

## ARCTIC ZERO DREAM....March 9, 1978

I'm on a very high-level mission, in a large vehicle of the future, like a spaceship. We're heading for an 'upper' boundary, the Far North...but it's not the Arctic Pole exactly. The scenery is unlike that of Earth, surreal in forms...but it does look severely cold & white. As the boundary comes into view on screens, a wave of apprehension amongst all of us. It has been made clear by the authorities: on the other side is an alien land, or Dimension, unimaginably cold and strange, and inhabited by intelligent beings who we have been told to regard as The Enemy.

There is an underground group amongst the detachment on board & with the supporting troops. It's myself and friends and others who call themselves the Visionists. One of us has demanded to be allowed to defect and cross the Border; but this is part of a double-plot. We have conceived the crossing in order to make contact with the Others...whom we are certain are not evil. But our Officers think our man is just pretending to defect so as to act as a double-agent for them. They are lauding his bravery, saying he may very well not survive the cold. It isn't really cold in the sense of the Physics spectrum. Another plane of science had to be invoked to explain it and approach it. It is the Land of Absolute Zero.

While we wait his passing across, watching shadowy figures and Siberian forest mists on the other side, I suddenly feel a very odd sensation in my ankle. A kind of tiny sonic 'boom', or puff of air inside it. I mention this to a friend, and he says: "That's the Contact! That's what we're waiting for, the telepathic signal...it means you too must cross over!"

As the two of us cross the invisible barrier, we begin to feel the cold right through our protective suits. It is so cold that it becomes like a keening euphoric bliss to be there. It's a new way to be, utterly. Not just cold like Earth-cold. This is also an etheric bath, there are voices telepathically touching us, we feel tremendous energy and buoyancy. It's clear to both of us that this Other People, whose forms we cannot 'see'... are like angels. We were almost as mistaken as the Commanders, we underestimated this whole thing. We didn't have any experience with which to gauge this dimension of pervasive Good. We look at each other and what passes between us is the certainty that this is the great unveiling for our species.

There are rapid events that follow from this awareness. It seems to spread to our crew back in the ship. We are back inside it and see that the commanders too have a beatific look. The concept of Border is gone. It's as if a glacier suddenly melted and it was composed of honeyed air.