

SPACE IS MORE THAN IT SEEMS



At Radvaň in Slovakia

Here some space is arched under a rainbow, but everything you see here is fully permeated by space; the trees, their leaves, the sky above, the ground below, the rainbow and you, wherever you are. The moon, sun and stars, are all permeated by space, right the way through. Space is an invisible entity that is never empty. A vacuum is empty of matter but always full of space. Space is the universal theatre in which multifarious manifestations of energy unfold and where energy can occur in particulate form, appearing to you in the three dimensions you can see - yet there is other energy that you cannot see. Space is mysterious and suffused with energy which may hold invisible immortality and where powerful forces prevail and which warp space and time. Space doesn't impede your movement when you move, like air or water when you are immersed in them, and the volume of space in a room does not change whether it is empty or full of material objects. When you enter a room you displace air, but not space. When you move, your manifestation appears in other parts of space, it 'lights them up' as it were, but space does not move, it is everywhere as a static fabric on which energy plays. Being manifestations of energy ourselves, appearing in space, we are limited by being part of space in what we can perceive, while energy weaves an ethereal tracery of magic with unimaginable consequence.

Radvaň

This is a good place to start this story. I met John George Radvánsky, the hereditary Baron of Radvaň, while we were both living in Tasmania in 1973. John was Hungarian and had lived through the 2nd World War in his family's house in Budapest, and shortly thereafter he escaped communist rule, getting to Australia. When I met John he was establishing a philosophical group to understand the 'history and development of ideas' at the *Tasmanian College of Advanced Education*, and from our discussions I became aware that knowing the history of an idea, usually sheds additional light on the fuller understanding of that idea. How an idea comes together in a person's mind is crucially, but sometimes subtly, involved in the final outcome. At this time I was a cell-physiologist at the *University of Tasmania*, and my wife was a physiologist-neurologist, but both of our interests had long strayed into ecology, parasitology, tectonics, and the evolution and distribution of tidal forests and their floras and faunas. I saw how these apparently divergent fields all had a platform in cell physiology.

I had recently been appointed as a consultant to the *United Nations Food & Agriculture Organisation* (FAO) and had worked in South East Asia and Africa, and I had connections dating back to the late 1940s with aboriginal groups in mainland Australia. I also had research and exploration work in progress in Northern Queensland, Papua New Guinea and New Britain. All my interests inter-connected, but nobody in Tasmania, at least in my ken, and except my wife and John Radvánsky, had the imagination and interest to deal with my ideas. Then in 1975 some friends from overseas came and we revisited some of my childhood ideas, which I began to integrate with my more recent 'thought-endeavours' which then began to crystallize into a gloriously new way of seeing the universe, at least for me. Since the 1970s, modern science has not destroyed my early ideas and I have reason to divulge them now. John Radvánsky, who sadly passed away in 2007, would probably have been delighted by this story, based on my notes and a play which I had written in 1953-4.

However, writing the history of my idea first came after meeting one of my students downtown in Hobart with his 13 year old sister in the university holidays of 1976. I took them to lunch, and the young girl, after drinking coffee and demolishing a huge ice-cream, asked me, how did I get my ideas of space? I had been discussing space with to my student, but his young sister had listened intensively and immediately understood what I was saying. She did not raise the objections that usually came with age and the general prejudice of adults. So I told her.

The history of my ideas

I was born at the beginning of 1934 and can remember events and my feelings from back to 1937. For example, I remember the sunny afternoon when my paternal aunt and grandmother lifted me up so that I could post a letter in a large red British Mail Box (known as a Pillar Box) in Littlehampton, Sussex, England. The mail box moved away from me, but not the one shown here.



I tried to post the letter again, and the pillar box again moved away. It did this repeatedly and then it laughed at me. I was terrified, and my aunt dropped me to the ground, and then it became clear that this mail box was just a man in a cardboard box. I became angry and began to kick the box. My grandmother told me not to kick the box, and explained that this day was special because it was a Coronation Day, and King George VI of England was being crowned right then. Then she told me there was going to be a parade, and that was what we had really come out to see. I then became cross with my aunt and grandmother for tricking me and making me look foolish.

I hated to be tricked by people who I trusted, and this grandmother was the most trusted person in the world for me, while my own family was currently in tatters. Also, I had thought that Kings were not real and only to be found in fairy stories, and this upset me because Kings were real! Why hadn't I been told this? I immediately said I wanted to leave the Common (grassy area publicly owned) and go to Lobb's Wood, not far from where we were. I did not want to see the parade, but I had too! I saw kilted soldiers playing bagpipes and I didn't like their noise, and I remember asking why were they dressed as women? I learned a new word, kilt. It was 12th May 1937 and I was 3 years and 2 months old. I remember this well - but like Maurice Chevalier who sings the song *I Remember It Well* in the movie *Gigi*, I might have got a few things wrong! I do realise that memory is deceptive because it is coloured by present events as Albert Einstein pointed out, and

as I am currently writing my autobiography for some movie producers with a view to making a film of my life, I know this very well. Yet, parts of this little story pop up quite often in early chapters of my autobiography, so I am condensing it here as a cameo.

The experiences of life in communities certainly leads to prejudices that all children are initially free from, but later they are driven to accept the tarnished ideas of teachers of all sorts, or else the children become outcasts. I have known this from as far back as I can remember. From 4 years of age onwards, I found that adults, including my parents, tended to rubbish my ideas as being simply 'imagination', even when my ideas came from my own observations. I knew that some of my ideas were correct, and I became angry when they were automatically dismissed as being the imagination of a child, *id est*, children are imaginative and have foolish ideas, and that these two things inevitably go together. I knew some of my ideas were just hypotheses before I knew the word hypothesis. I just knew the concept, and knowing it was important and it came from my intuition, even before I knew that word.

I knew I could find facts by myself. I would not disbelieve what I had found just because adults would say it was childish and therefore wrong. If I had discovered something myself, whatever it may have been, it was my knowledge. Later, I had to qualify some of my ideas, due to further of my own observations, or from my parents when they needed to explain certain facts. Yet I knew adults could lie, even my mother and father, and adults can tell you things that were wrong just to trick you, and then laugh at you when you found out. They made fun of you because you were 'only' a child! They didn't even think of the hurt that a child can suffer, by being laughed at. I knew there was no Father Christmas (Santa Claus of the USA), but there had once been a Saint Nicholas who put money into the shoes of poor people at Christmas, which story my trusted great grandmother told me after reading it to me from a big book (probably *Encyclopaedia Britannica*). I always believed her because she had a library which filled a whole room, and she was serious and thoughtful, but full of fun. She died at 102. She just fell down making tea in her kitchen.

I realised that I thought of space differently from everybody I knew. I thought space was a real thing and that there was no such thing as empty space. I always thought that space was a real invisible entity. I thought of it as being an invisible jelly that went through us, but when that idea congealed in my mind I cannot say definitely. I remember making a jelly with my paternal grandmother and the beloved aunt, when I was between 3 and 4 years of age. We put some gelatine into hot water and then some pieces of fruit, from tangerines and peaches, into the water, and I stirred it. I found that peach segments sank more quickly to the bottom than the tangerine segments, but I was required to continue to stir slowly and keep the fruit pieces up in the liquid. As it cooled the liquid became more viscous. When later, eating the jelly, I discovered that the tangerine segments were fully permeated by the jelly. Taking these pieces out of the jelly, I found they had become stiff, and I could prove that the jelly went through the pieces, not just between them. The cold jelly had the fruit pieces scattered within it, but if you took these out and warmed them, the jelly inside of them liquefied and came out, and the fruit pieces became soft. I knew that the jelly had gone through the fruit. The jelly held the fruit pieces in place, but they were not just held from their outsides. The jelly solidified between and within pieces of fruit, that is, the jelly permeated everything within the glass bowl holding the jelly. I understood this, and the fact was important to me later.

My concern about space began when I was between ages 4 to 5. We were then living in Worthing, Sussex, England, and I found that certain places curiously frightened me, groves of dark conifer trees, an old church, dark hedges, but also a brightly lighted grocery store among others. I liked only deciduous trees which put out light green leaves each year, and not the dark green leaves of evergreen trees and bushes, and especially the Cherry Laurel clumps (*Prunus laurocerasus*) that gathered darkness and hid things, and were often found in the gardens of our suburb. I felt that power, invisible power, was building up in these mainly dark places, filling the

space there. I could not look at these places, and I did not want to walk along some roads passing them. This seemed silly to my mother, but I was terrified that the power which was building up in their space might break loose with a huge scream of terror and this idea flooded my mind. I didn't know how to explain what I meant by power, but my father told me that power was a force of energy, but then couldn't say what energy was. Exactly where these reservoirs of space where invisible power built up is not important to this story, except that they were all in West Worthing.

The term 'power' became transformed to the term 'energy' in my mind well before my 6th birthday. I thought that energy could build up and fill certain spaces, and I thought I felt it, and it made me shiver, but my mother said it was my imagination (childish, thus not real) and she didn't notice anything if she went into energy-full bad places. I felt that the energy in these places was strong and was watching me and knew what I thought. I knew that birds didn't like laurel bushes. No birds sang from these dreary mounds. I told my parents that I knew that energy was always around us and could concentrate, but I didn't know what energy was, it was invisible, and space was invisible too. I was worried that if I thought about energy, or stared at the place that was collecting energy, that energy might break loose. I had no idea what it would do then, but it would cause chaos, disaster, death, and it would scream very loudly. The screams themselves might kill people.

These ideas were described as 'childish' and of course they were, and thus, because I was a child, they were not real. But to me they were! Other adults told my parents that I had a 'vivid' imagination. This was bad. I was a bad child because I had 'an' imagination, and the fact that my imagination was '**vivid**' appeared to make me doubly bad. They told my mother that I should have 'grown out' of 'my imagination', but I hadn't, and not growing out of it would prevent me from growing up. My mother said my imagination shamed me and her, and she began to take me for blind-folded walks and took me through some bad places, full of energy, on the assumption that I wouldn't know where I had been, but I sensed them and shivered and knew. Eventually one day I took the blindfold off and found we were in a very bad place, and when I asked my mother where we were, she lied. I ran away from the place. No more blindfolded walks.

Then the Second World War broke on us later in 1939, and we went to live in another town. It was East Grinstead, in East Sussex, and this seemed good to me. We lived in a new road and in a brand new house, whereas the house we left was old and dark. Our new road was broad and ended in a large circular cul-de-sac. The footpaths were made of concrete slabs and were white in the sun as opposed to the red brick pavements in Worthing, and there was a strip of grass separating the footpath from the road, in which sapling lime trees (*Tilia cordata*) grew. Yet suddenly we were at war with Germany, and in the south east of England, throughout WWII, we were never away from German bombardment.

World War II 1939-1945

When it was announced on the radio, that we were now at war with Germany, we were still in Worthing, and my mother took me outside and stood leaning on the wall of our front garden. Slowly the mothers of all the other families in the road (Harrow Road) came out and congregated in the road outside our house. They all spent a long time looking up into the clear blue sky seeing nothing but white clouds, but fearing something. I asked my mother what are you all looking for, but she didn't say - just ask Daddy when he comes back from work. He said they were looking for German aeroplanes who might drop bombs on our street, by which he meant on our houses. This did not frighten me and no bombs were dropped in our area before Christmas, but my father was moved to East Grinstead and became a manager of a grocery shop there, and he said German planes came over this town one afternoon and there was a dog-fight in the sky and our planes attacked the German planes, and some machine gun cartridges fell on the road outside his shop.

However, we moved to East Grinstead just after Christmas 1939, and the 'Battle of Britain' happened in our daytime skies during the summer days of 1940, just above us, and we saw many dog fights, and trails of smoke as aircraft caught fire and came screaming to crash on the ground. Although we lived on the outskirts of London, we were some 7 miles (12 km) each from two of the most important RAF Stations involved in the *Battle of Britain*, Kenley and Biggin Hill. When they were attacked we were very aware of it. Later, during the London Blitz, after the daytime air battle, German bombers filled the night skies. We then slept in indoors in a Morrison air-raid shelter for long periods. The mournful cry of the air-raid sirens had us catching our gas masks and trooping down stairs to our drawing room which housed our shelter, standing as a large table occupying a corner of the room. It was a 9 ft by 6 ft iron cage and was some 4 ft tall. Eventually we came to sleep in it on a mattress, that is, my mother and I, and the other 6 children, amazingly sent to us to avoid the bombing of London! At times the thump and crump of bombs kept us shivering, and the sudden incredible fantastic house-shocking huge sharp '**BANG**' that would suck your windows out (or sometimes in) left me as a tottering senseless wreck, trying to hear again, with sharp glass all around, and you knew that 'that' was a very near miss. You knew a nearby house may have been destroyed, but then, perhaps the bomb hit the road or the woodland that backed our back gardens, and you prayed for this. The 6 new children were called 'evacuees'. They were all close to my age, and 3 were my cousins! When this happened we never said anything about it, and when the 'all-clear' sirens sounded, we stumbled out of the shelter and went into the kitchen. We didn't look at each other, we were terrified, we knew it would happen again, and we might be killed next time. Somebody had probably been killed a few minutes ago.

Later in the war there were the V1 'buzz bombs' and V2 rockets right up to the last weeks of the war in 1945. The V1's came at anytime and at night the orange flare of their exhausts were clear. At the most intensive time, more than 100 of these V1 rocket planes crossed us in a day, and we were said to be in 'bomb-alley'. When the V1 engines stopped, when they ran out of fuel, you had about 60 seconds before the thing crashed and exploded. Like all the other kids, I learnt about munitions, explosive devices, guns, rockets and propellants, ships and submarines, tanks and aircraft, and watched the movements of the allied and axis forces from newspapers and the radio, and latterly from cinema news reels. Every boy and most girls understood what different war machines could do, how fast they moved, what type of guns or rockets they carried, on land, sea or in the air.

My life had changed. In Worthing I had been a lone soul. In East Grinstead I had lots of children to talk to, in our house, at school and in our street. I slowly lost my acute wariness of places of high energy, as more concrete concerns about all our lives overcame my fears, but I never forgot that there was energy in space and this could build up. This idea was embedded in my **mind**, not in my brain, and I knew there was a difference. I thought my mind was where dreams appeared, and I could go into this area of my consciousness, and it was a dreamland. It was fuzzy and warm in there. I could close my eyes and ears, and then my mind was aware of my thoughts as though they were visible, and were made of 'thought energy'. Energy was behind all the visible and invisible things in the world I was told. It used to be called Spirit, in fact it was the God's Spirit. This seemed right, because God was good - so my mother told me.

I did not like bitter tasting things. I tasted the chemicals in them, and was aware of them through my nerves and brain. The chemicals were real, and they came from green cabbage or kale, but what I felt, in my mind, I called bitterness. But bitterness *per se*, was not a 'thing'! You could not buy bitterness, but you could buy things that tasted bitter. The sensation of bitterness was not a thing that you could measure or weigh, but it was real. This was like love and hate. These too could be felt in my mind, and just like bitterness they were not material things, but most people's lives were governed by these invisible sensations or forces, yet people thought that they were not real! They didn't want to think about those things. I felt that these invisible things were real, and

powerful, and made you do things, and caused ideas or thoughts which controlled you, even the adults. These ideas flooded my mind and frightened me, and I could not let them go away.

My awareness of my life had changed. I could use my mind without moving any part of my body, and I could be in my own land in my own mind. Nobody could know what I was thinking or seeing in my mind! This gave me great comfort. However, one day my mother said, “*I don't know **what** you are thinking Robin, you are day-dreaming, God only knows what*” and she sighed. Yet that led me into another high level of concern that slowly impinged on everything I thought and did. How did my mother know this? I asked her, how did God know what I thought? It was in the Bible it seemed. But who wrote the Bible, and how did they know? How did anybody know? I needed to be aware of God, who is always aware of me, and this was a concern that grew over the years. How could God be concerned about me? And why would he be? I began to worry about heaven and hell. I thought that God might be in space, after all, God was invisible like space and energy.

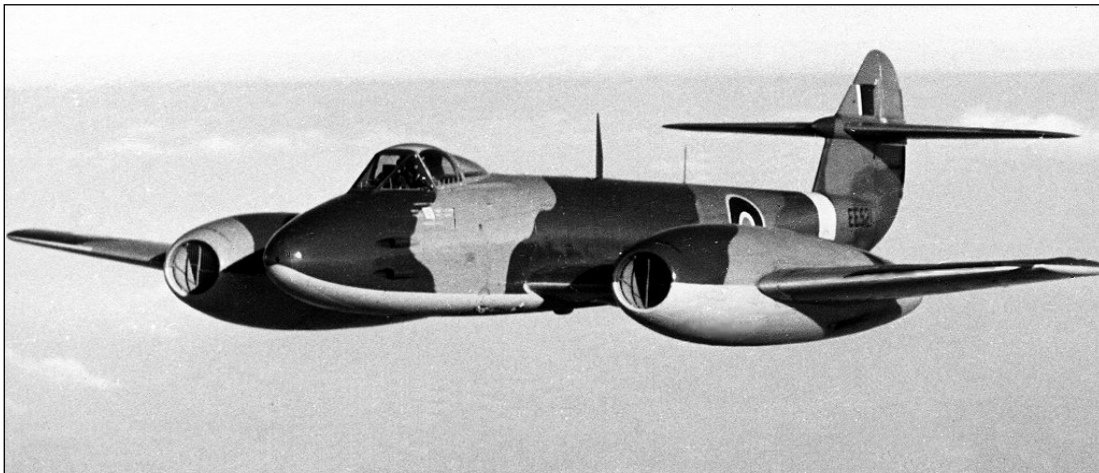
Being Believed

Once I saw a Spitfire with clipped wings, as though the tips of the wings had been cut off with scissors, but nobody would believe me. Yet when this version of the Spitfire XIV appeared on official aeroplane identification cards in packs of American cigarettes, I knew for sure I had seen one, but still nobody believed me, it was my imagination that had raised its wicked head again. I thought of many things that might happen, and I saw some things that did happen, but my mother and our neighbours said they did not happen (my father was then in the army). They believed I was 'making up' stories to gather attention.



Spitfire XIV Clipped Wings Version

On three other occasions during 1944 I saw a prototype Gloucester Meteor, the first allied jet fighter aircraft, and it had no propellers. It was circling overhead and flying very low and I was amazed that it had no propellers. When I told this to my mother and my neighbours, and my primary school teacher, they all rubbished me, and said the propellers were turning too fast to see. Neighbours said it had to have propellers to fly. But it didn't, it was the first jet 'plane. But nobody believed me. I imagined it. Yet I was right, although it took until the end of the war for people to learn about jet aircraft.



Gloucester Meteor. Mk 1, late 1944

There were other things that happened that built my confidence in my own observations, but this didn't help people to believe me. I was always the boy with the 'imagination' and that word meant 'saying things I knew were not real.' Is that a lie?' my mother often asked me? It never was.

We lived in a house at the neck of our road which ended in the wide circular cul-de-sac. One afternoon I saw a Spitfire chasing a V1 buzz bomb and shooting at it with its 20 mm cannons. I was standing in the circle at the end of our road and the aircraft came directly overhead. The buzz bomb blew up in the air when it appeared to be just behind the houses on the other side of the circle, but it was no doubt, a long way farther than this. It just disappeared silently into a quickly enlarging pool of dense black smoke, which the Spitfire actually went through. I saw this before I heard the deafening bang of the explosion which caused my mother and other neighbours to run out of their houses to see what caused the noise. The smoke was disappearing fast, as you would expect because the V1 had exploded 2000 lbs of TNT a high explosive (trinitrotoluene). I estimated the explosion happened about 200 - 300 ft up (V1s often came at very low altitudes) and at ¼ to ½ mile away. There was no rain of debris on our circle, and the V1 must have been flying away from me at about 400 mph (640 km/hr). Only a few fighter aircraft could match the speed of a V1 in level flight. My mother, nor any neighbour, believed me. So I asked them, what did they think that caused the bang which brought them running out of their houses. They didn't have an answer, but they said if a 'doodle bug' (slang for V1 rocket bomb) blew up over their heads they would know it. My mother then told me I made up fantastic tales that adults would see as impossible, and that I would bring shame on our family - again. She said there was nothing to explain the bang, but I still shouldn't make up silly tales. I was very unhappy. Why did people not believe me? I began to think that only children talk the truth, or saw things as they were. When I told this story to my cousin Michael, same age as me, who lived with us but was away up town when the event happened, he said *"Wow I wish I was with you. Did you hear the Spitfire's cannons?"* I did, because it fired them about 200 feet directly above me. Mike believed me, no hesitation. But he was another child, *id est*, stupid!

During a night time air raid early in 1943, I heard something crash into our roof. I told everybody I heard this, and said it might be a bomb. My mother said, no, there was nothing on our roof, yet in the morning I went out and found some smashed roof tiles on our back lawn, and persuaded my cousin Janice to see if we could borrow a long ladder from our next door neighbour. She came back with their eldest boy and the ladder which they steadied for me to visit our roof. There was a large hole about 3 ft by 2 ft, close to the chimney stack, and stuck there was an incendiary bomb, flat nosed, silvery magnesium with green painted fins. It had not exploded. I levered it out and told Janice to get my mother, and although she was cross at my being on the roof, she did believe the bomb when I showed it to her. I brought this bomb down the ladder slowly, holding it by the fins which had a circular ridge at the aft end. I dangled it from one hand, it weighed about 20 lbs, and was 30 inches long with fins, and I used my other hand to hold the ladder during my descent. My mother was standing close but had her fingers in her ears! Stupid of her, and I told her so.

The bomb had a flat nose with a detonator cap which I unscrewed on the kitchen table (stupid of me) but nothing happened, and there was a message scratched in the magnesium metal in side which said in English that it was manufactured in Poland and did not have a detonator, to stop it firing. In fact this was like one of many similar finds in London that year. This was useful information to get my credibility up a few notches because it was something that my mother was able to broadcast to the other neighbours, and prove.

Consciousness

Close to my 9th birthday in February 1943, I became fascinated by a girl, which led me into another area of interest. It was to do with 'consciousness' and the ways in which living things communicate with other living things. I was awakened to it when I was trying to tell my mother about this girl, called Pamela Curry, who I wanted to invite to my birthday party (incidentally the first party I ever had). This was the first time I was trying to say why I liked a girl. My cousin Janice, who was 3 years older than me, then announced that all boys were the same, and clumsy like elephants. In fact all elephants look the same, she said! They may be big or small, but they all look the same. My mother interrupted her by saying that Janice said this because Janice wasn't an elephant! My mother said elephants can clearly see differences between each other, and they probably think all humans look the same. That was a surprising observation from my mother.

I realised then we intuitively see much in another human than we look for in a dog, and then much more in dogs than we look for in elephants. I became happy. Here was a new subject to discover - how to communicate with others, to find exactly the right words to explain what was in my mind. I tried to find what I liked most in Pamela that I hadn't yet told my mother. What did I like? Was it her skin which was smooth and quite dark, and I knew she came from southern Italy. Her hair was long, black and softly wavy. Her eyes were black, and I loved the shape of her face and mouth. Thinking of her face made me quiver. Yet that wasn't it. Not at all. It was because she talked to me quietly, politely, properly, and didn't cackle like other girls when a boy talked to them. And she felt soft and warm, except I hadn't actually touched her. It was like as though she didn't end at her physical body and that there was more of her outside her body in the air which went with her. If I was next to her I felt a warm cocoon of something which was always close to her, but I never touched her. It was invisible but quite lovely and such a powerful attractor. Other boys didn't know that she had a soft, warm, wonderful, presence that reached out, at least to me. However, the thing that I liked about her most was her tenderness to me. She treated me very kindly and considerately.

My mother said I liked her 'aura'. But the thing that excited and shocked me, was that, what I liked about her was not physical, it was invisible. She liked me and talked to me as an equal, she was interested in what I said, she did not hide her face and laugh as the other girls in my class did if they were in the presence of a boy. My mother said I could feel Pamela's aura, but other boys probably couldn't, because their senses were insensitive to her, but mine were not. It was a chemical attraction she said, and this might partly be true, but it was more than that. It was not chemistry, not pheromones (not that I knew about them) because it was not physical, it was that she was tender with me, and I realised I must be tender to her. Why? We must both think each other important enough to care for. She was therefore precious.

This piece of knowledge was satisfying and exciting. How did my mind find Pamela so exciting, but other boys' minds did not. I was looking at her at school one day, seated behind her, and she suddenly turned and said "*don't stare at me*", but quietly and not in a cross voice, and I was shocked and it would have been seen on my face, and she smiled, a nice knowing smile. But how did she know? My mother said there was said to be a 6th sense, but most people thought that was 'just' imagination and therefore automatically foolish. But I wondered if there was another way to communicate, mind to mind. I thought that writing or saying words was actually clumsy, and how you sounded the words was important, and I would have to think carefully about anything that I might say to Pamela. It was Pamela's open frankness, kindness and consideration of me when she spoke to me was the different thing that separated her from all the other girls I had known. Kindness and tenderness *per se* were not material things, but emotional states of minds, and she caused them to bloom in my mind. It was not her perfume or voice that led to the emotion of tenderness in my mind, but the basic fact that she had been thinking of me tenderly or kindly, in

her mind. I thought that emotions in people's minds were generated by energy, but a form of energy, free invisible energy not imprisoned in matter, that fundamentally caused the behaviour of people.

Kindness was not a physical thing. Pamela could not dish out kindness to me, nor could my mother or father. Pamela would have to qualify what in her mind what she wanted to tell my mind, *i.e.* me. She could do this with out moving a muscle, but she needed to use her body to give me the information, by voice and by glance, but saying these things are delicate and difficult to say out loud. That Pamela considered my emotions when she thought of me was something very special. Other girls did not have the same concern for me, nor me for them. Some girls more than others, but Pamela fitted perfectly with me. So would her mind have the right ability to fit with mine? If so it might be possible to communicate with her without having to speak or write! After all, she knew I was looking at her behind her back, and there were no mirrors in the class room and the windows were very high, and she didn't wear glasses, but she knew I was staring at her! What else had she known about me? Did she perceive my thoughts?

When Pamela met some highly burnt and disfigured RAF men, who had survived burning crashes (there many of these in East Grinstead because where there was a special 'burns' hospital) she didn't look at them as different, and talked to them as warmly as to me. It was clear to me that she encountered their minds, not their bodies. She talked to them as few adults could, she was really unaware of their physical damage and asked then questions that others could not, and they answered her.

I knew that *if* I can see sounds, shades of colour, and scents, and the way I enjoy them, and send these as a 'thought packet' to somebody else, this would put communication on a new level. *If* thoughts could spread from mind to mind, and *if* you could select the receiver's mind, that would be really special. *If* that second mind was attuned to my mind then communication could be perfect. You would not have to put information through a rough and ready sentence construct, and send it via mouth to ear, and *if* a thought could pass on my feelings, my tastes and other nuances; well that was something to think about! Wouldn't it be great to be able to do this?

The First Written Language

A language where people could talk to other people had to have been developed thousands of years ago I knew intuitively. People needed to allow information to be passed verbally, with sounds which meant specific things. But later, there had to be a way to make particular sounds relate to specific visual images, like letters, and then you could make an alphabet, and string letters together to make different sounding words, each meaning a specific thing. Then old people could write thoughts down on papyrus (learned from bible studies at school) so their thoughts could be saved, and putting your thoughts into writing was a way to make your thoughts solid and available to others even after you die. You can send your thoughts to friends in a letter. However, we can do this now, but getting your thoughts transmitted to another mind, as you think them, was the perfect way to communicate.

You need many words to deal with a thought, and words were clumsy. Some thoughts are much shorter than others. It occurred to me that thoughts had size and massiveness even if you cannot weigh them because they were invisible, and they had different qualities, like 'light and airy' and 'dark and dingy', and some were very long, and others not. Although thoughts were invisible, you could use words to tell another person of your thoughts. Cousin Janice and I tried to make different thoughts come to life in each other's mind with little success. I wanted to try this with Pamela but I was never able to suggest this to her. I also wondered about the history of writing, not printing, but who made the first alphabet. I was full of curiosity, and made some notes on my

scrapbook. Janice already had one, and so I started one, and my mother bought us each a new blank book. I talked to the headmaster at my primary school about this, and he called it telepathy.

The Germans

It was in the middle of 1943 and the war was in our back-yard again. An airman parachuted into the woods close to our back gardens and I saw his descent. My mother and neighbour who originally 'didn't believe me', had to believe me when my friend and I raced off to find him and we did. He was stuck in a tree, and he was German. My mother and our neighbour got the long ladder again, and found a way for an Air Raid Warden (ARW) to come to help him down. He had broken his leg. He could not speak English but there were words and signs, and he understood OK, in fact everybody seemed too. He sat in our kitchen, drank a cup of tea, swallowed some aspirins, was obviously in a lot of pain, and told us he was surrendering by giving his pistol to the ARW man. The first real pistol I ever withheld. An ambulance and a policeman came and took him away.

I knew hundreds of millions of people did not speak English, but this person was the first one I knew that had other sounds for the same thing. They used other languages, so were the other languages able to say exactly what you could say in English, or maybe, say it better? The way you said a simple sentence could mean different things, and the pronunciation, emphasis and visual nuances, body language and even eye glances could qualify your sentence. This was what good acting was about. That is how Pamela told me she liked me, and how I told her that I liked her. I didn't have to say 'I like you Pamela' because everything I did with her contained kindness and consideration. And this liking was spiritually transferred, it was in the air, or may be space? We went on a trip to Littlehampton and met my paternal grandmother and great grandmother, and she told me that if I became an author, I would to have know French, and possibly Latin, to get the exact words to fit an idea perfectly.

I thought about language and the fact that you could say things in a few words that might open a picture in another person's mind that would say vastly more than spending a thousand words strung carefully together, but the German I just met would not be able to see any picture in his mind unless he really understood English. So languages are clumsy. They can make poetry, but another person must be aware of your language, as well having seen the same things as you, and to be on the same page, as it were, would have to have the same like or dislike for the picture you want to show metaphorically. In other words the other person's mind must have the same precise ability to see and know what you see and know. Since every person's face is different, it is likely that every person's mind is different too, and different people do see things differently. So they may react differently to different intricate auras. So to use telepathy, if it could be developed, you could need to be in touch with people with similar auras even if they had dissimilar languages, to make sure your thoughts were understood properly. I was trying to make notes on this subject.

However, it was a few weeks later, in July 1943, at 5 pm on a sunny afternoon, a lone German aircraft came across East Grinstead flying low, then circled it, dropped two bombs on the high street, destroying the cinema with one 500 lb bomb, and killing some 270 people and maiming more. Most of the dead were children who had been seeing a 'Cowboys and Indians' film. The 'plane circled again, and using machine guns, strafed the high street, killing more, and then got away. At this time our household had been reduced to five, two cousins (Janice and Michael), and me, my mother and sister (Caroline). I was in bed with measles. My mother refused to let my cousins go to the movies, to see this film, because I could not go, and she said they would spread measles there. But Janice sulked because she and Michael already had had measles and thought my mother was only stopping them because I could not go. Yet by 6 pm the sulking was over and we all knew that we were still alive and a number of our friends were dead, and this upset all of us. Why were we saved?

This had a significant impact on Janice and I. Why did the pilot of the German plane kill civilians, and do it deliberately, actually seeing them because he was so low? This was just wrong. We did not do that to Germans, or did we? Maybe his family had been killed in our air raids into Germany and that gave him hate for us. This brought us to think of thoughts of God. It seemed to Janice and I that the whole war was so very wrong and stupid. Why were so many European countries fighting each other, hating each other, for what? How did it happen? Who set up the war? Was it Hitler or Winston Churchill? If not, it was certainly just one or two men, because I didn't know anybody who wanted the war. I did not want the war. I wanted my father to come home. I did not want him to be in the Army. I did want the end of the incredible cloud of hatred that caused people to be insane and to kill and be killed instead of being loving and being loved.

What is love and what is hate, and what can we do about this stupid war? Why did I cheer when 'we' won a battle, and why did the Germans cheer when they won a battle? Why did anyone cheer that several thousands of young men have been killed in every battle! I heard people say that we will win the war because God is on our side! But God is not fighting the war! It is 'us', the people who are fighting the war, not God. How did they know that God was on 'our side'? I thought wars were just shameful, and they always have a victor and a loser, and always there was the loss of lives. And because there is always a loser, a war will never provide a final end. The only answer is to not have wars, and to do that 'we' just cannot have a tiny group of people who can control our lives absolutely. Who can say I will go into the army and fight another person's army? Who? There should be nobody who can force this on people. I will not fight for the King, or Winston Churchill; let them fight their own battle with Hitler. The whole system is corrupt and wicked, but saying this was not what anybody wanted to hear. I could see it in their faces.

You should be happy to die for your King and country they said! What? That was ludicrous, a totally unthinking thing for any one to say or believe! I thought about the trenches of WWI, and how thousands of young men stood up and got kissed by their girl friends, and then marched off to a war in a trance and got shot dead in a few weeks and never saw their girls again! And did their girls wonder what they had done? My mother said I should not say this to people, because I would become an outlaw. Yes, I said, *'I am going to be an anarchist!'* A word I got from my class teacher, because she said that my attitude told her that I was going to be one of these anyway. I wasn't sure exactly what an anarchist was but it sounded right, and it said I didn't like the rules of our community and wanted to think for myself and not have to say what others thought I should say just to try to fit in.

I wanted to think about anything rather than war. I want to live and see the glory of nature, of hills, forests, lakes, rivers and mountains and the animals that live in them. I wanted England to become a huge forest and not a place of cities and slums, and then to get rid of dictators and kings, and I realised that people have always been fighting, and there have always been greedy people who didn't care about others, and always a Robin Hood. But even then, he got his way with force, and the cycle went on. There must be another way. My primary school teacher (Miss Jovia) said it is by educating people, but I asked her, but teaching them what? She said:

"To think for themselves, and then think what is best for all others!"

I knew she was right about this. People generally don't do this, they wait for others to lead them.

I also talked a lot to Mr Murrell, the headmaster of my primary school, and who taught the top class. I had once talked to him for a whole hour after school finished, sitting in his office. He knew I was desperately concerned about the world and when I asked him, where did the first written language develop, and what language was it, he said he didn't know! But he said he would find out and tell me. He asked me what things I liked, and I said I was very interested in steam

trains, and the next day he brought me a technical book on steam locomotives with hundreds of good photographs. He said I could borrow it for as long as I liked, and he would answer my other questions later, because he had to do some research for this. He said I should start writing at home about things I liked and he asked about what made me happy. I told him sunshine and changes in the seasons, and Christmas and snow. Mr Murrell gave me a school writing book and as a consequence I began to write at home, and when I talked to my mother about this, I was so surprised and pleased when she said she would love to help me.

Poetry

I started to write poetry. I thought that was a way to work with words to make a sentence which had different understandings at the same time, just one instead of two sentences. The countryside out of town was full of beauty, and that it's ever changing quality was wonderful. My first poem was called *Seasons*. I wrote about the seasons of the year and of their auras, and for each of these I wrote only 5 lines to put a flash picture in the mind of readers, of what I thought was 'quintisensual' about spring, summer, autumn (fall) and winter. I didn't know that 'quinti' word until Mr Murrell told me what it meant after reading my poem. He said I thought about the quintisensual things, he said the 'essence' of things. I liked that. I began to love words that could tell me different ways to say things that were similar, but using them gave a different nuance (another new word) to a sentence. Getting the perfect understanding of a sentence was important to me. Sentences spoken to me often, told me more about the person who said the words than was intended.

My poem got into the school journal given to all parents. Writing it was a joyful experience. It was fun to explain how a hedge row looked, and felt and smelt, on an early morning of a frosty autumn day with spider's webs decorated with sparkling diamonds of dew glistening in the sunlight, and the sound my feet made when crunching through droves of dry fallen leaves, and the joy of stretching my body up to take hazel nuts from a tree while standing tall among breast high bracken (*Pteridium aquilinum*), and looking up into a clear blue sky which still showed a full pale moon, and with magpies clustering in a beech tree (*Fagus sylvatica*) whose branches and twigs were like sharp clean black skeletons. Getting it into 5 lines was not easy. I can't remember what I did say, but all these things as though a person was looking into a mirror of autumn (fall). I wanted to paint pictures with words, but really, I wanted to paint my 'thoughts' with words, or make new thoughts appear in a reader's mind.

I wanted to transfer my thoughts and my understanding of glorious things to others. Everything came down to thoughts, and being consecutively conscious of more and more, and giving this information to others was what I wanted to do. Maybe I could tell why war was so horrible. To tell Pamela Curry what music, voices, pictures and ideas that I liked was something that thrilled me, and to be able to tell her how I enjoyed sensations - the benison of hot water pouring over my back from my neck down all over me, after I had finished a long day's walk and was in a shower. I loved this sensation, warm and comforting. I should try to find out what Pamela liked and thought. Could I ever get her to see my thoughts, or could I ever be aware of hers? Did she like hearing the wind and rain when she was warm in bed at home and what did she then think of? I would have loved to see her dreams.

Minds and Thoughts

The idea of making connection to Pamela's mind, merging our minds, was the most breath-taking idea. You couldn't merge brains, but minds were not physical. It would be so warm and cosy to do this, to be inside each others minds, it shook my body, I trembled it was so wonderful, and I felt it could happen, well maybe if I could find the way! It would take ages to explain the thoughts I had, if I had to write them on paper, but if I sent it as a thought package this could lead

to full harmony and perfect intimacy. I could think of things that I couldn't tell anybody, but could merge my thoughts into Pamela's mind, and all my thoughts and fears would be instantly with her. I wouldn't have to explain why I thought this, or feared that, because all the reasons would be there, integrated in a complex of thought, like an energy thread in my mind - looking like a large tangle of wool. A whole thought would inherently come with all its history and qualifications. At the moment it would take a whole book to write a short story, explaining everything. Why did I think something, and thus, why did I do that, or think that? And even then a reader might not understand what I intended by this word or phrase, but with thought transmission there would be no language problem, just knowingness. So it all came down to thoughts and minds. So what is a thought?

When I am sleeping, my brain keeps my physical body working properly, but I am not aware of this. When I am awake, my brain is active and it does what I want it to. It directs my body, but when I am asleep, and dreaming, things come to me which I don't consciously search for. When I dream, the story, like a movie, comes from somewhere else. I see it in my mind, in fact I often feel that I am in the story, but where do my dreams come from? I will say they appear in my mind, and I feel this intuitively, and I realise my mind is **me** or attached to me. My brain is part of me anatomically, but it is made of matter, and my dreams and thoughts are not. They are spiritual and made by free energy I felt. My brain is connected to my mind, but my mind is invisible and cannot be made of the normal type of matter. Are there other types of matter that are invisible I wondered? Thoughts are not made of matter, they are not chemical concoctions, and my mind is, in effect, me! It is what replies, through my body, when I answer questions. For example, somebody can ask me whether or not, I like a picture. My mind responds by bringing together a plethora of thoughts that the picture causes. I can say it makes me sad, but this doesn't indicate all the thought integrations that went through my mind, and sadness is another invisibility. I do not believe that base chemistry in my brain gives me the answer, the yes or no to a question, and it cannot change how and why I may change my mind because there are a vast number of variations that I will check out in milliseconds.

My mind is an invisible part of me, but it is in reality, me. Minds can store data, and I can search for data in my own mind, which is the driving force of a person's life. Minds dictate what a person feels and wants, and orders its body to achieve this. It was Hitler's mind that brought about the war that was going on. His mind created thoughts and got his brain to put them into words, which gave pictures in the minds of others, and so his thoughts began to manifest in many other people's minds and thus a wave of thought could rise in a community which may then be a part of the mores (new word) of that community. And people generally don't fight against the mores of their own community or they become outcasts. This is what I am. This is what an anarchist is. That was it. It is a person who looks at the facts in their own minds and makes their own implications. My teacher, Miss Jovia, new this.

If I have a thought, I don't have to say it, do I? No. This means my thought is invisible, and secret, and other people don't know I have this thought. It is not a string of invisible words, but much more than that. I don't have to spell it out in words. It includes colour, pictures, warmth or cold, and scents, and music. The idea is magical! I have conjured a vision in my mind. It seems like magic. I can create ideas, magical ideas, in my mind. Magic might really happen, in fact it does happen in my mind, even if it doesn't happen in a physical sense. But I will have seen an idea, a vision, like a video, in my mind. Yet to do this I have to shut out my powerful local senses and close my eyes, and quietness helps too.

If I am awake and sensing my environment my mind is a buzz, but if I am asleep, and although my brain may be active as my mother told me her psychiatrist told her, I am not then searching for anything. Yet dreams often come to me! I do not conjure them up. This was frightening, because it told me that things come to my mind invisibly, and they don't come as, or made in,

matter. The transfer of thoughts is spiritual or energetic. I was young, just a kid, and therefore I could believe my mother when she used the word spiritual and I talked to Mr Murrell about this. He said yes, he dreamt things too, and they seemed spiritual. Certainly they weren't given to him by anybody and there was a lot to think of. Spirit might be energy he said. The invisible forces of the universe use energy, like magnetism and gravity, and they make force fields in space, but we don't know what energy is, yet it is like spirit, intangible.

I often see faces in bed at night when my eyes are closed. This is very common. The faces come and go, there may be many at one time, often lots of them together, they move and can stream through the visible area, coming in from one side or other, or top to bottom. I do not recognise any person, but many look familiar - as in daylight with my eyes open I can see a face and my mind tells me that "*oh its that kind of face.*" The faces may be men or women, young or old, in great detail, I can see the soft moustache on a woman's lip, see individual hairs. The faces are in colour, or ringed with a gold line, or in shades of grey. As soon as I open my eyes the faces disappear. My local senses take over, I see pitch blackness, or maybe a few photons seep in from the night sky.

Sometimes with my eyes closed I see scenes, and once I saw a dark green ceiling, covered with white paint, showing the dark colour between white brush marks. I opened my eyes, and it went, but came back when I closed my eyes. I looked hard, and could see a white painted ceiling above me, it looked some six feet above me, but maybe less or maybe more, but there was nothing between me and the ceiling in the vision, just clear transparent space. All this was in my mind. I knew it was a ceiling but I am sure I had never seen this ceiling before, in so-called reality. Or maybe this **was** reality, a reality that I glimpsed in my mind with other senses opening my mind to other regions of perception. The ceiling was there above me until I opened my eyes.

At night in bed I can see woodlands, or a road and buildings. These things appear in my mind when I am awake with my eyes closed, and when I am dreaming while asleep. I can sometimes walk into a house that I feel familiar with and negotiate my way, but this house does not exist in reality and I have never seen this house with my eyes open, and it is unconnected to anything I know. I am not using my local visual senses, my eyes are closed, and I am asleep. What I see then, is in my mind, not in my brain whose faculties open differently when I open my eyes and activate my local visual senses, which then override what my mind sees when my eyes and ears are shut.

I began to think that my mind is elsewhere than in my brain. I thought it was in space, but may be in the space you move over, and to which we maybe gently tied in someway. Space that permeates everything like the jelly I made with my grandma. I may be like one of the bumper cars which my uncle Philip ran at the *Butlin's Recreation Centre* in Littlehampton. There was a rink, and you got into a bumper car which had a mast which brushed an electrified ceiling which flashed and crackled as your car got electricity from the ceiling to make it move. Maybe space was like that, your mind brushed against space to pick up thoughts and keep you conscious. The floor of the rink, and the ceiling above and the space between behaved like the jelly we had made. It pervaded us, and when it was hot we could move in it. Space showed things as a three dimensional fabric in which we moved, but it might hold more that we don't see, and maybe, in some way I didn't know, time froze the fabric as it passed. So time froze the past moving ever forwards. Space was a connector to everything that happened in it, and I thought I may be able to pick up thoughts from space.

Gravity works throughout space, as does magnetism, and these were invisible force fields that space brings. They emanate from matter, but cross space, and there might be other forces that we do not realize. Maybe we see them all the time, and do not realise what they are. Thoughts are invisible, and they cause emotions in minds, and they too were invisible, but thoughts may be

emanations from a 'thought field' using space as a transmitter. However, thoughts do not emanate from matter as gravity does, but perhaps from invisible minds which are entities made of free energy. So my mind might be in space, but I always had the bumper car 'mast' to access it, and that is where my mind lives. It is in space, but not in my body in matter form, but maybe in the space that permeates my body. If the mast fails, like the mast on a bumper car fails, the car engine fails. The engine is dead. If my mast fails to connect to my mind, which is my refuge of pure energy, my body (engine) would die, but does that matter? What happens to my mind? It is not made of matter. It is made of pure energy which does not have a spacetime existence. My mind might transcend the death of a material body.

I know that I can think back, in my mind to thoughts of the past which I call memories, so using my mind I can go back into the past, if not physically, but bring the past alight again in my mind. This was another mind-shaking thought, since I could imagine what might have happened if I had behaved differently in a situation that my memory brings back to mind. I could visualize it, the people involved, and the way that the situation could have been different. I could think of another outcome. This is what authors do! They think things in their minds, and change them around and see which one suits their story. They do it all the time. It is a very common phenomenon. But you have to have a mind to do this, to use the invisible processes of minds, rather than the molecular chemistry of brains. It is into minds that we will expand science.

I was thinking in space, I was connected to space, and I believed that my thoughts required energy and there might be no limits to the energy which comes from the illimitability of space. Where does space end and where did it begin? If what I think is true, and I felt it was true, I realized that a Pandora's Box had been opened to me, but in my mind. What my mind knows will still be secret to others on this planet until I explain my ideas to them, or keep it secret? Or does space have its own all controlling mind, which sees my mind? Is this where a Creator comes in?

If my mind is in space, other people minds were in space too, and there should be a connection between to their minds. I think that 'bumper car masts' come from our brains to the space that permeates our brains, and I wondered if my mast could contact more than one mind! I felt perhaps I should 'back off' a little and think carefully about where my thoughts were going because they were running wild. And then I remembered Pamela's aura! It spread in space. It was limited in space. Perhaps it got thinner, less palpable, the further we are apart. Just like magnetism. There just might be a thought field like there are gravity and magnetic fields, mitigated by space. But no, love crosses space and time and does not necessarily wither with changes in these two parameters, *i.e.* your love does not change when your loved one gets closer or farther away when the navy sends his ship to the Falkland Islands and back on a military exercise.

I realised that there must be other minds in space even if other minds don't realize this, and you might be able to find information from these other minds, and that might be where intuition comes from. What if all minds could come together? I had felt that some parts of space may have been hostile to me when I lived in Worthing, with bad minds in space tied to the space of the clumps of laurel that don't like birds, but then I thought that these minds might not be 'bad' after all, they might be protecting me, or the laurel bushes, or both, by pointing their north poles to my north pole, warding me off! A thought field might have north and south poles. This thought made me happy, because there could be invisible forces to prevent chaos or catastrophes in the world. I began thinking about other minds in space which might be recognized by different living things and were not seen by humans, but maybe protecting or helping other living things, like plants. Perhaps there are other dimensions to space that we don't see or use. Space might have facilities that could allow other things to exist and lie un-noticed by humans.

The idea of a highly energetic space which pervades the entire universe, and that can be seen differently by different living creatures was possible, at least in my mind, and this opened up a wealth of fantastic ideas. But I tried not to open my Pandora's Box as new ideas seem to seep out willy nilly, and they might invade my being before I had come to terms with the first rush. I felt I had to go slow. By the time of my getting to secondary school in 1945 there was a huge well of information in my mind to be considered some time in the future that had been definitely locked down, suppressed, and I was fearful to touch it because of what it might tell me. I knew I was actively avoiding thinking of certain things, and I wanted another person to discover with me. I was getting isolated from others although they were all around me, unlike in Worthing where they were no friends. Now, what I imagined impinged on all my thoughts, and all other kids might laugh at me, and adults would say I was mad.

I wanted to meet Pamela Curry's mind. I knew it would shock her to tell her this, but to see her, eye to eye we might find a connection. I thought it could be done without any material contact with the right two people or even more than two. Now in recollection, I cannot be the only one to have thought of this, because several decades later the authors of *Star Trek* had people who had merged several other people's minds into theirs, hence the famous 'Seven of Nine' character as part of the so-called 'Collective'. Yet during the mid 1940's I felt intuitively that this was possible and would be easy if you knew the way, but the problem was to find the way. Galileo had said:

"All truths are easy to understand once they are discovered; the point is to discover them"

This was a proverb which I learned from Mr Murrell, and how true this is. When I told my mother a little about what I thought she was shocked and said she might have to take me to a psychiatrist to prevent me becoming insane, so I said nothing more to her.

However, the way to merge minds was teetering on my mind and it came to me after talking to Mr Murrell when he told me about two water waves interacting and becoming one wave with bigger peaks, or they may flatten each other out. If the peaks of one wave meets with the peaks of another wave they will merge and become bigger, but if the peaks of one wave meet the troughs of another they tend to cancel each other out. People talk about brain waves, but they probably mean mind-waves, and these will be waves of energy in space. Maybe mind waves could do this too, *i.e.* merge.

I must say here that I learned about atoms and molecules from Mr. Murrell, around this time, although science was not taught at primary schools in Britain. I then went into an intensive learning phase late in 1943, which was given a tremendous kick-start when I learned from a book given to me by a boy, Bert Piper, for Christmas that year. More about him shortly. I knew everybody would say that thoughts were generated by a person's brain, but I thought that was not right, and most people never considered it a problem. A brain is a control centre taking incoming information, and dealing with it to satisfy the material requirements for your body. Brains deal with inputs of information from our local senses, and these result in chemistry, or they are physical, but leading to chemistry, and our sensors transduce (new word) the information to your mind as free energy. This would require unpicking the atoms and molecules received, if the receiving input was material, but not if it was already in a free energetic state. The knowledge of atoms, and wave particle duality and the experiments of Thomas Young in 1801 and the two slit experiments came as a huge rush of amazing understanding from Bert Piper's book over Christmas and my tenth birthday in 1944.

The understanding of the separation of mind and brain is important. People have known this from ever. A person can tell you they are going to see a hockey match, but then go to a football match, and you can ask them, why did you change your mind? You will never say why did you change your brain! We know we cannot change our brains, but we know we can change our minds willy

nilly. A mind change can be instant. We can consider where to go, who to invite to come with us, what it will cost, and a wealth of other things in an instant. We know our brains are material structures that control our bodies with material biochemistry. We know our minds operate above matter, and are likely situated in space, except that the idea of 'situation' is a material one which is not appropriate in this context. Geography and geometry are tied to matter. Thoughts are not matter but are energy or spirit.

Minds work with free energy, and matter was congealed energy, and there is free energy in space. From the material world to the invisible world in our minds, a picture can bloom on a canvas of space. This can have feed back to promote changes in a person's brain chemistry to satisfy local material needs. Yet there other inputs, like love and joy, and hate and fear which our minds are aware of, but we don't have material love or hate sensors. People can love each other and love their pets and hate each other. You can love somebody and measure that person, but you cannot physically measure your love. Emotions, may lead to actions and speech, but love and hate themselves do not have a material presence. Love and hate are ethereal thoughts in minds. They are invisible things, and you certainly can't buy a pennyworth of either of them.

Deciding to write a story or a poem, and dealing with the unexpected but myriad thoughts that come to mind, and changing your ideas of how best to suit your story to a particular audience, or just one single mind, and assessing its implications, is something that scientists cannot predict chemically. I think the 'idea' that happens in your mind is a consequence of pure spirit. I think that writing it requires transduction between energy and matter, but at the root, it is all energy or spirit. There were so many exciting things to think about, which come down to how are thoughts made in your mind, and how can thoughts you are given by others light up and expand your mind. At 10 plus years of age these things over-ruled all my other concerns. Two things had come to help me, Bert Piper's book, and my mother's books.

My Mother's Books.

I know my ideas of thoughts further began to crystallize into fanciful imagery after reading a novel of my mother's when I was just 10 years old. The story impressed me strongly. There were no books in our house, just newspapers and comics. We were poor, we were in England, and we lived in a society where some people couldn't read or write. We took a newspaper, *The Daily Mirror* and a comic for the kids. Then I found my mother had two books (novels, love stories) secreted in her bedroom. She allowed me to read them, and I did, and the joy of reading non-war literature opened a huge sunny door for me. I read of times when there was no war, no dark times, and every child had a father at home, and the understanding that this war would definitely end.

However, the first of my mother's books became the first novel I ever read. I cannot remember the title, but it was about a young man who was very wealthy, athletic, handsome, and well educated, and altogether a nice person. He lived in a large country house with extensive grounds, lake, woods and kitchen garden, and a great lawn isolating the house from woods and nearby hills by a high stone wall. There was a majestic spreading tree, a Cedar of Lebanon (*Cedrus libani*), in the lawn, and wonderful lunches, dinners and celebrations, were given in the shade of this tree. On special nights, lights were hung in the tree, and open flames flickered from posts around, separating a pond of soft light, music, dancing, and cloistered discussion, from the soft surrounding blackness. Seeds of fervent love and bonds of warm friendship took root there, yet anxiety and despair also came. It was as though ideas, first breathed in the dark glowing circle, became part of the aura of the place, or the aura of the people, and I knew it would be almost sacred if I had suddenly appeared there. It seemed so real to me. I can see it still. It became a place of safeness which I visited in my thoughts. From this place, at festive times, the thoughts and wishes of the protagonists were promulgated into the continuous mist of the cosmos (new word from the book), but later their interactions came back to their origin, to rest, to be absorbed,

dispelled or dispersed. The story suggested that the thoughts of the characters in the book, wafted away out into the soft quiet night air, had energy. Thoughts are created with energy the author indicated, and I thought that thoughts were seen as invisible entities by the author, but unlike music which are vibrations in matter and are picked up by ears, what in a person could be gathering thoughts? Could it be the space in which people and the tree were manifestations? I felt that the author of this story had thought about the transcendence of minds and the thoughts of his protagonists moving out into the universe. When thoughts were in space, they might be able to merge with the thoughts of other minds, and come back to where the people originated them. Yet thoughts did not float in the night air, but in space! Thoughts were picked up by minds, also in space, and thus isolated from the energy in material things. If I have a thought in my mind it is instantly outside my material body. It is secret, until I tell it to others using matter, but this may not be the only way to transmit my thought. The writer must have had thoughts similar to mine, or maybe I just jumped on his. These are my words now, but they would have been very similar to those which I would have spoken that long time ago. Only the term 'cosmos' was new for me then and this came from the book. This word led to a great deal of thought that year.

However, my mother started to become a problem for me at this time. To even know people who were 'below our class' and therefore were poorer than us, and couldn't read or write, and were therefore inevitably dirty, was a real concern to my mother who insisted I should never talk to these people. Yet we were so poor too, and of the 'lower working class' ourselves, and she was so wrong in her attitude to others around us which made me unhappy and this led to angry arguments between she and me, which my cousins hid from. My mother was so wrong, but couldn't see why! She didn't see why we should be helping the very poor. We lived in one of the two private roads, in an area surrounded by council house roads, and thus the people who lived in council houses were deemed by my mother to be poor, dirty, unclean, unwashed and unreliable, and 'therefore' I should not to talk to council house people. Even talking to them, and maybe even seeing them, would spread badness. My mother's prejudices and the inability to look for the truth upset me no end. My mother, of all people, held these evil ideas!

Bert Piper

My father was away in the army. It was just before Christmas 1943, when Bert Piper who was a year older than me, and with whom I did a paper-round, gave me a science book as a present at Christmas. It was perhaps the biggest single gift that anybody gave me for any Christmas. My mother said Bert Piper came from a house rented from the council, and as we lived in a 'private house' (rented from a private owner) Bert was below our status and I had to give the book back to him. His present had been covered with brown paper, and was addressed to me in pencil, which indicated Bert's unworthiness she said. Unworthiness of what? She could not say the words. She said he had to have stolen the book because it would have cost a lot of money, and he was ragged and dirty and smelled, and couldn't have bought it himself. But Bert wasn't ragged and dirty, and he didn't smell! I refused to give the book back, since it had true gems of information inside. I did not tell my mother that I asked Bert where **did** he get the book and he explained from his brother who had recently left *London University* with a degree in chemistry, and he had given it to Bert when he joined the army. It was an undergraduate (new word) text book covering physics, chemistry, botany, zoology, geography and geology. It was nearly 900 pages long, was printed on really fine paper, gold edged, and was leather bound like the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, that Old Hampton Nanny had, and it was in excellent condition. I wouldn't have given it back to him even if he had stolen it! It answered so many questions that I had wanted to ask somebody, but there had been nobody to ask. This book was written by a person who knew the answers, so there was somebody who had a mind like mine and the feeling the book gave me was hugely glorious. It told me that my questions were sound. I was not alone. I devoured the book and I wanted to be a

scientist. I reiterate, science was not taught at primary schools in England at that time, and children could leave school and get a job at 14 years of age.

I learned so much from the book. When my paternal grandfather took my mother to the RAF Station at Tangmere, near Littlehampton, and had brought her home, and had stayed for dinner with us, my mother wondered at dinner, how 'they' made red and green flares for the RAF which she had seen that day. Grandad said that if a damaged bomber plane landed with wounded on board, the pilot would shoot out a red flare so that an ambulance would race out after the plane, but if all the crew were well, he would send up a green flare, even if the aircraft was damaged and couldn't get to its home base. But Grandad didn't know how the red and green colours were made, and I was able to tell them 'they' laced the 'pyrotechnical' material with strontium nitrate to burn red, and barium nitrate to turn burn green' and these chemicals made ordinary flames red or green coloured. There was silence at the dinner table and then 'What was barium nitrate anyway?' And how did I get to know this? And what was the flare itself made of? When I started to answer these questions my mother did not want to know. I said it was chemistry, and they did not want to hear about chemistry. My mother then gave my Grandad a vicious vindictive story about the 'boy' that stole the book, and I had to tell everybody that what my mother was saying was wrong. Her story came from her imagination, and she had never even talked to Bert Piper. So my Grandfather came and looked at my book and said it was beautifully bound and 'Hampton Nanny' (his wife) would like it. I told him that nobody could have ever given me a better Christmas present than Bert Piper. In fact his present was a life changer. I read and re-read most of the book, it opened a new huge wonderful world of science during 1944.

My other grandmother (maternal), the fierce Dragon Gran from Worthing, learned about this and she gave me a biology book for my birthday in 1944 which pleased me a lot, and before September 1945 when I entered high school, I had devoured much science, but algebra had not entered my mathematical skills at that time and I was unable to unlock a lot, but I was never far from my science books. I also had an atlas of the world, the only one in our road! Before the end of the war I had learned about atoms, molecules, elements and compounds, pyrotechnics, radioactivity and atomic structure. Later, from the BBC and newspapers in 1945-1946, I found out about atom and hydrogen bombs. My fear transferred from energy build up in space, to hydrogen bombs. Would the American's blow up the whole world by setting off a hydrogen bomb in the Pacific Ocean which might cause an unstoppable chain reaction in the sea? I also knew about coral and atolls, and how the Americans forced the entire population of Bikini Atoll to go and live somewhere else. I knew I needed other people to discuss my ideas with, but still there weren't any right then who had the necessary knowledge, and it was evident that my family didn't have the interest, nor would they give me the time to try to explain to them, but I did have Bert Piper's book, yet it did not discuss thoughts.

It did explain how energy from the sun gets to Earth? It comes in a spectrum of electromagnetic radiation, and part of this spectrum we see as light, and the whole spectrum is transmitted by space. Just as the water surface of a pond makes waves if you drop a pebble into it, the same thing happens when energy is dropped into space, but then the waves are made of space! Space and energy are invisible to humans, and you can't see the waves of space but they operate as though they were similar to material things. I understood that the energy of light came in photons of different energy ratios, giving their waves different wavelengths which we see as colours. If the amplitudes of the ripples (apex to apex) in water met with another source of ripples, and they meet, they may make bigger ripples if the tops coincide and the troughs coincide, but if the tops of one coincide with the bottom of the other, they may cancel each other out, and leave a flat surface. Just what Mr Murrell told me! He was right, it says so in Bert's book!

Waves of energy in space may also have this coincidental property, yet you couldn't see this as they are invisible, but what about waves of thought in space? If there is a thought field in space

and my mind is in space, then the waves of thought in my mind might coincide with waves of thought in Pamela Curry's mind, and we then might be able to merge our thoughts, or even our minds together. They would have to coincide however, otherwise they might flatten each other out and the thought would be gone. But this provides a mechanical way for thoughts to be transferred from one mind to another. I remember I just stopped my train of thought and sat still with my mouth open - that might be the way!

Perhaps the most important thing that came from Bert's book was that it confirmed Mr Murrell's ideas and gave him much more stature than I previously gave him, and the knowledge that I was now gathering from Bert's book was something that I should not be ashamed of in an adult world. Even if my ideas were fanciful, they were based on scientific facts that I can prove. What fascinated me was that space permeates things just as the jelly in my paternal grandmother's dessert permeated the pieces of fruit. So if space can be made to make waves of thought, which can carry energy, can these energy waves pass through solid material things or will the material block the waves? Space goes through all matter, but can material things filter or attenuate forces carried by space? And, if a mind is in space, can it be contained in a type of membrane which will allow it to have different porosities to allow thoughts in and out? A sort of 'osmosis' (new word) in space, like biological cells when surrounded by water had membranes which let different molecules in and out. There might be a way that space could be compartmentalized. However, it seemed that all energy, incoming from space, can be absorbed or reflected by material surfaces, either completely or in part. Incoming energy may show light in our minds (using our eyes to transduce images to our minds), and skin our to heat, and other parts of light can be reflected away.

It was clear that other living things can use the same type of energy from space for different purposes, *e.g.* by the use of chlorophyll in plants. Chlorophyll was a material which collected specific energy from light which promoted the synthesis of glucose, a fundamental food, but reflected the green part of light. Now, at least I knew one material substance which specifically collected energy of specified wavelengths from the electro-magnetic field in space, and there must be another receptive material in our eyes to collect light of different wavelengths to give us colour appreciation. However, would there be a molecular material involved in collecting and transducing thoughts. I thought not.

Thoughts I believed were made by energy and would be outside of matter, and were invisible in the sea of space which went through our bodies, and our minds and could be anywhere in space, or even in a level of energy above spacetime. Although our minds were connected to our bodies through our CNS 'bumper-car masts' which made the antennal 'body to mind bridge', I thought that there might be a 'thought' field of energy in space made of special photons of energy. This might be part of a network of individual minds which would look for new free thoughts generated by the many minds of people, and draw them together in great super-mind, from which intuition could be accessed for advice and information.

Late in 1944 Pamela Curry left East Grinstead and left our school. We were now in the top class, and Mr Murrell came in on a Monday morning and told everybody to stand up at his/her desk. He said somebody had done a very wicked thing and it had to be one of us. So he asked the person who did it, to come forward. Nobody moved. He said it was clear that one of us was the culprit, and one of us knew what he was talking about. We would stand until somebody owned up. Nobody came forward. At break he said if that somebody came forward before midday they would be punished, but after that when he knew the person, that person would be caned in front of the class.

Nobody came forward. I wanted to sit down. I went home for lunch. I came back to a standing class, and we all stood until 4 o'clock when school ended. The next day we stood all day. We all

hated this, we were told to stand straight, and other teachers came in to see that we all stood at attention. One boy fainted, and one girl. The next day it began the same, but at midday break, which we did not have, a girl stepped forwards. She was Shirley Philpot, always the cleverest girl and always close to me with marks, and once beat me. She was the cleanest, trimmest, girl in the class. Her clothes were always immaculate. She was as short as me, strong, athletic, with the very blondest hair, not a very pretty face, but she always looked nice. I had never talked to her. She said, quite loudly, I did it.

Once I had been caned by Mr Murrell myself, together with another boy, because we were fighting in the classroom in during a class when a new lady teacher was taking the class. This was when we were in a lower class, and he caned us both, on our hands rather than listening to our stories, and said nobody fights in class in his school. Nobody had ever been caned before by Mr Murrell that I knew than me and the other lad.

He made Shirley hold her hands out palm up at full stretch and he caned her hard, the cane whizzed through the air, two stokes on each hand. I didn't like that and I felt sick. Then we were sent out for our mid-morning break. Shirley did not cry, and walked out of the door without looking back. I thought she would go home, but she did not. She sat down under an oak tree, and held her hands in fists. I went over to her, and said I thought she was brave and I admired her and wanted her to know that I did admire her, and I said I knew she was the cleverest in our class. She should go home and get her hands looked at and I would come with her. She said, no, but thank you. She asked me to look at her hands, because she hadn't. So I did, they were bruised, not cut at all, swelling, and I said she should see a doctor. She could not write with them.

She said she normally walked part way home with Christine Housenden who lived in my road, Knole Grove, but she then walked on to the next street, Dorset Avenue which was parallel to my street. She said come and walk home with us if you like, and I did. Later she became my real friend, and after a long time early in 1945, I asked her what did she do to get caned, and she said "nothing". She did not know what the bad thing was, she was tired of standing and wanted classes to start again. She said "I did it" and got caned, but she didn't know what it was! I was so proud of her. This event became important to me much later in my life and is in my autobiography.

East Grinstead Modern School (1945)

At the beginning of 1945 all the children in the top class at *Baldwin's Hill Primary School*, my primary school, took the 11+ examination. This was an examination to channel children into 3 intellectual grades of secondary school. The highest grade took a person into a Grammar School, the second tier took a person into a Technical School, and the third took you into a Modern School. It was accepted that Modern class students would leave school at 14-15 years of age, and Technical students would leave at 16 years of age, or go onto to other Technical Colleges. It was also accepted that Grammar school students would take another exam, the *School Certificate*, at 16 years of age and if they were successful, and matriculated (another new word), they could go into the 6th forms where they could take *Higher School Certificate* after another 2 years. After this they might leave school at 18, or go onto a University or to a Polytechnical College to attain tertiary education.

I had never thought that I would pass the 11+ exam, but having done so and getting the highest mark in my school, I thought I would go to *East Grinstead Grammar School*, next school year but no, I was being sent to the *East Grinstead Modern School*, which incidentally was where Janice was sent 3 years prior. Janice and Michael my two cousins were evacuated to us, had now gone back to their own families in Worthing after VE Day (Victory in Europe), and I was on my own with my mother. Mr Murrell had told my mother that I had topped the top class at the end of the year, and had also come top in the 11+ exam in my school. Despite these facts I was sent to the

East Grinstead Modern School, yet three other children in my class were sent to the Grammar School with lower marks than me in both examinations, and this Mr Murrell told my mother, and then pointed out the fathers of the children sent to the grammar school were all officers in the military and my father was only a sergeant. He said it was a fact that we were working class and the other fathers were professionals or of officer class, and this was the reason they were put in front of me. My mother accepted this, and said that society in Britain was based on Class rather than Intelligence and Mr Murrell agreed. How right they were, and how wrong this was!

This made me cross because I realised then, that because I was not middle class, I was never going to be a scientist, even if I was good enough. I then realised that the leaders of the country, through different levels, were sieved in highly sophisticated ways, developed over the centuries, so that the Upper Class people ran the country, and maintained their status, whether or not they were the best suited for their jobs. Working class people never got any control, and upper class people controlled the country and the lives of everyone, even if they were intellectually dumb. It was given to them that they were rulers and they knew this even when they were kids.

So I went to the Modern School and I was put in class of some 40 kids and had lessons in English, History and Geography, about things I already knew, and in Maths, things which I learned long ago. Then there was wood-work for boys and cooking for girls, and science for all which took up a whole afternoon with some laboratory work, and there were 3 lessons a week in science in the mornings. Science began in secondary school. I looked forward to science but I found I knew everything the teacher, Mr Shakespeare, said. I also knew that some things he said were not correct, but I listened. I was excited because much of what he said substantiated what I had found from Bert Piper's book. He asked the class for questions and there were many, which I could have answered, but I had a question myself to which I had no answer. My question was, what is energy? Mr Shakespeare then asked me, did I know the answer? I was stunned, but eventually said *"No sir, I don't. But I want to know"*. He then said that he would give an answer next science period.

The next science period was during a morning and was about 45 minutes long. He talked for some 30 minutes and gave the class a question, based on what he had just said, and asked us to write our answers to it. He then looked at me and said to me, *"I imagine you know the answer?"* I said, *"Yes sir, I do."* He then said, *"Did you think that I would know the answer to your question about energy in the last science lesson?"* I was thinking of what to say to him, when he said it was not a trick question. The answer should be yes or no. I still struggled with this, and then said *"I thought you might not know, but I hoped you would know."* The class became quiet, and he asked me *"Do you have a science book at home?"* I said *"Yes"*. Then, *"That does not give you the answer?"* I said *"No, that is why I asked you."* He looked at me and said *"Please will you come to the science lab after school. I want to talk to you about this question some more"*. And I said, *"Yes sir"* and worried all day about the coming meeting.

At the science lab he asked about Bert Piper's book, but I didn't tell Bert's name. Bert was in this school, one year ahead of me. He asked what did I think energy was. I began to tell him that energy is what creates power but it is invisible and it is everywhere, through space, and if it is free in space it is in a wave format and you can't see it, but it can be in a particle format making matter, and then you can see it. I told him that the thing that frightened me was that waves of energy carried by space from the sun, can change into particle form ***if a human awareness is trying to measure them***. This I knew from books. So, I said, in space everything material is made of energy, which has at least a dual format but who knows what other formats of energy there may be? Energy is invisible but can become visible in particle form, but who knows what else it might make in other forms that were invisible, at least to us?

I said I wondered about thoughts, are they made of energy? If so, because we can think them in our minds, there has to be a part of our minds that can use energy thoughts, thus we have to have a connection to the sea of energy in space which is in wave form all around us and pervades our bodies. I did not know where thoughts could be stored, but I didn't think in our brains, but that our brains can in some way have a tenuous connection to our minds and they are pervaded by space. Mr Shakespeare liked my use of 'tenuous' and told me 'to go on.'

I said, *"Energy in space is in wave form, but space knows when a human mind is trying to monitor it, and can react to that. This was the huge terrible thing that worried me. Space does hold energy and it knows when I think of it or try to interfere with it. This is implied in my Science book."*

He wanted to know why I was frightened of space and energy, and I told him about my fears from my Worthing days, and I said I didn't know what energy was but I believed in it. When I am in bed at night, it still goes through me. An energy 'terror shout' was what I feared. I tried to explain this to him. I thought that energy might break free if it knows I am thinking of it. I said since I was 4 or 5 years old I have been frightened about this. He asked me more about this and I told him about my mother and blindfolded walks, and dark copses of trees and dingy bushes that birds avoid. I said that everybody says it is foolish of me, but it is now in my science book.

I said I knew that my thoughts can be stored, because I can think of my old thoughts, but this implies the use of time which I believed actually has to happen because we are material apparitions of energy in space and we appear in space and time. Space is properly called spacetime, I said. I thought that thoughts may be able to seek each other out and combine or interact with each other in the sea of wave energy, *i.e.* in space. I thought that was magical and science can't explain that yet. *The most important thing to me was that human thought or consciousness was involved in deciding the outcome of the two slit experiment, where waves become particles, but only if a human checks this.* We have to know how and why this happens. If there is an overall mind in space that knows all other minds, this would be how space knows that a human is aware of the switching on or off a collection mechanism in a double slit experiment!

Then he asked about the double slit experiment and I told him what it was. All the time I was worried about talking about energy, because energy would know that I was talking about it! I think that my mind was open to the energy of space and was therefore a part of it. Because my mind was full of thoughts and consciousness it was not material at all, and was not found in a bunch of nerves in my brain. My mind was dimensionally outside the material part of my body, and was in the sea of wave energy which pervades everything. I said that it made me shiver to think about something that goes through me and all other people, and plants and rocks, and we are not aware of it. I said it was not like water that I can see, and can feel waves of water. Space is silent, invisible and insidious.

He then asked about atoms and molecules, and I told him what I knew and said that the poster on the lab wall said that atoms cannot be destroyed was wrong because atoms were split by Cockcroft and Walton in the 1920's, and the atomic bombs have shown how much energy is in a small amount of matter. So he said *"Go, now, and tear the poster down, bring it to me and we will both go to the Head Master's Office tomorrow."* I was really scared, but he said don't worry at all. Just go and get the poster and meet me at the headmaster's office at noon tomorrow.

When I went to the headmaster's office next day Mr Shakespeare was already sitting in a chair and told the headmaster in front of me *"Seriously, this boy knows more science than me and he is so imaginative."* He went on to say *"I called his primary school headmaster at home last night and he tells me that this boy was top of his leaving class and had the top mark in 11+ but wasn't sent to the Grammar School, perhaps because his parents and his upbringing were working class. However, he should be at the Grammar School."*

The headmaster then asked me why the poster I held was out of date and so I told him. He asked me many questions all about science. He asked me did I know the chemical formula for water and oxygen. I said H_2O and O_2 . Then he asked why they always appeared in these formats, and I replied that they were not in fact the only ones. He asked me to explain. I said H_2O_2 and O_3 can also occur. He asked me to further explain.

I said, imagine hydrogen atoms are boys and oxygen atoms are girls. Imagine boys had only one arm each, but girls have two. If you bring two boys together they can hold hands $\text{H}-\text{H}$ (H_2) and two girls can hold hands $\text{O}=\text{O}$ (O_2). Then two boys can hold hands with one girl $\text{H}-\text{O}-\text{H}$ (H_2O). However if you add another girl you can have $\text{H}-\text{O}-\text{O}-\text{H}$ where the two girls hold each other with one hand and so they both had one hand free to catch a boy each, making (H_2O_2) which is hydrogen peroxide. With three girls you can make a triangle where each girl holds hands with two different girls. We could actually do that here if you and Mr Shakespeare hold one arm each and I join the group taking each of your free arms with my two arms (O_3) ozone. Ozone is an allotrope of oxygen. Atoms have valency bonds that have to be satisfied. Carbon has four valency bonds, so with hydrogen you get CH_4 (methane) and with oxygen you get CO_2 (carbon dioxide). Mr Shakespeare said it was a very good way to teach valency. They were impressed and this brought a smile to my face, but I knew I should not smile. I knew they might think I was smirking, but I was not. I had to explain about smiling and smirking. The headmaster said he knew I was not smirking, and that I was frightened, and said I should not be frightened. Both he and Mr Shakespeare liked me. He said that, as this was a Friday, I should take the afternoon off, and go home and do not come to school on Monday, but get your mother to call me, and then gave me his telephone number written on a card. When I was leaving, and going out of his door, he called out *"I can't answer your energy question, I think no one can, but there is a man in America called Albert Einstein who might help you. What I can guarantee you however, is that energy is not your enemy but your friend. Do not worry about your friend, he won't shout at you."*

I left, walked the mile and a bit home, stopping to look at everything, the sky, the clouds, the sunshine, the traffic noise, the birds, the hedge flowers, some Tottle Grass, and wished that Janice and Mike were still with me. I felt that a great burden has been taken off me, that the teachers understood what I said and they did not rubbish my ideas, and I had met adults, even teachers, who believed me. Mr Murrell had stood up for me.

Yet my mother was cross when I got home because I had to go and see the headmaster, and that was very bad whatever I said. She said I should not waste the time of teachers, and I must go to school the next Monday and I had the weekend to forget what the science teacher said. She just didn't believe my story, and still would not sit down and listen to me. Yet, on Monday I refused to go to school and forced her to go to a telephone kiosk, and telephone the number given to me. She didn't want to do this. She did not want to talk to the Headmaster. Her face became very red when she called and listened and eventually she gave the 'phone to me. The headmaster then told me he had talked to Mr Murrell, and had told my mother that I was 'university material' and that she should listen to what I say, because in the field of science I was far more clever than anybody she had ever met and she should be enormously proud of me. He said that my imagination is based on fact and was quite glorious in its breadth. He said he told her to treat me normally like all the other kids at home, but to listen to what I say because most of it will be fascinating and imaginative, and would be based on what I know and what I think it means, and it would never be called ridiculous! He said she must understand that I knew more science than her, and that he honestly thought, more than many science teachers. He had talked to the headmaster at the Grammar School (Mr Dawes) and he was expecting me tomorrow, Tuesday, and said that Mr Murrell was coming to see us that evening and was bringing a present for me. I did not go to school that day. My mother was very cool to me. How could I have persuaded them to send me to

the Grammar School if the education department hadn't! She was cross because she had to listen to the Headmaster.

East Grinstead Grammar School (EGGS) 1945-1946

That evening Mr Murrell came to our house with a Grammar School cap, tie, and two white shirts for me, as presents for coming top in his class. In fact we didn't have the money to buy them, but you had to have the uniform, and he prevented poverty to get in my way. He told my mother to be proud of me. He said I had been the top boy in his school and I knew more than any other children there, and he supported the transfer. After all he said, three other children from the top class I had gone to the Grammar School and I outshined them all. So why not me? So the next day I went to the Grammar School and was taken into class 1B. All the officer's children from my primary school were in class 1A.

At the end of the school year, in June 1946, I had come top of class 1B in all subjects, and top of all 1st year science. Shirley Philpot, one of the others from my primary school had come and congratulated me when I first appeared at EGGS, and said we should walk home together as we always did when we were both at *Baldwins Hill Primary School*. I talk about Shirley in my autobiography, as she took the place of Pamela Curry when Pamela left our school when her family moved away. I was able to talk to Shirley about science which I had not done with Pamela, and Shirley reciprocated most of my thoughts. I found I could talk to Shirley about things that that I was afraid to say to Pamela, and Shirley was my first real friend on this Earth who I shared my thoughts and fears with. I knew no boys who I could talk to with such intimacy. At the grammar school we did only physics as a science in year 1. We would add chemistry next year, and then biology in year 3.

I mentioned my ideas to my physics teacher at EGGS, and he changed my surname to Magic, telling the class I believed in magic. One evening after class, I met him in the lab and pointed out to him that we were not as separate beings as most people believed. I said space goes through us in all three dimensions and we are a part of space. The space in the lab doesn't begin at one wall and end at another wall, it goes through the walls from the outside, and through us. Yet it is fascinating that space apparently does nothing to inhibit our movement. We move in space, our heart and lungs move in space. He seemed to find my ideas difficult. He did not accept that space was an entity, it was nothing, emptiness. For him the space between us was filled with air, but if it was removed it was a vacuum, but I said, you could still measure it from me to you and taking out the air will not shrink the space. You can shoot a light through a vacuum, and its space would make energy waves through the vacuum. You can't see the waves, because they are invisible, but if you could see invisibility you could see the vacuum was filled with space. If the space wasn't there nothing could appear in it, then you couldn't shoot a bullet through it. A bullet needs space to exist. He said space is full of air kept here by gravity, and of course we both knew this. He did not think that a bullet needed space to exist. I was suggesting something new and much greater in consequence, but he thought there was no evidence that bullets need space! He thought my ideas were magical, but there is no such thing as magic, but he saw my ideas excited me. My imagination was running out of control he said, over the edge of the cup!

I said light comes from the sun, and what is between Earth and Sun? Is it a vacuum? He thought it was. I said if this laboratory was filled to the top with water and we dived in we would displace water. If the head master came in through the door he would displace air. But the space in the room, its volume, would not change whether it was empty or full of matter. Space does not get displaced by matter, it goes through matter! I said if we walk out of that door we will displace air, but not space. I said space does not move, it is always stationary throughout the universe. The cubic amount of space in the lab does not change whether it is empty of people or full of kids in your lessons. The space of the room can be measured and it won't change. Space goes through us,

we 'sort of' walk 'over space' even though we walk over the three dimensions of space all at once. He then asked how did we do that, and I said I don't know, maybe it is magic. He laughed and said he was going to call me Magic.

It was at this time that I wrote to Albert Einstein, and the reply I received from *Princeton University* (although it was signed cc for Albert Einstein) lifted my spirits by saying that my ideas and perceptions were interesting, and many were definitely true including the duality of light and the fact that human awareness did alter the outcome in double slit experiments. It also said that other of my ideas might be true but they could not be tested at that time, but went on to say that I should never let people demean my imagination, and that I should never be frightened of energy. Energy was not my enemy. I was 12½ years old. I showed the letter to the physics teacher and he showed it to the headmaster.

Discussions with Francis Herold (1945)

Late in 1945, after I had joined *East Grinstead Grammar School* in September and my father was still in the army, I met a young French-Canadian civil engineer, Francis Herold. He had been a commando and had survived the battle at Arnhem in the Netherlands where some 30,000 allied airborne troops were parachuted behind German lines or landed in large gliders. Only 2,000 of the 11,000 British troops came home, many were captured, and most were killed. Similar losses were reported by American and other allied forces. The object of this operation called *Market Garden* was to take the bridges across the Rhine and open an armoured spearhead into Germany, but the Germans won this bloody battle. Many survivors from British and Canadian commando units were billeted out in our town and surrounding areas, and Francis was in lodgings near us. He was still in the army then, and I learnt a lot from him. I think he was 27 years old. Our meeting was serendipitous. He had many war tales, but was not keen to talk about the war, but did want to talk science. I could suggest things to him that my Grammar School teachers rubbished, and I knew he had more up to date qualifications than them (most UK teachers left at home were too old to fight). Francis was not required to teach from a syllabus and did not have to believe what a book said, but he helped me with the books I had and he gave me a paper-backed one about relativity. He was so different, and talking to him was a real delight. He was the first adult person who I had talked to on an equal footing, and he got excited by science like me. I could see this in his face.

We talked about why the idea of an aether had been discarded. I insisted that there had to be something for light to make waves in, if it light was really a wave phenomenon, and we both knew that this knowledge was already 144 years old. We both knew about Thomas Young's first experiment in 1801, indicating that light travelled as waves, and knew that many subsequent experiments had indicated that although light always comes as waves, if a human is aware of the experiment and was trying to measure the incoming waves, they crash their wave structure and become particles, called photons. Bert Piper's books had indicated this, and this had been accepted by physicists, but the fact that human awareness is necessary to do this, had been silently ignored, or certainly not been well advertised. If just the awareness of a human thought does crash the waves, it must overturn most of science, because this is saying that mind over matter actually occurs!

So then I thought, I must believe that human thoughts and consciousness do intrude into physics because this is part of science. So how does this happen? This was an enormously important question! Human thoughts were real things! They were invisible like time, gravity, magnetism and space, but real, and probably made of energy! Francis agreed. He said that the aether was something that scientists thought filled space to let the energy of light make waves to move through, but this idea had been disbanded. Because I had been at the seaside before the war, and had been bowled over by some waves, I knew that waves carry a force, that is, they carry energy. The force was deposited on me by the waves. No waves, no force. I had also stood still in placid

rock pools. I also knew that light waves were deposited on me and they too brought a force with them and they heated me. So the waves of space carried a force like waves of water. Where did the force, the energy, come from?

What caused the sea waves? Mainly the wind. So the energy was given by the wind to the sea water to make water waves which carry the energy to be dissipated as a force on me and on the shore. Then if there is nothing between me and the sun (there was air but only locally) and the waves occurred caused by the energy radiated out from the sun, they needed to have a fabric to cause waves in I thought. The energy had to make waves in something, and the only thing that crossed from the sun to earth to carry the waves was space. Space was an invisible entity so the waves must be waves of space! Was that possible? Space itself carried the light waves. It had been proven that space carried no aether, so space itself had to be the invisible entity that carried invisible waves.

Francis said the light energy we see transferred into photons when we tried to measure it, the light energy showed as photons, and if we are hit by the photons they give out their energy. Photons have different wavelengths as Bert's book told me, and we see these as different colours. So Francis asked me what did this imply? It told me that wavelengths are related to waves which occur in something (space) and vibrate and maybe carry the vibrations (force) on to whatever the light hits. If we see light in different colours this means we have something in our eyes that will pick up light of wavelengths and transfer it to our brains, which then pass it to our minds. But only the wavelengths for visible light. So, our eyes filter the whole spectrum of light, but then collects only the visible parts to our brains and we see it in our minds. The rest is reflected, but this is only from our eyes, because our whole bodies can see sunlight, so the light can heat our bodies, and as Francis pointed out, tan or bodies. e pointed out that there were cells in our skins that pick up light and can make melanin (new word) making your skin get darker, and this protects it. Over sunning however, makes your skin sore.

So what are photons? Are they matter? Francis thought they could not be proper matter which begins with atoms. Photons were far smaller than atoms. They just hold energy. In the double slit experiment they behave as waves, but 'spot type particles' if we thought about them. The waves crashed into particles. If they are particles they have energy, which we know because light can heat things up. So photons should have weight and gravity, but science says they are mass less! What did I think about this? I said something like, *'what light appears to be, depends on how you look at it. If you look, it is particles but if you don't, it is wave format.'* If a photon hits something, a stone for example, it will dissolve into it, or be reflected. Probably hitting the stone causes it to give energy to an atom to which it adds energy. So photons are tiny amounts of energy, they are much smaller than atoms, and their 3D form is too tiny to see, so we cannot see or imagine it. They are smaller than any other particle. A photon is just a packet of energy, and to see a light wave/photon while travelling through space from Sun to Earth (it takes 8 minutes and 20 seconds - Bert Piper's book said so) it is just sheer energy and does not have to take up one or other forms because they are both invisible in classical science terms. This duality might carry upwards, but the more mass an object gets, its wavelength shortens and its energy increases. Francis said a rifle bullet has a wavelength so ridiculously small it can be fathomed, but he once tried to work this out for a 1 gram bullet himself (he was still a soldier).

As soon as energy manifests itself as matter, we (being matter ourselves) can see macro-matter in dimensional form. It takes the 3D form because this is inherent in energy *per se*, when it reveals itself as matter, but there other attributes that also come with the manifestation of matter. Some of these things we are faintly aware of like *time*, which I believe only happens in *matter* and has led to the term *spacetime*, but there are other attributes like *awareness* of matter which science cannot measure. There are other attributes that we are probably not aware of, and we tend to believe and behave as though that what we can see or feel, is all there is. We see dimensions

because we are made dimensionally, and see a dimensional universe. At this time I imagined a 'sea of energy' permeating the universe which mutated into blobs of matter which can disintegrate back into the sea of *space-energy* (my new term) silently, softly, with no chaos, probably according to inherent attributes of energy we don't yet understand. I imagined that many transformations could happen silently like puffs of visible smoke appearing and disappearing in an invisible transparent background, causing no violent disruption of matter. I thought this was an inherent behaviour of space-energy, but I knew some matter duality transformations can also be promoted by humans with violent chaotic results (atomic bombs).

It is a fact that science uses unit measurements of matter to measure matter, and it was Galileo who said science we must:

"Measure what is measurable, and make measurable what is not so."

This implies finding ways to measure invisible things. Measuring anything needs units, *i.e.* money needs dollars and cents, and weight (mass) needs grams and kilograms etc. Matter is easily measured. Not so the invisibles, space, time, and energy. You can't measure them *per se*, but you can give some of them indirect units related to how they react on matter, and measure the changes on matter.

Energy: You cannot say where a unit of energy is or where it starts. It is invisible. You can however estimate how much energy is required to move a 1 kilogram of mass, 1 metre, in 1 direction, opposite to a force, in a vacuum and call it a unit of energy, and call this amount a 'joule' of energy (after James Joule a physicist). You can change the terms to 'one pound' and 'one foot' etc and call it a 'foot-pound' of energy, or change to a different metric of grams and centimetres, and call the unit an 'erg' of energy. But you can't buy a joule or an erg *per se*. Pure free energy is invisible and intangible, and we don't know what it is, where it is, and where it comes from. We cannot buy pure energy or see it.

Space and Time: You cannot buy a mile of space, but you can walk a mile between things, and you cannot buy a litre of space, but you can buy a litre of milk. You can use the time that the Earth takes to revolve once around a polar axis and say it is a day, and can split this into hours, minutes and seconds as units of time, but cannot buy a month of time, although you can hire a car for 2 days, or estimate how long it will be from now until next Christmas Day. Space, time and energy only appear as attributes of matter, and they cannot be measured directly, but only as man-made indirect units.

Yet as I have explained, our lives are governed by other ethereal aspects of energy which cannot be measured even indirectly, so science cannot provide a grand solution to all things. It cannot measure the disturbances that different thoughts cause in our minds because our minds are not material. Our minds appear to comprise only free energy (or spirit) and the way this operates at a sub-atomic level can never be prescribed by quantum mechanics (QM). Since we appreciate that these mind disturbances may, or may not, cause biochemical changes in your physical body, we call them emotions, yet the changes related to these cannot be scientifically or clinically recorded in units on any scale. This is because they depend on so many aspects of every individual person's changeable but current physiology life status. Thus love, joy, hate, anger, anguish, fear, jealousy and despair are called emotions, while the dispersion of the underlying spiritual disturbances are only possible in a person's mind, and not in drugs which can only deal with material symptoms and not the real cause.

Albert Einstein used his mind to think things out, and used thought experiments, and I thought that this was the way to pry deeper into space-energy. I thought that we should be looking for transformations between matter and free energy that may occur softly silently in the macrosphere (another of my new words) which had not yet been seen, or much worse, seen and denied. The

fleeting transposition of an electron, atom or molecule back and forward across the bridge of form duality is what I thought underplayed all chemical interactions.

To me, in 1946, physics was using the properties of the smallest material things we could manipulate, to see if we can smash them together at high speed and energy, to set up a cloud of nascent energy and see if this could show the origination of matter. Scientists wanted to see if the cloud of nascent energy can discover an automatic way to create the universe we see, but crashing matter into matter seems to be rather crude. I thought that looking for what I called 'silent' transformations into and out of the duality of matter was what we needed to do. But as Francis Herold said, we needed some tangible evidence to show silent transformations were actually happening, before scientists would take note. So science should look for these.

If my ideas of minds and brains were correct, the transduction of matter to energy must be happening all the time. Since my brain has the ability to show my mind an on-going movie of my environment all the while my local senses are active, a continuing stream of energy is happening, and feeding my mind with awareness. Yet if this involves receiving an equivalent backward flow of energy from my mind, a duality balance could occur which may not be easy to show.

I knew we had to use our imaginations to come up with ideas, and this was what Albert Einstein did, and he knew that imagination was crucial to science. I continued to think of space as an invisible jelly which filled the universe, and I thought it seethed with energy, and was always emitting temporary short lived particles and receiving their energy back with their demise. Space was the great connector between everything, matter and non-matter, but it may have invisible aspects we did not know of. It provided a substrate in which the four major invisible forces operate, being gravity and electro-magnetism (in the macro world) and the weak and strong forces (in the sub-atomic world). So if there was anything new to be looked at, it is likely to show in space in some way. Maybe thoughts and emotions which cause consciousness in our minds, should be looked for in space, but this means using our minds to imagine ideas and then looking for changes that would possibly be found. It is sudden changes in normally un-noticeable invisible aspects of our lives that make us aware of some things like gravity. We should be looking for changes in our lives and our world that might link to emotions and other paranormal events.

Perhaps space accommodates other dimensions that we do not comprehend and where other aspects of space are hidden from us. I asked Francis, did he think thoughts may be propagated through a *thought field* and that our thought facility is another attribute that comes to mind involved in the duality of energy. This suggests that human thoughts are specific pieces of wave energy, manufactured in our minds, which are in some way separate from the sea of free space-energy (perhaps thoughts might be tagged to content or recipient)) and they may connect directly with special wave energy entanglements (types of mind) also floating in the sea of free energy. Thus minds could merge and transfer information, and can synthesize new thoughts, visions and emotions, and could use antennae in to take orders back to our material brains. A mind could receive intuition from these other floating minds, or from a great over-arching mind. The 'awareness' of things can flow back and forward through short range thought fields, between human minds in the sea of space-energy and specific brains and masts. What if a person's brain can connect directly to more than one mind? If it had two masts, or a flexible mast! This could explain why some people exhibit multiple personalities.

I came to realise that what we see is not reality, it is what our minds turn the transduction sensations from our CNS into, or what information given to us from other minds directly. I was certain that the material world was only a part of 'what is out there', where 'out' is probably an inappropriate word. What we see, we see in our minds, and may in fact not stem from a material spacetime world. As Einstein said long ago:

"The distinction between the past, present and future is only a stubbornly persistent illusion."

All of this was in Bert Piper's and Francis's books published in 1938 and 1940, whence I got this quote. I discussed all these ideas with Francis, sitting on the curb-stones along the road of Knole Grove, or sitting on deckchairs in our garden. I knew about relativity but no friends of mine, except Francis and Shirley did.

The Cul-de-Sac Circle Event (1945)

One late afternoon, I think in October 1945, when Francis had gone back to Canada, I sat down on the warm curb stones around the Knole Grove cul-de-sac which ended our road. The walkway had been completed, and the lime trees (*Tilia cordata*) which had been planted before the war, were dropping their leaves, there was a little Indian Summer and it was warm. The road surface had never been finished and lay some 18-20 inches below the top of the concrete curbstones, and was made of gravel, crushed coke and bricks. The curb made an easy seat and I wanted to sit and think.

I was looking across to the other side of the circle, a distance of some 164 ft (50 m), to a tree and a house, behind which the sun shone, but a direct vision of the sun was occluded by parts of the tree and house. It was as if the sunlight was illuminating invisible force field connections in space, like the magnetic force fields which could control iron filings in lines on a sheet of paper. There were long strings of brilliant light coming towards me, and I had the feeling that they showed myriad points between me and the sun, and showed the path that the light was coming through. I began to stare at the tree, and the people who had just come out of the house on the other side of the cul-de-sac. I thought, 'we are connected to each other by the invisible jelly of space, but we don't see it, and you over there, don't know it.' The connection is at a fundamental level below our local senses but we are connected by space which holds our minds and is full of mysterious spirit, and space itself, as an entity, may have consciousness of everything.

The people walked mainly behind the tree, but some times a boy walked in front of the tree. The shafts of light shivered, either because the leaves of the tree shook, or my head moved, or both, and I saw lots of strings of shiny light, crossing the circle. I thought I could see parts of space lit up reflecting light at different intervals, but this might be some particles in the air. I am sure I did not see space per se, but what I saw convinced me that space was an invisible entity, and thus could definitely make waves! The feeling of seeing through a transparent gelatinous entity took hold in my mind. Later, at home, I could see similar strings of light from a candle or an incandescent coal in the fire reaching out to me. How can light reflect distance in space?

I thought that I must always realise that when I see things, I am looking at them through a multi-dimensional space-energy field that could behave like a lens and will provide an energetic connection between me and what I am looking at. What that connection was, or could be, I could not even guess, but I felt it. Space was indeed made of energy, but whether it could build up and flow as I thought when I was a child, or whether energy could 'concentrate' I did not know. Maybe it could concentrate in matter, in the nuclei of atoms. It would be dense there. I thought that we didn't know much about space, and it may indeed have other capabilities that are blocked off from us. These other capabilities could be used by other so-called 'living things' which we can see, like ants and lichens, using different parts of same spectrum of energy from the sun, differently. They could use different senses to move and locate and manufacture materials.

This also might mean other sci-fi creatures of another universe might be using parts of our universe (e.g. some dimensions) and others that we don't see, could be 'partially present' in our space, but we cannot 'see' them. They could therefore inhabit parts of our universe, and one or millions of creatures could be next to me now, in a wave form in another dimension. I cannot see anything, but if there was any creature present, it may or may not be able to see me. The idea of

new and extraordinary different facilities of space became strong in my mind. Space might not be an appropriate term for other situations where space and time and matter as we understand those things, may not be fundamental at all. Francis had told me that Einstein had once said:

“My religion consists of a humble admiration of the illimitable superior spirit who reveals himself in the slight details we are able to perceive with our frail and feeble minds.”

And this, I found so appropriate to my thoughts. So Einstein believes in a God. Then I understood that of course he did, he was a Jew. This made me happy. But even Einstein gave God a gender! This was a mistake, nobody should look at a creator in human terms.

Another thing I realised while looking at the cul-de-sac that afternoon was that if I could move around the periphery of the cul-de-sac circle I would see the same people on the other side of the circle from a different perspectives. I then realized that if I could be at two observation places at once I would see the same thing at the same time, as two different pictures. If I could appear around the 360 degrees of the circle, and also see the same picture from above from all places in the air on invisible arching arcs around the circle, like the rainbow arc at Radvaň at the beginning of this document, I would see thousands of different pictures of the same thing at the same time. So if just two people saw the happenings between this group of people from different standpoints, but at the same time, they could honestly say they saw different things, and this was supported by relativity. Imagining this was thought research. Much later, when I was 19 years of age and was in a 3rd year sixth form at a grammar school, I learned about Jainism and Zoroastrianism and how those religions required an understanding of non-absoluteness, and Werner Heisenberg stated this in his Uncertainty Principle in 1927, and this is what I discovered for myself in 1945. Of course, not the mathematics underscoring this, but simply observing nature which told me this.

Francis and I had walked in the woodlands surrounding East Grinstead and talked about seeing the trees and flowers, birds, sounds and scents, and we could feel the wind, but that was what our local energy transducer systems caught from immediate environment. We asked ourselves, was the woodland really there? We used sticks to point to things and I pointed, and Francis would ‘say green moss with bits of yellow’ and that was what I saw. He would point to a bird, and I would say, ‘thrush with speckled breast, black and white’. It was difficult to not believe that everything was real. One day I actually caught a bird that crashed into a window and picked it up and felt its heart beating, and softness of its feathers. If all we see, feel, taste and smell are the same to different people, this is nevertheless a powerful hallucination as Francis said. This is based on some incredibly beautiful magic. Yet we also discussed the fact that what we see materially, can to some extent, depend upon our individual local physical senses. So if Francis pointed to a daffodil, I could both see and smell it, but he couldn't smell it.

So in later years, if I can see, taste or smell things that others can't, and *vice versa*, it is clear that the sensory or antennal apparatus of individual people can decide what can be transduced to their minds or not. I have found in laboratory classes the students generally can't taste water with disgusting taste from an additive, but those few who can, regurgitate it with shock and horror. I cannot smell certain flowers which others can, and that my ability to smell certain perfumes which I liked was young has faded. I can usually find one student in a class of 40 that can divine water with amazing precision. I have seen people who have remarkable ability to live with animals. There was a student in South Africa who was able to call birds to her, and other students told me she often came to university classes with a bird, and I asked her about this, and she said "Yes, it lives with me, would you like to see it?" I said yes. So I watched as a small brown bird (a cow-bird she called it) some 6-7 ins long, appeared out of her neck and then walked along her arm and then pushed its way from her open hand under the cuff of her sleeve and wiggled its way up her arm and out of sight. "Why does it not fly away?" I asked, and she said "Well it can fly of course but I don't want it to when I am in class" so it doesn't.

Francis and I agreed that a person's mind is an invisible intangible thought system which is not in solid matter, but brings you, you're own consciousness. A mind is therefore the crux of a person's being, and it calls a body it's own, because it's energy-thought-field is tied to a specific absorbing net of wave duality transducing material in its own physical human body. This normally transduces to a single mind which is apparently attached to one body, but spatially separated (dimensionally?) from that body.

In addition to this I thought that all minds can be influenced by other direct thought-wave energy information that is available in space, and the collection of this other data automatically occurs to suitable minds providing them with intuition. This latter information is not collected by the local senses of a body, and the facility for this is older than that of our local senses. This is 'wild' or 'primordial' data which is widespread in space and does not require any transduction. Maybe this is what leads to the idea of a 6th sense and intuition.

It would appear that primordial data is available to all living things and has always been so. It would explain how different organisms can use this data for their survival, and can explain the behaviour of other animals, plants, fungi etc, to react to changes in their local environment (see later). It suggests that so-called 'higher' animals have become more receptive to signals from their local senses than to the primordial senses, and the latter have been largely been hidden in humans. The lives of humans have therefore become highly egocentric. I was excited about that. My thoughts came in a random array over the period from 1944-1946, although not all in the consecutive way I have described here. Then my world began to crash in the autumn of 1946.

We had to leave East Grinstead as my father had returned from the war, and he had been given the job of Manager for the *World's and Walker's Stores* branch in Billingshurst, West Sussex, which was some 30 miles away.

Billingshurst

The shock of moving and losing all my friends, and losing the whole atmosphere of home and school and being known locally at the end of 1946, and arriving in Billingshurst where I was not known, was something I was not prepared for. My father was excited by his new job, and my mother too, and the war had ended, but very slowly my world fell apart. I was sent to different schools where I did not fit in. Again there was nobody interested in science that I knew, nobody was interested in my thoughts, and I had lost Shirley Philpot the girl contemporary of mine, with whom I had struck up a strong friendship after Pamela Curry had left East Grinstead. From early 1944 I had talked science ideas with Shirley, and we laughed at silent jokes together. We talked as buddies and our attitudes to life were so close, and we had some history having been in the same school class since 1940. We were now in class 2A (Canadian Grade 8) together at EGGS and had to say goodbye to each other in October just after our second high school year began. I have written about these times in my autobiography. Shirley was the first young person who had imagination and understood things like I did. We clicked together.

In Billingshurst, all the adults I knew, again took the attitude that I was cranky, and there were no kids of my own age at home, and as a new kid I was bullied on the trains I had to take to Horsham to school. My first school was a posh one, *Christ's Hospital*, where the uniform was antique and 300 years out of date. I was a boarder and thought the attitudes of teachers and peers ran against everything that I believed in. I ran away and was expelled. My next school was *Collyer's School* in Horsham which was another 'boy's only' day school, working like a factory, processing young boys as though they were cans of beans. They looked at us just to make sure that our 'labels were straight', and if they had slipped we were caned. Caning happened to some one every day. The teachers were a wretched bunch who weren't interested in the contents of the cans. There, no teacher was disinterested in me.

I became worried about God, and Hell, and with no one to talk to. I wanted to talk about philosophy, science fiction, and real science. I would have talked to Shirley Philpot, but I was prevented to go to see her by my parents who were no help to me, and I became mentally unstable in that I slowly developed obsessive compulsion disorder (OCD) and had a hundred things to do before I could get dressed in the morning and another hundred to cross the roads and get to the train station, let alone get to my class room at school which changed every lesson. Teachers stayed put, classes changed, leading to chaos in the corridors. I thought I would die and be sent to hell if I did not do all the requirements of my OCD. My mind was confused and I became aware that I was forgetting science and eventually my mother sent me to a psychiatric clinic in Horsham. There I met Dr Friedlander, a German woman who listened to me, and whom I trusted. She helped me to get rid of the hundreds of things I had to do to cross roads to come and see her, and I liked her. I began to tell her about my scientific ideas and she told me that she did not believe there was a Hell other than the one we lived in, but if there was a fiery one after death, and I went there, she promised she would come with me. We shook hands on that promise. She died later that same day in a car crash!

Then my world absolutely dissolved. I went deeper and deeper into a whirlpool of despair with huge doubts about my sanity and religion. I cannot find the words to explain the dissolution of my mind. All my thoughts, and my abilities just dissolved. My speech, walking and seeing became cloudy in my mind. My parents were just bystanders who did nothing, but wished I was 'normal' and did not have a vivid imagination but I did. Then my mother took me to London to meet a Harley Street psychiatrist.

He shouted at me, would not listen to me. He said he would listen only to my mother. He said I was insane and no doctor should talk to insane people. He made my mother cry, and she crumbled and blubbed and said nothing to him. He would not listen to me, he shouted at me, and I shouted back telling him my mother didn't know what was wrong with me, that was why she brought me to see him, and she didn't know my thoughts and fears, and only I could tell him. He wouldn't listen, he shouted in my face, said he was sending me to hospital where I would be given electric shock treatment. He then got a nurse and a policeman to come and undress me by force, put me into pyjamas and I fought vigorously to prevent this, hitting out at all of my assailants. The nurse then injected me with powerful sedative, and I knew nothing from then on.

I was incarcerated in *The London Hospital* in Whitechapel Road for 6½ weeks during which time I was continuously sedated. I cannot remember anything of this time. I cannot remember eating any food, drinking, or going to a toilet, and I cannot remember having seen any nurse or doctor, except on one brief occasion. Then I remember I was in a bed immediately next to the ward door and I remember waking from sedation and was frightened that I would be sent to electric shock treatment as promised by the wretched psychiatrist who had sent me there. I saw somebody pushing a cart with a machine on it which made a whirring noise, and I got down under the covers to avoid being noticed. I closed my eyes. I suffered six weeks of sleep, darkness, despair and fear. I lost all sense of time. I don't remember any shock treatment. This time was a total blank.

Then somebody poked me with a finger and woke me up, and it was morning, and I saw a face peering at me. It was my Aunt Elsie, my mother's younger sister. She hissed quietly to me, saying 'hold my hand, get out of bed, do not let go, do not talk, walk with me, I am taking you away from here'. I was dozy but did what she bade me do. I slipped a little immediately after getting out of bed. We left the ward, on to a busy corridor and into an elevator with collapsing metal doors to enter and exit. We came out 3 floors below, and I felt fresh air from the road outside, and Auntie Elsie took me, in my pyjamas but with bare feet, through the huge entrance doorway and down wide steps into the sunlight, cool in the morning, to Uncle Ted's car parked on the road. Nobody noticed me among the streams of people going up and down the steps. Elsie opened the back car door, pushed me in, closed the door and told Ted to lock the doors, not to let anybody

touch me until she came back. After, how long I don't know, she came back with my clothes, threw them into me, got into the passenger seat and ordered "*Ted drive, just drive!*"

I do not know how she got my clothes, she would never tell me, but she might have said she was my mother. We drove east out of London, went through the Blackwall Tunnel under the River Thames, and home through the countryside of Kent, East Sussex to West Sussex to Worthing. On the way we stopped in Kent at a pub. It had not opened then, but I put on my clothes in the garden, and we had a meal at the pub on table under an apple tree. I ate a lot. I know I breathed deeply, and I wanted to walk around, but I was quite dizzy when I got up. Elsie asked me questions, did they give me shock treatment, did they feed me well? But I did not know! I slept all the time and I didn't know day from night. I didn't know what day it was, and was amazed I had been in hospital for 6½ weeks.



The Prison I escaped from - The London Hospital - Whitechapel Street

It is now called the 'Royal' London Hospital but it wasn't Royal in July 1946. The day was bright and sunny, the sky was blue and the breeze was cool and clean, when my aunt Elsie led me in pyjamas and bare feet down those steps to freedom. She simply abducted me from my bed and it was a day I shall never forget. I remember walking down those stairs out into the road, fearing policemen would come and grab me. Uncle Ted's car was parked where the top of the white van just pops up bottom middle. When we were in the car, and Elsie said "Drive Ted, just drive!" I knew she had just snatched me, and I loved her for doing it

We arrived at 54 Pelham Road, Worthing, in sunshine, at Elsie's house. Elsie told me to forget the hospital, it should never had happened and she promised me it would never happen again. However, there was nothing to remember, I did not have any memories, just a huge hatred of the psychiatrist who put me there and took charge of my life. I hated him with all my being. I hated him for not listening to me, being told I was insane, and having my clothes pulled forcibly off, being forced into pyjamas and forcibly manhandled and then injected into darkness. I remember

my mother blubbing and weeping in his office, and doing nothing while he was shouting at me. I remember trying to get my mother to stop him shouting at me, and I remember she was useless and covered her face. She did not understand what fears I had, and she did not know the things I did to mediate my fear, and did not know what my mind felt. In any case she didn't believe anything I had said to her in the past weeks.

The psychiatrist's name was Dr Henry Wilson, who pronounced his name as Hinny Wilthon. I will never forget his name and his fat pink face. It was his control over me, by using a policeman, a nurse, and the receptionist to overpower me, that I hated. I knew he couldn't do it on his own. I would have killed him if I could have, and I think he knew that. He is the only person that I could have said that about. He said he would not listen to me, which was what made me angry. My mother could have stopped this, she could have made him listen to me, but she didn't! I then remembered a time with a dentist in West Worthing a long time ago when I was 4 or 5, when my mother also did not help me, and lied to me. Janice, my cousin of WWII days, had told me what the dentist would do to me, and it frightened me, but my mother said this would not happen. But it did! Just as cousin Janice said it would. I never again went to my mother for help and trust after leaving that hospital. I knew she didn't take notice of what Mr Murrell and the Modern School Headmaster told her. She didn't believe me, or them.

I was so grateful to Elsie who came to London and found me, and plucked me out from what ever might have been. And then I was so disappointed that even my father had to not come to my rescue. It appeared that Elsie called my mother to ask how I was, and my mother said she didn't know! She told Elsie that I had been in hospital for 6 weeks, and that nobody had gone to see me, and nobody had told her what was happening to me, and she didn't know anything. She hadn't even tried to find out, so Elsie found the name of the hospital and came next day. Maybe nothing had happened to me. I was certainly heavily sedated, and time was blotted out from my mind.

I was given a bedroom at Elsie's house, and was told that Elsie would telephone my mother and father and tell them what she had done, but she would look after me, and Suzette (my cousin, my age) would also look after me. I told Elsie that I did not want to go back to Billingshurst, and she promised she would not deliver me back there. She called my parents but only after 4 days, and even then my mother did not know that I had left the hospital! Elsie was fierce with my mother for letting me go 'into darkness'. I heard her tell my mother that it was shameful and pitiful that she had let them take me away from her, and send me to sleep for 6 and a half weeks! "*Six weeks out of his life*" I heard her say! She said she would look after me for a few weeks because I did not want to come back to Billingshurst and "*He doesn't trust you Gracie*" (my mother's name).

After 2 weeks at Pelham Road I was able regain some confidence and was able to go for walks with Suzette. I was able eat, which had been a problem for me at the height of my horror time before the hospital, and I could again string a sentence together. I could also tell Elsie some of my fears, which she promised not to tell Suzette. Then Uncle Ted drove us to Midhurst to see the headmaster of *Midhurst Grammar School* (MGS). I did not know about this until we got there. We parked off the road on a wide flat platform of cut granite rock, chained off from the footpath. We entered the school through a stout wooden door shaded by a beech tree growing out of the granite setts. I add a tiny picture, because it was behind that door I found my life again. The picture shows the granite platform, the sand stone arch to the door set in the rock walls. We entered the 'Oak Hall.' This was the main entrance to the boarding house, and the headmaster was waiting for us. On the other side of this door there was a wide oak stair case which divided in to a gallery crossing the hall on a higher level. The headmaster's office was on the left side of the stair case, and it looked out back away from the road, on to a sunny lawn bordered by stone walls on which fruit trees were splayed along. Every thing was quiet, soft, warm, neat and indicated care. The whole atmosphere was so comforting and so different from anything I had previously thought about in a school.

I do not know what Elsie knew about MGS or its headmaster, but he, Norman Bernard Claude



The door to the Oak Hall

Lucas, talked with me the whole morning. After he introduced himself, he sat Elsie and Uncle Ted down, and sat me in a very comfortable arm chair and suggested, after some coffee all round, that they go and wander in town, but come back by 1 pm. They left. Mr Lucas then asked me to tell me about myself and said I should tell him everything, and his wife would bring us more tea and parkin. I loved parkin (a treacly peasant cake) and it took me back good East Grinstead times. So I slowly told him about my life in Worthing and my fears, and he listened and didn't interrupt, but sometime confirmed things, but he was interested.

You could see it in his face which was kind, and he asked about science, and the poetry I had written, and was extremely interested in my ideas about the first written language, and how to pack a sentence or a paragraph with information that flowed together but did not drag and feel clumsy, and would give more information to a reader every time they re-read it. I told him about my wartimes and then said he would take me as a student at *Midhurst Grammar School*, but only as a boarder. He said that he could get a scholarship to pay my fees. He told me he had talked to Mr Dawes, the headmaster of EGGS, and Mr Murrell, after Auntie Elsie told him I needed a new school, and listened to my story for much of 3 hours with few small interruptions.

He said I had to agree to come to his school as a boarder, and neither my parents nor anybody else could make that decision. He said he could help me put my life back in order and make me a fine man when I left the school, but it was my life, and not a thing for my parent's to muck with (his word). He said you have a great mind, and you need to be with others of the same calibre, and your parents are not of that calibre. He said, your aunt has talked to me, and now she will take you home to Billingshurst, but I will come to your house next Saturday morning in Billingshurst, and meet your parents, and tell them what we, you and I, have agreed to. You are going to control your own life, and I will give you the facility to let you do that, and I shall tell your parents that they do not need to worry about you any more. You will cure yourself, and find joy in life again, and he promised he would be available to talk to me at any time, even in the middle of that night. He said Elsie would explain everything to my father. He said *"From this time on, you have me, as an adult friend who understands you"*. He gave me his card and his telephone number, and said, seriously, call me if you need, any time, night or day. He said his school would be warm and friendly to me. He said, if you agree to come I will take your awful terrors away, and if you say yes, we can shake hands on that and nothing will happen either to you or me, except that you will begin, this day, as the first of a new sunny life. MGS is a caring place and has much to offer you. *"What do you say Robin?"*

I hesitated, wondering if what he said was real, could it happen? Would he come and see my parents on Saturday? I asked *"Will you really come and see my father and mother in Billingshurst?"*

He said *"Yes."*

I said *"I agree to be a boarder"* and we shook hands. His grip was warm, strong and comforting. He took the place of Dr Friedlander. He knew this and smiled. That is why he had said that we could 'shake hands' (like I did with Dr. Friedlander) and nothing will happen to either of us.

At Billingshurst, Mary and Ted stayed for dinner, before which Elsie got my mother and father to come into our lounge room and with the five of us there she made sure that my parents knew that she had an agreement with Mr Lucas, and I had a separate agreement with Mr Lucas. She told them they were real solid agreements, and Mr Lucas was coming to see them on Saturday

morning. She said my mother didn't believe anything I said, so she was here to make sure that both my parents knew that she had talked to Mr Murrell and Mr Dawes, and so had Mr Lucas, and they said that I was an unusually intelligent boy. So I will be leaving home and will go to a boarding school, *Midhurst Grammar School*, and this would be my home. In holidays, I could come and stay with them, if I wanted. Telling them that all my teachers knew I was very intelligent and very perceptive was wasted on them. The agreement I had with Mr Lucas will get me a scholarship from the County to pay for all my board and lodging to live and learn at Midhurst. I had to grow into a man with equivalently intelligent people. My life there would not hurt them and would not give them any debts. So, if they, in the future, will look at me as loving parents I can stay, in or if not, I can back to Worthing with them now. My dad said he wanted me home, and wanted to talk to me and I stayed in Billingshurst. My dad was very attentive. I think it was difficult for my mother.

Mr Lucas, came with his wife, to see us on Saturday We lived over *Walker's Stores*, and there was a telephone in my father's office. The number was Billingshurst 14. In front of my mother, he got my father to agree to let me use the 'phone anytime, just anytime, to talk to him. At any time means any time at night he stated and my Dad agreed. And it was as he said, and I had two weeks at home before my third year at high school began.

Midhurst Grammar School - MGS

At MGS I came back to life, and Luke, as the boys called him, found the way to 'cure' me. He got me a friend, then several friends, and he listened to the depths of my despair and superstitions, and during the next 2 years I got all my interests back, in science, in the arts in music and drama. He gave me opportunities to talk to teachers and senior boys of different races and languages, who were interested in the same things as me, and got me to visit the wonderful museums and theatres of London. My life became awash with classical music, a little jazz, and I went to operas, ballets, and concerts. In the evenings there were play readings, and little music concerts in different master's rooms, and there were sports on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. I believed I had a scholarship, and my parents certainly believed this, but in fact Mr Lucas paid for my welfare himself, school fees, and all the trips the school provided, and I never knew this until 16 years later when I had left school and Mr Lucas had died. He knew my potential, and knew what I could be, and tried to prevent me from letting my mother force her 'working class' views upon me and have me end up as a postman or even a bank clerk, as she wanted.

Mr Lucas was educated at the *University of Cambridge at Selwyn College*, and then at the *University of Alexandria* in Egypt. He had an MA from Cambridge, and strongly objected to the class system that governed Britain, and was probably an Arab or a Jew, though I don't have any evidence of this except when he was in academic dress, he wore a scarlet fezz and could speak Arabic. MGS was an old school, established in 1672 as a boy's only school, but Luke eventually turned it into a co-educational boarding school beginning in 1953, just after I left. It was one of the first of its kind, in Britain.

I had effectively lost the whole of my 2nd Year at secondary school when I joined Class 3C at MGS in autumn 1947. The school was small and there were some 140 borders and some 400 day boys, most of my class were dayboys. I became top of my class at the end of the year. Luke wanted to give me the confidence to do well with out competition, although my boarder friends were all in the A stream. He put me in the C stream, and told me to quietly tell people what I thought about space and consciousness when opportunities turned up. He got Mr Stuck, who was the senior chemistry master, and a German, to touch on philosophical aspects of science in our classes, and he let me wrangle with him about what I once thought. Mr Stuck listened to my ideas, and was known to invite senior 6th form boys to his house for coffee and drinks (and

smokes) and one of them (Andrew Galwey) took me along even though I was not a 6th form boy. Andrew was interested in steam trains and we got on very well and often walked to Midhurst Railway Station where we talked to the driver and his 'stoker' of one of the engines, and once got a ride to Pulborough and back, but this was later. I think all this was enabled by Luke. At Baer's house we discussed the things I had thought of at EGGS, but nobody at MGS thought they were rubbish, but certainly ahead of the time. My mind had just shut down in the middle of 1946 to September 1947, about which time I have written a more detailed account in my autobiography, but my ideas came back in force in 1948, and blossomed when I got to go Baer Stuck's house in 1950. I took *School Certificate* then, and had the best certificate of that year in the whole school, getting 7 distinctions and one pass in the 8 subjects I took, but I was still the C stream! The pass was in Maths, but because I was ill and took only 1 of the 3 papers. I passed, but didn't get a credit or distinction on 1 paper alone, and this became a problem later on.

At home in the holidays of 1950 my father was always dear to me, and I loved to work with him in loading provisions into the shop from the trucks that brought them, but it was always my mother that drove home life. She was not without intelligence and love for me, but her life and ideals had been shattered by circumstances before I was born, which slowly came to light in later years. Aunt Elsie helped me in this task too. The thing that I never understood was how my mother could believe that I could never get a professional job, because I was born working class. Even after *School Certificate* she insisted that:

"If you get a middle class job they will sack you once they know you are only working class!"

Class distinction ruled her mind, but in fact it ruled the entire country. She said, regardless of how intelligent a person was your class overruled this, and she would trust an aristocrat over anybody just because he was an aristocrat, and even if he had never gone to any school. There were in fact a few these aristocrats still around. Everybody had to go to school, except those who were posh enough not to need too.

After just one term at MGS, at Christmas 1947, I seemed to be cured, but it really took much, much longer, and at least another 4 years to free all my demons. Nevertheless, while I was swotting for the *School Certificate Examination* in 1949, and later in the 6th Forms, I began to read about different religions in the school library and found much information on Hinduism, Jainism, Zoroastrianism, and Buddhism. I also came across the ideas of Immanuel Kant, the so-called founding father of modern philosophy, who said that the mechanical construction of human brains leads to great similarities of intuitive understanding, but I did not agree with this.

My ideas of thoughts, minds and brains from East Grinstead had come back and I felt hot and bothered with Kant for what he had said. All people might have basic similarities, but what they think, speak and act is so different. Anybody can see that. All people may have similar intuitions but I thought that they do not abide in brain structure, but from minds in space, where intuitions may have been placed there by an illimitable spirit, a God, that created the universe. Kant, and many other philosophers, didn't appear to consider that an umbrella of intellect could form outside of a human brain. His metaphysics did not contemplate the idea that non-human living things like ants and plants may be under the sway of an over-arching intellect. While I agreed that humans have very similar brain anatomy, I thought that similar intuition came from picking up the same advice from space. Kant seemed to think that people are constructed in the same way and thus think in the same way, yet people may think in the same way, but think different things. In the game of cricket you have to bowl a ball in a specific way, but the balls you bowl and their qualities can be very different. People react differently to different challenges, and are as different as their bodies suggest. Why do people know physical bodies differ but consider their mystical minds should not?

I also began to worry about 'very important people' who clearly said wrong things, but were still believed because of their class, or where they studied, while most people didn't look at the facts and looked for guidance from others based on their social status. If you came from Oxford or Cambridge Universities you got listened to, and believed, regardless of the facts. My father said this was the case in the army, it wasn't what you knew or what you could do, but the family you came from. He said half the officers in the British Army were incapable of doing their jobs, and you could still buy a commission for your son if you were of the right class. I told Mr Lucas I thought that Kant was wrong in a lot of what he surmised, as a test to see how he would react to me challenging a very important, but deceased person, and he asked me for an example so I gave him one. He asked me why I thought what I did, and I was happy when he said, yes, he thought Kant was wrong too. My argument was good.

The 6th Forms at MGS 1951-1953

In the top forms at MGS I became aware that science is man-made, and it has come to behave like a religion. It has priests and prelates who have always been heavily involved in telling the world what 'science' says, and thus this is what we should believe. There is a lot of power in the scientific aristocracy, which however, is just as flawed as any western country's politics or religions are. I found that scientists are usually highly aware of their status in the scientific community, and had founded clubs and societies to support their members, and have their own scientific journals with editors who pick peer reviewers, and they decide what they print. I knew this in 1952 when I took 'A' levels. Examinations of this new name had taken the place of the *Higher School Certificate*. In these years I was able to visit *The Royal Society* in London, and then the *Linnean* and the *Royal Geographical Societies* and met the director of *Kew Gardens*, and I was taken to these places by ex-MGS students. In 1953 when I was taking scholarships at UK universities, I visited Oxford and Cambridge Universities and met more ex-MGS students there. I knew that the media tended to jump on scientific ideas that came from big clubs, or ivy-league universities, and implied that when a person comes from one of these places he or she is better, and thus their ideas are better, than those of others who come from lesser venues.

I regret that the tendency to not look at facts that demean 'a jolly good fellow' regardless of what he says, was still operating in England. It is however clear, that once you have been pronounced a 'jolly good fellow' it is easy to get your ideas published, and to join the best clubs - rowing, dancing, tennis, sailing, cricket, hunting, or just one to waste your life in the very most selective clubs where women never appear. If you have the right clubs behind you, your words are accepted whether they are open for proof or not. However, it is also widely known that people who do have great ideas, ones that might cause a sea change in science or culture, usually meet violent protest from most of the jolly good fellows. As Albert Einstein said:

"Great spirits have always found violent opposition from mediocrities. The latter cannot understand it when a man does not thoughtlessly submit to hereditary prejudices, but honestly and courageously uses his intelligence."

An important thing that is often missed by people was that Einstein frequently talked about people being 'spirits'.

In my 3 years in the 6th Form at MGS I had time to do my own literature research in the school and public libraries. I researched religions. The oldest religion that I knew of is that of the aboriginal tribes of Australia. All the old religions began before a written language had developed and all went through a primordial stage when the religious way of life was passed on by word of mouth. Australia provides the very oldest of these and the aboriginal way of life still relies on verbal transition and translation, and they have no written language. Importantly the Australian aborigines had been isolated from contact with other humans for some 75,000 years, until the first

other human invaders entered Australia some 410 years ago. This was when Willem Jansoon captaining the Dutch ship *Duyfken* in 1606 was forced to land on the northeast coast of that continent after storm damage. He left quickly after 4 members of his crew were killed in fights by the aborigines. It then took another 166 years for further European contact was made with Australian aborigines in Tasmania in 1772, and another 16 years in 1788, when the first European settlement was established at Botany Bay by the British. Since I gathered this information in 1952, it was then only in the last 174 years that Europeans had settled in Australia, and less than 47 years since British Missionaries began to deliberately disrupt the lives of the aborigines with help from the UK government in 1905. The true film *Rabbit Proof Fence* indicates this.

Australia was once a part of Gondwana, an ancient continent which began to break up some 170 million years ago. The break finally put a sea between Australia and Gondwana 35 million years ago, and the two land masses were totally isolated over some 30 million years ago, as Australia travelled northward and Antarctica travelled south. Yet this was not generally accepted in 1953, and so if I mentioned the tectonic movement of continents, I was frowned upon by all school teachers and university lecturers who I met at that time. I knew that human ancestry on Earth can be taken back only 4 million years from the earliest humanoid fossils found, which were 3.8 million year old, and were in Africa. We know there were no placental mammals at all in Australia when it was isolated from Gondwana 35-30 million years ago. It is now believed that the first placental mammals to arrive in Australia were the first aboriginal people and the dogs they brought with them. This is 'now' accepted to be as long as 75,000 years ago. It is believed they arrived by boat or raft from Indonesian islands and very likely by mistake. The humans had no adversaries and radiated over the entire continent, finally to Tasmania. These two species *Homo sapiens* and *Canis lupus dingo* were the first placental mammals to live and breathe in Australia. The dogs adapted to the new environment, and were highly successful and are now called dingoes. Rock paintings of dingoes with humans predate all European access to Australia.

I realised that for tens of centuries the people of the world were ruled by elders and ways of life that slowly turned into religions which had then coalesced into the belief that the universe was created by one Divine Spirit which gave humans free will, but also gave inherent ways of behaving which would support the creation. There were no other extant human religions which dated back more than 8,000 years, including Hinduism, Zoroastrianism, Jainism, Buddhism, Judaism, Maoism, Christianity and Islam, and which they are all younger by more than 67,000 years, except than that of the Australian aborigines. From the latter we can still get the oldest code of life on earth, verbally today, from the living lips of those people who still use it! I thought this information was very important, but the people in the museums of London, in 1970, laughed at me.

The concept of making sounds related to a 'letter' made by a stick drawn in wet clay, and then joining the letters together to make the sound of a 'word' with a specific meaning, was developed in Sumeria around 2500 years BC, and then exported to Athens and Rome by Phoenician sailors, but Mr Murrell never discovered this! It is certain that hand writing was the greatest human invention ever. Despite this, the first bibles are much later and the first complete Hebrew Bible, called the *Leningrad Codex* is in Russia dated at 1008 AD. There are religious texts and fragments in the Dead Sea Scrolls going back to 300 BC, and others are coming to light from lands to the east of Palestine, some going back to 800 BC. The oldest complete texts on Buddhism are in the *British Library* in London, and are from 300 BC. The oldest book ever discovered in this world, signed and dated by the author, was baked in clay 2250 years before Jesus was born, and it was written by a Sumerian woman called Enheduanna, a priestess of Ur.

The Australian aborigines do not have any text, nor any written commandments, nor a written language. I had the ability to talk to Australians from Australia House in London, in and at the British Library 1949, and gathered information from them during in 1950's in Australia. Later, I

lived closely with some aborigines in South Australia 1955-59, at Port Lincoln, Streaky Bay and Ceduna, and discovered what they believed. Although there are myriad minor variations, they thought that the *Great Spirit* created the Earth using its own *Spirit*, and that part of its own *Spirit* became the Earth. When this had happened, the *Great Spirit* then came back to Earth and travelled far and wide, and made more things, and in creating these things, the parts of the *Spirit* which were used, metamorphosed into all material creations, like mountains, lakes, trees, rocks, animals. The aborigines believe that when something was created by the *Great Spirit*, that thing carries the creative *Spirit* locked inside it in dormant format. So everything has a *Spirit* base and the *Spirits* of objects can be aware of each other through space, using the still free wandering non-metamorphosed *Spirit* that permeates space. They believe that disturbing and destroying the environmental balance is bad because this is tampering with the *Great Spirit's togetherness*, and they believe that all people individually should revere the environment and all life, because it is all part of the *Great Spirit*. They also believe that they themselves, like the trees, kangaroos and birds, belong to the land they live on and everything is connected in a giant network of *Spirit*. Destroying the environment will anger the *Great Spirit*. The aborigines do not own land, rather the land owns them! The fact that white men came and wanted to own the land was taking away the land from the *Great Spirit* which owns all land and all living things.

The aboriginal people I knew in 1955 understood that killing people is wrong, and if a person did this, and this was known by others, then a relative of the person killed, could point a bone at the killer and he/she would die, if in fact he/she was the real culprit. They did not need British laws to tell them that the killer should be hanged. They just pointed the bone. They knew stealing was wrong and that within their group everything outside their family was common property including food. They didn't have laws as such, they just knew intuitively. They had 'wives' and 'husbands' as it were, but the whole group would look after the children and the family if any parent fell ill.

How the Australian aborigines lived for some 75,000 years is similar to what the Hebrews did before Moses came with the 10 Commandments some 3,500 years ago. Thereafter, but before there were Jewish Kings to make laws, the Hebrew way of life was very close to what the Zoroastrians and the Jainist's still adhere to. Before Moses (born 1293 BC) Zoroastrianism was the official religion of Persia and much of the Middle East, and continued to be so until 770 AD when Islam slowly took over. Muhammad was just the latest in a long line of prophets including Adam, Abraham, Zarathustra (Zoroastra his Greek name), Moses and Jesus. Very importantly, and originally from Zarathustra's time, there were no written laws until Moses came with the *Ten Commandments*, but there was an acceptance that God created humans and gave them free will, and they should always think good things, say good things and do good things. Thinking good things was definitely the keystone. Thoughts were very important and every person would know from intuition what was righteous or not. There was also an understanding that nothing, no happenstance, was absolute. Only *The Great Spirit*, the creator could see absoluteness. It is important to realise that, at first, there were no laws. People made their own decisions. They did not have to let others make their decisions for them. People were not separated from the Creator and could pray to this entity directly, anywhere, and they were not controlled by the wishes of a few of their own kind. There were no books of Common Prayer, and no orders telling them how and when to talk to their Creator.

The hierarchy of priests came later, to direct people's lives. If there was a rule, and you did not obey it, that was a sin. Who set up the rules, and who ordered the people to see they complied, and who judged who had sinned? The priests of course! This, with the advent and the spread of the writing of books of rules and necessary belief, was a great weapon to control people. Churches effectively became governments. So many religions still use priests to tell their laity what God wants them to do, but this is not what the religions said at their beginnings. Building churches with hierarchies of control slowly came. Telling people when they had to visit a church

building, and what they must do there, and how they should dress for the occasion is shameful, and is very far from letting people have free will to decide for themselves. Yet I had already seen this practise in some of richest and poorest countries, and I have seen the glitter of gold and overwhelming affluence in places of worship, where outside there was real poverty. Worshipping God has become a thriving financial business in situations where self interest and now, science, reigns.

Before I left MGS all the big surviving religions seem to have the same idea that everything is connected between living and non-living things, and that thoughts, speech and actions should be righteous to prevent damage to human life, and that nothing that we know is absolute. At least science now does not disagree with these ideas if you simply substitute the word **spirit** for **energy**. If you change these words it will not change any science from the past or in the future. $S=mc^2$ is the same as $E=mc^2$. However, it will remind us that there is a vastly superior mind which can see things that are invisible to us, and make sure we know our limitations in spacetime.

Nevertheless, knowing our limitations, we may still be able to prosper further with thought experiments, and perhaps we could begin to discuss new ideas, for example, the energy of this universe might be seen differently by different living beings, invisible to us, but showing them an alternative universe, or even a different cosmos. I thought that human minds might lead us to trap-door for us to see a different appreciation of the energy in the universe, like children in C.S.Lewis's '*The Lion, The Witch and the Wardrobe*' Geoffrey Bles, 1950. We might find there was another totally unbounded existence would have answers for science that we could not get on Earth, using our old classical science. I thought that the only way forward for science was using our minds with 'thought research' and my idea of a creator was so different from what people appeared to believe. I thought that extra dimensions would bring fuller understanding of things. And crucially I argued ideas with Martin Michaelis when he came back to MGS in university holidays, and he enjoyed this! I knew that to peer into the invisibilities of science needed people to try to understand some things that were just dismissed as not being science, but actually those things were at the centre of science, and the lives of all people. So I believed in 1953.

In this year I knew that all the wide-spread religions were formulated in written text, where politicians and scholars have already had their heavy say in what these religions require from their users. They have had the use of writing and printing to help them control massive populations. Yet religions came from the deepest past, but all had some common threads, being spirit, and manifestations of spirit into matter, and the idea that all things are connected, and only a Creator knows all, from the last 75,000 years. Where did this idea come from? I didn't have the background to further assist my ideas.

To talk about religions briefly. They now have gradually aligned to assist 'government of the public' rather the 'worship of God' and this was made clear in the European Reformations of Christianity, and clearly in Britain by the development of the *Sarum Rite* after the Norman Conquest of Britain. *Sarum* is the name of the old town which was later rebuilt as Salisbury in Wiltshire in England. The *Rite* was the code for how the Christian religion should be practised in England, and then in Wales, Ireland and Scotland, and the use of the *Rite* was required absolutely in all churches and abbeys by King William I of England in 1067.

Since Moses, archbishops, bishops, cardinals and priests controlled religions. When England was conquered by the Norman Duke, William, in 1066, he took over management of the country and had all landowners and their holdings noted in the *Domesday Book*. Prior to that time the churches had all the power and owned more than 60% of all the land in Britain. Later, the barons objected, and the *Magna Carta* was signed in England, and the Parliament became more powerful, but still under the monarchy. Yet slowly and surely the church and monarchy lost their grip on power. It fell to a parliament to make laws, made by a few people, and to make a police

force to protect the laws. In fact there was a *Town Guard* in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1682 to enforce a curfew, and then the *Bow Street Runners* of London were instigated in 1749 to protect the rights of people, and this is considered the basis of all modern police forces, but it was not until 1829 that the *Metropolitan Police Force* was formed in London by Sir Robert Peel, the then Home Secretary, and then policemen were then called 'Bobbies' or 'Peelers' after him.

The development of police forces, the heavy hand of the law, the industrial revolution and the increasing importance of science, all helped weaken the churches. Science had its origins more than 2,500 years ago, but modern science had only been around for some 375 years since the death of Galileo Galilei in 1642. It was he, who instigated modern physics and he is thought of as the father of all Science and the Scientific Method, and his work led to Newton's work.

As people became aware that the churches were losing power, and priests did not themselves stick to the laws they gave to the public, there came the temptation to remove a creator from the control of people. If science could measure everything and make predictions then science could replace God, and with the Industrial Revolution this became easier to consider. Material things became increasingly more important in public life, and the world became openly materialistic. God's Spirit had been the fundamental base of life and science, but if you called *God's Holy Spirit* Energy, then you could remove God and put Energy in its place. You could then try to believe that humans could control Energy, whereas they could not control an omnipotent God!

Science underscored all technology and was fundamental to back modern governments, and in science, energy is seen as the cornerstone behind everything and the use of the word God and Holy Spirit had become a 'no no' in the last century! There were scientists who thought that by using science they could measure and predict everything and using the term God, was weak and unscientific! But religions are now not in heavy conflict with modern quantum mechanics, as Werner Heisenberg, a principal inceptor of quantum mechanics, stated in 1974:

"Ever since the famous trial of Galileo, it has repeatedly been said that scientific proof cannot be reconciled with the religious interpretation of the world. Although I am now convinced that scientific truth is unassailable in its own field, I have never found it possible to dismiss the content of religious thinking as simply part of an outmoded phase in the consciousness of mankind, a part which we have to give up from now on. Thus in the course of my life I have repeatedly been compelled to ponder on the relationship of these two regions of thought, for I have never been able to doubt the reality of that to which they point."

The crucial point here is that Heisenberg understands that quantum mechanics is unassailable in *its own field*, and its own field is science, demarked by the spacetime of our universe. The *reality* he mentions is that there was a creation event to begin the spacetime universe. Our material bodies are an integral part of the material universe. However, our minds are not material things and comprise invisible energy which is outside of spacetime, and are therefore non-quantum mechanical. I knew at this time, that Quantum Mechanics (QM) was a bad name because it could not see the 'clockwork' or 'mechanics' that happened in invisible wave energy, and although this was my own idea, it had been published by David Bohm the previous year (1952) which I did not know then. However, David Bohm got the right idea, but was not given the credit for his ideas. He was not a 'jolly good fellow', but in my mind he was. Quantum mechanics (QM) tells that science cannot predict but only suggest probabilities.

Quantum physics has replaced Newton's physics with much greater accuracy, and all the hoo ha that came with Newton which suggested that we knew 'it all' or had the way to find 'it all', has faded. The *Uncertainty Principle* of Heisenberg which explains why nothing we see is absolute, had originally dealt with tiny sub-atomic particles, but it also extends into the macrosphere as I recognised in Knole Grove in 1945. Many people make the mistake of thinking of a Creator as a human, saying that if God exists, **he** needs to comply with the principles of our science but this is

making ‘the tail wag the dog’. It annoys me because it is not logical! If there is a Great Creator of the universe it is philosophically certain that the creator is greater than its creation. Even calling God ‘he’ is demeaning the Creator of the universe by implying that that entity will have the limitations of a human. Albert Einstein, possibly the most perceptive scientist I know of, indicated he believed in a creator.

Leaving School

My 3rd year in the 6th form was to prepare for scholarships at Oxford, Cambridge and London universities, and I was successful in being offered Open Scholarships in Natural Science in two of them, at which point I closed my application at Oxford. Before I left MGS in July 1953, I was the Head Prefect and Head of School. I had keys to the Biology Lab and Chemistry labs, and could use them for my own research, and spent much time in them, and in the local public library. I had no classes to attend, but I could set up tutorials with the masters as I pleased. I was always close to the Biology Master, Mr Wood, and the Chemistry Master, Mr Stuck, and Mr Lucas (HM) of course, and gave them my ideas and essays, and generally became good friends with them. I had also become life long friends with other students who had left school a few years before me, and importantly Martin Ludwig Michaelis at the *Universities of Cambridge and of Frankfurt*, and (Paddy) Andrew Knox Galwey at *Imperial College*, London and then at *Queens University* in Belfast, and (Taffy) Raymond Edward Eric Norman Bellows from Jersey C.I., and Seth Cardew of Bodmin, Cornwall and later of Spain.

The Invisibility of the Universe

I had developed my own ideas of space as indicated in this document. I saw that, although we centre our thoughts on the small amount of matter manifested by energy in the universe, we are far less concerned about the huge dominance of invisible energy in the universe. Our science was more about managing and measuring matter rather than researching the sea of uncongealed energy which was present in vastly greater quantity. I thought the free energy in the universe might be the controlling feature of the universe, and it carries illimitable intellectual power and ideas including our emotions, our thoughts, and our souls, and had a God like propensity, and we should think of the universe holistically. We should think how the invisible power weaves with the visible all the time. I had many, possibly outrageous ideas that I thought about, but looking for a “thought-field” was top of my list.

I had read Arthur Conan Doyle’s stories of Sherlock Holmes (the great detective) and noticed that Sherlock tells his assistant Dr Watson that:

“If something has happened, and you cannot think how or why it could have happened, do not deny that it happened. You know there has to be a how and why? You must find these.”

Yet western science was making this mistake.

It was more that 150 years when the first physical experiments showed that light in wave format was instantly warped into particles (photons) when a human mind was aware in those experiments. But how could human minds be a controlling entity in physics? Why had not this been an important topic for research? Most science teachers I knew still said ‘that to believe that human thought could alter outcomes of physical experiments was like believing in magic’, and that name had become one for deceit and trickery. Yet it was clear that we accepted the results of the ‘double slit’ experiments, but were frightened to accept the fact, that human awareness was involved. This was scientifically proved, but *how* this happens is less important than the fact that it *does* happen! Most scientists don’t want human awareness to be involved because it alters their current paradigm, and topples their place as the most important predictor of material life on this

planet because that knowledge is hidden in invisible energy mind form, with which we need to win stronger contact with.

Our science is not yet devoted to understanding the fullness of our world and of our minds. Science accepts consciousness and emotions, but has so far given them little heed, as though they have no substance and therefore can be laughed away by saying they are spiritual. But they are! I, with others present, had witnessed more than one paranormal event, but no one outside the others who were present, believed the events were true. When I emphasized 'yes that is what happened' they generally brush it off by saying things like, 'well that may be what you thought happened, but you had to be mistaken'. Had to be? Why? Clearly they do not want to see, because it crosses the boundaries they want to exist, but who makes these boundaries? They have been marked out by the 'code of life of our community' coerced upon us from childhood, and they are unverified rules or regulations.

So I began to write a play called *Space - Where Mystery and Magic Happen*, and called on the help of four people who were present in the paranormal happenings I had witnessed and they agreed to act in the play, to play themselves. I presented this as a reading play in the main the school hall where all the pupils and teachers met together on special occasions, and where the annual school play was given in December. I arranged the presentation with Mr Lucas to be after the leaving ceremony in mid July, 1953 but it happened in 1954.

In the play I tried to be didactic; trying to expose social injustice and to stage my thoughts of space and consciousness to my peers and teachers. I thought my play would upset and anger people, because it painted the raw truth, in both social and scientific areas. I thought some teachers might be unhappy, and these might be the three teachers that I liked most, and I thought that they might be shocked, upset and possibly disappointed in me. So I decided to not act myself, and got others to suggest my thoughts, but in the end, my original audience liked it and urged me to push the play and my ideas forward. Further circumstances precluded this (I was in the army), but I have the play and show the text in my autobiography.

The play was read by actors seating on the stage set out to look like the lounge in a country pub, where there was a cosy nook and fireplace, and chairs around a bar at the back right hand side. The actors were all undergraduates at universities in Britain and played themselves. Each actor had long texts to present and could read their papers to the other cast and audience as if they were giving a paper at a conference. They could rise and be angled to the audience who could feel they themselves were in the lounge.

I found three girls to help me, one as a narrator and two as actors. Two were students of *London University* who I met on trips there, and the other one I met at *Cambridge University* when I was there for my scholarship exams.

Nobody in my audience knew that there would be women involved until the curtain was raised. This was my first shock to the audience which was mainly male, and at a boy's only school. The girls were all a little older than me and were all keenly interested in my ideas, and two had been with me in a rather unhappy spooky event, which gave me confidence. They were all attractive and expensively clothed for the play, which we thought of as an experiment. An experiment to happen in front of the masters and many boys at MGS, and some important dignitaries from town. I wanted to show sexually attractive, confident women, who were physicists and mathematicians, to exhibit ease, confidence and imagination, in fields of research where most educators were afraid to go. I got 4 boys of the same calibre of the girls, but they were a little muted, and it was the girls who opened and ran the discussions, and that was what the play was all about - discussion of subjects that were no no's in science right then. The boys were also undergraduates but ex-MGS students. One of the girls was Egyptian, one was English/French and one Polish, and the boys comprised one English, one French, one German, and one Scottish.

It seemed to me that British people considered the way the world worked was by airy fairy 'mother nature' rather than by cut throat 'human nature' and the cop out was that they thought that this could not be changed. It was important for the people of Britain to know that in 1953 less than 0.5% of school leavers in the UK each year went to university, and of these, less than 8% were girls. I was unhappy that women were denied so much in life, just because they were women, and that all people in Britain were suppressed by the amazing class structure that prevailed in the UK. I was angry at the British people for not listening, and deliberately not wanting to understand the things that some wonderful intellects were saying and warning. I thought that the latter cried out for other minds who would stand up for truth in politics, sociology and science. I knew that Britain was hiding behind the quaint idea that Britain and a British life was the best you will ever get in this world, and therefore everybody should shut up, and 'carry on, carrying on'.

R. H. Hughes.

Robin H. Hughes