

# YOUR MYTHIC MENTAL INTERFACE × THE RETURN CALL OF ACTUALITY (HCO06)

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Why of course you can have your mystic trips across the yonder space. Live in the legends and soar in the realms of the angels. But at some point the myth reaches the end of its tail – time to reel it all back home, back to actuality.

#HeartyChatter

#MythicSymbols

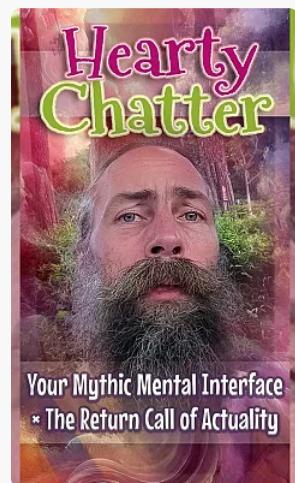
#LivingLegends

#CognitiveInterfaces

#AlternativeDimensions

#YonderLand

#ReturnPath



**Now don't be sad, friends,** enthralled in your esoteric journeys, probing the nature of your awareness through all of these mythic and mystic interfaces. I'm not saying that it's entirely pointless or useless. There is a point to it when you finally actually see what the point is.

I mean, I spent 12 long years myself in a die-hard pursuit for the yonder dimensions, at some insane levels of intensity at that. It's just that the mythic journey eventually reaches the end of its tale, when it refuses to compile into an actual living, fulfilling reality. No matter how far and how hard you go at it. A quirky long journey coated in dense esoteric symbols – not a path that is clear and immediately accessible.

I can't damn well go and tell someone: "Let us now light up the beacon of the cosmic Shukla Bindu at the crest of Mount Meru." But I might suggest that we rewind our attention back to the uncolored, unbiased, unreactive awareness at the summit of our minds. From there, witnessing the layers and planes of our existence with complete clarity.

And I can't tell the other fellow to abide in the emergent crossroads of the Akshaya Maha Mudra

dimension. But I might suggest that we position ourselves as the independent observer and the balanced mediator in the crossroads of the solid, fluid, reactive and expansive aspects of our awareness and existence.

And I really cannot invite you to step into the sacred Yogyapitha Mandala in an internally conceived true-self-form as a maidservant rendering services to the manifold flavorful unions of the Divine Couple. I can try to say all of that in much, much simpler and more concrete terms.

At some point you need to tether all those symbols into their real-life equivalents. There you have your great work of alchemy, the union of the Shukla Bindu and the Rakta Bindu, the red and white dots and seeds. A fusion of your conscious realities with the present fabric of actuality.

As we work with these mythical planes, it must be noted that the risk is always there that you grow too attached, crafting, embedding your identity into yonder dimensions.

Soaring in these mythic dimensions, in short order you become a bodhisattva of the seventh order, subjugating

the demons of the samsaric plane in one great feat of mentalism. Then the other guy crosses your path the wrong way, and lo, from your lofty dwellings you are compressed back into your little subject shell – all upset.

The flesh-eating demons of the samsaric realm gnawing your brains out. The coiled ancient mother serpent roasting your ass again. Cursed and doomed be this mortal world, they know not the heights of the avatar I hold in my mental space.

And that's when you're tripping balls there. Try to reconcile "that" with "this". Advaya Shukla Bindu Suddha Sakshi Yogapitha Mahamudra Mandala Meru Ho Ho Ho Hung! For the closing note.



<https://ananda.icu/talks/hearty-chatter/hc006-your-mythic-mental-interface-the-return-call-of-actuality>