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## ***1 – Where My True Self Begins***

*I have never stopped searching for the origin of my being, hunting down the reasons that shaped the identity I carry today. It is an obsession of every moment. Isn't it the same for you? Our actions sometimes escape us, become senseless, and we turn our gaze toward others in an attempt to translate ourselves. At times, we even look for our own reflection in someone else, hoping at last to find the understanding that the silence of our soul refuses us.*

*We all go through trials and joys that shape us, experiencing feelings we believe to be unique. But deep down, are we not all searching for the same thing? To find that other person who, through their own experience, shares the same*

*emotional frequency and finally gives us the feeling of being understood.*

*The understanding of life's mechanisms came to me late. I had to wait until reading C. Jung to validate my own intuitions and finally give a name to the invisible. What a vertigo to think that if the film of my life could have been projected backwards, the knowledge of our energetic cycles would have spared me many storms. No doubt the deeper meaning of this work would have appeared more clearly had I begun at the end. It is this point of arrival, this wisdom of energy acquired through my trials, that I now wish to explore with you.*

*I decided to write because some destinies are so extraordinary that they*

*cannot remain silent. Through these exceptional stories, I wish to offer you a mirror: you will no doubt find fragments of your own history and those emotions which, though personal, unite us all.*

*Last-born in a family with significant age gaps, twenty years separate me from my eldest brother and ten from the younger. I was the unexpected one, the “accident” that occurred when my parents were already growing older.*

### *THE GENESIS OF A REVOLT*

A life beginning wonderfully with the study of the piano and the organ, despite the solitude imposed on me by my parents too busy with their activities, forgetting the affection they owed me and that I sought everywhere else.

Without any pocket money, I succumbed to the smile and charm of my teacher, covering her in return with gifts, by stealing a few coins from my mother's purse, leading me directly to the boarding school.

This feeling of freedom in this carceral universe released in me a revolt leading me to become the forger of signatures, selling my services. My father, because of his advanced age, killed my ambitions to become a surgeon. In order to put an end to it, I was directed toward a technical school at the antipodes of my desires. Thanks to him, I discovered one of the most grandiose instruments in the world and began the construction of an organ.

## ***2 – The Whisper from the Other Shore***

*I broke open my savings to buy a moped, but what I truly offered myself was far more than an engine: I offered myself the Parisian night. My parents remained serene, convinced I was at church, while I was already venturing into the wild streets around Les Halles. From Rue du Cygne to Rue Saint-Denis, the spectacle of those “beautiful creatures” in full display fascinated me.*

*It was my first encounter with a femininity that was plural, sensual, and far removed from the single sacred image of my mother. I burned to understand this world that had been so carefully hidden from me. I felt the brutal release of a spring compressed*

*for far too long; my desire for freedom became insatiable.*

*Around one in the morning, the silence of the nave was broken by the five keyboards of the instrument. In that darkness, I lived an experience of pure transcendence. Carried by the music, I was transported into an unknown dimension, a divine place where thought created matter. It was neither an illusion nor a dream. That incursion into the sacred gave me a new strength, an inner certainty that neither betrayal nor the aggressiveness of my environment would ever fully erase again.*

*Although my relationship with Catherine remained platonic, it was no less absolute in its intensity: she was my first*

*love. Yet the concern of her parents brought this momentum to an end.*

Under the yoke of parental authority forbidding me access to mixed schools, I was in search of love and freedom, trying to discover those of the opposite sex whom I knew only through the traits of my mother. My choice of the Halles district was not the best one, but it confronted me with a reality that was totally unknown to me.

That famous night in the church of Saint-Eustache would mark my life forever, opening my mind to another dimension, without being able at that age to analyse its effects. My breakup with my first love was a terrible shock that eased when, at the time of the summer holidays, I left to join my aunt

in Cannes, owner of a four-star hotel in the region. A refuge for stars seeking discretion, these encounters changed my vision of the future, transposing the musician I was into a producer.

### ***3 – Where Destiny Shifts***

*To continue my studies in peace, I was fortunate enough to find a position as a supervisor in a boarding school in Levallois-Perret. It was an establishment dating from the previous century, where the children lived amid the dilapidation of another era. Although my age was not written on my forehead, I was only two or three years older than the oldest students in the dormitory.*

*My adventure as a supervisor ended abruptly because of what I then*

*considered my greatest asset: my appearance as a mature man. Disheartened, I interrupted my studies and decided to push forward with a project already forming in my mind. But the mere announcement of this project triggered in my father a panic over the potential legal consequences.*

*To protect himself, he turned to the court and had my emancipation pronounced. The ruling was not a liberation for me, but a banishment. In the living room, my father informed me that by becoming legally of age, I was losing my right to the family home. "You leave today," he declared. He had reserved a room for me in a small hotel in Paris, owned by one of his friends, and paid for two months. Before I left, he handed me three hundred one-hundred-franc bills—*

*the price of my silence and my absence. Although I replied with contempt, telling him I was not begging, reality forced me to take the money.*

*I walked toward that hotel in the 15th arrondissement with a heavy heart, understanding that my father had just rid himself of his last son. Try to imagine the distress of a seventeen-year-old adolescent, suddenly orphaned of his living parents. Alone in the heart of the Parisian jungle, projected into adulthood without transition, I felt the violence of a rupture I had never wished for.*

I entered into hell, thrown as prey to the vultures, without the slightest experience, alone, definitively alone in this jungle. My hotel coming to its end, I

was forced to spend a few nights between metro stations and stairwells, allowing me at least to sleep lying down. Thanks to a few acquaintances, I carried out my first production which, due to lack of experience, led to a fiasco, and I was saved *in extremis* by a fairground worker.

Not yet having reached the age of majority, I decided a few months later to take the bull by the horns by aging my identity by nine years in search of financial backers adhering to my projects. I met a film producer who eventually offered me to be his partner in the company, in exchange for an investment that I myself was seeking, promising me wonders aimed at a project in Morocco. Becoming without my knowledge the fictitious director of

said company, I contracted a personal loan to help him pursue the realization of this project and to cover travel expenses, and I opened an account in a travel agency in order to obtain the travel documents. He swept me off the stage a few months later, leaving me in the “void”, suggesting that I stay in four-star hotels offering restaurant service while waiting for his negotiations to succeed.

A love affair with the manager of the travel agency was born, pushing me to find a way to settle the travel invoices left unpaid by the producer. I acquired a sports car through an installment payment accepted by the seller. Without yet having my driving licence, I brought the vehicle back to Paris and sold it immediately, and through this means I

was able to prevent the agency from collapsing. Pursuing my cinematographic projects, the following weeks allowed me to meet leading figures in finance and cinema, until the day when the morning visit of the judicial police annihilated all my projects.

#### ***4 – The One Life Chose to Awaken Me***

*Faced with the dead end of my situation, my lawyer took a liking to me, understanding that I had been far too young and far too naïve, yet this did not prevent him from placing complete trust in me. He played an unexpected card: he introduced me to the project of a sixty-year-old mathematician and algorithm specialist.*

*This man of science claimed to have discovered a new mathematical law that he could apply to the even-chance bets of roulette. My mission? To place my moral principles at the service of applying his system in the field. I was stunned, half-smiling, unable to conceive that a calculation could command the path of an ivory ball. It was the world turned upside down: after the film-industry swindler, I was now meeting the man of rigorous demonstration.*

*The experiment began in a rather derisory way: Jean-Michel hosted this man in his home for several days, with a toy roulette wheel placed on a living-room table. Yet the result was staggering. After three days of constant success, doubt was no longer possible.*

*Jean-Michel took the leap: he would finance the operation in Baden-Baden. Held back by his professional obligations, he delegated his authority to me. I became his sentinel, responsible for safeguarding the capital and executing the method in the most prestigious casino in Germany. For 500 francs net per day, about 380 euros today, I became his eyes, the executor of high mathematical works. Although unbelievable, I was confronted with the real effectiveness of his system. We made, for several months, back-and-forth trips to Baden-Baden, until the day when I met a young German woman who became my wife. Mr. Raymond, wishing to break the agreement with my lawyer, was asked to hand over to me the operating keys of*

*the system so that we could use it together, multiplying the gains accordingly. At the end of our collaboration, I kept what was most precious: “The system.”*

Back in France, I re-established contact, through the relationships I had acquired in Morocco, with the royal family and created a number of events there.

### ***5- Where an Angel Took Human Form***

*At twenty years old, I discovered the joys of fatherhood. My son, a magnificent little boy, became the source of a new energy, strengthening my determination to keep moving forward, always, to build a solid future for him. To stabilize my projects, I had committed*

*myself with an investor to organizing an international event in France.*

*But the absence of the cheque, although contractually guaranteed, made me fear the worst. I had the premonition that I was facing another “Jacques.” As the event approached, tension rose, amplified by repeated calls from a Swiss industrialist who was trying to understand the nature of my relationship with this man. The days passed, the money did not arrive, and instability once again threatened to sweep everything away.*

*The conversation with the Swiss industrialist was surgical. He informed me that the signatory of my contract was on the verge of defrauding him. He had blocked the funds at the last moment,*

*discovering that the man was diverting the money for his own benefit.*

*The scenario was repeating itself: the predator had changed his name, but the method remained the same. I was facing a second “Jacques,” and the outcome of this affair would depend on my ability to anticipate. I explained my situation with complete transparency, describing the risks my company faced. Mr. Edmond, the Swiss industrialist, listened and asked for my banking details, assuring me he would call back that evening.*

*When the phone rang, it was him. He wasted no time on pleasantries: I was to be in Biel the next morning at precisely 8 a.m. The connection between us was immediate; his language was of surgical*

*precision. Suddenly, he checked the time and ordered: “Off to the bank.”*

This man became my spiritual father; knowing me for only three hours, he entrusted me with the substantial sum I had been waiting for. He taught me everything I did not know about business, entrusting me throughout my life with several large-scale missions.

## ***6 – The Passage Through My Darkness***

*Ulrike’s growing discord with her environment in France had become unbearable; she longed to return to her homeland, assuring me that her network would allow us to bounce back. I eventually gave in to her request. By agreeing to move to Hamburg, I was betting on marital stability, hoping that this change of scenery would ease our*

*tensions and offer me a new field of opportunity.*

*I quickly realized that the contacts she had promised existed only in her words. A gulf opened between the network she claimed to possess and the one she actually allowed me to access. Seeing no prospect for the future in Germany, I decided, as summer approached, to awaken my “gold mine”: the system. I joined my friend Christian in Paris, who agreed to become my partner and opened the doors of his home in Palma de Mallorca to me for the summer. Using his boat, we left to accompany his son to Ibiza, a three-hour crossing on a calm, glass-like sea, during which he suggested that I bring my wife over. On the return trip we were caught in an immense storm, and never, after nine*

*hours of struggling against death, would I have imagined for a moment that I would be here today to write about this misadventure. Upon returning, I informed my wife of this good news, which she received negatively, leaving me with divorce as my only alternative. I immediately went to Hamburg, to an appointment set in a place unknown to me. I discovered to my cost that she was working for the pimps of the St. Pauli district. After being beaten, I was given the order to leave Hamburg within the hour, at the risk of ending up slaughtered on a highway. I did not leave Hamburg, and I was attacked with a blade by two men the following evening as I was leaving a restaurant located in a small alley.*

I thought of my son, only of him, doing everything to extract him from this situation. Through a private detective, after a few months, I recovered the mother and the child, my only priority. A few weeks later, returning home in the early evening, I found the apartment empty; she had disappeared with my son, the bank account emptied during the day, and had gone back to Hamburg. Never since that day have I received any news of my son, who disappeared from my life forever.

### ***7 – Between Light and Shadow***

*To keep me from sinking, Cathy threw herself wholeheartedly into our projects in Africa, turning work into a shield against my psychological decline. One night, as we were leaving a late dinner,*

*the taxi she hoped to catch on Boulevard Bineau never appeared. I could not leave her alone; she accepted my hospitality.*

*I retain only a blurred memory of that night, a kind of necessary release after so many ordeals. The next morning, the situation was clear: we had fallen asleep beside each other, marking the end of my absolute solitude. This also resolved the question of accommodation during the trip to Africa we had been planning for several weeks.*

*Since French perfumes were prohibitively expensive in Africa, I had the idea of setting up a packaging unit in France and exporting the equivalents—a perfectly legal business. We left for Abidjan, where Cathy, who had an*

*extensive address book, introduced me to numerous influential figures interested in the project. I met a Lebanese businessman established across much of West Africa.*

Attracted by the opportunity of a collaboration with a powerful Lebanese businessman, I found myself tied up in a trademark counterfeiting scheme, facing every possible legal trouble on Earth.

### ***8 – When Everything Turns Against You***

*During this time, I was busy renovating a family property where I lived in the Paris region. It had been my grandparents' house, composed of a main residence and an artist's studio at the back of the garden, hidden behind*

*hazel trees, an ideal place for barbecues, for living outdoors unseen, and above all, for recharging one's spirit.*

*One evening, around 11 p.m., Cathy and I were sitting on the carpet, a glass of rosé in hand, wrapped in the dense silence of the night. That is when it began: slow, heavy footsteps resonating on the roof.*

*Limping, dragging steps, moving from one end to the other as if a presence were crossing the studio above us. I didn't need to listen long. I knew that rhythm. That hesitation in the gait. That way of placing the foot. It was my grandfather's step, partially disabled. We froze, breath suspended, waiting for*

*the footsteps to fade, as if returning to wherever they had come from.*

*When silence fell again, I grabbed a flashlight and rushed outside, heart pounding. I swept the beam across the roof from end to end. Nothing. Absolutely nothing. The roof, slanted and 2.5 meters high, was inaccessible. The branches were too far to touch it. No animal could have climbed up without making noise. This evening, I understood that certain bonds never truly break. And this mystery, for its part, never found an answer.*

*I resumed a joint activity with my friend Christian in industrial perfumery. Before our meeting, he left for a weekend hunting in Sologne and never returned alive. I once again found myself alone,*

*without a partner, falling once more to the bottom of the ladder. Another acquaintance offered me a partnership, giving me access to an immense operating space while carefully avoiding telling me that he was in the process of being expropriated. Upon returning from a trip, a default judgment was served on me, relating to a loan contracted many years earlier. I contacted the bank and settled the debt. My collaboration with this associate ended a few months later.*

One of my best and most loyal friends created a company, and I took the reins, returning from Saudi Arabia with a gigantic contract in my briefcase. When I came back, I found all my mail shredded and scattered across the garden, the property devastated by a

storm that had lasted several days. Upon my return, and during the first night, I was caught in a massive fire from which I miraculously escaped thanks to my friend Cathy. For reasons incompatible with the scale of its financing, I transferred the file a few weeks later to my Swiss partner.

Arriving by the night train in Pontarlier, I was stopped at the border, struck by a conviction for repeated default. A summons probably destroyed by the storm, for a debt fully settled. I fell once again to the very bottom of the ladder. Nine years had just passed in a state of permanent turmoil.

The feeling of falling each time back to the foot of the ladder is not a

coincidence, but the consequence of wanting to swim upstream in the river.

## ***9 – The Return to the Light***

Paul, another of my very ingenious friends, accompanied me to Baden and had the idea of computerizing the system we were using in the form of a calculator. The results were spectacular, and we decided to acquire a beauty institute near the Champs-Élysées. We had high-pressure UV devices installed by “Léon,” a manufacturer from the Paris region. Paul, having lost his future partner in an accident, wanted to recruit the female staff himself and set his sights on a wonderful 22-year-old beautician. Since his feelings were not reciprocated, she turned toward me, triggering a conflict that shattered our

precious friendship forever. I lost not only a valuable friendship but also the casino calculator.

### ***10 – The Most Beautiful Experience***

*Stéphane had just returned from a solitary journey through Africa, having driven from Paris to Bamako. He told me about his adventures, as fascinating as they were profitable, since his car had sold for a small fortune over there. His story inspired me to organize a new trip.*

*This time, the idea was to travel as a group to multiply the profits.*

*Secretly hoping that this journey would break through Chantal's emotional*

*barriers, I took charge of purchasing and preparing the vehicles, while Stéphane focused on finding suitable drivers.*

*Once everything was ready, he handled the administrative formalities and the registration changes at the sub-prefecture of Antony. However, my father's recent surgery made it impossible for me to cancel or postpone the departure. In early January 1987, we set off for Bamako: six people in total, including another couple, a young man traveling alone, and five vehicles.*

A wonderful journey that lasted not three weeks as planned, but more than three months, scattered with unfortunate and unexpected adventures at the Spanish border, followed by others that were

more dangerous, finding myself asleep with a two-metre cobra resting on my thighs. It was a fantastic human adventure through landscapes beyond comprehension, where an injection of antibiotics saved a young Tuareg child from death. The outcome of this journey brought an end to my romantic relationship.

## *11 – The Incredible Synchronicity*

I found my mother again, widowed for two months, pointing out that my disappearance had helped her cope with my father's passing. One evening, out of boredom, I consulted the Minitel and "by chance" met a young woman from Bordeaux, owner of a cosmetics brand and wishing to redesign her range. After a meeting in Paris, we decided to

collaborate. She received her first deliveries within the following two months and found herself unable to settle my invoices. Given the importance of the amount, I went to Bordeaux during the international aesthetics fair in an attempt, ultimately unsuccessful to find a solution with her.

As I was walking through the crowded corridors, someone grabbed me by the arm. To my great surprise, it was “Léon,” the equipment manufacturer who had supplied us the previous year. After questioning each other about our presence in Bordeaux, he expressed strong interest in discussing and considering taking over the brand, and we met again a few days later in Paris. I met a young and very beautiful woman, his cosmetics adviser and my future

wife, who decided to expand the range under his guidance. The range expanded rapidly, as did the amount of the invoices, causing Léon some financing difficulties. I had no choice but to turn to Switzerland to find a possible solution. Collaboration was only conceivable on the condition of being in a financially secure market, my partner suggesting mass distribution. After a few months, the brand was implemented throughout the entire French network, to the great displeasure of national competitors who had us expelled from their network.

## ***12 – Toward the Conquest of Other Worlds***

Faced with this costly betrayal, we decided to turn toward export. During the following eight years, we travelled together across the five continents in every direction, beginning with Asia. Confronted with an emerging collapse, I decided that we should settle in Malaysia. It was from that precise moment that I began, in our villa, to perceive strange sensations, seeing again the same images I had perceived more than twenty years earlier, that night at the organ of Saint-Eustache, in a time that does not exist. The presence spoke to me and became increasingly close. Objects in the house moved before everyone's eyes without breaking. For

nearly eight years, I received a form of teaching through visual tableaux imprinted in my mind at the speed of light, some of which remain obscure to me even today. The relationship within the couple changed completely, releasing a constant and progressively unmatched aggressiveness.

After a ritual argument, and finding myself in France just before Christmas, I invited my wife to join me although we had planned to be with the whole family in Phuket. She accepted my invitation and came to France, cancelling the festivities in Thailand. Our astonishment was immense when we saw on the news the tragedy of the tsunami on December 26, 2004, where we were all supposed to be...

Out-of-body experiences during my sleep took me to other universes, meeting beings whom I encountered again on other nights or during the day. Cornered by pressure and by the “announced” departure of my mother, I wanted to put an end to everything, throwing myself into a raging sea, and returned at the speed of a torpedo to the shore.

One morning, alone in my office, I felt a presence very close to me, a hand gently brushing my shoulder, indicating to me the eventual destruction of my couple, a departure from Malaysia, and a return to Asia. And so events began to unfold.

### ***13 – The Life I Leave Behind, the One That Awaits Me***

*Upon my return from Malaysia, the ignominy revealed itself in all its coldness. My wife, empowered by her position as manager, orchestrated my destruction with clinical precision. She began by poaching her daughter's partner, the young man I had rescued and trained in Kuala Lumpur, who turned his back on me within weeks.*

*She then built a wall between me and her children, while working from within to sabotage the very company I was financing. I had become the target to eliminate, the victim of a campaign of denunciation and slander that she had already inflicted, point by point, on her previous husband.*

Abandoned on Christmas Eve, I once again considered putting an end to everything. In the same moment, I received a message from China from a friend wishing me a happy holiday season. A few weeks later, I found myself in China, where I still am today...

#### ***14 – Messages from the Universe***

*The time had come to speak of C. Jung once again, not as a mere intellectual reference, but as a guide on the inner path. Marie-Louise von Franz, his student and assistant, recounted that toward the end of his life, Jung had stopped consulting the Yi-Jing: he already knew the answers before even opening it.*

*This confession, whispered across time, intrigued me for years. And you—what would you do if you could glimpse the answers before the questions? It is only over the past ten years that I began to understand what Jung had discovered decades before me. Knowledge of the Yi-Jing is not a privilege reserved for a few initiates: it offers every human being the possibility of avoiding many pitfalls before they manifest. Imagine being handed a road map before undertaking a journey. You would consult it, wouldn't you? But once you reached your destination, it would no longer serve any purpose.*

*The Yi-Jing appeared long before the dates commonly cited in the West, its earliest traces going back eight thousand years. When I compared all*

*the information with the events I had lived, every detail matched. The greatest astonishment came from the period between sixteen and twenty-five years old. Its impact on the quantum level was absolutely extraordinary, containing the essence of the past, the present, and the seeds of the future through the pattern of a single hexagram, revealing information and offering the observer the release of a creative energy situated outside of time.*

It was at that precise moment that the entire period of those nine nightmarish years I had gone through from age sixteen to twenty-five was revealed to

me in every detail. I started from a simple intuition: our mind influences our biology, just as the environment shapes our mind. And you, if you observe your own life, have you never noticed that subtle interaction between what you feel and what your body expresses?

I was not teaching a method, but an inner attitude: establishing a dialogue between body and mind, listening to what one whispers to the other, understanding that imbalances are not enemies but messages. It has always been said that if human beings knew the power of their own resources, they could accomplish unimaginable things, perhaps even move mountains. And you, what would you do if you discovered

that this power is already sleeping within you?

The few examples I share here are the fruit of the teaching my guides transmitted to me during my years in Kuala Lumpur. Sometimes all it takes is to sit down, center yourself, and watch the magic unfold. The Universe works for you. It seeks to give you what you ask for. But you must ask clearly. The Universe does not guess, it responds. Imagine ordering a cake. If you specify neither flavor, nor cream, nor chocolate, nor taste, you will receive a cake... without flavor, without cream, without chocolate, without taste. A vague request brings a vague response.

I had the extraordinary chance to live a considerable number of experiences

beyond our third dimension, without ever seeking them. They came when I stopped clinging to my beliefs, to my EGO, to my mind. For to descend deeply into the SELF, one must disconnect from all of that. When you feel joy, the real one, the one that depends on nothing, then you are connected to your divinity. That is where your power begins.

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