



Tantra

Vol. II

The Hidden Mysteries

Pema Gitama

Tantra

Vol. II

The Hidden Mysteries

Pema Gitama

*May all beings be well and happy,
May all beings be free from strife,
May all beings return to love,
Peace be with you forever more...*

*To my Masters past, present and future,
To my beloved family the Kaula Heart of all,
To Sahido and Arjun,
And to you reading this book...*

With love and gratitude,

Pema

Tantra Vol. II, The Hidden Mysteries by Pema Gitama



Published by Kaula Heart of All Association 2017
Kaula Heart of All Association
485 Chemin les Tournillayres
84410 Bedoin, France
heartofall.com

ISBN 978-2-9545846-4-5

Copyright © 2017 by Pema Gitama Pigato
Copyright Photos © 2017 by Arjun Roodink
Copyright Design © 2017 by Arjun Roodink
All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or utilized in any form
or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording,
or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.



Contents

Contents	2	Part 4 - Healing	213
Foreword	5	Chapter 24 The Apu	217
Introduction	7	Chapter 25 The Golden Master	223
***		Chapter 26 The Healing Force	231
Part 1 - Desire	11	Chapter 27 The Mango's Wisdom	235
Chapter 1 The Food of Love	15	***	
Chapter 2 The Shadow of Shame	21	Part 5 - Stability	241
Chapter 3 Arya's Cave	31	Chapter 28 The Ceremony	245
Chapter 4 The Attachment	37	Chapter 29 The Discipline	255
Chapter 5 The Great Desire	45	***	
Chapter 6 The Last Breath	57	Part 6 - The Mother	259
Chapter 7 The Yoga of Creation	65	Chapter 30 The First Song	263
Chapter 8 The Nights of Creation	75	***	
Chapter 9 The Creation	83	Part 7 - Meditations	371
***		Contents	375
Part 2 - Ego	93	Introduction to Meditation	377
Chapter 10 The Confrontation	97	In the Light	381
Chapter 11 Time	103	In the Embrace	399
Chapter 12 The Light	117	In the Sound	417
Chapter 13 Beyond the Wall	125	In the Night	427
Chapter 14 Remember and Listen	129	***	
***		Part 8 - Last Words	439
Part 3 - Illusion	135	Sacred Plants	443
Chapter 15 The Sorcerer	139	About Pema Gitama	449
Chapter 16 The Skull	143	Gratitude	451
Chapter 17 The Mirror	151	From the same Author	453
Chapter 18 The Real Death	159	Photo index	457
Chapter 19 The Seed	165	***	
Chapter 20 The Initiation Dimension	171	Part 9 - Surprises	467
Chapter 21 The Golden Mantra	185		
Chapter 22 The Constellation	199		
Chapter 23 The Mystery	207		

*“Be grateful to everyone,
because everybody is creating
a space for you to be transformed,
even those who think they are obstructing you,
even those who you think are enemies.
Your friends, your enemies, good people and
bad people, favourable circumstances,
unfavourable circumstances ...
All together they are creating the context
in which you can be transformed and
become a Buddha.
Be grateful to all.
To those who have helped,
to those who have hindered,
to those who have been indifferent.
Be grateful to all,
because all together they are creating
the context in which Buddhas are born,
in which you can become a Buddha.”*

Osho

Isn't this book an illusion?

Perhaps, but if it serves to illuminate the reality of the heart then it can no longer be considered an illusion, but rather the tool of a Master! For even if a book is full of illusions, it can still serve to awaken the heart of the reader. And so this book is, in fact, the tool of a Master, or rather a Mother, designed to wake up the hearts of her children. Every word of this book serves the hidden mysteries of love. Every trick is possible! Painting beautiful pictures can make people dream, then in a sense it is putting people into an illusion. Of course, this is not what this book is about; it indeed paints beautiful pictures, but they are anchored in the reality of the heart of all. But this might appear like illusions for those who have lost the connection to the heart. They will see the paintings, the pictures, the words as illusions, unconnected with their life's reality, because they are too beautiful and thus unrealistic when compared to their miserable lives. For them, it will feel as if Pema is dreaming, when in fact she is actually awake and it is them who are totally asleep. This book contains the hidden mysteries of love, of Tantra. Its words have a great capacity to seduce anyone to fall back into the heart of all. So while its words may paint illusions, this is just a device for seducing readers to fall into the reality of their own heart, to fall into the reality of the hidden mysteries of this existence. Thereby the readers have a choice as to whether to live it or not, but one thing is sure: they will no longer be deceived by their own illusions. Something will awaken in them while reading. For some, it might take time to realise what this awakening is about. For others, the realisation will be immediate. They will experience a feeling of great responsibility to place themselves at the service of love, of beauty, of consciousness, and to manifest it. This is what a Mother transmits to her children: Responsibility for manifesting the creation of existence, and caring for it by beautifying it with dance, with songs, with love, with consciousness. This book is simply a Mother's gift to all her children. It is a gift from the Path of Tantra. The readers can receive it or reject it. Just know that Pema can only share this gift, because a Mother has no other choice than to share the wisdom with which she is pregnant.”

Noor

13 January 2016, Taray, Peru

*“It is an art to participate
in the flow of life without identifying with it.
This art is called Tantra.”*

Pema

The true problem we all face is identification. You might believe that the greatest problem you need to solve is your fear of death, of madness, of violence, of jealousy, of your greatest nightmare. You might have done, or may currently be doing, many things to solve all these so-called big problems that have drowned your life in misery, but let me tell you a very open secret: Identification is the only true problem to resolve. All attempts to solve these other problems are a waste of time and simply cause more misery and anguish. You will only end up spinning round and round in the same loop, generating more confusion within yourself, and making it even more difficult to figure out what the true problem is.

Over the last 7000 years, Tantra has developed a whole science to support us in understanding the dynamic of identification through the very accurate methods of awareness. All these methods aim towards the same goal of liberation: freeing us from identification in order to be in more direct contact with existence. As long as we identify, be it with pain or with pleasure, with love or with hate, we are bound to suffer division, thus creating separation between us and existence. Tantra's methods break us free from the bondage of identification by tapping straight into the unspoiled multi-faceted life-force within us in order to bring us back to the centre of reality, away from fictions, from projections, from manipulations of our distorting ego/mind where the root cause of identification plays out. The methods re-route the life-force involved in the ego/mind back to the watcher and finally back to the centre, to the presence we are. In this state we are in direct participation with creation, with existence and yet this participation is spiced with an amazing, mysterious paradox: You can be fully in the river and not be weighed down by the water. You can partake fully of its freshness, its aliveness, but not identify with it. There is a powerful embrace, a union between you and the water and yet you are untouched by it. This extreme paradox is a mystery I hope nobody will ever solve, but that everyone may experience fully. This book is a sincere, humble invitation to explore this mystery by walking the wild Path of Tantra.

Words are empty and yet greatly pregnant with the intention of the one using them. My intention behind every word of this book has been to lovingly unveil the space where you can be directly connected with the resource of consciousness that you carry within you.

I wish for you to take a dive into this space and never come back from it, and I hope that from this space you can take on the responsibility to manifest

consciousness in all its mysterious creative forms.

I wish that you may find the courage to say yes to your power of clarity which cuts through everything that is sabotaging your access to a life of harmony and abundance.

This book is the follow-up to *Tantra Vol. I, The Whispering Transmission*, where in the form of a story I share my Tantric experiences and my meeting with Leela, a Master of a mysterious Tantric School in India. The journey continues in this book, this time following the current of an Indian river upstream to its source in Tibet. Along the banks of this river various Masters from different Tantra lineages share their wisdom and offer unpredictable challenges, situations and precious Tantra practices.

The book is divided into nine parts. The first six parts recount the story of the meetings with the Masters, along with deep teachings and experiences of totally unconventional tantric methods. The seventh part is a compilation of the main meditation practices the characters in the story (Pema and Chandra) experience during their journey. The eighth part contains some last words that I wanted to add. The ninth part is filled with some surprises, which I will let you discover for yourself!

I wish you a joyful journey into existence...

I bow down with love and gratitude to your inner flame,

Pema

Desire

Part 1

“My dear lovers, wake up from your dream into reality.

Open the eyes of your heart.

They need to shed many tears of joy, of gratitude.

*Do not let them fall dry,
as their dryness will become a desert in your soul and
there is nothing more painful than a dry soul.”*

Anya



The Food of Love

Chapter 1

“There are some lovers so hungry for love that they end up being consumed by it, and that is exactly how it should be. A love that you try to eat in every possible way should end up eating you. Those lovers who are consumed by love are true lovers, while those who try to consume it are only beggars. You become a true lover the day love absorbs you so totally that you are nowhere to be found.”

The Master closes his eyes after saying these words to Chandra and Pema, who sit holding each other's hands, with tears in their eyes, their heart expanding in one light. The Master appears as quiet and loving as a mother, yet at the same time seems to emanate the power of a bear. He opens his eyes and regards them sharply.

“Are you hungry?” he asks.

Pema and Chandra nod silently.

“Excellent!” exclaims the Master. “Then let us see who is going to eat you first!” He rises and heads towards his little house, leaving Pema and Chandra under the mango tree where they have been sitting together.

He returns some time later with some chai and sweets. He sits and presents the plate to Chandra and Pema, who don't really know how to respond. They have just arrived after walking for nine days, having been sent by their Tantric Master Leela on a year's journey to visit various Masters and to travel to Tibet, Pema's birthplace, in order to bring back her son Tsering.

Before they left, Leela had explained: “An outer journey is only worth embarking upon if it becomes an inner journey; if not, it is better to remain at home. I am not sending you on this trip to visit the outer world. I send you instead to visit new inner realms, supported by those powerful outer places within the energy field of beautiful Masters.”

And so here they find themselves, in a beautiful setting, drinking chai with a mysterious Master. Around them are a mango tree, a nearby river, a humble mud house, a man. This is the beginning of their inner and outer journey in search of the hidden mysteries of love.

“Food, hhhmmmm... Food is love. For nothing can nourish you more than love,” says the Master, sensually savouring a sweet. “Hmmm... Feel it! Its sweetness comes from the love it contains, not from the honey it is filled with. And the secret is that it is even more sweet and nourishing because I eat it with love,” he says, closing his eyes and slowly swallowing.

“Love eating love - that is the secret; a secret I can share with you, my true lovers,” he says with a smile.

Pema is so struck by the charisma of this strange, powerful man that she doesn't dare move, let alone eat or drink. Chandra holds a cup of chai. With eyes closed, he smells it before bringing it to his lips.

“Drink carefully! Let the love of the chai drink you, and let the love in you drink the chai... It is like two lovers making love,” the Master tells Chandra.

Chandra drinks slowly, carefully, releasing a soft contented sigh as he swallows the warm chai.

“Yes my son, it is like drinking the very juice of a goddess's yoni*!” exclaims the Master with joy.

At this, Pema bursts out in laughter, followed spontaneously by Chandra. The Master smiles, apparently pleased by his own remark.

“Let's drink to the life juice of the goddess! To the milk of the mother goddess. To the dark blood of her yoni and the transparent nectar when she is light,” he says, bringing the tea to his lips.

He stands up and pours out the remainder of his chai at the foot of the mango tree. He bows down and says some words only he understands.

“At the foot of this tree many years ago, I made love to a woman. I have never made love since. The experience was so overwhelming, so fulfilling, even after all these years, that I am still in an embrace with her,” he says thoughtfully. “Her body is dead. I placed her ashes at the foot of this tree. This tree was witness to our blissful union; he was part of it. We shared ourselves with him. If you connect to the tree and listen carefully, you can hear the sensual ecstatic scream of love of our union,” he says softly touching the tree.

“Love never dies!” he concludes, looking at Pema, who is close to tears.

Chandra stands and delicately pours out his cup of chai at the foot of the tree. He bows down, and looking at the Master, says:

“To the one I do not know, but whom I can feel through you.”

“Yes, to the one who made me enlightened that night under the stars, under the mango tree of love!” replies the Master playfully. “Come my son, let's eat the sweets of love!” he says, taking Chandra by the hand and leading him back to Pema.

“She is the sweet of love. Eat of her, day and night,” he says, looking tenderly at Pema.

“Feel at home, my dear lovers. Go to the river, take a bath in her and sleep on her bank with the sun covering you with its light and warmth. We will meet again at sunset,” he says with a smile. “My house is your house. You can come anytime. Feel welcome!” he says, pulling Pema and Chandra close to him.

“My name is The Fool. At least, that is what villagers around here call me, because they think I am mad. But for the intimate ones, I am called The Wise One. You can choose what you wish to call me.”

“The Wise One.” says Chandra.

“The Wise One.” repeats Pema.

“Then it's you who are the fools!” he exclaims laughing, weaving like a drunkard back to his humble house, leaving Pema and Chandra holding hands and smiling in wonder at this mysterious wise Master.

In the evening, Pema and Chandra sit again with the Master in his little cottage, holding hands in front of him like two shy children. The Master looks at them with a mischievous smile.

“So tell me, what made you come here, my dear lovers?” he asks.

Chandra proudly replies, “It was our Master Leela who sent us to you.”

“Ah yes, I see.... hmmm, Leela...” the Master says thoughtfully, gazing up at the ceiling. “Yes, I remember her very well. What a great time we had in her father's palace!” He pauses, looking deeply into Chandra's eyes. “When she was 15 years old, she was fucking around with everyone! Oh my, what a cute ass she had!”

Chandra is outraged at these blasphemous words, but before he has time to respond, the Master continues:

“I had such great sex with her, and for free -- can you imagine, with a Princess?!” he concludes with a huge grin.

Pema, who has been silently watching the Master’s every move, can hardly stop herself laughing out loud. She can tell that none of what the Master is saying is true, that he is playing some kind of game, but to Chandra it is no joke. He jumps up and shouts:

“How dare you speak like this of my Master, you fake! Now I know why people call you a fool, because that’s exactly what you are! You’re just a blind idiot! You can’t even recognize love when you see it!” In a rage, he grabs Pema’s hand and says:

“Come on, we’re not going to stay any longer in the company of this fake gurul!”

The energy is so tense and the situation so absurd that Pema can no longer contain herself, finally exploding in laughter! The Master glances at her and says with a sweet voice, “She gets it,” and then he looks back at Chandra, who still doesn’t understand what is going on.

“And you my dear lover, do you get it now?” he asks him sharply.

Pema is on the floor laughing hilariously like a child. The Master looks deeply into Chandra’s eyes. Slowly, a deep stillness arises in him. His breathing cools down, his body relaxes. He closes his eyes and sees his inner madness, his rage, his anger, his blind behaviour. He sits down silently and closes his eyes, waiting for Pema’s laughter to stop. After some time, a deep silence falls on the room. Pema is lying down with her arms stretched above her head. She feels her breathing in her belly. There is so much space inside and out.

The Master adds some music to the silence:

“My dear lover Chandra, now you know why people call me the fool. I am not mad, you see. I am only reflecting your madness. This is my teaching. It is unpredictable! I wait like a tiger waiting for his prey. I am very patient, and when I see the prey is too confident, too unaware, I jump!”

Chandra, still with eyes closed, is softly crying as he listens to the warm, loving words of the Master.

“Your love for your Master should not be fanatical!” The Master continues. “If you know what I say is not true, why bother getting angry? If you know the truth, then stay with the truth! Your Master Leela is the truth! If you have bathed in her truth, in her love, how can I spoil her with my blaspheming words? If she is the truth in your consciousness, if she is love in your heart, then you know what I say cannot touch her. You cannot protect the truth with anger, with violence, my dear lover. You must learn this! I provoked you to madness: defence, fighting for the truth. That is great

spirituality you have there! But it leads nowhere.”

He pauses for a moment, still looking tenderly at Chandra.

Pema is sitting up, looking around her with the shining eyes of a child still wet with tears of laughter.

“How mysterious it is that one can cry from joy or from sadness,” the Master whispers, still looking at Chandra. “Tears are both sweet and bitter. Isn’t that so?” Chandra nods his head in reply. “Your tears are bitter Chandra, while those of Pema are sweet. I would like your tears to be neither sweet nor bitter. I want your tears to be only those of gratitude...” With this the Master closes his eyes.

A deep silence possesses him suddenly. The whole expression on his face is lit by a deep grace. He suddenly looks ageless. Nothing moves within him. Everything around him falls into a mysterious stillness. Pema and Chandra’s breathing aligns with the Master’s. Time seems to stop. The atmosphere of the place is transformed into a dense, yet lightly fragranced breeze of impalpable mystery. The Master’s face is radiant. Slow, almost motionless tears flow from the Master’s closed eyes and slide slowly down his cheeks, hanging for a moment like morning dewdrops on a leaf before falling to his hands, where he holds them like precious gems. When his eyes open, more tears start flowing peacefully. He looks at Chandra, bringing his hands towards him and he says in a faraway voice:

“Come close...”

Chandra moves carefully forward. The Master delicately covers Chandra’s eyes with his hands and moves them over Chandra’s face as if washing it.

“These are tears of gratitude; they can wash away your pain, your suffering. They can make you eternal. This is all I wish for you my dear lover, to be eternally grateful.” With these last words, the Master turns to Pema, who is watching with a deep sense of wonder.

“You have been laughing today. But tomorrow, you may cry and he might laugh. Remember, I am unpredictable. Today you were able to predict me, tomorrow you might not... In spite of all, keep your trust alive,” he concludes.

“And now, let us eat!” he exclaims joyfully as if nothing at all has happened.

It takes some time for Chandra and Pema to shift from the depth of silence to the Master’s new mood of joyful celebration. Chandra is still in shock, and Pema is still recovering from her belly laughter. For the Master, it seems as though everything is already far in the past, as he cheerfully prepares the food.

“Pema!” he calls. “I’m sure you must know some sweet songs. Would you like to sing