

# Flying Saucers at the Beach

On the night of the full moon in January, the 21st, a Montauk painter named Harriet Joffee feels a strong urge to go down to the beach; she would say later it was unusual for her to go in the winter. Her husband accompanies her. It is just after seven when they leave.

The night is incredible — not just with the brilliance of the moon, but the very water is phosphorescent, with swarms of moon jellies near the surface. With every wave a broken sparkling wall of moon jellies and moonlight rises, crests, breaks.

Toward the east, in the direction of the lighthouse, the woman notices a sphere of light bigger than the moon. She studies it for fifteen or twenty minutes; it stays in the same place. When she finally mentions it to her husband she finds he too has been looking at it all this time.

Suddenly the sphere shoots straight up, then arcs over them to the west. As it passes overhead it is now elliptical in shape, with two points sticking out of either end. There is a red light and a green light on the object. It gives off no sound.

As this is happening Mrs. Joffee experiences a feeling of happiness. Her husband does not; he feels anxious, scared. The object disappears in the west. Mrs. Joffee realizes she has experienced something very unusual. She wants the object to come back.

They return home around nine. A day or so later her husband reports the strange sighting to the Coast Guard, who tell him they get many UFO reports from the area.

So it should not be surprising to note another report from Montauk. Before dawn on Monday, January 30, Captain David Gaviola of the fishing boat *Jibber* eyes a strange light just north of the lighthouse as he and his crew move east. When another member of the crew spots it, it appears like a beam of light searching the ocean.

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"Then it flipped over, headed west and disappeared."

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Captain Gaviola changed course, northward to the light. As they neared it they could hear no sound from the object. Then the radar quit. Understandably there was apprehension on board. The captain turned off the running lights and engine. The light seemed square-shaped and about a mile away.

The light moved toward the boat with a bobbing movement. It was triangular or diamond-shaped. The captain judged it to be about 150 feet long.

Then it flipped over, headed west, then south, rose and disappeared. The boat's radar was functioning again.

The crew must have been relieved; the captain had felt that the object was going to stop right over the boat.

On Saturday, February 18, Robert Eleazer and his brother Hasaan are watching TV in the Tuckshoe area of Southampton. It is a Saturday night, and "Hawk" is on. Suddenly they hear a loud, helicopter-like noise buzz the house. The TV goes on the fritz. Even as they run outside the

noise had retreated into the north. They see nothing. Inside, the TV is working again.

Not expecting it to happen a second time, they are again caught by surprise when the aerial object is heard coming back over the house and again retreating. They can see nothing outside.

But the third time it comes they are ready and catch sight of it.

An object about thirty feet wide, outlined in bluish-white lights, floats over the telephone wires, then slowly moves off to the northeast and disappeared after about ten to fifteen seconds.

The brothers can do nothing but return to their program.

The strangest case of the lot occurs up-Island, in Levittown. On Friday, February 11, James LaFante, a musician who works in a hair styling shop is told a curious dream by a customer — that he is supposed to meet Jean Mundy, a psychologist, who was giving a talk in the area that night about UFOs. Dr. Mundy, who lives in Amagansett, works with people who claim to have had contact with extraterrestrials.

The young man is interested in attending the lecture, but has definite plans for the evening and tells the woman it appears her dream won't come true.

However, as fate would have it, to use the cliché, those plans fall through and he finds himself going to the place where Dr. Mundy is speaking. The talk is already in progress as he enters — and immediately he feels that the subject deals directly with him.

Dr. Mundy, wondering if perhaps an alien ship might be aware of the gathering, asks everyone to close his or her eyes and think about making telepathic contact. Nothing concrete results, and the musician talks with Dr. Mundy afterwards and arranges a session with her, because he feels her hypnosis techniques might help to get to the bottom of some inexplicable events in his past.

The very next evening, Saturday, February 12, just after nine, James LaFante is at home in Levittown and jamming with a friend. Suddenly the air in the room seems different; time, too — "Wizard of Oz-like," he says later. They hear something like the sound of a helicopter — "but deeper."

They look out the window. There is an immense object, "a block long," with four sets of lights going across it in pairs. It moves right over the house. They run outside. It heads southeast, toward the Southern State Parkway. They drive after it.

They pull on to the parkway. There is nothing visible in the sky now, but they feel as if they are under an immense object; there was again that sense of a change in the pressure of the air.

Then, west by northwest, over the Seaford Oyster Bay Parkway (which at the point intersects Southern State), about a third or a quarter of the way up the sky, there appears some sort of opening, a "window," and out shoots a brilliant burst of fiery red light, with rainbowed sparks of colors spinning off it. It's headed straight towards the car.

The two men are yelling back and forth to each other. "I want to make sure I'm not seeing this alone," the musician thinks. He looks at a white car on his left, an old Chevy with two girls in it. One girl looks back at him, but he can't tell if she's reacting to what he's seeing.

The fantastic light is almost upon the car. At the last minute it swerves sharply to the right and bursts into the most intense white he's ever seen, as it just misses the car.

In another moment they're pulling onto the ramp that leads to the Seaford Oyster Bay Parkway. They pull onto the side of the road. They

expect to see a lot of cars pulled over, with a lot of eyes looking up, but there's no one.

Later the musician would say, "I felt as if the experience was happening to me, not my friend; he was just there as a witness."

They return home about a half hour after they'd left. Later they call the police. The officer answering the phone doesn't seem particularly fazed, until mention of the fireball. "Can you hold on?" Another voice comes to the phone. "Can you meet us back at that spot?"

So around midnight LaFante and his friend are parked again by the shoulder of the on-ramp. When the police car pulls up the officers inside simply look around but don't appear to want to get out. Their attitude seems to be: There's nothing here now, why bother? They give the musician a government number to call; they leave.

When the musician calls the number the next day there is a recording asking him to leave his name and number. He hangs up.

On March 13 he has a session with Jean Mundy. Under hypnosis he recalls not the above incident but something from childhood.

He is about 12, living in Merrick. He is standing in the kitchen, talking to his mother. He is looking at this scene as if on film. From his vantage point he fully sees his mother's face but only the back of his head. The boy is telling his mother, "God is calling me. Someone is trying to come through me and take me out of my body." At that moment, from watching the scene he steps into it; his thirty-year-old self becomes his twelve-year-old self.

The hypnosis drew him back to the night before. He is lying in bed. Awakening he sees figures in his room. At first he can't make them out. They don't seem much higher than his bed. Then he sees they are blue or wearing something blue.

He feels them taking him out of his body. He looks back and sees his body on the bed. He passes through the wall of his room. Outside it's winter and it's cold but he can't feel it. The backyard is filled with white light, which is coming down from something above. The beings are taking him up to the light. He's amazed that people aren't coming out of houses to witness this.

Coming out of the hypnosis he is not at first aware he is with Jean Mundy in the present and not back in his childhood. There is a definite sense of crossing some barrier in time. On the Parkway, when the white light had swerved just to the side of the car, he had felt as if he had been taken some place and brought back; and he thought too he saw something in the light. He has other experiences of strange beings and displacement, hours of missing time. Once he and a girlfriend "saw" beings about them in the house and tried to get them on film, but the photos didn't come out.

After telling his mother what he did at twelve, she took him to the school doctor. Today he is not sure he will have another hypnosis session. But he definitely feels called. "Every day they're putting the signs in front of me."

Are Aliens coming to Long Island?

— Jerry Cimisi

On Saturday, April 2, The Long Island UFO Network will conduct "UFO's On Long Island Conference '89" at Artist's Lake Condominium Complex Community Center located at Middle Island-Yaphank Rd. and Middle Country Rd. in Middle Island. The conference will begin at noon and continue to 6 p.m. Tickets are \$25 and you can get more information by calling 732-3449 during the day or 924-5210 in the evening.