

Mike is a big guy. I am pretty big myself, over six feet, but thin boned. Mike is not only taller than me, but bigger boned, and beefier. He is also blond, square faced, and looks like the pride of the Aryan race.

All these, and the fact that he had a Connecticut state police decal on his car when I first met him, made me wary. What was he doing at this artist run, improvisational dance, retreat center?

Well, he was dancing, just like I was dancing, rolling round on the floor, rolling around each other while standing up, even doing contact improvisation lifts, and dancing, with the floor, with a woman, or another man, or a group of people, men and women. He was dancing with me. We got along just fine.

Several years later, there he was again, at the Sierra Hot Springs, for a contact improvisation jam high in the mountains of California, rolling on the floor with me, again, and swimming in the hot springs. He was explaining to some of the younger dancers how he connected the flow of improvisational dance with his profession, mathematics, how he understood it in the same way he understood harmonic frequencies and wave forms.

Now, Nikola Tesla had always been a fascinating person to me, because, from what I read, he seemed to have a mystical understanding of electrical energy, of wave forms, and while he died impoverished, and quite mad, he also was the lead person in the creation of our modern, alternating current electrical system.

Junior scientists, such as myself in high school, remembered him best for the Tesla coil, a transformer, which would boost voltage, creating an arc that would climb up between two exposed electrodes. Mad scientists we were, learning how to chuckle ominously to the zap, zap, zap sounds of the device. We were also fascinated that, because of the high voltage, low amperage of the device, there was little danger to us with it, and that, at a distance light bulbs would glow.

One more thing I learned about Tesla was his theory that, with the right frequency, he might cause the world to dissolve. And that he experimented with this idea in Colorado, on Long Island, and even on Houston Street, in lower Manhattan.

So I asked Mike about this, if he knew of Tesla's theories, and what he thought of them. He looked at me, and said, "Of course, that is what happened in Hiroshima and Nagasaki." Until that moment, I had never understood the practical implications for the unity of energy and matter, Einstein's $E=MC^2$. Of course, I understood that nuclear fission and fusion released a tremendous amount of energy from a very little bit of material, but I had not understood that physicists used wave form calculations to determine material transformations. I had understood fission and fusion as particle interactions, like a microscopic pool table, and not the far more ephemeral electromagnetic radiation that bathes us in its light, or enables our radios to sing, or sends pictures to our televisions.

Mike went on to explain that when he was in the Air Force, he worked on the Star Wars program, and, if some morning I noticed that a chunk of the moon was missing, I would know that the harmonic frequency generators envisioned by Tesla had finally been built. And I recalled that at the first test of the atomic bomb, in New Mexico, the physicists were worried

that they might possibly melt the world with their new device.

Just so you know, they did not. Nor have I noticed a new notch in the crescent of the moon.

But I did think of our conversation several days later, when I was in Oakland, and a thunderstorm rolled through. It took me a while to remember that thunderstorms are very rare in the Bay area, and that lightning was plasma, which could best be understood as a wave form. I was pleased with such a natural welcome back to the Bay area, very much like my first, and discovered to my great surprise, and even greater enjoyment, a spectacular Ecstatic Dance, complete with rolling around on the floor, just a couple of blocks from where I was staying.

My next stop was Los Angeles, Venice/Santa Monica to be more precise, where I had lived in the late seventies. I had a long lunch with my former minister, Jim Conn, and then reconnected with my friend Chuck. As we were talking, we heard a loud boom. We thought it must have been a sonic boom, from a military aircraft. We found out it was not. Literally out of the blue, for the sky was clear, came a bolt into the Pacific Ocean, not five miles from where we were standing. Later we learned one person was killed. Here is the news coverage of the unbelievable event: <https://www.cnn.com/2014/07/27/us/lightning-strike-venice-beach/index.html>

Now, I remember the sky being completely clear, but notice that this newscast explains how a thunderstorm came through. Fake news? I just don't know, but Chuck and I looked West, toward LAX, just south of Venice, and saw not a cloud in the sky.

The next day, I met with Tom Hayden, now deceased, to discuss the state of the left, and electoral politics. Upon meeting him at a coffee bar in Venice, the first words out of his mouth were, "Maybe you should leave town today. Aren't you worried that lightning is going to hit you?" Now, I do have a tendency to be paranoid, and in fact, this whole blog piece is in many ways an internal exploration of my self-centeredness (Mike, who must have had a security clearance to work on Star Wars, had casually divulged too much to me, so, from a satellite, THEY concocted a thunderstorm in Oakland to warn me to keep my mouth shut, and, when that did not work, there I was in Santa Monica, meeting with Tom, so THEY would show they were serious, and then Tom showed me he was part of THEM by his question) ...

I think.

I told him that I would take my chances.

One of the things I wanted to talk with him about was my FBI files. The previous summer, I had started the process of requesting them through the Freedom of Information Act, and I had seen a picture of Tom, with his files, in a single stack, twice as tall as he. I did not think that mine would be near that numerous, but was pretty sure that some were there. I had initiated a similar request in the mid 70's, but was told they had no records of me. [I took this to mean that I was still under active surveillance, for a number of reasons.] Anyway, the very next day I received a letter from the IRS, dated the very day I received it, saying that they had made a mistake in my taxes(!) and I owed another \$700. That was odd. So I went to the Boston IRS office, where they confirmed that, yes, I owed the \$700, and yes, it was their mistake, but no information about how the mistake had been made. I suggested that perhaps this was

because of my Freedom of Information Act request, that I had in college known some of the Weathermen before they became the Weathermen. The IRS official, not just a clerk, or receptionist, but someone with a private office, and windows, shrugged his shoulders and blushed.

Anyway, I presented this story to Tom, who responded firmly, almost angrily: "THERE IS NO CONNECTION BETWEEN THE FBI AND THE IRS." Then, more softly, he asked why I wanted my files. I told him that I hoped they would form the skeleton of a planned memoir, the story of my life, which has always seemed to me more the stuff of fiction than reality. Much like this piece.

I had wondered why, in a nearly empty restaurant, the only table occupied was the one right next to ours, so close that the two men there could hear every word. And now I wondered even more. He had gotten there early. Had he chosen to sit next to them, or, more likely, I thought, they had chosen to sit next to him, after all, he was famous, or were they in some way part of his security system. Anyway, he gave me a long look, and then at the two people who were sitting at the table just next to us, at which the waiter came over to say they were closing for the afternoon ...

Just because you are paranoid, does not mean that THEY are not out to get you.

And at least it is an interesting story. I wrote a short version of it to Mike that Fall, but he never responded. So you never know ... And then I sent him this draft, in case he wanted his name left out. Just after I sent the email to him, my Facebook tab crashed. More grist for the mill, I thought, but quite appropriate for this piece.