

Modella woke up feeling very light, feeling well. She opened her eyes, looking down at some landscapes below. First, she was a little frightened, as she was not sitting in an airplane or helicopter. Neither did she have a Rocket Man-type of outfit like Richie and Leo in Arrendee.

Then she noticed that she could move around in the air, and she did not fall like a stone. She was flying!

“What an exhilarating feeling!” she told herself and tried out various pirouettes and accelerations.

She hadn’t taken any classes on learning how to fly, although she may have subconsciously learned a few things from various song lyrics. So, she was literally learning on the fly.

♪ *Du kannst fliegen – Linda Föh*

Once she had started to master the main moves and how to stabilize and change altitude and accelerate and decelerate, she could better focus on what was beneath her.

“Where am I?” she wondered. The fact that she was in a Dream World was obvious, given her inability to fly in real life. And she soon got that confirmed, seeing the circle with the star in a wheat field in the country landscape below her.

That symbol reminded her of the mysterious crop circles she had read about, a mystery still unsolved as far as she knew.

Then she saw someone flying up toward her. It was an old, but still good-looking man.

It seems like she was not the only one having the ability to fly.

“Hi,” she said, as the man hovered in her proximity.

“Hi Modella, welcome to the Augusta stretch, my name is Christopher. I am sure this place will stretch your imagination.”

The old man, maybe somewhere in his eighties, reminded her of someone. She couldn’t put her finger to where she had seen him, so she bluntly asked him.

“Thanks, Christopher. There’s something familiar about you...”

“Yes, I’m Christopher Alexander.”

“Of course!”

He was her favourite architect and urban planner, in her mind a genius, with a capacity of clear thinking equalled only by very few people on this planet. He had been a major source of inspiration during her architecture studies, as his focus was on understanding how to build towns and buildings where people feel good.

Unlike most architects, he was looking at the big picture of the built environment, so he was equally interested in town planning and in building design. For Modella, that made intuitively sense, because every building is part of a landscape or townscape.

“Where are we?” she asked him, as she didn’t recognize the villages that she could see beneath her, and she had never heard of the Augusta stretch.

“We are in your imagination...” he said jokingly.

“No need to remind me of that,” she said, doing another pirouette in the air, to confirm, mostly to herself, that she was very much in a Dream World.

“We are in Western Australia, on the south coast.”

She thought of the town of Augusta near Cape Leeuwin, the southwestern most point of the Australian continent.

“Ah! I know of the town of Augusta, which must be a bit further west, but why do you call the place the Augusta Stretch?”

“Because it stretches from Augusta to Port Augusta.”

“That’s quite a stretch indeed,” said Modella, guessing it must be at least 2,500km, over 1500 miles.

“Yes, about two thirds of the southern coast of Australia. It remained almost uninhabited until the 2030s, then a new development was launched to properly settle this area.”

“I had always wondered why this region had not been developed more, because most of it has good climate with sufficient rain.”

“Well, it was found out that the local Aboriginal people had used some powerful white magic to prevent development in this part of the continent. They did not want it to be turned into another ugly Gold Coast or other automobile-focused suburbia with unhealthy architecture.”

“So, what triggered the change?” asked Modella as she could clearly see that the region was full of villages, small towns and a few bigger urban centres.

“I’d say a combination of factors. First, the Aboriginal Elders realised that “country is lonely”, it needs more people to take care of it. And that isn’t only the case in Australia. It was reckoned that many bushfires in Southern Europe were also due to the fact that many farmers had moved to the city, leaving an insufficient number of people to take care of the land and forests in the countryside.”

“Somehow all that makes sense. What else triggered this change?”

“Overall higher ethics in the construction industry, simpler legislations, as well as better quality education of urban planners and architects.”

“Yes, all these changes sound like they would contribute positively to a nicer built environment.”

“Ah, and also some new laws preventing real estate speculation.”

“Finally,” thought Modella, who was fully aware of that problem in her profession.

“If you don’t mind,” said Christopher, “let us land somewhere and talk more over lunch. At my age, I shouldn’t be flying around so much any longer.”

“Sure,” said Modella, “now that I have the big picture, I’m curious to see what’s on the ground.”

They flew down toward the coast.

“Let’s land in the Kambarang village centre,” said the old man.

“Wow!” said Modella as they approached and made a turning descent above the cliffs.

There were quite a few people walking on the promenade along the cliffs, supposed to be some of the most spectacular in the world, some parts of the cliffs are over a hundred meters high.

They found a nice restaurant on the promenade overlooking the Great Australian Bight.

“As you can see, this place has become very popular since people learnt to fly,” said her Dream World guide, pointing at the fenceless cliff edge where people took off and landed.

“Can everyone fly?”

“Yes, like swimming lessons, it’s now compulsory to learn at school.”

“It’s an absolutely amazing feeling, I must admit, better than sex!” said Modella uninhibitedly.

“You still need sex to make children,” responded Christopher in a matter-of-fact way.

“Another question,” said Modella, who remembered the importance of asking many questions in her Dream World travels, “as we flew over the now built-up landscapes in this part of Australia, I felt I could recognize some of the patterns you wrote about.”

“Indeed, it turned out that my theories were sound, and now most urban planning strategies incorporate at least a few of these patterns in new town developments.”

Modella remember having been fascinated by Christopher Alexander’s book *A Pattern Language* that he and his team published a few years before she was born.

“That being said,” admitted the old man, “my knowledge alone has been insufficient to develop towns with harmonious architecture.”

“So, what was missing?”

“Some theories around proportions and the Golden Number, as well as Greek and Roman architectural orders and various insights from other great cultures of human history.”

Modella observed the buildings in Kambarang and although some aspects reminded her of European architecture, there was more to them, the buildings felt genuinely Australian. So, she asked Christopher:

“But there must be something more...”

“There is indeed: Indigenous knowledge. Although most Aboriginal cultures of this continent did not have architectural buildings as we conceive them, they had tens of thousands of years of knowledge about Australia, and have worked together with non-Indigenous planners and architects to mould our built environment into a genuine local new Australian architectural style.”

“The result is amazing,” said Modella enthusiastically, “I can feel very positive vibes that I have only seldom come across in the real world.”

Modella then asked Christopher, as they sat and people-watched the cliff promenade: “People look so healthy, radiating, is that the effect of flying?”

“Only in part,” responded the genius architect, “flying is more like sex or physical exercise in general: it is positive for your health, but by itself not sufficient for emotional stability and enduring health.”

“What are the other ingredients?”

“Nutrition, obviously, which you are already aware of. But there are many other things, too. For example, social connections have been proven to be the most solid health predictors throughout many health studies over the last few decades.”

“And how can social connections be facilitated?” Modella knew that schools and universities were fairly good for that, albeit not the online versions, but once out in the “real” professional world, she found it much more difficult to get to know people and have quality social connections.

“Third places.”

“Third places?”

“Yes, places like this which are neither home nor workplace, where people can meet.”

“But we already have quite a few cafes, pubs and bars and restaurants...”

“I know, the problem are the unwritten social rules and inner fears of people that prevent them from talking to strangers.”

“So, what’s the solution?”

“See, here for example, the bar next door is a place where you can go if you just want to meet new people. There are no ‘cliques’ and you are welcome to join any conversation at any time. Other people will approach you too.”

“OK.”

“Then there are places specifically for single people, or people who want to find new intimate partners.”

“Another third place is parks and playgrounds and barbecue sites where families with children get to know other families.”

“That’s more common in ‘real’ life.”

“Yes,” confirmed Christopher, “and finally there are third places like the restaurant where we are sitting now where you go to have more in-depth conversations with someone, be it for romance, for business, for education, or any other purpose.”

“I guess we can file our conversation under ‘education’?”

“I’d say so, as it is my wish to share all the knowledge that I have gathered during my long career as an architect and urban planner.”

“Thank you,” said Modella genuinely, “your books have been a major inspiration for me during my architecture studies and I use at least some of your patterns in most of my professional projects.”

“I am glad to hear that, because I think that somehow my understanding of architecture was a little ahead of its time.”

“Yes, Christopher, you were at least half a century ahead of your time... but as we see with Nikola Tesla, sooner or later mainstream people end up catching up with geniuses.”

“Thanks, Modella. I guess the main thing that most people do not understand about the patterns of *A Pattern Language* that I wrote, is the psychological unease that our patterns solve. And these architectural patterns lead to better health. Because when these patterns are not followed, people in a city street or in a building will not feel relaxed, they will stress. And stress causes disease.”

“More precisely, why is it so?” Asked Modella, hoping that Christopher would be able to share some important insights that could benefit the Grooters’ Pact, and thus her parents and other people as well.

“You see, every human being has a subconscious mind that analyses everything, and has an incredible capacity to identify and feel when something is wrong, be it with a building, a landscape, or a person’s dress or behaviour.”

“I can confirm that.”

“Now, identifying that something is wrong, that’s the easy part. The tricky part is to know what alternative would put our subconscious to rest, what would create inner peace in a given situation. And that’s the research my team and I did for several decades. Unfortunately, it only covers architecture and urban planning, but the basic idea of patterns is applicable to all fields of human endeavour.”

“Maybe you could give one or two examples of your patterns?”

“Sure, take T-junctions. When you drive and arrive at a T-junction, your subconscious will feel more at peace than at a regular four-way intersection. And accident statistics confirm that they are much safer. Roundabouts are a great alternative, too.”

“And for architecture?”

“One of my favourite patterns is the one about the importance of having windows on at least two sides of every room. The reason for this is that our subconscious feels that there is something wrong when there is not sufficient light and it is hard to read other people’s facial micro-expressions.”

“But how is that linked to health?”

“Very good question, young lady. As I said, our subconscious registers all these subtle problems, and when it identifies something that is wrong, it puts itself into solution searching mode, which takes up a lot of brain energy.”

“And what are the consequences of that?”

“The same as for a computer where there are plenty of programs running in the background: they slow down the computer... and eventually the computer crashes. And that’s when diseases, accidents or death kick in for human beings. The computer slowing down are warning signs that need to be taken seriously and addressed.”

“Unfortunately, our knowledge on how to address health issues are not very good.”

“That’s your task to find out with your Grooters team. I hope to have contributed with a few pieces of the puzzle.”

“You definitely have, Christopher. Thank you so much for your time and insights.”

“You’re welcome. To summarise, the subtlety of the patterns in *A Pattern Language* is that they identify and resolve psychological conflicts linked to urban planning or architecture. And as long as the causes for these conflicts are not removed, we will have both inner and outer human conflicts in the world.”

“I understand.”

“That’s why we have so many quarrels, or worse, without any obvious explanation. Resolve the patterns and quarrels should dissipate. And learn about *feng shui* too, I think it complements my own work.”

“I am well aware of *feng shui*, but it’s not that easy to get perfectly right.”

“You need to combine it with more knowledge, like the pattern language.”

“This is so helpful, thanks Christopher.”

“Thank you for listening, Modella. And know that the Augusta Stretch is not only your Dream World, it is my dream too. That’s the kind of world I always wanted to build.”

Last time she checked in the real world, Christopher was over 80 years old, and would probably no longer be around to see the Augusta Stretch and Kambarang being developed, but she made a pact with herself to do whatever she could to share his knowledge so that one day, this continental paradise could be built.

Christopher could feel her thoughts and said: “Yes, my days are counted now, but you can reach me in the next dimension should you have any important questions that you think I can answer.”

“I know,” said Modella, feeling so fortunate about her superpower to communicate with deceased people.

With no further words, he affectionately put his hand on hers, then stood up, walked up to the cliff edge, started to hover, and then flew away toward the ocean horizon.

Modella sat on the restaurant terrace for a good while, meditating about their conversation. Then she rose too, and walked around in Kambarang, taking in the surreal surroundings, watching people and carefully observing the architecture of the buildings, trying to understand what made them so beautiful and harmonious. The great thing is that she could now fly around and see the town and buildings from above, from all angles and perspectives, far better than just watching a drone footage. Flying was an architect’s and town planner’s dream ability.

She came to the conclusion that the Aboriginal artwork on buildings was the main ingredient that made this place unique on Earth. Additional harmony was created because people were dressed with clothes having Aboriginal paintings on them.

But there was more to this place. The gardens had no fences, which allowed the kangaroos to come and mow the lawn whenever they felt like. Modella also observed how black swans were helping people to extract weeds from their flower gardens. That long neck was certainly useful for such tasks!

And one resident she stopped to have a chat with showed her the small birdhouses she had installed for micro-bats who ate up to a thousand of the notorious Australian *mozzies* (*mosquitoes) per hour at night so that they didn’t bother the human species. Modella was also told that the reason there were now so many trees in this formerly arid region is that they renamed the *Nullarbor Plain* to *Arbor Essence*.

“Could the name of a place have such a huge impact?” Wondered Modella.

Expecting to hear Leo’s voice soon, she took the opportunity to fly more and re-live that incredible sensation as much as possible before her return. She then flew over the cliff edge,

down to the ocean surface where the waves were crashing into the cliffs, then out at sea a bit further where she could spot whales and dolphins.

“What an extraordinary feeling!” She told herself, “I can fly!”

Back with her feet on the ground at the top of the cliff, she thought to herself: “But how does this flying actually work? There must be an explanation?”

Suddenly, a handsome Aboriginal man walking by told her: “There are explanations for everything in this universe. *Kaya*, I’m Waugal, by the way.”

“*Kaya*, I’m Modella, nice to meet you. And where can I find these explanations?”

“Well, libraries contain a lot of knowledge. Book libraries, digital libraries and the Internet, as well as natural libraries.”

“Natural libraries?”

“Yes, many explanations and answers can be found in landscapes and in nature, even in the sky dome at night. These are the libraries that have been used for tens of thousands of years by Indigenous people all over the world. And then there’s the Dreamtime library.”

“Dreamtime library?”

“Yes, explanations that you get through your dreams, particularly lucid dreams. We’ve used this library for a very long time on this continent.”

“Fascinating,” answered Modella, “so, I’m actually in the middle of the Dreamtime library right now?”

“Yes, you are, welcome to our world,” confirmed the Indigenous man.

“Now, if this is the Dreamtime library where I can access answers, I’d like to understand more how people are able to fly here – without any technological help. How does it work? And will we ever be able to fly like this in our waking lives?”

“Yes. Remember someone said ‘*This, and much more you can do.*’?”

“Jesus, I think,” answered Modella, remembering her *WOW* boots in Moovia.

“Exactly, so walking on water is just a small example of many amazing things that humans can do.”

“Which means that flying, too, will one day be feasible, for us, mere mortals?”

“Yes,” confirmed Waugal.

Modella pushed on with questions: “So, what do we need to know and understand?”

“First some basic physics. How does a hot-air balloon work? Why is it able to fly?”

“Some lighter-than-air gas lifts up a small charge.”

“Yes, now, as you can see with hot-air balloons or airships, you need a huge amount of such a light gas, be it hydrogen, helium or hot air, to lift a tiny charge, the basket or gondola with a few people in it.”

“OK.”

“Now, let’s switch our thinking from regular physics to the *Physics of Emotions*.”

“Yes, I think I’ve heard of that,” said Modella.

“It’s simple: positive emotions lift us up, negative emotions weigh us down.”

“That sounds logical.”

“It is. And like for hot-air balloons, you will need a huge amount of positive emotions to lift up a tiny charge of negative emotions. Simple maths.”

“So, the reason why humans cannot fly in our dimension is that they have too many negative emotions weighing them down?”

“Precisely. There are a few exceptions. Some Indian yogis manage to levitate, and a few of our Aboriginal medicine men have been able to fly. But these are extremely rare cases that one has not been able to record because these people vibrate on far higher levels than most humans.”

“Can you give me an example of a negative emotion that prevents us from flying?”

“Emotions are linked to beliefs. So, if you for example stand on a rooftop or on the edge of a cliff and don’t believe that you can fly, then you won’t be able to lift off. Your fear to fall is too big, and your few positive emotions are not sufficient to let the ‘balloon’ soar skywards.”

“But it feels impossible to achieve this in waking life.”

“You see, that’s your limiting belief, a major negative emotion that is a fulfilling prophecy.”

“You got me. So, what can we do?”

“Learn to fly.”

“Sure, but last time I checked learning to fly was not on schools’ curricula.”

“I grant you that. But it should be and will be in a not-too-distant future.”

“So where can I learn to fly?”

“Music. Dreams. Books. Dreams are obvious. This is what you are doing now. And even once you’ve used up your credits with Dimenport’s machine, you should learn lucid dreaming so that you can come back here or elsewhere in the Dreamtime and train your flying skills.”

“And what about music?”

“Haven’t you noticed how many song lyrics talk about flying?”

“Sure.”

“Well, some of these songs are clear or sometimes hidden instruction manuals with pieces of knowledge that will help you solve the flying equation.”

“Really?”

“Yes, so you need to analyse, not only the subtle meanings of the lyrics, but also the structure of the melody, and how they fit together.”

“Many of my favourite songs involve flying,” exclaimed Modella.

“For a reason,” said Waugal.

“And what about books,” she wondered.

“Like songs, books too contain pieces of the puzzle. Check with your librarian.”

Modella thought of Verity. She must certainly have come across some book that may contain hints. Librarians have so much knowledge, but we must ask the right questions.

“Thank you so much Waugal,” said Modella and gave him a big hug.

“You’re welcome, I’m glad more people are starting to catch up with our knowledge about the Dreamtime.”

Modella walked around to discover more of this wonderful place. She came to a small park, with a little lake in the middle. She sat down and reflected on her feelings, especially those linked to flying.

Then she told herself that it would be even more amazing to fly with someone she loved. She had read in a book on lucid dreaming that she could create anything she wanted in her dreams.

So, she thought: “Maybe I could have Richie come over for a visit?”

A few moments later, she heard a voice behind her: “See what a gorgeous woman I found in the park.”

“Richie!” exclaimed Modella, jumped to her feet and gave him a hug, followed by a kiss.

“You called me?”

“Yes, kind of. Richie, you must experience this exceptional feeling of flying, and without any technological help.”

She kissed him again, then took his hand and ran and then both of them lifted off the ground.

“Wow!” said Richie, “this is so cool, and what a feeling, I’m feeling so light.”

“I absolutely wanted you to experience this,” said the beautiful blonde architect.

They embraced in the air, then held hands and flew higher up above the small coastal town, then over the cliffs, out over the ocean where they could spot whales spitting out water right below them in the turquoise waters.

♪ *Su di Noi – Pupo*

Then they flew back over firm ground, over the vastness of the fields and forests that connected hundreds of villages in the Augusta stretch.

“That was your last hopping,” said Leo.

“Woow!!!!” cried Modella when she woke up, “that Dream World definitely stretched my imagination. What a feeling! I can fly!”

MODELLA D’ALLEMO – THIRD DWT – 05.06.2018

As they watched Modella’s latest Dream World travel together, Modella whispered in Verity’s ear:

“Trust me, this is better than the best sex you’ve ever had.”

“Seriously?”

“Yes, it’s an indescribable feeling of lightness, I hope you’ll be able to experience it one day.”

Verity reflected on what Modella just said and thought back on her discussions and experience with Aaron and Aurora in Québec. Then she realised that flying must have to do with the upward energy that they described, and that people feel when they are in love.

“So, maybe flying is something like love on steroids?” she told Modella.

“Maybe. In any case the English word *love* is a perfect anagram for the French word *vole*, fly!”

“Yes, and sometimes you need to open the fly to access love,” said the naughty blonde, and they both giggled.