

The Immortal, the Living Dead & The Dead*

-report on a waking dream journey-

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* revised website-edition

Yesterday (*30th of August*) I experienced a weird day. After my previous dreams my mind was running on **David Bowie** again. On his L.P. "*Diamond Dogs*" he is singing about the "Savior." Slowly I began convincing myself on being a "modern savior". I headed to town. The weather was fine and I went by foot, walking at an impulse thru the park, on which I had a beautiful dream last night; a dream in which the park-which is nowadays mainly visited by Moroccans with their families-was renewed and directly connected to the Central Railway Station. I had afterwards the impression that in Western Society we had loosen that aspect of communal sharing, and were too busy with our individual developments, throwing away the child with the backwater.

I saw, sitting on a bench, a Hindustani woman whom I had made acquaintance with some years ago, but in a very superficial manner. She looked as if she were crying from the inside. I sensed her loneliness. I set myself beside her and talked a while with the woman, from whom I did not even know the name. She told me that after divorcing her husband, she was consulting for several years a psychiatrist and that she was taking anti depressive medicines, which made her fat and fatigued. Now she said that she liked to get rid of those pills. Her psychiatrist however had asked her "if she wanted to play psychiatrist by herself" and advised her to continue taking those drugs for the rest of her life. Nevertheless, her Spirit- she was not religious on a traditional way- had told her quitting it slowly. She seemed in doubt with the two contradictory advices. I told her that most psychiatrists don't have a Belief, only in pills, and that it would be better to listen to her Spirit. She also complained that her only son went living his own life- which is normal for a 16-year old boy- and was after school rambling around with his friends. At my question, she suggested that the contact with her family had been broken. From own experience I know how important family-ties are for especially people from Muslim and third-world countries. I advised her to take steps to establish the contact. I told her that losing it, is often never an act of deliberate unwillingness, but often a mixture-process of not being able to express, neglecting, 'forgetting' appointments and because of all these, an ashamed feeling inside and often a misplaced pride, which prevents people to take the first step to reestablish a desired contact. On leaving after a while, I had the feeling I really shared something with her and having advised her properly.

* See the footnote at the end of this document

This night I dreamed I put an unhappy foreign woman between her own people, who began taking her in their arms and caressing her. If I see her again, I will ask her if she has renewed the contact with her family (*I met her again in May 1999 and the contact with her family was reestablished*). I wonder if the dream power had led me to that park for giving her a support. Anyway, that day, having arrived downtown, I got the impulse to buy myself the CD "*Diamond Dogs*" from Bowie as a replacement for my worn-out L.P. and I fulfilled that desire; I want to add that I only possess about 7 CD's, and almost never buy one.



On looking to the other CD's from Bowie's hand, I noticed his latest record turned out to be "*The Earthling*". The photograph displayed David from his backside, wearing The English Flag as an overcoat. It looked symbolically-like so many of his old songs I played lately from his early records-for my development; Turning my back to the earthly world, and now I was returning from the "stars".

In the evening at my house, I read carefully the lyrics of "*Diamond Dogs*", which I found in a David Bowie-songbook; a compilation I had completely forgotten I had bought it in the very past, which I had suddenly at an impulse searched for at the shelves of my book-rack. I found it astonishing how profound these texts are, especially if you bear in mind that Bowie was then in his twenties.

On the inside cover, which my old gray-turned L.P. did not contain, he was imaged with a huge standing, dangerous 'ready to kill'-dog aside him. On the floor there laid a book with the title '**The Immortal**', and it seemed to be written by **Master** or **Maestro**; it's hard to read the small letters of it. I read the lines in which Bowie invites every one of us to play with him in the night; the night in which everything is possible; I think a reference to astral traveling and lucid dreaming. Was it possible that he came from another 'reality'? On that

moment I was sure, David was some "*Dreamer*", impersonated in my world as a rock-star, in the sense of Don Juan's descriptions (*See the books of Carlos Castaneda*).

You must bare in mind that the last two weeks I had experienced twice that my "real" world was falling apart literally before my very eyes, and I was convinced that our lives were also merely dreams and that it was I who was creating all characters, environments etc., like in my lucid dreams. I suppose I was heavily influenced by the books of Carlos Castaneda , without having the experiences he described. With such mix mind I went sleeping.

Already during the night, after awakening from my first dream,

I wrote down on a piece of paper "*Zeist*" (*which is a name of a little village nearby the town I'm living, but it is a wordplay and refer to a former dream of mine and refers to 'scythe'*).

Also I wrote "Den Dolder" (*a place where a psychiatric institute is established*) and "Lesson in Humbleness". I felt instinctively "wrong business", because at the back of my mind I had expected to be shown for the first time in a lucid dream or astral experience the explanation how the Universe was operating and how I could enter as *A Dreamer* in this Reality and so being able acquiring Power. However, nothing lucid, nothing cosmic that night. After the second dream of that night, immediately I wrote the dream down and the commentary:

"Association with The I-Ching. The girl from highborn family marries, falls in modest circles, but adjusts, doesn't complain."

The theme of that Hexagram No.54 is the circumstance that a young woman joints herself with an elderly man. The hexagram was moving to nr. 43(the breakthrough), the hexagram I found on my way more than once the past days. Also I had written this night, as if it was somebody else who dictated me:

"The Dead are those who left their Ego. Realizing they are only in the hands of God, and God is just a Word. Everything they gain, they must let it flow down to the have-nots." (I had to think that night of Princess Diana. She was from a highborn family, and let flow her heart to the less fortunate.)"The people of England realizes after her death what meaning she had. She had to die first before the message was understood. However, they were the same people who read the tabloids, and filling their hearts with sensation and by that, they are all guilty to the fact that the paparazzi hunted her and drove her into death. We are all guilty, because we fill our hearts with our hunt for money only, not listening to the messages of the Prophets, not listening to God, and God is just a word. We are Nothing. The Immortal is God and God is just a word. We are The Living Dead by not listening and accepting our Origin. We only exist because of God and God is just a Word; we are living in His Dream and He gave us the Light, and it is up to Him to turn off this Light, and then we shall return to Him.*

Now I must explain that my father was catholic ness, but after he died when I was 13 years old, my mother and my brothers and sisters had immediately dropped that (in our view) bullshit of God. I could not hear a sound of religion or I began spontaneously becoming verbally aggressive against those "fools who believe in fairytales". On the other side however, I devoured books on Eastern Philosophies, Meditation, The Egyptian Book of the Dead, Carlos Castaneda's Journeys etc.

The next day on typing out my dreams and above lines at the computer to print it out in my dream diary, I have to think of what Jesus Christ has said: "*Who believes in me, he gets Eternal Life*". I now doubt if Jesus said that or referred to himself, because to my knowledge Jesus never suggested himself as God.

I must admit, I am not very well informed on the teachings of Christian Religion. I know nowadays more of the Islam. I must think of Alpha Blondy, the music with religious undertones, singing about Muslims and Christians living together. Music, given to me by Morad and Jamal, two youngsters whom I met seven years ago at their age of 12 years, and for whom I figured as an elderly "brother", "friend", "counselor" and "father-figure", by lack of attention and love from their own parents; Immigrants, coming from a traditional Muslim country, where the real message of Islam, like at so many Muslim countries, has been replaced by mere forms-into our materialistic western society, but I had already the impression that both are drifting away from their roots.

I have to think to the fact that it seems as if Alpha Blondy never plays live; as if he has no personal history, like Saint-Denys. ** Did not Don Juan advise Carlos Castaneda to "erase his personal history" because this is so unimportant? Suddenly I realize I'm in the possession of an Alpha Blondy Live Concert, entitled "*Live at Zenith at Paris*". Is Zenith not "the highest point" and isn't Paris the Light-town, the town of Love? Isn't it the city where Lady Diana crashed?

I have to think again to dream nr.38 (*P.S. This morning I wrote down dream nr.7300*); a dream in which there was A Holy Man, and on which I wrote then: "*It seems as if there are two zones, the dead and the living, but somehow, they are connected to each other*). A dream in which there was a nurse with gloves, because '*she has really white hands*'."

Yesterday evening I searched for the word "Celesta". The night before I had a dream about giving her me a present. A couple of days ago namely I had in a dream put Celesta (the daughter of a painter) into the Light. She and her family were very gracefully about that, although I said that I had done nothing special. The dictionary stated: "Orchestra-instrument". An orchestra is of course some people with individual tasks, with the aim of producing together a (master)piece, under the conduct of the Maestro. I had to think of the dream from one week ago; a dream in which Jesus, Buddha, Muhammad and other Holy Men assembled at Amsterdam for a meeting, and in which I was guided by Teacher Aartsen (*wordplay; reference to Earthling*).

What to think of all those messages that there was not a Wall? That two realities are emerging into each other and influencing each other? All those "coincidences" I found on my way lately? I remember my dreams, referring to "Moving to One". Today is the 31st of August and tomorrow it will be the first of September. Then my first lucid dream, which I describe in my book**, with dream number **101**, entitled 'Say AAA'- in which an elderly man stands for the **Concert building** and mumbles: "Again three people are born-and then the scene in it, where people seem to exist from pure Light, pure Energy.

The references in my dreams to move from **A** to **B**, the names of Alpha Blondy; the man who crossed my path recently, named "Van A." on which I directly associated "Alphabet"; The person from whom I got the impression he knows a lot, but has been stuck in mistrust in people and now has been bitter at his old age.*** (*He learned me about Death by dying in the year 2000*). The many references to **David Bowie**, with his mysterious texts, who has the same initials like me. I have to think again to his songs. To the dream that referred to his L.P. "*Ziggy Stardust*" and especially the number "Rock 'n Roll suicide" (*Time takes a cigarette, puts it in your mouth. You pull on your finger, then another finger, then your cigarette. The wall-to-wall's calling, it lingers, then you forget. You're a rock 'n' roll suicide*) which led me listening to his other early records. I must think about my book on lucid dreams and the last chapter, in which I describe practical applications, and the feeling I had on writing it, that the state of lucid dreaming should not be used for fun and "lower" activities. I must think of the article of Father X in *Lucidity Letter** some years ago, in which he said that after twenty years of lucid dreaming, it had not led him closer to God. Onwards are running my thoughts, spinning like a defective watch like Saint-Denys described in his horrible dream under the influence of hashish

I think about my intention to publish my dreams, analyses and comments from August 1997 (*I never did that*); it would provide people the feeling how "normal" dreams are functioning and interacting with your daily life; that you don't have to be a special person to be able to grow; that anyone can achieve it; breaking thru the illusions of life.

* See the footnote at the end of this document

The part of a lyric from Bowie, 'Untold Dream'***, comes to my mind again.

Suddenly I Awakened and Knew that we are all living **God's UNTOLD DREAM**, and that God, and God is only a Word, is not only guiding us in our sleep but also during our daily life and that we got the potential to break thru the Wall. That, when the number of Awakeners would increase, the Evil Ones in this world would loose rapidly their influence. I have to think at the latent uneasiness which sticks to many folks nowadays all over the world. The feeling that this world is running toward its end, with topics like the devastation of earth and cultures, the diminishing feeling of communal sense, the environment and ecology, the increase of drugs, the gap between the rich and the poor.

I think at the Dreamgate on the Internet, I jumped onto two months ago. Suddenly I feel that God and God is only a word, led me to the Net and to Richard Wilkerson, the manager of the Dreamgate. Immediately I have associations with "Wilkerson Sword" and "Rich" and I hear the screams of one of David Bowie's song "*Give me steel! Give me steel!*" That the Net is a beautiful opportunity to "hook" him and his readers by means of it, because Internet is the symbol for easy access to communication and information for anyone.

At the same time however I experience that you can loose yourself in information concerning the topic of dreaming. It might be a road to an escape-route; joining another newsgroup, looking up another page, another contact and chat box, another question and another answer, and by doing so avoiding the contacts with your surroundings, "the real world", avoiding the own experience, the listening to your "spiritual" Internet, which works 24-hours a day. I must think of the opportunity that the readers will see by their own eyes how Dreaming is the forgotten language of God and God is only a word; how it is possible to contact by dreams your true feelings about yourself and what you believe about the meaning of life, and that, after accepting all the messages of your dreams and putting it into practice, the Path to break thru that Wall will open. Paying attention to your normal dreams is possible without the interference of me, other dream specialists, guru's or so-called spiritual leaders, who tell you what to believe and how to express it. Already much too long the message of Humbleness, Love and Compassion- the message of Jesus, Buddha, Muhammad and all those other Prophets, with big or small names, known or unknown, have been raped by people who have switched the content with the package and darkened the hearts of the people with rigid rules and traditions, and have letting people making war for the wrong word, for the consolidation of their own power and glory. By the language of dreams, people could recognize how they are deceived by the worldly leaders, which preach the God of the Money, and let Earth and Human Being fall prey to destruction. The cause of the decline of Humanity is not only to blame on them.

Me and you are/were too willingly to believe all those lies, to put our responsibility as a human being outside ourselves, to have a "secure" and "safe" life. Those who are 'escaping' in lucid dreams and out-of-the-body-experiences, without having the "underground" will lose themselves; the lucid dreaming vehicle leads in most cases to Ego-inflation and further away from the true Self. There is a sound reason for Tibetan Yogi's to open this Path only for those who already possessed a certain degree of wisdom. Indeed, within the lucid dreams you are able experiencing the most exciting things. To continue with the metaphor from my document, you can play with David Bowie, and be cheered by millions of people. It's only an illusion, and at one illusion there follow another and another, until you reach a point you don't know anymore where you are and especially who you are. It's also my fault and all those other well-known lucid dream researchers, who propaganda the lucid dream vehicle by books and machines. We are/were among the false prophets; like the Timothy Leary's; Poisoning brains with wrong expectations, offering a new sort of "spiritual materialism".

He or She who has been awakened will recognize all these Lies and eventually refusing to work at the further implementation of it, regardless the consequences for his or her personal life. He or she does not fear, cause he or she is in the Hands of God, and God is just a word. It is only this awareness that is a solid ground for the Beginning.

Now I know you are not a Man or Woman on behalf of your race, background, physical appearance or sexual preference, but only on the responsibility for your own existing. That is the real Way of a Warrior. Unless you don't feel that in every inch of your body, you are **A Living Dead**. Everybody got the seed of germination in himself/herself; The looking-after is your own responsibility. My dreams of the past two weeks confirm my feeling and show the topics to which I have first paying much attention to. I am only a beginner!

First my old habit that me too want to escape from this reality. Not in material things, which has been a part that was never be able to motivate me, but in the longing to transcendent above the 'ordinary people' with their "bourgeois"-life. Me too cling still too much to material things. Me too want to consume and having too much. I had often the feeling that those lucid dreams did not benefit me, nor my surroundings? What is the importance, I ask myself, when we don't notice in daily life the suffering and the needs of our fellow-people, not making contributions-as far as is within our power-to help the others at their daily struggle? Where are the Humbleness, the Compassion and Love? What is the use of sending every month fifty guilders to our adopted third-world-child, when we ain't got time to pay attention and time to your own child, because we are so fucked up with earning money and activities outdoors?

Then I have arrived at my second weak point, my pointed finger! Pointing at other people, who do this and that wrong in my eyes, sending the message in a much too direct way, feeling irritated when they don't change their behavior within a short time, giving myself reason to exclaim: "They don't want to change", feeding again the superior-feeling of mine.

In short I have learned that I know nothing. That I am only rambling in the hands of God and God is just a word and that I only may hope that someday I have nothing to hope anymore.



Where all is God

And God is just a Word

I believe in the Power of Good

I believe in the State of Love

I will fight for the Right to be right

I will kill for the Good of the Fight

for the Right to be right **

LEARN TO LISTEN TO YOUR INTERNAL INTERNET,

LEARN TO LOVE.

* I "stole" these words from David Bowie's "Diamond Dogs"-lyrics

** See article on Saint-Denys

*** This man A. had experienced lucid dreams, but became afraid, so had stopped his discovery journey. His statements "From life's concert nobody has the program", "everything got to do with sex, money and religion" and "there are few *people* left" were for me testimonies of somebody whom I respected, but nevertheless of a human being who had quit the battle; chopped down by the first enemy of Knowledge. Some years after our encounter the diagnosis cancer was made. By Infinity he got the opportunity to face himself and others. He looked the answers at me and so was I, the only person to whom he was truly honest, capable to prepare him for the meeting with The Immortal. From his part he learned me the meaning of Death. Wat a sorcerer's gifts. What an experience for the sorcerer's album!
