

Do UFOs Exist? Now It Can Be Told!

Alfred Tulchensky was a working journalist in the Soviet Union until he emigrated to the U.S. a decade ago. The following is an account of an incident that he witnessed in Siberia but was unable to report in the Soviet press.

BY A. TULCHENSKY

There are days in the lives of each of us, remarkable because of events that then take place, which become indelibly impressed upon our minds. I too have had my share of such days, though perhaps the most amazing of all occurred on August 22, 1967.

It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and I was seated in the cabin of a convoy helicopter, an MI-8, flying at a height of about one kilometer over the pristine Siberian tundra some hundreds of kilometers from village of Chitanga on the northern Taimor Peninsula, one of the coldest spots on earth.

At the controls was Volodya Novikov, an excellent pilot and the first to master the science of night-flying in the Arctic. An hour's flight remained to Volochenko as I absently shifted my gaze from the dazzling expanse of tundra below to the clear heavens above, which, in the summer months, so rarely become clouded over.

Suddenly, I noticed a strange "dot" penetrating my field of vision and moving not in accordance with any established flight pattern but rather in a perfectly straight line with incredible velocity.

Because of my untrained eye, I could in no way accurately determine the distance separating us from this flying object, nor could I discern what type of craft it might possibly be. From the glare of the brilliant sun, the dot shone, reflecting light and making it difficult to ascertain its shape.

"A satellite?" I thought. "A weather balloon?" It flew in a course parallel to our own, a dazzling enigma, and I could not take my eyes off it.

All of a sudden, it appeared that the speed of the object's flight diminished perceptibly. Slower and slower it went until, within a minute—and I could not believe what I was seeing—it had come to a complete halt, as though rooted to a single spot in the sky.

And then, within a second's fraction, the object changed course by a full 90 degrees and, with astonishing speed, literally vanished into the air itself.

In absolute bewilderment, I seized the microphones hanging to one side (of the helicopter) and shouted to Volodya, "Did you see that? Did you see that or not?"

With a strange smile, he turned to me and said: "I saw what I saw. And then again, I didn't see...because orders are, they are not to be seen. Understand?"

I was far too shocked to understand

a thing, though a couple of hours later, in Volochenko, as we sat over tea and fish meat, I began to understand as Volodya revealed to me his little summer secret. What I had seen in that northern azure sky was unmistakably a UFO, an unidentified flying object or, in simpler words, a flying saucer.

And Volodya himself, in the course of his four-year stint in the Arctic, had seen no small number of them. But here was the rub: Amongst all pilots, both military and civilian, there was the strictest of commands (that said) under no circumstances were they to discuss with any unauthorized person the sighting of inexplicable phenomena in the sky.

At closed meetings on several occasions, this topic had been brought

up, though the conversation was always kept superficial, confining itself to reprimands to one or another of the pilots for failure to properly report the sighting of a saucer. These reports were gathered by the Summer Command and sent to Krasnoyarsk and from there to Moscow, where they disappeared into secret vaults.

Here, as we sat, Volodya drew in the sand, with a stick, the contours of the coin-shaped body, a flattened circle—almost a cigar—which, from a distance, those craft seen by him had appeared to be...

All this was so disconcertingly captivating, so deeply provocative and so utterly, utterly incomprehensible...

I was lucky. On another occasion, also in the Arctic, I had a sighting

similar in the first. And then, in 1969, near the tiny village of Messaych (about 300 miles from Norilsk), myself and others were shown a perfectly circular depression in the ground, with a diameter of 11-to-12 meters, in which the wild tundra grass, so abundant around us, did not grow.

The Nentzi (local inhabitants), speaking in their chirping, bird-like language, pointed to the sky, leaving the geologists of the expedition dumbfounded. And with this, my own direct "contact" with extraterrestrials came to an end.

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