

The Master Director

EXCERPT No. 6

Tools of Befuddlement

(from Chapter 14)

While there were always both Tibetan Buddhist monks and Hindu priests at Gurudev's events, those he travelled with, his travelling retinue—excepting Dawa—resembled a band of young toughs rather than those whose role in life was to see to the needs of a living god. Gurudev's devotees sometimes complained, asking why he surrounded himself with such rough characters, guys who in another context one would cross the street to avoid. It *was* curious—another of the strange contradictions about Gurudev—why it was never quite possible to feel comfortable around him. Not only did he not shy away from contradictions, he seemed to relish them, using them as tools of befuddlement, which were ultimately used as tools for giving teachings.

Or were they?

The confusion I felt around Gurudev at the beginning never abated; it only deepened. I think this is good. It always seemed that once one set of confusions was cleared, he'd throw up another, as if one's time with him was an endless course of hurdles. In my more cynical moments, I wondered whether he resembled less an incarnate god than a figure very much like the Wizard of Oz.



The Road Crew