

There is a fleeting glimpse of  
rolling, lush green hills -  
huff up - soon looking a  
valley. The valley contains  
a large city - a lot of  
white buildings built in  
a more tropical climate.

There is one man on the  
hill, sitting looking over  
the city, very contemplative  
as though a heavy  
dew was falling on his

He is dressed and dressed

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in a white, short-sleeved shirt  
and dark slacks. He is not on  
the hill alone, but the others  
who have come will be in the  
at a distance, waiting for him.

Next, I have this same man.  
More formally dressed (dark suit,  
white shirt and tie). They be  
European or stripes on the sleeve  
right to left. He is in a  
tiled, walled courtyard of a  
large, expensive, open house.  
There are brilliantly colored  
flowers all around, a sweet

Early morning again, about 10  
thurs near dawn, writing. The  
house is in a high, well  
Crowned with intricate masonry  
work and a heavy double iron  
gate with a pyramid that drops  
when the gate is opened.

His dimension is more  
desirous, as though he were  
about to put into motion those  
conclusions he had reached  
while on the hill.

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I've tried taking him to his  
destination, but can't get there.

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9 APR

I saw a woman -  
professional, carrying papers.  
She was dressed  
in black & white dress &  
black shoes. She was  
waiting. I sensed she was  
in a professional building  
and she was near some  
steps. I sensed she  
was lecturing. She ~~was~~ had  
short brown hair and  
she was thin.  
She was alone, waiting.