

# WHO WATCHES THE WATCHERS — MEETING THE WITNESS PLANE (KDCW01)

## A Casual Watcher Anthology (1)

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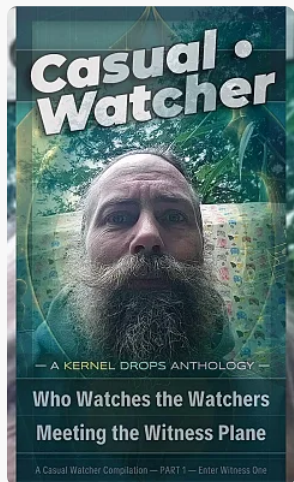
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👁️ Unveiling the first Casual Watcher anthology! A collection of core reflections from the planes of metacognition. We shift beyond our finite selves to the witness plane. Watching the raw actuality of our lives — four angles into the same essence of awareness beyond subjective immersion. Witness the world as it happens. Orient to raw and plain nature. Adapt to the



ever-changing emotional weather. Rise to a higher vantage point of perception. Don't think. Witness!

❖ **Downtown Human World & The Causal Watchtower**

**(CW001)** • Down from the high hills once in a blue moon. Grazing around in downtown Yogyakarta – duty calls! Watching the ways of the world. Wonderings from the hermit watchtower – casual watcher is the causal watcher, observing the minds in the matrix. In the churning ocean of reality bubbles. We are present. We are absent. Welcome to the witness plane. 🎬

Source: [https://youtu.be/A\\_WKLxL1h54](https://youtu.be/A_WKLxL1h54)

❖ **Back to Authentic Nature · Our Ecosystem in Its Peace**

**(CW002)** • Nature doesn't pretend to be anything. We find peace in that. Sun keeps on shining. Clouds doing their thing. Bedrock not budging. But why is your tree of life so bent out of shape? What's it trying to be today? All that is. It is what it is. It does what it does. Like, in its plain nature – not like, in your distortion fields. Can we just be okay with that? 🎬 Source:

<https://youtu.be/eRXuj8sJvq8>

❖ **It's the End of the World! · I Have the Moody Weather!**

**(CW003)** • Sun keeps on shining. Sea rushes to shore. But it's the end of the world! What's up there! Well you see – it's just the little world you've crafted that is ending. It's just your emotional weather. You didn't get what you wanted. A little

collapse – and then into inner rebirth again. Sun keeps on shining. Weather is your associate. Happy cycles through the seasons. 🎬 Source: <https://youtu.be/0sBrOVB2nqs>

### ❖ **Big Picture on the High Hills · Zoom Back to Your Reality**

**(CW004)** • Fresh air on the high hills. Zooming up and taking in the big picture. What's going on in our lives? Do we have any real free will? Or just swooshing around in our narrow reality tunnels? Bound in our own matrix of reactive conditions. Hike up the ladder to the planes of metacognition. See how your mind is mapped – witness the makings of your awareness. 🎬

Source: <https://youtu.be/rps0BzzWFzo>

#KernelDrops

#Anthologies

#CasualWatcher

#Mindfulness

#WitnessPlane

#SelfAwareness

#MetaCognition

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**Who's watching the watchers?** And what does that question even mean? The origins of the Casual Watcher series were casual indeed. Down from the high hills, in the city running chores, and there I was watching the ways of the world, and I was watching myself watching it. So it dawned to me, this frame of awareness too, as with all the others, should be document.

In the first four episodes of the Casual Watcher series, included in this anthology, we look at landing on the witness plane, at orienting to raw plain nature, at adapting to our emotional weather, and at rising to a

higher vantage point of perception. Then, friends, watchers. All systems primed, reactions turned off, opinions turned off, witnessing what follows.

## **Lead-In – Watching the World of Holograms**

In the first installment, we are in the heart of the bustling city. Distant but present. Watching and relating to the reality bubbles floating in the sea of conscious existence.

### **1. Downtown Human World & The Causal Watchtower**

**Your friendly casual observer**, gazing and grazing in downtown Yogyakarta in the heart of the island of Java. Every once in a while, I need to come down from the high hills, get some chores done in the city. Stuff we don't get at the local market. Cat food, milk, stainless steel plates, whatever.

I may come down from the high hills, but the casual observer never leaves the causal watchtower. So here we are, wondering the ways of the world. What are all these people doing? What's driving them? Why are they even moving? Each one of them living in worlds of their

own design. Some consciously pursuing phantoms, others doing it out of habit.

Some things, when seen, simply cannot be unseen. It's not like I'm lounging here trying hard to philosophise. The density of the hallucination, both individual and collective, is very tangible. The atmosphere is saturated, especially when the shopping season arrives.

Even at the best of times, the most peaceful of seasons, the matrix envelops the collective mind. I need only leave my house and hermitage. Come for a walk in the village. The bubbles are all there, just a different flavour. There's an intense shallowness to the hollowness. One wonders, how is it ever even sustained? Once you see it for the hologram that it is, you can't hold on to it.

And yes, there are those who do not simply pursue selfish desire for their fulfillment. Their mesh and matrix is broader. Some move about, do things out of duty, for their families, for their community. That is better. Yet there is no true fulfillment in fulfilling the selfish desires of those in your extended sphere.

Then there's the other odd fellow, somewhere camping under a bridge. Some of them possess high wisdom. In a watchtower, under the bridge – they see, but they remain disconnected. Who moves about to the tune of the greatest needs of the world, not to the tunes of the self, that one moves in integration.

In witnessing the patterns, the conditioning and the purpose of all of these loops towards their eventual resolution, we contribute as we can. Seeding little bits of deeper and broader meaning, detached from the outcomes, yet seeding resolutions, wherever we may roam. Hermit life, solitude in the midst of a busy world. Watching the waves, weaving the threads. Not by design, but in natural reflection.

One of these days yet, these years, these eons, the world will ripen, come to clear awareness and taste the true flavours of its nature. Beyond their trivial pursuits, bursting the bubbles of their hallucinations. Beyond conditions, basking in the radiance of actuality.

From a back alley parking lot in downtown Yogyakarta, Casual Watcher checking out. Mind your step. Keep the tower clear. ... Back home on the hillside. Fresh air.

Wide open spaces. City runs – sure. City dwelling, city life – no thank you. It's not a human habitat. Alright.

## **Lead-In – In the Suchness of Nature**

In the second installment, we're back in nature, in all of its raw suchness. In the tree, but the tree. In the mountain, just the mountain. In the seen, only the seen. In the heard, only the heard. All things as they are. To that we orient.

## **2. Back to Authentic Nature · Our Ecosystem in Its Peace**

**Another day in the wild.** A casual walk with doggy dog. So out we go for a walk into fresh nature. A little gap in the relentless rains of the last couple of days. Back in nature, walking. Still misty, but don't need heavy rain coats. Here we are. Daily walks with the doggy dog. So very different from watching life in the city.

In nature, things are what they are. Nothing pretends to be anything. We say it's a moody weather – but the weather isn't moody. It's just you who gets moody when you don't like the weather, right? The sun doesn't shine

because it wants to be happy and needs to be happy and loved. It just does its thing.

When the skies are clouded over, the sun isn't crying either. The clouds too, they're not enemies to the sun. They're just doing their thing, accumulating humidity, pouring it back in, and that's all there is to it. It is what it is, right? The trees are what they are. The hills are what they are. The bedrock does not budge. It is what it is. Right?

And there's a certain peace in all of that. Not trying to be anything else than what is. If only for the briefest moment we can stop reacting, having opinions about what should be and what shouldn't be, missing what went and longing for what comes. To our tunings, to our tastes. If we can get over that, there is a certain peace and a certain presence there.

Come rains, come sunshine, snowfall, floods, whatever. The full spectrum of the weather system. It happens in it's necessary cycles. And it's exactly the same in our inner ecosystem. The weather of our emotions, the thoughts we have, they come and go in their cycles. As they are. You don't need to get caught up in all of it. Let it happen.

Nature is your greatest teacher. Sure, the cities of men are also your teachers, but they teach you an awful lot about how things are distorted. You have to keep peeling and peeling to see what's actually going on. Nature doesn't do that with you. In that, there's a certain freshness, joy, clarity and peace.

Be sure to return to nature as often as possible. The distortion fields cast by humanity are tiresome. They eat away at your brains, they eat away at your heart. You cannot do just that 24/7.

Back to nature, back to what is. Feel it, recognize it, absorb it, and then carry that into your social sphere. The underneath of existence, embedded in nature, very clear. Not so clear on the overlay we build. Let nature help you declutter your life and your awareness.

I think those are the observations from today. Casual Watcher out. ... Top of our misty hill. Can't sit down. Don't need a wet bottom. We keep on walking. That's all right. Be in nature. Be at peace.

## **Lead-In – The Emotional Weather Cycles**

In the third installment, we witness and reflect on the patterns of our emotional weather. The highs and lows, the ups and downs, the sunshine and darkness. As it comes and as it goes, and it's never quite the end of the world.

### **3. It's the End of the World! · I Have the Moody Weather!**

♪ *Why does the sun keep on shining?* ♪ *Why does the sea rush to shore?* ♪ *Don't they know it's the end of the world!* Because I'm not having it the way I want it!

So look darling, your moods there are as off-key from the beats and melodies of the universe as my singing in the opening. The sun keeps on shining, because it's doing its thing, right? And the birds keep on singing and the sea keeps on rushing to the shore, as it happens. Don't need to read anything into it.

So I mentioned the other day about how the weather isn't moody. It's just you who gets moody when you don't like the weather. And then I posted a video where it's raining cats and dogs and I'm borderline soaking. What's with that?

So yeah, there is definitely a certain emotional resonance in different types of weather. As out there – so in here. Different tunings, different configurations, different tensions – that happens. It's natural and it's beautiful.

The only problem is when you don't like that. That makes you sad. That generates suffering. That's the only bad mood. Soaking wet, hurting like hell, that's not bad mood. That's not suffering. That's just what is, it's an experience. Sweet heart taking a hike, a beloved pet creature dying. That's also not bad, bad. And it's not bad mood fundamentally. It just is what is.

Yeah, you have certain emotions. As the weather rises and falls – but it's not bad, bad. Maybe it's not the feeling that you prefer. But you see, right there is the problem. You so prefer. We prefer particular mental states and unprefer, avoid, reject other mental states. Battle with them. That leads to unnecessary tension and suffering. That's avoidable.

So the birds keep on singing in their nests. Minding their own business. Not yours. The sea keeps on rushing to the shore. The tides keep on turning. The glaciers at

mountain tops keep on happily melting and dripping away.

And yes, sometimes it is the end of your world. A particular world you created for yourself. And then it's time to be reborn into a new world, a new frame of reference. Decluttering, clearing away that which led to your decay, your demise. Holding on to the essence that was pristine, that was clear.

In there too, the sun keeps on shining, the moon keeps on reflecting, and the stars keep on glowing above. Be mindful of how you weave that new world of yours. Too many strings attached, and you trip into your own trip-wires all over again.

When the mountains are leveled and the oceans are raised, when everything absolute flatlines, that's the actual end of the world. Other than that, we are simply regenerating, over and over and over. Happy cycles.

Yes. Casually watching those cycles. Witnessing the weather rising and falling. That's what we do. Casual Watcher out.

## **Lead-In – The Broad Perspective Witness**

In the fourth installment, we are on the high hills at the vantage point. Zooming out from our little tunnels, reaching for the macro, the broadest picture of our existence. As it is, all things in their natural relations, untainted by our ideas.

#### **4. Big Picture on the High Hills · Zoom Back to Your Reality**

**Lots of fresh air up here on the high hills.** Helps you clear your mind from the immediate. Zoom into a broader perspective. Sorry about the wind. Also someone's revving a chainsaw in the background. So, you know. No-one said it's peace and quiet up on the high hills. But here we are, lounging at the viewpoint, contemplating what's going on.

What's typically going on is people are anywhere but in the fullness of their awareness. Narrow spectrum. We step into these little reality bubbles, crafted by the identity we conceive for ourselves. Then we leap into the bubble bath, seeking reality tunnels to swoosh in, driven by our desire and intentions. And there we go onward.

For whatever bearings we had of a broader map, we are still driven by our reactions, like bouncing around in a pinball machine. Then the sum total of those reality tunnels driven by our intentions, the zigzag, the mishmash, idiosyncratic compilations, that is actually the matrix and lay of the land in your awareness.

When you're in it, when you are immersed in your little universe, you don't really see it for what it is. You don't see your finity when you're engrossed in it. You don't realize your conditions when you are bound by them and executing their directives.

But when you zoom out, come to a higher vantage point, taking in the big picture, you begin to realize, what the hell am I actually doing? And what is this all a part of? Does it make any sense at all? The lack of rhyme and reason in your particular driven vectors only becomes evident when you see the full context.

This here represents your typical dwelling. It's an upcycled container for infectious waste. How appropriate! But you can open the lid from your container, embark on a journey up the stairs to higher and higher planes of metacognition. Where you actually witness all the sprouting little thoughts coming from

your head, turning into desires, turning into intentions, and driving you down the merry road.

It's not really a very merry road when you are driven down it without any control of the ride. Sure you think you have free will, that you're in charge, but you know, zoom out, see it for what it is. Up to a higher vantage point you go and see from there. What's the actual reality of how I roll?

Is there actual free will – or are we still very very bound by our conditions? Release yourself from your bondage. You only ever release yourself from that bondage of conditions when you stop reacting. When you stop having preference over "this and that should be", "may not ever be".

When you battle the winds, then, you know, you're on the losing side. There's of course the same old "change what you can if you must", "and if you can't then don't – and don't worry about it", right? Don't beat your head against the brick wall.


Was there maybe a point somewhere in there? I don't know. Figure it out. All right? Casual watcher rolling on

down the next road. The road less taken, recalling all the roads ever taken. All right.

## **In Summary – The Witness of "What Is"**

And there we have the first four installments from the Casual Watcher series. Landing on the witness plane, taking in raw reality as it is, going with the ups and downs as it is, and zooming out to see the fullness of all that is. A clear watcher does not see through the eyeballs, does not take the input through distorting lenses. All things, as they are, we simply witness without opinions.

How clear and radiant the suchness of reality itself. Just as it is, free of your veils of distortion. Even within your veils, in your bubbles of illusion, all of it is being seen, being watched, being witnessed. Not by another. By consciousness itself. Plain and evident, if only you exit from your tunnels. Happy watching!

 <https://ananda.icu/talks/series-anthologies/kdcw01-who-watches-the-watchers-meeting-the-witness-plane>