

# Achieving my Goals

## by Gregory Mitchell

Because my mother and my maternal grandfather declared that his father was of unsound mind, so they did not inherit anything, as it had been willed to me, there were several years of battles in court, and a lot of legal expenses. They were both eventually successful - but this opened the door to at least thirty claimants, because there was an earlier will, made in 1949, from which many people would inherit, in which I would get a few thousand pounds.

In order to break my great grandfather's final will, my mother and her father challenged this will in court, hoping to gain much more. They managed to prove that he was of unsound mind, as a consequence of him selling many houses - perhaps more than twenty years before his death - so the value of his estate was found to be much less than one million pounds. A further consequence of breaking the will was that the disposal of the estate reverted back to a will written in 1949, dividing the money between thirty or more relatives, and some bequests to former servants and employees who had given faithful service, rather than leaving the lot to me.

After death duties, which had been invented by then, sharing the money out to the different claimants, and legal fees, I only inherited a few thousand pounds, as was the case in the earlier will. This small inheritance paid for some private travel, and a decent wardrobe, but not much else. If I had inherited most of the estate, I would be writing different story, because most of my problems would have been solved, but I may not have had the motivation to start Mental Development. Who knows!

As a consequence of my history, described above, I feel I have been denied my birthright, several times, from several directions. This has been my strongest motivation: to make something truly worthwhile of my life, from the circumstances I found myself in. Before I left London and went to Belgium, my goal was to succeed and excel in several professions. For the most part, I have succeeded in doing this, thanks to Mind Development.

I have been told by several people who ought to know, that I am descended from the Duke of Norfolk on my father's side of the family. The Duke of Norfolk is the Premier Duke in the peerage of England, and also, as Earl of Arundel, the Premier Earl. The Duke of Norfolk is, moreover, the Earl Marshal and Hereditary Marshal of England. The seat of the Duke of Norfolk is Arundel Castle in Sussex, although the title refers to the county of Norfolk. John Howard, the son of Thomas Mowbray's elder daughter Margaret, was created 1st Duke of Norfolk in 1483, in the title's third creation. This is why most of the male members of the Mitchell family have Howard as one of their names. From this point to the present, the title has remained in the hands of the descendants of John Howard. I asked my father about our aristocratic ancestors. He

said that he was related to most of the crowned heads in Europe, and most of the royal families in Europe were German, but he said this would be of no help to me as it was too long ago.

On my mother's side, I am also descended from one of the German royal families. As her father's mother was part of the house of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, also many of the Hudson's used the surname Hudson-Baden, because this was my mother's grandfather's surname and he had some sort of title. As many of the family were living in England and had done so for more than fifty years, they were forced in most cases, unless they were close relatives of the King, to piss on their titles, as the result of an act of Parliament passed in 1917. Many of the Hudsons have been angry about this until now.



**Kingsley, my father, in later years**

I have not claimed any of the titles that I may have claim to - there would have been no personal need, as there was no Rolls Royce, no castle, and no money. As a consequence of my history, described above, I feel I have been denied my birthright, several times, from several directions. This has been my strongest motivation: to make something truly worthwhile of my life, from the circumstances I found myself in. Before I left London and went to Belgium, my goal was to succeed and excel in several professions. For the most part, I have succeeded in doing this, thanks to Mind Development.

The subject of social classes in 2010 is not very important now, but they were very important fifty or sixty years ago, so this history has had a massive influence on my childhood, not all of which was positive. Furthermore, both my paternal grandfather and my maternal grandfather have taken decisions and actions in the 1920s which have had long term consequences that extended into my lifetime in the 1940s and 1950s, and probably until I left home at sixteen in 1963, in order to escape a dysfunctional family who in several cases were bordering on insanity. These early experiences have had a massive effect on my childhood, and personal mental development, some of which were negative.

Events that occurred before the war shaped the environment I was born into, but this was a given, over which I had no control. My environment could be described as down-and-going, genteel, eccentric, upper middle class, yet relatively poor. Events prior to World War I probably had little influence on my personal mental development, except that I lacked an important social dimension: the aristocracy. I made two bad marriages, because I did not move in the right circles, which restricted my choices. Apart from that, lack of money curtailed my foreign travels, and the mental broadening this would have given me, but when I grew up I made many trips abroad, so this has largely compensated for the lack of travel during my childhood, but I will write no more on that. I have made many of the same mistakes as my two grandfathers. These mistakes have made me a black sheep in the eyes of most of my relatives, from both sides of my family, so I have been rejected. This has caused

me problems over the last forty-five years, such as little help when it was needed; this was a family pattern.

At the public school I went to, one was given the choice of studying European History, because this school expected many of its students would work in the Foreign Office, as diplomats, such as Consuls and Ambassadors. Consequently, I studied European History and British Constitution in the lower sixth form and gained two extra O Level in these subjects. This has been useful for my work in the trade unions, the theater, and several other situations. It has also been a great help in understanding my family history, which has been closely connected with the politics and historical events of Western Europe.

When I was fifteen and had completed my A Levels, which was made possible, because I was both in the gifted stream and I had [savant](#) abilities, I was forced by my mother to go to Paris, because she needed my status as a permanent resident, as a consequence of my father living in France when I was a minor, so my mother could remain in France to start a business.

I left Paris where I had lived with my mother for nine months, I spent Xmas 1962 with my grandfather. I had a kind of nervous breakdown that lasted for about three months, so I did not return to Paris. When I was almost better, I went up to the north of Norfolk, to stay with the mother of a friend, so I could convalesce and find a non-intellectually demanding job. I got a job with a commercial stationer called Jarrold's in Norwich. I traveled to work from Bacton on a racing bike, which took about an hour. Two evenings a week were spent in Norwich, so I could study photography, as I thought it would be useful some time in the future. I remained in Norfolk for three or four months, and then I was subpoenaed to London to be a witness for my mother's divorce from my first stepfather Jerry. When I went to London, I decided to remain there, but as I had nowhere to live I lived with my mother for a few months, until I could get established and live on my own. By that time my secondary education had ended, so I saw myself as an adult and went on to achieve my goals.

As a consequence of my ancestry and upbringing, I had either no Superego, or a very small benign Superego, and little or no negative self talk - this made many things possible. This mental state also provided many of the preconditions for Mind Development. Furthermore, the possession of a benign Superego or no Superego at all made most of the things I did in my adult life possible. The actor, Peter Baron Von Ustinov had a similar ancestry and upbringing to myself, so he was probably not inhibited by his Superego either. He entered the acting profession soon after he left school, and within a few months got a leading role. In addition, he did many other things. As this was the case with him, my first intention was to become an actor.

When I came back from Norfolk to London, with the intention of getting a job in the theater, I had the idea that a good way of getting into the theater quickly, was to get a job in a music publisher's. The next day I went to a large music publisher in Wardor street (Heinrich's Edition), I walked in and I said: I speak French and German and I could do book keeping. I was sent upstairs to see the big boss, Hans Heinrich, we had a short conversation, then he said that I could start tomorrow, as a book keeper,

because many of the customers were French or German. This is how it was, when you were looking for a job in the early 1960s.

I remained at Heinrich's Edition for a few months, and then I got lucky and landed an interview with the Windmill Theater.

When I had been working for Heinrich's Edition for some months, I met the stage manager of the Windmill Theater, who, after a conversation on the subject of a job, said it was very easy at the moment to get a job at the Windmill, at that they needed a stage electrician with a range of other skills. He granted me an interview later that week. I was interviewed by him then I was sent to the owner, Sheila van Dam. At the interview I used the name "Mitchell." I had been doing this since I was 16, because I was going to change my name to Mitchell as soon as it was legally possible. She said to me: "Is Kingsley Mitchell your father, as he has done a lot of photography for me?" I said yes, so she gave me the job and paid me more than I got at the music publishers, where I got £24 per week, but as a stage electrician I got £30 per week with overtime.

I was soon promoted to Deputy Stage Manager, so I actually got on stage, where I sang, danced, had a cameo role, and acted a number of small parts. My wage was raised to £40 per week plus appearance money of £5 a day when I was on stage. There were two teams; I was a member of B team, so I worked three twelve hour days per week, this gave me a lot of time to follow my other activities - flying and Mind Development.

I remained with the Windmill Theater until it closed in October 1964. As I had worked as a stage electrician and actor, I was able to belong to two unions: NATKE, the National Association of Theatrical and Kinematic Employees, the trade union for scene shifters and stage electricians; and as I had worked as an actor, I was a member of the actor's Union Equity.

Because I had worked at the Windmill until the final day I got a good reference, and with the two union memberships I was able to work in a number of theaters, in several capacities including stage electrician, scene shifter, and acting and singing in a number of small roles. I worked in the theater and supplemented my income by doing some modeling, until I started full time education in 1968, at stage school and university. To support myself, I was lucky to get a job as Stage Manager in a nightclub called the Pigale. I could combine this with full time education, because the job was between 9pm and 2am. I was paid £40 per week, a lot of money those days, so I could live in style.

When I worked in the theater, and when I was at university, I combined these roles with some modeling, perhaps four to six hours per week, as this was very lucrative. In the 1960s, the going rate was £12 per hour, about as much as a bus driver earned in a week. I was seldom used in a visual role because, until I had a cosmetic operation, I had funny teeth, which did not look very good when I was forty feet high on a movie screen - although I did play a small part, in a movie in 1956, and spoke one line, at an age when many children wore tooth braces.

For the most part, I was used for the purpose of dubbing. Dubbing commonly refers to the substitution of the voices of the actors shown on the screen by those of different performers, who may be speaking a different language. The procedure was sometimes practiced in musicals when the actor had an unsatisfactory singing voice, and remains in use to enable the screening of audio-visual material to a mass audience in countries where viewers do not speak the same language as the original performers. Dubbing also describes the process of an actor re-recording lines spoken during filming and which must be replaced to improve audio quality or reflect dialog changes.

Most of the male models were handsome, but their speech was abysmal, usually the lingo of the lower classes or a Birmingham accent. My role was to be behind the scenes and provide the voice. This is why you would probably have little or no memory of me being on the television in the 1950s, and 1960s. Dubbing was 90% of my work. I preferred this in many ways to visual roles, I occasionally played, because one did not have to mess about with costumes and make up, as this was time that you were not usually paid for.

### **My Singing Teacher E. Herbert Caesari**

In 1963, I found a book with the title, "The Voice of the Mind" by E. Herbert-Caesari. This is a brilliant book, and it was written in English, it was not a translation. E. Herbert-Caesari was so far ahead of his time that we are just beginning today to understand the concept of what he called "air columns" in the vocal tract. A crucial aspect of singing is that a singer uses the proper amount of air. He writes in depth about this. By reading his book, then looking in the London Telephone Directory, I found his address in London, and it was nearby in Kilburn. I contacted him on the telephone and he granted me an interview. I told him my problem was that I was classed as a heavy tenor, which is another way of saying, I was a baritone, who could sing a few notes in the tenor range, and there were very few solo parts for baritones.

Initially he said: "I am an old man, and I have retired about ten years ago," so I said, "What would induce you to come out of retirement?" He said £15.00 per hour, and I would need to come twice a week. At that time, £15.00 per hour was a lot of money and I was only earning £24 a week. Fortunately, I still had about £2,000 of the money I inherited from my great grandfather, so I could just afford it. I had the privilege of being a pupil for two years with the great Caesari. He taught a method called *bel canto*, which gave the power to a singer to dominate an orchestra, before the days of electrical microphones and electronic recording. E. Herbert-Caesari almost 100 years ago searched throughout Italy for the source of this already disappearing knowledge. Also he had trained many famous tenors, such as Gigli, by a method that goes back to Enrico Caruso and earlier. Through two years of training, I gained four more higher notes, putting me in the tenor range, so I could almost span the range from bass to lyric tenor: I was then able to sing most operatic solos.

I retained these abilities, until 1985 when I had a bad motorbike crash, which caused a massive stroke in the right side of my brain. After this stroke, I could not sing at all, but over a period of about a year my ability to sing came back, however, I was left with one problem. I could either sing the high notes or I could sing with enough power to dominate an orchestra, but I could not do both at once.

I would have liked to live a gentleman's life, devoted to study and research, without the sidetrack of having to make ends meet. That was not to be the case but I had some good fortune too, and as it turns out, I have been able to achieve my goals in life. Fortunately, when I was twenty-one, I inherited some money from a great aunt, a sister of my maternal grandmother, which permitted me to continue my education in stage school and university.

While still at school, I had become interested in the subject of mental evolution and development during adolescence. I was convinced that a dim person was only dim because he had a dim script, and that one could learn to throw away that script and expand both intelligence and the power of the mind. Exactly how to best accomplish that task, which has been the subject of my life's work.

I proceeded to change my own script by studying method acting in London. I later ran a business supplying theater lighting and special effects. Subsequently my interest in this field led me to qualify as an electronics engineer, obtaining a Bachelors degree in Science & Electrical Engineering. In my studies I began to realize how awareness and behavior could be measured electronically. I started a biofeedback laboratory, called Biofeedback Workshops, to build and experiment with various devices designed to produce an expansion of consciousness, and then to sell them. I invented the Bilateral form of biofeedback monitoring that greatly facilitates psychological analysis. I also organized research projects that involved training university students with mind development techniques, many of whom still retain the enhanced abilities I taught them.

Following a Diploma in Psychology, I obtained a Masters Degree in Eclectic Psychology. So despite my early history, I was able to raise my status somewhat when I lived in London: working in the theater, setting up Mental Development Ltd, then studying at university, and this enabled me to meet a few important people, some of whom became my friends.

In early 1964, I was able to get a flat in Mayfair, near the Hilton Hotel. I shared it with my friend David to help me pay the rent. The flat was not very large, but I could squeeze in ten to twelve students. Although I had been running Mental Development for about four years, as a hobby, I decided to make it official in October 1964, by registering it as a company and charging money for the courses, giving the company a prestigious address. I ran it with the help of some friends, and I got a good number of students. By attending the local church with my friend David, while I was living in Mayfair, as we were hoping to make new friends, I met Natalie Wood, and the present Duke of Wellington, who was my chess partner until I left England in 1992.

### **My trip to Iceland in 1964**

In June of 1964, I had a wish to see a day with 24 hours daylight, as Iceland just touches the Arctic Circle, and then to see some of the Icelandic hot springs and volcanoes. At that time, there was a special deal whereby a person could go to Iceland by ship for £15, so I purchased a ticket. When I reached Reykjavik, I rented five horses of the special Icelandic type; one to ride and four to carry my sleeping bag, tent, food and equipment. These horses were to be ridden in rotation, by which I mean a different horse had to be ridden each day, as the luggage was lighter than the weight of a rider, and the horses were very small.

When I hired the horses, I was given a sack of tins of pilchards. I told the man that I did not like pilchards, as I had eaten too many during the days of rationing just after the war. He replied: "They are not for you, but to feed the horses."

The center of Iceland is like the Moon, so there is no grass or anything else to feed them with. He was right. It was almost impossible to pitch a tent - try knocking tent pegs into rock, but the horses ate the fish, then towards the end so did I, as I had run out of corn beef.

The entire population of Iceland lives on a ten-kilometer fringe of the coast, then there is a fence that circles inner Iceland; probably the longest fence in the world. To go inside this fence requires special permission, since it is a nature reserve, but I was able to get this and spend about a week in inner Iceland. I was able to see several hot springs, which even at 30 meters made the air temperature almost tropical. A hot spring was a sort of arctic oasis. I got to see a couple of volcanoes, including Askja, but I was not able to go as far as I wanted within the time available, so when I returned to civilization, I rode to a coastal town called Hofn, then I arranged to have the horses sent to Reykjavik, while I went back to Reykjavik by public transport. My bum was sore by then.

Reykjavik was about the size of Southend at that time (pop 250,000); there were plenty of restaurants but most of the items were either lamb or fish. It was almost impossible to get an alcoholic drink except at the Hilton and a couple of the very posh restaurants, which got me down in the dumps. I spent three days in Reykjavik, so in one of the restaurants I had to make do with a bottle of Canadian white wine that was very expensive and covered with cobwebs, as this was all they had.

In 1969, I had three months holiday in Sweden. When we were in Stockholm, my friend expressed a wish to go above the Arctic Circle, so we went to Kiruna by train. Kiruna is the northernmost city in Sweden, situated in Lappland province, and above the arctic circle. We experienced train lavatories that were worse than anything I have experienced in France. After a long journey we arrived in Kiruna, but as it was October, it was too bloody cold when all you have got is a Burberry raincoat, so we had lunch, then took the first train back to Stockholm, after which, we went on a two week training course on a sailing ship, including climbing up the mast... so we crossed the Arctic Circle yet again, this time by sea.

### **Inventions and experiments**

With the help of some of my early Mental Development students between 1964 and 1972, I was able to gain some help with my experiments, and this had some influence on my development. One of the most important of our experiments was the ammonia balloon in 1966. Ammonia only weighs about half the weight of air, so it only has half the lifting power of hydrogen and helium, but there are many advantages using it. Ammonia is almost nonflammable; if it is mixed with air, to make it burn, it has to be mixed with pure oxygen, whereas hydrogen is highly inflammable. It has about a tenth of the price of hydrogen, and about a fiftieth of the price of helium. To fill a balloon with hydrogen or helium requires many cylinders. In contrast, ammonia is a liquid when it is stored in a cylinder under pressure, so about a tenth of the number of cylinders are needed to fill an ammonia balloon. According to the Internet, someone did this about four years ago, so I am not the only one.

Mental Development Ltd was registered as a company in October of 1964, and the first courses were run in my flat in Mayfair, with the help of a few of my friends. Initially, the students were culled from Mensa and people I knew in the theater. I ran group courses for 25 years in London and various locations in Germany that successfully applied my research. The students and also one-to-one clients came from many countries around the globe.

I went on to research at the most advanced levels of Mind Development and discovered many further important insights - in particular, original work on mnemonics, artificial languages and logic. The latest research by cognitive scientists is only now beginning to uncover the ideas and methods that I had been working with for 30 years!

Systems such as Rajah Yoga are about Being and Oneness, so they are an end in themselves, whereas Mind Development is concerned with Doing and Going, so it is a means rather than an end. Usually, a student does Mind Development in order to be more competent in work and study, and to find better games in life. I have certainly had a life full of eventful games, some of which I have managed to win.



**Mayfair 1968**

### **Finding the right partner**

As I had a prestigious address in Mayfair and some accomplishments up my sleeve, I started my next game, which was to break into high society. I joined a tennis club called Hurlingham, as one could meet the better sort of girls there and this club had a good social dimension, although I do not recollect ever playing a game of tennis there! I also joined the London Rowing club, another place for meeting people from the upper classes. As I had been a pupil in a public school for two years, my name

was on an A List. This is a list of all the past pupils of a public school, which went back five years. These A Lists are circulated around what were called the better families, so they could choose girls to be debutantes, and boys to be debutante's escorts. Consequently, I was invited to a large number of debutante functions.

Although I met a number of pretty girls, and a few of them became short-term girlfriends, none of them wished to marry me. The main stumbling block was not having enough money. Until you are twenty-one, this is not a problem - it is assumed that you are living on your parent's money - but after the age of twenty-one, you are expected to have your own money. Also, living in central London, I did not have a car. By then I was in full time education, so I did not have the time to attend many of these functions. I continued until I was twenty-three, but by then I was becoming too old to be a debutante's escort, and the game had become unrewarding.

Soon after, I met Helen, who was to be my first wife. In 1970, I worked one evening a week, as volunteer staff for an organization called Narconon, which tried to cure drug addicts by a number of means. Narconon was on the fifth floor of a building in Oxford Street, but one of the problems was that you could not get a cup of tea or coffee, so one went down to a youth club on the fourth floor. As a heavy coffee drinker, I went down to the fourth floor frequently, and this was where I met my wife to be. Helen was fifteen, quite pretty, and a member of a religious pop group called Amen Corner. She had a good singing voice. She became my girlfriend, and I left my flat in Mayfair and moved in with her parents.

There was an out-house built of brick at the bottom of the garden, so with a bit of work I was able to deal with my upper level students, as these had to be accommodated on an individual basis. Previously, I had used Keith Wakelam's loft for upper level students, who required individual sessions, but that was inconvenient to all the people concerned. The lower level courses were run in London in various places, and the intermediate courses, called Level Four at that time, were run in a conference room on the HMS Belfast, and we continued to do so, until 1992.

Soon after moving into her parent's house, Helen and I became engaged, as she was eager to get married. Helen had many of the correct qualifications, she had an IQ of 130, and she passed two A levels. She was attending school until she was eighteen, so I married her while she was still at school. However, she was lower middle class. Although she spoke well, I had had very little experience with the lower middle class, so she had different goals. Initially, she wanted to emigrate to New Zealand, but one needed to have a trade, so I chose to be an electrician. I was allowed to take the City and Guilds certificate, without having to attend any courses, at the New Zealand High Commission. As a result I am, among a number of other things, a qualified electrician, although I have never practiced the trade. This plan fell through, so Helen's next plan was to emigrate to South Africa. I spent several months learning Afrikaans. This plan also fell through because I could not get a job there, and so Helen lost interest in emigrating.

Soon after, we got married in May of 1970, when I lived in Morden with my first wife, I lived with Helen's parents. I got a job as an electronics engineer, and by doing so I

established my credentials. I changed my profession because it was getting harder and harder to get jobs in the theater.

One of my degrees was in Electrical Engineering, and this was done as an external degree. The advantages of doing an external degree are that you can study at home, and you only need to go to the university once a year, for a week, to take examinations. The downside, however, is that it takes six years, rather than four.

After we were married, for a number of reasons, in June 1971, soon after Helen had got her A Level results (one in physics and one in scripture), we moved to Andorra and purchased a hotel restaurant, as I thought it would be a good game, running a hotel restaurant in Andorra. I had only been in Andorra for a few weeks, however, before I had to go to Bath to receive my degree.

For a couple of years, this arrangement of working with my wife and her parents, worked well, but then Helen started having affairs – apparently I was working too many hours in the restaurant, so she was not getting enough attention. She told me this some years later when we were back in England. In turn, because I was then semi-free, I had an affair with an Andorran girl.

One of the advantages of working in this restaurant was that one did not need an Andorran partner, because traditionally, the manager of this restaurant was an unofficial Vice Consul for the British residents. This was expensive because I had to give quite a few tourists, who had run out of money, a couple of hundred francs so they could get back to England. I was later decorated for this service, both in England and in Spain. The custom, when in consular service, is to be given a decoration in both the country in which you were born, and the country you served in. In Spain I was awarded the White Cross, a form of knighthood, and in England one of the British Empire Medals.



**Gregory in Andorra**

For the Xmas of 74/75, we went to England so Helen could have a baby. Helen's mother, in no uncertain terms, said that the reason that she had put up the money to buy the business in Andorra, was that she could buy a house for Helen and myself in England from the profit she would make by selling the business. She went on to say that this was now irrelevant, as Helen and I had essentially separated, so I was not needed any longer; on hearing this, I left. As I had nowhere to live, I went to live with my aunt Shirley and my uncle Ted, and I stayed there for about a year, apart from a few months I spent in Australia to avoid a High Court Writ concerning my first wife, Helen.

### **My Trip to Australia**

On two occasions, I went to a solicitor in Ealing, who was recommended by my number one stepfather, Jerry, to handle the situation. The first time I saw the solicitor, a couple of days later, I explained the situation and he said he would look into it. A few days later I met with the solicitor a second time and he said that there was going to be a High Court Writ that would soon be issued, since this matter of divorce involved a sum of more than £5,000. Because I had a financial interest in the bar restaurant, and there was no penal clause, the solicitor suggested that my best solution, in the short to medium term, would be to escape to another country, by which time my wife would have left for Andorra, so she would not be available to the High Court and then there could be no case. I left the country a few days after this second meeting. But this is where the story starts. As I was living with my aunt we worked out a master plan, however, circumstances provided a new solution.

Earl's Court is not all that far away from Ealing, and as I was in London for the day, I thought I would go to Earl's Court where there is a cafe bar called the Troubadour, the last '50s coffee house in Earls Court, with a proud history as a low temperature center of courtesy, peace and artistic energy. The Troubadour is a proper café, and I would often meet people there. I got talking with several people, and then I found the solution to the problem. I met a pretty Australian girl, who was about five feet three with short blond hair, called Janet. We talked about a number of things... she told me that she lived in Wagga Wagga, a town in Australia, and then she told me her real problem. She told me that she was stuck in London because she had almost run out of money. She was looking for a job, as she needed to save up enough money to pay her fare back to Australia. I thought it would be a good idea to go to Australia with someone who knew the ropes, so I asked her what it would cost for both of us to go to Australia together. She said it would cost about £800. So I said, I am your white knight in shining armor. I went on to say, I banked at Lloyd's Bank, and a Lloyd's Bank was not far away: in the nearby Earls Court Road.

I told Janet to stay put for twenty minutes, because I was going to the bank nearby. I drew £800 for our fare to Australia, £1,000 for my expenses, and £1,000 in traveler's checks for emergencies; this left me with only a few hundred pounds in my current account. Most of my money was in long-term deposit, with the need for a year's notice of withdrawal. I returned to the Troubadour and Janet was still there, so we worked out a plan. She had a small van, so the plan was to drive to Dover to get a boat to Ostende, then we would drive to Luxembourg, as one could get the cheapest flights to Australia from there, and fly to Sydney. When we arrived in Sydney, the final stage of the journey would be to take a train to Wagga Wagga where Janet lived with her two elder brothers. The next day, we purchased the tickets for the boat to Ostende, and the tickets for the plane from Luxembourg to Sydney, but the tickets for the train from Sydney to Wagga Wagga would have to be purchased in Sydney.

Wagga Wagga is a city in New South Wales, Australia. Straddling the Murrumbidgee River, Wagga Wagga is the state's largest inland city, as well as an important agricultural, military, and transport hub of Australia. The city is located midway between the two largest cities in Australia, Sydney and Melbourne, and is the major regional center for the Riverina and South West Slopes regions.

We set out on our journey to Australia, but things did not quite go to plan. Janet's van was old and nearly clapped out. It finally died in some place in Belgium that seemed like the last place that God created, and then forgot about. Fortunately, I had some Belgian francs to cover expenses in Belgium and Luxembourg. By asking some locals, we were able to get a taxi to a train station only a few kilometers away, so we were able to get to Luxembourg in good time to get the plane to Sydney, and then everything was plain sailing.

When I first came to Australia, I spent a couple of weeks with Janet's family. Although she was only five foot three, her brothers were six foot four. I did not stay for long, however, because they said they would beat me up if I did not marry their little sister. This was impossible because I was already married, and because she could only cook steak and eggs. She would not have qualified as a wife.

Once I was in Wagga Wagga, I decided to visit two towns that were not too far away. The first place I visited was called Nangus, this is a small country village on the Wagga Wagga to Gundagai Road on the north side of the Murrumbidgee river. Nangus is approximately 24 kilometers due west of Gundagai in the Riverina area of Australia. It could be reached by coach, but as Nangus only had a population of 179 people, so it was of no use to me.

The next place I visited was Gundagai, a town in New South Wales, Australia. Although a small town, Gundagai is a popular topic for writers and has become the representation or an icon of the typical Australian country town. Located along the Murrumbidgee River and Muniong and Yambula Mountain ranges, Gundagai is 390 kilometers (240 miles) south-west of Sydney, the state capital and largest city in Australia. Gold was identified by the geologist Rev W. B. Clarke at Gundagai in 1842. Miners hit the area in 1858 following further discoveries of gold. A gold rush and mining continued initially until 1875 and following a second gold rush in 1894, mines operated again until well into the 20th Century.

This seemed to be more the sort of place for me, but it was getting dangerous on the home front, with the possibility of violence from Janet's two elder brothers. As a solution, I decided to be independent and take the train to Sydney. Fifty or sixty years ago, Chris Cobb's Stage Coaches went from Sydney to Wagga Wagga, then Camden, and on to Gundagai.

Some readers may be old enough to remember the TV series, Whiplash.

When I returned to Wagga Wagga, I took the train to Sydney the next day. Sydney today is the largest city in Australia and Oceania, and the state capital of New South Wales. I could have used my Engineering Degree to get a job in Sydney, but at that time, after the UK had joined the Common Market, there would have had problems with Residence Permits and Work Permits, so I chose a smaller place that ended up to be Hay. But more on this later.

Thirty-five years ago, Australia was not as it is now, it was almost another country, I

believe that steam trains were still running in isolated places. From the advent of the eight hour day until the late 1970s, most Australian blue-collar workers were tied to a 9am-5pm, Monday-to-Friday work schedule. Because most pubs were only permitted to stay open until 6 pm, workers would commonly head for the nearest pub as soon as they finished work at 5 pm, where they would drink as much as possible, as quickly as possible, in the hour before the pub closed. This practice came to be known as the "Six O'Clock Swill." Perhaps the most striking functional difference between Australian pubs and drinking establishments in other countries is that, for most of their history, Australian pubs were strictly segregated along gender and racial lines. About the only other places, one could drink legitimately were restaurants, most of which closed by 9pm. By about 8.30, the staff would make it very apparent that they wanted to close by 9pm.

In 1975 most of the population in Sydney was white, and the middle class was very small. I found Sydney rather boring, because there was not all that much to do in the evening. You could go to the cinema, but many of the films were films that had been released in London as much as a year previously. As I was in Sydney, and it was very easy to get to most places in Australia by plane, I decided I should see a few places in Australia, to broaden my experience and pass the time. I had read a book by Nevil Shute called "A Town Like Alice", which I much enjoyed, so I decided that I should go to Alice Springs. By air it is a distance of 2029 km - less than four hours from Sydney.

I purchased a return air ticket from Sydney to Alice Springs and back to Sydney, as this was the quickest way to go there. I spent two or three days in Alice Springs, and I found it was very different to Sydney, apart from the bars closing at 6pm. Alice Springs is the second largest city in the Northern Territory of Australia. Popularly known as "the Alice" or simply "Alice," Alice Springs is situated in the geographic center of Australia near the southern border of the Northern Territory.

Alice Springs was truly cosmopolitan, 30% of the population were aborigines, there were also Greeks, Chinese, and there were a lot of Americans. I was surprised to find that you could buy things like a rifle or dynamite in the ironmongers without a license, so I was sorely tempted. However I did not purchase anything like that, but I did manage to eat a number of strange animals, and vegetables, referred to as bush food. I did not get to see Ayers Rock, a great tourist attraction, which is also referred to as Uluru. It is a large sandstone rock formation in the southern part of the Northern Territory, central Australia. It was too far away, and difficult to get to, and not very interesting to look at from my point of view, as I am not a very good tourist, so I could not be bothered to travel several hundred miles just to see a rock.

I flew back to Sydney, and on the plane I came to the conclusion I was spending too much money, if I had to stay in Australia for a long time, so I made the decision that I should find a job. I thought I would go to Hay for this purpose.

Hay is a town in south-central New South Wales, Australia, on the Murrumbidgee River. The settlement originated in 1840 as a coach station known as Lang's Crossing Place. Surveyed in 1858, it became a town the following year and was

named after John Hay, a district parliamentary representative.

When I returned to Sydney, I purchased a ticket for Hay, and when I arrived, I found accommodation for the next few days. The next morning, I went to the labor exchange. I had my City and Guilds Certificate that proved I was an electrician in my pocket, but I was not asked any silly questions about qualifications and residence permits. I was offered a job as a telephone linesman. I took it, and I was able to start on the Monday. The pay was equivalent to US \$120 per week, and as I was not tax resident in Australia, I could keep the lot, so it was very good money at that time.

The job was both boring and dangerous. You had to ride on a motorbike for 150 to 200 kilometers each day, looking for breaks in the telephone lines. If you found a break, you had to shin up the telegraph pole and mend it. Often it was an insulator that was broken. This job was dangerous, firstly because you could fall thirty feet from a telegraph post and break a leg, and secondly, you may be 50 kilometers from anywhere so you may not be discovered for a long time, since this was before the days of mobile phones. Your motorbike could conk out and leave you stranded, kilometers from anywhere. As the temperature in Hay was very high, often over 45 degrees Centigrade, and it was summertime in Australia, you could die from dehydration. Both dangers could be a sure ticket to your own funeral. To avoid accidents, I made sure that I never drove at more than thirty miles an hour.

By staying in Australia, apart from avoiding a High Court Writ, which could have been expensive then, because at that time an ex-wife was entitled to alimony, I also made a good friend, Terry Baker, who had been some kind of monk. We met each other at a Xmas party in a hotel in Sydney. When I first arrived in Hay it was already December, and Xmas was on the horizon. Hay is a small place, so I thought it would be like a morgue at Xmas. As I had no friends or relatives in Australia, I thought it would be a good idea to return to Sydney for a few days, and stay in a hotel that catered for Xmas. One of the advantages of working for the telephone company was that you had a good access to telephones and telephone books. I was able quickly to find a hotel that had a Xmas party on the 25th of December, so when the time came, I flew to Sydney and booked into the hotel.

During the evening of the 25th there was a Xmas party and there were about 24 guests, more than half of whom were working class from somewhere up north, such as Manchester. There were others who were Australian, but there was a young man, two or three years older than me, who was sitting alone. I had heard him speak to a waiter, and he spoke in a British upper class accent, so I thought I should go over to where he was sitting. I introduced myself and then we started talking together. I asked him where he came from, and he replied from Melbourne, so I asked him: "Why would an Australian speak in a British upper class accent?" He said it is a long story, but I will give you the short version. He said his parents died when he was in his teens, so he joined a monastery, as this was a good way to get an education in Australia at that time. He went on to say that as a teenager he spoke with a broad Australian accent, so the monks taught him proper English from a book for teaching English to foreign students. This was followed by lessons in elocution, to bring his use of English up to a standard that was sufficient to give a sermon in Melbourne

Cathedral, had it been required. After our conversation, we exchanged addresses and telephone numbers, because Terry Baker wanted to stay in contact with me.

Because Terry was gifted and he had an IQ of 135, the monastery sent him to university to study biology. While he was a university student he had a revelation. He said it was like the sun rising; he realized that he was no longer a Christian and he did not believe in God, so he resigned from the monastery. Because he had donated all of his property to the monastery, when he joined the order, the monastery had to provide him with a substantial pension, linked to inflation. This enabled him to travel a lot and take up an interest in personal development. As we both had a shared interest in Mental Development, he visited me several times in both Southend and in London, until I left, in 1992, to go to Belgium, as we no longer shared a common interest, after I handed Mental Development to my friend Peter, Terry dropped out of communication. I know he used to live somewhere in Melbourne, but sadly I cannot find him, even after considerable searches on the Internet.

During my stay in Australia, I stayed in regular contact with a friend in England, informing him where I was staying, so he could communicate with me in an emergency. We knew my wife and my in laws would have to leave for Andorra from Victoria Coach Station, and approximately when, because they would want to open the restaurant in time for Saint Patrick's day, so some friends kept an eye on Victoria Coach Station. In early March, I received a telegram (you could still send telegrams those days), informing me that my mother and father in law, my wife and a baby had left for Andorra, so I should come home. I had to give a week's notice to my employers, and then reverse the process of getting to Australia in the first place. I was glad to come home, because my stay in Australia had aged me by three years. I returned to Canvey Village where my aunt Shirley Lived, and I arrived on the 15th of March in good time for my 28th birthday.

John Hanson



On my return to England, I tried to get back in the theater and I got a small part in the chorus of *The Student Prince* at Wimbledon Theater (pictured above) ... but that was the last time I worked in the theater, because by being in Andorra for three years I had lost most of my theater contacts. During that time I had several short-term girlfriends, until I met Julia, who was teaching English and English Literature at Southend Technical College.

I met Julia when I was having lunch in the canteen of Southend Technical College. Soon after, Julia visited me at my aunt Shirley's. Julia was to become my common law wife. A short time later, she became an assistant headmistress. Julia had the correct qualifications to be my wife. Her IQ was 139 and she was put on an accelerated course for gifted children. As a result she was able to enter university at the age of sixteen. Also, at that time, she had written a play that was performed in a Bristol theater, where she played the leading role.

She spent a year studying Psychology, and then she changed her options and studied English and Drama, and gained a BA. She could speak French, Gaelic and Swedish, and she could play the piano at a high level. Also she had spent a year in a finishing school in Switzerland. I chose to live with her, so soon after, we decided to live together and got a flat in Thorpe Bay near the sea.

In the 1950s my mother had tried to build a radio. She said that following the diagram was no more difficult than following a knitwear diagram. Six weeks later, there was indeed a radio and only the ceremony of switching it on remained. We all gathered around when she switched it on... but then it made a fizzing sound followed a few seconds later with an explosion like an atom bomb.

Below is a picture taken by me of my common law wife and Jacob as a baby in Norway in 1978.



Some time in 1976 and 1977, Julia and I visited my mother. We conversed about a number of things, then my mother told Julia how she built a radio. Not to be outdone, Julia and I went to a shop that sold electronic components and electrical diagrams. We bought a diagram for building a radio, and then we went back to our flat. The next day, Julia started to build the radio, but she refused any help from me. Low and behold, after three weekends, we had something that looked like a radio - at least from the outside. All that remained was plugging it in and switching it on. The situation was similar to the one with my mother. There was a fizzing sound followed a few seconds later by an explosion that rocked the house. It blew every fuse in the house and blew the company fuse, which darkened the entire street. In both cases, I think an input transformer had been wired up back to front. Julia and my mother lost all their interest in electronics, after these experiences.

At first, I worked as a bus conductor, as this gave me a lot of time off in the day to look for a proper job, but Julia did not like this, so I got a job as a supply teacher, teaching English and history in a number of schools. A supply teacher fills in for teachers who are sick, or have left during the middle of the term. This was well paid. We wanted to get married, and my paternal grandmother was willing to give me her house and move in with my aunt Shirley, because she was ill and getting old. During the last six months of our relationship, unbeknown by me, she had an affair with a friend of mine. As a result she became pregnant. When I discovered she was having an affair I moved out, losing some of my possessions in the process.

I went up to London, and lived with Lord Power for a while. I was lucky and I got a job as an electronics engineer, and I restarted Mental Development again with the help of Lord Power, who was a trained psychoanalyst and hypnotist, and Keith Wakelam, a retired civil servant, who had been the chief training officer in the Royal Aircraft Establishment. So, I thought, I would try another game: trade unions. Soon after starting my new job, I was elected to be the convener of shop stewards, a senior position. Shortly after, I was elected to be Branch Chairman, and this was followed by the role of District Councillor. Not long after, I spoke at Blackpool, and I was invited to sit on the National Executive Council.

Before I sat on the National Executive Committee, I was granted a year's sabbatical from the place I worked, so I could go to Whitehall College and study Company and Union Law. All this was done in not much more than three years. This was another way of being a prince. In 1980, my trade union sent me to Poland, as a delegate, to contribute a check from my union for £400,000 to Lech Walesa, to donate to his union Solidarity. Walesa organized and led the "semi-illegal" Provisional Executive Committee of the Solidarity Trade Union. I spent a week in Poland, and was treated like a VIP, visiting Gdansk and Warsaw, flying by passenger biplane, as biplanes were still used at that time for internal flights. When Maggie Thatcher was elected in 1979, this spoiled the Union game, so I joined the Territorial Army in 1981.

In 1979, I was head hunted by a company in Slough. I was employed as a development engineer, but I found I could get day release to study, so I took advantage of this, and studied several things. I was nearing 35 and I joined the Territorial Army as I could get day release for this; and if I were made an officer I

could still get day release and continue until I was forty. To supplement my income I taught electronics for the City and Guilds Examination, and Physics For Laboratory Technicians at Langley College. As I was the physics teacher, I had to make the examination papers, and specimen answers for ease of marking. I had to be an invigilator, when the exam was taken, and mark the papers afterwards, so I was made Chief Examiner.

After several years of service as a development engineer, I was promoted to chief engineer, then a few years later, in 1988, I was offered the post of technical director for another £8,000 per year, bringing my salary up to £28,000 a year, but the conditions were that I gave up my other businesses, namely Mental Development and teaching at Langley College. This was unacceptable. Furthermore, the Employment Protection Act does not protect a director, as he is considered self employed, and therefore he can be got rid of easily. As this was what the company wanted, for me to shut down my other businesses, stop teaching, and make it easy to fire me, I resigned. Within the next few weeks, at the end of February 1988, I began to work on Mental Development full time for the next six years.

In joining the Territorial Army, for which I was paid, I was a private. I did not like that, as there were too many people to give me orders, and too much physical exercise. After I was in the Territorial Army for six months, I was called up before the commanding officer, as one has the option to leave at the end of six months, which was something I had considered. However, I was surprised when he said since that as a private, I would have to leave in six months, he wished to promote me to corporal, so I could remain until I was forty. He said that there were not many people of my caliber in the Territorial Army, and he would like to keep me.

### **A twenty-week working year**

With day release for further education, the Territorial Army (Queen's Own Rifles at Windsor), the trade union, illnesses both real and imaginary, and the fact that I never came in to work before 10am, left work at about 4.30 on most days, and if I worked overtime on Saturdays and Sundays I usually made and repaired biofeedback equipment, I seldom worked more than about twenty weeks a year, if all the hours are added together. This is a habit left over from the theater. This is one of the reasons why I was able to do so much. My last company let me get away with it; they were happy because they got their twelve inventions per year. My working day took me about two hours, then I could do my own thing. Furthermore I had 175,000 shares, about 10% of the company, and I was the chief engineer, and also I was a member of two unions, ASTMS and the ETU, so if they wanted a problem, I could give it to them in spades.

Finally, I got more than my wages from the interest on the shares I owned in the company. As this was a private company, not a PLC, there could only be fifty shareholders and so the interest on shares was much higher. This made my income from the company I worked for between £40,000 and £45,000 a year - not bad. Employment law states that if a company has let you get away with doing something like coming in at 10am for more than six months, your employer can do nothing about it, so effectively I could do what I wanted. This situation lasted for more than ten

years, so I got the gold watch, £1,000 bonus for long service, and an extra week's holiday. Furthermore, I had BUPA as a perk, so I could have private medicine in Harley Street, and my spouse got three years of my wages if I dropped down dead at work. I left finally for ethical reasons, as designing missiles and torpedoes is not exactly politically correct: it went beyond my values. After 1988, I ran Mind Development full time, until, in 1994 for reasons of health I retired.

Yet another activity I managed to fit in, was my involvement with the Rosicrucians. I was awarded The Order of the Butterfly in 1974, after twelve years membership. The medal is in the form of a butterfly made from sapphire. Membership in the order of the butterfly is a rare privilege to learn the authentic ancient gnosis of clairvoyance, astral projection, prosperity and success, development of magnetic personality, healing and creative visualization, awakening one's body of light, Esoteric Kabbalah, the secret of the Philosophers Stone, The Lost Word, attunement with the music of the spheres, attaining peace of mind, awakening psychic abilities and chakras or energy centers and their functions.

### **My experiences visiting the Polish Desert between 1980 and 1991**

After my meeting with the Polish president in 1980, I went to Poland at least once a year, mainly to the Polish Desert, as this interested me as a place to test survival equipment and survival techniques... much nearer and more convenient than travelling to the Sahara!



The Błędów Desert (Polish: Pustynia Błędowska) is an area of sands between Błędów (part of Dąbrowa Górnicza in Upper Silesian Metropolitan Union) and the village of Klucze in southern Poland. This 32 km<sup>2</sup> area is the largest accumulation in Central Europe of loose sand away from any sea, and was deposited thousands of years ago by a melting glacier. The average thickness of the sand layer is about 40 meters (maximum 70 meters), which enables the fast and deep drainage of a desert region. Now, however, the desert is quickly becoming covered with vegetation, colonized mainly by Caspian willows, and it's getting harder and harder to find patches of spectacular bare sand.

Here is picture of the Polish Desert Yeti:



Temperatures can reach as high as 38°C in the warmest months of July and August, but vehicles must resist bitter cold at night along with the torrid heat, as well as the cutting action of desert sand which will often polish the paint off in a few days.



**Gregory in military gear**



**Figure 1**

**The desert as it is now**



**The Polish Desert, outlined in the center**

During the Second World War the area was used by the German Afrika Korps for

training and testing equipment before deployment in Africa. Over the last few years, the Błędownska Desert has become a favorite with paragliding aficionados. Two factors contribute to this popularity: a series of relatively high hills making excellent launching sites and favorable air currents allowing you to soar high in the sky. I have found this area particularly good for some of my electric, and rocket assisted, hang glider experiments.

### **My athletic career**

As a child, I was only moderately gifted in the area of athletics, with the exception of sprinting, where my size did not matter so much. I ran in a hundred yard race, breaking a school record that had stood for many years. Later on, when I became a [Metavert](#) through Mental Development techniques, I found I could run faster up to distances of about two hundred yards. Neil Mann, my osteopath and trainer at that time, clocked me running at twenty- four miles an hour, over 150 yards. He said it was a very good speed for this distance, so I went into competitive athletics.

After two years of training, I found I was proficient in several areas of athletics, but I excelled in sprinting, so I concentrated on my training my sprinting, as this was what I was most suited for. I ran for nearly fifteen years, sometimes competing at a high level, running the 100 meters, 200 meters and 400 meters, and I won a prize of an electric Teasmade alarm clock, for coming first in an 800 meters race, and two pewter medals for other distances. This was my high spot. I had a motorbike crash in the winter of 1985. This crash cracked my skull, which caused me to have a major stroke, and some brain damage. It put me out of commission for more than a year - I had to walk with a stick. When I had fully recovered, I started running again. I started with low-level competition, and then I moved on to higher and higher levels of competition. Then I was trained on the 400 meters, as this was my best event. Eventually, I reached an Olympic Qualifying Standard in a speed test on the 400 meters, for which I received a pewter medal, then I continued training on the 400 meters to improve my time for this distance.

In 1988, I had a blackout at Waterloo Station, after an athletics training session in the morning. I was unconscious for about five minutes, and this was my motivation to see a Sports Doctor, so I saw a Sports Doctor on the Isle of Mann, who had been recommended to me by my athletic coach. The doctor said there was an anomaly in my electro cardiogram and that this was nothing to worry about, I could still lead a normal life, however I should give up running, especially sprinting, immediately, otherwise I would need a pacemaker in a few years time. He went on to say that if I competed in high-level competitions, such as the National Games or the Olympics, when I was in my forties, I would probably drop down dead.

My coach was disappointed, upset and dismayed. I had made some very good times on the 400 meters, during speed trials, one of which would have qualified me for entry to the Olympic Games. My coach's intention was to enter me for the 1992 Olympics, although I would have been over forty-five by then. He believed that if I got an Olympic Medal in my forties, it would be remarkable, even if it were only a bronze, this would give Mind Development a high profile, and put it on the map. My medical condition precluded me from entering the Olympics, and thwarted his plan. This

made him angry, so we nearly fell out as friends, as he had put a lot of work into this project. As consequence of my medical condition, I gave up athletics altogether, and then limited myself to running for a bus and riding my bike.

After the motorbike accident in 1985, which caused me to suffer a cerebral hemorrhage, I thought I would try to marry a medical person, such as a doctor. Consequently, I lived with one of my better students, Amy, because she was training to be an osteopath and had about a year of medical training. She had many of the right qualities, she had an LRAM in music, so she could play the piano at a high standard, she could speak German, she was from the Hong Kong Chinese upper class, and she had an IQ of 152. In her twenties, she was an actress in several Kung Fu Movies, so she had a nose job to make her look more like a European, and as a Level Five student of Mental Development she broke the world speed record for typing. The task she was set was to type a thousand word passage, with less than three mistakes. She did this at 138 words per minute, breaking the world record - she was about three words per minute faster than the previous holder. Her brother was the minister for education in Hong Kong, and the family was rich.

This marriage worked well for about two years, then she had the plan to buy several properties in Ealing to re-house her relatives, when Hong Kong was returned to the Chinese in 1997. We fell out over this, because she was buying houses that were near the top of the market, although they were still going up at that time. I asked her to sell two of the houses and use the profits to pay off the mortgages on the remaining two, so we would not suffer if the value of property should fall. She would not do this, and she was paranoid about my female clients, so we parted on the 23rd of March 1988. Soon after, she went bankrupt. We divorced in 1992.

When I was in the Territorial Army, I served in several capacities and received some promotions, until 1985 when the motorbike accident occurred and I was discharged for medical reasons. I still have a souvenir from the Territorial Army: a gas mask. This gave me much more time for Mental Development, and with my new relationship, and subsequent marriage, I was able to centralize most of the Mental development functions under one roof, rather than charging all over London on a motorbike. In 1986, I bought my mother a house near Brighton, so she was out of my hair, and life was peaceful, until we came to live together in London in 1989.

After living with my Japanese girlfriend for a year and a half, and running Mental Development from an office in Queensway, my mother and I purchased a large, six-bedroom house, in Clapton, London on September 1989. It was big enough to run Mental Development, my mother's businesses, live together, and put up guests. I transferred my equipment from my office to the basement of our new house, and then I converted the basement into a Mental Development laboratory to deal with my upper level students, who require individual sessions. One of the bedrooms on the first floor was converted into a training room, with a closed circuit television camera, so I could observe what was happening in the training room when I was downstairs in the Mental Development laboratory.

Here is a picture of me with a client in the London premises...



### Meeting the Pope

Early in 1990, one of my female clients wanted my help, as her psychotherapist, to obtain a Catholic divorce, which is a difficult thing to do; therefore my psychological report would be an important part of this process. I went to the Tribunal at the Archdiocese of Westminster, but they said they could not handle the affair, because of the psychological dimensions, so they referred me to the Nuncio. My next step was to have a meeting with the Apostolic Nuncio, Luigi Barbarito in Wimbledon. (The Nunciature to Great Britain is an ecclesiastical office of the Roman Catholic Church in Great Britain. It is a diplomatic post of the Holy See, whose representative is called the Apostolic Nuncio to Great Britain with the rank of an Ambassador). I made an appointment with him, and the Nuncio was willing to see me a few days later. I explained to the Nuncio that my client was seeking a Catholic divorce because she wanted to marry her present boyfriend, and she had asked me to intercede on her behalf, as her psychologist.

The Nuncio said that to get a Roman Catholic divorce was difficult. A Catholic divorce could only be given on certain grounds. He said the Church views marriage as a covenant for life that cannot be severed. However, some marriages are entered into without the necessary maturity or full knowledge and ability to keep such a permanent commitment, or without full free will because of external pressures. Therefore, a person has the right to ask the Church to examine a previous marriage to see if it was less than what the church views as a valid marriage, a freely chosen commitment between two mature, knowledgeable and capable adults to enter a covenant of love, for life, with priority to spouse and children. The Nuncio went on to say that he could not deal with this matter in London, so we would have to go to Rome to petition the Pope directly.

At that time, the Pope was John Paul II, the Polish Pope, and he was not very cooperative when it came to the question of divorces. His teaching was: the future starts today, not tomorrow, so we thought we would give it a try anyway. A few days later, my client and I flew to Rome, and then found some accommodation close to the Vatican. After staying in Rome for three days, I had an audience with the Pope. I explained the situation to him, and that my client sought a Catholic Divorce. The Pope was not interested in what my client had to say, but at the end of my explanation, the Pope had a face like flint and stone. He said no! Marriage is a sacred covenant entered into for life, then he reflected for about thirty seconds and said: "Why not?" I had won; my client had her divorce, so I made the last few days in Rome a short holiday for both of us. For me, this experience was both spiritually and financially rewarding. As I charged £1,000 per day, I made £7,000 at a time when I had two mortgages to pay.

### **Meeting Anne**

The lower level courses were still run at various locations in London, and the intermediate course was run in a conference room on the HMS Belfast, until 1992, when I left the country to live in Belgium. My mother used one of the upstairs bedrooms to run her businesses. There were two large living rooms, one for my mother and one for me, there was a kitchen we both shared, and four more bedrooms. Both our businesses ran quite well, until my mother died on January 24<sup>th</sup>, 1991. Once I had dealt with the immediate paperwork, I went abroad in the middle of February. On March 1st, I gave a lecture introducing Mind Development to a local group and Anne, my future common-law wife to be, was in the audience. During a break in the middle of the lecture, I went up to Anne, and asked her if she had a boyfriend or husband. She said no, so I asked her for her telephone number, which she gave me.

The next day, I rang her up from a friend's apartment where I was staying. I invited her over to my friend's flat, where she told me she was looking for an adventure, so I asked her out to dinner. We went to a restaurant nearby, where we told each other a bit about our lives. The next day I returned to England and promised to stay in contact by phone. I phoned her several times in order to get to know her, and then I invited her to come to England. Anne visited me for a few days in April, and I gave her the royal tour, which included the Cafe Royal, the Hilton, the Oxford and Cambridge Club and the HMS Belfast. In June, I went abroad for several days so I could spend some time with Anne. It was at that time we decided to live together in London, but she had to make some arrangements first, such as resigning from her job.

Finally, Anne came to live with me in August of 1991, as my common-law wife, and we remained in London for over a year. Anne was lucky, as she got a job as a medical secretary at London University. Later, just before Xmas we went abroad again to spend time with her parents, then we returned to London, so Anne could continue to work and I could continue to run Mental Development.



**With Anne on holiday in Ireland**

I was waiting for my divorce papers and settlement with Amy, which took a long time, because the case was complex. Finally, in August 1992, I received my divorce papers and settlement. I had inherited quite a bit of money from my mother in 1991, so we decided to emigrate to Belgium. We left London in 1992. I tried to run Mental Development in Belgium for nearly two years, but I became too ill to continue.

Fortuitously, my father's wife Margarete died on the 4th of October 1994 at the age of 85, soon after Peter Shepherd had taken over Mental Development, so I was able to get some time with my father twice a week, and get some more information on the family. He spoke about some of the family history, and another few famous ancestors. He said again that we are descended from the 14<sup>th</sup> Duke of Norfolk, who lived nearly 200 years ago, so we would not gain anything by looking back, it's too long ago. My father went to England for an extended holiday, but unfortunately he suffered a broken hip after being hit by a taxi in 1997, which did not heal properly, so he ended up in a nursing home. I went to see him in 1997, and we had a good time and chatted about old times, but when I saw him in 2001 he was senile, so I could not get much out of him. He died in April 2004, at the age of eighty, from bedsores.

### **The question of my entitlements**

As a consequence of my maternal grandfather adopting me, my great grandmother was the lady from whom I would have the right to inherit the title of a Prince, as she is Princess Marie-Elise of Mecklenburg Strelitz. Since about 1980, both my grandfather's brothers were dead, and neither my cousin Ian nor my cousin Sonia had any interest by that time. My legal advisers tell me that although I have changed my name back to the name on my birth certificate, my grandfather is still my adoptive father, and I am still his adopted son, therefore I have a claim on any titles that my granddad has received.

My aunt Sylvia tells me that there are five titles that I have a claim on from the Mitchell side of the family, and I would be able to add Fitzalan to my surnames, in addition to claims I have from the Hudson side of the family. These claims are of no use to her; since none of these Mitchell titles are royal they can't pass through a female, so she can't pass these titles on to her son, my cousin Howard. However, in 2010, at the age of 63, I lack the will to pursue these matters further. Taking these titles will not get me any money, because I cannot use them in the House of Lords, there is no capital to inherit, there is no Rolls Royce, and no castle.



**Gregory in Germany, 1995**

Although I could not use a German title in England, as a result of the anti German act of 1917, when I lived in Andorra I used the title, Gregory of Bavaria, as this seemed to get me a long way. For example, I was consulted by the Andorran Government for suggestions when they wanted to open their own university. I advised them where they could get tutors, and a number of other things, and I am still remembered for my contributions. I was awarded the Order of the White Cross, a form of knighthood, and one of the British Empire Medals, for being the unofficial British Vice Consul in Andorra for several years.

### **Reginald Mitchell, CBE**

I asked my aunt Sylvia about my relationship to Reginald Mitchell of Spitfire fame. She says he is her father's second cousin, but when she met him during the 20s and 30s, before he died, she called him uncle Reg, as this was easier, so I have called him great uncle. My father, my cousin Howard and I have all held,



or still hold pilot's licenses. I was licensed for all classes with the exception of passenger planes carrying more than eight people. Furthermore I have conducted researches in high altitude flight with an electric glider. I believe this the result of the influence of R. J. Mitchell, the inventor of the Spitfire. Reginald Mitchell (pictured right) was awarded the Commander of the British Empire Medal in 1932 for his contribution to high-speed flight.

### **Retirement in Belgium**

The company Mental Development Ltd ran until 1994, but I had to give it up as the consequence of having severe epilepsy. I retired and the copyright of my materials was given to Peter Shepherd (a previous Director of Mental Development Ltd) in 1994, so he could be my successor. I have concentrated on resuming my career as an inventor and as the neighbors will attest, I am often to be seen accompanied by never-before-seen forms of transport and flight.

Here are some of my scientific projects and inventions of the last 17 years here in Belgium...

1/ A nitric acid battery of 100 cubic centimeters that delivered 10 Amps at three volts, for several hours. The negative plate was magnesium, and the positive was a gold plated carbon rod. A nitric acid battery has three times the capacity, but there are two problems, which have occupied me for several years. The first problem is that many metals except gold and a few others dissolve in it, or they form a non-conductive oxide, within a few seconds. The secret was to gold plate the positive plate and add a small amount of iodine, so the negative plate would not form an oxide.

2/ A battery using calcium oxychloride bleach, as a depolarizer and concentrated sodium hydroxide solution, as the fuel. The positive plate was copper and the negative plate was aluminum. A 100 cubic centimeter battery delivered 7 Amps at 2 volts for several hours.

3/ An inert survival battery that had to be heated to about 80 centigrade to activate it, so the shelf life would be at least 30 years. The negative plate was a bake bean tin so this was made of iron and the positive plate was a rod of magnesium. The electrolyte was Hydrated sodium carbonate, which melts at 44 degrees centigrade (and is highly conductive and a good solvent), mixed with a strong alkali and potassium permanganate that was used as a depolarizer. A 500 cubic centimeter battery (a typical baked beans tin) had a capacity of 100 ampere hours when discharged at 5 amps, and the battery was capable of a 20 second pulse of 15 Amps.

Note: A depolarizer or depolariser is a substance used in an electrochemical cell, which takes up electrons during discharging the cell; therefore, it is always an oxidizing agent. The term "depolarizer" can be considered as outdated or misleading since it is based on the concept of "polarization" which is hardly realistic in many cases.

Under certain conditions for some electrochemical cells, especially if they use an aqueous electrolyte, hydrogen ions can be converted into hydrogen atoms and H<sub>2</sub>

molecules. In the extreme case, bubbles of hydrogen gas might appear at one of the electrodes. If such a layer of hydrogen or even H<sub>2</sub> gas bubbles appear on the positive plate of a battery, they interfere with the chemical action of the cell. An electrode covered with gases is called polarized. Polarization in galvanic cells causes the voltage and thus current to be reduced, especially if the bubbles cover a large fraction of a plate. Depolarizers are substances that are intended to remove the hydrogen, and therefore, they help to keep the voltage at a high level. However, this concept is outdated, since if enough depolarizer is present, it will react directly in most cases by getting electrons from the positive plate of the galvanic cell, i.e. there will be no relevant amount of hydrogen gas present. Therefore, the original concept of polarization does not apply to most batteries, and the depolarizer does not react with hydrogen as H<sub>2</sub>. Still, the term is used today; however, in most cases, it might be replaced with oxidizing agent, such as potassium permanganate or nitric acid, which acts as both a depolarizer and a fuel.

4/ Colored candles. These would burn with red, blue or green flames. A candle with a red flame can be used to illuminate at night without causing loss of night vision. In this case, I would like to keep the recipe secret, as there is still money to be made.

5/ A candle that could not be blown out by the wind. It would instantly relight. As above, I would like to keep the recipe secret

6/ A candle with added oxidizing agents, that produced at least 4 times as much light and heat than an ordinary candle, but the price was that the candle burnt at 4 times the normal speed. Sport's shops, selling survival gear were interested in this invention, so I nearly made money out of it. As above, I would like to keep the recipe secret - it probably contravenes the explosive law.

7/ A key ring torch that used a white LED. Sadly, a few years later, other people were doing this, and making money out of it.

8/ An acetylene bike lamp that produced 2 to 3 the normal light output. This was achieved by using hydrogen peroxide instead of water to mix with the calcium carbide to produce the gas. I had a couple of explosions with my initial experiments, and destroyed a pair of trousers, but what the hell - they were covered by insurance.



9/ An electrically propelled bike, working on 36 volts that could do 37 miles an hour for about 70 minutes.

10/ I have invented a fuel based on a solution of potassium permanganate in acetone. This is more powerful than gasoline. Acetone can be made from chalk and acetic acid, so this may well be the fuel of the future, but sadly to say half of Dover and most of the grapes in France may disappear in the process

When potassium permanganate is added to acetone this forms a colloidal fuel, because the decomposition of the potassium permanganate forms 5 grams per hundred grams of acetone of manganese dioxide in a colloidal form. Manganese Dioxide and potassium permanganate are both powerful oxidizing agents and manganese dioxide is a powerful catalyst for the combustion of organic liquid fuels. The use of the aforementioned chemicals increases the power released by the fuel by as much as 30% and the speed of combustion by at least 50%. If the speed of combustion of a fuel increases the power output of the fuel increases because the combustion of the fuel is more complete, so more of the carbon monoxide is combusted to carbon dioxide, releasing more energy. By using potassium permanganate, a powerful oxidizing agent, the fuel burns at a higher temperature, which further increases its power, as the engine becomes more efficient. This produces a fuel almost on the level of nitromethane, but at a much lower cost, and less danger.

I have tried a similar experiment with photographic flash powder, which is comprised of a mixture of very fine grain magnesium - fine enough to form a suspension - and potassium chlorate, which is a powerful oxidizing agent, but I found this will not work with the lighter spirits, such as acetone or gasoline. However it can be used with denser oils - such as vegetable oil, for example olive oil, isopropyl alcohol, or xylene - otherwise it is impossible to make a lasting suspension with flash powder.

Colloidal fuels, consisting of a combination of residual fuel oils as the basic carrier with coal added in particulate form have been evaluated throughout the 20th century. They received considerable attention during World War I and II as potential fuel, and as substitutes in the event petroleum sources were interrupted. The investigation of the potential of colloidal fuels reported herein was stimulated by the issue of a report by Bagatelle Columbus Laboratories (BCL) on the potential application of colloidal fuels by the DofD. The BCL report indicated that a complete conversion to colloidal fuels could provide DofD fuel savings of 200 to 400 million dollars per year.

Colloidal fuels would be an excellent alternative energy source for reducing residual fuel requirements should another fuel crisis occur. The technological base for colloidal fuels should be expanded so that the lag time required to develop the colloidal fuels will not interfere with the eventual or emergency implementation of these alternate fuels. Colloidal fuels should be researched and continually reconsidered for production as the economic environment changes in the future. To

further improve the operation of the KIVA-I MHD generators, high-energy colloidal fuels are being developed. Increases in power output of 50 percent are anticipated. Moreover, the flash point of most colloidal fuels is higher than that of the fuel oil alone.

**Magnesium Colloidal Fuel:** A colloidal magnesium suspension is prepared by grinding 400 mesh pure magnesium (99.8+%) in dry kerosene until it reaches colloidal dimensions (from about 500 to 1 millimicron) and is thereafter added in critical low concentration of at least 1 gram as substantially pure magnesium up to about 15 grams per 10 gallons of jet fuel whereby improved burning of the jet fuel is observed as evidenced by improvement in mileage of about 10 to 30% for the same jet engine setting as compared to the jet fuel to which the colloidal magnesium has not been added. Optimum amounts of about 3 to 8 grams of colloidal magnesium in 10 gallons are preferred in order to minimize air pollution while giving maximum benefit for jet fuel economy : Most of these experiments with colloidal fuels are recent.

NB: these classes of fuel have been used in rocket fuels in the last ten years or so. Much of this, however, has come under the Secret Patent Law.

The material, above and below, will show that I am not stupid and that I have done my homework on the subject of fuels, thus my projects for the most part have been successful. Two S Levels, one in chemistry and one in physics, plus 45 years of scientific experience go a lot further than most people learn in the 6th form at school. When I was at school the world was young. At that time an S Level was called inter-B.Sc, so if a person had S Levels, he did not in most cases have to do the first year of a degree. Not so long before my time, a few students would stay in the 6th form for three years, so they could get some S Levels and the certainty of getting a place in university in order to avoid conscription. At that time, an O Level in German was much more important, as much of physics and chemistry was taught in German.



11/ A bike that was propelled with a liquid fuel rocket using ammonia solution and hydrochloric acid. This fuel is about as powerful as gunpowder (I know because I have made a comparison with solid fuel rockets), giving 20 kilos thrust for about 25 seconds. A speed of 55 miles per hour was obtained. As the inventor, I would like to keep the full details secret. This is a similar project by another inventor:



12/ A one-man helicopter, with a rocket powered propeller, which could reach 50 feet, with a range of 150 yards.

13/ As there are few hills in my part of Belgium, I found I could make a rocket-assisted take off. As I live in a port, it was easy to buy some marine distress rockets for a few pounds each. With a rack of 18 of these rockets, with the parachute flares removed, and wired up with electric fuses so they could be ignited by a Nicad battery of 9.6 volts, it would push the hang glider to an altitude of 150 feet, and a speed of 30 miles per hour - I had instruments to prove this.



14/ An improved solid fuel rocket. This was an end burner, so it could contain 40% more fuel, and by using a range of fuels, that would provide a high thrust at take off, followed by a range of fuels that produced reduced thrust, as the weight of the rocket was reduced, by the combustion of the fuel, I was able to make a rocket that was 14% more efficient than a conventional solid fuel rocket using aluminum and ammonium perchlorate, with a specific impulse of 300 +.

15/ A two-stage solid fuel rocket that attained an altitude of 17 miles. The fuel was made 15% more powerful by the addition of magnesium. The guidance was not too good. As I have a firework license that is valid in England, I took the risk of making some of these devices, but the authorities started to take too much interest, so I had to stop.



The moment of separation of a two stage rocket

16/ A device that could make electricity from cold. By using a solution of calcium chloride in water, to give a temperature of minus 25 degrees centigrade, I got get over 6 volts and a current of about 4 Amps - let us say 25 Watts.

17/ A magnesium light with an output of 200 Watts (see below). This device operated with a reel of magnesium that would provide light for about three minutes. A small electric motor advanced the magnesium ribbon like a lamp wick: it was not much bigger than one of the old fashioned Kodak box cameras.



18/ Following is a picture of a New Gas Mask with an Oxygen Supply, for flying at high altitude. This would give you about 45 minutes breathing time at 40,000 feet, and you would last for about 4 minutes at 70,000 feet, however this would require special preparation.





**Greg, soon after he arrived in Belgium**

### **Mind Development continues...**

Peter has visited me in Belgium several times since 1992, at first to discuss the running of Mind Development, including his own training as an advanced supervisor. After Mental Development Ltd was formally ended in 1994, Peter continued to consult with me about his further development of [The Insight Project](#), which he had adopted after the death of my mother, its originator.

On St. Patrick's day in 2003 (I would have been 56 at that time), I went into an English Pub in Ostende to have a Guinness and join in the fun. When I drink beer, I quickly need to take a leak, so I went off to the loo. An older man of about my size, followed behind me... As I was doing the business, he said: "Why do you speak such upper class English, are you a member of the Royal Family?" He spoke in a hostile manner, with a taxi driver's accent. I said: "**I am a member of a royal family**, and this is all you're going to know. I do not want to hear another beep on this subject,

because if it comes to violence you are a lot nearer to sixty than I am, so you will get the worst of it. If you don't shut up, I will kick the soft and dangly things in your trousers, then push your head down the nearest bog, and pull the chain." He slunk off with his tail between his legs.

Fortunately such incidents were rare and Peter took to the somewhat 'exotic' atmosphere of Ostende, the port we stayed at in Belgium, in comparison at least to the conventional and proper South East region of England from whence he came. He enjoyed the 18% brown beer and tantalizing proximity of houses of ill repute, not to mention baskets of chips such as you couldn't imagine. On one of his extended stays he wrote the book, [Transforming the Mind](#), which formed the basis of the web site that he was planning, familiar to you now as Trans4mind.com. Having had a taste of the Continent, in 2000 he moved over to France and two years later married a French lady.

Below, I am pictured wearing gala decorations on my 50th birthday...

