



The Immortal, the Living Dead & The Dead

— report on a waking dream journey —

© Carolus M. den Blanken

Yesterday — August 30th 1996— was a strange day.

After the dreams I'd had recently, my mind kept drifting back to David Bowie. On his album *Diamond Dogs*, he sings about the "Savior." Slowly, I began convincing myself that I might be some kind of "modern savior."

I went into town. The weather was nice, and I walked — on impulse — through the park, the same one I had dreamt of the night before. In the dream, the park — nowadays mostly visited by Moroccan families — had been renewed and directly connected to the Central Railway Station. The dream left me with the impression that Western society has lost that sense of communal sharing. We're too busy with our individual development, throwing out the baby with the bathwater.

On a bench, I noticed a Hindustani woman I'd briefly met years ago — though it had been a superficial acquaintance. She looked as though she were crying on the inside. I felt her loneliness.

I sat down beside her and started a conversation. I didn't even know her name. She told me that after divorcing her husband, she had been seeing a psychiatrist for several years and had been prescribed antidepressants that made her gain weight and feel constantly fatigued. Now, she said, she wanted to stop taking them.

But when she told her psychiatrist, he asked, "*Do you want to play psychiatrist yourself?*" and advised her to take the medication for the rest of her life. Still, her inner spirit — she wasn't religious in any traditional way — had urged her to quit, slowly. She was caught in doubt between two opposing voices.

I told her most psychiatrists don't have real faith — only faith in pills — and that maybe she should listen to her spirit instead.

She also complained about her only son, who had started living his own life — which is, of course, perfectly normal for a 16-year-old — and spent most of his time hanging out with friends after school. When I asked, she admitted that contact with her family had been severed.

From personal experience, I know how important family ties are, especially for people from Muslim or Third World backgrounds. I advised her to take steps toward reconnecting with them. I told her that losing contact is rarely due to deliberate rejection; more often, it's a mixture of unspoken hurt, neglected calls, missed appointments, and — in time — a quiet shame or misplaced pride that prevents people from taking the first step.

As I got up to leave, I felt that I had truly shared something with her — that I had been of help.

That night, I had a dream.

In it, I placed an unhappy foreign woman among her own people. They began to embrace her, holding her tenderly. If I ever see her again, I will ask if she has reconnected with her family. (*I did meet her again in May 1999, and she had indeed reestablished contact.*)

I wonder — was it the dream force that led me to that park to support her?

Later that day, downtown, I felt an impulse to buy Bowie's *Diamond Dogs* on CD, as a replacement for my worn-out LP. I followed that impulse, even though I own only about seven CDs in total and almost never buy new ones.



Looking at the other Bowie albums, I noticed his most recent one was titled *Earthling*. On the cover, David is photographed from behind, wearing the Union Jack like a cape. It struck me as symbolic — just like so many of his earlier songs that I'd been replaying lately. Symbolic of my own journey: having turned my back on the earthly world, I was now returning from the stars.

That evening at home, I searched for the lyrics of *Diamond Dogs* in an old Bowie songbook — a compilation I had long forgotten I even owned. On impulse, I had checked the shelves and found it.

I was struck by how profound the lyrics were — especially considering Bowie was still in his twenties when he wrote them.

Inside the cover — something my old, greying LP never had — there was an image: Bowie standing with a large, dangerous-looking dog beside him, poised to strike. On the floor, a book lay open, titled *The Immortal*. It seemed to be written by someone called "Master" or "Maestro" — the letters were too small to read clearly.

I read the lines where Bowie invites us all to join him in the night — a night in which anything is possible. To me, it felt like a reference to astral travel and lucid dreaming.

Was it possible he came from another *reality*?

At that moment, I felt sure: David was a Dreamer — not just metaphorically, but in the very sense that Don Juan described in Carlos Castaneda's books. A dreamer disguised in our world as a rock star.

You have to understand:

In the two weeks prior, I had twice experienced the unsettling sensation that my "real" world was falling apart — literally dissolving before my eyes. I became convinced that our lives, too, were merely dreams. That I myself was the one creating the characters, the settings — just as in my lucid dreams.

I suppose I was deeply influenced by the writings of Carlos Castaneda, though I never had the direct experiences he described. And so, with this mix of thoughts and feelings, I went to sleep.

Already during the night, after waking from my first dream, I scribbled a few words on a scrap of paper:

“**Zeist**” — the name of a nearby village, but also a wordplay in my mind, referencing a previous dream and the word *scythe*.

Then: “**Den Dolder**” — a town known for its psychiatric institute.

And finally: “**Lesson in Humbleness.**”

Something felt off. At the back of my mind, I had hoped to be shown — perhaps for the first time — some cosmic explanation in a lucid dream. Something about how the Universe really works, and how I, as a Dreamer, could enter this reality and gain Power. But there was nothing lucid. No cosmic revelations.

After my second dream that night, I immediately wrote down both the dream and a note:

“Association with the I Ching. A girl from a noble family marries into a modest household. She adapts without complaint.”

It referred to Hexagram 54 — *The Marrying Maiden*. The transformation theme: a young woman joining an older man. That hexagram was shifting into Hexagram 43 — *Breakthrough* — a pattern I had encountered several times in recent days.

And then, as if dictated by someone else, I wrote the following:

“The Dead are those who have let go of their Ego. They realize they are entirely in the hands of God — and God is just a Word. Whatever they receive must flow downward to those who have not.”

That night, I thought of Princess Diana.

She came from nobility and yet opened her heart to the less fortunate. The people of England realized her true worth only after she died. She had to die for her message to be understood.

But they were the same people who devoured the tabloids, who fed their hearts with cheap sensation. And because of that, they too were guilty — guilty of creating the frenzy that drove the paparazzi to chase her to her death.

We are all guilty — consumed by the hunt for money, ignoring the messages of the prophets, refusing to listen to God.

And yet: *God is just a Word.*

We are nothing.

The Immortal is God — and God is just a word.

We are **the Living Dead** when we do not listen, when we do not remember where we come from.

We exist only by the grace of God — and we are living in His dream. He has given us the Light. And it is His to switch it off.

I should explain something.

My father was Catholic. But after he died — I was only thirteen — my mother and my siblings immediately abandoned what we saw as the “nonsense” of religion.

I couldn’t hear a word about God without reacting aggressively.

To me, believers were fools chasing fairy tales.

And yet — on the other side of that rage — I devoured books about Eastern philosophy, meditation, *The Egyptian Book of the Dead*, Castaneda’s journeys... all of it.

The next day, while typing out the dreams and reflections from the night before for my dream diary, a phrase came to me — one I had read somewhere in the Gospels:

“Whoever believes in me shall have eternal life.”

I started wondering — did Jesus really mean himself?
To my knowledge, he never suggested that he *was* God.

I must admit, I’m not deeply educated in Christian doctrine.
In fact, I know more about Islam these days. I think of Alpha Blondy — the musician with spiritual lyrics, singing about Muslims and Christians living together. His music came to me through Morad and Jamal, two boys I met seven years ago when they were just twelve.

To them, I was like an older brother, a friend, a counselor — maybe even a father figure. Their own parents, immigrants from a traditional Muslim country, were often too caught up in their struggles. Like in many Muslim societies, the true message of Islam had long been buried under rigid forms and empty rituals.

Now, living in our Western materialistic world, I sensed the boys were drifting from their roots.

I kept thinking about Alpha Blondy.

It always struck me as odd that he never seemed to perform live — as if he had no personal history, like Saint-Denys.

Didn’t Don Juan advise Castaneda to *erase his personal history* because it was ultimately irrelevant?

And then suddenly I remembered:

I do own an Alpha Blondy live concert — *Live at Zenith, Paris*.

Isn’t *zenith* the highest point?

And Paris — the City of Light, the city of love?

Wasn’t that the same city where Lady Diana crashed?

My thoughts turned again to Dream No. 38. (*This morning, I wrote down Dream No. 7300.*)

A dream in which there was a Holy Man. I had written back then:

“It seems as if there are two zones — the dead and the living — but somehow, they are connected.”

There was also a nurse in that dream — she wore gloves *because she had truly white hands*.

Last night, I looked up the word **“Celesta.”**

In a dream the night before, Celesta — the daughter of a painter — had given me a present.

Only a few days earlier, in another dream, I had placed her *into the Light*.

Her family responded with unexpected grace. I told them it was nothing special, but they disagreed.

The dictionary said: *“An orchestral instrument.”*

Of course — an orchestra is a collection of individuals, each with their own role, their own part to play. Together they create harmony, under the guidance of the Maestro.

That made me think of a dream from a week earlier — one where Jesus, Buddha, Muhammad, and other holy figures gathered for a meeting in Amsterdam.

In the dream, I was guided by a Teacher called **Aartsen** — a name that sounded like a play on *Earthling*.

What to make of all these messages, all these signs, all this... convergence?

Messages suggesting: *There is no wall.*

That two realities are merging. That they influence one another.

That coincidences aren't really coincidences at all.

I thought about my earlier dreams — the ones that spoke of "*Moving to One.*"

Today was August 31st.

Tomorrow would be September 1st.

That date carried weight for me.

It marked the anniversary of my very first lucid dream — Dream No. 101 — titled "*Say AAA.*"

In it, an elderly man stood in front of the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam and muttered, "*Again three people are born.*"

Later in the dream, I saw people who seemed made of pure Light — pure Energy.

So many names had appeared in my recent dreams: Alpha Blondy...

A man I recently met, named "Van A." — which immediately made me think of *Alphabet*.

He struck me as someone who *knew* — yet had become bitter, shut off by years of mistrust.

He'd once said to me:

"From life's concert, nobody gets the program."

"Everything's about sex, money, and religion."

"There are few people left."

I respected him — deeply — but I also sensed he had surrendered.

He had quit the journey, cut down by the first great enemy of knowledge: **Fear**.

A few years after we met, he was diagnosed with cancer.

Perhaps Infinity gave him one last opportunity — to face himself.

He looked for answers in me, and I became the only person to whom he was truly honest.

In doing so, he helped prepare himself for the meeting with **The Immortal**.

And in return, he taught me something profound about death.

What a gift for the dreamer's album.

Again, I found myself returning to Bowie's songs.

A particular dream had pointed me toward his album *Ziggy Stardust* — especially the track *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."

It sent me diving into his other early albums again.

And I began thinking of my own book on lucid dreaming — especially the final chapter, where I described practical applications. Even then, I felt that lucid dreaming should never be reduced to entertainment or “lower” experiences.

I remembered an article by Father X in *Lucidity Letter*, years ago.

After twenty years of lucid dreaming, he admitted: it had not brought him any closer to God.

My thoughts spun on — like a broken clock, ticking out of rhythm, much like Saint-Denys described in his terrifying dream while under the influence of hashish.

I thought again of my intention — back in 1997 — to publish my dreams, my analyses, my commentaries. (*I never did.*)

I believed then, and still believe now, that it would help people understand that dreams are not some mystical gift for the chosen few.

They are *normal*.

They interact constantly with daily life.

You don’t need to be special to grow.

Anyone can break through the illusions of this world.

A line from a Bowie song comes back to me:

“Untold Dream.”

Suddenly, I awakened — and *knew*.

We are all living inside **God’s Untold Dream**.

And God — and God is only a word — is not just guiding us in our sleep, but also in our waking life.

We carry the potential to break through the Wall.

If more of us awaken, the Evil Ones — the true forces of destruction — will rapidly lose their grip on the world.

I feel the tension that so many people around the globe carry these days.

The sense that the world is slipping toward collapse:

the devastation of nature and culture,

the decline of community,

the rise of addiction,

the widening gap between rich and poor.

Two months ago, I stumbled upon **DreamGate** on the internet.

Somehow, I feel that God — and God is only a word — led me to it.

Led me to **Richard Wilkerson**, its manager.

My mind immediately leapt: *Wilkerson Sword...* and *Rich*.

And I heard the echo of Bowie’s voice: “*Give me steel! Give me steel!*”

The Net, I thought, was a powerful tool — a symbolic gate to connection, to information, to insight.

But I also saw the danger:

You can lose yourself in endless forums, links, questions, answers —

and in doing so, neglect the world around you.

You can forget to listen to your **own** spiritual Internet —

which, after all, runs 24 hours a day.

My hope is that readers will begin to see how **dreams are the forgotten language of God** — and God is only a word.

That through our dreams, we can reconnect to our truest selves and beliefs.

And that, if we listen, and live what our dreams are telling us, the path through the Wall will begin to open.

We don't need dream specialists, gurus, or spiritual leaders to tell us what to believe.

For too long, the messages of Humbleness, Love, and Compassion — the messages of Jesus, Buddha, Muhammad, and others — have been hijacked.

The content has been replaced with the packaging.

Their names have been used to control, to build empires, to start wars.

All in the name of a Word.

But the truth still lives — in our dreams.

Dreams can reveal how we've been deceived.

How money has become our new God.

How humanity and the Earth are being sacrificed in that name.

And yes — it's not only the leaders to blame.

Me. You. We were willing.

We chose safety.

We chose comfort.

We gave up responsibility for our own souls.

Those who use lucid dreams and out-of-body experiences without grounding...

They risk losing themselves.

Lucid dreaming — if misused — inflates the ego.

It pulls you further from your true Self.

There's a reason Tibetan yogis only opened that path to those who had already gained wisdom.

In lucid dreams, you can experience the most spectacular things.

You can play with David Bowie.

Be cheered by millions.

But it's illusion.

And after one illusion, another follows.

And soon you don't know where you are — or *who* you are.

That, too, is partly my fault — and the fault of other lucid dream pioneers.

We became like false prophets.

Like Timothy Leary.

We poisoned minds with false expectations.

We offered a new kind of **spiritual materialism**.

But those who have truly awakened...

They see the lies.

And they refuse to continue playing the game.

They walk away — regardless of the cost.

They are not afraid.
Because they are in the Hands of God.
And God... is just a word.

Now I know:
You are not defined by race, background, looks, or desires.
You are only defined by your responsibility to exist.

That is the true **Way of the Warrior**.

If you don't feel this in every cell of your being,
you are among the **Living Dead**.

Everyone carries the seed.
But tending it — *that* is your own responsibility.

These past two weeks of dreams confirmed my path.
They showed me what I must confront first.

My first weakness:

That I, too, wanted to escape this world —
not with wealth or status (those never moved me),
but by rising *above* the so-called “ordinary people.”
I still cling too much to comfort.
I still consume too much.

And those lucid dreams?
Did they truly benefit me — or anyone around me?

What's the use of fifty guilders to a child in the Third World,
if I don't give time and attention to my own child
because I'm too busy chasing success?

My second weakness:

The pointing finger.
Blaming others.
Demanding they change — now.
And when they don't,
I declare: “*They don't want to.*”
Feeding again my own sense of superiority.

In short:
I've learned that **I know nothing**.

That I'm just drifting
in the Hands of God —
and God is just a word.

And all I can hope now
is that someday,

I'll have nothing left
to hope for.

**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.**

