
Ideological Underpinnings of Colonial Domination in Understanding Fear Itself



R. Michael Fisher

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Technical Paper No. 60

In Search of Fearlessness Research Institute

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The In Search of Fearlessness Institute is dedicated to research and publishing on fear, fearlessness and emotions and motivational forces, in general, as well as critical reviews of such works. Preference is given to works with an integral theoretical perspective.

Ideological Underpinnings of Colonial Domination in Understanding Fear Itself

- R. Michael Fisher,¹ Ph.D.

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Abstract

If it is justifiable to assume that Western (W.) science is “neutral” in ideology, merely in the pursuit of application of reason and logic to create knowledge, then we can rest comfortably in our pre-given unquestioned dominant conceptualizations of “fear,” most commonly accepted today, as a feeling or emotion—known empirically and measured in units that science (and psychology) remains typically self-assured. After all, living under the ‘spell’ of W. science’s domination of reality and ways of knowing, supposed “objectivity” and apparently rational, free from bias by fear and prejudice and value-free agenda, there is the aim to be certain of what fear is so it can be managed and controlled appropriately by those so certain—meaning, those so in control of power/knowledge regimes that we all learn from and often believe uncritically. This technical paper, using a performative dialogical (“play”) writing and teaching construction, takes several different strategies to show that any naive acceptance of W. science’s certainty and assumed definition of *fear* is partial and distorted, if not dangerous—and worst of all, it is colonizing. The author, a philosopher of fearlessness and fearism, assumes that the common scientific definition of fear is itself *fear-based* and part of a hegemonic ideology that is rarely revealed, and especially rare when studying “fear itself.” Be prepared to have your comfortable notions of “fear” dislodged and brought into a postmodern 21st century conceptualization (‘fear’) that is more politically astute and holistic and integrally informed. The author is one of the world’s two eminent fearologists, who more than anyone, has brought forward, since 1989, an entirely new and critical methodological framing to understanding the nature and role of fear (fear itself).

¹ Fisher is co-founder of In Search of Fearlessness Project (1989-) and Research Institute (1991-) of which archives can be found at <http://www.feareducation.com> (click on "Projects"). He is also founder of the Center for Spiritual Inquiry & Integral Education (<http://csiie.org>), and is Department Head at CSIIE of Integral & 'Fear' Studies. He is an independent scholar, public intellectual and pedagogue, author, consultant, researcher, coach, artist and Principal of his own company (<http://loveandfearsolutions.com>). He can be reached at: r.michaelfisher52@gmail.com

Background Context (Before Reading the Untitled Play)

There is a little history behind Technical Paper #60. It begins about five months ago when I came up with a strong impulse to write out in detail and technically, and backed-up with references, a position for arguing that colonialism and ideological forces, under the guise of ‘normal’ ways of thinking and doing research, were out-and-out corrupt, and were thus corrupting everything we know about fear, including its very definition and simply taken-for-granted meanings we have when we think about fear and talk about it. Sounds like this would be a good paper to write. But I found myself drifting away from completing it. I wrote the title and Abstract and that was it. The current Abstract was revised today, some five months after I began it. The main thing I added in was the method of how to convey what I wanted to teach about in this paper. I added in a “play” as a performative dialogue between an upper-middle class professional father and his critical thinking young daughter. He, Wesley, is a seasoned Western-trained clinical psychologist, and she is a communication media studies doctoral student in her early 30s. She, Rose, hasn’t lived at home for some 10 years and has been on a long quest of personal growth and development, spiritual practices and philosophical reflection, while going in and out of grad school. It’s an occasion where they are disagreeing and arguing. The play opens with them in deep dialogue, which they both love, but coming into a new kind of conflict they have never quite had before, and things are going to get heated. The topic: the *best* definition and meaning of fear.

For diverse reasons, I have always written dialogues, screenplays, stage plays, although without any literary training. I have enjoyed philosophers, like Plato who used this device of performing ideas in conversations with characters, and settings. This current piece is a one-act play of merely a dialogue of father and daughter sitting at the kitchen table. For many this may seem not all that entertaining, thus, likely it won’t ever be put up on a stage or a movie made from it. Perhaps, but that is not my purpose, but rather it is to use this dramatic and more artistic form as an alternative to didactic technical writing. You see, I didn’t stay writing on Technical Paper #60 for the reason that it was boring to do so. Even though, the topic greatly interests me and has been a ‘splinter in my eye’ for sometime. I couldn’t write it. This morning I awoke and had the intuition that I could be write this paper in a dialogue. Quickly things started falling in place. I feel a renewed energy. I was journaling as well on this, and it came to me that I think there are times in conversations, or in writing critiques of other’s work on fear and fearlessness, that I am better off making progress with what I want to say by using an art form (arational, and less dominantly rational and logical as we ‘normally’ understand those ways). I consider my-

self first and artist, then a philosopher (amateur) and then writer-teacher and so on. Now and then, I'll take a "technical" paper and turn it into a very common language kind of production that is not technical at all. Of course, there is a great deal of philosophical and technical knowledge and research behind the writing, the play, the art; yet, I want this to communicate in a whole other way with the reader, if possible. I am too often criticized as being too technical with my work and no one understands it. I don't disagree, in part, because I really do want to communicate to all people. I am a trained educator. But I have learned over the decades this is not easy as people are at all kinds of different levels of consciousness, development of skills and backgrounds of knowledge. There is no ideal way to teach about fear and fearlessness that is effective for all. I am always searching for new ways. I see this writing (story-telling) as fiction-non-fiction combined, and as basically narrative therapy (philosophical therapy). I trust, intuitively, I am 'channeling' the big issues of our day on the topic of fear and fearlessness, because I am so steeped in this everyday as lived experience and through contemplation, theorizing, writing, and teaching. In this play, there is a great seriousness, a problem way beyond the conflict with the two characters and their subject matter. However, there are times when talking about the Fear Problem, ought to be talked about in powerful truths, yet told 'with a slant'² (indirectly) and/or told 'with an angle unexpected' — so as to not bring up so much defensiveness from listeners that they quickly tune-out and/or don't read deeply into the text, and more or less attack everything said.

Before beginning the play, I do want to mention four particular inspiring real-life exchanges that brought me to this performative format for Technical Paper #61. First, my good friend and colleague, whom we now have no longer any exchanges because he got very mad at me for what I wrote about him one day. He and I met in grad school, and he was very attracted to my research on conflict and fear. He read more of my work than anyone else I know of. He was very bright and we got along so well, until I got more deep with my work on fear and he got very defensive and eventually "dissed" me completely. I have had this experience often. Though, most don't read my work well, but they want to argue against it not even knowing it well. I have little patience for those kind of people and their ways of inquiry. So, my friend told me once that he's been reading my work for 15 years and he still doesn't understand what I mean about fear and fearlessness, not really. I took that as a complement, because my work is so unique from others' work on fear and it's hard enough for me to understand and

² "Tell all the truth, but tell it with a slant," as Emily Dickinson once said.

remember and apply. It's like I am still learning constantly, changing things, and he just got tired of it all eventually. All along he was incredibly supportive and encouraging that I was doing something very powerful and important for the world, but in the end, his frustration of not "getting it" and by that he meant in a way he could apply to his social work and conflict mediation practices in the world. I knew from him that he was pragmatic and I was theoretical. But I was also pragmatic but I never let practice over-turn and dominate good critical theory. His paradigm of choice was the other way around. Eventually this difference was a strain that broke our great relationship. To him, I dedicate this performative piece of work in Technical Paper #61.

Next, I want to thank my inspiration from reading the philosopher, novelist, poet Desh Subba, who is founder of the philosophy of fearism. I have written with him over the past two years,³ and more or less joined my own philosophy of fearlessness to his philosophy of fearism. Point is, Desh writes novels and brings out his teaching about the philosophy of fearism in that format.⁴ So, I really like this. And lastly, I want to thank another new friend and colleague, a young writer and philosopher in his own right. He has been engaging me on the work of Four Arrows, and the idea Four Arrows⁵ has of saying there are only two worldviews that we have to be concerned about today in the world crises. One is Indigenous (healthy) and one is Dominant (Western, and unhealthy). He wants us to critique our dominating worldview and move more into a holistic Indigenous worldview—both, at least, so we can discern more ethical sanity in our decision-making. Because I have been studying Four Arrows' work for ten years (currently writing a book on his life and work and unique theory of fear) I get what he is saying, and it boils down to the strong proposition that the Indigenous worldview is not fear-based like the dominant Western worldview. There's a great deal I could say about this, and originally that is what I was going to put into this technical paper. I was going to write how the Western dominant worldview has infiltrated like a colonial dominator the entire knowledge field that is associated with fear and its management and how we educate ourselves about fear (in the West). Bottomline, the dominant worldview knowledge is fear-based ideological rhetoric and

³ For e.g., Fisher, R. M., and Subba, D. (2016). *Philosophy of fearism: A first East-West dialogue*. Australia: Xlibris.

⁴ For e.g., Subba, D. (2015). *The tribesman's journey to fearless: A novel based on fearism*. Australia: Xlibris.

⁵ Four Arrows (aka Jacobs, D. T.) (2016). *Point of departure: Returning to a more authentic worldview for education and survival*. Charlotte, NC: Information Age Publishing.

based in toxic fear(ism). I won't get technical. Bottomline, I have been writing and researching about this very problem before Four Arrows' came along but he really made me think more strongly about the ways we know fear, as most problematic to the Fear Problem itself.

We have to challenge how "fear" is motivating us consciously, unconsciously, individually and collectively; and admit, as I see it, fear has overall be incredibly destructive in the past few centuries to the point of putting us on the 'edge of survival' as a species and even as a planet that can support life. Both Subba, and Four Arrows argue this, as well as my new friend and colleague Rafiq. I won't say more, but to quote from a recent dialogue that Rafiq and I are having, where we are doing a fearanalysis (co-inquiry) of his life and thought and writing on fear—herein is the very topic I want to write the play around:

“As suggested by our earlier conversation about moving from fear through courage to fearlessness (discussed in reference to Four Arrows' book Point of Departure), I regard fear as potentially productive and healthy and thus not as something to be denied but as a tool to be used in self-evolution, just as the Indigenous do not seek to avoid pain [fear] but to pass through it... [as] connoisseurs, or practitioners of fear, using it to practice virtue.”

This point Rafiq is making is not that common but it has been one of a growing fear-positivist movement for the past 40-50 years in the Western literature. People have been recognizing that just being negative about fear leads to avoiding it, so they thought let's be more positive toward it and get to know it and deal with it better, more courageously. I have understood this trend, named it, and critiqued it in my work. I'll not repeat that here. You'll hear some of this positive vs. negative fear discourse exchanged in the characters in the play. Let me finish now, on the crucial, and so familiar to me, piece that Rafiq adds:

“So, I think we need to distinguish between healthy fear and unhealthy fear. The tension I spoke of within me between fear and fearlessness can be the source of great creativity. A simple example is the anxiety I used to feel as an actor or an athlete before going on the stage or the field. I like that fear because I knew that I would transform its energy into something positive when it came time to perform. I also like that I am able to live at both ends of the fear spectrum

[fear to fearless], getting the best out of both by engaging in the tug-o-war between them.”⁶

I so appreciate Rafiq, who sounds like so many others I have had conversations with over the decades, puts out his views. The question I immediately raise, as any philosopher would, what is this view or perspective being expressed and that is holding the information above? I understand the obvious context of the message from Rafiq, and it boils down to promoting a view of fear as positive and negative and that there is good uses we can put this fear to. He wants to transform fear as his own practice. I recently wrote a long technical paper on “transformation of fear” discourses⁷ where I was very critical of the confusion amongst them, and offered alternative frameworks for analysis of what fear means and what it means to transform fear, etc. To end here, I wrote back to Rafiq:

“I appreciate the priming for further dialogue... indeed, we’ll have to enter the ‘two kinds of fear’ hypothesis, experiences, and how best to construct (and critique) this tension, which is real and often found, pretty much a ‘given’ in the literature (both Indigenous and Western)...”.

Untitled Play

by R. M. Fisher

ACT 1

(Scene 1)

[curtain opens revealing a stage in near black with nothing but a small kitchen table and two chairs with two figures dressed in black and painted black skinned if needed, visible as a silhouette; one father in early 60’s and one daughter early 30s]

⁶ personal communication, Dec. 2, 2016.

⁷ Fisher, R. M. (2016). Transformation of fear: A critical look in educational philosophy and contexts. Technical Paper No. 62. Carbondale, IL: In Search of Fearlessness Research Institute.

[voice over: we hear a rising conversation but no lights come up on the figures at the table and they remain motionless but with gestures once in a while that resonate with the text spoken; after 30 seconds or so, a light comes up on the other side of a curtain where the other two actors, one father in early 60s, and one daughter in early 30s are seen but only in a mirror that is placed high on stage above them and makes them visible only via the mirror, as if they were behind a wall]

Father: Well dear, you know that I have to *disagree* with you.

Daughter: Do you? Why don't you try to learn from me instead....

Father: Dear, I'm a trained psychologist, and I've lived on the planet for 30 years more than you and so I don't have a lot more to learn about the nature and role of fear.

Daughter: You could change, dad... for once...

Father: What? Change what? Change that I never learned what I have, from decades of study and accumulated and tested knowledge from a discipline of hundreds of years of research and study of human behavior? [voice rising in anger] Change the definition of fear? What for? That's silly... dear... really...

Daughter: [gets up from the table to get a drink of water from the tap] Dad, you are so stubborn!

Father: And, you aren't? Ever since you started going to university, dear, there's something that changed...

Daughter: Yeah, I changed dad. Yeah, I moved away from home, alright! Because I wanted to learn something new... beyond the stuff I'd been taught for 18 years...

Father: Which means what? You were given propaganda? Oh, my god!

Daughter: [ignores engaging that, and sits down at the table]

Father: I'm sorry but this guy's interpretations of fear sounds pretty whacky? What am I supposed to say? I'm sure the guy has never

worked in the real world, and certainly not in treating patients in a clinic with real problems. I'm convinced dear, there are only two kinds...

Daughter: Stop! Geez... you're pissing me off! I've barely been home 15 minutes, and I feel like hopping on a bus and going back to the dorms. Why do you... You always have to have the last say... the answer... don't you?... you psychologists! You think you know everything there is to know about human nature. I'm a communications major dad, and we don't think about everything like we are wearing the ruler's cloak of Psychology. We don't wear only the lenses of psychological testing and insights over our eyes. Fear is an entirely different 'beast' for our way perceiving and thinking and knowing?

Father: Who's way of thinking? If it weren't for psychology...

Daughter: Actually, what really gets me dad, is that you sound like all the rest of the idiots... ah, people... who are so ignore-ant, and not only... you're so arrogant! You think...

Father: You stop! Dear, I never said I didn't believe you... I just...

Daughter: You just what? I know what you are going to say dad... grrrrr....

Father: [gets up and goes to the fridge for a beer] I am just saying...

Daughter: Dad, you are never just saying anything, you are promoting, you are shoving it down my throat.

Father: That's extreme.

Daughter: [now up and pacing, visibly upset] I'm going for a walk. Alone!

[she grabs her jacket hanging over a chair and leaves via the front door;
lights fade out; as father sits with hands in his head drooping]

ACT 1
(Scene 2)

[two endarkened figures at the front table on stage move with precision and bend over and lift the curtain that had been concealing the actors in dialogue; the kitchen scene moves forward to the front of the stage so viewers are no longer looking only at mirror reflections]

[a radio playing soft jazz enters the scene slowly and the father enters with a bag of groceries and begins putting them in the cupboards and fridge; enters daughter to help him]

Daughter: I got an A+.

Father: Great.

Daughter: In psychology.

Father: [hesitating, nervous to enter the debate again] What kind of psychology?

Daughter: Probably a kind you've never heard of

[suddenly a significant earthquake tremor begins; they are a bit freaked out but are used to it somewhat and try to keep things from falling and getting broke; the lights go out, background radio music dies, and near complete blackness; the other black silhouette figures move in slowly from backstage on a small moving platform they are moving themselves by pedaling and with only a dim colored purple light on them the audience follows gestures as this platform circulates and passes in front of the dialogue actors; there appears some exchange between the two sets of actors but it is unclear; earth tremors

dissipate and light comes with music in background and the moving platform stops a few meters from the dialogue actors and they again do gestures as the dialogue proceeds and no interaction directly occurs because the dialogue actors don't see them]

Father: [visibly shaken] God. You never get used to those damn things.

Daughter: [much more calm now than ever before] I like them.

Father: Are you nuts!

Daughter: Dad, remember how I used to like to run outside when there was a big thunderstorm and be in the wind the rain, the lightening, and my whole being came alive with the thunder, especially when it shook your bones and rattled the windows.

Father: Yeah, I'd forgotten about that. Not just like, my dear... you loved. You were a strange one. The only way...

Daughter: [gets up almost interacting with the black figures near as they are acting out tremors and nearly all dancing with joy; while father is starting to cut vegetables for a meal]

Father: Dear, I hope you didn't get your A+ taking another course from that weirdo professor in communications. What else does he teach?

Daughter: [immediately deflated, sits at the table] Dr. Fisher. He taught several classes in communications and I took them all. His latest one was Critical Psychology.

Father: [little sarcastic grunt] Never heard of it.

Daughter: [smugly interrupts] No surprise.

Father: I guess it's what you liberal arts people think is real psychology. [apologetically] Sorry, hun, no offense...

Daughter: None taken dad! [she takes some snacks and eats] Dr. Fisher calls himself a fearologist actually.

Father: Oh, great. Now, your going to be making something up about ...

Daughter: It was really cool learning how the field of psychology, as a formal discipline and arm of the State, has rarely criticized itself as a discipline and as a political ideology. The critical psychologists, like Dr. Fisher, are part of a neo-marxist and postmodern branch of thought, which deconstructs power/knowledge and the very premises of Psychology itself, that has been operating with a hidden curriculum, a patriarchal structure designed to keep us blind... to the truth.

[suddenly the dark silent actor jumps into the scene and lifts the daughters arms as if they are operating on a whole different set of rules; all while the daughter keeps talking without any change, as if completely disconnected from the movements of her arms and this figure]

[there's another tremor; music goes dead; rattling of the windows is intense for a few seconds and then the main curtain closes as we watch the father flicking on a flashlight and shines it accidently in his daughter's eyes; the two black figures run around them in absolute chaos as if hiding from the light]

Father: [by sound we hear his terrified voice] You okay? I'm thinking this is... ah, serious... this time.

Daughter: Don't shine that damn thing in my face! [curtain closes]

[immediately the black figures arrive on the front of the blackened stage and have each a flashlight and do a duo dance of sorts to a piece of rather chaotic but beautiful music]

ACT 1
(Scene 3)

[as the dark figures disappear off stage, there are red flashing emergency vehicle lights and sounds, not intense but in the background distance, and we hear a knock on some door; somewhat inaudible distressed voices, negotiating something; then it goes quiet; the curtains open revealing in soft light, the daughter unlocking a storage box in the closet, fumbling about, knocking some other stored boxes down, and bringing out one onto the bed in her room; she's looking through a journal inside, one she used to keep as a child-adolescent]

Daughter: [reading aloud as voice-over] We are all suffocating from a disease. We don't know what to call it. I wish it was as obvious as the common cold, measles and flu and breaking a leg.

[she slams the journal shut, and lays back on the bed looking up with journal on her chest; the voice-over continues as we hear what she's thinking right now; the dark figure of the woman appears and lays down with her; again, she notices nothing but makes a move like she has felt some presence join her]

Daughter (dark figure): [deep tone but gentle and slow voice] When are you going to tell him you are not him?

Daughter: [slightly anxious of a presence] I am, I am ... [voice trailing off with less certainty] I am...

[knock on bed room door]

Daughter: (dark figure): You're buried under the normal world made up of a tsunami of symptoms that tells us the cause, but we stay distracted, focusing our attention on the dramatics, the symptoms. Too terrified, we won't pay attention to the underlying cause.

Father: [with the dark figure right behind him, mocking his moves in exaggerated gestures] Everything okay?

Daughter: [exasperated] Fine, dad.

[the dark figure on her bed rolls right over her and takes her journal and drops it on the floor with a loud boom; the other father dark figure rushes and they roll around fighting over its possession]

Father: Ah, you found some of your old stuff, I see. Anything interesting?

Daughter: [reaches suddenly to find her journal to hide it] TMI, dad.

Father: I get it. Too Much Information, for me to ...

Daughter: [cutting anger] To understand!

Father: Hey?

Daughter: Sorry but sometimes... grrrr...

Father: Can I talk? [he already started pulling up a stool by the foot of her bed] I'm thinking that we got interrupted. I was saying there are only two kinds of fear that need to be distinguished for us to even have a conversation my dear. Regardless, of what's his face, says...

Daughter: Dr. Fisher.

Father: Uh ha, well there is well-documented evidence that fear can be both unhealthy and healthy, depending on how we manage it.

Daughter: [cutting anger] How well who manages it? What is fear? Don't you see, you are making so many assumptions about what is and it's as if you have no doubts about anything related to the idea of fear.

Yes, have you ever thought dad that fear is an idea? Have you? It's a discourse, a trope, an architecture, a ...

Father: Don't talk to me like I'm some sort of idiot, okay? I've been around the block my dear. Fear is a biophysiological phenomenon that comes from evolutionary development of defense signals based on threats real or perceived. Sure, as humans, we interpret it and form ideas around it, and give it a scientific ordered classification and universal vocabulary... so that we...

Daughter: [on a rant roll] And we make that up too! It's all constructed, dad! Fear is everywhere in assemblages of constructions of ideas passed on to use by all the people throughout history. But some, those who want to manipulate others use it for power. Fear changes meaning constantly, even if it has some meanings that tend to dominate at some point in some cultural setting and time. It doesn't mean fear is just a biophysiological phenomenon, it is a culturally-modified biology and psychology of fear, dad. That's what communications in the postmodern world is about. Seeing how knowledge, knowledge about fear, about anything is constructed based on a lot of arbitrary rules and a politics of knowledge. Some want to control the definitions and meanings. They are the powerful elites. The State, which regulates you psychologists! Don't you see that! You are its puppets! They pay you dad. They regulate you. They create the prison for your mind and you benefit but does anyone really benefit from that System. It is all fear-based itself! Don't you see!

Father: I'm not afraid of the State!

Daughter: Oh, I know you don't feel it maybe, but that doesn't mean you are not operating under the same fear-based regime that it operates under, and most of Western society, for that matter. I've been reading

a lot of Indigenous philosophy, and Dr. Fisher, he is an expert on culturally-modified fear, and fearism as the ideology that keeps fear constructed as something normal and biopsychological—that way, one can ignore the politics of fear that is hurting everyone. Don't you see! Tell me, do you know what fear is when it is located in a culture of fear, or an ideology of fearism? You don't, do you, because you don't have to think that way, and the State sure as hell isn't asking you to think contextually that way, or the American Psychological Association, because it is all working well for you dad, your pay check, and the State and your professional association-- and the control of our minds so we don't actually critically break out of this 'Fear' Matrix. Critical Psychology takes a whole different analysis dad.

Father: Is that what your Dr. Fisher calls it? 'Fear' Matrix? Sounds like conspiracy theory garbage to me. Look who is creating fear, with that kind of thinking and talk. Dear, you really want to get some good psychology courses under your belt or else...

Daughter: [throws a pillow at her dad; the black figures are there to make sure the pillow case is ripped apart and feathers go all over both the father and daughter; lights go out]

ACT 1 (Scene 4)

[a dark stage with curtain closed; subtle lights, catch the daughter and father, still with feathers clinging to them, walking on to stage while her diary is being lowered from the ceiling on an invisible string to come to their height; dangling; the actors are joined by the dark figures which push them

together so father and daughter are right up against the journal and each other's bodies; and then they all begin to sway back n' forth with a background music that is ancient eastern meditative and sorrowful]

Father: [browsing through the diary in slow motion, then reads slowly] We are all suffocating from a disease. We don't know what to call it. I wish it was as obvious as the common cold, measles and flu and breaking a leg.

Daughter: By age 14, when I took my journaling as sacred, as the only place I felt safe enough to tell the truth, I was aware that my parents did not have the answers to the problems I felt deep inside—that there is something fundamentally 'wrong' with the world and it doesn't as a world seem to know what it is. It sees the problem as symptoms. I saw the problem as a mess of dis-eases with a source that I would call Fear.

Father: I wanted the best for my daughter. I didn't ask about her deepest concerns. I never took the time. I was a practical dad, there to help her negotiate the world and get a fair shake of things, be a little competitive and make the best. I never looked below symptoms because that's what people want to get rid of, to find relief. I sometimes would ask them the cause, but I never presumed I knew what it was. I saw fear as not the problem, but the way people managed fear was the problem.

Daughter: [reads from her journal] If there's 'Good Fear' and 'Bad Fear' as my daddy says, like after I had a nightmare, he never answered to me why 'Bad Fear' never disappears. I have believed him before. But now I am thinking that Fear is the problem, Fear that we don't even know how to define yet, behind the thinking that simplifies complex things into only two kinds of fear, 'Good' and 'Bad.' [she stops read-

ing and looks to the audience]

Father: My daughter and I disagree. We love each other but we think very differently.

Daughter: [confronts her dad intensely; as the dark figures push them together; and the diary starts to spin] There you go, dad! Speaking for me and about me like I am invisible and you give meaning to love and fear like you are the only authority to do so. When did you ever ask me, when I was a child, about what I thought about your two fear hypothesis? Did you ever think, dad, that maybe all you are doing is passing on what you learned from your parents, teachers and the psychological courses you studied? Maybe that is all based on a flawed conception of fear itself. Maybe, you are all missing the point! Maybe you are using a pathological form of fear as a definition to begin with, even before you start to label 'Good Fear' and 'Bad Fear'...

[house lights come up; as the daughter and father and dark figures move to the front of the stage and sit down, with spot lights on them as they engage the audience in comments, questions, and performances spontaneous...

from here on] -The End
