

DAVID CLAPPER

Devotion

Nov 20, 1995

Yes, today there was a lot of confusion between my chelas and me.

I am like a god to them; they do not know where I end and where they begin. I grant them darshan and out of gratitude they grant me sexual favors. I am particularly fond of my head chela? she is a beautiful expression of the feminine principle. When I catch a glimpse of her rounded body in muslin, it is like a beautiful dewdrop, after the rain, glistening as the sunshine that sparkles from within. She has me completely in her grasp, and all she asks for in return is wisdom, which I have in abundance and which I give freely. She has surrendered her life to me, thrown herself at my feet, said to me,

“My guru! Tell me, what I am to do.”

How can I refuse her ardent request? I am merciful, I am compassionate. I tell her what to do, and she does it most splendidly.

Dec 1, 1995

Today was a good day. The man from the filthy tax department came and wanted to look at my books. I told him that I am an oral prophet, I have no need of books. He was making me very unhappy. My chelas are very considerate of my moods. They took him away to another room. I have not heard from him since. I am presuming he has gone away.

Today I gave darshan again. I spoke to my chelas about the infinite God and explained that reality is nothing more than a convention. In the face of mighty Brahma's goodness, we are as nothing. I then made a rabbit materialize out of a hat. All my chelas were very impressed. As a celebration of this wonderful miracle, they paraded in front of me dressed in nothing but rabbit's ears. It was a most happy day for me.

I think I am in love.

Jan 17, 1996

I have decided to stop speaking, it is a very indirect way of expressing divine energy. At first I tried simply radiating, but I stopped when people started laying their towels on me to dry. Then I tried chalk and blackboard, but the scratching got on everybody's nerves. Eventually my head chela, my wonderful shakti, suggested that perhaps pantomime would be a more suitable way of communicating archetypal truth; she understands me so well, I am blessed. That evening I translated the entire Mahabharata into body language. To judge from the peals of laughter, it was a big success, and everyone applauded most generously when I did my impression of Vivian Leigh in *Gone with the Wind* during the intermission.

This was hard, dressed in only a dhoti, and I kept tripping over my beard, but my head chela assured me that I had done very well.

Feb 28, 1996

Yesterday I participated in the PMT show. I and several other Post-Modern Teachers got together to discuss the role of the guru in modern-day society. This was difficult for me since I have taken a vow of silence, but I managed to indicate my views with a number of mudras that were understood by all and sundry. There was only one difficult moment when I extended a single digit to indicate unity and this was mistaken for disagreement, but otherwise everything went well. It was very emotional gathering; we commiserated with each other over how difficult it was to bear the karmic burdens of our chelas, and it ended in a group hug which left us all feeling very supported. They are just a great bunch of guys and gals.

March 13, 1996

Today I made a mistake. I was meditating on nothingness when my head chela approached me with a rolled up newspaper to discuss somethingness. It seems that a number of disaffected chelas are complaining publically about sexual abuses in our ashram. I opened my eyes and stuck out my tongue to indicate my displeasure. Unfortunately a fly landed on my tongue and did not want to leave. I crossed my eyes and became one with the fly, merging consciousness while I wriggled my ears to symbolically communicate the concept of flight. Unfortunately, my head chela interpreted my complex facial expression as one of discomfort and she swatted the fly on my extended tongue. This led me to pronounce the ancient Rishi syllable 'thit.' In itself this was not a major thing, but it did mean I had broken my vow of silence.

April 1, 1996

Today I was merging my masculine polarity with my head chela's feminine polarity. Unfortunately, while we were exploring non-duality in tantric union, her parents arrived. It was most unpleasant. They were calling me a dirty old man. They forced my head chela to shed her holy shrouds and don the garb of materialists. Her tears burned like acid in my heart and she reached out to me as they pulled her away. My chelas expected me to work a miracle. I explained to them the hardest part of being enlightened is being able to act, but not being allowed to. We recited some hymns to cheer ourselves up. I then went into a state of Samadhi and spoke in tongues. This was recorded for posterity, to be sold on our web site.

May 20, 1996

Today I noticed that my chelas were jostling for position. One was beating the other over the head with a dry rolled-up chappati. We are missing our head chela who could keep order as no other. As the world around me descends into chaos, I find I am becoming more and more undefined. My chelas have started complaining about lack of direction, and say that I am mumbling a lot. I saw a vision of my dear departed mother today. She was waving a finger at me. This symbiotic oneness I am feeling with all reality overwhelms me, and I am returning to the womb.

June 6, 1996

I am back in the womb. However, it seems to be rather crowded. The tax authorities were very unpleasant towards me. Seemingly my books were not in order, and the karmic consequences of my state of enlightenment require the restriction of my physical freedom. My new chelas are not as attractive as the chelas in my old ashram. Many of them are unshaven. Nevertheless I continue to smile beatifically under these trying circumstances and I continue to dispense wisdom. Apparently my new chelas cannot deal with the revelations and are becoming mentally unstable. One of them mistook me for a doughnut yesterday and wanted to fill me with jam. I shall have to become more careful with what I say to them, as they are obviously very touchy chelas.

July 15, 1996

I have achieved a state of universal harmony with my new chelas. I am teaching them yoga. In particular, my demonstration of the Adho Mukha Svanasana seems to calm them down, and I am overjoyed that I can serve them through my teachings. Although they say they are slow learners, and I have to maintain this asana for extended periods of time while they play games of chance on my backside, I am humbly glad that the universe has found this niche for me. I have also started to be of service to my chelas through my expertise in Ayurvedic medicine. In particular, the vijaya herb is going down well. In exchange for regular supplies of this herb they are offering to protect me; I take this as a sign of their devotion. All is well in the universe.

August 3, 1996

My new chelas have demanded I be accorded the respect due to me. I have been given a meditation room all of my own, one which, although it is without windows and furniture, is very comfortable. I will wait here patiently until I leave.

June 7, 2006

It seems my incarceration is intended as punishment. My fellow dharma debaters are convinced we are all in a prison. I tried to explain to them that this is the effect of maya, but that if they continued to meditate on my words, they would achieve moksha; we are all in truth free. However, they would have none of it and tried to explain, apparently for the millionth time, that I was guilty of a smorgasbord of so-called crimes and misdemeanors. I smiled compassionately, said I understood their suffering, and gave my blessing to the individual identifying himself as my chief captor. He had a fit and had to be helped out of the room by his assistants. I have been told that he no longer wants to see me and is trying to get me assigned to help the chelas on death row. Darshan can indeed be an overwhelming experience; I am honored that he is finally putting his trust in me.

June 8, 2006

Today is ostensibly my last day in captivity. A woman calling herself a psychologist has explained that I

am now free to go, and good riddance. I answered that it is all the same to me, and that wherever I go, there I am. I said I would be happy to stay if they needed me. She put her head in her hands, opened a small box, took out a white pill and placed it in her mouth. She seemed very exasperated. I sat down next to her and put my arm around her to console her. She burst into tears. "God loves a broken heart," I said, and told her she could lean on me as I helped her through the healing process. This apparently cheered her up immensely because she broke into hysterical laughter, stood up and left, still laughing. It is gratifying to note that I have not lost my touch for the comic.

June 9, 2006

It was a sunny day; I was standing in an almost empty parking lot having been roughly ejected from my previous place of residence, wondering what to do next, waiting for a sign from the universe as to what my next move was to be. I saw a car door open and a familiar figure in a sari step out. Imagine my surprise when I saw it was my head chela. She was older, had a few gray hairs, a few more lines in her face, and had got a bit dumpy around the waist, but I still recognized her. She walked towards me, tears in her eyes. I realized I had missed her very much and we embraced. She explained that she had waited for