

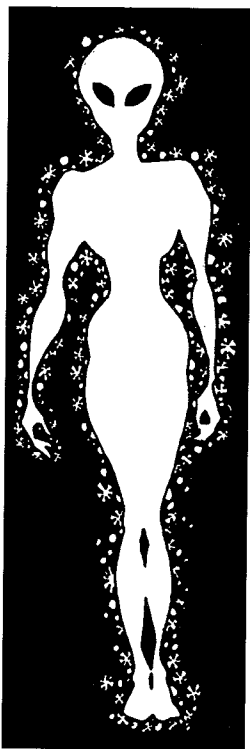
The Rendez-vous

Nancy Johnston

Le rendez-vous

Le récit d'enlèvement par des extra-terrestres est un sous-genre de la science-fiction qui met habituellement en scène un héros masculin et humaniste qui se détache de sa famille et de sa communauté à la suite de sa rencontre pour devenir une sorte de prophète pour sa société. Ces récits se font normalement à la première personne – parfois par un fantôme – mais toujours avec l'autorité de l'expérience acquise. Dans ce genre, la narration des femmes a toujours besoin de médiateurs – les témoignages faits par des femmes, étant moins crédibles, demandent à être vérifiés pour être authentifiés – tels qu'une séance d'hypnotisme ou des notes émanant

d'autorités, des appendices et des commentaires émis par des experts, mâles, comme il se doit. Le récit d'enlèvement au féminin tend aussi à se centraliser sur l'appropriation ou du moins à interférer sur la fonction reproductive de la femme par les extra-terrestres: implantation de fœtus, mystérieux avortement, etc. Dans «Le rendez-vous», «l'étonnante histoire de Jeannetta (Netty) Wilcox», Nancy Johnston joue avec ces conventions sexuées. Le récit de Netty nous est fait à travers plusieurs intermédiaires : des chercheurs, son mari, un hypnotiseur, tous des confidentes qui feront en sorte que «the truth will out»; le caractère double de ce «truth», de ce «out», deviendra peu à peu apparent. À la fin du récit, ayant surpassé sa «répugnance initiale pour la parole», Netty devient une sorte de prophète qui ne répond peut-être pas au modèle que les chercheurs avaient imaginé. En effet, son mariage rompu, elle vit dans une «maison nouvellement réaménagée de Toronto» avec sa «compagne», Madame Alice Sharpe, personnage apparu un peu plus tôt dans le récit.



The first attempt to attract aliens was made by Canada's Defence Research Board, when it established a top secret "UFO Landing Field" in 1958. The project failed because there was nothing unusual to catch the aliens' attention. – Major Donald E. Keyhoe, *The Rendez-vous: A Canadian UFO Casebook*

This is the startling story of Jeannetta (Netty) Wilcox, the protagonist of Canada's controversial UFO abduction case. The very nature of this story touches the parapsychical heart of alien visitations in Canada. Netty Wilcox captured public attention on June 28, 1978 when her now-estranged husband Willard Wilcox, a high school physics teacher and amateur astronomer, revealed her amazing story to CTV syndicate reporter, Jerry Sohl. Finally, after nearly two decades, Netty Wilcox has consented to provide the public with a vivid fully-documented picture of the Canadian abduction phenomenon.

From Chapter One: The Shattered Happy Home

On April 10, 1978, Netty Wilcox complained to her husband that his persistent snoring had kept her awake every night for the past week. After a few days, Wilcox began to take his wife's complaints more seriously:

I knew that my snoring wasn't keeping her up at night. I don't even snore. But I could see that her eyes were puffy and her face more lined. She couldn't be getting much sleep. And, irritable. Was she irritable! She also lost all interest in her housekeeping.

Wilcox told Sohl that his wife had previously kept their ranch-style home outside of Delhi (pronounced *dell-high*), Ontario in immaculate condition. (See map of Ontario, Appendix A) Her life was simple. Her days had been divided between light housework and volunteer services at Ayre's St. Paul's United Church. He continues:

By the middle of the next week, Netty was impossible to live with. Really she was more like a sleep-walker than a wife. One night she laid the table and served a dressed chicken with roast potatoes. Except she forgot to cook the chicken first. Another time, I found her ironing and folding a pile of my dirty shirts right out of the laundry hamper. So you see I had to do something about Netty. After all she might have had something serious like a brain tumour. Maybe menopause.

On May 1st, the couple consulted their family doctor for advice. Their physician (who wishes to remain anonymous) and colleagues at London's University Hospital could find no evidence of physical or neurological damage to explain Netty's apparent sleep disorder. The results of a battery of x-rays and other tests proved inconclusive. "I rejected the recommendation that Netty and I should seek psychiatric family counselling. Obviously *they* were missing something," explains Wilcox. The couple seemed satisfied with Netty's prescription for mild sedatives. Her health improved gradually, although she could rarely sleep except during daylight hours.

By June, Wilcox had all but forgotten his wife's condition. An amateur astronomer and UFO enthusiast, Wilcox had his attention drawn to the reports of UFO sightings outside of Delhi. The *Ayre Express* interviewed a local pig farmer who reported that low flying ships "shaped like big fifty-cent pieces" had frightened his livestock. As well, a Delhi farmer reported to the paper that his tobacco seedlings had been toppled by what he had assumed was a helicopter. Several flattened swirls approximately two-metres in diameter (see illustration, Figure 6) were discovered in his tobacco fields. Remarkably, only a few years earlier, in September of 1974, similar agriglyphs or crop circles had appeared in a field of rape in Langenburg, Saskatchewan. Unlike the Langenburg circles, however, the Delhi circles lacked the charred central whorls perhaps because there had been an usually damp spring in Southwestern Ontario that year.

Late on the evening of June 13, Wilcox prepared to join a midnight UFO vigil at the Ayre water tower. Around midnight he rose to his alarm clock and found the bed, and the bedroom, empty. At first, he remained unconcerned. His wife often watched television late into the evening. His real confusion did not begin until he carried his telescope out to his car and discovered that his 1977 Lincoln-Continental was missing, along with his wife. Patiently Wilcox sat in his EasyBoy lounge to wait for Netty's return and her explanation. His concern mounted until, at precisely 1:32 am, Netty parked the Lincoln in the two-car garage and walked into the kitchen. "She entered the house as if nothing was amiss in her behaviour," says Wilcox. As he watched his wife, she prepared his lunch for work: made him a sandwich, cut a piece of cake, wrapped them in wax paper, and lay a thermos neatly in his lunchbox. She "seemed to have no volition of her own. She stood and made that lunch as if she were doing it in her sleep."

Wilcox was surprised the next morning when Netty professed to know nothing of her nocturnal sojourn. Neither could she explain the mysterious cuts and abrasions on her throat and wrists. She said she could remember nothing but watching a late-night movie. Later that same evening and for each successive night Wilcox observed her, Netty repeated her strange "sleepwalking" and drove out of the two-car garage at 11:45 pm and did not return until 1:32 am. At the end of these drives, the odometer always registered a 15 kilometre round trip. After comparing Netty's behaviour to abduction accounts in his experimental science magazines, it was clear to Wilcox that his wife was being contacted by aliens. First, Netty seemed to suffer from the phenomenon of "missing time," an apparent lapse of memory masking traumatic encounters. Secondly, her cuts and abrasions were strikingly similar to the scoop-like scars found on the shins and upper arms of many Abductees forced to submit to alien scientific experiments (See Raymond E. Fowler, *The Watchers*, 1990). And, there was the fifteen kilometre round trip, a distance coincidentally equal to a drive to the crop circle site. Wilcox confronted Netty with his startling evidence. Ignoring Netty's frantic denials (she was undoubtedly terrified by what might be revealed), he arranged for a preliminary interview with a London doctor specializing in regression hypnosis, one recommended by OUFORN (Ontario UFO Research Network).

From Chapter Four: Under Hypnosis

Before her co-operation with the writing of *The Rendez-vous*, no UFO researcher had been granted permission to print in full the transcripts from Netty's regressive hypnosis session. The following transcripts are a verbatim record of sessions with London hypnotherapist Doctor Hugo Drinkwater, M.D. Our analysis of Netty's experience is highly speculative and will be noted in italics:

Hypnosis session: June 15, 1978, 11:00 am - 1:00 pm

Subject: Mrs. Jeannetta (Netty) Wilcox

Doctor presiding: Brian Drinkwater, M.D.

Also in attendance: Willard Wilcox and CTV reporter Jerry Sohl

Doctor: Are you comfortable, Mrs Wilcox?

Netty: Yes.

Doctor: Can I call you Netty?

Netty: Yes.

Doctor: Do you know why you are here?

Netty: Yes. Willard wants to know why I can't sleep.

Doctor: And?

Netty: Willard wants to know where I go at night.

Willard: Yes ... that's right, Netty.

Doctor: Mr. Wilcox could you please sit over behind the partition?
[Sohl laughs.] I must inform you, Wilcox, that your interference will jeopardize the authenticity of Netty's hypno-regression. *[continues with Netty]* I want to take you back a night, perhaps two months ago. A night in the first week of April. For the first time, you can't sleep.

Netty: Ummm. April 3rd. I can't sleep. *[tosses her head back and forth on the couch]* Willard is snoring again. *[snorts and wheezes]* He sounds like the electric broom on the living room shag carpet.

Doctor: Is that why you can't sleep?

Netty: Yes. *[sighs]* No. I'm used to *him*. *[punches the couch pillows, turns onto her side]*

Wilcox: *[inaudible]*

Doctor: Why can't you sleep Netty?

Netty: *[rubs arms rhythmically]* I feel ... funny. I have this tingly sensation all over. And, my head is dizzy ... as if I just bent too fast over the scrub bucket or inhaled the fumes of the Pinesol. You know, light-headed. My stomach muscles are tight. Tight like a drum. And ... *[pause, sighs]* no, no ... wait. I'm not supposed to think about last night. *[Could this be a mental command set in Netty's subconscious? Frequently UFO investigators are frustrated by mental blocks thrown up in the subject's subconscious, perhaps by the aliens, to hide the truth about their abductions.]*

Doctor: Can you tell us about last night? I'm going to take you back one day to April 2nd. You are going to remember what happened. You will not be frightened. You are in bed now.

Netty: Okay ... Willard is snoring. He woke me up again. No, it's something else. Somebody's driven into the yard. *[pauses]* The car lights are coming awfully close to the house. The lights are dancing up the walls. They spin and spin around

walls and ceiling. [*laughs softly*] When I was a little girl afraid of the dark, my mother called those lights angels' wings. [*frowns*] The light isn't coming from outside anymore. It's inside the house.

Doctor: [*directs her attention*] What exactly is happening, Netty?

Netty: [*confused*] I'm shaking Willard and he still doesn't want to wake up. [*Abductees often mention how family members are placed in suspended animation during alien contact.*] That light is floating up the stairs. It can't do that. [*suddenly looking into the bulb of the lamp*] It's so bright. I can't make out what ... I can almost make out someone there inside the light.

Doctor: [*adjusts the brightness of the table lamp.*] Please continue.

Netty: [*intake of breath, shields eyes*] Someone must be holding a flashlight. No, not a flashlight. Brighter. The light is pulsing off and on. Like a heart beat.

Doctor: Who is holding the light? What do you see?

Netty: She's so bright. [*squints eyes*] The light is coming from her belly. It kind of flows over her body like water. Like a shower of water. The light pours over her skin. She's coming closer and ... [*stares straight ahead*]

Doctor: [*interrupts*] How do you know your visitor is female?

Netty: [*pauses*] You don't think I know the difference? [*elbows the couch pillows again*] She's coming across the bedroom toward me. [*gasps*] She's holding out her fingers to touch my face. Oh, so cool. [*closes her eyes and shields her face*] She is so bright it hurts my eyes. [*relaxes and slumps on couch*] I'm so sleepy. I'm closing my eyes ... I [*eyes close and she dozes*]

Doctor: [*continues when her eyes open*] Where are you now, Netty?

Netty: I don't know. [*looks around*] I'm not in the bedroom anymore. The walls seem rounded and curved. There is a softer muted light now. It's warm inside. I'm lying on a platform. I can't see very far. There is a kind of mist around me. [*pauses*] Oh, she is so close. She bends her face down to look at me. I feel strange. She's placing her palm on my cheek. There. [*cups ear*] She's talking inside my head. She's saying I should relax. [*in a different voice*] Just relax. [*normal voice*] I feel prickly, though. All over my body is prickly. [*static electricity?*] Her hands rub my neck and shoulders. Ah. She's massaging my shoulders.

Umm. Hey! [*struggles briefly, laughs*] She is pulling off my night gown.*

Netty: [*continues*] Oh, oh, that feels good. She's rubbing some kind of oil onto my skin. Oh, oh. It makes my skin so cool. [*sniffs*] Sweet. It reminds me of something. [*smiles*] Balsam. Reminds me of Alice. [*Ms. Alice Sharpe lived seven miles outside of Delhi at the time of these encounters. Ms. Sharpe, who has since relocated to Toronto, was a trained massage therapist and private dealer for a Finnish sauna and whirlpool company. According to Wilcox, Netty had been a frequent visitor at her home before their marriage.*]

Doctor: Please continue.

Netty: Ah, she's rubbing it all over me. [*arches her back*] I feel so ... I feel weightless. Like I have no body. I'm being lifted off the bed. She's turning me over. Holding me. I'm so light in her hands. [*Was it possible that the alien was levitating Netty for transport deeper into the alien vessel? Different types of oils have often been used preparatory to alien medical examinations.*]

Netty: Oh, I'm tingling all over. All over my ...

Wilcox: [*interrupts*] Ask her to describe the ship. What does it look like inside?

Doctor: [*mutters, stops recording momentarily*] Netty, please go on.

Netty: Ah-ah-ah. [*gasps and reaches out*] Please don't make me leave. Please don't make me leave. Let me stay. Please. Please.

Doctor: What is happening?

Netty: The light is becoming dimmer. She is lowering me back down to the platform. [*sighs*] Uhn. I'm in my bed again. Cold. [*shivers*] I can see the lights are descending the stairs. She's leaving. She's going without me to the rendez-vous.

Doctor: Why?

Netty: She says I'm not ready. She says ... she says I won't remember unless I'm ready. It's like a dream. But I don't want to dream if I have to wake up. Here in this bed. I'm not going to go to sleep again. Not ever.

At this juncture, Doctor Drinkwater felt that Netty had undergone more than enough for this session and began to progress Netty

* Clothing seems to be an encumbrance for alien beings. The abductees we have studied are often stripped of clothing before they are carried into the contact ships. It is possible that this prevents a localized static shock created when probes touch the artificial fabrics such as the nylon of Netty's night gown.

slowly back to the present. Wilcox protested that the doctor's services had been engaged for the full two-hour session. Doctor Drinkwater turned the cassette over and continued the hypnosis regression interview.

Doctor: Are you comfortable?

Netty: Yes.

Doctor: Its May 13th around 11:30 pm. You are not afraid.

Netty: Okay.

Doctor: What are you doing?

Netty: I can't sleep. The rendez-vous. I have a rendez-vous. I wonder if Willard put gas in the car. [*puts hands in pockets*] Where are the car keys?

Doctor: Let's go ahead a little. You are at the rendez-vous point.

Netty: Okay. I'm getting out of the car. I don't bother to lock the door. I have to hurry. I only have an hour. No time to waste. [*pants, as if running*]

Doctor: What are you doing now?

Netty: I'm standing near a tobacco kiln. [*a small tobacco storage shed*] There it is again. I hear a shuffling sound. Someone nearby. Shhh. [*whispers*] Someone is watching me. [*closes her fists*] I have some stones in my hand so I toss one over at the other kiln. A figure is stepping out from the shadows. [*laughs*] It's Alice. Waiting for me. [*It is not uncommon for multiple abductees to be drawn to the same locations after an encounter. (See Budd Hopkins, Intruders, NY: Random House, 1987.)*]

Doctor: Do you know why she is here?

Netty: [*ignores question*] Ummm.

Wilcox: [*inaudible*]

Doctor: Tell us what is happening.

Netty: [*sighs and shifts on the couch*] We walk toward the field together. We don't want to talk. We look up. The moon is huge. It lights up the field. The moon is floating down to us. It is so beautiful. [*Her ominous image of the moon may be a mask memory, one disguising her memory of a spherical mother ship.*]

Doctor: Please continue, Netty.

Netty: [*rapid breathing*] We can see the circle in the field where we ... where we came last time. I take hold of Alice's hand. She grips mine tightly. We push the leaves aside as we walk between the rows. Ahh. We're in the centre of the swirl now.

We lie down on the damp ground together. The seedlings are all bent over but we're careful not to break them off. [*tosses head back on pillow*] Not much time. I know she isn't afraid either. She smells like balsam. Like balsam. I know she's coming. I can almost ... I can ... I ...

At this point, Doctor Drinkwater chose to bring Netty out from under the hypnotic regression despite Wilcox's objections. The doctor admitted to us that Netty's rapid pulse and shallow breathing could possibly have endangered her health.

From Post-Hypnosis: Epilogue

Tragically, within a month of these revelations, Netty and Willard Wilcox ended their eight-year marriage. Netty's initial reluctance to speak with UFO researchers should not be held against her. In fact, it was not until 1984, with the divorce settlement, legal battles, and subsequent restraining orders behind her, that Netty came to possess the rights to her own story. In our final interview with Netty, conducted in her newly refurbished Toronto home where she lives with companion Ms. Alice Sharpe, we were deeply inspired by her spirit of co-operation. We, as UFO researchers, often work in a climate of closed-minded intellectual darkness with the scientific community and governmental agencies who deny the accounts of alien abductees. Netty's conviction that "the truth will out" has been, for us, an unwavering bright light.

G.W. Mielke

