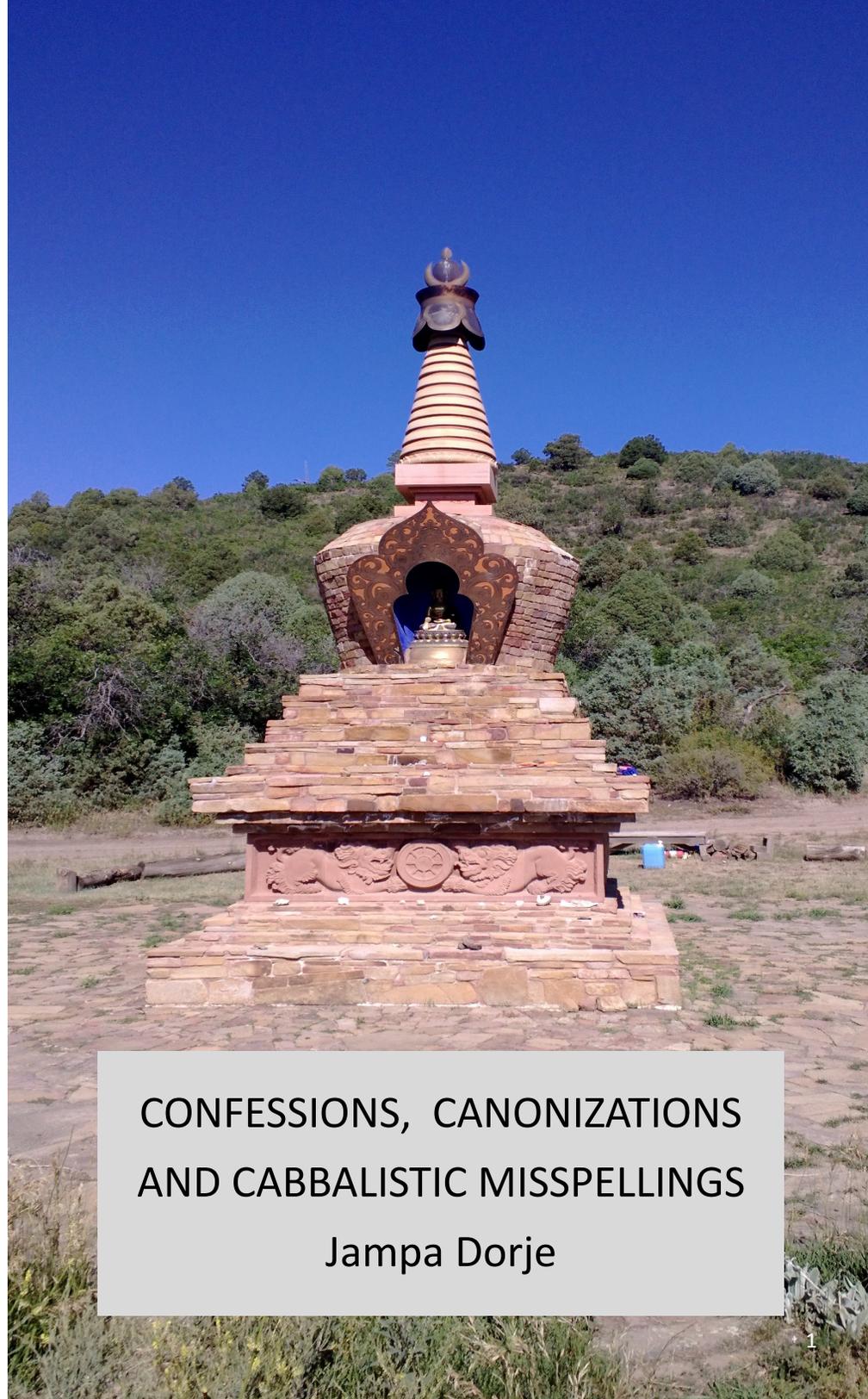


KAPALA PRESS

Confession Series: No. 1



CONFESSIONS, CANONIZATIONS
AND CABBALISTIC MISSPELLINGS

Jampa Dorje



and eagerly confesses his wrongdoing.

Saint Augustine (354-430 ce.) was a "father" of the early Christian church and the author of Confessions, in which he laments his theft of some green pears as an unpardonable sin.

Yaqub Almansur — Jampa says, "I picked the first name I came upon and was pleasantly surprised it was a 12th c. sultan." The source is "Quatrain" from "Museum", a section of J.L. Borges' The Maker:

Other people died, but all that happened in the past, the season (everyone knows) most propitious for death. Can it be that), a subject of Yaqub Almansur, shall die as the roses have died, and Aristotle?

— from The Divan of Almoqtadir the el-Maghrebi

The influence of Jorge Luis Borges is also evident in the overall concept of Jampa's story, inspired as it was by reading "When Fiction Lives in Fiction" (from Writings for El Hogar Magazine), which can be found in Selected Non-Fictions, Penguin (1999), especially the mention of a story told by Scheherazade in The Thousand and One Nights (night 602) that includes a version of itself in the telling.

Also, in discussing the play within the play of Hamlet, Borges argues that the effect of this fiction within a fiction is to make reality seem unreal, hence Jampa's title for his piece.

CONFESSIONS, CANONIZATIONS AND CABBALISTIC MISSPELLINGS

Jampa Dorje

Blending Jnanasattva
with Samaysattva



KAPALA PRESS 2020 ELLENSBURG

didn't really find it funny, and called the cops. I could have winged it, but I must have been tired of my ruse, or had a guilt trip like Saint Augustine, because I waited patiently for the patrol car to arrive, and here I am." He fell silent.

Incredible. My own story. Maybe I was dead and had gone to hell. Maybe it was a weird coincidence. Maybe I was crazy. I was mulling this over when the jailer called a name, which sounded like Yaqub Almansur; the cell door was unlocked; my companion threw on his coat and left. I only saw the back of his head.

I waited awhile, and then I took the lower bunk.

ℰ

NOTES FOR "UNREAL REALITY" Bouvard Pécuchet

Jubal Dolan - Jampa says he remembers the name from an early T.V. western; he's not sure if this was an historical person or not, claiming, "I just liked the color and the alliterative vibe." Other adventures of this Jubal can be found in *Coby's Jubal* by Bouvard Pécuchet (Scorpion Romances, Sebastopol, 2006).

Raskolnikov - the central character in Feodor Dostoevski's novel, *Crime and Punishment*, who evades arrest for his crime of theft (and murder) but is eventually apprehended



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Metal walls with rivets, painted green — wool blanket, no sheets, no pillow — an unflushed toilet — a mute for a companion — I was reconciled to call it home, for now. It would be a couple of days before I was on the docket and called before a judge. Time for reflection, time for remorse.

It is wise not to ask another prisoner what they're in for. If they volunteer information, fine, but don't pry into another's sorrow. After we had a supper of something created by a nutritionist that I believe was meatloaf covered in library paste, my cellmate spoke.

"Before you arrived, I had the upper bunk. I do not remember the face of the man who was here, but after he left, I took his place. I will tell you my story in a matter-of-fact way. Stop me, if I get off track. You look like a student at the university. I was one, once. I left because of my grades.

"I had nowhere to go, so I stayed in the area. This may sound familiar. I heard what the jailer said. Curious. I assume he meant our crimes were similar. I took to stealing from stores. Books were my speciality because you can trade them for cash.

"I got brazen and tried to sell a book back to the same store without even leaving the premises. The clerk just looked at me and laughed, although he

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

This chapbook contains two short fictions, a faux interview, and a group of cartoon advertisements. Once I had entered retreat, I allocated a two-hour session to practice writing. I began with a literal title: *A Book from Luminous Peak*, and, over a period of three years, writing in a rough calligraphy, I filled twelve notebooks that came to include *Jampa Dorje's Worldly Dharmas*, a pastiche influenced by the confessions of Rousseau and Augustine, written in the third person by a friendly *tulpa* (entity), named Bouvard Pécuchet. The "Black n' Red" brand notebooks I used were given to me by the dakinis in my sangha.

My "Life of the Knife" imitates Jorge Luis Borge's knife fighting stories, at least to the degree that I connect me-tempsychosis to inanimate objects. Borges might appreciate the exotic backdrop for my dialogue, a stupa. A stupa (Tib. *chorten*) is a dome-shaped structure that houses relics of an accomplished master. The structure of a stupa is symbolic of enlightenment and of the path leading to it. Of the eight classes of stupas, the one at Tara Mandala is called a "stupa of enlightenment," and it is unique in that it is not covered with stucco and painted white. The beauty of the rock and masonry are exposed. The initial impetus to construction came in a series of dreams of Lama Tsultrim Allione in which she was exhorted to build a stupa for Nyagla Pema Dudal (1816-1872), who had attained miraculous rainbow body.

Here is a group of weapons, seated in an underground chamber, dialoguing with one another—different personae that are a composite of the dark core of the Self of the author—amounting to a sangha of negative energies becoming beatified. My story may imply a dissolution of evil, but the intent is to increase the negativity of the weapons, at their moment of their apotheosis, to increase the power of the stupa to radiate compassion, all the while being understanding of God's personal smiting.

The cartoons of Dakini accoutrements are a bit of whimsy intended to act as comic relief to my pair of confessional stories. I give them light, idiomatic touches, while containing motifs of fear-and-trembling-sickness-unto-death Kierkegaardian eschatology. "Unreal Reality" is another bit of Borgean whimsy acting as a vehicle for going at the Self Freudian style,—but the culprit shapeshifts into a Muslim mirage.

The drawing on the title page summarizes the whole project. The yogi practitioner emanates wisdom rays from the *samayasattva* (the state of sitting as a realized deity) to the vast array of *jnanasattva* Wisdom Beings and, then, remains "blended" in that state without dissolving back into the suffering of samsaric duality.

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appreciate the damage the loss of one volume does to the integrity of the inventory. Call it "shrinkage", but the profit lost on the initial investment—like in a variation of Zeno's paradox—is never fully recovered by subsequent sales. You have to sell two books to cover the cost of the one to begin to regain a profit margin—but enough; I digress.

I took a large volume from U.C. Textbooks called Macroeconomic Theory. Weighed ten pounds and made a bulge in my overcoat. Got caught on my way to the door. Thought, "Should have know better," but too late to do me any good. The clerk was angry and rightly so—but here I am moralizing. He told another clerk to phone the police. It was here I had another choice to make.

My captor, of slight build, was looking the other way, and I could have kicked him in the shin and bolted. However, perhaps I was weary but a Raskolinkovian need for punishment arose—I thought like this at the time, just as I thought it was my duty to help redistribute capitalist wealth (my version of microeconomics)—and since I was caught, I let myself be arrested, taken to city jail, booked and shown to a cell.

When my jailer escorted me to my cell, he said, "We'll put you in here; you two have a lot in common." In the lower bunk was a figure in the shadows, so I took the upper bunk.

UNREAL REALITY

Why should intent or reason, born in me, make sins,
else equal, in me more heinous?

—“If Poisonous Minerals” JOHN DONNE

Having given up stealing, I can recount the details of the experience that led me to make that decision. My name is Jubal Dolan. I am named after my grandfather, one of the last of the old west gunfighters, a man who skirted the law on more than one occasion.

The events of my story took place in Berkeley in the early 60s. I had dropped out of Cal and was hard up for cash, so I took to stealing books from one bookstore and selling them to another. Not a lucrative enterprise, but it kept me in cigarettes and coffee.

Although there were many bookstores near campus in those days, there were not so many that I could avoid repeating my crime in the same store within a short time, and it was inevitable that a clerk would begin to notice the pattern of a long-haired figure in black entering and departing the store without making a purchase or who would appear at another time with a book or two to sell.

I was not the only “fringie” — what ex-students who hung around the campus were called — who practiced this trick, so clerks were on the lookout for shoplifters. I later became a bookseller and can

LIFE OF A KNIFE

This thing that was once, returns again, infinitely; the visible armies
have gone and what is left is a common sort of knife fight;
one man’s dream is part of all men’s memory.

—“Martín Fierro” LUIS JORGE BORGES

I have been here before. I am not sure when or how, but I am sure I am within the confines of a stupa of enlightenment — now, at Tara Mandala in Colorado — where my role is to bask in darkness and transform my negative karma into the awakened intent to bring all sentient beings to realize their natural condition.

I am with friends, other weapons, and we reside below ground in a sealed chamber. I am a blade, a switchblade to be precise, not a knife with which to cut vegetables or whittle folksy, wooden animals. I have one function — to kill a human animal, or to cut one in a fight.

My destiny in this incarnation has not been fulfilled in the traditional manner, but I have had my moments of realization all the same. Before I tell you of my adventures, let me introduce you to my compatriots.

“Hail, fellows, tell our reader something of yourselves. Let us go around to my left.”

“Ah, Marcus, good to be with you again, amigo. Now, I am one in a lineage of Bear bows, complete with a quiver of sharp arrows. The boy who loosed his missiles shot at small game, birds and rabbits,

and many a bale of straw. He lost any number of arrows and once, in a fit of rage, released arrow after arrow at a cliff of rocks. Not sure what his reason was, but finally he tired of archery, and for years I was propped up in a clothes closet before I was brought here. May I be of use in my new guise. Next."

"I salute you, Marcus, and I am honored to join this illustrious troop. Old and rusted as I am, a Colt .45, I was once strapped on the hip of Gummer Jack Reed, and I would have accompanied him on a ride with Teddy Roosevelt up San Juan Hill had my man not been in hospital with a case of yellow fever. Still, I have killed; and more than one soldier has fasted my lead. My credentials are in order. Like my friend, Bear, once I was decommissioned, I have slept over a century in an attic trunk. I'll fade now, and let Mr. Remington tell his tale. Very glamorous, I'll wager."

"Nothing as daring as yours, dear Colt, but I was once handled by none other than the lionized author, Ernest Hemmingway, and on another occasion by the fabulous actor, Gary Cooper. I belonged to a big game hunter and guide, a Mr. Saviers, of Idaho. I've seen my share of blood and guts — not in battle — in the glorious wilderness camps of hunters. And you, what is your story?"



Vajrayogini Botiques

Specialty Eyewear

NEW YORK PARIS PAGOSA SPRINGS



"Me, Winchester.30.30? I'm just an ol' saddle gun and a bit of a bum to boot, being that my barrel's bent. Yet, I'm content to rest here from the unfairness of my fate. Shot a doe once that carried two fauns. Nothing to brag about; waste, really. However, given the silliness of my end, I'd give it a 10. A young stud and his girlfriend, Jubal and Toby by name, were necking in the woods, and he leaned me against the spare tire on the back of his jeep. Don't know if he got in her pants or not, but he certainly got distracted because he forgot about me completely and backed over my recently re-blued barrel. I lay there, twisted and abandoned, for an hour, and when he returned, he was in anguish — 'oh, my God, I've run over my gun!' Now, there's something to turn a young man against love. How about you, soldier?"

"Heil! I'm an excellent example of good German engineering, a Mauser 8mm, still in my original military-issue stock. Well-oiled, bolt-action, dependable, efficient, deadly accurate. My saddest time was the desperate seige of Stalingrad, and my Götterdämmerung, the final defence of Berlin, where I was carried by a young Siegfried, a member of the dreaded Werewolves, until he fell. I brought an end to many fragile lives. But, friend,

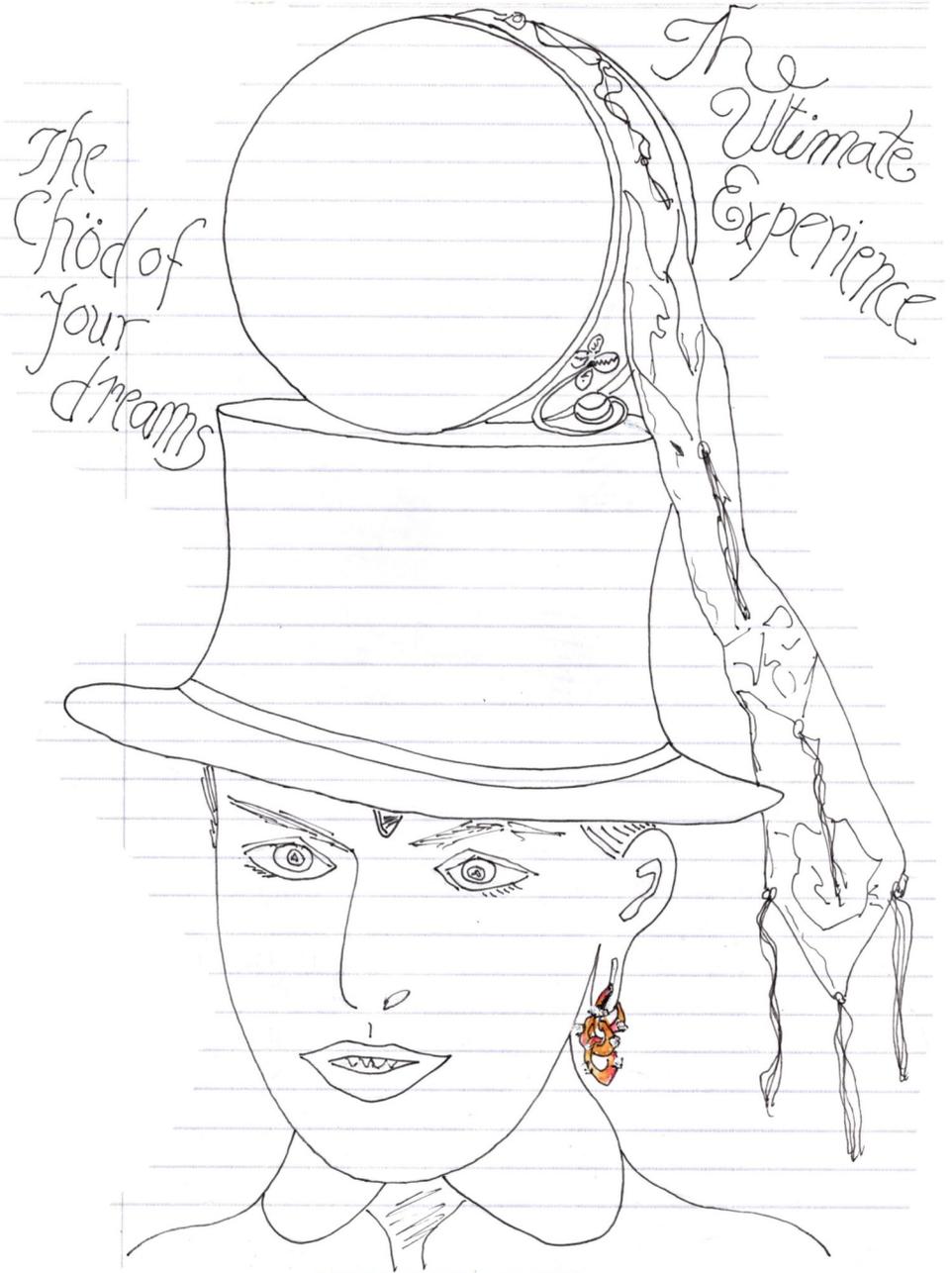
perhaps, I'm being snubbed;
why so glum? Marcus, he won't speak."

"Yes, he's depressed. A Smith and Weston .38, used by a gangbanger in a drive-by shooting, he missed his mark and hit a young girl on her way home from her ballet class. She's now paralyzed from the waist down and will never dance again. Hot hell for him; but he's slowly being redeemed; doing better. Give him time and he will come around. Next, calvary sword, how about you?"

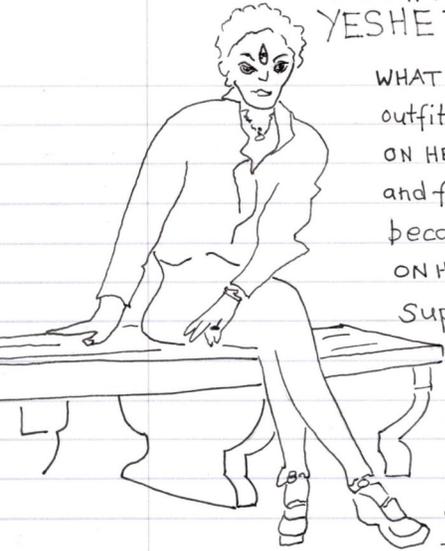
"Ah, Marcus, you don't remember me. We clashed, long ago - or a moment - on the plains of Troy. My present situation is not so heroic. Just an ornament, really, used in parades. Sometimes, I'm a prop in plays: Timon of Athens, that brought back memories, and in Hamlet, I fell from the hand of Horatio in the last act. Sad. But early on, blood truly flowed from my gutters. Homer sang my praises and the skalds. Saint John mentions me, as do the other evangelists, cutting off the ear of a servant of the high priest in the garden at Gethsemane. It was here our Lord said, 'For all that take the sword shall perish with the sword.' I'm out of the spotlight now, but I have strutted upon the stage. How about you, sweetheart?"

"I may appear demure, and it's true I've been lately employed as a letter opener,

WHITE DAKINI®



AN INTERVIEW WITH FASHION (CON)
YESHE TSOGYEL, founder of Vajrayogini Boutiques



WHAT SHE'S WEARING: "It's one of my own outfits. My jewelry is by Hephaestus of Olympus."

ON HER SHOES: "I did a lot of research and found that Asuras have the best shoes because they are on their feet all day."

ON HER HAIR: "I go to Sherab at Supreme Mother's on Akanistha Avenue."

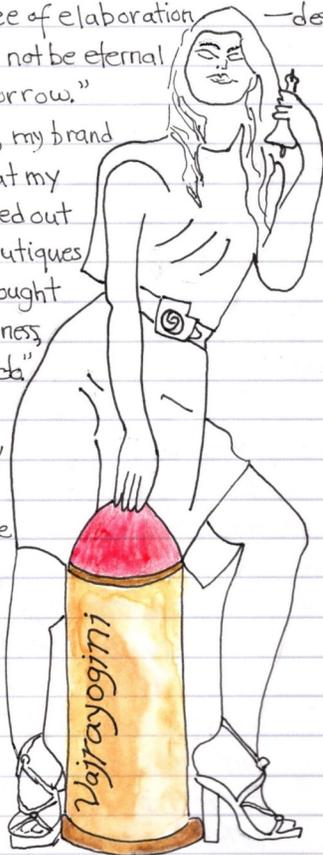
ON HER SCENT: "It's called 'Ghande' and is part of my new line of cosmetics. (More on this below.)"

ON HER STYLE: "I try to keep to a state free of elaboration — designs that may not be eternal

but that will last a bit beyond tomorrow."

ON THE AD IN THE N.Y. TIMES: "Yes, my brand name was misspelled. The daka at my ad agency is dislexic, but it turned out alright. People came into the boutiques to say something about it and bought things. It seemed to generate business, which is what an ad is supposed to do."

NEW PROJECT: "I have always loved the poem 'Makeup on Empty Space' by Anne Waldman, and I asked her if I could use a phrase to promote my line of cosmetics, and she was very gracious and gave me her consent. E ma ho."



"I am putting makeup on empty space."

but I am a cruel bodkin that has slit the throats of both royalty and lowly prisoners. Take note of this: I was the foreful knife wielded by The Kid, Billy Harrigan, who defended the honor of his mother by plunging me into the heart of the man who had insulted her. So, don't be fooled by my petite exterior. I always lay in that desk drawer 'awaiting a desperate fist.' Now, it's your turn, Marcus."

"Yes, it's come around to me. My story is no more nor less strange than yours. True, I've had my history, but this present life confounds me. I began as a dagger of the orient and evolved into a cheap trinket exported from Taiwan for San Francisco's Chinatown. I was bought by a boy of ten, in 1951. Dick was his name, and he hastily purchased me while his parents were looking the other way. There were no laws against possessing a switchblade, but Dick knew his parents would object.

He stashed me in a pencil box made of cedar, which he had bought — also in a curio shop — in Little America, Wyoming. At different times the boy would hold me in his hand, feel my weight, flip me open, a good six inches of steel flashing quickly to the fore.

Once, he took me to a movie house in Berkeley, the U.C. on University Avenue,

closed now, but a nice piece of Art Deco in its heyday. He showed me to a younger boy during the intermission between a double feature. Showing off—no harm meant, but the younger boy was likely frightened and snitched to the usher, and I was confiscated. These days Dick would be ejected from the theater, if not arrested, but after the movie ended, I was returned to my owner, and we went on our way.

It was eight years later, I was carried to Juvaquin Miller Park in Oakland—a park dedicated to California's writers, but nevermind that—I was there to settle a dispute between rival gangs. Well, not gangs exactly, high school clubs—the Dons from Fremont High and the Knights from Oakland High.

Given the year was 1959, Rebel Without a Cause was all the rage and very much an influence on young men's behavior. Our contest came down to two boys sensibly duking it out with fists, while the rest stood by with baseball bats and chains (and knives) at the ready. You never know, it might have turned ugly. Look at our special friend there; to day, things do get out of hand.

But back to my life—I, too, was forgotten, since there is little need for a switchblade at college. Sure, I dreamed of gore and glory, and in a sense this was

to come as a 'knife of destiny' in a B-flick called The Fertillichrome Cheerleader Massacre*. Sci-fi, circa 1988. I won't relate the plot in its entirety. My role was to move from the hand of one character to another upon their demise and finally put paid to the villain by sticking in his neck.

There is rhythm and grace to acting as there is to fighting, and although my activity was fictional, I felt fulfilled. However, now, to be liberated entirely from the rounds of cyclic existence and ameliorated in the service of the Vidyadharas, what could be more sublime? What a relief it is to find one's true calling!"



* The movie can be viewed online at youTube, now titled Fertillichrome.