





The Warrior King of Vishnuh



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**Lancar's Youth in the Vishnuh  
Society  
(The Warrior King of Vishnuh)**



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## Prologue

### **The King-Warrior of Vishnuh and the Vishnuh Society: A Legacy of Hope, Strength, and Leadership**

The Vishnuh Society is an ancient community, deeply rooted in fellowship, trust, and security. It emerged some 9,000 years ago in Sri Lanka around a man of flesh and blood who called himself Vishnuh. In Sanskrit, **“Vishnuh”** means **“oneself,” “the solitary,”** or **“the individual.”**

**The King-Warrior of Vishnuh**

This remarkable man drew to him those dissatisfied with their circumstances. Without seeking it, he became their leader, guiding them toward a peaceful life in the jungle, far removed from the conventions that had constrained them.

A central figure within the Vishnuh Society is the King-Warrior of Vishnuh, also known as the **“Holy Warrior.”** This legendary figure embodies the highest state of physical, mental, and spiritual harmony. The King-Warrior was not merely a conqueror but a protector and spiritual guide, leading his people with compassion and unwavering discipline. The title was reserved for those who had proven themselves capable of embodying both the physical and spiritual virtues of Vishnuh.

The origin of the King-Warrior lies in the earliest days of the society, when Vishnuh himself assumed the role of leader and protector. He guided his followers to safety in the untamed jungles of Sri Lanka and shielded them from threats. Vishnuh became renowned for his

extraordinary knowledge of survival strategies and martial arts, including Pencak-Silat, a fighting style inspired by the movements of animals such as tigers, monkeys, and eagles. These techniques were not merely for physical defense but also served as tools to cultivate inner peace and balance.

What set the King-Warrior apart from other leaders was his profound spiritual connection. He fought not solely with physical strength but also with unwavering dedication to justice and the preservation of life. Through the centuries, the title was passed to those who carried the wisdom and power of Vishnuh within them. The King-Warriors understood that the greatest battles were not fought on the battlefield but within the soul. They often sought peaceful solutions, resorting to violence only as a last measure to protect their people.

Vishnuh also introduced the **Kunci Batin**, a practice designed to stimulate the body's self-healing through breathing techniques, Javanese

pressure-point knowledge, and herbal remedies. These methods supported both the physical well-being and spiritual growth of the community. By adhering to these principles, members of the society were able to develop freely and fully.

After departing from the Indian Archipelago, the society, following a perilous journey across the Indian Ocean and through Africa, found a new home in the jungles of southern Suriname. The current Gurubesar (leader and heir) continues to guide the society according to the same principles of safety, trust, and compassion first established by Vishnuh. In 1979, he brought Vishnuh's legacy to the Netherlands and the wider world, sharing this wealth of knowledge and wisdom as a gift of love.

Just as the King-Warriors of old, the present Gurubesar, **Lancar Ida-Bagus**, leads the Vishnuh Society with integrity, responsibility, and devotion. He inspires his followers to care not only for themselves but also for one another. Membership has grown immensely, spreading

across the Netherlands and beyond, all benefiting from the wise guidance of their Gurubesar.

The Vishnuh Society is not a sect, as it involves no belief in gods. Its essence lies in mutual care, solidarity, and the sharing of what one possesses. Every individual is responsible for their own life and is encouraged to remain true to themselves. The power of authenticity and living in harmony with others forms the core of the society. In essence, the King-Warrior symbolizes the ultimate union of strength, wisdom, and spirituality. This legacy endures in the present generation, with the Gurubesar continuing to lead his community guided by the same values of justice, compassion, and spiritual power.

## **The Gurubesar Lancar Ida-Bagus**

### **The Journey of Lancar: From Foundling to Self-Discovery**

Lancar's story began in sorrow and shadow. Abandoned as a foundling in Paramaribo, he lay beneath the shelter of a theater, where fate led his

grandparents to him. They took him south and named him Lancar. Time later, his biological parents, consumed by regret, acknowledged him and bestowed upon him the name Roberto Rudie Purperhart.

Yet the Vishnuh Society, guardians of his destiny, refused to return him. **“Once abandoned, always abandoned,”** the elders proclaimed. In their eyes, Lancar now belonged to the Society; they had found him, nurtured him, and assumed responsibility for his protection. His parents, though torn, yielded to the authority of the Society, accepting the painful truth that their son now walked a path beyond their reach.

Lancar grew within the embrace of the Vishnuh Society, an environment both stern and sacred, where discipline, devotion, and ritual shaped every day. Under the guidance of his grandfather and spiritual mentors, he learned the virtues of loyalty, faith, and communal duty. Yet even as he absorbed these teachings, a spark within him

longed to question, to challenge, to see beyond the boundaries of established dogma.

Immersed in the philosophical depths of the Society, Lancar forged his own understanding of spirit and of the natural world. He revered tradition yet felt an unyielding call to carve his own path. The structure around him, once protective, began to feel confining. He sought freedom – not to forsake the Society, but to journey inward, to explore the truths that lay within. The elders recognized this quest, encouraging him to face challenges, to test his own wisdom, and to claim his personal truth. So began his odyssey of self-discovery – a voyage of reflection, growth, and the shaping of his own values.

His Javanese heritage enriched this journey, weaving a tapestry of stories, customs, and ancestral echoes. The Vishnuh Society, itself steeped in culture, became a crucible in which he learned to find his place, to navigate the confluence of identity and tradition. The village

was alive: the scents of exotic spices, the cadence of many tongues, the rhythms of diverse musicals painted the vibrant canvas of his youth, teaching him the art of perception and the wisdom of multiple perspectives.

Lancar's spirit shone in every interaction. Versatile and witty, kind-hearted, and full of humor, he brought light to all around him. Even in hardship, his presence radiated hope; his laughter, counsel, and spirited gatherings became a beacon for his community.

His mind, insatiable and keen, knew no bounds. Though he did not always attend daily lessons or fully immerse himself in religious instruction, he excelled intellectually beyond his years. From science to history, he explored every frontier, devouring knowledge in the Society's library and mastering complex ideas with astonishing agility.

Yet it was not only his intellect that defined him. Lancar's heart was adventurous, curious, fearless. He sought challenges, experimented boldly, and

delighted in discovery, always mindful, however, of his responsibilities.

In 1969, the eminent Dutch scholar Gerrit M. van Praag joined the Vishnuh Society. A master of the Dutch language, European history, and the social sciences, Van Praag undertook the task of educating Roberto – Lancar. But his role extended far beyond instruction. He became a bridge between worlds, connecting cultures, philosophies, and perspectives. Through his mentorship, Lancar’s mind expanded, and with it, his understanding of humanity, society, and the intricate tapestry of history.

Van Praag shaped Lancar not only as a thinker but as a citizen of the world – aware, discerning, and attuned to the complex harmony of ideas and cultures. His guidance instilled in Lancar a vision: to approach the world with critical thought, open heart, and grounded knowledge. And so, the journey of Lancar – foundling, seeker, scholar, and adventurer – continued, a testament to the

enduring power of self-discovery and the indomitable spirit of the human soul.

## **The primary school**

### **Lancar's First Steps into the Wider World**

At the tender age of seven, Lancar embarked upon a momentous journey: he entered the fourth grade of a regular primary school, stepping beyond the familiar walls of the Vishnuh Society. This extraordinary step was undertaken with careful counsel from the headmaster, especially in the shadow of the recent passing of his grandfather, a guiding light and revered mentor in his young life.

Until that day, Lancar had dwelled within the protective embrace of the Society, surrounded by familiar faces and the steady heartbeat of enduring values. Now he stood at the threshold of a vast and unfamiliar world – a realm teeming with new faces, unfamiliar ideas, and unforeseen expectations. The transition, at first, stirred uncertainty. He had to navigate a strange

environment, learn the rhythms of new classmates, and adjust to a system unlike anything he had known. For the first time, he encountered a kaleidoscope of perspectives, stretching far beyond the safe and ordered framework of his upbringing.

Yet within this challenge lay the seeds of possibility. Lancar felt the stirrings of independence and freedom, a chance to shape his own identity beyond the strictures of the Society. His boundless curiosity and thirst for discovery propelled him forward, daring him to embrace the unknown, even as he remained rooted in the traditions and respect that had nurtured him.

Despite his youth, Lancar's mind shone with remarkable acuity. Teachers marveled at his flawless command of Dutch and his extraordinary capacity for communication. His gift with language, combined with insatiable intellectual curiosity, inspired admiration – and sometimes envy – from his peers. It became swiftly evident that his profound knowledge was born of the

structured and rigorous tutelage he had received within the Society.

Beyond his scholarly gifts, Lancar possessed an instinctive social and strategic intelligence. He moved through challenges and confrontations with ingenuity and subtlety. His keen mind enabled him to resolve conflicts with grace, to defend his interests wisely, and to extend loyalty and respect to those worthy of it.

This rare fusion of intellect, determination, and social dexterity rendered Lancar both a formidable adversary and a steadfast ally. He never yielded, seeing obstacles as opportunities to learn, adapt, and grow stronger. To him, true success was not measured by outward accolades but by fidelity to his own principles and the integrity with which he approached both himself and others.

Through these early trials, Lancar laid the bedrock of independence, resilience, and self-awareness that would guide him throughout his life. He discovered that true growth arises not

only from intellectual mastery but from the courage to navigate challenges, build alliances, and follow the compass of one's own inner truth – the path most vital, and most enduring, of all.

## **Miss Annie**

### **Lancar's First Lesson in Justice**

Even in the fourth grade, Lancar faced a formidable challenge. A female teacher had taken to harassing him, her words and actions cutting deep. Yet within him burned an unyielding sense of justice and a resolute determination to respond. He began to think, with careful deliberation, about how to confront her – not with reckless impulse, but with strategy, patience, and cunning.

He refused to be intimidated by her authority. Instead, he channeled his sharp mind and unwavering will into devising a plan that would put her in her place. While it might have seemed mischievous to an observer, for Lancar it was a matter of principle. He was determined to defend

his dignity and to make clear that no one could act with impunity.

Lancar's mind became a workshop of observation and analysis. He studied her routines, her patterns, her weaknesses, and plotted with precision. He knew he must strike in a way that would force her to confront the consequences of her actions and to understand that her cruelty could not go unchallenged.

One day, while riding past the school on an ox cart with a senior warrior, inspiration struck. Remarkably, the following day would be Miss Annie's birthday. To Lancar, it seemed a sign—a perfect opportunity to enact his plan.

He leapt from the cart and hurried to an Awaraboom, gathering the longest, sharpest thorns he could find. With stealth and care, he crept into the classroom and placed the thorns beneath Miss Annie's chair, each one positioned with deliberate intent.

For too long, she had humiliated him publicly, each insulting a sting to his pride. But now the tide was about to turn. Lancar's strategy was meticulous, well-considered: a lesson on her birthday, a demonstration that actions carried consequences.

As he executed the plan, anticipation and delight surged through him. The senior warrior at his side, ever eager for mischief, nodded in approval, whispering that the plan was sheer genius.

Together, they had orchestrated every thorn, envisioned every reaction, and felt the thrill of secrecy – their hearts pounding with the exquisite tension of impending triumph.

On the journey home, the air itself seemed charged with expectation. Every thought turned to the surprise awaiting Miss Annie, a moment both thrilling and deliciously audacious. Each passing sound, each footstep in the street, became part of the rhythm of their anticipation. This was more than a prank; it was a small masterpiece of

ingenuity, a quiet reclaiming of power from one who had so often imposed helplessness.

Lancar understood, even in that mischievous triumph, that justice was not chaos – it was measured, clever, and deliberate. And for the first time, he tasted the exhilarating satisfaction of turning the tables, of bending circumstance to the force of his intellect and will.



### **Lancar and the Pebble Adventure**

The next day, Lancar rose earlier than usual, his entire being alight with anticipation for what the

**The King-Warrior of Vishnuh**

day would hold. Every fiber of him thrummed with curiosity and determination; he was unwilling to miss a single moment. With a clear sense of purpose, he set off toward school.

Before leaving home, he paused briefly at the water's edge, searching for smooth, glimmering pebbles. One by one, he gathered them into a small knapsack, each stone a token of the adventure he envisioned. With his prize secured, he moved forward, carried by the invisible current of excitement that tugged at his spirit.

Arriving at the schoolyard, he observed the familiar scene: children playing, laughing, wholly absorbed in their daily rituals. Yet for Lancar, the world appeared different. He remained on the periphery, seldom joining in their games. He regarded his peers as shallow and childish, constrained by the strict teachings and limited ideas instilled in them. Watching their world unfold, he felt increasingly like an outsider, guided by a path of his own and a mind that

reached beyond the simple pleasures of the playground.

His upbringing within the Vishnuh Society had trained him to see life through an expansive lens. Yet the narrow-mindedness of his classmates frustrated him. Their small, closed world felt confining, while he longed for depth and understanding. His knowledge and unusual upbringing made him a mystery to others; his actions and ideas seemed strange – perhaps even threatening – within their rigid confines.

For this reason, Lancar kept his distance. He devoted himself to personal growth, refusing to be swayed by the judgments or distractions of those around him. As the other children lost themselves in their games, he sought ways to sharpen his mind, to cultivate skill and insight, far from the trivialities that held no appeal.

When the school bell rang, the children surged toward the classroom in a jubilant rush, eager to perform the traditional birthday ritual for Miss Annie. They held handfuls of rice aloft, ready to

sprinkle the grains over their teacher, invoking prosperity and good fortune. Amid the crowd, Lancar stood firm, his knapsack clutched tightly, brimming with the glistening pebbles he had gathered.

With calm precision and unwavering focus, he watched the classroom, waiting for the perfect moment. As the children let their rice fall in a cascade, Lancar released his own stones onto the floor. The sharp, rhythmic tapping of pebbles against Miss Annie's chair echoed softly through the room, unnoticed by anyone but himself. A subtle curl of his lips betrayed a quiet smile, a secret acknowledgment of the clever twist he had woven into the ritual.

It was a small, mischievous adventure – an unmistakable display of his playful humor and ingenuity. Sitting there, he felt a private satisfaction, a reminder that even within the strictest rules of the classroom, there was always space for creativity, audacity, and a touch of individual rebellion.



## **Lancar's Lesson in Justice: The Classroom Incident**

The next moment, Miss Annie was taken entirely by surprise. She recoiled with a gasp, stumbling

backward as the unexpected action disrupted the carefully ordered classroom. Children froze, wide-eyed, unsure whether to laugh or to worry, their voices caught between nervous giggles and genuine concern.

Lancar, heart pounding with a mix of excitement and tension, held his breath. He watched closely, anticipating the outcome of his carefully plotted move. The classroom hummed with suspense, every gaze flickering between amusement and anxiety.

Teachers rushed in, alarmed by the commotion, only to discover the source of the disturbance: Lancar's ingenious little trick had caught their formidable colleague off guard. The incident demanded immediate attention. Miss Annie was escorted to the headmaster's office, her usual authority disrupted, her composure shaken.

Though Lancar had planned everything with care, he knew the act was daring. He felt no pleasure in causing harm – rather, he reveled in the rare taste of justice. Miss Annie, who had so often wielded

her authority to intimidate and belittle, now faced the consequences of her own actions in a way that was safe, measured, and undeniable.

In the quiet aftermath, as the school settled into a buzz of whispered speculation, Lancar felt a deep, silent satisfaction. Not from cruelty, but from principle: the lesson was just. Authority had been tested, boundaries had been made clear, and the scales – if only for a moment – had been balanced.

Even the students, who had once viewed her with fear and awe, sensed a shift. The formidable presence of their teacher had been tempered by circumstance, a reminder that power always carries responsibility – and that cleverness and courage, when applied with wisdom, can alter the course of events.

Lancar smiled subtly to himself, a quiet triumph in the measured chaos he had wrought. Justice had its own rhythm, he realized, sometimes playful, sometimes ironic, and always inevitable.



### **Lancar's Moment of Reflection**

Although Lancar had achieved his objective, he could not entirely dismiss the flicker of doubt that stirred within him as he witnessed Miss Annie's

distress. Seeing her there, groaning under the weight of the unexpected consequence, a shiver ran through him. His unwavering focus wavered briefly, interrupted by an unfamiliar emotion: hesitation. For a moment, he paused, his thoughts torn between the drive to see his plan through and the emotional impact of what he saw. It was a strange, new sensation – but he recovered quickly, determined not to lose sight of his purpose.

He had always believed in pursuing justice, yet now he questioned whether he had crossed a line. The act itself had seemed logical, even necessary, but as he observed the very real discomfort of Miss Annie, doubt began to creep in. He realized that while his quest for fairness had been satisfied, it had also produced a different kind of pain – one he had not anticipated. It was not his own physical suffering, but an inner unease, a soft whisper of compassion he had tried to silence.

Despite her manipulative ways, which had caused him and others so much anguish, Lancar