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17 July 1992

Ms. Sandra Martin
Paraview
Box 929, Ansonia Station
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RE: PROJECT MINDBREAKER
WGA #072152-00.

Dear Sandra, Ed, and Stephany,

I have twice read through the treatment Stephany dropped or had dropped off in my mail slot. In her covering letter, Stephany asked me to comment, positively or negatively, which is a little odd since I had not before formally been invited to take part in this project. So normally I would not comment.

But this "treatment" involves a real-life-fictionalization of me as a major character and in fact is a take-off on remote-viewing which I have labored to establish as a real phenomenon through the many hardships and vicissitudes of twenty-years. My demand to Ed Dames to be deleted as a character in this treatment is attached. I would very much like to see remote-viewing become the central topic of a major motion picture -- but only if the process and product does not damage RV conceptually or otherwise. I am obliged, therefore, to enter my comments.

In order to establish weight to these comments, I am also obliged to establish what credentials I have acquired regarding treatments, screen-plays, and movie-making in general. In 1978, I published a novel, Star Fire. It sold 92,000 copies in the USA and 25,000 in England, Canada, and Australia. I designed this novel for a possible movie by taking the time, in advance of constructing the novel, to study movie treatments and screen-plays at the New York Public Library at Lincoln Center. I spent six months doing this preparatory work. Upon the novel's publication, I received twenty-six inquiries regarding the movie rights, and eventually signed a deal memo for one of them. The novel was represented by Eleanore Friede, at the time a major agent and winner of many literary awards. The legal front was represented in New York by one of the two top "Hollywood-entertainment" legal firms, Greenbaum, Wolff, and Ernst, specifically by Maurice Greenbaum. The Hollywood end of the deal with represented (for a time) by the noted movie agent Rick Ray, of Adams, Ray & Rosenberg. I also acquired the professional oversight of the Academy Award winning director and movie-maker, Bert Salzman, and Academy Award winning actress, Beatrice Straight, made available other significant resource people

familiar and experienced in the abysmal complexities of the Hollywood process. Six treatments were generated in support of this deal and its accumulating progress, and eventually the package was picked up for serious interest by Don Simpson and other executives then in control of Columbia Pictures. Unfortunately, Star Fire as a movie was vetoed by one executive decision -- which later proved to have nothing to do with the project, but with internecine warfare going on at the top of Columbia Pictures. Six weeks after the veto, the entire Columbia executive staff was fired and replaced.

My points here are two: (1) that this project made it through to the top echelons, and did so because of the professionalism of all involved; and (2) that I indeed learned a great deal not only about the movie-making process, but about what treatments are and the purposes they are designed to serve in that process. I know, for example, that if one is a known and respected treatment writer, he or she can make a deal from a few notes on a napkin. But otherwise, the treatment is designed for specific purposes, and if it does not fulfill those purposes, then the whole is a complete waste of time.

I fully realize that Ed's project will attract the interested attention of many, but majorly only so far because it contains "buttons" associated with governmental intrigues, military scandals and involvement in psychic warfare, psychic breakthroughs, and topical ET and UFO interests. These buttons, if well handled from the bottom up, spell money and a special kind of interesting movie. But investment decisions will not be made on buttons paraded out, but upon the story-substance of the proposed movie which must be made clearly accessible to potential investors.

It is not the purpose of a treatment to establish this story-substance, and this is a distinguishing factor that many do not understand. For example, a treatment can be made from a novel, because the story is already explicitly rendered in it. In the case of an original concept for a movie not already rendered accessible to investors via novel form, the story must be established in some form before it is submitted for treatment analysis and conceptualizing.

With regard to Project Mindbreaker, I read it twice, and failed utterly to determine what the story is or even should be. And I did not understand the ending, or even the purpose of much of the characters' interacting. And I have an advantage over other readers in that I am intimately familiar with the background materials upon which the missing story is ostensibly based. The only possible conclusion I can come to, based on my experience, is that this written vehicle will not perform what it is intended to do -- even though interest of many in the project may ride high. And I fully believe that similar or at least not

too different conclusions will take place when this treatment encounters the professional levels in Hollywood.

Now, The Story usually cannot be achieved by consensus inputs, whereas a Treatment can be. The story, or at least the best and most convincing of them, usually originates in someone's head, and is both compatible with and a reflection of their vision. A Docu-Drama can also be achieved by consensus inputs, usually because a story is not required. Someone has to write the story in some form, long or short, but what makes a story a story is its internal consistencies presented in the way stories must be. The basic elements of story-making are completely known, and generally line up as follows: informational background which places the reader or viewer in context; the suspension of disbelief, making the reader or viewer amenable to watching the story unfold; the presentation or establishing of the "conflict"; then character development consistent with the foregoing. After which occurs the intensification of the story-line conflict, which reaches one or more crest-like situations; followed finally by however the story is going to culminate or resolve. My personal view of all this these story-demands are held together by specific internal consistencies of the story-line, which may be developed simultaneously from different points of view. But however handled, it is these internal consistencies which "enthrall" the reader or viewer. Various liberties can be taken, but only providing they do not move the attention spans of the viewers too far from the consistencies, at which time confusion will enter.

Either as a story-line or a treatment, the text of "Project Mindbreaker" is deficient in all of this, and it would be my opinion that it is not salvageable -- and since this is my response there is no point in picking at some of the more serious flaws it contains. Even if high interest by potential producers is acquired, still someone at some point will have to plunk down something near a quarter million dollars for "development". There is no basis for doing so in this document, meaning that potential interest might grind on for some time because of the buttons hinted at, but that arriving at a pay out deal memo or contract is very unlikely.

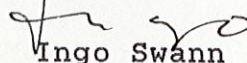
I presume, though, that it will take you all some time to find this out, possibly one or two years. I did learn in my painful Hollywood experience that non-professionals esteem themselves and their hopes run consistently high -- hopes that finally someone powerful enough will recognize the remunerative potentials and take the necessary professional steps to set the thing on course and in action. I may be wrong, of course, but I think not in this case, simply because the story is missing here at the start. There is only one thing that will both marshall the Hollywood process and hold it together at the same time, and do so on your behalf: the compelling STORY. The Story is also

the author's one and only claim to ownership of the property. Without the story, you can talk, consult, describe, and consensus all you want.

There is one very important, thing, though you must consider and which has not been considered at all. The Story, what ever it might be, is based on real life events and figures, and at some point you will have to get releases from all of them -- or face a gargantuan legal scenario which probably will cause nerve tremors at various echelons. Ways and means to disarm and/or avoid this must constitute the basis of this story. Great and irresponsible liberties have been taken with the characters, and I have a very serious recommendation; you must be sure Jacques Vallee never sees this text. He appears sweetness and light, but he is deadly underneath, and will not give you a chance to redraft before he acts, possibly even legally. I do not know how General Odum would respond, but I am sure he will not sit still. There is something very ill-advised and vaguely ominous about how the characters have been treated, and possibly it would result in turning opponents into enemies. Merely pushing everyone's buttons does not a story make.

Personally, I am saddened by all this, and I have taken some time to figure out how it has come about. Basically, I think haste is to blame, enthusiastic haste, coupled with lust for big bucks project, coupled with inexperience and a guileless amateurish approach, and somewhat the failure to comprehend that formulas must be isolated and acknowledged and slowly and precisely followed if one is to negotiate the extremely tough Hollywood process. Saddened because it would have been so easy to take three to six months to erect the compelling story as the groundwork for all that needs to follow. Saddened, too, because the chances are that this letter will shift our friendships about, which I will regret. Saddened because of a characterization of me which I find revolting and inconsistent with what I am has already been circulated to potential interests before I have had a chance to ask for corrections. Saddened because my tested experience with stories and treatments, even if limited, has been available all along, and ignored. Finally, saddened because remote-viewing is a beautiful and wonderful thing, and yet the text of "Project Mindbreaker" left me with a dirty feeling about it.

Having been asked to comment, I recommend that this "treatment" be abandoned and retired. I will help construct a viable story upon which further developmental efforts might be based, if asked to do so. Otherwise, I fear this is going to start costing beyond mere "death-blow sarcasm", i.e., legal money, and destroyed friendships.


Ingo Swann

Sandra Martin/paraview

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16 July 1992

Ingo Swann
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New York, NY

Dear Ingo,

Here, finally is the treatment for the "Mars" movie. Ed and I jazzed up the story a bit, as you will see, to give it what we hope will be considered a more cinematic quality. I think it was majorly exciting as it was, but this is a Terminator culture.

Ray has already seen it and weighed in with his criticisms, which I will try to address as quickly as possible. Meanwhile, though, I guess Sandra probably told you we have spoken with others who seem more receptive to what we've done.

I hope you like it, but don't hesitate to tell us if you don't.

Regards,

Stephany

Stephany

*Bill from
W. Morris*

PROJECT MINDBREAKER

BY

EDWARD DAMES AND STEPHANY EVANS

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PROJECT MINDBREAKER

Dramatis Personae:

MAJOR IAN BARRISH: Army Intelligence Officer. Barrish has a keen intellect, and is gifted in science and math. His middle class background is responsible for him winding up in the military rather than at a university. Barrish is a dispatcher who directs others to do the actual retrieval of information. He is a young bantam, feisty, hard-working, intense, and obsessive about his quest for intelligence (knowledge). He is always looking for a fresh angle. The Army provides him with a context for his insatiable quest to know. He is dedicated to the military, unaware that his own agenda transcends the limits even of that far-reaching complex. He drives Swann mad with his incessant questions, and he tells bad jokes. He is a normal.

MASTER SARGEANT MIKE McLELLAN (Snoot): Part native American, he is the best friend of Barrish. They grew up together and though he could not consider a life divorced from Barrish, McLellan feels over-shadowed by (perhaps jealous of) Barrish's success. McLellan is a pilot and photo interpreter. He served in Viet Nam where he made something of a name for himself by being able to "smell" the enemy. In off hours McLellan spots "crop circles" and other non-fractal anomalies. He is a natural.

MAJOR GENERAL STRATHBURN: Loved by the men who serve under him, General Strathburn is warm, rugged, and pioneering. He believes that man uses only a fraction of his intellectual capabilities, and strives to incorporate new scientific advances into the daily workings of his intelligence community. He is limited by his obligation to answer to General Oden.

LIEUTENANT GENERAL ODEN: He is brash and commandeering, and has devoted his entire life to a career of military service. General Oden sees himself as a protector of the American Way of Life. He is also near retirement from his military career and has his eye on a political assignment on Capital Hill. His main concern at present is maintaining the status quo. He is extremely mistrustful of anything that smacks of the occult.

INGO SWANN: America's preeminent, though largely unknown, psychic. Swann looks like a figure from a biker bar. He is of substantial, rock-hard girth, is tattooed— most noticeably on his hands— and chain smokes tiparillos. Swann's has researched and developed a technique called Remote Viewing whereby "normals," those not psychically gifted at birth, can be taught to see or sense objects, situations, thoughts, etc. anywhere in time or space. The technique is limitless. One can view past, present or future any where in this solar system or any other. Swann is creative, eccentric and demanding. Though not particularly loud, he can deal a death blow with sarcasm. Swann is also a superb painter, imaging the cosmos in awesome detail.

LUCY SEDGWICK: A former New Yorker and also formerly of the CIA, Lucy is attractive, eccentric and gives off a strange erratic energy. She is a weapons expert with a degree in anthropology and ancient civilizations. She is psychically linked to the infinite. She tends to have the answers to as yet unasked questions. Lucy is initially repelled by Barrish, but eventually comes to grin and bear him, ultimately to love him. Lucy is the strongest, psychologically speaking, of Swann's natural psychics.

MAJOR DALLAS MITCHELL: Delta Force, Special Operations Officer. Mitchell is a soldier's soldier. He is physically tough, quick on his feet, loyal to his commander. He has an easy sense of humor, but switches instantly to action mode when called upon. Mitchell recognizes Barrish's potential and power and willingly invests his own strengths in Barrish's agenda. Dallas is a normal.

CAPTAIN MARTIN DUCHAMPS (Martini): Born of a French father and an American mother Duchamps has lived in France long enough to pick up the accent, but his heart belongs to the USA. Though eager and disciplined, Duchamps is the class clown, or to some degree even the mascot. He is a typical Frenchman, boasting of his amazing virility. He is not thrilled to be in the project, is a little spooked by it. He jokes that the only reason he does it is to support the beaucoups enfants he has fathered. Duchamps is a natural.

CAPTAIN EDGAR JAYCE (Jace): Quiet, philosophical, extremely sensitive. Jayce is from a military family. All career men.

Jace believes it is the duty of America to protect the world from Communism, but he probably would have been much happier personally as a professor. He is naturally curious and grateful for the opportunity to be part of this project that is not directly agree^{SSIVE}s Jace is a natural.

BRENDA STRATHBURN: Wife of General Strathburn. Barrish's lover. She is 45, lovely and quietly elegant. Though her marriage lacks passion, Brenda will not leave it. She loves the general and does not enjoy betraying him. At the same time she loves Barrish, but knows that it is an unrealistic liaison with a limited life span. While she would do nearly anything to help him she knows she will do nothing to hold him.

CIA CHIEF HARRIS FENTON: Fenton is aware of previous UFO-related programs in the military, particularly the air force. He also has the background on former experimental projects using psychics. While he is skeptical of the use of psychics, he supports the Remote Viewing program in order to gain information leading to potential technological advances in both intelligence and weapons. He is particularly interested in anti-gravity capabilities.

JACQUES VALLEE: French anthropologist/UFOlogist/researcher. Vallee has long been following UFO phenomena as well as ancient civilizations (Atlantis, etc.). He is a frequent consultant in regard to anomalous phenomena for both the scientific and the military communities.

GENERAL GEORGE ALEXIS: Retired, air force. Keen interest in things that fly. He knows everything that has been documented and subsequently covered up concerning UFO activity. Nothing surprises him. He is not so much jaded as completely pragmatic. He knows the system. And he knows what's behind it.

CIA AGENT BOSCOE: Cordial, even passing for warm, Boscoe has the cold blood of a reptile. Whether it's surveillance or assassination it's all the same job to him. He does it pleasantly, matter-of-factly.

THE PLOT

Act I

Late Spring, 1984. The Cold War is on. Reagan in the White House. Yuri Andropov in the Kremlin. Army Intelligence Operations Officer Ian Barrish is tasked with maintaining a surveillance staff to provide up-to-date information on Soviet military capabilities so there will be no surprises. Normally there are means of entree for any target— one need only access the proper individual. But suddenly there seems to be no way in. Agents are reporting back blank.

Monday Barrish will meet with General Strathburn to suss out a fresh angle. This weekend he relaxes doing a little flying with his long-time buddy , pilot Mike McLellan. McLellan's hobby is crop circle spotting. He is fascinated with recurring designs he has detected in photographs from this region— heiroglyphic-like designs that seem cut out in swaths from fields of crops, or shaped by clearing rocks and vegetation in more barren terrain. He tries to interest Barrish in one as they fly low over the hilly red-dirt ranch land, but Barrish is distracted. His mind is on Monday's meeting.

Rushing to Strathburn's office in the Intelligence Facility, Barrish collides for the first time with CIA knock-out Lucy Sedgewick. They are off to an inauspicious start with Lucy informing Barrish that he is not the only thing in the universe. There is no time to argue the point. Barrish enters General Strathburn's office where he recognizes the general, CIA Chief Harris Fenton, and a third man. A stranger who Barrish surmises has something to do with a new strategy.

"The Russians are using psychics," Strathburn says. "They don't need to get a guy in— They can access everything we've got. That, says Strathburn, is the way to go. Fenton opposes Strathburn's suggestion. There was a program years ago using psychics for intel. Lots of trouble. A guy even died.

Strathburn introduces Ingo Swann. A phenomenally gifted natural psychic himself, Swann has for years been researching the potential of teaching "normals," those not naturally gifted, his

technique called Remote Viewing whereby one is able to access a target past, present or future, any place or plane, and see or sense in great detail what is happening. Can it be used to access Soviet targets? Barrish wants to know. Swann scoffs that if he was able to detect rings around Jupiter, in direct contradiction to scientific belief, two years before the Pioneer 10 flyby, Russian targets should pose no great problem. Barrish asks what is his success rate? Swann counters, "What is the success rate of Army Intel?" About 40 - 60%. "I'll give you 85% or above," says Swann.

Sounds good. Barrish wants to hire him. Swann says no. He will not be involved directly in espionage. He is willing to train a military team of remote viewers. Strathburn volunteers Barrish. Barrish protests that he is just an Operations Officer. Strathburn promises him good company— he and Swann can hand pick a team. Barrish agrees. Fenton observes, "I can't wait for Oden to get a load of this."

As it turns out, Lieutenant General Oden, Strathburn's immediate superior, does not like the idea at all. Fenton has informed him of an imminent psychic intel project and he is adamant: Not in his army. Strathburn defends the project saying that man uses only a small fraction of his intellectual capacities, and besides gaining military intelligence, it is likely that they may gain access to "future" technologies. Barrish adds that it could well prove safer and more efficient. Oden finally agrees to let them go forward. But the project is to be research only. No actual targets. And they are to report only to him. If any word gets out army intel is involved in "occult" activity all bets are off.

Barrish and Swann hold testing to choose a team. They are selected on a basis of intelligence, discipline, and adaptability (ability to change intellectual or philosophical paradigms). Barrish is chagrined to discover that one candidate forwarded by the CIA is Lucy Sedgewick, the uncongenial woman he'd run into earlier. He is further chagrined that she scores consistently well above the other candidates, including especially McLellan. Selection ended, the team is comprised of Major Ian Barrish, Master Sergeant Mike McLellan, Captain Martin DuChamps, Captain Edgar Jayce, Major Dallas Mitchell, and (agent) Lucy Sedgewick.

Accompanying the team is a bevy of cutting edge scientists— many long-time followers of Swann's work, including, occasionally, Jacques Vallee. They will be closely monitoring the project.

Training commences. Along with basic protocols the team is intermittently tested by a psychotherapist. Physical workouts are also part of training: Strong mind, strong body. The team learns how to cool down, how to attain and hold theta wave state, how to wire and monitor, how to give targets without "front-loading" (giving too much information leading to "overlay" or imagination on the part of the viewer), how to access a target using assigned longitude and latitude co-ordinates, how to know if they are on target or have lost it, how to retrieve and relay raw information from a target. They make drawings and clay models.

Major Ian Barrish is a thorn in Swann's side. He wants to know the why behind everything. And he is impatient to get to the practical aspects. His incessant questions try Swann's nerves. Even Mike suggests, "Just do it, Ian. It's protocol."

Test targets are designed to put the viewers through various emotional states, as well as to perfect their accuracy. Sample targets include missile counting, Dachau, an amusement park, finding P.O.W.s, archaeological sites, etc. There are practical jokes (targeting, for example, Mae West's bedroom) and a comradeship develops. They learn how to do mind probes and effect brain Wave Entrainment, how to effect a psychotronic attack (disruption of information patterns comprising physical energy/matter. Potential to adversely affect sensitive electronics, missile tests, etc.). These PT attacks turn out to be Dallas' long suit. He approaches them like a video game, shouting "BOOM" with each successful hit.

This initial training takes many months. The whole team pulls closer. Even Ian and Lucy, who begin with a competitive antagonism (Ian employs Dallas' nickname for Lucy: Queen Bee), eventually come to a wary respect for one another's abilities and discipline.

Security is tight, but even in the military there is a reliable grapevine and few projects manage to operate without leaks. In the Facility servicemen whistle the Twilight Zone theme when

Barrish passes, and they slip their pet ideas for "practice" targets to the viewers.

The team trains hard and each viewer begins to develop his own personal style. They are ready when Fenton enters the lab to offer a real test. While still experimental, it may actually provide valuable information. The CIA believes that Soviet psychics, or Extrasensors, may be being used to affect the POTUS (CIA slang for President of the United States). What Fenton suggests is an intelligence denial operation (prevention of intel gathering by an antagonist) of the Extrasensors by Swann's remote viewing team.

The viewers are split. Barrish, Jace, and Mitchell will target the Extrasensors who are targeting the POTUS, while Sedgewick, McLellan and Jace are tasked with counter-surveillance—ascertaining that the team is not being observed. The test is a success though anti-climactic. The Soviet presence is benign. They are merely watching. But some anomalous forms are observed by overwatch. They also are benign, perhaps even benevolent. McLellan and Jace give raw information—shadowy, glowing globes of flickering light. Lucy names them: angels.

Barrish meets with Brenda, a quietly striking woman in her mid to late forties, in a bar. He confides in her his excitement about the project. It is the most incredible thing he's ever been involved in. The capabilities are staggering. But he is frustrated with the pace. He tells her he's going to start using it for intel. Brenda possesses a career complacency, and says he just needs to relax. They go back to his place. But she can't stay. As she dresses to leave, Ian asks her if she believes in angels. Brenda tells him she's not even sure she believes in heaven. Ian idly flips on the TV. Johnny Carson, as Karmac The Great, holds an envelope to his forehead.

January 1987.

Swann proposes a controlled experiment for which they can compare data gathered via other electronic sources. The Challenger rocket launch with its civilian crew is the secret real-time target he has selected. The launch will be monitored simultaneously by NASA and the remote viewing team.

All viewers are cooled down and wired. Target is assigned via coordinates. Scientists monitor theta wave states as the viewers begin to relay raw data to transcription instruments. The first data acquired is a sense of extreme height. Then motion, speed. They describe external, then internal elements of the craft, aspects of the technology, the presence of humans. They are instructed to get into the heads of the humans. Suddenly they become aware that something is terribly wrong! The emotional impact is consuming. Horror, grief shock and panic of the Challenger's crew seizes the viewers' consciousness, and the scientists note McLellan, DuChamps, and Jace veering off target. It is too much to hold on to. Lucy falters, then re-captures. Dallas holds, then slides. Barrish rides it all the way down.

It is a devastating experience, and the team is visibly shaken, drained. Those people were alive as they crashed. They knew they were going to die. In the aftermath Mike lies immobile, tears forming in his eyes. Martini covers his face with both hands, and Jace lies in a foetal curl. Barrish, and Sedgewick are grimly silent as Mitchell breathes, "That was fucked up, man."

But there is another aspect to this test that Swann cannot overlook: Barrish stayed on target throughout. He has validated Swann's theories. As surmised, a trained Normal will surpass a Natural. He is the supreme psychic machine.

Act II

1989

Late at night Barrish emerges from the darkened lab into the dim hallway of the Facility. Swann rounds the corner. "Working late?" Barrish asks, masking his guilt. "You?" asks Swann. Barrish has no answer. They fall into step beside one another and Swann tells Barrish, "You know I consider this project to be the most important thing happening on the face of the earth right now. We've never before had sufficient cash to do the work that's necessary. We have the opportunity here to get answers to some real questions. Not just what's happening, but what's going to happen." Barrish agrees. Swann continues, "You are very talented. But very head-strong." Barrish asks what he means.

Swann tells him that he is well aware that Barrish tampered with certain scores in order to get his best friend onto the project. Barrish counters that Mike is very good. But Swann overrides his protest, "and I also know why you are here tonight. You are in violation of orders. I hope you won't let your ego abort this chance we have." "No, sir," says Barrish. Swann, however, recognizes his "no" for the "yes" it actually is. He shakes his head in disgust and walks away down the hall.

Barrish turns the corner, passing CIA agent Boscoe walking the other way. Boscoe nods a greeting to Barrish and smiles cordially.

Barrish briefs Strathburn on location and fortification of Russian submarine base. Strathburn is elated. This is phenomenal information that until now has been totally inaccessible. He orders Barrish to brief General Oden, but warns him under no circumstances to divulge the source of the information. Barrish tells Strathburn not to worry. "I'll be a talking dog," he assures him. "A talking dog?" muses Strathburn. "Yes, sir, a talking dog." "Excellent!" agrees Strathburn. And oh, by the way, he'd like Barrish to attend a little party for the brass, and, unofficially, for the viewers. It will be at his home.

Oden receives the Russian sub briefing with pleasure. This is exactly what they'd been trying so long unsuccessfully to discover. He commends Barrish and wants to know how the information was obtained. Pride gets the better of Barrish and, believing he has vindicated his use of Remote Viewing, he informs Oden that it is thanks to the project that the crucial intelligence has been obtained. Oden is incensed that he has been disobeyed. He tells Barrish, "Don't ever let me catch you using this again." Barrish makes a mental note to follow Oden's orders explicitly. As he leaves Oden's office, he takes out a small pad of paper from his pocket and writes himself a note: "Don't get caught again."

Night at General Strathburn's home. It's a fabulous soiree. Formal but funky. Officers and wives. Uniforms and eveningwear. Waiters in tuxes. Champagne, canapes. Lush. Lucy looks gorgeous

and cosmopolitan. Mike points her out to Ian from across the room. "Beautiful, intelligent. Too bad she's such a bitch," Ian comments. Mike is pleased. He says he wouldn't mind getting his hands on something before Ian for a change.....

General Strathburn approaches with his lovely wife in tow and makes introductions to Ian and Mike. "I believe you've met my wife, Brenda... Major Ian Barrish, Sergeant Mike McLellan." Mike takes her proffered hand. Ian smiles and nods his acknowledgement. He sees Swann across the room and excuses himself. Mike glances over toward Lucy, his next target, but now sees Dallas with his arm draped over her shoulder. Lucy and Dallas laugh together over some unheard joke. You snooze. You lose.....

General Alexis is in rare form, joking and jovial—retired and untouchable. He approaches Oden with a slap on the back, that causes Oden's champagne to slop down the front of his dress uniform. "The word is," says Oden, "that Army Intel is training crystal gazers. Have there been any revelations about your future? Oden is a long way from pleased. He replies that the Remote Viewing project is research, using practice targets only. Alexis laughs and makes his way over to Strathburn's party.....

"I've got a 'practice target' for you, if you're interested," he says, drawing a small manilla envelope from his pocket. Strathburn opens the envelope and removes:

an Airforce photograph of a UFO.....

Barrish and Swann are having a heated argument. (Barrish propounding, for example, the potential use of R.V. for SWAT operations.) Swann warns him again about jeopardizing the project with unsanctioned uses of the technique. Barrish protests. This is what the project was originated for. They have been "training" now for literally years. You can't train a falcon and then keep it in a cage! Barrish has no intention of giving up this nearly omnipotent tool. Swann calls Barrish "pathologically insubordinate." He feels Barrish is underestimating the danger of angering Oden. Since he cannot control Barrish, Swann tells him, he will abandon the project to his willful protegee. "I believe I've left you enough rope," Swann smiles grimly as he walks away from Barrish and leaves the party....

Barrish makes to follow Swann out the door, but he is stopped by Brenda. Strathburn has some morning meetings so she will be free. She has something she wants to tell him. Barrish brightens, saying "You've got a date," then he steps outside. He looks up at the vast night sky studded with stars and grows sober again.

In Strathburn's bathroom Barrish, freshly showered, combs his hair at the mirror. Over his shoulder a framed wedding picture of the general and Brenda is evident. As Barrish turns to exit he sees one of Strathburn's uniform jackets hanging on the back of the door. He fingers the stars...

Brenda stands at the front door, a pained expression on her face. Barrish smiles encouragingly. "It's OK," he says, and she tries to smile. "I'll miss you," she says. Barrish nods, then opens the door a crack and peers out. He opens the door wider, exaggeratedly cranes his head both directions. He ducks back in and says, "All clear in the General's front yard," he grabs Brenda and takes a last kiss and is gone. Brenda closes the door behind him.

In the lab, Barrish is now in control. Target practice continues. Lucy monitors Martini and Jace who are cooled and wired. While Barrish chooses a target, Lucy reads him. His thoughts are strongly in the scene he just left rather than the one before him. Lucy, half-joking, admonishes him to keep his thoughts to himself. Barrish gives her a bemused look. Lucy persists, "It's none of my business and I don't want to know." "What?" Barrish asks. "You forget," Lucy says, "I'm a natural." Comprehending, Barrish says, "No. You're a spook." Lucy does not deny this. She smiles, "Just quit projecting."

Strathburn enters in high spirits. He asks if the viewers have been given their target yet. Lucy tells him they were just getting to that. Strathburn drops Alexis' UFO photo on the console in front of Ian and Lucy and says, "Let's have a little fun."

Lucy asks Jace and Martini if they are ready for target. Both respond that they are "good to hook." She gives the co-ordinates. As Barrish monitors instrument feed-back the first needle swings

violently. "Martini, reverse polarity," reports Barrish. The second needle swings. "Jace, reverse polarity. Both boys on target." Strathburn asks if they are seeing the photograph. No, not exactly, explains Lucy, though they are aware of the photograph's content.

Lucy has the viewers give data re: the craft and its mission. They follow the craft....

It goes to Mars.

The viewers report the presence of pyramid-shaped structures, very large. The planet is a barren waste land. How did this happen? asks Lucy. The viewers experience and describe (and we see) images of swirling dust, fierce storms which have wracked the planet. What was the cause of the storms? Jace describes a ball of fire, a meteor.....

Strathburn is impressed by this display. His face reflects appreciation and enjoyment.

....The planet seemed to pass through the tail of what looks like a meteor, continues Jace. Then Lucy asks them to go inside the craft, to describe the interior, the inhabitants of the craft. Martini and Jace comply, but are immediately overcome. DuChamps tries to rise, but convulses violently, repeatedly, falling finally inert. Jace, trying to convey his shock, breaks down and only manages to babble. There is something in there that stretches comprehension to the breaking point, and they do break.

Too late the test is ended. Barrish, Lucy and Strathburn are numb with shock.

Barrish and Strathburn report to General Oden. Fenton and Alexis, too, are present. Oden is livid, and anguished. This is not simple anger. There is also grief. And fear. He has lost two men. For no apparent cause, in perfect health. One has a heart attack and the other goes mad. Why? How? Does Strathburn understand, Oden wants to know, what this means? Duchamps is dead; Jace, institutionalized, will probably have to be eliminated. A leak of this would be too dangerous. Oden and

Strathburn come to physical blows. It has gone far enough. Too far, in fact. The project is closed.

Fenton, who has remained in the background during the foregoing battle, now interjects that Oden must not be too hasty. If the remote viewers have actually been in contact with alien technology, wouldn't it be possible to get information about time travel, weapons, etc.? His eyes meet Barrish's, and for the first time Barrish understands Fenton's presence in this picture. Fully understands the presence of the Central Intelligence Agency, and the nature of their curiosity. Barrish turns his gaze to Alexis. Alexis betrays nothing. He is a sphinx.

Oden, however, overrides. Nothing is worth that kind of risk. No more discussion. "I want that team of Army Clairvoyants disbanded, debriefed, and disappeared. I don't want to hear another whispered word about this." "Shouldn't we try to find out what happened?" protests Strathburn. "Nothing happened." "You're getting old, Oden," Fenton observes.

At a beltway Bennigan's the four remaining viewers, Barrish, McLellan, Mitchell, and Sedgewick, meet to "roast" the dead. In customary military fashion, Martini is accused of having found some better service to put his awesome organ to on the other side. Jace just crapped out. The four drink to their irretrievable pals, covering their grief with levity. They motion for more drinks and a stunning waitress clears their glasses and sets up another round. She is subjected to some rather Neanderthal humor and she counters neatly.

Ian has been giving some thought to the project's demise, and now confronts the others with his intention to "go in," to find out what it was that Martini and Jace saw. Are they with him?

Dallas warns him that they would risk court martial. Mike thinks he must be crazy. Both Martini and Jace are gone and not coming back. Is that how he wants to check out?

Barrish turns to Lucy, "What do you say, Spook? Would you have a theory on that?" Lucy comments, "They were both naturals. Sensitives." "Not one of my problems," contends Barrish. Lucy

agrees, "No, in this case, your sangfroid could be your greatest asset."

At that moment a goonish bar patron hurls a nearly full glass of beer on his compadre. The beer barely glances its intended target, but manages to soak the waitress. Dallas, chivalrous, instantly pulls himself out of his gloom, delighted to have a focus for his frustration. Ian is just itching for a fight. Mike begins half-heartedly, but soon gives himself over to the brawl that ensues. Lucy manages to dodge the worst of the beer pitching and punches, but does get in a few really well-placed licks of her own.

The team is thrown bodily from Bennigans along with the rest of the perpetrators. Ian wraps a comradely arm about Lucy's neck and gingerly fingers a rapidly blackening eye. "Who says I'm not sensitive?" he wants to know of her.

Over the cool, soulful tune of "Spooky," the Natural and the Normal merge in the energetic throes of that age-old extra-sensory ritual. These two dedicated beings give themselves completely to whatever they are tasked with, and so there is much thrusting and thrashing and loud exclamations of passion. After a VERY LOUD CLIMAX, they fall silent and motionless on the bed for several long seconds, then: "You smell like beer," Barrish says.

He rolls over and acknowledges for the first time his surroundings. His attention is first drawn to a large brass urn filled with a huge bouquet of peacock feathers. Heavy drapes are drawn over the window, and flickering candlelight throws wavering shadows of the feathers onto the wall. The walls of Lucy's bedroom are covered with copies of ancient Sumerian and Egyptian (?) temple paintings, including one that depicts the solar system as it is known in modern times—planets in proper (relative) size and relativity to the sun, and several of Isis with a "space pack" on her back. Following his gaze, "They're not very good," apologizes Lucy. "What is all this stuff?" asks Barrish. Lucy replies, "The first UFOlogists. Well, maybe the first."

Angels. UFOs. What is it all about? Is there a connection? This is all bigger than he realized. How does it concern him? "I don't know exactly," Lucy admits, "but I know we're a part of it."