

1997 04 01 Tuesday Area 51 Plane Pilot (P) Area 51 Reconnaissance

AB: “(reading). Again, let me tell you Art, answer the Wild Card line. My boyfriend is in a small plane north of Las Vegas ready to fly into Area 51. He’s been trying to call you by cellphone, and uh, here he is – uh, you’re on the air. Hello.”

P: “Hello there. Is this Art Bell?” [background sounds of air rushing and muffled turbulence].

AB: “Yes sir, it is.”

P: “Yeah, my name ... I won’t give you my last name ...”

AB: “Okay ... wait a minute, sir. Hold on.

The fax [facsimile] is signed by somebody named who?”

P: “Jill.”

AB: “Jill. That is correct. So you are the one?”

P: “That’s my girlfriend!”

AB: “Ah, yes sir. Where are you?”

P: “Well, I’m up here from Ft. Worth in my little airplane. It’s a model I built myself – it’s a Burt Rutan design. With a forward canard – I’m not sure if you know the kind of experimental aircraft ...”

AB: “No, I’m not ...”

P: “You used to be able to buy that, but not anymore.”

AB: “No, tell me about it. What kind of airplane is it?”

P: Well, it’s a Long-EZ It’s got a hundred and twenty (120) horsepower Lycoming in it, but we had it bored and stroked, and fixed it up a little bit. It usually flies around 140, 160 indicated airspeed.

I’m right now at ten thousand (10,000) feet. You know where this place Indian Springs is?”

AB: “Indian Springs, yes.”

P: “Yeah, well I’ve been flyin’ now for about forty-five (45), forty-nine (49) minutes between Beatty – is that what ’chu call it – and Indian Springs. and I figure I’ll just go on up here and, ah, try to get into this Area 51. I’m just south of this Nevada Test Site or Nellis Air Force Base.”

AB: “Listen ...”

P: “I’m right outside this restricted zone.”

AB: “... listen to me. When you fly ... when you fly into that zone ...”

P: “Yeah?”

AB: “... they are going to either force you down or shoot you down. Don’t you know that?”

P: “Well you know I been inside of Air Force bases and I been in the Air Force for many years. I’m a ex-Air Force, but I just gonna to tell ya that, you know, as an American citizen, we have the right to know what’s up there in this Area 51.

And I been listenin’ to you boys talk about this over on the air
[unintelligible] ...

And I’m, ah, and I’m gonna go on up there and see what’s goin’ on. And I just wanted to let you hear about them before I do that, don’t you know?”

AB: “How long, um, how long do you estimate it’s going to be before you, um ...”

P: “I figure about fourteen (14), twelve (12), fourteen (14) minutes. They cleaned this baby up a little bit. Let’s do that! Let’s crank this thing on up!

It got a pretty good mountain here off to my left, don’t ’chu know. I’m turnin’ up north right now and I can see a ... I can see a Air Force base out there in the distance. It’s ah, got three (3) runways it looks like. They’re all lit up, and, ah, A-shaped just like Warsaw [sic?].

Got a lotta desert, don’t ’cha boys?”

AB: “A lotta desert, yes.”

P: “Lotta desert ...”

AB: “Now you’re liable to get yourself killed ...”

P: "I'm sorry, sir ... you're going to have to speak real loud. I cranked this engine all the way up here ..."

AB: "I said ..."

P: "... pressure."

AB: "I SAID YOU'RE LIABLE TO GET YOURSELF KILLED!"

P: "Well, we'll get up there in a few minutes, yeah, and we're just gonna see what's gonna happen, because this is a ... I've got a ... a big crosses painted on this baby and I've got 'Hospital' on it, and maybe they're gonna think that I'm on some kind of a mercy flight and I'm just off to work.

And I've got the radios cut off, because you can have radio failure, don't 'cha know?

And so, um, I'm gonna hold this thing dead here about around sixty-five, sixty-eight hundred (6500-6800) feet ... hundred feet ..."

AB: "Why are you doing this? What are you doing this [for]?"

P: "I'm gonna get to the bottom of this. I'm American, and my family's been American for years. And I wanta get down in here and I wanta find out what's happenin'!"

AB: "All right then, why ... why are you doing it at *night*?"

P: "Because that's the best way to get in here."

AB: "But even if you manage ... even if you manage to overfly the area, what ..."

P: "I'm in the restricted zone. I just entered the restricted zone. I see a bunch of lights out there. Looks like some kind of a search light coming on."

AB: "You're in the restricted zone now?"

P: "I just crossed that restricted zone. I'm gonna drop this baby down."

AB: "I'm tellin' you, you're gonna get shot down!"

P: "Hold on here now! I got my pressure suit on. I don't really need one in this kind of aircraft – it's not like a jet – but it helps when I make those tight turns here.

And I'm gonna cut down here ... Now let's see what these boys are gonna do!

I don't see anybody comin' up here yet – I just see a bunch of lights. But I'm pretty far from that Area 51 ... I think another eight (8), nine (9) minutes here. And uh, it's hard to calculate right now ... tryin' to talk to you.

I'm trailing an antenna out here about thirty (30) feet, so I can get this phone conversation, if we get cut off.

And, uh ... but I'm going to go up here and see what's goin' on. They say there's a bunch of UFOs and there's all kind of things out here. And we're gonna ... I want to get this baby back down here about a thousand (1000) feet, and we're gonna see if there's any UFOs or anything out here ... what's goin' on.”

AB: “Listen, I think you're making a mistake.”

P: “Well sir, I might be, you know, but uh, you know, our tax dollars pay for all this. And thus far they been hidin' everything under all this black projects and all this, uh, gray-funding, and all this kind of thing.”

AB: “Don't you think ... don't you ... sir ... hold it, hold it, hold it, hold it.

Don't you think that we have a right to national security secrets?”

P: “Uh, I think we have ... not really. Because you know they have these, uh, J-11 and J-50 satellites up there. And the Russians – they know what we're doin'. And the Chinese, they've got their satellites down here – they know what's goin' on. The only thing that don't know what's goin' on is common folk like me 'n you. And us common folk got a right to know, because we're fundin' all this.”

AB: “How long have you been planning this?”

P: “I got this thing down here about a thousand (1000) feet ...

I been planning this thing now ... I'm right on the deck [sic], not quite on the deck – I'm at a thousand (1000) feet.

Boy, they got night-pro [sic?] poppin' up everywhere. I'll tell ya they got search places ... about four (4) of 'em out here.

And I been plannin' this now for, oh anywhere, from a month to six (6) weeks – it took me a while to paint up the plane, 'cause they had to do that I mean, the only thing that'll stick to this gelcoat they go on there.

This thing's built out of Kevlar and [unintelligible] fiber. I got it ... [unintelligible] if anything, it's overbuilt!

I tell you what I'm going to get down here and squirm like a little frog [sic?] that gets stepped on by a big dog when I get down here in a few minutes here – I'll tell you that!

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P: 'Cause I'm not gonna ... (a siren begins to wail) ...hey! It looks like there's an F-16 comin' up here."

AB: "I wouldn't be surprised.

* * *

"You're making a mistake."

P: "Hey, they've scrambled somebody down there. He's got the master burners on 'cause I can see him about five (5) miles out.

That ol' boy's crankin'!

So there! And I see som'thin' opening up here on the ground. I'm pretty low now. I'm startin' to pick up all kinds of buildings down here. I see something here that's level with the ... with the ground.

They're bringin' this thing up. It looks like something comin' up out of there. I can't tell you what it is, it must be some kind of a ...

* * *

Hold on here! I got ... I got to make this turn."

AB: "All right."

P: "I think this ol' boys gonna head up here for me."

AB: "I wouldn't be surprised."

P: "Oh, he's gonna be up here right directly, 'cause he's in a F-16, sure as hell. He's comin' to hold on ..."

AB: "I would advise you to turn your ..."

P: "Wait, just a minute ... [garbled]"

AB: "I would advise you to turn on your radio."

P: "C'mon baby! C'mon baby! C'mon baby, we can do this now! C'mon!"

Hold on, this ol' boys's comin' up here. Now he's got his lights on ... He's got his lights on and he's flashin' me."

AB: "Yeah, he's probably ..."

P: "Now I'm wavin' at him ... 'No radio. No radio.' ... No radio, he don't know that."

AB: "Well, if I were you I'd ..."

P: *"I count on folks to listen to Art Bell, 'cause everyone listens to Art Bell."*

AB: "Well maybe if ... if ... if you're making ..."

P: "... I gotta get ... [unintelligible]."

AB: "You're making a bad calculation, because if they're not listening, you're gonna be shot down."

P: "I don't know what he's gonna do here."

He's rockin' his wings at me right now, this uh ... he's rockin' his wings and he's got in front of me. And you know this is the ...

Oh, don't cut in front of me now, 'cause if he cuts ... they off [sound of jet soaring by]. They off ... his vortex from his engine – a Pratt & Whitney engine. They're gonna ... just like twin tornadoes if you get too close ... They off ... off!

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Hold on here, I'm gettin' down on the deck. I'm goin' in. I'm gettin' down there. He ain't gonna get me. I'm gettin' down [unintelligible] – he ain't gonna get me then. They didn't get me over there, they ain't gonna get me over here now.

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Looks like some kinda ray [sic?] gun comin' up out of that elevator ... that flat area over there where the doors opened up! It's got some kind of a ... a weird lookin' barrel on it like a pipe and, uh ... [sound of a gun shot].

Aww, hell! They done something to shoot at me now! Oh God! [sound of a second gun shot].

Oh Baby, I'm goin' in! I think I'm goin' in ... [sound of pilot's plane speed increasing] [call transmission abruptly cut off]."

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AB: "Uh. ... Well, I'm not sure what we just heard.

All I can tell you is I got a fax that read: 'Art, answer the wild card line. My boyfriend is in a small plane north of Las Vegas and ready to fly into Area 51. He's been tryin' to call you by cellphone.

I withheld the signature at the bottom of the fax so I could be sure that if I did get the person, I could verify it. Indeed, it was signed by *Jill* (!)

Now whether what you just heard was a hoax or the real thing I have no way of telling you. And I have no way of knowing. You tell me ...

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