

A MONK'S MENU
Jampa Dorje



For many days it was that deep snow
 which set the boundaries of my retreat;
 I wasn't even able to boil any tea. I drank
 melted snow mixed with a little tsampa,
 and rested evenly in meditation.

— Shabkar MEDITATION ON MT. MACHEN

I went to sleep in order not to feel hungry and sad
 I dreamed of my friends, the Ideal Library,
 baby elephants & food
 hungry in my dream

*

awake, I'm not hungry any more
 I have the chance to steal some food.

*

MENU

{ choice rhododendron vinaigrette
 melted mountains
 live birds en masse
 the whole cheese

— Philip Whalen MY SONGS INDUCE PROPHETIC DREAMS

Thinking I may have appeared contentious to Lama T, when
 she visited, I sent her a short note and a ditty.

Dear Lama Tsultrim,

I did not mean to seem ungrateful
 for your kindness in bringing me special foods.
 It is hard to teach an old yogi new tricks, but
 a yogi must be flexible; so, I bend, or rather
 bow, to your wishes, realizing you only have my
 best interests at heart. In a lighthearted vein:

LAMA TSULTRIM IS MY TREASURE
 I TRUST HER IN WORDS + DEEDS
 OF HER WISDOM I GET FULL MEASURE
 SHE LOOKS AFTER ALL MY NEEDS



A MONK'S MENU

Jampa Dorje

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*I receive this sustenance gratefully,
appreciating all the forms of life that have
offered themselves for my benefit. I eat and
drink in awareness of one taste, recognizing
that my body is a sacred mandala. May all
my actions be beneficial and may all beings
without one exception find happiness
and the causes of happiness.*

—Lama Tsultrim Allione

Title page tormas by Khenpo Ugyen Wangchuk

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*Dream of Lama Tsultrim stepping out of a pine tree
wearing caribou antlers*

*Later in the morning, there she is
coming along the stepping stones, past pine tree
wearing her black, wide brimmed hat, carrying
a red linen shopping bag full of shaman treats*

*Gama-Sennin is a benign sage
(sennin are immortals living in the mountains
some are hermits, or visit hermits, and
appear to mortals in dreams) Gama
has a lot in common with Lama
magical knowledge about medicinal foods*



*Gama is always accompanied by a three-legged toad
Soga Shōhaku painted Gama Sennin
with his toad upon his head*

*a shapeshifter, he could take toad form, also
change his skin and become young again
www.artelino.com/articles/japanese-gods-and-goddesses.asp*

*Lama T. does not wear a toad on her head
she does seem ageless, but
to the point, she was concerned
about Jampa's diet —
doesn't like my starchy, sugar loaded menu
gifted me with hemp protein fiber drink
silken tofu and "perfect food"
says I haven't been eating enough fresh vegetables
I'm not sure I want to know what's
in this super green formula*

I chop a luscious leek
for miso soup
tofu and seaweed
round it out

I think of Philip Whalen's
"Food Opera"
When he was hungry
he was free

On Luminous Peak
there are no banks
no governments
no wars



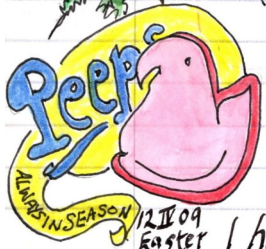
I'm free to eat this
delicious soup
and transform it
into poetry



When he was known as "Flash" Dorje
he poured marijuana on his cornflakes.

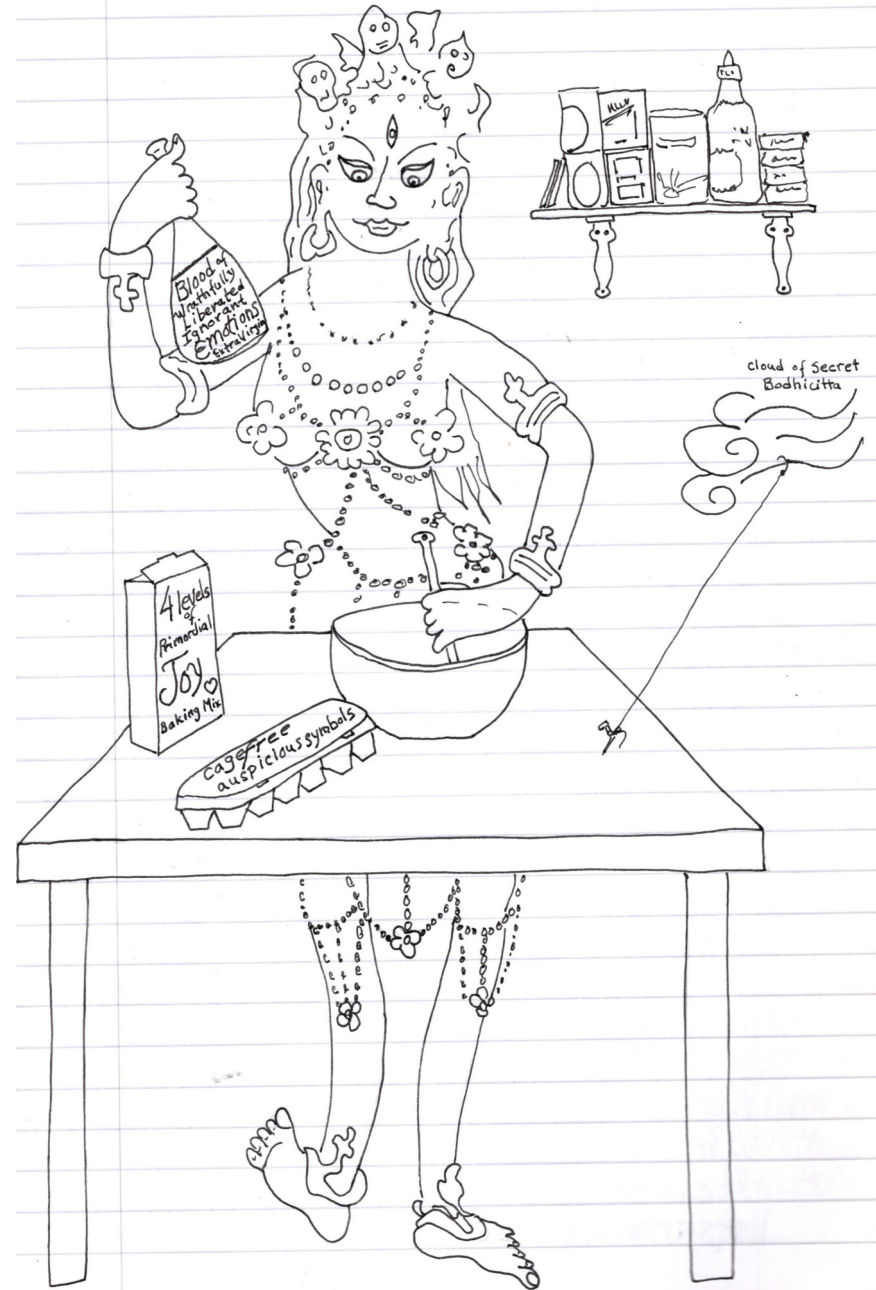
Ex-rocker finds religion
DOWN ON DOPE
DOWN ON DOPE

Ex-rocker finds religion
DOWN ON DOPE
DOWN ON DOPE



I had marshmallow "Peeps" for desert, today.

Blending Jnanasattva
with Samaysattva



A TSOG

GRACE BEFORE MEAT

You food, you animal plants
I take you, now, I make you wise
Beautiful and great with joy
Enlightenment for all sentient beings
All the hungry spirits, gods & buddhas who are sad
— Philip Whalen

I am cooking up a feast for the dieties of the mandala. All the elements have come together, an alluring buffet designed for what each body can handle — sweet, salty, bitter, oily, hot, cool, moist, dry — elixirs, nectars, concoctions for harmony and balance, for energy and action, for inertia and grounding. The invitations have been sent and, now, the table is set.

The hungry ghosts and asuras are the first to arrive. I have pee in a chipped earthenware container for the ghosts with straws for their tiny throats. I built a fire with hardwood in a copper-kettle and barbecued song birds for the asuras. These dainties have been strangled with malice after being terrified in a cage in order to stimulate the flow of adrenalin — improves the flavor they say — just the way the asuras like them. I ask these demi-gods to keep all the bones and return them, so I can later resurrect the birds according to an old

RECIPE FOR DISAPPEARING EGOS

Preliminary: Find a good lama and receive the pith instructions on the back of the box. Meditate on the first three Noble Truths; then, giving praises and making offerings (organic ingredients preferred), move to the kitchen.

Step 1: Knead the six paramitas into a ball and let sit until bodhicitta rises. Knead again until all sentient beings' needs are fulfilled. This is the Mahayana stage.

Step 2: Combine yidam practice with Dzog Chen (or Mahamudra) in a separate bowl. Pick a point, and, keeping your balance, juggle* shamatha and vipashyana while you stir. This is the Vajrayana stage.

Step 3: Place the Mahayana in a pan and pour the Vajrayana on top. Keep breathing, gently.

Step 4: Take into long retreat, and shut the door. Set the timer for three years, three months, and three days. When golden, you've got it.

"What?" you ask.

"Why, faith and devotion. 'Until the head is cooked,' the Tibetans say, 'of what use is the tongue?'"

There's no way to know whether the universe is upside down or not but Earth is definitely at a tilt and Samsara is seriously bent.

CHICKEN SOUP AMRITA

Take one live, fully-grown chicken, ring its neck, and bury it in the ground for two weeks. Dig it up, and put the whole carcass, feathers and all, into a pot of boiling water. Cook until the meat falls off the bones. Pour off the broth into another pot and add rice and vegetables and let simmer.

Now, this is the best part. Wrap the remains of the chicken in a clean kata and take this bundle outside. With strong flicks of the wrists, snap the kata open, and a live chicken appears and runs away.

Serve the soup and enjoy.
Ah la la ho.

Note: Do Khyentse said the trick to producing the live chicken is all in the way you flick your wrists and that the kata was important.

I save the best bite until last and, then, I give it up — Delicious!

recipe handed down to me from Do Khyentse.

The gods and goddesses arrive in all their splendor, sleepy and sensuous in their movements. An old god, his beard full of leaves and his vest stained with amrita, stands off to one side. But I have ambrosial food for them all.

The dharmapalas make their entrance with barbaric fanfare. The calm of the garden is filled with a fearsome clamor. Everyone begins to talk at once, but I smooth the ripples of competitiveness with a bottle of vintage blood distilled from wrathfully liberated ignorant emotions.

I bring out trays of finger-food — heaps of auspicious signs — and a Macedonian salad made from sounds, scents, forms, and tactile sensations. We chant, "OM RUPA SHABDA GANDHE RASA SPARSE MAHASUKHA PUTA HO."

The realized Machig Labdrön is my honored guest. She is escorted by His Oiliness, Black Dampa. They are accompanied by a host of dakas and dakinis. At the head of the table is Pema Chötrengrtsel, who carves a fresh human corpse with his sword.* Offering goddesses fill the plates of the multitudes.

All levels of existence resound with songs in praise of the Dharma. Duetsi rains from the arbor; flowers fall

* This corpse, of course, is moi.

from the sky; there are party favors made from tingsel. A canopy of rainbow light sets the mood for dancing.

Amitabha and his Fab Four take the stage. Manjushri blows a mean horn. Arya Tara belts out a steamy blues number. A drum solo by Tromba brings everyone to their feet, and from there on out we were rockin' with no end in sight.

However, all things are transient. Even buddhas and bodhisattvas have to go to work, helping sentient beings.

The morning star was on the horizon. Birds began to chirp. Smoke escaped from dwellings. "Good night, good night, it was wonderful!" Muffled farewells between the beings of the different realms.

The tsog was a success, and to think I did it all with a box of crackers, a bag of jerky, and a bottle of beer. AHH LALA HO



NOTES FOR "A TSOG"

pronounced like "soak"

Tsog: a ritual feast (see puja and ganacharya).

Do Khyentse Yeshe Dorje (1800-1866): a terton, or treasure revealer, who discovered Dzinpa Rangdröl ("Self-liberation of Clinging") from which

Jampa sourced the personages and some of the terminology and the offering mantra.

Jampa would also like to credit Amadea Morningstar (author of *Ayurvedic Cooking for Westerners*) for a few rabbits. "AHH LALA HO" is an expression of joy.

FOOD

Give up your desire for fancy teas = once you have on your robes that's all you need

- shabkar's advice



The three-year retreat I've been here three weeks and eaten all the snacks = Mila shakes his head in dismay



A sudden thaw = food going to rot = an opportunity to feast

Tsoknyi said, "The advertisements are so good we could eat plastic."



"Miso, I don't get it: it's just like bouillon."
"Oh, no, my dear, much more mysterious."

