

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Joan Grant

(Mrs. Charles Beatty)

Educated privately, "after my parents gave up sending me to boarding schools; I always ran away, for I am, fortunately, deficient in the 'herd instinct'." In spite of the efforts of some thirty governesses and tutors, who lavishly supplied me with irrelevant facts, my real education came from listening to the conversation at my father's dinner table. Among those who by their kindness extended my field of enquiry were, Sir Oliver Lodge (the Physicist), H.G. Wells, and Sir Richard Gregory (the ex-President of the Royal Society).

In this period I did the usual athletic exercises. I played Real Tennis in my father's court (he was amateur champion in 1914), the game played by Henry V and VIII of England, (a somewhat apologetic ancestor of the lawn tennis invented in the late nineteenth century) - the 'Jeu de Paume' of France. I also played golf for my county, for it was necessary to show that mystics are not without muscles!

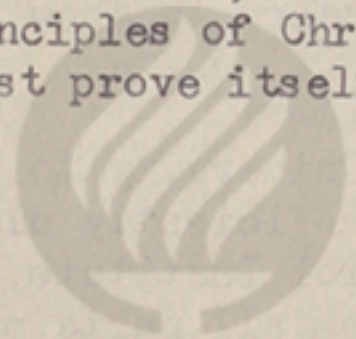
My father wished me to go to Cambridge University to take the Mechanical Science Tripos, but as I was not yet sufficiently old to go to a University I worked with him at his mosquito control Institute, meeting scientists in medical research who came to visit us from all parts of the world. I married at twenty, and then went for six months to visit my first husband's family in the Argentine (Leslie Grant is three-quarters Highland Scot and, through his mother, one quarter Chilean Spanish). He was a barrister-at-law for several years, during which we lived in London, until he became an archaeologist, working for the Oriental Institute of Chicago University. I spent three months in 1935 on one of their 'digs' in Iraq, Tel el Armana, about seventy miles from Baghdad. In 1937 I spent a year in the somewhat remote highlands of Scotland in my ex-father-in-law's shooting lodge near Grantown-on-Spey, where I wrote "Winged Pharaoh", which became a best seller in the first week of publication, and was translated into several languages.

In 1939 I met Charles Beatty, the head of the Beatty family, whose uncle and guardian was Admiral of the Fleet, Earl Beatty, Commander in Chief of the Allied Fleets, a younger brother of his father, who was killed in the first World War.

Charles had been working on similar lines ^{to} as myself - the recognition, in my case empirical, in his through extensive scientific reading and research, that the personality extends far beyond the span of one 'lifetime'. This meeting was sufficient to show us that our future must be shared as was our past before this century.

We were married in 1940, and after he was invalided out of the Army we returned to his house in Wales, most of which was built in the early sixteenth century, there to pursue our mutual enquiries into the reality of what we call 'serial personality'. The house, during the war and still to a lesser degree, is never without guests: during the 'buzz bomb' period we frequently had twenty people at our table. Many come as strangers and become our friends, because they are glad to discover that frequently a twentieth century illness may be cured by the recognition of its cause in an earlier century.

Now that the physical horizon is not limited by warfare, but only by currency control, we hope again to travel extensively, discovering others who, like ourselves, realise that only a shared ethic, a recognition of the active principles of Christianity rather than the division of conflicting creeds, must prove itself more potent than Atomic Bombs.



Tecnológico
de Monterrey