

# SOME PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS OF URI GELLER

Jacques Vallée

A NUMBER of American scientists are very excited about Geller and expect breakthroughs to arise out of his work, but many others claim that he is using trickery in all of his demonstrations. I am inclined to believe that although Geller, like many mediums, may be tempted to use trickery at times, some of the phenomena that happen around him are genuine. At a meeting of the Palo Alto Parapsychology Research Group that I attended, and at which I saw Geller perform publicly for the first time, he did not demonstrate metal bending to anyone's satisfaction, and many members went away with grave doubts. But my own continued interest in Geller's work arose from different observations.

In December 1972 I had lunch with Geller and showed him a series of Phoenician seals depicting priests standing before what appears to be a flying disc, from which God-like creatures were emerging.\* Uri studied these photographs with much interest and proceeded to tell me confidentially the details of his own close encounters with UFOs. He was in fact, I learned, a "secret contactee," a man who believed himself to be in contact with an alien entity that he did not want to mention in public. A year and a half later this information was revealed by Puharich and others in a series of articles and books,† and it has been a part of the UFO mystery ever since. All the alleged "evidence" that these articles and books contain has only deepened the problem instead of clarifying it. The central question remains to determine whether or not Uri is being *utilized*, whether or not he is used, or duped, by something that wants to appear as a higher entity.

During our discussion I asked Uri Geller if he thought he could contact the UFO entity again to obtain for us a real test case: a close observation of a flying saucer. He replied that in all his meetings with "them" the initiative for the contact had been with the "other side."

Later during our lunch Uri proposed to do telepathic experiments with me. It is this short series of tests that convinced me that his abilities were genuine. The very first test in the series contained an unusual aspect that precluded trickery. One of the physicists with whom Geller was working that day handed me a sealed envelope containing a card on which a target had been drawn. It was the outline of a whale spouting. I "sent" it to Uri by visualizing the drawing on a television-like screen which I scanned slowly, erasing it as I did so. Uri was to imagine a similar screen in his own mind and fill out the picture, but it failed at the first trial. We decided to start again, and this time my attention fell on a

fountain which was clearly visible behind Uri, in the courtyard of the building. The fountain reminded me of the spout thrown into the air by the whale. I filled my mental television screen with the fountain, and sent that. Then I filled it with the form of a fish, and projected it a second time. Now Uri took a blank card and said, as he rapidly drew on it, "It's strange, I'm getting two things." On the card he passed around, he had drawn a fish. Next to the fish was a fountain. He thought it made no sense at all. This was a convincing test because it excluded the "collusion" hypothesis. How did I know, after all, that Uri had not managed to look into the envelope by trickery even before it was sealed that morning? But if he had done so, he would have drawn a single target. I was the only person who knew that two different targets had been sent!

Now I was taking Uri Geller more seriously. In the second experiment, he asked me to write a digit (I wrote down a figure eight) and a second one (nine) and then a third, larger. I wrote a figure two.

"Send me the last digit only," he said. And a moment later he had written a two (2) on a card. Not a completely foolproof case. He might have spent long and tedious hours training himself to read muscular motions at a distance — although I was facing him about five feet away — and could have inferred that I wrote a two by the movement of my wrist. The interesting fact here was that my "2" was hastily drawn and that the horizontal base of the digit was very flat and elongated. It was completely different from the usual American way of writing the digit. Now the drawing by Uri was not only similar to mine: it was *identical*, as was soon demonstrated by superimposing the two tracings. One was a carbon copy of the other.

The discussion then came to the events that had taken place at the Research Group meeting. Uri wanted to repeat an experiment with colours. "Think of a colour," he told me, and immediately I thought "blue." Indeed I thought of blue so suddenly that I assumed Uri had already selected the answer and had somehow planted it in my mind. For this reason, I deliberately changed my choice, reviewed a dozen colours and picked "yellow" as the target. Three times Uri gave me the signal to send him the colour. Then he calmly announced:

— The colour I receive is yellow, but once out of three times I got the colour "blue".

By this time we had finished dessert and we had empty ice cream cups before us.

— You know, said Uri, everything you've seen... Those are little things. This is not what I really do. My speciality is to produce phenomena with physical objects. For example, take a spoon...

With these words he touched, barely touched, the

\* See FSR Vol.19 No.1.

† In particular in Puharich's book, *Uri*, Doubleday 1974 (U.S.A.) and W.H. Allen (London).

spoon in his cup, and he jumped back as if he had touched a snake. He reached for the spoon again and showed it to us. It was bent three times, literally folded back against the handle. I took my own spoon and bent it with all my strength against the edge of the table: there was no way I could bend it to twist the wider part of it.

### The Dark Satellite

Many people have witnessed this kind of demonstration, and many have been puzzled by it. An extremely gifted magician could, under carefully-staged conditions, duplicate this. But the incident was particularly interesting to me for a rather personal reason. Ten years earlier I had published a science-fiction novel in French entitled *The Dark Satellite*. In that story the earth, and indeed the whole solar system, was being attacked by a hypothetical form of life that emerged from the subatomic level. The attack upon our universe was manifested by a sudden change in the appearance of common objects. In one of the most dramatic moments in my novel, a young French scientist was stirring his cup of coffee, wondering how to save himself and his fellow-men from disaster, when *his own spoon literally started bending and changing shape in his hand!*

Already I was enjoying the thought of a world liberated from its psychic parasite...when all of a sudden my eyes — warned by what instinctive impulse? — became fixed to the spoon I was using to stir my cup of coffee.

In a flash, a curious backfiring of my memory brought an image of my old friend Nivgorod, who used to give us endless dissertations about the Known and the Unknown, starting precisely, from the example of a spoon:

— People, he would say, regard the Known as a wide, well-lit territory, squarely ruled and organized. We run no risk, they believe, as long as we stay within this area of neatness, of calm, of respectability. The role of our scientists, researchers and poets, is to keep pushing farther and farther away from us this circle of shadows...

— Yes, this is what people think...They have to be able to regard Science as a fortress behind whose walls their petty individual stupidity can quietly retreat in slumber! That's why they get so mad at the "intellectual egg-heads" as soon as some physical phenomenon, astronomical or otherwise, is so bold as to bring havoc upon the serenity of their preferences, the proper state of their household or the mortality of their customs!

— Come on Messrs. Scientists! They can be heard to clamour. We are paying you and fattening you while you were idly enjoying the clouds of your reveries. But now we are afraid: Explain this to us! Get to work, fast, and reassure us!

And the scientists answer:

— We cannot reassure you, we cannot explain this thing to you, because WE DON'T KNOW. The Known is not a country with nice borders, and nice customs officers wearing pretty uniforms to defend those borders, and nice laws to define the rules.

— The known of an object is only its perceptible fraction, and indeed you should learn that the Object itself, the real Object plunges deep into the unknown, even as the mass of an iceberg goes deep under the surface of the sea.

— That's why WE DON'T UNDERSTAND. Alexis

Nivgorod went on. And it is at that moment that he would take his spoon and point it at us as an ancient sword, saying:

— The borders of the unknown are not situated fifteen billion light-years away, which is as far as our best telescopes can see; the borders of the unknown are situated within us, in our hearts, in our souls, in our eyes, in our loves, as they are in the star and inside the atom, and *even in this little spoon.*

That is why the exact sciences have become occult sciences, or rather sciences OF THE OCCULT; for no one has ever seen a proton, and no physicist worth his salt will ever tell you: "This spoon exists and it is made of aluminium and I KNOW THIS SPOON."

Instead the physicist will say: "Here is a spoon the existence of which I admit as an hypothesis, because that is the only explanation for the image I get through my eyes and the sensation it provides as I touch it. From that basis I can say that I know a part of this object, a very tiny part.

"But for its deeper reality, as it concerns what goes on in the secret fluctuations of its atoms, I must confess my ignorance. My science stops where Matter stops: at the neutron. The rest of the story I may be able to tell you in a century or two. In the mean time, don't think about it and stir your cup of coffee. But do not hold me responsible if the spoon turns into a dragon to bite you, into a woman to seduce you or into radiation to pierce you through and through..."

I was thinking of Nivgorod because my spoon was getting larger..."

The book from which this is quoted was published by Denoel, in Paris, in 1962, in a collection entitled "Presence of the Future." And then Uri Geller...

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Listening to Uri as he "explains" his power is very similar to reading those old records by a nineteenth century medium describing the source of his knowledge. In both cases we are told that the power does not lie within the man himself, but emanates from one of two sources, either a higher spiritual center or a race of extra-terrestrial beings. What are the consequences of taking such a statement at face value? We would have to assume that a higher intelligence is not only cognizant of our existence and development here on earth, but has decided to interfere with human affairs. Why would it choose to manifest itself through a man like Uri Geller, who delights in the confusion into which he throws his scientific supporters every time he is "exposed"? Is it true that we are necessarily dealing with the same entity that is responsible for the sightings of unidentified flying objects?

This line of speculation has led some scientists to wonder whether Geller was not the latest in a series of artifacts released among the human race by a higher agency. Geller himself, it seems, would like us to believe that this is the case. It is not my intention to discuss here all the observations that psychic researchers have made in the last two or three years with respect to UFO phenomena correlated with their work. I do believe that a change is taking place among scientists, a climate is being

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# THE ANTHROPOMORPHIC PHENOMENA AT SANTA ISABEL - PART 3

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THE final episode involving the presence of anthropomorphic entities in the Santa Isabel plant occurred four hours after the first Moreno incident, and resembles it in significant features.

## C. The Third Anthropomorphic Phenomenon

**1: Details regarding the witness:** This third witness is Sr. Luftolde Rodríguez, aged 52. He is a truck-driver for the Egea firm. His job is to transport technical machinery to the Ika-Renault concern. He is a simple man, of little education (third grade of primary school), but he speaks of his experience with much conviction. (Photograph 12.)

**2: The circumstances of the sighting:** At about 3.40 a.m. on September 28, 1972, Sr. Rodríguez was driving in his 1957 Dodge truck and had gone across into the extreme north-eastern corner of the Ika-Renault plant (see Fig.1).<sup>\*</sup> Here he was to unload some sheet-metal trimmings, and he did so accordingly. The Dodge is a tip-truck. He was about to make his way back when he noticed that the whole area around was lit up. Someone was approaching on foot from behind, on the right-hand side of the truck. He looked out through the side-window in that direction and saw — in profile — the torso of a person who was very tall, for he was not able to see the head. Only when this person had got as far as the right wing of the truck was he able to have a good view of him, through the windscreen. At that point the being stopped, did a right-about turn, and looked at him. Then he did another about-turn and walked straight on. Rodríguez noted that the movement did not look natural, since it was not the head that turned around, but the whole torso, together with the arms.

As the person walked off (which he did slowly) he headed off diagonally across the road towards the left (see Fig.7) and vanished behind some metal frames.

**3. Description of the Entity:** If we take as a yardstick some boxes that were stacked on the metal frames, the mean height of the entity must have been in the neighbourhood of 2.5 metres. His features moreover are very similar to those described by Moreno. He was bald, with the top and back part of the head flattened; long erect ears passing some two cm. or so beyond the cranium. He had no eyelids,

eyelashes or eyebrows. His complexion was very white. The eyes were round and luminous. The nose was straight, with flat sides. The mouth was small (Rodríguez thinks he can see a resemblance to the type of lip described in the Villa Santina case). The entity was dressed in a bluish-green one-piece garment that looked plastic and was luminescent. The build of the body was robust, although it looked unnatural (as though it were a cuirass).

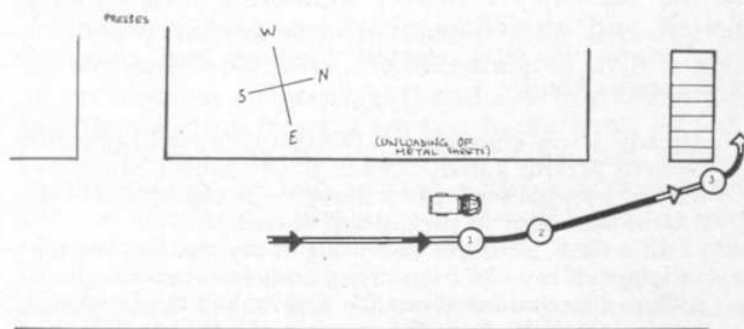


Fig.7. Plan of the area where the third observation of the entity (by Sr. Rodríguez) was made.

The legs and arms were extremely long. In his left hand he displayed something that looked like a billiard-ball, which was permanently emitting a very white light. The right arm was drawn back somewhat. He was wearing a wide, silvery belt, with a little box or casket of the same colour on the right-hand side.

On both wrists Rodríguez could see silvery-coloured clasps some 10 cm. or so wide. The boots were also silver-coloured, with a sort of crease on the tops. The bottoms of the feet were thick and rectangular (see Fig.8). He did not bend his knees as he walked. Each time he put a foot forward he leaned slightly in the opposite direction. The duration of the sighting Rodríguez estimated at between one minute and one minute thirty seconds.

## 4. Accompanying features of the sighting:

a) At the point marked (2) in Fig.7, the engine of the truck stopped, its lights went out, and the lights on the right-hand side of the road also went out.

b) Rodríguez felt a humming noise in his ears, like the sound of bees.

\* In FSR Vol.21, No.2