

GEORGE ADAMSKI A REASSESSMENT

by

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After twelve years of saucery there is still only one really controversial figure. Try as they might no other contactees have succeeded in arousing such interest, fury, devotion, hatred. Perhaps that is all to the good. It was made people think!

After twelve years of close acquaintance with this extraordinary man I am still not very much wiser than when I first met him in California in 1954, a year or more after our joint literary effort had burst upon an earthbound race of men. He will undoubtedly go down as one of three things - the greatest charlatan of all time, a most original nut or one of the most important men since Elijah.

George is a maddening person. He will talk to you for hours on end, and you are just able to accept what he says as probable. Then, without batting an eyelid, he makes a statement so outrageous and patently impossible that you wish he hadn't said it. You go away disappointed in him. Then perhaps a few weeks, or days or months later you get independent confirmation that what he told you was the truth. For example, he arrived in London from Rome a day or two before saintly Pope John died. I met him at the airport; it was Whitsun weekend I believe, and drove him straight to my little river cruiser at Staines where several of us had been spending the weekend. He enjoyed himself and told us all about his trip. Later, for some reason the subject of gold came up and eventually George said: "Here's one piece of gold no one will ever take off me" and produced an exquisite little gold medal with Pope John's effigy on it. A medal which I checked later had not yet been released to anyone. I asked how he got it, and he answered "John gave it to me yesterday". Knowing the Pope was at death's door and had had no visitors for a long time I was rather cross with him. He then went on to tell us how he arrived at