



The Story of the Viewer

Imagine there is a Room, inside there is a screen and a viewer of the screen. On the screen is an incredible kaleidoscope of compelling data. The viewer has cutting edge technology that adds sensation to the translation of the data, I'll call it a body. The screen emits a light, but all that is revealed by the light from the screen is the data on the screen. The room is Attention, the experience of the screen and the data and viewer with the body is supported and contained and given existence by the greater context of the Room, without the room everything would cease to exist. The compelling experience of the data on the screen and the body sensations for the viewer causes the awareness of Room to cease to exist, there is no longer a screen on which the images occur, the seemingly seamless experience of the screen and the viewer and the body renders the experience of the room obsolete, the Room is dead. The thing is, the viewer experiences an almost constant nagging anxiety, the anxiety feels very unpleasant in the body. There is a regular rhythm of attention to the screen called wake and breaks from the screen called sleep. When the viewer emerges from the sleep experience it feels a temporary respite from the anxiety. In waking hours the viewer searches for a solution to the anxiety in the data. The viewer ingests data with attention and then uses attention to sort the data into categories. This process causes corresponding body sensations. Thoughts range from unpleasant to pleasant. The viewer then engages in problem solving about the unpleasant categories, I'll call this activity thinking. During a particularly deep thinking session on solving the problem of anxiety, a Thought occurs to the viewer. This thought is extremely pleasant, the body sensation is described as excitement. It suddenly occurs to the viewer that it is engaged in Viewing. It thinks wasn't there a broader context to this experience with the data? Wasn't there something that gives meaning to this entire experience of viewing the data? It looks around, and notices the screen emits light, that there is in fact a screen, the light lends a glow to some sense of space around the screen, there seems to be something perhaps More than the screen. From the entrenched habit of viewing the limitless changing forms of data, all it perceives beyond this small pool of light from the screen is darkness and emptiness. The excitement of the Thought



turns quickly to anxiety, the anxiety turns to panic, this is experienced in the body as very, very uncomfortable. The viewer concludes the source of all Light is the screen, a memory is formed of Screen being the ultimate nature of reality and so slowly the kaleidoscope of data on the screen reclaims all the attention of the viewer, there is no proof of any greater Context that gives any greater meaning to the experience of the viewer, there is only Screen, and data, and the Viewer viewing, and this becomes its sense of self. The process of thinking continues until the nagging anxiety becomes chronic, again the viewer searches for a solution in the Screen, and suddenly spontaneously slips out of the viewing experience. The greater experience of the Room becomes apparent. This time an immensity of peace and assurance of context and therefore meaning and truth floods the viewer with sensations of wellbeing and connection, there is a realisation of Oneness, that the Room and the screen and the viewer and the body experience are one seamless Whole, that the experience of the viewer and the body and the screen exist entirely because there is Room. A Holy Context is discovered by the viewer, there is the experience of Infinity, it is Magnificent. There is cessation of thinking, all experience is atOnement. Then the experience slips away, the data on the screen reclaims the attention of the viewer, thinking resumes, the experience of nagging anxiety returns. A memory is formed by repeatedly thinking about the experience. The Experience of Oneness is repeated in a data simulation on the screen, the body experiences similar but not quite the same sensation as in the original Room Oneness experience. The viewer puts the Room Oneness memory on repeat, it begins to search for the Room Oneness experience in all the data being viewed on the screen, the data on the screen becomes the reference of Oneness for the viewer. Yet still there is a nagging anxiety in the viewer.

Something slowly begins to happen to the viewer. The real experience of Oneness has caused a kind of peripheral vision in the body experience of the viewer. There's an intuitive sense of a kind of 'more to life than screen'. A crack has formed and the light is seeping in. One day the Light of Room has seeped in to such an extent that the viewer has another experience of Oneness as Room. A memory is formed and repeated on the screen, but now there is an even stronger intuitive peripheral feeling of the Light of Room in the viewer. The viewer begins to



'tune in' to the peripheral feeling of Room using the tool of the same attention with which it views the screen data and thinks about the data. As the viewer is in fact One with the Room, and has no existence without the context of the room, the nature of its mundane attention is like a scaled down version of the Attention that is the Room. Turning its viewer faculty to the intuitive feeling of the room becomes an enjoyable habit for the viewer. It experiences short magnificent experiences of connection to Room, followed by long anxious periods of attention on Screen data and thinking about data. The viewer begins to distrust Screen and longs for those magnificent moments of Attention as Room. Slowly the screen data begins to flicker and distort, the light of Screen winks out. The viewer is plunged into Darkness, completely overcome with panic and heightened fear. The viewer concludes that in fact the Truth is the experience of Darkness, experience is inherently meaningless, there is no Screen, there is no Room, there is only Darkness. After a while of screaming into the Void of Utter Disconnection and Darkness, strangely the viewer begins to feel bored. The light of Screen appears dimly, not quite as brightly as before, the data is a little more distorted than usual, but the body chemicals begins to register sensations of relief. The viewer slips back into Life as Screen, the viewer accepts Light of Room as a momentary delusion, and sets to viewing screen and thinking about data with a vigilant zeal, if viewer looks away for only a moment from Screen, it will be plunged into the deepest painful threat of meaningless Darkness, the most painful and disconnected sensation of the viewer + body experience. Viewer accepts anxiety as almost a natural sensation of experience, it becomes the new normal. The seemingly seamless experience of ingesting data and experiencing sensations in the body continues. After coming back online from the Darkness, the screen has some new features. In the upper right corner of the screen, there is now a timer, the seconds on the clock are synced to the rhythm of the heartbeat sensation in the body. The viewer feels comforted by the measurement of time spent doing the important work of ingesting data and thinking about data. Also on the bottom of the screen there is an icon of a golden coin with a number underneath it, as the viewer ingests data and thinks, it is rewarded by growth in the number underneath the coin. The number under the coin gets bigger and bigger the more time the viewer pays attention ingesting the data and thinking, the viewer begins to



give up time in sleep to the important task of ingesting data and thinking, building the coin number and staying vigilant against the Darkness. The temporary relief of sleep from the anxiety is experienced less and less. The viewer has become wholly obsessed with building the coin number bigger and bigger and bigger, and feels more and more Important in relation to the size of the number. The viewer ceases to sleep, the anxiety grows more and more painful, but the coin number has reached a magnitude never seen before, the viewer feels Powerful. Suddenly the light on the screen goes out, All data is lost. The darkness has returned. The viewer becomes so panicked that the heartbeat begins to race out of control, there is no clock to keep the heart beat steady, what will the viewer do without the screen and the light and the coin building? The viewer will be powerless! The Darkness overwhelms the viewer and it falls unconscious into the deepest timeless sleep.

This time the viewer has a dream. The dream is just like being awake. There's the screen, and the time, and the coins building, everything seems normal. A small crack of light appears on the screen, the viewer decides to ignore it and keeps ingesting data and thinking. However slowly, inexorably the crack widens, and splits into tributaries of pure light across the screen, soon all that's left are the corners showing the coin icon and the clock icon, and then the numbers stop, the viewer feels the old familiar panic about the Darkness. This time however it's the opposite, the light engulfs the icons and begins to seep out of the edges of the screen, the darkness is being engulfed by the light. The old peripheral intuitive sensation of Room returns to the viewer, the sense of peace and connection and wellbeing is undeniable. The light is now emitting from the viewer's body, and to appear all around the viewer, there is no screen. Soon the sense of an identity of Viewer is gone, everything is One, Everything is Room, everything is Lightness, the immensity of Infinity is known, it is the sweetest homecoming. Slowly the viewer begins to wake from sleep. The screen experience is back. As the viewer senses the vestiges of Infinity as a peripheral sensation all around, one word occurs to the viewer. The word is Love. The screen looks just the same, yet now the golden coin icon shows there was significant catastrophic loss in coin number, the timer registers much time has passed while the viewer slept. The viewer begins to weep, surely the Darkness will finally win? The viewer feels depressed, and slips into a



kind of waking coma, no longer really watching the data, ingesting the data brings on sensations of nausea, the coin building does not register any number growth. The timer ticks on inexorably. There comes a moment when the viewer notices a new icon in the upper right of the screen. Was it there before? It is a heart icon. The heart has a small aura of light around it. The viewer feels comforted by the company of the heart and its tiny aura, and begins to shake off the depression. Time passes in diligent coin building and periods of dreamless sleep. Every time the viewer awakes, there's the heart icon, keeping the viewer company, reminding the viewer of that sweet dream of Love. The viewer gives the heart a secret name, the viewer falls in love with the heart icon. There's pleasant sensations in the body that remind it of that distant dream of Oneness. Time passes, soon the viewer only gives attention to the heart. The coin icon registers loss of numbers while the viewer spends time paying attention to the heart. Yet nothing the viewer does changes the heart icon, no matter how much the viewer attends to the heart it remains there with its small symbolic aura of light, unchanging. The viewer becomes angry with the heart, and decides it gives him nothing in return for this abiding viewer attention. The viewer decides to punish the heart by giving it no attention, and goes back to ingesting data, thinking and coin building. The icon of the heart disappears from the screen. The viewer feels bitterness. The data ingestion becomes an arduous task, the coin number stops, there is no loss of number, but nor does it increase. Time passes. The viewer wants to solve the problem of the static coin number, it decides to forget about the heart, to deny the heart ever existed. The viewer had a dream while sleeping and the heart never really existed on Screen, the viewer was mistaken about Love. The viewer feels sensations of relief from inventing this new story, and the coin number begins to build, more slowly than before, but it's definitely an increase in number as the viewer gives attention to data and thinking. Time passes. The coin never returns to its original number size, the growth is permanently slow. The viewer begins to daydream about the heart icon, despite strict admonishment to itself to forget the heart. The viewer begins to search for the heart icon in the data. Seeming to find it sometimes, and always it's not quite the same heart he knew. Viewer becomes depressed, and spends more and more time in sleep. Coin number begins to decrease. The more Viewer sleeps, the more sleep begins to contain strange versions



of screen-time. Sometimes the heart icon is there again, sometimes the viewer searches through all the data for the heart icon and briefly finds it, and every time the heart icon turns into something else, something not the heart. Time passes, the viewer is permanently depressed, the coin number continues to decrease as the viewer spends more time in sleep. The light of the screen begins to dim, the viewer can barely see the data, darkness begins to seep more and more into the experience of the viewer. The light of the screen gets darker and the data gets more distorted. The viewer feels nausea in the body every time it eats data with its attention. The viewer can no longer ingest data, the body has become sick. The coin number reaches zero and then negative zero. Time passes in sickness. The light of the screen goes out, all that is left is the glowing numerals of the clock measuring time, all else is Darkness. Strangely the viewer no longer cares. The viewer spends awake in sickness and darkness and sleep in momentary respite from sickness and darkness. The viewer waits for this to be over. The viewer watches the glowing numbers of the clock click over. Time passes. The viewer thinks the darkness is permanent, the viewer waits for waking attention to have an end, for sleep to become endless. The sickness is so painful the viewer turns all attention while awake to the pain. The viewer daydreams about the coin icon building numbers in response to paying attention to pain, the viewer comes to believe there should be a reward for paying attention to the pain. Time passes. The viewer spends time on thinking based on memories of data, cycling through thoughts and the corresponding body sensations of pain, depression, frustration, anger and back, like being stuck on hold with only four songs on repeat. The viewer forgets what light is like, decides light was a lie. There was never a screen, never was a heart, there was only eternal darkness. Pain and Eternal Darkness are the Truth. The viewer gets bored of this thought. The viewer attention turns to memories of the heart icon. The viewer this time feels only curiosity about the memory of the heart, there is neither pain or adoration about the heart. The viewer turns the tool of attention to this sensation of curiosity. As the viewer relaxes deeply into attending only this experience of curiosity, thinking stops. The viewer perceives light flooding experience. There is no longer a perception of pain, there is only a sensation of connection and contentment. The identity of the viewer slips away, an eternity passes in atOnement with Room. Then screen appears into Room.



Oneness is lost. Once more the viewer knows itself as Viewer. It feels panic about the meaninglessness of experience, the dread of pain and darkness and the loneliness of losing heart begins to pull the viewer's attention. Attention begins to shrink down to attention. Data appears on screen. There is the clock and the coin in their corner places, this time the coin number registers zero. The time on the clock shows as 00:00. Somehow the viewer returns to just a gentle state of curiosity about this change. In the top corner of the screen the heart icon with its tiny aura of light returns. The viewer looks with innocent curiosity at the return of the heart icon, the aura of light around the heart begins to pulse, Concentric circles of light ripple outward from the heart as the viewer pays this soft gentle attention. A feeling of gratitude dawns in the viewer, the pulsations of light from the heart grow more luminous. The viewer notices the number under the coin icon begin to steadily increase, time begins to tick over on the clock. The viewer begins to feel despondent about the meaninglessness of coin building. The pulsations of the heart aura slow down and stop. Then the viewer becomes curious about the interface of attention from the viewer and the corresponding feedback from the screen. The viewer notices the emotion sensations in the body with this same gentle curiosity about experience. The heart icon begins to gently pulse its light aura again. This time steadily and rhythmically. The viewer still pays attention to data and thinks, The viewer still has body sensations in response to thinking. Each night the viewer sleeps and ceases to experience. The viewer ceases to identify as the Viewer. When waking, the viewer sometimes returns to moments of atOnement with Room, and experiences a sense of identity as Attention only. Although paying attention to data and thinking returns, yet the gentle and curious quality of attention when awake remains. The heart icon continues to pulse its steady aura of light, the coin icon continues to fluctuate in it's increasing and decreasing of numbers but never returns to zero. Time continues to click over. The viewer still experiences body responses to data. Yet the sense of gratitude remains. The peripheral intuitive sense of Context remains. The viewer trusts the intuitive knowing in it's belly and heart of timeless Oneness Eternity, one day to Return.