

Fiction

Not to insult people's ego – I don't always feel like it, although I'm not retired yet, don't worry – but it is true, I never watch fiction films, no television either. I never read a novel – although when I was in a bad state in the second half of my twenties – pushed up to the head, out of the body – I swallowed 80 books per year, including philosophical books and many novels.

Why don't I? I'm simply not interested in people's minds. Once you surrendered into reality as it is, there is no impulse left any more to watch or read other people's mind inventions about reality. The whole thing just stops, naturally. You're only still interested in reality itself, not in possibilities and speculations, not in theories. Facts are more interesting than interpretation of facts. The interpretation, and meaning, come by itself, by allowing Consciousness to naturally put the facts in an overview.

When you're done with your 'own' mind, when you've seen through the limited relevance of it, it of course doesn't make sense to welcome other people's minds to fill in the gap. Space in which reality as it is may emerge in clear forms and in all details and revelations is more attractive.

Now the mind may object: but novels are partly based on reality... Are they? Well, if so, that may precisely be the interesting parts of them, and the reader may have to filter the rest out somehow. Quite complicated. Why don't you immediately write autobiographic novels then? That's, at least for a truth lover, much more interesting, or rather interesting in the first place.

I did it once, adding a few fictional elements to an autobiographic novel (after first, for 8 years in my twenties, writing every year one fictive novel, not worth reading). In retrospect, I still feel strange about these additions – apart from the fact that, as it goes, sometimes you experiment a bit here and there on your way to find out the truth (Reality). It's not far from the feeling that you committed a crime or a sin, that you fooled people, and to what purpose? To make the book, and by that yourself, more interesting – because you yourself are not interesting enough as you are? To rise in people's valuing minds when your mind made something up that made them laugh and thus release some tension, or make them fear in tension, or made them see what an elaborate mind constructions you are capable of making, probably unique constructions?

Do you like it when your lover exaggerates or comes up with all kinds of things that aren't really true? No, you like him or her just how he or she is. Just that. Why do you like to make love to the ideas of writers or scriptwriters then? I recently read about a shocking number of 160.000 actors and scenario writers who are in strike in the USA. What? 160.000? What is this for complete absurdity? A huge industry around creating fake realities. And now they want to be paid better for their production of fake. You must have some guts.

What happens when you read stuff emerging from someone's mind? By the law of resonance you too are pushed up (more) to the mind, or stay there even firmer than before. Yes, there is certainly a lot to enjoy in the mind, a lot of fun over there, it's endless as a matter

of fact. I know a lot about it. But so what? Is this what you're coming to do here on earth? To enjoy with 'your' mind – which is not yours, by the way? If you really Grow Up, you're no longer interested in being entertained, in being made to laugh – which is something different from being against having a good laugh now and then, of course, a natural laugh, not precooked where everybody is supposed to laugh at the same moment for the same reason. Reality is enough in itself, including the funny way it sometimes develops. And it is not boring at all.

People identify with what they consider is their own mind. Around 2007-8 I received a few goodbye letters from people who found that I didn't take their concepts of reality seriously, and 'so' for them it didn't make sense to continue with me (as a, possible, teacher, to learn from). The criticism was right, I'm not interested. Only, the word 'so' should be subjected to some serious introspection. It was kind anyway to inform me about their criticism and resigning from more contact. It is true, a sustained or even intensified contact would have threatened not just the concepts of reality itself they wanted to discuss with me – or, in fact, since I'm not a fool, to fight me with in a covert way, under the pretence of discussing ideas – but the whole relevance of concepts, the whole relevance of the mind, of being imprisoned in the mind, as the safest place to be against the mad chaotic painful aggressive and seemingly materialistic world, of the mind as the master that we (should) follow, that seems to store wisdom if only we think hard and long and seriously enough. The aggrandizement of the mind far outside its real importance. The so-called Age of Enlightenment has been evaluated and loaded with adulation for its positive contribution to humanity's development by the mind lovers that determine public debate, not by the Heart. Its negative contributions have hardly been seriously addressed. The arrogant mind-crazy Descartes was the absolute low point with his 'I think, therefore I am' and his reduction of animals to machines.

I guess there exist people who love to be locked up together with the rest of the world another time on the basis of a mind concept from one or two persons who are all day long in their head and they earn quite some money with that, on the basis of a model that says that a certain (high) percentage of people will probably die if we don't lock them up. Losing contact with reality is dangerous, for yourself, but also for your environment, all the more if you have a public function.

The mind might argue that I shouldn't be too hard on fictive artistic expressions, all the less when people, despite the fiction, are touched by it and thanks to those expressions, get possibly in touch with parts of reality that before they had no access to or less. This touch will, however, generally speaking, not be of any significant depth, and if so nonetheless, it will rather be in spite of instead of thanks to the mind transmission. As you may have it sometimes, you're reading or watching something and something is touched that was not meant at all to touch people in that way or in that place, but something very different is triggered. One line or even a single word in a book or whatever that happens to come in the

right moment, and that probably would have emerged anyway, perhaps a bit later without the accidental trigger.

It is true, you can make your artistic expressions more realistically, or less, or reduce them to almost zero. Usually, in and by the extremes reality is shown better, more clearly, or, in this case, the lack of realism. In my teens I was already relatively soon getting fed up with American movies and television series that flooded Europe too – just a few exceptions – and was more drawn to the more realistic Italian movies. I had, without prejudice, difficulty swallowing the general fake of American culture, the attempt for having a culture too when in fact what is interesting in this respect may be very limited. It's of course not easy to build up a 'new old' culture just like that when you invaded a country, chased away and killed the native Indians and Mexicans, put your flag in the ground and never paid for your sins, but only continued your drive for expansion, using now the whole world as your territory to conquer, destroying old cultures here and there on the way as collateral damage, and put Mickey Mouse, Batman, Hollywood in general and hamburgers instead, to use a few clichés. (Did you know that Adi Da was a fan of Mickey Mouse?)

What you are drawn to – and repulsed by – says of course something about yourself, and it can be instructive to look at this.

Anyhow, artists should write or create whatever they feel like, it is not up to me to limit this to radical realism. If a significant proportion of people is drawn to mind creations, then this is so, and it says something about the current state of development of (a part of) humanity, apparently not hurrying with coming down with their Consciousness into the Body. However, certainly nowadays, more and more (artistic) mind creations are part of a certain narrative that the powers that be are deliberately injecting into people's minds as they do with vaccines on a physical level and in this case as part of the psychological warfare they perform against citizens. Many artists fall for the seduction of money and fame, of being valued by the establishment who can launch them into becoming a star – a fallen star but anyway.

Instead of limiting freedom of artistic expression, my point is rather that once your 'self' is surrendered into Reality Itself, you lose your interest in what is not real(istic). Knowing that you will die, and then, in the remaining time, to create unrealistic mind stories will probably fall away naturally – but maybe not totally, the deluding virtual mind world is also part of reality after all.

Admittedly, I still tried it once more, not even that long ago, in 2017, to write a novel – now named *The Dream Killer*, which is far from ready yet – even though wholly based on my personal experience (and insight). I had to resign. Funnily enough, almost automatically I started writing autobiographically again after a while, precisely following how the facts went in reality (even though with my comments about them). So, again, I stopped trying to create reality (here and there), and now only one very small insignificant but funny fictive element is left in the manuscript as it unfolded so far. We'll see if this one little 'sin' survives the final editing procedures...

Wait... talking about realism, I need to finally get that bug out of my neck from under my hair. The little monster slept with me during the night because throughout the whole

evening yesterday I didn't manage to catch it, and there's no one around at the moment who can get it out. Ah, now I got it finally. It turns out to be a spider. Again, because two days ago I got its friend out. He or she is a bit confused now that it is suddenly on my hand. It is disoriented. Well, it has to find a new home anyway, I'm sorry. I'm not a guest house. Well, in a way I am.

I hope the two spiders are not of the opposite sex.

PS this piece has been written a few weeks ago. So now I can tell the happy end. They were of the opposite sex indeed and chose my head for a well-deserved honeymoon. I've taken out the seventh spider by now. Enough to give them a satsang tonight, these creatures don't seem to have a lot of resistance.