for her.

“My dear husband Mangir, there is no way I could kill you. I have been in love with you already,” Princess Pembayun told her husband.

“Stop...., stop..., please stop crying. Let’s think about what we have to do now?” Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo pleaded to his wife.

“What if we both come to the presence my father, I will beg for your forgiveness to my father, said Princess Pembayun.

“Hmmm, well, that’s all right if it is what you wish for,” replied Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo with a frown.

It was the consideration which then led his decision to do Princess Pembayun’s request to meet his father who was none other than Panembahan Senapati of Mataram Kingdom.

Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo and Princess Pembayun alongside a number of bureaucrats left for Mataram Kingdom. As someone who once rose in rebellion, Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo felt unsettled. As a matter of fact, his superior weapon, Baru Klinting spear, repeatedly told supernatural whispering to Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo to cancel his plan to go to Mataram.

Upon arriving at a village, Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo ordered his entourage to get a rest for a while.

“My dear wife, Pembayun, we should take a rest here for a moment,” Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo pleaded to his wife.

“All right, I feel tired as well,” answered Princess Pembayun.

In that village, Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo revealed his doubts to Princess Pembayun. Was it true that Panembahan Senapati would give forgiveness to him?

“Why don’t we just get back to Mangiran?” Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo asked his wife.

“My dear husband, Mangir, why do you change your mind?” Princess Pambayun asked her husband.

“I’m not sure whether Panembahan Senapati will forgive me,” Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo spoke in undertone.

“Believe me. My father is a great person. He must be willing to forgive you.” Princess Pambayun tried to convince her husband.

“But my hunch did not tell so,” Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo replied in a rather loud voice.

“You no longer trust me. Fine, I give you permission to get back to Mangiran, but I will continue my journey to Kota Gede,” Princess Pambayun reacted in a higher tone.

“I am sorry, if I talked to you loudly. Not that I don’t believe you, but I think I won’t receive forgiveness from your father once we arrive in Mataram later,” Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo replied gently.

“Now, what is your decision?” Will you still continue your journey to Kota Gede?” Princess Pambayun asked her husband.

“I shall continue my journey to Kota Gede, although I have a bad gut feeling about us being there,” said Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo.

“If you still have some doubts, then you better get back to Mangiran,” Princess Pembayun suggested her husband.

“No. I will accompany you to Kota Gede. I am ready with all the risks to face later,” Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo answered with full confidence.

“There you go. You must be rest assured that you are going to Kota Gede. I will absolutely protectyou there,” replied Princess Pembayun, trying to convince her husband.

“Yes. After all, we have taken the journey this far. It’s a shame if I must get back to Mangiran,” said Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo.

“That’s right. We nearly complete our trip to Kota Gede. We better to continue the journey there,” Princess Pembayun agreed to her husband.

There was a little argument between Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo and Princess Pembayun, thus taking up days to finally make agreement.

Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo’s hunch was really not made up, because his powerful weapon, Baru Klinting, always reminded the risks to face once arriving at Mataram, but because of his deep

love for his wife, Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo continued his journey to Kota Gede, Mataram, regardless of Baru Klinting's warning. At that time, Princess Pembayun alias Rara Kasihan, was already known as a *tayub* dancer, making the villagers around that place call her as Rara Kasihan, the *tayub* dancer. And, the village where the troupe of Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo and Princess Pembayun took a rest was named Kasihan Village. This place is located in Bantul Regency, and this Kasihan area now becomes one of the districts in Bantul Regency.

Then, upon his arrival at Kota Gede, Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo immediately came to the presence of Panembahan Senapati as a form of his devotion to his father-in-law. In the tradition of the palace, one was obliged to remove all kinds of his weapons before coming to the presence of a king who also his father-in-law. Finally, Ki Ageng Mangir Wonoboyo came before Panempahan Senapati without bringing Baru Klinting Spear.