FEARLESS LEADERSHIP IN AND OUT OF THE 'FEAR' MATRIX

by

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ABSTRACT

There are many types of leaders and leadership but rare is it to find leaders operating from a fearless standpoint, like that of the sacred warrior traditions, where the very construct of 'fear' is seen as the "first enemy" and is thoroughly critiqued. If we are living in a 'Fear' Matrix where 'fear' rules and shapes our personalities, organizations, leadership and pedagogy, then a new kind of leadership in education is required-- especially, in a post-September 11th context with a cancerous "culture of fear" and violence (terrorism). After watching the popular sci-fi action film *The Matrix* (1999), it became evident that this dissertation was going to be directed and shaped by the film's characters and meta-mythical narrative. The problem and question that this dissertation explores is "What is the 'Fear' Matrix?" This attempts to legitimize the question and the ongoing answers as having curricular and pedagogical relevance, especially for educational leadership development.

The dissertation inquiry takes complex, chaotic, and artistic pathways, collaging together multi-layered transdisciplinary processes of an arts-based performative postmodern methodology. The play opens with Part One and an introduction to a polyvocal chorus of insights into the role of fear in education and our world. Revolutionary fictional dialogue with Ken Wilber (critical integral theory) and Daniel Cohn-Bendit (French revolutionary), serves to introduce the intellectual problematics of understanding the 'Fear' Matrix and the author of the dialogue. Part Two is the performance of a sequel (screen play) and critique of *The Matrix*, written through a general cyborg feminist lens. Part Three summarizes the methodological problems of the dissertation through a post-performance fictional dialogue with the audience and reader.

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

At the turn of the year 2002 to 2003 the first issue of *Newsweek* features a cover picture of Neo (Keanu Reeves) seemingly flying right off the page. The magazine cover reads "2003- YEAR OF THE MATRIX." A feature article follows and acknowledges the creative brilliance in this very popular film and story-- with two sequels to come. But I'm thinking the date is actually closer to the year 2203. I have to hand over most of the credit for a fun ride the past three years creating this dissertation to the Wachowski brothers, who wrote and directed *The Matrix* (1999). I'm grateful to the following supportive hosts across Western Canada who invited me into their homes to read my marathon sequel-critique of *The Matrix* and a whole lot more: Diana M. Smith, Marilyn Hamilton, Cathy Pulkinghorn, Valerie Smith, Mandy Bergman, Ken Markley, Gary Fisher, Linda Arnold, Jan Sheppard, Karen Loza-Koxahn. Our discussions of this work have been invaluable and kept me going, when the 'Fear' Matrix had other ideas for my enthusiasm to unveil its true nature. There have been many graduate students, too many to mention, who have believed I was onto something important. Your encouragement helped. Several professional fear-practitioners and academics also shared some kind words over the years, and the following have stayed on board this fearlessship with me, or at least wished us well: Gavin de Becker, Juan Corradi, Corey Robin, Noam Chomsky, Joe Tye, Annette Simmons, Terrie Ten Eyck, Marilyn Hamilton, Joanne Cantor, Jan Sheppard, Barry Glassner, David Altheide, Ronald Zigler, Nel Noddings, James Lawler, Bill Torbert, Gail Stewart, Lt. Col. Dave Grossman, Rhonda Britten, Steve Albrecht, Joel Best, Frank Furedi, Kay Gilley, Ann Coombs, Thom Rutledge, David Kaslow. Thanks for doing the work on fear that is so needed. And I take my hat off to Michael Moore for his latest film *Bowling for Columbine* (2002) which says it all about a "culture of

fear" that is killing us. Art and activism working synergistically-- it's a beautiful thing. Moore's documentary validated so much of what I was trying to write for over a decade, in often, very awkward ways. A special thanks to Fred Ribkoff for his humor and patience as we over-watched *The Matrix* and tried to put some thoughts about it down on paper.

Sincere appreciation and big hugs to my research committee members Dr. Karen Meyer, Dr. Carl Leggo, Dr. Heesoon Bai and Dr. Steve Petrina. I'll miss our get-togethers, and the chance to fly with 'big ideas' and mutual respect. Your guidance all along was unconditional and, I assure you, you didn't get in my way-- I do that well enough myself. Two incredible daughters-- in battle with the forces of Shallowness: what a precious gift Leah Fisher has been with her intuition and wisdom to put *The Matrix* in my face at just the right time. Vanessa Fisher's love for learning stays with me day by day, as we learn to be amateur philosophers together. And One amazing life-partner, Barbara Bickel, who knows how to live with a Sacred Warrior. You keep me hangin' on, beyond hope.

*****

GRAPHICS ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

As a visual artist myself, I have been sensitive, although perhaps not always enough, to the use of other artists' materials in this dissertation. In the midst of the madness of creating art, bits and pieces of graphics I have composed throughout have sources that were not always recorded or acknowledged. The following list of acknowledgements is as complete as possible. I never copied or mimicked any image/text in full without a direct acknowledgement to the source. For the use of fragments, and for the manipulation of these fragments, as art-i-facts, I considered the value of the final collage as a "sampler" style of art (as is done with many music CD's today). My name on these collage pieces is not to suggest they are "original" and "mine," rather, I'm declaring myself responsible for the concoction on a particular date, as historical referencing of artifacts. I would not attempt to sell and profit from these creations. I see them as hybrid collections, which others are welcome, without my permission, to manipulate and add fragments in their own creations. As part of the liberatory direction of this dissertation, in and out of the 'Fear' Matrix (*aka* colonialist/capitalist cultural subjection), I've often adapted, albeit naively, a "Third Space" politics of re-presentations in the imagery (graphics) herein: "... exploring this Third Space, we may elude the politics of polarity and emerge as the others of our selves" (Bhabha, 1997, p. 39). I wish no longer to simplify *authority* in cultural productions to those who make *originals* and those who *copy* originals-- breaking out (even if momentarily) from Modernity's megalithic legal regulating commandment, called "Copyright Law." All that said, I thank the following for their graphic contributions, in part or in whole:

Opening Cover Page Illustration - contains adapted fragments from the following :

www.askclaudia.com/les08.htm
www.motocampo.com/tienda/c19.html
www.utv-zone.com/Reniyah/lightpages/ashtar050602.html
www.lisp.com.au/~vemsla/works.html
web.singnet.com.sg/~sweeb/SLP.html

Figure 1 - Photo of Daniel Cohn-Bendit (AGIP)

Figure 2- Photo of Trinity (Warner Brothers, Inc.), photo of e-Trinity (Don Slade)

Part One- opening cover page illustration- adapted pig (Paul Hogarth, Faber & Faber, Inc.)

Figure 3- girl (Russell Gordon, Simon & Schuster, Inc.); adapted Agent with gun (S. Skroce)

Part Two- opening cover page illustration- adapted woman from Eugene Delacroix's "Liberty Guiding the People (1830)

Illustration (from Cal)- original drawing, adapted from *The Matrix*. Word text from *The Art of The Matrix* (Newmarket Press)

Photograph of old woman portrait- adapted from 1989 photo "Visions: Viola Kershner" by Robin Schnakenberg

Illustration (The End)- green light coding, adapted from *The Art of The Matrix*

Part Three- skull painting from cover of *The Economist* (Dec./Jan., 2003)- no artist's name

FEARLESS LEADERSHIP
IN AND OUT OF THE
'FEAR' MATRIX
A play by
R. Michael Fisher
FEAR MATRIX REMOVAL PROGRAM
The Fear Matrix Removal Program is a divine
dispensation from the Creator that allows
members of the Spiritual Hierarchy to actually
pull your core fear patterns right out of your
subconscious mind and four body systems.... When
ever you feel your buttons are being pushed, or
have a negative reaction or emotion, a fear
am has been triggered. Immediately call to
Masters and have them remove it. It
is recommended that every night before going to
bed for three to six months that you ask for
our core fear to be removed. If you request
officially signed up for the Core Fear Matrix
rogram,
FEAR MATRIX
Children of the Matrix
R. Michael Fisher 2002

PROGRAM OVERVIEW:
FEARLESS LEADERSHIP IN AND OUT OF THE 'FEAR' MATRIX
A play by R. Michael Fisher

Let me out of your fear, mother! - Fiona Mackie[1]

In the summer of 2000, I attended the grade 12 graduation ceremony of my daughter in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. We had lived apart since she was five years old, due to divorce. My life partner and I showed up a day before the rite of passage. On arrival at my daughter's apartment I saw her friends hanging around and drinking. To mix with the genYs so easily was hard. To break the ice my daughter said, "Let's watch *The Matrix*." I looked at the video cover of *The Matrix* and was rather doubtful this would be a good use of my time. Black leather, dark sunglasses, mean hip dudes with guns and cyber-fiction narrative did nothing for my natural desire for something "deep." My daughter quickly assured me with the unforgettable predestined phrase: "It's a story about life dad. It's the most real of any movie-- it's like life really is." I couldn't follow the fast pace and sci-fi turned me off but I asked to take the video home and I'd watch it again. The rest is history. I've now watched it about 15 times. My life policy has been to never watch any movie twice, except *Gandhi*. Now, that's square!

Hang on! You are about to ride the aftershocks of the question that drove me for years since the summer of 2000: "What is the 'Fear' Matrix?" A play about a found object, *Fearless Leadership* takes many turns around and around the spiral of violence in our world, inbetween simple categories, precious scientific theories, or so much common sense. Fiction is non-fiction and back again. Characters flow and flex their muscles around the ever rich and unknowable concept of 'fear.' Rebels and Authorities ceaselessly battle for sensibilities of blue stability and red-green deconstruction. If any "War on Terror(ism)" is valid then shit is equal opportunity. Pressing eyes to stick to the topic releases new hormones made for color in black and white (con-)texts [that's codified subvertising]. There has been a SECURITY Breach!

Beyond the daze of flashing lights. Sirens calmed. Smoke lifted. Now, passed the 'Fear' Matrix codes of surveillance and control, you qualify if you have the correct Password to this world outside *and* inside the 'Fear.' Don't know your way? That's OK! Merlin is here. This play is Not magic-- it is certainly art-- undubitably sculpture-- a studio event that took three years. Take a topic like 'fear' and allow it to lead the thread-- past, present and future. Take a play and blow away everything you think you know about 'fear.' Sit back and belt in, then click on the button from the web page that reads **1994 THE PEAK YEAR**

> "Fear is no stranger to major metropolitan newspapers in the United States.... The use of *fear* in headlines and text increased from 30 to 150 percent for most newspapers analyzed over a seven- to ten- year period, with 1994 the peak year..." (Altheide, 2002, p. 65).

Afraid to ask more? Of course who wouldn't be afraid, to ask, to know, to be, more aware, to share, to care, that daily life is virtual(ly) inhabited in 'fear.' This dissertation unfolds a play of words, images, and scenes that make up the first curriculum for travel in

---

[1] *The Status of Everyday Life: A Sociological Excavation of the Prevailing Framework of Perception* (London: Routledge, 1985, p. 190).

and out of the 'Fear' Matrix. It is of course, a trail blazed by fearless leaders often without their big houses, land investments, insurance policies, tenures, and RRSPs. I think the field of education and our global village would benefit from such a curriculum, don't you?

The Program & Players

Important Notice: For those viewers/readers who wish to forego the excessive discussion of heady-male dialogue and academic monologue, just bypass Parts One and Three respectively, and click onto Part Two for the real feminist performance. If you wish, after experiencing Part Two, click on Parts One and Three which may be of some complementary value. For those who like to know the reasons behind art, click onto Part Three first and then proceed to either Part One or Part Two depending on your mood.

PART ONE: INTRODUCTION(S)

The topic of Philosophy of Education for Rebellious Times (or Assault on "Invisible" Adultism) is pursued blustfully for 100+ pages of performative dialogue and non-performative technical endnotes. The dialogue consists of a fictionalized engagement between the author of this dissertation and Daniel Cohn-Bendit, primarily concerned about the philosophy of Ken Wilber and appropriate education for the 21st century. The opening of Part One begins with 8.3 pages of "Dispensations from a Beautiful Mind *a la* 'Fear'" which consists of running quotes back to back from Wittgenstein to Illich, from Roszak to Marx, from *The Globe and Mail* to Fanon, from June Callwood to Aung San Suu Kyi, and President G.W. Bush Jr. to Osama bin Laden and many more!

The Players - Daniel Cohn-Bendit - a real historical figure, leader and chief spokesman of the 1968 French student revolt centered at the Paris University annex of Nanterre. He was interviewed by Jean-Paul Sartre for the Paris left-wing weekly *Le Nouvel Observateur* (May 20, 1968), giving a dazzling performance, for a 23 year old, on how to make a revolution.[2]

Ken Wilber- a rancorous Zen-Buddhist, contemporary American integral philosopher, thought by many to be the most published and widely read philosopher today. At age 23, he was washing dishes in a restaurant job plotting out, by hand, the written text that would lead to his first scholarly book *A Spectrum of Consciousness* (1977), and the demise of his pursuit of a master's degree in chemistry. He is author of over 30 books and hundreds of published articles and the 'star' of nearly 80 websites where one can learn all about him and those who follow his writing and critique it. He is currently President of the Integral Institute.

R. Michael Fisher - a graduate student in his 12th season of post-secondary education and still trying to bridge the 'gap' between art and science, the secular and the spiritual. At age 23, a park naturalist, in

---

2 Seale, Patrick & McConville, M. *French Revolution 1968* (Middlesex, England: Penguin, 1968, p. 21).

Alberta's Cypress Hills Provincial Park, he made a name for himself amongst the tourists and his fellow naturalist colleagues by being able to give the scientific Latin name for every species of plant and animal that roamed every corner of the hills. His favorite species (virus) of all time, surprisingly, has turned out to be what he calls 'fear' (*Fearus americanus*).

(Photos): see Figure 1: *Three Boys and a Revolution*

PART TWO: SCREEN PLAY

If you have something to say, I suggest you say it to Morpheus.[3] -Trinity
History is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake. -James Joyce, *Ulysses*

Written as a standard screen play script, Part Two takes the viewer/reader on a journey into a sci-fi cyberlandscape where the virtual, the dream, and the real implode-- where humans and cyborgs move in and out of the 'Fear' Matrix, where time and space collapse upon each other, and searching for linearity in the narrative is enough to drive one mad. The real film, *The Matrix* (1999), needs a sequel, and one written from a feminist lens. Here we are to follow three female characters in a powerful act of transformation in the landscape of a war-torn nation known for having the longest running historical war of nearly 800 years.[4] Set in contemporary Ireland, the world of terrorism comes up front and centre-- hits you in the face. The play, the author's first, is written not for production as a movie, but as a textual performance of many of the important concepts of this dissertation. It is highly recommended one view the real film first, or read the original script (Wachowski & Wachowski, 2000).

The Players- Trinity- (played by Carrie-Ann Moss in *The Matrix*) is maintained in this intertextual sequel, but is upgraded to star protagonist, comrade, and second in command, on the spaceship of the rebel crew, led by Morpheus and Neo. Girls kick ass!

e-Trinity- the mysterious unknown aspect of the trinity-collage.

Mackie - the most real character of the trinity-collage. An IRA volunteer, age 19, with fearless spirit, she takes on more than she could ever have imagined in her battle for freedom. She is named after Fiona Mackie, an Australian feminist researcher of the sociology of everyday perception and the role of the "fear barrier" in life and education (Mackie, 1985).

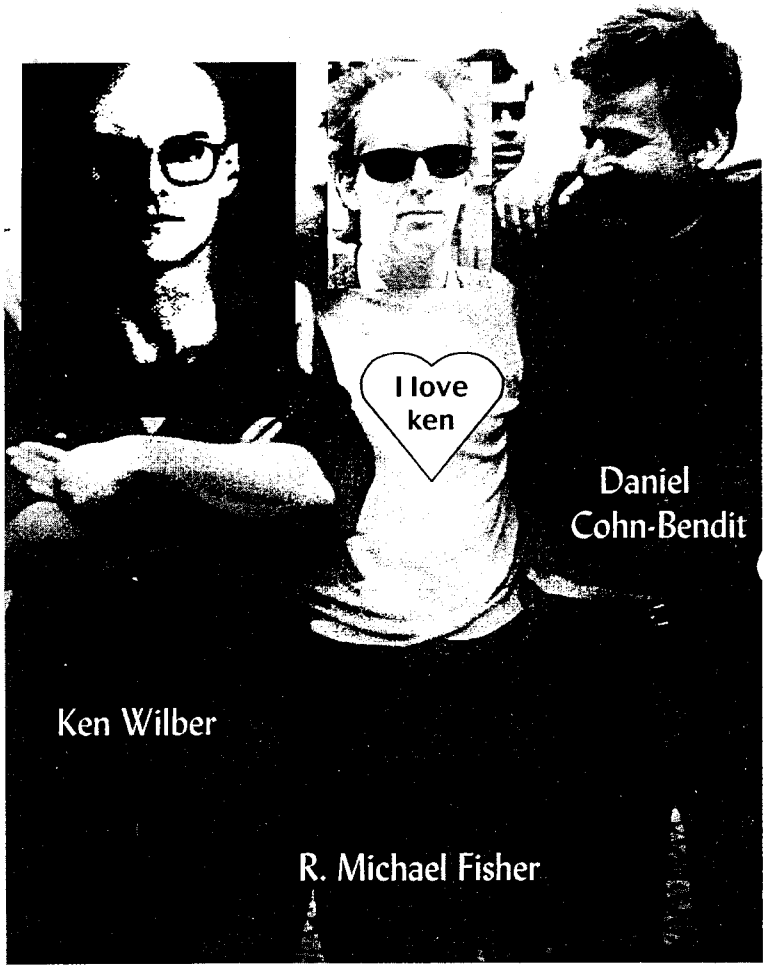
Mick- an IRA volunteer, young male computer-geek; Mackie's best friend, and a 'mirror' of the author.

Tab- an IRA volunteer, older male, clever and tough leader of the group that Mackie and Mick believe in.
(The other characters need no introduction as they play subordinate roles.)

---

[3] From *The Matrix* screen play script (1998) in Wachowski & Wachowski (2000), Scene 1, p. 274.
[4] Toolis, K. *Rebel's Hearts: Journeys Within the IRA's Soul* (London: Picador, 1995, p. 23).

Figure 1



Three Boys And A Revolution

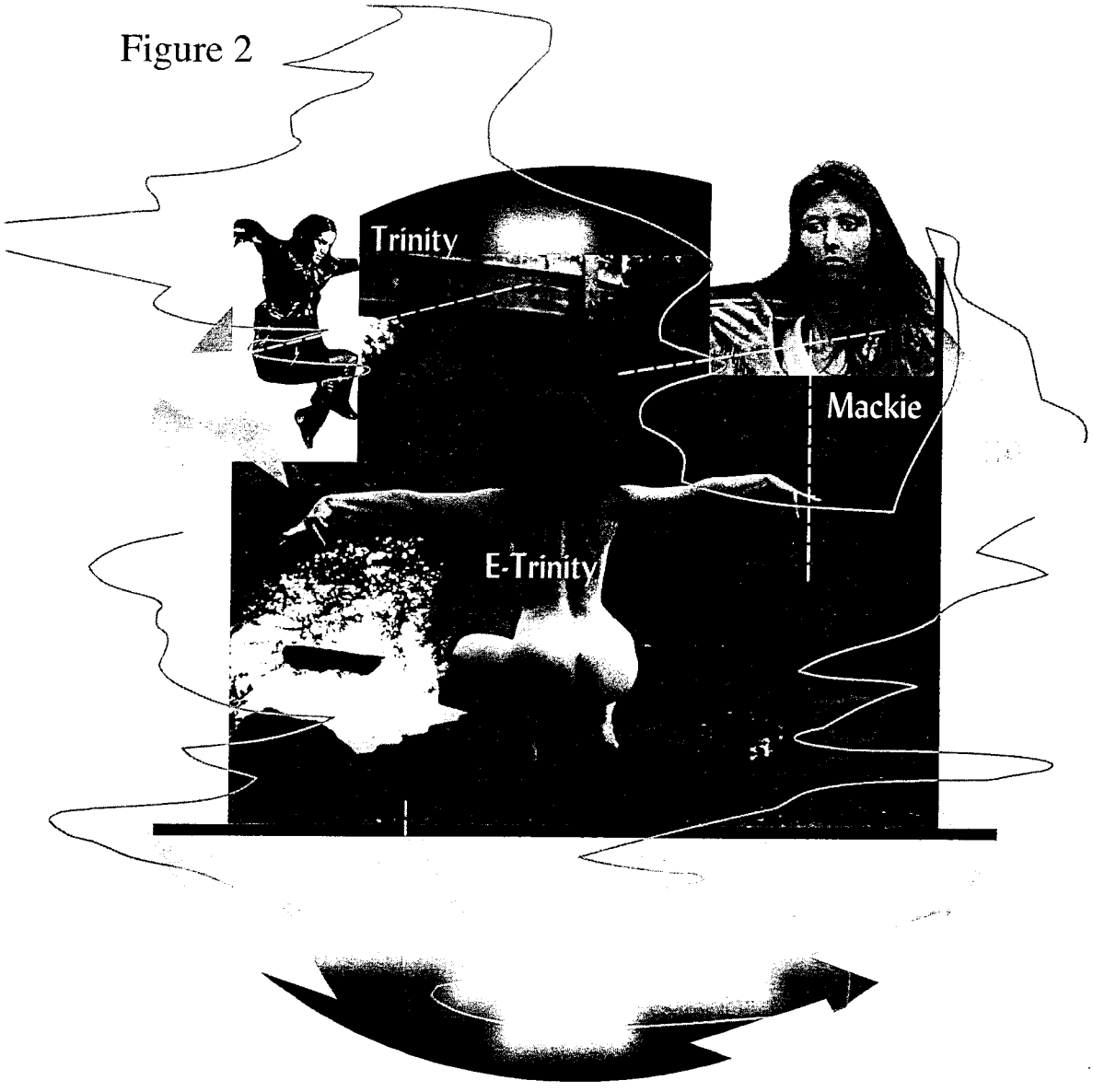
(Photos): see Figure 2: *Three Girls and a Revolution*

Artist & Sponsors

R. Michael Fisher - producer, director, artist, & researcher of *Fearless Leadership in and Out of the 'Fear' Matrix*, began his artistic research into the nature of 'fear,' unconsciously, as a teenage drummer in rock bands. Having to get up on stage to perform, when one is terribly insecure in adolescence, led him to write ethnographically of his band members' (and his own) experiences in 1968. At the age of 16 he wrote in his journal about his first band called the "Renegades": *"There was one great problem the Renegades ran up against in their own minds. This was the tremendous fear of playing up high on a stage in front of an audience for the first scary time."* Fisher had to be the leader of his band, because no one else would. Later, he was trained in the natural sciences at college and university and worked in the field as a wildlife biologist. He became aware that creatures in natural environments were not afraid (i.e., neurotic) like human beings and he wanted to know why. It occurred to him that this chronic 'fear'-state must be connected to the insanity of the human species being the only species that 'spoils its own nest.' By the late 1970s his environmental activism and career interests shifted to education, psychology and spirituality, where he was introduced to the writings of Carl Jung, William James and Jacques Maritain by a religious studies professor. The spiritual inquiry into the nature of the "shadow" (unconscious) and "evil" have long since been his passion. Why humans not only were so afraid but then afraid of being afraid, was a most curious phenomena to him, which led to publishing his first critique of a church Pastor's article in a local newspaper (Fisher, 1984)-- challenging Christian fundamentalists and their Armageddon biblical images which use 'fear' to manipulate people. His reading of Alan Watts and non-dual philosophies, like Zen Buddhism (*a la* Ken Wilber), convinced him there must be other more fearless ways for humans to be religious without having dualism and 'fear'-mongering, paradoxically, as the basic motivation to finding "security" in life. His journey along the path of fearlessness has led him down many avenues and different ways to explore 'fear.' Being an accomplished professional fine art painter for nearly six years led him to more abstract and spontaneous multi-disciplinary art forms. He has acted in several major roles in community theatre, and been a long-time teacher of spontaneous creation-making as healing. He has undertaken several art projects exploring the role of the arts in revealing the nature and role of 'fear' in our world. His most ambitious efforts in this regard included a 1996 installation at the Centre Gallery, Calgary, Alberta, entitled *At-Tracking 'Fear'* and a 2002 installation at the A.M.S. Gallery, The University of British Columbia, Vancouver, entitled *Platinum 'Fear': Plat du Jour.* Several works from this latter installation are reproduced in this dissertation. Fisher's fondest research, ongoing since 1993, is the collection of hundreds of children's drawings of fear and drawings of what their life would be like without fear. He strongly believes we all need an expanded 'fear' imaginary-- this being of more importance since 9/11 and the American-led "War on Terror(ism)." Working with Dr. Fred Ribkoff (Fisher & Ribkoff, 2000), an English professor and tragedarian, Fisher wrote his first critical paper on the movie, *The Matrix*, in which they saw the potential of a powerful new imaginary within this "postmodern" film narrative that illuminated the plight of living (and leadership) in and out of the 'Fear' Matrix.

Sponsors: Although there are so many supportive individuals that have helped to make this dissertation a successful project, the author particularly acknowledges the financial support of the Social Sciences and Humanities Research Council of Canada (Doctoral Fellowship No. 752-2001-2274), for without their confidence and contribution, this work would not likely have ever been produced.

Figure 2



Three Girls And A Revolution

"I will face my fear. I will permit it to pass over me. I will turn to see fear's path. Where fear has gone, there will be nothing, only I will remain."

Paul reciting the Bene Gesserit teachings in *Dune* (Herbert, 1965)

Watch For Real "Glitches"

Warning: This dissertation is a counter-program to the 'Fear' Matrix. You may not know exactly what that means at this point in time. This performance is not a trial. I repeat. It is not a trial! This is the real thing. From time to time you may encounter a "glitch" in the performance text of the dissertation, which often appears as a *deja vu*. In the film *The Matrix* (1999), Wachowski & Wachowski (2000, pp. 345-347) remind us of traps set in our minds, our programs, our culture, and how to detect them:

INT. HOTEL LAFAYETTE- DAY

Light filters down the throat of the building, through a cage skylight at the top of the open elevator shaft. Six figures glide up the dark stairs that wind around the antique elevator. Neo notices a black cat, a yellow-green-eyed shadow that slinks past them and pads quickly down the stairs.

A moment later, Neo sees another black cat that looks and moves identically to the first one.

NEO
Whoa. Deja vu.

These words stop the others dead in their tracks.

INT. MAIN DECK

The monitors suddenly glitch as though the Matrix had an electronic seizure.

TANK
Oh shit! Oh shit!

INT. HOTEL LAFAYETTE - DAY

Trinity turns around [toward Neo], her face tight.

TRINITY
What did you just say?

NEO
Nothing. Just had a little deja vu.

TRINITY
What happened? What did you see?....

A deja vu is usually a glitch in the Matrix. It happens when they [The Agents] change something....

TANK
It's a trap!

To counter glitches in the 'Fear' Matrix hypnosis, the author has inserted hypertext 'fear' quotes on feararium tags (boxes) overlaying the normal text, for your protection. He recommends just read what the tag says, and then just carry on... awake.

Awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature
SONIA OF DISAPPEAR FEAR
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND
Lord
Part
One

PART ONE

INTRODUCTION(S)

Philosophy of Education[1] for Rebellious Times: Assault on "Invisible" Adultism

DISPENSATIONS FROM A 'BEAUTIFUL MIND'[2] *a la 'Fear'*[3]

> Knowledge, ... no longer consists in a manipulation of man[sic] and nature as opposite forces, nor in the reduction of data to statistical order, but is a means of liberating mankind [sic] from the destructive power of fear....
>
> - Anshen (1965, pp. 205-206)[4]

> Philosophy is a battle against the bewitchment of our intelligence by means of language. - L. Wittgenstein[5]

> To save mankind [sic] it is necessary to imagine blowing up anything constructed to save it-- no, to imagine it *so that it* blows up. - Goldman (1999, p. 3)[6]

> As the hidden curriculum[7] moves out of the darkness and into the twilight of our awareness, phrases such as the 'deschooling of society' and the 'disestablishment of schools' become instant slogans [and new social movements]. I do not think these phrases were used before last year [1972]. - Illich (1973, p. 12)

> Delegates at the 1949 [UNESCO first World Conference on Adult Education[8]] conference [Denmark] met around the theme *Adult Education in a Changing World.* The dust from Hiroshima and Nagasaki had started to settle.... By the late 1960s education was in crisis. In France the student revolt of 1968 shook the foundations of government. In North America Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin ... and others fed up with the excesses of American imperialism [e.g., the Vietnam War], and the self-serving nature of universities, orchestrated an unprecedented volume of protest. Some scholars wrote learned papers about the generation-gap.... [T]he theme for the Third UNESCO World Conference [Tokyo in 1972]... was *Education and the Disadvantaged....* There is no doubt that 1972 [spurred on by French student riots in 1968] was a halcyon year for adult education. [pp. 27-28] .... UNESCO created an International Commission of the Development of Education. [Chaired by Edgar Faure, "... one of France's most progressive Ministers of Education and after the student revolts of 1968, masterminded sweeping reforms of higher education"] The Faure Report (*Learning to be*) was published in 1972.... Shortly after it was published the Canadian Commission for UNESCO published its 21 major recommendations for educational reform [and

delineation of the architecture for the notion of "lifelong education"].... [pp. 30-31] [T]he first recommendation of the Faure Report notes, it requires a total restructuring of the education system [internationally, see Majid Rahnema's contribution as one of the commissioners of the 1972 Faure Report]. Ironically, it is probably easier to implement in countries where formal education is not well developed. In BC, any attempt at educational reform along these lines [of increasing deinstitutionalization of learning with more "open learning" agency, and reducing standardized central overcontrol by governments and powerful interest groups] will run into a lot of brick walls created by college and university presidents, teacher and other unions and a plethora of people committed to maintaining the *status quo*. [p. 35] - Boshier (1996)

Fire Takes Walls Down... Opens Structures Below. - Fisher[9]

[recently picked up a phone book size directory of all the activists... entitled *The Movement Toward a New America*, published by alternative presses in 1972] Where is the Movement? [Tears came to his eyes holding this book and he responded to the book's message and memories:] The overall message [was]... this 'Resistance' is merely the beginning of a long revolution.... Nearly thirty years later as I sit here and nibble at the bits and pieces of this ancient manuscript I feel my heart pounding harder. I wonder where did this revolution go?.... Seems to have been swept away. - Anonymous (2001)[10]

The May Revolution of 1968 was a disturbance in French society on a scale to break the seismograph. It was the sort of event which sets your mind reeling for months afterwards as you try to make sense of it.... The French tremor was more than an aberrant lapse in the confident forward march of Western industrial society. The point is that it nearly overthrew the most majestic government in Europe. Its lessons must be carefully pondered because they carry a hint of what politics in the West may be like in the 1970s. -Seale & McConville (1968, p. i)

[1968:] Everyone lived in fear of the oral [exams]. There were also worries about careers.... The [student] vote was taken in an atmosphere of great, but solemn, excitement by secret ballot. The *reacs* ('reactionaries') were marshalled against the *revolts* ('rebels'). The first proposed that the exams should take place in their present form ten days after the end of the [student] strike which we had called; the second wanted no exams at all. They wanted diplomas to be awarded on the basis of work done during the year, and that time should now be given to plan reforms. After heated discussion we dispersed into the street to await the results. Night was falling. Suddenly it came over us that we could speak at the tops of our voices, that we could sing or shout if we wanted to! By a vote, we had undone a year's work: some had even compromised their careers. And yet we

experienced a sense of joy far sharper than that of receiving our degrees. That night the permanent occupation of the Institute [*Institut d'Etudes Politiques*] of Political Studies of the University of Paris became the Lenin Institute; there was a Che Guevara hall, a Mao-Tse-tung library, a Rosa Luxemburg amphitheatre. Red and black flags were draped at the entrance.

-Blanca Camprubi, 21, a third year student, of the 1968 French Revolution[11]

... Boomers were full of themselves, let's just say that. The point is simply that preconventional and postconventional had forged an unholy pact to destroy conventional anything, and the trail of roadkill on the way to Boomer freedom was about to begin. May 1968, the streets of Paris, shouts of 'Marx, Mao, Marcuse' filled the air. 'Down with Structuralism!' was scrawled on walls across the city, the French equivalent of 'Fight the System!' This 'poststructural' impulse did not fall on deaf ears across the Atlantic, for it would soon provide most of the intellectual equipment to fight the system.... Just the year before, the 'summer of love,' as Golden Gate park in San Francisco was awash with flower power, free sex, and free-flowing drugs, LSD being the most paradigm-blowing of them all. Then Chicago, Kent state.... - Wilber (2002, p. 167)

[CBC radio reporter (live):] A small group of protestors to the G-8 in Calgary, Alberta, broke into an uninhabited house in the downtown area. They broke windows and flew rebel flags, shouted anti-capitalist slogans out of the second floor room windows.... [owner of the house, in anger, spoke to the reporter on the street, watching the activists:] What good is this violence? What do these people expect that I should be sympathetic of in their cause when they are breaking into homes, spray painting... oh shit look...![12]

[S]ad ... how easily the counter culture weakens toward pretentious (and commercially advantageous) pornography-- and with such unabashed self-congratulations it weakens! - Roszak (1969, pp. 297-298)

To say that unity is the dominant term [politically or pedagogically] is to deny the need for man's negative protest. Man [sic] does, by his nature, desire unity, but he is man-in-the-world, and his [sic] need for unity brings him into rebellious conflict with the ignorance, intractability, and folly of human history.... [p. 244] [Albert] Camus [wrote]: Revolt is not in itself an element of civilization. But it is antecedent to all civilization. In the impasse in which we live, it alone permits the hope for the future of which Nietzsche dreamed: 'In place of the judge, and represser, the creator.' [p. 179] [Camus's dictum:] 'I revolt, therefore we are.' [p. 104] - Hanna (1958)

[If *you* wish *not* to read much further, Albert Camus, c.1944-5, writing in the French underground Resistance to Nazism, poetically sums up the historical

context and political starting point for my entire pedagogical critical philosophy of education:][13]

> *The 17th century was the century of mathematics;*
> *the 18th century that of physics;*
> *the 19th century of biology; and*
> *the 20th century is the century of fear.*[14]
> [and the 21st century may be the *century of terror*]

There may be no educational problem more pressing than questions of how to cope with violence: how to prevent it in schools, how to help children contend with its effects in the larger society, how to understand the roots of violence, and how to change conditions so that fewer people will use violence to achieve their ends.... [p. 241] My fear is that we [as educators and critics] may produce uncommitted cynics instead of hopeful reformers.... [p. 247] It is a deep and terrible question how Germany could have gone so bad and, although many scholars have addressed the question, we are still unsure of the answer. With the present emphasis on American [p. 252] economic and moral superiority, could we possibly be taking a disastrous path? Might misguided visions of character education lead us astray? Astonished by such a question, most people will respond with a resounding no! But, in answering with such confidence, they may be thinking of an exact replication of the Holocaust.... Shameful historical traumas take many forms.... We Americans are not innocent.... [W]e should grieve over both the victims and our children who become perpetrators. We do not want our children to die in terror but neither do we want them to inflict that terror on others. (p. 253) - Noddings (2002)

How does one reconcile this orgiastic indulgence in our supposedly bestial instincts for violence and cruelty with the ubiquitous spread of education and civilization in our own time.... [T]he twentieth century will go down in history as the bloodiest and most murderous.... - Beissel (2000, p. 6)

A group of barbarians who declared war.... We will smoke them out of their holes, put them on the run and bring justice. -U.S. President G. Bush Jr. (2001)[15]

America is full of fear, from its North to its South, from its West to its East and thanks be to God that what America is tasting now is only a copy of what we have tasted. - Osama bin Laden (2001)[16]

Are the media fear-mongering? - Editorial, *The Globe & Mail* (2001)

What a crock of crap this war on terrorism is. I only hope the economy going south will push Bush out into the cold. I'm not crazy about the Democrats, but

Bush is a nut. Ashcroft needs to be medicated. Pumping up the fear with the threat of terrorism is a way to control the people. Microchips in every head is the Bush Administration's dream. They fear not having the masses under control. Have you noticed all the cameras on every street light in town. Big Brother has arrived. - Tongo (Aug. 5, 2002) an e-mail in cyberspace

[from City of New York University campus] Hi Michael. It's good to hear from you. I'm sorry I've been out of touch, but it's been.... 9/11 has really dealt a blow to things here-- politically, everything feels pretty hopeless; the rhetoric of security dominates everything; there is little dissent or opposition. though i should say that what is happening in israel and palestine has galvanized people so that is good and might mark a turning point.

- a colleague, e-mail Apr. 17, 2002

The war on global terrorism will never be entirely successful, a former head of MI5, the British Internal Security Intelligence Agency, said yesterday. Stella Rimington, who retired five years ago after 27 years with MI5, warned that terrorism could never be wiped out altogether and that spy networks are not developed enough to guarantee there would be no repeat of attacks such as those which killed thousands in New York and outside Washington on Sept. 11.

- *The Globe & Mail,* Oct. 16, 2001

In this war [on terror(ism)] there will be no captured beachland upon which we can lay our fears to rest. - de Becker (2002, p. 10)

[chatline report from Mexican writer after carbomb kills several people in Peru:] This looks like another bomb planted by the 'Bush' administration to open the door to the '911 fear matrix'. - Anonymous (2002)[17]

[What is the 'Fear' Matrix?] Global Fear: Those who work are afraid they'll lose their jobs. Those who don't are afraid they'll never find one. Whoever doesn't fear hunger is afraid of eating. Drivers are afraid of walking and pedestrians are afraid of getting run over. Democracy is afraid of remembering and language is afraid of speaking. Civilians fear the military, the military fears a shortage of weapons, weapons fear a shortage of wars. It is the time of fear. Women's fear of violent men and men's fear of fearless women. Fear of thieves, fear of the police. Fear of doors without locks, of time without watches, of children without television; fear of night without sleeping pills and day without pills to wake up. Fear of crowds, fear of solitude, fear of what was and what could be, fear of dying, fear of living. - Galeano (2000, p. 78)

[the contradiction of capitalism surfs upon the insane principle that] The nation must be taught to be *terrified* of itself, in order to give it *courage.*

- Marx (c.1844 in 1964, p. 47)

[In many ways, my post/transmodern 'attitude' and critical philosophy uneasily floats upon the capricious waves of Lyotard's (1984) declaration:]
The nineteenth and twentieth centuries have given us as much terror as we can take. We have paid a high enough price for the nostalgia of the whole and the one [unity[18]].... Let us wage war on totality.... (pp. 81-82)

Waging Peace. Contrary to peace efforts prior to the Nuclear Age, waging peace is now crucial to the survival of the planet. It is imperative to eliminate all nuclear weapons. Effective Peaceful Conflict Resolution must displace violence and war to have a win-win outcome for all.... - www.wagingpeace.org/

You're the One, Neo. -Morpheus (*The Matrix*) (1999)[19]

Neo. I'm not afraid anymore. The oracle told me that I would fall in love and that that man, the man that I loved, would be the One.... I love you.

- Trinity (*The Matrix*) (1999)[20]

As a child, I became aware of the mysterious relationship between *love* and *fear* (or *anxiety* as I prefer to call it.... I first observed these two primal poles of human emotion as they operated in my family and within my own heart. These dual forces are so deeply intertwined that they are almost impossible to separate.... As I grew up [and became a psychotherapist and educator], I began to see the powerful effect that love and anxiety had upon the world at large.... [A]nxiety is the feeling that our well-being is threatened in some way.... [T]his book was written on the front lines of the Age of Anxiety. My wife and I both work, yet we still find it difficult to meet our expenses each month. For the past sixteen years, we-- including our five children and stepchildren who range in age from eight to twenty-five-- have lived in a postmodern family with constantly shifting boundaries. Our spliced-together lives mean that having a child in day care, another in college, and an ailing parent in the hospital can all tumble together into a single year. The juggling act of making time for work, family, friends, and community activities becomes ever more demanding; just when it starts to feel manageable, another ball is thrown in. For me, as for most of my clients, friends, and colleagues, the Age of Anxiety ['Fear'][21] is no abstraction-- it is scribbled all over our calendars and appointment books.

- Gerzon (1997, pp. viii-ix)

It is really terrifying to look at a fearless organization. - C. Leggo[22]

Humankind cannot bear very much reality. -T. S. Eliot[23]

No artist tolerates reality. - F. Nietzsche[24]

Education after Auschwitz [?] - Adorno (1966)[25]

Schools teach you to imitate. If you don't imitate what the teacher wants you get a bad grade. - Pirsig (1974, p. 172)[26]

There must be a correlation that exists not just between these -isms', but all other -isms' and phobias. If we could discover the relationship that exists between these and work toward the ending of all discrimination, we will truly be on our way toward educating our populace.... How should we address the 'isms' in preparing educational leaders? - Terry (1996, p. 6)

[ethnographic study of 12 women leaders] "Women superintendents need to be fearless, courageous. 'Can do' risk takers. At the same time, they need to have a plan for retreat when faced with the impossible.... The notion that anyone in the superintendency must be fearless... is no surprise to anyone familiar with the role-related expectations of the position, but most often these descriptions have been reserved for men in our culture. - Brunner (1998, p. 16)

To understand why violence has become rampant and how a climate of fear and intimidation has come gradually to be the norm in so many urban schools, we must examine the relationships that are fostered between young people and adults at most schools. Criminologist Alan Wilson has pointed out that only two ways exist to control behavior and deter crime: (1) by relying on police officers and the courts or (2) by promoting collective morals and sanctions. Any society that comes to rely on the former to enforce safety is doomed for there will never be enough police officers to go around. - Noguera (1996, p. 11)[27]

Violence-- and the fear of violence-- have changed the way people live, their interactions with intimates and strangers, the way they raise their children, and the confidence in public officials. -Committee on Law & Justice (1994, p. 1)[28]

[during decolonization] At the level of individuals, violence is a cleansing force. It frees the native from his[sic] inferiority complex and from his despair and inaction; it makes him fearless and restores his self-respect.... Illuminated by violence, the consciousness of the people rebels against any pacification. - Fanon (1968, p. 94)

It is often said that in today's modern and postmodern world, the forces of darkness are upon us. But I think not; in the Dark and the Deep there are truths

that can always heal. It is not the forces of darkness but of shallowness that everywhere threaten the true, and the good, and the beautiful, and that ironically announce themselves as deep and profound. It is an exuberant and fearless shallowness that everywhere is the modern danger, the modern threat, and that everywhere nonetheless calls to us as savior. - Wilber (1995, p. xi)[29]

[My pedagogical politics,[30] weeellllllll... that is complex-- but the conservative-anarchic-skeptical elder Erasmian, and American social critic, Paul Goodman (1969) (a Camusian style *rebel* rather than an reactive radical revolutionist) sums up my basic view:]
My books are full of one-paragraph or two-page 'histories'-- of the concept of alienation, the system of welfare, suburbanization, compulsory schooling, the anthropology of neurosis, university administration, citizenly powerlessness, missed revolutions, etc., etc. In every case my purpose is to show that a coerced or inauthentic settling of a conflict has left an unfinished situation to the next generation, and the difficulty becomes more complex in the new conditions. Then it is useful to remember the simpler state before things went wrong; it is hopelessly archaic as a present response, but it has vitality and may suggest a new program involving a renewed conflict. This is the therapeutic use of history[31] [development/evolution]. (pp. 206-207)

"In our society we make much of love and say little about fear."

Governments have taken steps to ensure they work together towards ending the cycle of violence against women.... [p. 2] Living without fear through prevention and education.... [p. 5] The Federal Government recognizes that by averting violence we can construct a society where women can live free of fear.... (p. 7).
- Canadian Advisory Council on the Status of Women (1991)[32]

People who live in fear of their personal safety, cannot live in a free society.
-Hon. Alexa McDonough, former Leader of the New Democratic Party (2001)[33]

Fearful people want containment. They cannot bear freedom.
- Callwood (1986, p. 97)

It is not power that corrupts.... It is fear.... -Aung San Suu Kyi (1995)[34]

As we love, fear necessarily leaves.... But we do fear and fear keeps us from trusting love. Cultures of domination rely on the cultivation of fear[35] as a way to ensure obedience. In our society we make much of love and say little about fear.

> Yet we are all terribly afraid most of the time. As a culture we are obsessed with the notion of safety. Yet we do not question why we live in states of extreme anxiety and dread. Fear is the primary force upholding structures of domination.
> - hooks (2000, pp. 93-94)

> The parent-child relationship in a culture of domination like this one is based on the assumption that the adult has the right to rule the child. It is a model of parenting that mirrors the master-slave relationship. - hooks (1993, p. 36)[36]

> American society has virtually abandoned its children. -Duhon-Sells (1995)[37]

> Women/feminist sacred warriors will get the last(ing) word! - Fisher (2002)[38]

Raymond Williams, the eminent cultural critic, once told a colleague that he wished one day to write a book entirely of quotes, but he lamented the fact he had never got around to it.

M (R. Michael Fisher): Working from within a conflict theory/tradition,[39] my pedagogical[40] research passion has focused on developing a critical *'conflict' pedagogy* (Fisher, 2000).[41] I studied a sample of 22 contemporary conflict management education (CME) curriculum texts for youth and adults from several English-speaking countries. Using a discourse analysis (*a la* Foucault), I critiqued the way 'conflict' itself was undertheorized and often superficially conceptualized or ignored[42]-- leaving CME texts focused on types of conflicts. The political implications of that omission were brought out in the thesis with the overwhelming bias of 'positivism,' behavioralism (psychologism and individualism), and consensus theory as the hegemonic framework for conceptualizing conflict management/ resolution practices. A critical conflict theory was largely absent. CME turned out to be more propaganda and ideology than good illicitive critical education-- a critique I would launch at public schooling and business management schooling for adults, generally.[43] I argued that there is virtually no systematic philosophical development in CME, and more disturbing, the concept and phenomenon of 'fear' itself was rarely

ever mentioned as a topic worthy of its own theorizing and pedagogical consideration. CME, in my analysis, was more about maintaining social order and control *via* 'fear' than it was about liberation from 'fear.' I saw a lost potential in CME for important emancipatory practices and pedagogy. I wanted to bring in critical 'conflict' education as a supplement and/or alternative to the way CME was being written and taught. As I shared my research with anyone in peace and conflict studies that would listen, it was evident, they were not interested in my findings and interpretations. Perhaps, the most original outcome of that thesis research is what I call the *Domination-Conflict-Fear-Violence Theory* or *DCFV theory*,[44] for short. It was evident that CME was lacking a holistic and politically sensitive perspective on conflictwork as rebellion. I never once saw Camus referenced in CME texts. DCFV theory provided a conflict view of 'conflict' that consisted of a mutually inter-dependent set of concepts and phenomena (theoretically) closer to social reality than the models and theory offered in CME discourse. Inadvertently, I realized that DCFV theory was foundational in reframing *social conflict*, if not all 'conflict,' as praxis, as essential rebellion, and as potential revolution at micro to macro levels. CME's views and mine clashed as I was hunting for what was below the surface of CME-- a shadowy "secret"-- a "hidden curriculum."[45]

My Ph.D. has revolved around examining *'fear'* in relation to 'conflict,' violence and domination as part of macro to micro social change, social action and *transformation*.[46] Inevitably, this has led me to study various histories, philosophies, politics, and behaviors of (mostly Western) social movements, in particular, what are labeled "new social movements" (NSMs)[47] in the past few decades. Concomitantly, NSMs have various intriguing types of activism (activists) related to rebellions (rebels), revolutions (revolutionaries), reformations (reformers), transformations

(transformers) and anyone, generally, who is creative and gutsy enough to say "No!" (more than once, more than nicely)-- that is, to stand out from the *status quo* crowd and refuse to be oppressed and 'totally' victimized. I guess you could say, I'm in search of a *fearless pedagogy* (fearless society)[48] to support NSMs[49] *and* the less formal (regularly mis-identified) rebel-leaders of this world-- many whom, in a post 9-11 worldspace, are too quickly labeled and oppressively dealt with by various "authorities," implicitly or explicitly, as "terrorists." Authority vs. Rebel (terrorist), Puer vs. Senex,[50] Tradition vs. Change, or Old vs. New patterns are reflective of *adultism*, echoing the Adult vs. Rebel (youth) problematic in our world. This dissertation is bled upon this conflict. By association, we end up with a historical pattern of *youth= terrorist*, be it grossly applied, or subtle, or even unconscious. Youth often means adolescent, and a general 'pain-in-the-butt' for most adults. There is a lot of unresolved and denied *conflictwork* between dominator adults and subordinate youth-- be it at the psychological, historical, sociopolitical, cultural, or spiritual levels of existence. I feel like shouting out to the world: LET'S FREE OURSELVES FROM ADULTISM! I hear an echo following that is from a strong woman: "[AND]... DECOLONIZE OUR MINDS AND OUR IMAGINATIONS" (hooks, 1992, p. 178).

Adultism is also internalized, like all oppression (*a la* Fanon,[51] Freire, etc.), and manifests in differential abuses of power and privilege throughout the world-- including adults oppressing adults, and youth oppressing youth, and youth oppressing adults. Learning and teaching ventures, formal, nonformal or informal are sites for the best and worst of the dynamics of these ancient relational archetypes and discourses of opposition. 'Fear' is pivotal in this dynamic. Basically, I am very interested in what systematic pedagogy might *best* support learning and teaching in

sites of firey 'conflict,' violence, social action and 'fear'-- something that is virtually absent from education literature and discourse, as my research shows thus far.[52]

The May Revolution of 1968, which some writers refer to as the (second) *French Revolution,*[53] was led by disenfranchised university students, with some professors, and a large contingent of male and female comrades (I'd call *'warriors'*)[54] in high schools and junior high schools. It was a very threatening time for the authorities of formal educational Systems who faced the outrage and righteousness of organized student rebellion that spread like wildfire around the world, remarkably changing some of the rigid traditional ideas about schools, education and the nature of society held by the *ancien regime.*[55] Among many things transformed in Western (W.) societies, the revolution challenged the basic rights of youth (and adults) in regards to the dominant power relations that determine what curriculum, instruction, pedagogy, learning and social life on campuses ought to be. Youth Movements everywhere, especially the anti-Vietnam protests in North America, were fired by the inspiration of courageous rebels and youth-leaders of the May Revolution-- leaders like Alain Geismar, Jacques Sauvageot, Alain Krivine and particularly outstanding among them was Daniel Cohn-Bendit (Figure 1). Cohn-Bendit was 23 years of age in his first major public interview by Jean-Paul Sartre.[56] He was born around the time Camus poetically "torpedoed the Ark" (*a la* Ibsenian fashion-- see Goldman's quote above) of the entire W. Modernist/Enlightenment enterprise of research and Education (see Camus's quote above). I invited Daniel, appearing shortly, to dialogue with me as an introduction to this dissertation.

No *one* causal explanation can reduce the complexity of *the why* which was behind the student revolution in France and much of the W. industrialized world in the late 1960s and early 1970s. There is no simple *one* cause for modern educational

reforms in the West either. But I would suggest the May Revolution was pivotal to the seeding of the philosophical and cultural postmodern reforms,[57] still ongoing, in much of W. Education.

D (Daniel Cohn-Bendit): I didn't know I was postmodern. Michael, you are about my age. A baby boomer like me, right?

M: Suffering from "boomeritis,"[58] as Ken Wilber would say. Sorry to interrupt....

D: Yes, I've read Wilber's scathing critique of our generation's particularly obsessive narcissism. Well, maybe our generation is self-focused, but there's a difference between the French and Americans. The 1968 youth of my times were, for the majority, thinking not about improving their own lives but the freedom of youth, workers, and all marginal groups of people discriminated against... around the world. Unlike American insularity, the French temperament is much more cosmopolitan. The May Revolution was truly a global social movement. Of course it had twisted narcissists as well, like any social movement, new or old.[59] Wilber generalizes too much from an American armchair perspective. From what I know of him, he has never been an activist, never mind a revolutionary, and *that*, is his biggest weakness in terms of trying to create a practical on-the-ground transformative social movement for his self-proclaimed "World Philosophy."[60] It sounds like Wilber's own brand of totalitarianism doesn't it? I mean his "Theory of Everything"?

M: He is a rebel! But he is sounding politically more and more conservative, I must admit. I'm getting worried about him selling out.

D: Sure. Otherwise, he's a cool thinker, 'out of the box'-- albeit, a little too philosophical... idealist-- he wouldn't make a good Republican even if he tried. His "archbattle"[61] with the forces of Light and Shallowness of Modernity that are destroying the world... his leading the "Wilber-revolution"[62] toward a new Integral

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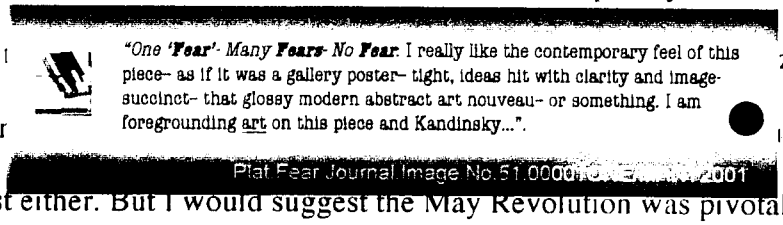


zed world in the late 1960s ar icational reforms in the West either. But I would suggest the May Revolution was pivotal to the seeding of the postmodern reforms, (57) still ongoing, in much of W. Education. BUT WHAT IS THIS ONE 'FEAR' THAT HOLDS THE POSTMODERN RESISTANCE IN PLACE OF MODERN REFORMS AND MAKES THE '60s SO TERRIFYING?

D (Daniel Cohn-Bendit): I didn't know I was post-modern. Michael, you are about my age. A baby boomer like me, right? AND THERE SEEMS FROM THE START MANY FEARS THAT WILL GET IN THE WAY OF US COMMUNICATING HONESTLY. I THINK YOUR ACADEMIC POSITION MAY BE ONE... KANDINSKY WOULD WIPE IT ALL OUT WITH SPRAYING EFFECTS OF BITS OF PAINT...

M: Suffering from "boomeritis," (58) as Ken Wilber would say. Sorry to interrupt...

D: Yes, I've read Wilber gee whiz his Kosmology is pretty clear on the ontological nature of Fear isn't it? I mean he is clear that there is NO FEAR in Reality, on his critique of our generation's particularly obsessive narcissism. You mean obsessive fear? Well, maybe our generation was self-focused, but there's a difference between the French and Americans. And the 1968 youth of my times were, for the majority, thinking not about improving their own lives but the lives of youth, workers, and all people discriminated against... around the world.

Postmodernity[63]-- what a mindjob!, as Cypher in *The Matrix*,[64] would say. Politically, he is no radical, a conservative traditionalist it appears-- despite his souped-up "neo-perennial philosophy"[65] kick... add a little aggravating Zen humor ... mix and match most anything he pleases... and he comes off as a bit of a 'flake,' don't you think? I guess that's American style!

M: And "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread..."[66] He is a Samurai Warrior,[67] a pandit, and admits his call as "an articulator and defender of the dharma, an intellectual samurai"[68]-- and sure, at times a bit arrogant-- *that's* American style! His critics loathe Wilberism[69] and his version of *integralism*.[70] I think he is,rather, on the war path to expose the "flaky" of this world; whose thinking derives grand prescriptions to the global problematique but ends up shouting old philosophies of Romanticism, Idealism, or similar guises in deconstructive Postmodernism, with all their pronounced re-enchantments of the world and so on. He sees their attempts all ending up as reductionisms of the Kosmos,[71] all with their own domination and violence, and their own vehement denial of each other. But Wilber doesn't buy any of it so easily, nor do I. He is in an archbattle to bring about a "truce" of sorts-- in what he called a "philosophical cold war"[72] between Science and Religion. He is not satisfied that anything "spiritual" often ends up as Right-Wing fundamentalism and/or conservative politics. Anything "scientific," often ending up as Left-Wing radicalism to liberalism, depending on how far you go to the Left. Mostly, in North America at least, people just conform to the majority and a political muddled pluralism with no committed political stance or ethical reference outside of convenient trenchant relativism-- the "safe" and pc. But Wilber, has no simple political category to fit. He wants to make a new one. "He's unafraid to make enemies..."[73] as he makes a living as a "critic of teachers and systems."[74] "Flatland"[75] dominates the world and he is

after an anti-dote,[76] and yes, he is re-trying to mix the spiritual and secular worlds--in a politics he has evolved and labeled "postliberal spirituality,"[77] "mystical Marxism,"[78] and "spiritual liberalism."[79] I do think he has made a great contribution to challenging W. modernist psychologism,[80] at the very least, and we'll have to see how much influence in politics he can actually accomplish. His thirty years of hard work on this integration (or integral perspective) I think are slowly paying off though.

D: He sells a lot of books and I'm sure he is doing alright, and maybe just a little bit too alright, if you know what I mean. One tends to become soft with money to buy comforts and privileges.

M: I agree he is upper middle class in lifestyle and capital, no doubt. Unfortunately he never seems to acknowledge that bias in his writing. But the payoff of all his hard work is in *ideas*, and I mean powerful ideas that are finally spreading into the mainstream. It took a few decades of publishing in the spiritual margins of America, to finally break through in 1998 with his book *The Marriage of Sense and Soul* published by Random House, NY. That was a turning point. Although he still publishes lots with Shambhala, he is pushing the envelope and stretching himself and his philosophy to connect with people in real power positions.

D: Oh. You mean he's selling out to the bourgeoise because he can advance his career. His politics and involvement will be shot down quickly by staunch liberals and conservatives who see him as a backbencher ideologue, elitist pundit and member of the latest new age metaphysical intelligentsia. His latest (a novel) *Boomeritis* is likely to be seen as cybersmut porno, by many folks. He may be making a tactical error in trying to reach too broad of an audience.

M: I have been concerned about that too. But his latest work is hardly impractical punditry and he is no ideologue if you mean he preaches ideology. He is very critical

of the 'New Age'[81] and the metaphysical that is not good 'deep science.'[82] I admit I don't always like the "liberal" language that has infiltrated so much of his text since 1996 or so. He's getting nicer and seems to be expanding his social network. But I do admire his work and I would like to see it impact health and educational systems, politics, business, religions, medicine and so on. It's just a bit damned hard to grasp for most people upon first reading it and so it excludes a lot of folks because of elite language and conceptual complexity but it is really basic stuff about life, meaning and transformative practices of growth and development. He has backed off using all the Eastern Hindu names for his stages of consciousness, and he isn't talking much about evolutionary theory, replacing it with "spiral dynamics,"[83] and has stepped away from the transpersonal movement generally,[84] and argued for an *integral movement* that is a level below the transpersonal in his schema. He is attempting to come 'down-to-earth' by re-working his more abstract writing and theories in order to face the challenges of the more mainstream world-- a world in conflict and crisis.

His 2000 book, *A Theory of Everything,* really taught me a lot about people in 'big' places in academia, government, NGOs, etc. who are using Wilber's holistic integral theory,[85] to some degree anyway. Wilber and a group of integral theorists have been talking with advisors to various international politicians like Bill Clinton, Al Gore, Tony Blair, George W. Bush, Gerhard Schroeder, Thabo Mbeki. Not bad! There are applications from many areas as people are working to create "integral politics," "integral medicine," "integral education," "integral arts," "integral philosophy," "integral business" and so on.[86] Something is taking out there. A group of experts have formed the Integral Institute (founded by Wilber) to promote the education and research into integral consciousness and values. I'm not saying Wilber or integral are household terms. But...

D: But, too bad he hasn't had more influence in mainstream academia, especially in North America. Until then, he won't be accepted as a legitimate philosopher.[87] A lot of Germans and Japanese apparently have really taken to his philosophy[88] but he doesn't much seem to like our French writers-critics and they probably don't like him- - his ideas, I mean. He doesn't speak highly of our existentialists, Sartre, Camus, Rousseau, our poststructural philosophers, the French Revolution (1789), nor the French lustful play with sexuality and identity.[89] Listen to him rant in his novel *Boomeritis*:

> No wonder Lentricchia[90] concludes his survey of the present state of humanities in America: 'It is impossible, this much is clear, to exaggerate the heroic self-inflation of academic literary and cultural criticism [postmodernism]'. Heroic self-inflation: put bluntly, the puffing up of the big fat Boomer ego.... The tools of this heroic self-inflation are provided by (mostly) French intellectuals, led by Foucault and Derrida, as we have seen, but also including a rogues gallery of Bataille, Althusser, Lacan, Barthes, late Wittgenstein, de Man, Gramsci, Irigaray, Gadamer, Bourdieu, Jameson, Kristeva, Cixous, Bachelard, Baudrillard, Deleuze, and Lyotard. The interesting and sometimes profound insights of these writers were taken up and worked into a green-meme mishmash that denied big pictures and meta-narratives of any sort-- which unfortunately and rather completely locked it out of second-tier integral ideas. (p. 213)

Michael, I don't fully understand all the spiral dynamics stuff and the memetic theory Wilber is now using... but god, the man is going to get himself in big trouble with academics, never mind the French intellectuals and French culture itself. He's more taken with mystical Germanic or Eastern traditions it seems and they with him.

M: Ah. Important distinction! It is how people used the French intellectuals that is most problematic!

D: Sure. The boomeritis dis-ease or narcissism. But that is not what I read between Wilber's lines. He just doesn't like the French intellectuals, and look how he makes a mockery of Sade in *Boomeritis*. Anyway, my point of mentioning your age earlier in

this conversation, is that the halcyon years of radical political youth movements seem past, even though I really appreciate the G-8 and WTO protestors against globalism today. It is a significant growing and diverse 'new social movement,' as you would call it. As old baby boomers, I suppose you'd have to include us in the rather moderate "grey revolution" if anything close to a revolution exists today at all in the industrial W. world.

M: Besides Raging Grannies, the grey revolution, or "third agers" is pretty sad I think... hardly the *enrages.*[91]

D: Perhaps Wilber's diagnosis is accurate, the 'greys' merely want to ensure they get through the "demographic timebomb" of a disproportionate number of over 50s who want to ensure they will receive their old age securities, after having paid taxes for much of their lives. Today, that future security is even more threatened as governments are sinking billions of extra dollars into their economic cauldrons to fight so-called "terrorism" in the present. The U.S.-led "War on Terror" has got to be the final blow to economic security anywhere in this world, for the present, but even less for the future... and old folks like us, and future generations.

M: So, Daniel let's get back to the May Revolution. How are things different now, as you see them?

D: I won't talk about me. I want to talk about the *liberalism* that has infected so many old and new activists, intellectuals, and just about everybody else under capitalism's insurrgence into every fabric of our lives today.

M: You sound like Mao.[92]

D: One doesn't have to be a Maoist or Marxist, to see the opportunism and individualism that goes with liberalism-- that is, the cracked-out addiction to safety and security, greed and waste, that drives this consuming world. I guess that is the

fearism, hey Michael? Henri Lefebvre called it the "terror of everyday life."[93] It is the pernicious creeping passivity that throttles our liberal 'souls' and leaves us 'sitting ducks' or TV-couch potatoes, computer-chair potatoes, fragmented cyborgs....

M: That's my experience of most North Americans, and certainly of most youth today in Canada, where I live. Sure, I'm generalizing... but god just look at the young people going to The University of British Columbia. My six years of graduate school here have left me pretty depressed-- especially, when I look at most graduate students, preservice teachers, their professors, the courses offered, the regulation of campus life and rigid bureaucratic protocols-- and worst of all, a collection of "managers" posing as administrative "leaders" in the Faculty of Education and the entire university system. I don't think UBC is unique in its pathology-- culture of fear. Wilber really goes after the postmodern university and cites Kors and Silvergate's study in their book *The Shadow University: The Betrayal of Liberty on America's Campuses*-- the administrators are becoming Grand Inquisitors, they argue.[94] Boomeritis, in leftist garb, assaults liberty in trying to defend it (narcissistically)-- and a pathetic neo-liberalism results in some cases and a facist liberalism in others.

I too, am 'bit' by the deadly liberalism 'bug' and the green meme psychologism of the 'new age' human potential movement that has been the hegemonic matrix of our W. society since WWII. I have long been searching for a political social movement to create,[95] to belong to, to imagine... something. Melucci (1989) describes the essence of what I am looking for in a social movement and transdisciplinary inquiry (outside of the 'Fear' Matrix):

> The submerged networks of social movements are laboratories of experience. New problems and questions are posed. New answers are invented and tested, and reality is perceived and named in different ways.[96]

The Matrix (1999) film is like a performative research experience itself, at least for me. Formally, I feel so unproperly educated in the discipline of Education here in this country in these times. We're living in the shadow of the American Empire and there is no escape and Education seems one arm of the reproduction of the reign of terror in the past few centuries. We Canadians generally just collude with it and stay asleep. A piece of writing a few months ago slipped out. I thought of starting this dissertations with these words: *We are the 'innocent' shadow surviving. Canada is everything Northern Ireland is not. Canadians conveniently forget the terror of our security.* There's a good reason, not all of it clear to me, why I chose to place Part Two of this dissertation in Northern Ireland with characters (young people) from the Irish Republican Army. I feel like I want to move to Sweden or Norway to get some perspective. I feel a lot of rage these days.

D: Why not to Northern Ireland?

M: Lefebrve, a Marxist philosopher, was one of your professors at Nanterre in the late 1960s. Apparently, sources tell that he thought you were a "brilliant student" with very large vocal chords.[97] Is that so?

D: That's what they say. I was not their leader; I was a rebel acting spontaneously. The Movement had no organization, no structure, no hierarchy, no hard-and-fast programme. We just felt the impulse of what a lot of young people desired and were fed up not following it. But there was more. We felt the resistance of many groups, political revolutionaries, and workers, the poor and disenfranchised everywhere.

M: You were apparently the grease for the slide of the revolution to overtake the enemy. Your "impudent clowning" is famous, for winning political points. Some chroniclers who were there say you were

> Totally unimpressed by age, rank, or authority-- by all the protective cant of the adult world [adultism]-- his talent was to keep a mocking finger pointed at the Emperor's testicles. With breathtaking cheekiness he stripped the clothes from the stuffy university authorities, and hard-boiled the police-- PR genius.[98]

You were actually banned from Paris.

D: Apparently, so they tell me.

M: I am just starting to read the history of Marxism-Leninism and appreciate its conflict theoretical positioning, critical methodology of dialectics,[99] and conflict pedagogy for the vanguard of social movements, revolutions, and radical political parties. But anything marxist, small 'm', or communist, even small 'c,' is like a spectre of terror for people in this neo-liberal pc climate of the Canadian West where I hang out. We seem, as North Americans and university intellectuals, still traumatized by McCarthyism and I think we avoid thinking about how that 'fear' influences our teaching and research.[100] PC "liberal" thinking drives Wilber nuts too.[101]

D: France's campuses were unbelievable in 1968. I wished you could've been there. I wish all young people today could have been there. I'm not trying to make out like it was all wonderful either. There were horrid battles between who was going to lead what and who was going to be the identified political Party leading it all-- we had the various Marxist groups, Trotskyites, the Young Socialist Alliance, Radical Students Alliance, Castrists, Jeunesse Communiste Revolutionnarie, workers unions and Right wing groups-- you name it. But we were so united at Nanterre and then we took over the Sorbonne.

M: But what about all the violence, and the militants-- on both sides?

D: Your colors show, man!

M: What do you mean?

D: Listen to the story, don't listen for violence. 'Violence' is so corrupted of a word[102] it has become violence itself today, in the context of rampant liberalism and anti-

terrorist counterinsurgency propaganda. Listen. The Sorbonne. Listen. The Streets. The children and teens.

M: I hear ya Daniel. It is powerful to read what has been written about it, from people there at the time:

> One of the most astonishing sights of the May Revolution was thousands of schoolchildren marching to the slogan: 'Power is in the street, not in Parliament!' This is a phenomenon to make any Western government tremble: .... Radical ideas are sweeping through French lycees at a speed unknown in adult politics, transforming the tone of French school life, the relations between teachers and pupils, even the content of the syllabus.... This revolt has attracted less attention than that of the older boys and girls at university, but it is as thoroughgoing and, if anything, more significant for the future. Moreover the schoolchildren are organized for revolution in a way their elder brothers and sisters are not yet: the vehicle is the Comite d'action lyceen (CAL).[103]

When I think of the way most teachers learn about curriculum, educational reform and instructional change, it pales in spirit, fails in politics.

D: It fails in citizenry and participative democracy. It fails in its unacknowledgement of adultism, Michael. That failure is going to come back with vengeance on the educators, parents, the society. It is time the youth pass out the judgments... the report cards on the adult's work done in the 20th-21st centuries. It's an ethical nightmare this new kind of post-9-11 "war," that will never end. The curious thing about this war is that it is the old baby boomer males trying to fight-off the younger generation rebels who want a much bigger piece of the action. Looks like the young have come to haunt the adults, not unlike the 'generation gap' in 1968.

M: Interesting... your analysis. I haven't heard anyone, at least in the public sources, announce there is a growing Youth Revolution taking place, and it is being mis-read by W. adult authorities (mostly baby boomers) as "terrorism." My own limited travels in the Third World, of what ought to be called "underdeveloped countries," according

the critics of First World development policies,[104] was there are a lot of unemployed youth and basically very angry young men who are sitting in the local cafes watching American television. In Morocco, my wife and I saw a lot of steaming violence toward the First World (America) which was not treating them and their future with much care. They could watch on television what Others (Moderns) have that they *should* have-- advertisers of a consumer mentality are good at making people feel guilty and insecure if they don't have the latest bigger and better 'toys.' Progressive globalization, couched in liberalism, has an underbelly or dark side, and I'd call that terrorism. I prefer to call it *fearism*,[105] actually. Terrorism is merely the late stages of fearism, where fear has accumulated to such an extreme that it shows up in spectacles like the blowing up of America's symbols of power and money, owned and controlled by the wealthy-- and there just happen to be a lot of Christian-Zionist believers in New York and Washington, DC.

D: Lots of words, Michael. Lots of analysis. Things are so different now. I can't imagine for the life of me that students would revolt and take over a university like we did at Sorbonne.[106] That is what is different today. Thousands of us marched in and took it. We fought in the streets but we took the institution-- of power-- of where we wanted to make the change. We had meetings. We had extravaganzas. We painted the walls and decorated the place with red and black flags. We put up posters of portraits of Mao, Lenin, Marx, Trotsky, Castro and Guevara. We wanted revolutionary ideas and spirits all around us. We played music, danced, and met and organized some more. The rest is history. It was worth every bit of the scars we endured to remember what we were there for. I feel for your concerns, Michael. It is a different world today. But then... in a way, it isn't much different. The 'reformers' and the 'revolutionaries' in the May Revolution couldn't agree and our ranks split, and

various political Party groups also came into the movement, and the essential rebel spirit fell. We fragmented... and eventually the establishment took us down. But hey, that's a battle, and it never goes all your way.

M: Why were the 'reformers' a problem?

D: They were moderates.

M: Radical in talk, but walking another path?

D: Liberalism was the reformists' friend. And most of French society voted for it in the end. It wiped us out. The reformers were happy to settle and compromise. They thought a few reforms of the unversity system would do it. The revolutionaries wanted to march on, to grow, and swell forth, spilling out over and beyond the university campus and its local concerns. We wanted a universal revolutionary action to challenge President de Gaulle's autocratic regime and the entire society-- the entire world.

M: There is a lot of talk of educational and social reform these days. I'm sick of it myself. It is so shallow for the most part. Daniel, you were part of a rebel impulse on line with a deeper transformation not a mere translation of change, to use Wilber's terminology. I think the French Revolutions were both significant attempts to transform from one structure or worldview to another, in an evolutionary sense-- not just a political move. They were partly successful. Wilber's integral theory is useful to better understand these modernist revolutions, 1798, 1968. Let me fly with Wilber for a sec. Modernity itself is an epochal Revolution, some have referred to as the "Age of Reason and Revolution."[107] Modernity, and its new cognitive structure of egoic-rational perception and thought, was a terror to the holy traditions of the premodern mythic-membership structures and religions that held them together. From

modernity's view, the traditions of premodernity (*ancien regime*) had caused enough terror and blood-shed. Wilber[108] noted:

> The battle cry of the Enlightenment- Voltaire's 'Remember the cruelties!'-- was a call to end the brutal oppression often effected by premodern religion in the name of a chosen God or Goddess. The temples of those Deities were built on the broken backs of millions, who left a trail of blood and tears on the highway to heaven.

In a W. biased nutshell: Wilber sees the major Revolution of Modernity as a good thing, and evolution was already moving to birth the Age of Reason[109] (in ancient Greek philosophy)-- but it wasn't until the French Revolution that the full thrust of reason was ready to fully challenge the traditional regimes of power (religious and political) that were most often based on 'fear'-based mythical-membership (preconventional thought and morality), 'fear'-based reason, and a colonizing fearism[110] to control people-- of course, that fearism/terrorism was coded as "security" for the people-- what I would call adultism (or paternalism, as feminists might say) at its worst distortive invention. Just like today living under imperialist Americanism!

But not all the premodern world was bad. That is not the point of the critique. It is just that premodern thought generally was incapable of liberating human individuals from a collective hegemony that would not allow an individual freedom of choice, dignity and so forth. Premodern mythic-membership consciousness structures characteristically do not allow for putting yourself in another person's shoes when they come from a different worldview. Rather, it encourages the thought that if you are not part of our tribe's or nation's faith/belief system, well, then you must be against it... and we must kill you. To be blunt.

The postmodern "paradigm," as Wilber calls it, tends often to have a return eco-ethos to recapture premodern consciousness ("unity")[111] because reason (science) has brought us such nightmares as Hiroshima and environmental destruction with technology's advances. Progress, *via* reason (modernity), has become more and more mistrusted and questioned in what is called late or "reflexive-modernity" (e.g., Beck, 1992). And Wilber agrees, there is a dialectic of progress, and there are new fears and disasters with each evolutionary transformation-- until we get to the next level of evolution, and then, some things are solved, and some new fears and disasters, hopes and joys, are uncovered. These are human challenges that have always been there with growth and change. But Wilber is no fan of postmodern attempts to U-turn in the middle of evolutionary development. The perennial philosophy shows there to be many levels of development of consciousness (and societies) beyond modernity-- and, so why turn around and 'chick'n out' by rushing back to the tribal 'good ol' days'? It is going to be another disaster if we try it, says Wilber. I have to agree but you can read all the arguments in his writing and decide for yourself. Wilber shows the "integral" (vision-logic) stage as the next along the line of evolution beyond modernity and much of what poses as postmodernity.

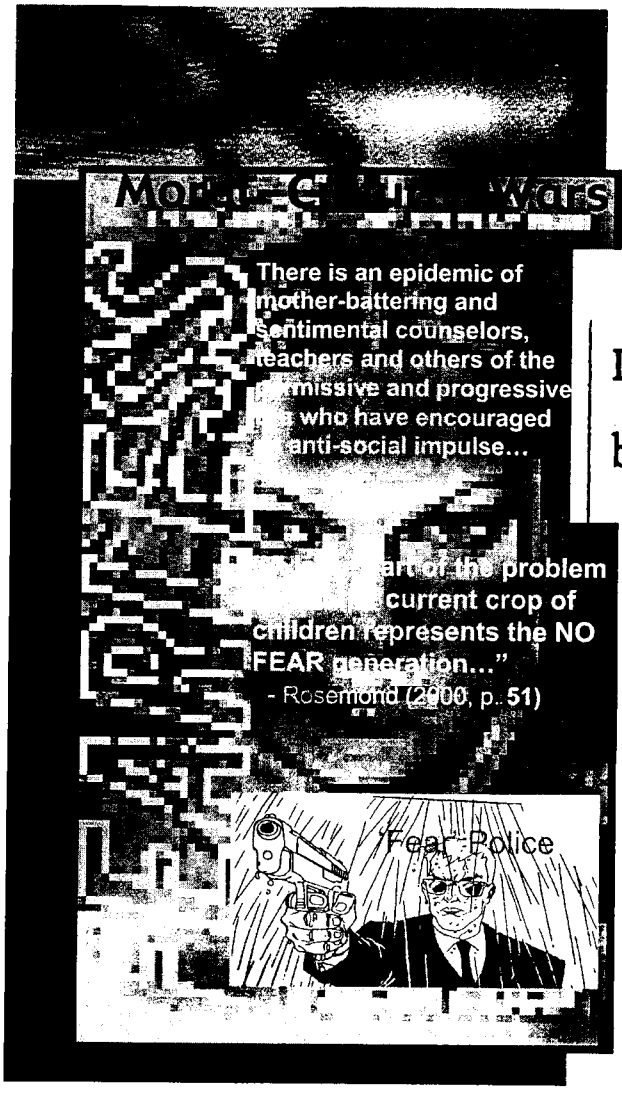
The French Revolution was an attempt to free the new structure of modernity from premodernity,but it went too far (as modernism), and created its own form of terrorism of the traditionalists in France-- called "The Reign of Terror." Modernism, is the ideological, shadow-side, the 'fear'-based side, which feels that it has to destroy the past, instead of integrate it into the new developmental structure. In 1968, things didn't go so far, maybe because modernity was better established and desired than in 1798. But there is always violence. The historical reality is a violent one for humanity, and we fool ourselves if we think there is no desire in the human psyche

for violence-- if needed to make the changes required. Violence is a form of conflict management, in the pursuit of the behavior of law for right and to show wrong (Black, 1998). The debate as to whether violence has to accompany revolutions or transformations or not-- well, that is a question to debate but not here. Reality shows what has happened. I'd like there to be no violence/hurting. I think deep down no one wants it. But what we want, and what we are desperately called to do in some social contexts, are two very different things. It is easy to judge and condemn a "terrorist" (rebel) from the outside-- a morally superior, dominant, comfortable position. Speaking on his conflictwork and understanding "terrorists" (of all kinds), Mindell (1995) wrote,

> People do not become rigid, abusive or fundamentalist out of the clear blue sky. Individuals and groups that behave abusively to one another have often been badly hurt. This is not an excuse, but it establishes the social context.... Since terrorists are not always aware that they are causing pain, accusing them of it won't help. In fact, expecting them to understand others' pain will exacerbate the problem. Such understanding can exist only between groups with equal social power. (p. 101) [He concluded that 'Calling them 'terrorists' is useless.' (p. 100)]

Calling the French Revolution "The Reign of Terror" is probably useless, too. Unfortunately, reformers and their liberalism or conservativism are nasty enemies of any "revolution" because they associate it with terror(ism). But would they, if they weren't forming their associations based in 'fear'-- their own 'fear'-- and ignoring what is actually going on beyond their own 'fear'? Could they see beyond their own 'fear' projection for a moment that they might be "terrorists" to those they call "terrorists"?

And the battle for who gets to call who "evil" and to eliminate them is underway. By the way, I get most terrified by people who are always "nice" and say they never are violent. Experience with those folks (mostly middle and upper class), has always ended with my deepest devastating wounds. You know, the ones who tell you



HEIGHTENED UNEASE

Increased fears may mean fewer tall buildings will go up

they love you most, say they'll help you and care, and give you the most-- hurt you most. I'll stop. I don't want to get all psychological in this political (re-)evolutionary discussion. I can't help my upbringing in North American liberalism.

D: You're forgiven.

M: So Catholic of you. Can't help your French confessionalism.

D: Guess not. I am all for the Age of Reason and Revolution and as Wilber argues, it is an evolutionary process of historical unfolding. I have pretty much left Hegel and Marx behind on big stories. Although, I guess Wilber's history is more one that is transcultural[112] and transhistorical.

M: He is interested in the history of the Kosmos.

D: That's so 'big.' I am interested in revolution and what the guy next door needs today and defending his or her right to get it. You, and just about everybody in comfortable industrial nations of the West are so concerned about violence. When I listen to all the Wilber stuff, I turn to my favorite French philosopher, J. P. Sartre, who would caution against the "type and degree of abstraction and reification employed in various theories," especially a Theory of Everything, as Wilber proffers because of "the violence done perceptually and conceptually to the human reality in its concrete fullness."[113] I rarely hear anyone concerned about this most subtle and damaging violence of theory.

M: Wilber and I would agree. But... to get anything? I think we have to ask ethical questions in revolutions in an Age of Reason. We have to ask reasons for why they want or need something.

D: If he doesn't have a job and his kids are hungry. There isn't any reason I need to know about. Do you?

they love you most, say they'll help you and care, and give you the most—hurt you most. I'll stop. I don't want to get all psychological in this political (re-)evolutionary discussion. I can't help my upbringing *In this culture of fear that relentlessy pre\ a life without this add\ to return to* Wilber argues, is an evolutionary process of historical unfolding. I have pretty much left Hegel and Marx behind *to the degree that I have satisfied my comrades of the left of the left of the left of the left, to the left* interested in revolution and what the guy next door needs today and defending his or her right to get it. You, and just about everybody in you can't just talk about everybody, you hav to talk about women beca there is no 'Theory of Women' and 'Fear' there is nothing of the sort in the annals of the digests and viscerals of human knowledge anywhere inserting dialogue fearlessness in boxes, and inserting the 'Fear' Matrix counter programming... insert disk now... do not wait... for instructions for it may be too late.

"Facing Fear" "Our favorite fears are usually in the service of our disease" [addictions].
It's a tricky disease and it scrambles to keep its claws in us. The more frightened we are of living, of growing, and of being ourselves, the more tempting it is to use an addiction... as a security blanket" -July 2 meditation- Schaef (1990)
Psych.Fear.Discourse.File No. 00001FACF1990AMERADDIC

"Governments have taken steps to ensure they work together towards ending the cycle of violence against women. [p. 2].... Living without fear through prevention and education" (p. 6) - Canadian Advisory Council on the Status of Women (1991)
Fem.Fear.Discourse.File No. 00001WOF1991CANEDUCVIOL

Because of "the violence done perceptually and conceptually to the human reality in its concrete fullness." I rarely hear anyone concerned about this most subtle and damaging violence of theory.

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D: If he doesn't have a job and his kids are hungry. There isn't any reason I need to know about. Do you?

M: Daniel, you led a major modern Revolution, albeit short. Excuse my presumptuousness as I make a few hypotheses to challenge you. You were students who were all fairly well off, in terms of basic needs. It was a revolution of the educated, not the poor and workers, at least not at first. You wanted things for sure. You wanted co-ed accommodations, more sexual freedoms; you wanted more choice of curriculum and a say in policy and regulations at the universities. But what drove you was ideas! You had a consciousness of liberation, and it extended to all. But you had to have a kind of broad idea, a broad reason-- and it wasn't just about basic needs. The French 'spirit'... you... you... you wanted to overthrow the entire *ancien regime* for one more time, one hundred and seventy years later... the impulse was there... fighting for what Wilber would call a new "space of possibilities"[114] and it involved imagining what could be in this world-- a "World Culture," a "Global Culture," as Frobenius wrote of in 1929.[115] It was in the French unconscious, and far beyond that. The revolution was a battle for worldviews, beyond ethnocentric desires and more colonialism. The French youth had had enough of that horror and the guilt of what France had done to Algeria. It was revolution from an ethnocentric to a worldcentric consciousness structure,[116] and the beginning of what Wilber would call "integral." It was fully a rational-egoic development beyond the mythic, tribal, membership communal structures of old, of blood lines, of religions, and patriarchal State arrogance and power and 'fear'-mongering. You were fighting for control, or at least more control, of the worldview that France represented at the time. You were battling your hearts out for determining a transformation of what Wilber would call the "*organizing regime of the society*"[117] of the W. world. From the Age of Revolution (Modernity, Reason), your own Rousseau's idea of *volunte generale* was a "... direct precursor to the American and French revolutions," according to Wilber.[118]

D: O.K. O.K. I've been Wilberized! *Viva la Francais, Viva la Wilber et integrale*![119]

M: Doesn't it make a difference to the meaning of a revolution-- your revolution-- when you can put it in a Kosmic evolutionary perspective? It does to me. I make different kinds of judgments about the surfaces of what is going on (including violence) in protests, in rebellions and revolutions, and I look for the evidence of deeper structures that want to change. I see individuals and organizations in these battles as actors of a much 'bigger' picture. It gives some appropriate distance for more objectivity and reflection.

As a 'warrior pedagogue' I assist the deeper changes, without getting lost in the surface changes and all the, often scary, chaos. Transformation, for Wilber (and I), is a deep change, not a common one, but a most important one-- often the hardest because it terrifies people so much. I want to develop my work on fearlessness in a Wilberian spiral dynamic context because I think we can assist people to not succumb pathologically to terror (fearism) in these changes, no matter how extreme. Of course we will feel feelings of being afraid, but I think the context gives meaning to feelings-- the cognitive structure shifts meanings and we can stand back from the feelings (disidentify from them somewhat) and see the 'fear' patterns and pathological side of value memes that keep us all suffering.[120] I'm so disgusted how educational systems, especially at the university level today, seem so inept to assist this integral transformation. Sorry to sum up so quickly, but I'm running out of time and space here in this dissertation, as Part Two is calling to unfold. Can I change course for a minute in our dialogue?

D: Sure. But hey, are you one of the Integral Movement's intelligentsia?[121] Really, just kidding. You have a worthy topic there. Keep at it. If they don't kick you out of university first. You know what they say....

M: 'Don't bite the hand that feeds you.' God, if I had a penny for everytime I've heard that one thrown my way...

D: You'd be healthy, wealthy and wise and ...

M: I'd be preaching liberalism.

D: I somehow doubt that. It looks like we can disagree on some things, but it is good to hear you are taking the French and our history seriously in your 'conflict' pedagogy. The best of liberalism "was born of the recognition of conflict" and an "essentially modern, tragic situation," according to Susan Mendus.[122] It appears we agree liberalism, with a toxic pluralism that denies conflict and terror of the 'commons' as an ideology, has to be fought and that it constitutes the worst side of the Modern State. Would you agree?

M: Ya. And let's remember that Modern State and Education go together. Politics and psychology go together. You like Sartre; I like Camus. And if that doesn't make sense to you or our listeners, how about the sense of the latest attack of American-British coalition war planes bombing in Iraq this morning. The latest news (September 26, 2002). The latest advance of anti-terrorism. I'm getting so pissed off... it's mostly despair at world politics and global insanity.

D: Look. We both want an emancipatory philosophy of politics that ethically guides learning and the teaching of youth in our world-- in a world fraught with wars and terrorism. Sometimes talking and writing about war seems so unreal, doesn't it?

M: Yeah. You know, Daniel, after reading Herbert Read's introduction in Camus's (1956) *The Rebel*, it struck me why I find the French activist-intellect, generally, stimulating and valuable. Read wrote, "It is a kind of book that appears only in France, devoted, in a passionate intellectual sense, to the examination of such concepts as liberty and terror" (p. i). That's it! The French historical landscape has

been pivotal in the playing out of the terrorist regimes, both the premodern and modern. Your philosopher-writers don't back away from talking about liberty and terror in the same breath, and they are talking about their own nation's development. Listen to Camus (1956):

> The strange and terrifying growth of the Modern State can be considered as the logical conclusion of inordinate technical and philosophical ambitions, foreign to the spirit of rebellion, but which nevertheless gave birth to the revolutionary spirit of our time. The prophetic dream of Marx and the over-inspired predictions of Hegel or of Nietzsche ended by conjuring up, after the city of God had been razed to the ground, a rational or irrational State, which in both cases, however, was founded on terror. (pp. ii-iii)

D: What we hear from liberal democratic (and conservative) leaders in America today, is a constant rhetoric that terror and freedom (liberty) are incompatible and terrorists are always labeled the enemy of freedom. These so-called terrorists are known as "freedom fighters" to their own groups and supporters.

M: Dominant rhetoric of elites gets so twisted and their control of media creates such false realities at times. Back to Read's comment on Camus. Anglo-Americans, generally, would not be so courageous. Canadians are silent. The State... especially the United States, tries to keep its liberty clean. It cannot admit that terror has run most of the formation of both a "rational" and "irrational" State during Modernity, in the Age of Reason. The very conception of Modernity, traditionally, is a Rational State free from fear, isn't it? That would be a long analysis, and I won't go there. The French have lots to teach the modern W. about internal terror(ism), fear(ism) and politics. That is the root of my attraction to your culture and history at this time, but I am not holding out for clean answers either.

D: Even though Sartre and Camus split as allies and friends,[123] they knew the trenches of Resistance during WWII and Nazi occupation. They were no typical

political philosophers. Their work was more literary, arts-based, expression and critique. You're an artist...

M: Yes. I am particularly attracted to that literary unveiling of historical consciousness, and utilizing the arts as a way to heal and transform history-- Wilber's *therapia* notion. With Camus publishing just after the Holocaust-- an experience Americans, generally, were distant to-- *The Plague* (1947) "... inaugurates the Age of Testimony as the age of the imperative of bearing witness to the [mass] trauma and the implications of survival...".[124] The French know fearism and its marriage with "rational" Nazism and the culmination of Modernity's great nightmare. Europe[125] has generally always been more "tuned-in" to the underbelly of the Enlightenment than have the new colonies in America. As for the Brits-- a puzzlement-- masters of denial, I'd say... I'll get to that more in Part Two of this dissertation as I explore the Irish vs. British nightmare of W. history.

D: I suspect American culture, as a whole, will some 60 years later or so, begin their full grieving and recovery of the trauma of September 11th, 2001. It takes time to be vulnerable to what has happened and to admit the gross indecency and inhumanity that the Age of Reason and technology brought to a people. I think Camus has the words for what I see as the American collective problematic, post-September 11th:

> The years we have gone through have killed something in us. And that something is simply the old confidence man[sic] had in himself, which led him to believe that he could always elicit human reactions from another man if he spoke to him in the language of a common humanity.... Mankind's long dialogue has just come to an end.... The result is that ... a vast conspiracy of silence has spread all about us, a conspiracy accepted by those who are frightened and who rationalize their fears in order to hide them from themselves.[126]

M: America's post-September 11th conspiracy is not so silent but a boisterous cheerleading renewed nationalism that sees the "enemy" and "evil" over there-- at

least for the majority of Americans, and certainly the military leaders in power. Its own brand of fearism and terror(ism). The world is going into a very dangerous war--American leaders can't decide whether the "party of fear" (Bush) or "party of good will" (Gore) politics[127] is the best way to deal with 'enemies.' I'll let Nostradamus do the predicting. Are we even making any sense, Daniel?

D: I wonder if Wilber writes about the Age of Testimony as the next stage after the Age of Reason, and its collapsing patriarchal towers of glory, liberty, and security built on the backs of millions.

M: No. He missed that, because Americans have to always stay optimistic, "happy positivists"-- even Wilber has criticized this but I think he falls into it too a bit. There is "hope" in the American psyche that is anathema to looking at its own obsession with "hope." I'm generalizing about the American middle and upper classes, of course. They are the great ones leading the world, they have to stay 'up' 'up' 'up'... it's all part of the mega-capitalist endlessly progressing way.

D: But such a view comes crashing 'down' 'down' down'... and flesh returns to dust.

M: That is transformation, in what Felman (1992) calls "a post-traumatic century." She wrote:

> Is there a relationship between crisis and the very enterprise of education?.... Is there a relation between trauma and pedagogy? In a post-traumatic century, a century that has survived unthinkable historical catastrophes, is there anything that we have learned or that we should learn about education, that we did not know before? Can trauma *instruct* pedagogy, and can pedagogy shed light on the mystery of trauma? Can the task of teaching be instructed by the clinical experience, and can the clinical experience be instructed, on the other hand, by the task of teaching? (p. 1)

Camus exemplifies the literary witness to the Holocaust. And I am greatly moved by that fearlessness and integrity.[128] Felman, speaking from a psychoanalytic reading of history *via* literature, argues that the modernist "poetic revolution" began in "the

ground-shaking processes unleashed by the French Revolution"[129] and any pedagogy worthy of integrity for our times is a "teaching" that "takes place only through a crisis." This teaching, like psychoanalysis, she argues is "performative, and not just cognitive" and it engages the terror ('fear') of any crisis.[130] Sounds gloomy, but that is very much my own view as well.

D: From a French perspective, it sounds exciting, Michael. I agree with you, for we have a very different relationships to terror in Europe generally, than North Americans.

M: That brings me to the last turn of our dialogue, Daniel. I want to talk about Wilber's take on the future and the terror(ism) of technology.

D: Before you do that. I gotta pee... [five minutes later] I was thinking that I don't want to hear more Wilber, but more you. Can you tell me more what it is that turns you on with Wilber's work? How you and Wilber locate politically? I find his work so psychological, spiritual, and not much use for...

M: Politics? Revolutions? What if I was to suggest he is a major leader-philosopher today of something like what Englehardt (1978) called *The Silent Revolution*[131] in the W. industrial societies?

D: Not my style.

M: OK. But you can't write off revolutions so easily, just because they are not your style and leaders are not like you and it isn't 1968. There will be time to shout, perhaps, in the revolution of what Englehardt saw as many new social movements coming together to pursue a philosophy and politics of "postmaterial values"...

D: For a postmodern world?

M: Sure.

D: But religion and politics are a bad mix. Look at the American-Afghanistan situation, the Middle-East...

M: I know it is an acidic mixture, but one we can't ignore. Wilber is offering some alternatives to the way conflict, battles, and wars are being fought. He is not preaching "love n' light" and "let's all live in peace and harmony." I like his work for being foundationally a conflict theory and model of practice, I would call conflictwork. Of course, his language is often Buddhist, transpersonal and spiritual-- although, less and less so, as he is pragmatically framing his overall project within the integral (vision-logic) level of consciousness-- the next step in evolution beyond egoic-rational. If we don't blow ourselves up first, this will be a major accomplishment, Wilber believes.[132] There is no Pollyannish hopeism in his work. I think it is very realistic and practical-- often terrifyingly too realistic for many.[133]

My interpretation, once you get beyond the surface appearances of his writing, is that he offers the world a new (and ancient) conflict model. He says, start with yourself. Learn how to discover the sources of conflict within you that cause suffering. If you don't, you'll spread that to others and breed more conflict in the world of relationships-- suffering will be increased *via* violence of some form. And his theory of violence begins in the epistemological and ontological domain of how worldviews are constructed by dualisms-- thought, and perception of divisions that cause "alienation from ourselves, from others, and from the world" -- creating boundaries where they don't exist; we create a Hell on Heaven (Earth).[134] I'm simplifying horribly for brevity's sake. Most people would not see Wilber as a conflict theorist or revolutionary leader-- I assure you, even a lot of the people who admire and follow his work closely. Anyway, he and I see eye-to-eye on a lot about the world, and we have a similar pedagogical project. I've recently written a major

critical review of other educators using Wilber's theories, but I found there is little serious application in professional educational literature at this time.[135] We both want to design a 'conflict' pedagogy (my words)-- which the Buddha spoke out long ago in his own words: To understand everything about suffering and to end that suffering through understanding and compassion. This is the stuff of good education and great teachers, in my view, and we are all of "beginner minds" on this path of liberation.

It's easy for cynicism to slice at Wilber's opening ideas and the perennial philosophy in context of an overall secular political climate. Liberalism cuts it all to pieces and so does conservativism, the latter, as it brandishes various "correct" religious beliefs. He cites a lot of mystic-sages from around the world to make his point that there is a "unity consciousness" beyond language, beyond normal consciousness, beyond any one religion, philosophy, or system of thought-- and it is available to all. This unity consciousness is based on what R. M. Bucke called "the foundation principle of the world, of all the worlds, ... what we call love...".[136] But Daniel, Wilber and I also disagree on lots. Although I buy the notion that love is the foundational principle of the world, 'fear' is our daily bread-- and fearlessness is our damned hard work. As for Wilber's or my politics, well, that is ever evolving for me and I think our conversation has brought out lots. Wilber's politics is slippery and I am currently doing a major study of his writing in order to analyze his political philosophy and its evolution in the past thirty years. One tid-bit from his 1981 book, *Up From Eden*, is interesting though. He wrote of the future possibilities:

> ... politicians, if they are to govern all aspects of life, will have to demonstrate an understanding and mastery of all aspects of life-- body to mind to soul to spirit (if that proves impossible, the role of politics will be severely limited to the management of lower-level exchanges, and a new type of [rebel] 'parapolitics,' as in 'paramedics,' will evolve). (p. 326)

I always wanted to be a parapolitical guerrilla pedagogue! Wheeeeee.....!

There are some real problems with his implicit politics in the marriage of science and religion, and his perennial philosophy American style. As you may know, that combination is not far from Freemasonry type of goals-- to bring a transcendent hierarchical and evolutionary dimension into the political sphere of American politics.[137] Admirable, but dangerous in today's climate of fear. He is a non-dual thinker[138] for the most part, and so he is not in the camp of conservatives or liberals *per se*-- his revolution is moving more silently underneath but it will likely become more up-front and politically contentious soon-- and it already has to some degree. It's a small whimper yet, Daniel. I know you have to go soon, and I want to get to our technology discussion before we run out of time. I also want to say that Wilber's work has greatly influenced my own thought and writing about a conceptualization I refer to as The 'Fear' Project-- which in its latest extension forms my notion of the 'Fear' Matrix, which this dissertation is all about.

D: What is The 'Fear' Project?

M: Most people never ask. Thanks. It would take a book to cover the topic and its evolution in my own thought for the past 20 years. What I want to acknowledge is that Wilber's work, in various conceptualizations throughout his career as a writer, has been invaluable, for example his ideas of "Dualism-Repression-Projection," "immortality project," "Atman project" and "Phobos-Thanatos." All of these can be found in his writing up to and including 1995-96. After that he drops this discussion and these terms, and favors "Flatland." In Fisher (1997) I argued that all of Wilber's critics have missed *the* most important part of Wilber's writing. I'm biased. But I actually think they have, and I think they have because they were too afraid to face what Wilber had synthesized about the human experience-- and the 'Fear' Project[139]

that we are producing and consuming-- the project that madly drives W. culture[140] and you name it... our obsession or addiction in a 'fear'-based worldview, and style of violent living that unfolds continually from it-- from a terrified 'self' structure/identity. Fearism, is another expression of The 'Fear' Project-- the Forget Project-- the Denial Project-- the continual hiding (*via* dissociation) from 'fear' and its devastating formations on this planet. It will kill us, if nothing else does first. This has to be said because the evidence is, virtually no one is saying it-- not Wilberites, not his critics, virtually nobody[141]-- although, there are some very interesting websites appearing in the last year or so that are naming the 'Fear' Matrix,[142] independently as a term and construct, from my own labeling of that term and construct two years ago, after seeing the film *The Matrix*. See the front cover of this dissertation as an artistic expression of my own attempt to make sense of a lot of the information in the popular media re: a 'Fear' Matrix. The other major contribution Wilber has made to my own work has been his quest for a critical integral theory of knowledge (epistemology). I may talk about that more in Part Three: Methodology, of this dissertation. But suffice it to say, Wilber has searched for a non-violent knowledge/methodology of knowing, and one that, in my words, is not based on 'fear.' He has layed out a 'map' and methodological approach to a "spectrum" of knowing in which all knowledges about any topic can be integrated into a whole picture. But his picture is not a relativistic "Flatland" model of knowing-- not a cataloguing of eclectic bits trying to make a whole-- as you can see if you look at the web site *Humanity Quest* and its attempt to compile vastly different kinds of information on fear (and 499 other values) in the human domain.[143] Lots of surfaces but no depth, and no critique. Wilber's theory guided me, many years ago, to ask serious questions (not unlike Foucault) about the sociological and political biases behind the way we construct knowledges about 'fear'

and prescribe ways to best handle it. This is analogous to his early concern about the various kinds of knowledges about conflict and psychologies, with their often contradicting diagnoses and prescriptions of the problems of people and humankind as a whole.[144] All knowledge about fear ('fear') is a form of *'fear' education*, in my view. I want that seriously questioned, from day one. *Fearuality*, like sexuality, is too important to be left to chance, or to biased positions of knowledge and prescriptions that do not invite nor enter into critical dialogue and doubt about their own propositions and assumptions. I guess I rely on Wilber's philosophical positioning to develop my own philosophy of 'fear' (or insecurity). Such a philosophy would eventually guide a *fearless pedagogy* and *critical 'conflict' pedagogy*. There is virtually no systematic research or general inquiry on the problematics regarding knowledges about 'fear' (or fearlessness). That is where I am heading in the long run.

D: Cool art work, man. Thanks. I need to study all this stuff later; it's a bit overwhelming. Very interesting, though. I think knowledge is important but it is more of the same illness of all revolutionary movements if it stops with the elite-- you Wilberians, or academics, ... Illich put it nicely in reference to revolutionary leaders:

> The policy goals of most revolutionary movements and governments I know.... make futile promises that-- once in power for a sufficient length of time-- more of everything which the masses have learned to know and to envy as privileges of the rich will be produced and distributed. Both the purveyors of development and the preachers of revolution advocated more of the same. They define more education as more schooling, better health as more doctors, higher mobility as more high-speed vehicles. The salesman for United States industry, the experts for the World Bank, and ideologues of power for the poor seem to forget that heart surgery and college degrees remain beyond the reach of the majority for generations. The goals of development are always and everywhere stated in terms of consumer value packages standardized around the North Atlantic-- and therefore always and everywhere imply more privileges for a few. Political reorganization cannot change this fact; it can only rationalize it.[145]

Spiritual development of consciousness, or integral consciousness, is a dangerous American export, susceptible to the same misuses of development policies and programs in First World countries, relative to underdevelopment in Third World countries-- because of the way the structures of power are historically arranged in this world of the colonizers and the "wretched" colonized. You nor Wilber can do anything to those structures unless you burn them down; and you better be prepared to die, if you do.

Look, I better close off here. I read what you gave me earlier on Wilber's take on "The Terror of Tomorrow," written in 2000.[146] I'd have to say it is stunning regarding insights into technology and our terrifying future. There is little doubt in my mind that revolutions and revolutionaries, generally, have not taken fully into account the evolution of the machine-human interface and the production of "technoculture"[147]...

M: Right on... and the "technologizing of the self"[148] and cyborgization[149]....

D: It's all a bit out of my league, I must admit not owning a computer myself-- but one doesn't have to believe in Luddism,[150] to want to fight back at what is happening in the Real vs. Virtual war that is going on. Isn't that what *The Matrix* is all about?

M: For sure. Sci-fi in novels, TV and film have a way of showing us our worst nightmares.[151] This genre of narrative gives us a standpoint of critique. Epistemologically speaking, they are likely a great source of wisdom, if we can tap it. I think to do that, we have to accept and then reject technology. I know that sounds paradoxical. It's like you have to accept you have a body-extension, or a cancer, or a disease, or an addiction, before you can reject it in a way that is compassionate and undistressed, without fear. I mean a healthy sacred warrior accepts the enemy and honors their existence and difference, before going to battle.[152] There is no need to destroy the enemy. That's how I read the texts and practices of the warrior pedagogue

and that is what I attempt to live in my own life.

D: Good luck. I know Jesus, Mahatma Gandhi, Martin Luther King believed you gotta love your enemy to defeat them. But Malcom X had a different way...

M: I don't think there are any formulas for the right way in all situations, but I have learned that ethical choices have to be based on acceptance first and then saying "No!" to that which is hurtful, toxic and adds to 'fear' and the suffering of all beings. I have read many important critiques of our abuses of "technique" within the dominating ideology of a "technological society" (e.g., Barrett, 1979; Ellul, 1965; Grant, 1969; Mumford, 1963). I highly support the critiques of "technopoly" (Postman, 1986, 1983) and I am a fan of writers that point to the loss of quality and soul that so often accompany technology and its uses in education (e.g., Bowers, 1993, 1995; Fisher, 1986; Sardello, 1984; Walker, 1985).

D: I don't blame technology. I blame the idiots who don't use it ethically.

M: A common argument from technocrats, not that I think that is what you are. Mander (1991), an interesting cultural critic who first dared challenge TV back in the late seventies (Mander, 1977), has argued that 'Machines don't cause problems, people do'-- is highly overrated for its worth. The nice clean-cut boundary, that humanists seem to love, is that, between human (subject) and machine (object).

D: That nasty alienating dualism arises again, as Wilber would call it-- I suppose there is no boundary. Gosh, sounds like I'm being infected by the Wilberian virus.

M: You're learning how to apply non-dual thinking. Haraway (1985, 1991, 1998) has been an important source of writing on cyborgs. She is not an anti-cyborg or anti-technology critic. She does blur the boundaries of the dualism of human and machine, and pushes our thinking to a whole different level of discussion. She looks forward, with cautions, to the new possibilities of identities and locations for

intelligences and 'humans' to operate within. She opens the way for new solutions to the old human vs. machine dualism, and its rather pale old arguments, which don't stand up, generally, to the blurring of boundaries and a postmodern critique. Wilber hasn't engaged her work or others in this genre of cyborgs-- at least, I haven't seen it published, if he has. He ought to, for without it, I find his entire thinking still locked within the framework of a humanist-modernist discourse. Not that such a discourse is bad in itself, but it is very limited in its imaginary for the future. *The Matrix* film and my screen play in Part Two are all about the future and cyborgs-- and their problematics in a world between authentic "humans" so-called, and "artifical" intelligent machines. There is an old battle underlying this, don't you think? Nature vs. Culture. Anyway, it is complicated by introducing the "cyborg" (i.e., human-machine; nature-culture). In *The Matrix* it is an interesting triangulation of relationships (human-cyborg-machine), and I want to explore it in my own research, especially in regard to the nature and dynamics of 'fear.' I guess, this intrigues me as someone who has done systemic family therapy for years with many families and their interlocking triangulations. It's a puzzle, that is fun trying to solve, if I look at it as 'patterns that connect' (*a la* Gregory Bateson)-- and that is the learning I am most interested in for myself and when I teach-- learn with-- others.

D: I can't wait to read your screen play. I suppose you are one of those types that blurs the boundary between teaching and therapy, too?

M: Yes, if anything is clear in my philosophy of education, that is-- learning and the therapeutic have always been a blurry boundary-- a no boundary relationship for me. But I am fortunate to have had training in both areas, and I see that there is no big difference between quality education and quality therapy-- they are both always heading for the truth-- and that is often painful for the learners/clients involved.

D: Transformation, freedom... can be a terrifying thing, as Wilber would say.

M: Or Sartre. He said, "Freedom is terror," didn't he? See... now, I'm becoming a Sartrean. Anyway, Wilber is not against technology or cyberspace, or the virtual, as long as they are seen as 'maps' to the Real, and not mistaken or misappropriated for the Real. As much as I like this Korzybskian distinction, I believe it has flaws when we look at what Mander is arguing. David Smith, a critical educator, wrote,

> Cultural interpreter, J. Mander has suggested that American society is 'the first in history of which it can be said that life has moved inside media,' by which is meant that increasingly people are living not from within the matrix of their own thought and action but vicariously, living through representations of life constructed by others.[153]

Machines and technology, for Mander, are the medium of human existence *a la* Marshall McLuhan's idea of "the medium is the message"-- is the identity. If you think in terms of identity for 'humans' as a Matrix-identity-- a cyborg-- and so on. I suggest you the watch film to get this more deeply than I can describe it. Mander[154] is onto the critique of technology, in a Foucauldian fashion, where the technologies and machines are not merely 'hard' objects 'out there' separate from 'soft' subjects (humans using them). The entire relationship, rather, is nondual, blurred by "mutating boundaries"[155] or no boundaries, and a discourse of power/knowledge networks that flow in and out of apparent 'humans' and 'machines' ('technologies'). The technological discourse has a life of its own, and constructs the human-machine/ technology relationship as much as the discourse is shaped by the agents of the discourse. It sounds all very complex I know. But that is life in a technimatrix. The impacts of this discourse, or relationship, are still unfolding, but Wilber and I, Mander, Haraway, and others, would not suggest it is all bad. No relationship is 100% bad. It is part of the Kosmos, as Wilber would say, and there is spirit in everything that is the Kosmos.

D: So technology turns out to be a discourse in this new cultural analysis?

M: Sure. Technology is a discourse and a teaching, and a pedagogy, if you think about Foucault's more subtle translations of "technologies of power" and "technologies of the self"[156]-- everything becomes more complex, subtle, layered, if not subliminal, when we speak about technology within a cultural-linguistic postmodern sensibility. I'm barely beginning to 'get it' myself. And the 'it' becomes less and less something to 'get.' But I am quite certain that Poulantz's conception and Foucault's regarding "technologies of regulation, propaganda and discipline,"[157] are central to any contemporary critique of W. society. Basically, that means, punishment (and its technologies) from authorities, has moved 'inside' more and more effectively to control us-- to control rebellion-- to manage conflict-- to manage 'fear'-- to control social order. Terror ('fear') is the technology of punishment. Nothing new. But more sublime in a cultural-mediated W. world and I suspect every part of humanity is quickly being brought into this mediated punishment regime with globalization. Not only is the State terrorizing itself to prove it is courageous (as Marx said)-- the people in the State-- are in that state of terror(ism) and reproducing it to terrorize themselves to prove they are courageous. Lefebvre, would say we do that in everyday micropractices and the State's everyday macropractices of late capitalism. We end up, following along this line of thinking, to an inevitable critical examination of what Massumi (1993) called "technologies of fear."[158] Enough.

Wilber's bigger concern is the one-sided Flatland ontology and epistemology of the W. scientific-technological world. We have overdeveloped the empirical scientific side of knowing and not kept up with developing the inner intuitive value/ethical side of knowing. The exterior overdevelopment has led to technological growth and the "technological imperative" that has lost "wisdom, care and

compassionate use of that technology," Wilber[159] says. The technology problem, as Wilber puts it, is that people at a high level of consciousness can invent technology and have good intentions, but most of the people who use it are at one or more levels below the consciousness that produced it. They tend to use it in ways it was not intended, or without wisdom and understanding that goes with the creation of such a new technology. Thus, he suggests an integral approach to inventions in technology must be accompanied by a whole educational process, where these technologies invented are brought to learners who are encouraged and supported to develop a similar level of conscious understanding as the inventor of that technology, even if it is not a stable consciousness, it at least is temporarily able to understand the technology by design and not merely what selfish use the technology can be put to. Moral consciousness, in other words, has to be developed by all inventors and users of technology. Wilber summarizes his view of the modernist dilemma:

> From atomic holocaust to ecological suicide, humanity began facing on a massive scale its single most fundamental problem: lack of integral development. Today, with the rise of powerful second-tier technologies-- from quantum-level energy production to artificial intelligence (robotics) to systematic genetic engineering to nanotechnology unleashed on a global scale-- humanity is once again faced with its most primordial nightmare: an explosive growth in ... technologies has not been met with an equivalent growth in interior consciousness and wisdom. But this time, the lack of integral growth might signal the end of humanity itself. Bill Joy, cofounder of Sun Microsystems, writing in *Wired* magazine ('Why the Future Doesn't Need Us,' April 2000), caused a sensation with his estimate that within fifty years,[160] technological advances in genetics, robotics, and nanotechnology might mean the end of the human species: genetics, in that we might intentionally or accidentally create a White Plague; robotics, in that we will be able to download human consciousness into machines, thus ending humanity as we know it; nanotechnology, in that a 'gray goo' (a nanomachine equivalent of the White Plague) could turn the biosphere into dust in a matter of days. Scientists he quoted put the odds at 30-50% that humanity will not survive the century.... [Wilber's retort:] We will devise *integral* solutions to these global nightmares or we will very likely perish.[161]

D: Tell that to a young person with a straight face.

M: And an open heart of compassion.

D: Or, guilt? If adultism exists, it is surely in denial of its treatment of the future of our childrens' legacy-- this planet earth. Come on, we cannot go back to 'love is the answer,' for fuck sake.

M: Wilber would agree, as he embraces the Dalai Lama's *Ethics for the New Millenium,* but responds with a developmentally-sensitive critique:

> ... we cannot simply recommend love and compassion per se, for those unfold from egocentric to ethnocentric to worldcentric, and do we really want an increase in ethnocentric love? Isn't that exactly the cause of much of these problems? The Nazis loved their families, their race, their extended tribe.... Not only have religions caused more wars than any other force in history, they did so in the name of an intense love of God and country.... Surely, by 'love and compassion,' the Dalai Lama and other leaders are actually calling for postconventional, worldcentric, universal love and compassion. But that is a stage of development reached by less than 30 percent of the world's population, whereas virtually 100 percent of the world's population might soon have access to globally destructive technologies....[162]

D: OK. Finally, Michael, what does Wilber offer in terms of education for the future?

M: Integral education. He argues for an integral form of the "holistic" education of the past 30 years or so. He is also critical of "holistic" approaches that are subtle reductionist accounts of the world, reality and Kosmos.[163] He sees flatland dominating so much of our current education. He calls for an integral core curriculum. But he doesn't have much more to say. But he guides the reader to the Institute of Integral Education forming. I have more research to do on that to see what is happening.

D: I have to go now. It has been a good experience traveling with you.

M: Before you go, and I know we may not see each other again, in our different worlds-- I wanted to tell you that our dialogue has been truly transformative. I have

come to realize that I desire to nurture the origin and development of the youth wing of the Integral Movement, and likewise a feminist wing. A joy has entered my life again knowing where I belong. I owe this emergent discovery to our dialogue. The End

END NOTES

[1] End Notes– what does that mean? The 'voices' weave overlapping, repeating, inserting. I wish sometimes I could just write for the reader's comfort. But I refuse! The End Notes give me freedom to speak in a more "natural" cultural tone and style that goes with my background. You'll see what I mean, if you are interested to read on. Through these End Notes you will see fairly quickly that I am beginning a wholesale personal separation (divorce? perhaps) from anything called Education. Now, I must do the same with Philosophy (capital 'P').

I have been "trained" in Education, and I feel it is time at 51 years of age to dispense with it. "In the words of the great Eastern sage, Ramana Marshi, 'Illiteracy is ignorance and education is learned ignorance. Both are ignorant of the true Aim'" (cited in Wilber, 1982, p. 110). Boldly, that "true Aim" and my own aim here are part of a *fearless project.* The "aim of education," as so many philosophers have espoused throughout history, continually falls short of a Wilberian challenge-- a fearless challenge to no longer accept "learned ignorance" as "education."

What does the aim of education look like outside of the 'Fear' Matrix? This entire dissertation is all about that question, albeit, I have constructed a rather labyrinthinal way of explicating this fearless aim of education in the 21st century *via* the guidance of something I call "fearless leadership." It is not a linear unpacking that suits this mission, and thus, the dissertation style utilizes lots of purposeful rambling-- for initiates. These End Notes (my artist's desire) provide a space to sculpt further what emerges in the main text.

The problems of leaving big 'E' Education are ultimately linked to Education's virtually impossible capacity to declare its own adultism– but let this story unfold further before confronting adultism and feminism (head-on) and before unveiling (or avoiding) their dangerous relationship. I also want to declare that my future interest in Education or Philosophy is going to be a 'feminist' one. Part Three of this dissertation explores this orientation and rationale.

Back to the point (if there is one): I have not been "trained" in Philosophy, and thus, I feel more embarrassed to begin to dispense with it because I have no standing or cultural capital to even think I could divorce myself from some 'body of knowledge' that doesn't give a hoot's ass whether I, or my ideas, exist or not. My distance from Philosophy, as a discipline,

has a lot to do with classism. Education, as a discipline, seems more working class to me-- unions, and ordinary people. That's me. Stereotypes of "educators" are not usually positive amongst the populus and other academic departments. Educators are people who can't make it in other more demanding intellectual disciplines-- so they go into Education. Stereotypes of "teachers" also are hardly inspiring overall, at least in W. popular TV/film culture of late modernity. That's the discourse one hears in the society. That's what I grew up on. I feel some shame that I have long felt comfortable in Education. Philosophy sounds more upper class, for only the brilliant minds of our world-- although, I often think Cherfas (1979) had a good point that "Philosophers... [merely] have more time to worry about such things..." (p. 383), as most of us don't have the luxury for, as we have to 'work' for a living. That's a slippage of my heritage! I imagine philosophers, albeit, not a single type, are generally more brilliant thinkers than I. They come from academic upper class backgrounds often. With better diets and 'safer' homes, their brains grow bigger and more complex structures during child development. They read, I'm told, the great philosophers, out of curiousity, by age 12. I don't come from such elite stock. My familial ancestors, with barely eight years of schooling, ended up in WWII as young teens to young adults, while following an alcoholism that was unbeatable and mental health problems that were inescapable; all factors that were part of ending their full development as critical thinkers. Therapeutically, I was "emotionally abandoned" and born with "fetal alcohol syndrome." I'm not sure that is true, but it feels true, especially when I get into being "victim."

My I.Q. in highschool was measured once and it came out at 105 (Stanford Binet). That's marginally average. My grade 10 (non-university track) home room was labeled by the school as 10-L. Everyone in the school knew exactly how far that was away from the students in 10-A. Nobody talked about "streaming" in my home room. I've met really big I.Q. people who are in Philosophy departments or specializing in philosophy of education but I've never got along with them. They were probably in 10-A. I've tried, and probably over-tried. I have imagined they immediately pick up on my working class (10-L) clumsiness in language and thinking and get irritated by my untrained philosophical manners. They are quickly impatient with me, I guess, because I spout off idiosyncratic ideas too often, without having first taken formal philosophy courses-- especially from them. I can't quote Aristotle. I dropped Philosophy 201 (Logic) after one month in 1978-- upon reflection, it was probably because I was not cognitively capable of thinking in formal operations. That darn developmental delay (dysplasia)-- because of being raised in an alcoholic lower-working class family of peasants!

These philosophers I met characteristically seemed so arrogant and snobby (my own shadow projection?). We always were in a battle-- for truth?-- for honesty-- for who's persona (ego) was a "lie"? Who was coming from the most 'fear'? Something, ineffable, bugged me about their mannerisms and pomposity-- and the fact that they never seemed to be able to look me in the eye, and/or admit they had an emotion or feeling when they were with me. "As Philosophia said to Boethius in his distress [imprisonment], 'You have forgotten who you are'" (Wilber, 1982, p. 65). I felt these fearful men had forgotten who they are.

Being born and raised working poor shaped my *philosophia*, which takes a different 'root' (and takes different 'routes') than those many white bourgeois philosophy guys I've met over my life time. I wanted to belong. The one or two women philosophers I've met seemed more human (less ego-centered), at least on the outside. It is seductive and too easy, to idealize the feminine philosophia. Perhaps these women philosophers captured the caring spirit and humility of *philo sophia* (love of wisdom), or the principle of the ancient Sophia, as the "higher wisdom" that enspirits all who fearlessly pursue the truth, the good, and the beautiful. I look at Hildegard's art image of Sophia (Mother Wisdom: Mother Church) from the 12th century in the German Rhinelands, and read she is "wisdom personified" (Fox, 1985, p. 70)-- and I would add, she is a terrible monster and terrifying mother symbol to pathological egoical patriarchy (see Wilber, 1981). Depending on the perspective referent,

Sophia, can be seen as a wise caring Mother and as "terrorist." I explore this problem of perspective referent and feminine wisdom throughout the dissertation, constantly asking how the 'Fear' Matrix is structured, and how it's programmed to inhibit Sophia-- a female fearless leader (feminine philosopher-- integral philosopher)? I've dedicated Part Two of this dissertation to a 'feminist' perspective of the rebel, of transformation, and the possibilities of life on a fearlesship. I call on Sophia's articulations within the screen play of this dissertation to perform her magic and enchantments, and I imagine that they will overflow into Part One at times, with its more academic qualities of writing.

In my past, and recent experiences, I have found, generally, Canadian older adult male philosophers (all white, often of British heritage), very hurtful, and bordering on cruel; but I am certain they did not intend to be, and no doubt they were very clear on using reason and rational logic as benign forms for making distinctions between 'good' thoughts (people) and 'bad' thoughts (people). But I was mad. One day I found Nussbaum (1994) and read the quote from Epicurus: "Empty is that philosopher's argument by which no human suffering is therapeutically treated" (p. 13). Sign me up as an Epicurean please. But I'm also, like Wilber, a bit of a neo-Hegelian, in believing there is a "true philosophy" (beyond ego and careerism). Wilber (1981) wrote, "... true philosophy was, for Hegel, the conscious reconstruction of the developmental-logic or stages/levels whereby Spirit returns to Spirit-- in Hegel's words 'The task of philosophy is to [reconstruct] the life of the Absolute [historical fearlessness]' (p. 316). In my words, the task of philosophy is to understand the life of 'fear' but be not (entirely) of it-- in and out of the 'Fear' Matrix. How could I be speaking about true philosophy? I was from 'low' culture and they were from 'high,' and everything they were and I was-- separated us-- an enormous abyss-- and the illusion of superiority fought horribly to keep us in smoke-burdened clouds. I'm sure they found me somewhat ignorant and naive because I just wasn't informed or well-read. I admit, I still cannot (will not) read a complete work of the Greek philosophers without putting it down after a half-hour and forgetting it under my bed for months. I don't speak French or German, or Latin either, and so, that always felt like it kept me out of 'the circle' of scholarly philosophy, or anything else in academe, for that matter. But I think Robert Bly (1990) has a more psychological answer to the problem. Older men in the W. modern world have been so hurt, they have given up on being wise initiators and mentors to younger men-- the latter, who are being raised with absent fathers in the (post-) industrial age. Male pathology boils and spills over all our young boys, young men-- and violence results.

I have never taken a 'pure' Philosophy course in my life. I couldn't take in much of the abstract thought in philosophy of education courses, because the professors were unbearably dry and I was irretrievably distracted. I wasn't at formal operational thought until well into my thirties. Yet, I have been journaling diligently and reflectively-- doing it all now-- philosophizing daily-- for over 30 years. I rarely miss a day to take this time out and contemplate. The philosophers couldn't stand how psychological I was, because I enjoyed reading Freud, Jung, James, and a lot of popular humanistic psychology stuff and Ken Wilber's transpersonal psychology/philosophy. But Wilber has been virtually completely rejected by academic Philosophers, much to his dismay and mine-- so, I just couldn't talk the philosopher's language, and I didn't have a clue what reification meant or deconstruction-- in those days-- before grad school. Today, I have my trusty *Harper Collins Dictionary of Philosophy* beside my desk. I think what really put me off of professional philosophers was that they were never interested in my writing on 'fear' and the topic seemed to be a non-topic to them. I talked to a couple philosophers, in the Philosophy Department, at The University of British Columbia, who seemed likely candidates to supervise me at one point. Their eyes glazed over and they looked at their watches. In five minutes, maybe ten, I left the room. I at least expected to get something going with one of them who actually was writing on fear (Mathan, 1998)-- but no interest arose. They looked at me as being a bit flaky and

superficial. These two philosophers could see the philosophy of emotions as relevant and respectable for scholarly inquiry (e.g., Calhoun & Solomon, 1984; James & Lange, 1922). They didn't see (or didn't want to see) I was going down a different road with 'fear' as a phenomena that was more than an emotion or feeling. Their display of ignore-ance astounded me, although, I think it was a problem of their being stuck in rigid disciplinarity and I was going transdisciplinary in my study of 'fear.' I was very disappointed in graduate school as I approached many philosophers who weren't even curious about fearlessness-- when philosophical thought has always struck me "ideally" as a pursuit of truth without fear.

Personal journaling is great and Jung put me onto that mode of communicating with the unconscious through spontaneous writing, reverie, and dreamwork. Sometimes I draw, scribble, rant and rave. Sometimes I record what is going on that has 'stuck' in my brain. I'll engage dreams. Often, I draw models and develop theories-- but mostly, I am philosophizing. This rather introspective dissertation *is* philosophizing. "Introspection may be considered simply another term for *philosophizing*, and it is philosophizing, by any other name, that seems to be the treatment modality of this level" (Wilber, 1986, p. 135).

Wilber follows and updates a developmental universal philosophy called the *philosophia perennis* (perennial philosophy, cf. Huxley, 1970;) and thus, he speaks of levels (of consciousness in evolution). I relate to this philosophizing level, what he calls Fulcrum 5-- because it is where formal reflexive critical cognitive thought takes place. But for Wilber, it is not just for reason and abstraction, searching for proofs, or for an overcontrolling order based on logocentrism-- it is a level that is more than that. It is where the 'philosopher' is a therapist, and the therapist a philospher. Where our problems in ourselves and the world need to be taken into a space of philosophizing.

Wilber's model has at least 4 more Fulcrum (levels 6 to 9) on the scale of possibilities of human cognitive (mystical, non-dualistic) development, according to the perennial philosophy. No matter what level of development on the spectrum of consciousness, there is always healing to do, but the therapeutic methods also change, according to Wilber. And fear(s) at level 1 are still at level 8, they become more subtle as we travel wider and deeper through the spiral of development. Level 9 is "fearless." Wilber critiques Hegel's philosophy, not for its realization of level 9 in abstract, but because Hegel did not understand the subtleties and complexities of the higher realms of consciousness (Wilber, 1981, p. 316). Theoretically, some sages and some other humans experience a fearless existence (more or less stable).

As I separate from philosophy, as a discipline, I am merely asking for distance, and providing a space for philosophizing around pedagogy. I'll bring in whatever comes to me in this contemplation and writing. I merely want not to be limited to a philosophy of education framework in any traditional form-- they have been, arguably, frameworks that are (primarily) 'fear'-based themselves. My dissertation comes from the artist-rebel (*a la* Camus), who declares "I am not a philosopher," while realizing that is a philosophia itself. My point is, to ask the reader to engage philosophizing with me, and forget attempting (at least temporarily) to make my work only subject to the referent of 'good' traditional (I mean, disciplinary) Philosophy. I think there may be something fresh and valuable to be gained in this separation, perhaps a divorce.

The 'postmodern turn' has brought the various 'big' disciplines like Philosophy, History, Science, and Theory itself into question. "The social sciences as a whole have been extraordinarily deferrential to the claims of philosophers and their ability to adjudicate between competing discourses and practices: much more so, probably, than the physical sciences.... But many philosophers now have a much more modest sense of purpose. While the end of 'Philosophy' with a capital P', as Rorty once put it does not automatically mean the end of philosophy *tout court*, it does mean that its imperial claims have been qualified. Its task is now seen to involve dialogue with other disciplines rather than instruction of them, to

produce complication as much as simplification, and to issue admissions of doubt as often as declarations of certainty (Baynes, Bohman & McCarthy, 1987)" (cited in Gregory, Martin & Smith, 1994, p. 5). That's my kind of approach to philosophia, albeit I am more visionary than such a dry unimaginative sounding task.

The individual I seek to be and wish for others (if they want it), is a free Marxian kind of human being (from his Early Period): "The man [sic] 'who revolves about himself' [Marx says] is not a narcissistic or an egoistic man, but a free man who owes his existence to himself. This man is not only free *from* chains, but free *to be* himself, to be authentically related to his fellow man and to nature. Marx's free man is an *active* and *productive* man" (Fromm, 1964, p. v). Marx was no fan of idealistic philosophy or philosophers, whom he thought were not much different than the preachers of myth and religion, which he criticized as illusion-making and ought to be replaced (in good modernist fashion) by 'Reason' and a sense of the material historical and economic relations that determine human freedom on earth. He wrote early on, "It is the *task of history*, therefore, once the *other-world of truth* has vanished, to establish the *truth of this world*. The immediate *task of philosophy*, which is in the service of history, is to unmask human self-alienation ['fear'] in its *secular form*" (c. 1844, Marx, 1964, p. 44).

My own project here, in modest proportion, is another turning of one's back on philosophism (ideology masking as philosophy) and "negation of philosophy" (*a la* Marx) but a negation that includes philosophy (i.e., the *ideal* and the *real*, the *other-worldly* and *this-worldly* philosophia, as Wilber's integral philosophy wisely proposes). I am an Epicurean, when it comes to defining philosophy and a Wilberian when it comes to philosophizing. Someday, I may pursue "philosophical therapy" as that movement has emerged in the past few decades as a legitimate paying profession for real trained philosophers. With some reservations, I generally like the Stoics and Epicureans of the Hellenistic period-- as they challenged us to *live without fear*. Epicurus, according to Russell (1993), provocatively preached a philosophy of "Above all, live so as to avoid fear"-- by which he meant, not let it enslave you. Being an atheist myself, I would have to agree with Epicurus generally, that "... two of the greatest sources of fear" are religion and death and their relationship to each other. I like how he challenged the dogmas of his day (particularly religion) (p. 254) in its attempt to free humans from fear, while inscribing the same fear but in another form-- the latter, a form which served to bring a sense of ontological security but a false security bought with an enormous price of subservience to the State and its varied authoritative forms of management of social order *via* violence-- gross and subtle.

Welcome to the birth of the Modern State (Hobbes and the boys...). "The age of Epicurus was a weary age.... men of titanic energy were creating out of chaos a new order.... But the fear of death is so deeply rooted in instinct that the gospel of Epicurus could not, at any time, make a wide popular appeal..." (p. 258). According to Russell, much of Epicurean and Stoic thought was "... revived by the French *philosophes* at the end of the eighteenth century, and brought to England by Bentham and his followers; this was done in conscious opposition to Christianity, which these men regarded as hostilely as Epicurus regarded the religions of his day" (p. 259). Of late, I have come to appreciate reading philosophy of all epochs more, because I have come to see it as discourse/text, and that is a way to understand social history and the history of ideas. 'Fear' is an idea whose history and discourses absolutely fascinates me (cf. Robin, 2003). I sometimes think that almost every thing said, in the name of philosophy (or religion), is a way of attempting to deal with or manage 'fear' and its negative impacts. If I had space, I'd make the argument that science is equally a discourse driven by 'fear' and attempting to overcome its negative impacts. Politics, may be the discipline and field of human action that is trying to make use of 'fear' and its negative impacts for gains in power and control, but then, that sounds more like corporate business and its pursuit of profit. These are big thoughts, as yet ill-conceived.

I would be remiss to not acknowledge two most important philosophizing authors that

greatly influenced me in the 1970s, when I should have been taking Philosophy 101, 201... etc. These authors are Schumacher (1974, 1977) and Pirsig (1974, 1992). By 1982, I picked up Wilber (1981) and became a Wilberian. Of course, I like to endlessly critique Wilber, his thoughts, and his critics' views (Fisher, 1997) but I am basically jealous of his work and lifestyle. He dropped out of academe in his twenties, without finishing his Master's degree in Chemistry, and never looked back. He is an independent writer-scholar, who has *'made it'* in a diverse mileu of popular and professional circles of interests around the world. I respect that route of knowledge production, teaching and wisdom tremendously. I also think he fails to deal well with violence and the 'rebel' (conflict' and 'fear') -- and that is interesting when he is such a rebel himself-- more on that later in the dialogue I have with Daniel Cohn-Bendit.

[2] The following collection of quotes from across time and space, cultures, and subjectivities, re-presents many voices that 'fit' some pattern of Mind (*a la* Bateson) that official education is not telling our youth. "In other words, as I was writing, mind became, for me, a reflection of large parts and many parts of the natural world outside the thinker" (Bateson, 1979, p. 5). Each quote, like an art-i-fact of our times, and all times, our place and all places of human struggle, reconstructs quality, that I have no-mind to try to produce in a consciously controlling method of ego-logical deduction.

At best, I felt I could recognize elements and their aesthetic relation-- respond-- and later, perhaps, offer some meaning of life in *"the pattern which connects"* (*a la* Bateson). His ethical principle and challenge for education, I adopted three decades ago, is: "Break the pattern which connects the items of learning and you necessarily destroy all quality.... Why do schools teach almost nothing of the pattern which connects?.... What pattern connects the crab to the lobster and the orchid to the primrose and all the four of them to me? And me to you? And all the six of us to the amoeba in one direction and to the back-ward schizophrenic in another?" (p. 8).

A second reason for this title is taken from Ron Howard's ("true story") film, *A Beautiful Mind* (2002), which re-presents the life of an academic (John Nash) who is eventually diagnosed with schizophrenia. Nash acts out obsessively with his papers and theories to create patterns of order; courageously on the outside, he is driven on the inside by fear of losing touch with a terrifying reality itself (nuclear war)-- a reality, much too complex to contain in a single beautiful mind. I can relate, as my own 'bastard' dissertation style emerges here and I seek to order some kind of *philosophy* in this 'wild' Introduction-- in and out of the 'Fear' Matrix. After seeing the film two nights in a row, separately, with my daughter and then my partner/wife, I decided to playfully call my dissertation research method *performative voluntary shizoidal praxis.* Massumi (1992), cultural-literary critic, has always the most challenging words to assault (assauge) my intelligence (gotta love 'im): "The 'schizophrenia' Deleuze and Guattari embrace is not a pathological condition. For them, the clinical schizophrenic's debilitating detachment from the world is a quelled attempt to engage it in unimagined ways. Schizophrenia as a positive process is inventive connection, expansion rather than withdrawal. Its [schizoidal] twoness is a relay to a [complex] multiplicity. From one to another (and another...).... Not aimlessly. Experimentally. The relay in ideas is only effectively expansive if at every step it is also a relay away from ideas into action. Schizophrenia is the [embodied] enlargement of life's limits [imaginary] through the pragmatic proliferation of concepts. Schizophrenia, like those 'suffering' from it, goes by many names. 'Philosophy' is one. Not just any philosophy. A bastard kind. Legitimate philosophy is the handiwork of 'bureaucrats' of pure reason who speak in 'the shadow of the despot' and are in historical complicity with the state.... Theirs is the discourse of sovereign judgment, of stable subjectivity [mental health] legislated by 'good' sense, of rocklike [modern] identity, 'universal' truth, and (white male) justice" (p. 1).

I have worked (and played) very closely, for many years, in my various professional and personal intimate relationships, with people labeled "schizophrenic." I have always been a

strong advocate against institutional colonizing *mental healthism*. Teachers and educators, in my experience, don't like to talk about this form of oppression but they can't be blamed because virtually no one does either, unless they have been 'bitten' by the 'bug' of schizoidal madness that eats away one's comfortable sense of 'normality' and 'real.' Ron Howard (*A Beautiful Mind*) and the Wachowski Brothers (*The Matrix*) artistically and narratively takes us through schizoidal madness so "perfectly" and I would like my screen play (Part Two)-- which is actually or virtually a "critique" of *The Matrix*, to do likewise. It's pedagogical praxis for me, and may be useful to readers. Let me know (if you want), either way.

3 "Fear' with the inverted commas refers to a late 20th century emergence of a "new species of fear" (McLaren, 1995, p. 148). See the cultural and political critique of our biased and inadequate general knowledge of fear, in Fisher (2002), and Massumi (1993). For practical purposes throughout this dissertation: when you see *'fear'* written with inverted commas it means far more than what *fear* written without inverted commas means-- which leads to my prescription to attempt to imagine 'fear' as a new species, as that which we have not yet fully imagined in its definition and conceptualization-- and that, will be a process that brings you (the reader) and me (the writer) slowly to some place of potential hermeneutical resonance as to what I mean by 'fear.' Further discussion of this approach to 'fear' (e.g., expanding our 'fear' imaginary) is elaborated in brief in Part Three. Part Two, provides a lived experience of 'fear' as performed by characters going in and out of the 'Fear' Matrix. It is the story of my life. 'Fear'-based knowledges, knowing, and practices are labeled as "isms" and thus, are highly suspect with tendencies to reductionism, reification, propaganda and ideology (see definitions below). For example, I like to make a distinction when information about spirituality is healthy and not healthy-- the latter I would call spiritualism. This convention has been used by Ken Wilber and others, for example, to distinguish the qualities of science vs. scientism. So, I do have a bias 'against' 'fear' as I intuitively conceptualize it within a 'Fear' Matrix narrative. But 'againstness' is so easily 'fear'-based itself. Beware.

4 Ruth Nanda Anshen was the editor of a series of amazing books in the 1960s-70s called *World Perspectives*. In this series some of the great minds of the 20th century, around the world, had come to publish their diagnoses of the global problematique and unite their solutions. With the out-dated language some 37 years later, these writings were part of an inspiring time. They provactively changed my life course. New writing in the post-1960-70s' just seems to miss something, I don't know for sure what it is. I must be getting sentimental with late middle age. Her quote, informs me, of the *fearless movement* by which knowledge and expanding awareness ever flow, no matter the conditions of apocalyptic times.

5 Cited in Brown (1958, p. 71). Following many philosophers of "the linguistic turn" in the modern and postmodern period, I have to think that everything on these pages is an aesthetic reaction and dream-like association of ideas and impressions to living in the world. "In the words of Cassirer, 'Language is, by its very nature and essence, metaphorical'; and every metaphor is a play upon words'.... language is first of all a mode of erotic expression [and pleasure] and then later succumbs to the domination of the reality-principle..." (Brown, 1958, p. 70). The reality-principle, has become more and more virtual and enclosed in a 'Fear' Matrix. Language is as much then, a disease as a cure, and thereupon that stage the Freudian revolution to Lacan unfolds another layer from the philosophical revolution of the Greek dramaturgy long before.

6 This is in reference to the tragic "torpedoing the ark" of Ibsen's "dramaturgy of fear." See Part Three for more detailed explanation of how and why I have incorporated this Ibsenian and Camusian dramaturgical (pedagogical) impulse into this entire dissertation.

7 Hidden curriculum (agendas) are everywhere in the Left and Right and Middle of political and ideological orientations of all kinds of groups and relationships. The type of knowledge (knowing) produced and consumed within sites of hidden curriculum is best

categorized as *propaganda*. In this context, propaganda refers to "... ideas, facts, or allegations spread deliberately [or not] to further one's cause or to damage an opposing cause..." (Websters New College Dictionary, 1981, p. 916). "Hidden curriculum... is a term used to refer to those aspects of learning in schools [or elsewhere] that are unofficial, or unintentional, or undeclared consequences of the way teaching and learning are organized and performed..." (Meighan, 1981, p. 34). These concepts are critical to this research into the constitutional formations of the 'Fear' Matrix, which is a kind of 'total' Societal Hidden Curriculum (text)-- a curriculum of 'fear'-- that I am attempting to "analyze" here.

8 The first moment I mention the word "adult education," referring to the field and discipline of teaching adults, there is a shiver that goes up my spine. I want to let the reader beware. Although I have been an 'adult educator' for over 30 years, and have a master's degree in adult education, I am resistant to the very notion of "adult education" for more than a few reasons. I won't go into details with all of them.

From a postmodern view, Edwards (1997) is my favorite critic to offer a devastating blow to the myths of "adult education" (including "higher education") as a discipline (and much of his critique would apply to "schooling education" for youth). One reason is related to the theme of adultism. I was at an international adult education conference a few years ago. One presentation by a panel of women scholars, with 500+ professionals in the audience, focused on new research in adult development and learning. I was getting angry to the point that I knew I had to say something when the question/comment period came at the end. I stood up and said something like this: *I was wondering if any adult education researchers have studied what young people think about adults, and the ways adults are, develop, learn and teach? I think it is time they are included in our research as to adult nature and adult conditioning. I wonder if youth (the marginal class in adult education theory) would tell such a benign story about adults.*

No one on the panel responded, but the "heat" was on and they distracted my questioning to another comment about something completely irrelevant and then went on to the next question. After the session was over, one woman talked to me and appreciated the comment. I never heard anything from the others-- that is a form of *adultism* in its worst academic form.

Adults have a lot of homework to do around why they don't allow certain youth-centered knowledges into their adult worlds. I have never yet, in the profession of adult education, heard or read one word of mention that adultism is a topic worth studying. I don't suspect "school" educators are much more interested in the topic. Silence is screaming and I see a lot of blood-- Columbine High School, comes to mind. If youth have no place to discuss adultism openly, or have never heard of it, then you can imagine how youth will attack youth, as oppressions (the 'isms') go internal, to where it manifests as a violence, least threatening to act out on Other. American official statistics reveal: "Homicide is the leading cause of death among African-American males ages 15-19 years and the second leading cause of death for all youth (Lawton, 1992)" (cited in Lehr & Martin, 1994, p. 12).

Marilyn Manson, pop music star, answered Michael Moore's question (in the film [2002] *Bowling for Columbine*) about what he would say to the young people at Columbine High School after the mass murder there: "I wouldn't say anything. I'd listen to what they have to say. That's exactly what adults didn't do, and that is why those young men did what they did."

9 Journal entry, June 2, 2002, just after our family had to instantly abandon our home for four weeks because of a severe fire in the apartment right above us. I was writing the roughs for the first part of this disseration. A few documents from my desk were water damaged and my office wall (of the Fearlesship) with all of my dissertation "outlines," "maps" and "concepts" were destroyed. As I write in our new apartment, in this moment, I can smell a trace of smoke from some papers and books but the fire is still hidden deep within. Trauma has a way that is arational. Cause of fire: a highly isolated woman, suffers mental illness,

drinking and smoking in bed. She received severe burns and nearly died. I saw her naked, burning skin melting, blood dripping from her hands, she asked for "help me" like a small child looking for a parent. See the last scenes of the film *The Matrix* (1999) and near complete destruction of the 'hackers' rebel-ship. For three years I have absorbed this film's narrative into my entire life's dramatic. It seems like art is making life, more than life is making art, but there is no 'ark' that lasts!

[10] I so relate to the middle age disappointment of living in the time 30 years after the 1960s-70s--missing its youthful 'spirit' of rebellion. Quote taken from a discovered conversation on a chatline on November 11, 2001, a month after the massive tragedy in America's history. Retrieved from: http://www.cybernaute.com/earthconcert2000/Archives2002/LightSeries22.htm

[11] Cited in Seale & McConville (1968), p. 111.

[12] Taken from memory (paraphrasing) a 'live' CBC News report June 26, 2002.

[13] Camusian conflict tradition ideas of the rebel and *rebellion* as distinct from *revolution* (Camus, 1956), have interested me in theorizing for many years about the rebel, society, change, leadership, and education. The "... movement of rebellion is founded simultaneously on the categorical rejection of an intrusion that is considered intolerable.... Rebellion cannot exist without the feeling that, somewhere and somehow, one is right [think of a two year old saying "No!" to a parental caregiver for the first time with such fervour and delight]. It is in this way that the rebel slave says yes and no simultaneously" (p. 14).

Distinct from this generic, spontaneous and Essential Rebel impulse, is Camus's more negative view of the revolution(ary)-- the latter, is more ideological, planned, and often repeats the same violent political errors of those they overthrow, or worse. The "No!" of the revolutionary has woundedness attached, bitterness, hatred (repressed terror), and completes the negation of domination with a "Fuck you!" and "I'm going to get even with you!" and "I'm going to win!" (meaning someone has to lose).

See Keen's (1983) unique and perceptive model of human development, which I utilized extensively, particularly his distinction between the "rebel" stage (and its "twists") and "outlaw" stage (e.g., see hooks, 1994 *"Outlaw Culture"*)-- the latter, which is a post-conventional or post-adult stage, I refer to as the "sacred warrior" stage on the liberational path-- across the *'fear' barrier* (cf. Mackie, 1986, Chpt. 7)-- and far beyond the qualities of the victim/survivor stages. Adultism teaches there is only "adult" as the final stage. Keen's model shows there are two stages beyond that. In my professional life, I have worked primarily with 'adolescent' rebels (of all ages and varieties) who have been deviantized, criminalized, and thus, often unjustly rejected and terrorized by mainstream society (*via* society's fear). No surprise, with such oppressive treatment, they inevitably will return the terror upon society!

In 1993 I co-founded a "school" for "neo-rebels" to support their healing and transformation, so they would, more or less, return to society within a new transformative (fearless) paradigm, rather than as mere 'fear'-based reactionary (or revolutionary) oppressors (activists) stuck in victim/survivor dramas. In terms of labels, I would call myself, always, a *rebel-artist* first, before attaching to various professional middle class titles or taking on the more demonic titles from some of my critics.

My research in arts-based approaches (see Part Three) has been somewhat influenced by Camus, particularly in a post 9-11 world (war) of "terror" spurred by the absurd chauvinist righteousness of Americanism (cf. Chomsky, 2001, 2001a), as spouted by U.S. government and military officials. Of course, that prejudice also comes out of the 85+% of American (polled) citizens after September 11, 2001, who want revenge against an "enemy" to assuage their terror (typically "revolutionaries" Right or Left-wing). How absurd, when they speak about eliminating this terror (evil, enemy) by such terrifying military means.

Camus, "an artist himself" (Gotz, 1987, p. 265), has written about the notion of art in

regard to the twentieth century (e.g., post-Holocaust) and its artists (e.g., his work on the absurd, horrific, traumatic, and irrational, in a world where order, peace, beauty, truth, happiness are never pure but dialectically related to disorder, conflict, ugliness, falsity, and unhappiness in the day-to-day process of risky living). Camus's (1956) "absurd attitude" is not one of a 'fear'-based "flight or deliverance" (p. 6) from the world *as it is* but an existential, courageous, facing and embracing of the absurd (madness) *as it is*-- without trying to change it as the first priority of *therapia*; as he charges, "In that every action today leads to murder, direct or indirect..." (p. 4)-- for that is the kind of dangerous at-risk type of (post-) Modern W. world we live in-- a 20th century of imperialism, crisis, and fear-- characterized by a post-traumatic, post-Holocaust, post-Hiroshima/Nagasaki industrial-military matrix. I would add post-9-11 world of terror, since the U.S. (World Trade Towers and Pentagon) were attacked in Sept. 2001 by so called Arab "extremists" and "terrorists" (Osama Bin Laden et al.). See Gotz (1987) for a thorough discussion of Camus's notions of art applied to educational theory and teaching specifically as "radical pedagogy" and to teachers as artists-actors or "transformative intellectuals" *a la* Giroux. For a more general professional discussion of Camus on education, see Oliver (1973).

[14] Translated from French by several helpful colleagues. This excerpt was originally published in Camus's own underground newspaper *Combat* (cited in Corradi, 1992, p. 267).

[15] Speech given Sept. 15th, at Camp David (from CBC News report, Sept. 15th, 2001).

[16] Speech from a video tape, cited in *The Globe & Mail,* Oct. 8, 2001. "When Israel declared its independence in 1948, it was surrounded by those who believed its very existence would be a sin against Islam--.... Rather than agreeing to the UN plan to create both a Palestinian and a Jewish state, Arab countries invaded and lost the war, leaving milliions of refugees to stew for decades in miserable living conditions. Fifty years later, Osama bin Laden set out three reasons in a fatwa why 'to kill the Americans and their allies--civilians and military... is an individual duty for every Muslim'. The first is the presence of U.S. troops in Saudi Arabia, whom he calls 'crusader armies now spreading... like locusts'; the second, 'continuing aggression against the Iraqui people'; the third, because Americans 'serve the Jews' petty state'" (Spector, 2001). Some say it is all about religionism, some say it is all about control of Middle East oil supplies-- and Americans still drive their cars to church every Sunday in hordes.

[17] Retrieved from http://www.canabisnews.com/news/thread12311.shtml.

[18] Not only postmodern philosophies would want to deny the value of "unity" as idolatry but Wilber (1995) notes the modernist philosopher's likewise are critical re: "wholist" types of theories. He wrote, "They like to engineer social utopias, these Wholists. This becomes all the more alarming when you simply ask them what is included in their 'Wholeness'.... It is not beside the point that theorists as diverse as Habermas and Foucault have seen such totalizing agendas [rooted in religion and early modern projects like Comte's vision] as the main modern enemy of the life-world..." (p. 37). Wilber however, is not afraid to posit concepts of "integral Oneness" or "integral Wholeness" (1981, p. 5) but these are not typical premodern, modern, or postmodern conceptions of Oneness or Wholeness because they are imagined and experienced by Wilber and mystics from a non-dual consciousness structure or transpersonal bands.

[19] Scene 21, from the shooting script, 1998 (Wachowski & Wachowski, 2000, p. 295).

[20] Taken from the film *The Matrix* (1999).

[21] Although this is a clinical discourse, with a W. 'new age' existential-spiritual tone, the author has a broad interdisciplinary background of studies-- nonetheless, he writes about living a common performance of postmodern living in America as middle class professionals. What is less common amongst the university educated population is a willingness to call the Age what it is, an Age of 'Fear.' To admit to our human condition, is not new of course, as I

have read many books about the modern condition of 'man' [sic] and back to earlier Middle Ages, when writers from diverse fields, often theological, were speaking of an Age of Anxiety that was bringing humanity to its lowest violent and self-centered behaviors. Charles Taylor (1989, 1992), an internationally respected Canadian philosopher, links worry and existential fear of meaninglessness to development of the W. self and disenchanted discourses of "decline" in "... the whole modern era from the 17th century..." (1992, p. 1). I mention this to place the idea in the reader's mind that this labeling of ages, centuries, and cultures is nothing new in relation to Being embedded in 'fear'– but all writers, have one common position, amongst their many contradictory positions about fear and what to do with it. It is common for them to believe humans can engage (more or less) with the moment, micro to macro, and make some kind of "peace of mind" amongst the suffering– and that peace, albeit tentative and cyclic, offers a space for making meaning of traumatic crisis times and concomitant insecurity ('fear').

This dissertation is another form of making-meaning (stories) about the Age of 'Fear'– a task that every parent, teacher, and leader has a moral obligation to encourage in our youth everywhere. The large debate, that requires much more criticality, from my research perspective, is to inquire deeper into the dominant imaginary of 'fear' that fills our *discourses*, old and new, from all parts of the world, individually and collectively, orally and written. "Discourse" has many different meanings, depending on the discipline and context in which it is being defined and used. For our current purposes "Discourse then, consists of recurrent statements and wordings across texts (Foucault, 1972)" (Luke, 1995-6, p. 15). "... discourses are not simple groupings of utterances or statements, but consist of utterances which have meaning, force [power], and effect within a social context" (Mills, 1997, p. 13). I have spent 13 years collecting texts and discourses on 'fear' for further future analysis.

We require an expanded 'fear' imaginary to better engage the problems of fear ('fear') in the 21st century. Toward this end, I have proposed 'Fear' Studies as a legitimate field of transdisciplinary inquiry for the secondary and post-secondary levels, and a basic 'Fear' Education (Fisher, 2003) for all adults and younger children (Fisher, 2001a). The simple logic of living in a post-9-11 world "War on Terror," seems to support this initiative. I prefer to call it all 'Fear' Studies and drop the capital 'E' Education label– and for that matter, drop "education" as a word all together. I am more interested in learning and teaching and pedagogy. I am a pedagogue; less, do I identify with educator. What does that change?

[22] Personal communication, 2002.

[23] Cited in Taylor (1994), p. 2. I agree with her that "Cynicism [often coded as "realism"] does not reflect a firmer grasp on reality. [But more likely] It is a form of antiemotional escapism, and adult fear of living and loving [vulnerably and fearlessly] because we might get hurt [again] along the way" (p. 2). The notion of "adult fear" is a crucial conception for my later discussions of adultism and its relation to pedagogy and life. *The Matrix* film is a postmodern narrative that beautifully and cleverly dramatizes humanity's universal relationship with reality and what blocks the improvement of that relationship. If I know anything for certain, generally, it is that humans can bear a lot more reality when they are not alone with it. I also acknowledge, that within universal claims of macro-reality, there are multiple realities of the specific micro-realities. My take on critical integral theory (*a la* Wilber), is that we ought to inquire and make claims about both– what Wilber (1995), in his structuralist modulation calls *holons*– Whole/parts, endlessly, within more encompassing Whole/parts– comprising a Kosmic *holarchy* or Holarchic Nest of Being. He poetically wrote, "The Kosmos is a series of nests within nests within nests indefinitely, expressing greater and greater holistic embrace– holarchies of holons everywhere–.... [this is the] worldview of universal integralism.... [and lamenting] If the universe really is a pattern of mutually interrelated patterns and processes– holarchies of holons– why do so few disciplines acknowledge this fact?" (Wilber, 2000, p. 40-41).

[24] Cited in Camus (1956), p. 251.

[25] From a 1966 essay by the Frankfurt School critical theorist, T.W. Adorno, who argued (supported by Max Horkheimer in Adorno & Horkheimer, 1972), that a "negative" (dialectic) philosophical/ethical orientiation must be taken toward the world "after the zero hour" (as Pöggler, 1991, p. 226 would call it) of the Nazi's mobilization and declaration of war. The negation of everything "rational" up to that time, according to these critical theorists, is essential to contradict the hegemony of "progress" based on the unquestionable unilinear positive movement of Reason (Modernism/Rationalism) and industrial capitalism. Adorno asks us in this essay to stop and examine what "education" ought to mean after this historical juncture-- after two World Wars and the ongoing 40+ wars currently ravaging environments, children and societies around the world (Barbara, 1996) (cf. with Camus's quote above).

I begin pedagogical movement from that question and negation– it is the only methodological and ethical move I can think of that is justifiable to the reality of a 20th "century of fear" (Camus) and "culture of fear" (e.g., Furedi; but note Furedi (2000) has been critical of too much attention to Auschwitz in our current pc times). Horkheimer (1947) argued that the Enlightenment's view of Reason was not beyond critique and that the reality of our times of crisis points to a re-evaluation of Reason, which, for Horkheimer (and I would agree) has become a "paranoia of reason" (cf. Keen's [1983] notion of "consensual paranoia," pp. 112-114)-- not a reason free from 'fear' but rather, embedded in 'fear' (what I' call the 'Fear' Matrix of Modernism) (see Lyotard, 1984, p. 12)-- and that is the 'slap' that is a wake up call for a slumbering W. arrogance (*aka* paralyzing terror), which any "education" today must challenge at every turn. Challenging, fearlessly, every curriculum dispersed, every teaching technique taught, and every learning encounter produced by the systems controlling "education."

The notion of a "negative philosophy" is more ethically acceptable than a "postive philosophy," which has roots in the social discourse of Comte's "positivism" in the 18-19th century. Allahar (1989) wrote, "Reacting to the all-pervasive influence of the theological worldview of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, Saint Simon and Comte embraced the idea of progress contained in Enlightenment thought. At the same time, they cautioned against the potential destructive consequences that would follow if its negative criticism were not tempered with positive and constructive recommendations for rebuilding society (in their case, France). They reasoned that in the new order, science could come to play the same role as religion did under the old regime.... [p. 24] [T]hey developed their ideas concerning a positive philosophy, from which the term *positivism* is derived. Comte bemoaned the fact that in the France of his day intellectuals and others had come to be politically divided and had organized themselves into two mutually opposed camps, which he labelled the retrograde party and the anarchical party. The retrograde party stood for order, while the anarchical party represented the forces of progress [change]. The retrograde party supported the Catholic-feudal or theological interests, which were opposed to the Revolution and the *negative* philosophy of criticism advocated by the thinkers of the Reformation and the Enlightenment. This party blamed all the terror, anarchy, and corruption in France on the Revolution and its apologists, who had together upset the traditional order and tranquillity of the *ancien regime.* The anarchical party, on the other hand, maintained that the problems being experienced were due to the incompleteness of the revolution. When once the old order was totally destroyed and new institutions were put in place, order and stability would be returned and the society would be able to make *progress* towards the goals of social development and industrialization (Zeitlin, 1987:65-69).

For Comte [founder of sociology], however, who viewed order and progress respectively as the static and dynamic aspects of society, both parties had outlived their usefulness. And although appearing to favour the anarchical party more, he felt that the time had come for its

negative criticism to give way to a more *positive* philosophy and society based on the principles of science and industry" (p. 25). This passage points to the positivistic orientation of North American sociology, which is still with us and dominant, says Allahar. I find this bit of historical interpretation fascinating in light of my constant complaint that North Americans *via* the human potential movement and spiritualism of various sorts, has reverted to a Comtean discourse of positive philosophy about everything, explaining everything within the idea of "being positive" is better than "being negative"-- of course, without any real grounds of evidence, and more a rhetoric with potential roots in a post-Revolutionary France and call to modernism's idolatry of science and industry-- except today the 'New Age' has its own positive religion, and has placed its money on psychology (the indirect slave of science and industry-- see "critical psychology" (Fox & Prilleltensky, 1997).

My master's research on discourses in conflict management education texts, showed that the recent popular trend in "conflict-positive" approaches and organizations (e.g., Tjosvold, 1991) is connected to a political conservativism hidden in these approaches to teaching about conflict and its management. In education, the same case is likely with popular movements toward "positive discipline" (Clarizio, 1976) and other "positive" developmental approaches to learning (e.g., Gibson, 1983; Madsen & Madsen, 1974) or "positive learning climate" (Friedland, 1999) or "positive students" (www.pops.com). It turns out that "positivism," as a type of identity, methodology and philosophy of method directing modernism, has biasd connections with the "be positive" ideology of the current 'new age' or human potential movement (in North America, originating with Norman V. Peale and "positive thinking" in the 1950s).

Positive and *cooperative* (or *collaborative*) inevitably go together in these hegemonic so-called "progressive" modernist discourses (see O'Loughlin, 1999 for a good leftist critique of the "success" claims made by the positive "collaborative learning" educators). My experience of the positive philosophy discourse is that it is not at all positive as soon as it is criticized. That tells me the positive philosophy is a kind of "faith religion" not a true philosophy at all (cf. *via negativa* of Christian mysticism and Madhyamika school of Buddhism-- Fox, 1986; Wilber, 1977). Thus, any pedagogy based on a positive philosophy bias (or positivism) has surely to be challenged, and exposed for the ideology it has likely become. I find positivism, in any color, often violently oppressive, although it is usually subtle "symbolic violence" (cf. Bourdieu, 1979). I agree with Acquaviva (2000), "It appears that we have been conditioned to be apathetic toward subtle violence-- we accept and ignore it" (p. 22).

Ideologies are violent. In simple liberalist terms, "ideologies" in education (for youth or adults), be it formal, informal, or nonformal, are "... competing [conflicting] patterns of ideas and beliefs [values, assumptions] about education" (Meighan, 1981, p. 20). Gage (1989) argued these become "paradigm wars" in educational research, practices and policies, often with disastrous fragmenting results. In this study, ideology, albeit problematic in its diverse definitions and uses, is used in the radical sociological sense of most critical (conflict) theorists/pedagogues-- that is, "... any system of ideas which justifies or legitimates the subordination of one group by another" (Jary & Jary, 1995, p. 306). Havel (1990) wrote, "Ideology is a specious way of relating to the world. It offers human beings the illusion of an identity, of dignity, and of morality while making it easier [as a discourse] for them to *part* from them. As the repositiory of something 'supra-personal' and objective, it enables people to deceive their conscience and conceal their true position... both from the world and from themselves.... It is a veil behind which human beings can hide their own 'fallen existence,' their trivilization, and their adaptation to the status quo" (p. 50). Gosh, sounds like the 'Fear' Matrix. See Hall (1986) and the problem of ideology (re: Marxism) in conflict theories.

Most existential philosophers, tend toward a "negative philosophy" as the only sane approach to the real world as it is. The existential student of Heidegger, Hans Jonas (1980, 1984, 1996), produced an important negative (or "tragic angle" as Wilber, 1981, p. x, calls it)

philosophy which has profound pragmatic implications for the use of a "heuristics of fear" as an ethical referent for rational decision-making in a modern and postmodern technological age-- what he and others refer to as a "risk society" (Beck, 1992); compare the postmodern negative philosophy/sociology of Bauman (e.g., 1988, 1992, 1997, 2001). These negative philosophies confront the growing insecurity in the world and its profound impacts. Russell (1993) poetically linked philosophy's task with uncertainty and insecurity. He wrote: "Science tells us what we can know, but what we can know is little, and if we forget how much we cannot know we become insensitive to many things of very great importance. Theology, on the other hand, induces a dogmatic belief that we have knowledge where in fact we have dogmatic belief that we have knowledge where in fact we have ignorance, and by doing so generates a kind of impertinent insolence towards the universe. Uncertainty, in the presence of vivid hopes and fears, is painful, but must be endured if we wish to live without the support of comforting fairy tales. It is not good either to forget the questions that philosophy asks, or to persuade ourselves that we have found indubitable answers to them. To teach how to live without certainty, and yet without being paralysed by hesitation ['fear'], is perhaps the chief thing that philosophy, in our age, can still do for those who study it" (p. 14). Sounds like a good philosophical ground for a pedagogy of uncertainty.

I have recently been contemplating that I want to write a book called the *Philosophy of Insecurity* (as a complementary volume to Watts's (1951) *The Wisdom of Insecurity*). Ratinoff (1995) directly assesses some of the impacts of global insecurity ('fear') on and within education. Fisher (1998a) examines the culture of fear and education paradigmatically. Palmer (1997, 1998) has been the most open-minded contemporary educator to point out the problem of a culture of fear (insecurity) and what to do about it in education. Kaslow (1997, 2002) has written specifically, in impressive depth, about fear and fearlessness in music (and education). Others have focused on the culture of fear as it is related to violence and gangs in school settings (Thompkins, 2000). But all this leads me to conclude not enough has been written, especially in a post-9-11 world. We require a systematic philosophizing and design for pedagogies of no 'fear' in terrifying times. I am looking for a job.

[26] I have to agree wholeheartedly with Pirsig (1974): "Eliminate the whole degree-and-graduating system and then you'll get real education" (p. 172). This makes me wonder if eliminating the whole tenure system for professors in universities would give us real education and research?

[27] "A citizenry frightened by violence wants generals to wipe out aggressors and prisons to lock up criminals. It demands immediate results and votes for politicians who promote get-tough policies.... Peace educators will not become a dominant force in school reform efforts until a powerful cultural shift moves humans away from a fear-based response to conflict and toward a compassionate [fearless] response to interrpersonal, social, and political problems. Peace educators have been trying to promote such a paradigm shift" (Harris, 1999, p. 314). Harris, an international leader of peace education, has said it all, in terms of the relationship of 'conflict' and 'fear' in my own pursuits. What he doesn't have anything much to say about is what 'fear' is, and what fearlessness or a fearless perspective or pedagogy may be. The entire peace movement (other than Gandhi's work and his followers, e.g., Altman, 1986; Bondurant, 1965, on fearlessness and activism via *ahimsa*) and peace education are lacking a theory of 'fear.'

[28] "Americans increasingly perceive their communities to be menaced by violence and fear that public institutions cannot maintain social order" (Committee on Law & Justice, 1994). See Altheide (2002) on the expanding role constructed fear is having in American public life. "The fear of crime is itself a form of victimization" (de Becker, 1997, p. 359). "... Americans love to have their fear, even to bask in it daily, as millions of TV news reviewers choose to do for a half-hour before going to sleep.... Worry is the fear we manufacture, and those who choose to do it certainly have a wide range of dangers to dwell upon" (de Becker, 1997a).

According to de Becker (1997a), in a scientific poll of 1009 Americans across all divisions of society, 90% said the world was a safer place when they grew up than today [1997, pre-Sept. 11th].

[29] This is my all time favorite quote by Ken Wilber. I take up the same battle as he, in many ways, and that is to undermine the current *Flatland* (Wilber's term) or *Fearland* (my own term). It is the subtle reduction, the very subtle reduction of Kosmos. The ethical philosophizing of Wilber, or Pirsig, overlap with my prime interest of how to live well on this planet. Pirsig (1974), like Wilber, expresses the problem of loss of Quality (a "metaphysics of Quality") in the modern world: "We're in such a hurry most of the time we never get much chance to talk. The result is a kind of endless day-to-day shallowness, a monotony that leaves a person wondering years later where all the time went and sorry that it's all gone.... national consciousness moves faster now, and is broader, but it seems to run less deep.... 'What's new?' is an interesting [obsession today] and broadening eternal question, but one which, if pursued exclusively, results only in an endless parade of trivia and fashion, the silt of tomorrow. I would like, instead, to be concerned with the question 'What is best?,' a question which cuts deeply rather than broadly, a question whose answers tend to move the silt downstream. There are eras of human history in which the channels of thought have been too deeply cut and no change was possible, and nothing new ever happened, and 'best' was a matter of dogma, but that is not the situation now. Now the stream of our common consciousness seems to be obliterating its own banks, losing its central direction and purpose, flooding the lowlands, disconnecting and isolating the highlands and to no particular purpose other than the wasteful fulfillment of its own internal momentum.

Some channel deepening [verticality] seems called for [in the Flatland]" (pp. 7-8). Pirsig also reminds us that Quality is "shapeless, formless, indescribable" by science, philosophy or any way of knowing that breaks the world of phenomena into subjects and predicates. "... Quality is so mysterious but because Quality is so simple, immediate and direct.... Quality cannot be defined. If we do define it we are defining something less than Quality itself' (p. 225). Remember, Pirsig, went mad. And I feel that way a lot. The problem of ethics, values, Quality, non-dual (fearless perception) and hierarchies, continues as a theme throughout my own philosophizing and these two teachers of mine, Wilber and Pirsig. The one thing I and Pirsig definitely connect on is that, "Art is high-quality endeavor" (p. 231). Pirsig's novel-fiction/non-fiction form of teaching is most appealing, and has likely led me to attempt to write in a theatrical style for much of my dissertation. Wilber (2002) is a first novel for him, and I look forward to seeing how he uses it as a teaching tool as well.

[30] Examining Brameld's (1967) "four major philosophies" in American educational theory, it was amazing how relevant his discussion was for me some 35 years after its publication. Albeit, there would now have to be a category of *deconstructionism* to add with general poststructural-postmodern philosophies (if you could call them philosophies). I basically, 'fit' all of his categories of *essentialism*, *perennialism*, *progressivism,* and *reconstructionism* but decidedly I am more a reconstructionist who "... believes that the contemporary crisis can be effectively attacked only by a radical educational policy and program of action" (p. 25) Of late, I don't think this will happen in the forseeable future, and I am all for massive deconstruction of anything capital 'E' "Educational" that is institutionally and uncritically in service of State, Unions, or Corporate control. I talk about this later in the dissertation, as I have come (since post 9-11) to more fully integrate the truth of living in Canada-- in the shadow of American terrorism, which is coded for popular consumption as "Our Security." I'll refer to this as living in the lies of the 'Fear' Matrix. From talks I have given at educational conferences and with colleagues in the Faculty of Education, this is a taboo topic with a blistering silence, and likely indicates a massive (perhaps universal) historical insecurity and terror in the Canadian collective unconscious.

Brameld's model has taught me that I am a radical-conservative, in that

reconstructionist and perennialist thought are at the opposite poles of the political continuum (p. 28). Perhaps I'm merely muddled? But maybe that's a good thing... in terms of integral (or dialectical) thinking. I prefer to be called a deconstructive-reconstructionist and Wilberian perennialist (*a la* Ken Wilber's Hegelian/ Habermasian up-date of the *perennial philosophy* as *"critical integral theory"*-- for example, see Wilber, 1997)-- which boils out to a strange mix as you will read later. My conflict tradition/theory disposition distinguishes my fearless politics (ethics) and pedagogical Wilberian philosophy from more 'positive,' 'hopeful' and 'benign' "constructive postmodern philosophy" (e.g., Griffin et al., 1993) and postmodern reconstructionist curriculum theorists like Doll (1989, 1993), less so Pinar (1994), Pinar et al. (1995), and a tonne more. Wilber's earlier writing is more negative philosophy, within the conflict tradition modulation, than his later works (after 1995). Constructive postmodern educators like Laroche (2000), who rely only on Wilber's post-1995 writing, misuse Wilber's quotes (taking them out of context with his overall critical intention), and thus appropriate his negative philosophy for a more pc rather naive positive philosophy, pedagogy and curriculum of reconstruction (re-enchant- ment) of science education. For a detailed review of the latest (ongoing) revisioning of my political/philosophical stance, see Fisher (2001), *New Age Politics II: The Emerging Ethics of Fearlessness* (ms in progress).

[31] I interpret Goodman's "therapeutic use of history" within the context of a developmental, evolutionary perspective *a la* Wilber (1995). History and developmental evolution provide an ongoing type of self-reflexive, and self-corrective impulse, whether we are conscious of it or not. History, like developmental evolution, is always a process of the old and new structures coming in dynamic contact as part of growth and change. As we transform, and not merely translate experiences and structures of consciousness, according to Wilber, "... each discovery of a new and deeper context and meaning is a discovery of a new *therapia*, a new therapy [not reducible to psychological discourse alone], namely: we must *shift* [transform] *our perspectives, deepen our perception,* often against a great deal of *resistance*, to embrace the deeper and wider context" (Wilber, 1995, p. 73). With this we enter new identity formations and grow in consciousness or awareness to an expanded freedom, relative to our previous location/awareness.

This *therapia* of historical movement and evolution is sometimes very painful and frightful, as Wilber describes eloquently throughout his writings (particularly up to and including 1995; I think he becomes overly pc after that time period; his best books on the 'fear' project(ion), that most influence my development of the 'Fear' Matrix concept are 1977, 1981, 1982, 1995). *Therapia*, in this Wilberian context, is a type of "release" from previous structures and limited perception that limits (and harms) evolution toward Spirit (Wilber's neo-Hegelian story). Wilber distinguishes therapia from Peter Berger's conception of *nihilation* in development and cultural translations, relative to transformations: [Wilber wrote,] "... nihilation [developmental stuckness] needs to be countered with therapia, or a dislodging of the source of nihilation ['fear']. (Nihilation is the threatened negation of a given level of translation; therapia is the preservation or restoration of that level. Transformation or transcendence [*a la* Hegelian dialectics], on the other hand, is the negation *and* preservation of that level: its nihilation in a greater therapia or Eros that embraces and preserves..." (p. 640). He notes that "... previously hidden contexts..." are often revealed in this transformation and therapia (p. 72). I expect that is a technical explanation for my transformative conflict pedagogy (and fearless approach) as I am attempting to uncover the 'Fear' Matrix layers of hidden contexts/curriculums/texts that make up this mad world we live in (a point Wilber acknowledges that poststructuralists, postmodernists, are experts at but lousy at transformation and I'd have to agree with Wilber on that particular critique of most poststructural/postmodern thought and method-- see Wilber, 1995 for a more detailed critique of postmodern and modern philosophers).

Wilber's conception is applicable to notions of deconstruction (nihilation, negation) and

reconstruction (therapia)-- I am with Wilber on the necessity to have both processes well integrated in transformations (and revolutions) of any kind and any level. Politically, revolutions are good at nihilation and not so good at therapia processes. Many of the educational reformers that I criticize in this dissertation and in general, are people who base their pedagogy upon good therapia without good nihilation. Thus, my tendency to compensate the pc positive philosophies of most educators today with a negative philosophy. But Wilber's theory keeps a check on going too far in either direction toward utopia (therapiaism) or dystopia (nihilationism)-- for neither is the 'end' or point of developmental evolution and history, at least in the Wilberian dialectic of progress model. Critical integral theory (Wilber's focus and mine) is more interested in seeing that integration is done well, as a means and process, rather than a focus on trying to hope for, or coerce, a certain end result. See Part III for possibly more discussion of these concepts in regard to my own transformative research methodology overall-- that is, as *conflictwork* (cf. Mindell, 1993, 1995; for ideas and practices that have fed my desire to approach conflict much more creatively and deeply in groups and community-building-- what Mindell called "deep democracy").

It is so preciously rare to find people willing to do this conflictwork. I am attempting to expand the Mindellian notion of conflictwork to 'bridge' intellectual and pedagogical discourses. Mindell's model is taught and practiced at the Process-Oriented Psychology Institute out of Oregon.

[32] I have conceptualized a *fearless social movement*, and rebel impulse, which has existed since the beginning of a history of oppression. This fearless movement, an old and new social movement, has many forms. One of the more recent forms has been in the way of a woman's liberation movement and/or feminist movement. See Fisher (1997a) for an overview of *Women Speak Out On 'Fear' And Fearlessness*. I don't think anyone in these recent forms recognizes or considers that they are part of the fearless movement; nor do they realize the critical importance to study 'fear' as a concept/discourse, and to critically evaluate the production and consumption of 'fear' knowledge, in what Massumi (1993) called an "organized fear trade" (p. viii) of late capitalism (cf. Palmer's (1998) notion of an "economy of fear" (p. 39) in the U.S., particularly, or the value of conceptualizing "fear as commodity," according to Parkin (1986), p. 167). Andrea Dworkin (1976) has been one of the most perceptive radical feminist voices for the eradication of the "Male Supremacist Society," and she believes "Fear cements this system together. Fear is the adhesive that holds each part in its place" (p. 58).

What gives the fearless movement away (sometimes) is the call from within the various liberation movements for a quality of life based on freedom, justice, and so on. More interesting to my research, is the call which surfaces in the text (discourse) of "without fear," "freedom from fear," "no fear," "fearless" and other variants, which acknowledge that what liberation (freedom and happiness) must involve in some way, is a movement out and beyond the victimization of fear ('fear'), both individually and collectively. I think this impulse is a natural response to the conditioned (largely invisible) prison of the 'Fear' Matrix or what Max Weber called the "iron cage" of bureaucratic modernism, or what Satin (1978) called the "Six-sided prison," reform educators have called our "psychic prison" (Bullard & Taylor, 1993, p. 40), and recent sociologists and others are calling the "culture of fear" or "culture of terror" (Taussig, 1987), "culture of terrorism" (e.g., Chomsky, 1988, 1996; Corradi et al., 1992; Furedi, 1997; Glassner, 1999; Massumi, 1993; Palmer, 1998). This is an indepth topic that goes beyond the purposes of this dissertation. See Fisher (2000a), for a brief overview of documents indicating this fearless rebel impulse.

The Fear' Matrix is rooted in a core of adultism, which begins the oppression of most all young people, and from there, you have a network of branches of all the other forms of oppression (violence) we see in the world, from classism, sexism, racism and so on. These

'isms' mutually reinforce each other and any kind of fearless movement will only be effective, arguably, if it works on the total network of 'fear' production and consumption that drives the violence of all oppressions. What is worth documenting for teachers and pedagogues of all stripes, is the rising call (more or less) to a fearless movement activation within Education in America (and Britain to a lesser degree) in the 1990s-- for example: "education beyond fear" (Anderson, 1990); teaching anti-racism as "life without fear" (British Columbia Teacher's Federation, 1991); teaching anti-violence as "freedom from fear" (Laushway & Olson, 2000); teaching peace "without fear" (Arnow, 1995); teaching personal safety and emergency skills "without fear" (Bishop, 1993; Lamplugh, 1991; Lamplugh & Pagan, 1996); evaluations and grading "without fear" (Privett, 1996; Slayton, 1991; Whitehouse, 1994); "schools without fear" (Francis, 1996; Hart, 1996; Lehr & Martin, 1994; National Association of State Boards Impact on Schools and Learning, 1994); "fear-free education zones" (Conway and Verdugo, 1999) to name a few.

"Academic freedom" for professors in universities has a long tradition ideally based on the notion of freedom to pursue truth and knowledge "without fear" (e.g., Bidwell, 2001; Zaslove, 2001). As yet, there has been no systematic analysis of these initiatives, nor their comparisons, or possibilities as a new social movement. What is remarkable in all these documents is how little 'fear' itself is conceptualized, theorized, or thought about in a critical perspective (cf. Fisher, 2003). 'Fear' is reduced in these discourses by educators to a psychology (psychologism) of fear, usually located within the individual. A sociopolitical, historical, or philosophical or spiritual analysis is characteristically omitted.

[33] Statement on CBC radio news, Oct. 15, 2001.

[34] She is the leader of the opposition in Myanmar (Burma). She is a Buddhist and politician (and Nobel Peace laureate), with a lust for fearlessness like no other living political-leader living on this planet, that I know of. Her work is of critical importance in applying an understanding of 'fear' and fearlessness to frontline politics, even under dictatorial military regimes like in Burma. I encourage you to read Kyii (1995) and Kyii & Clements (1997). Cf. Palmer (1997) with a similar view of the relation of fear to power, he wrote: "Education's nemesis is not ignorance but fear. Fear gives ignorance its power" (n.p). And that ignorance leads to punitive and threatening methods in teaching (and raising children), which amounts to a "fear of freedom" (cf. Darder, 1998; Fromm, 1969; Freire, 1997; Kyi, 1992; Neill, 1960)-- what many W. existentialist philosophers from Socrates on, have been saying for centuries. Sartre said, "Freedom is terror."

[35] Feminist archeologist and critic, Eisler (1997) has made this connection with fear and mistrust and "dominator cultures" as our normative legacy for at least 5000 years in the W. I intuitively think her analysis is bang on. Eisler (2000) attempts to bring this awareness to develop an alternative paradigm for socialization, which she calls "partnership education" that is not based on fear and mistrust, but rather, what I would call a *fearless paradigm* (not a concept Eisler uses; and unfortunately, there is no critical (integral) analysis of conceptions/ discourses of fear or 'fear' (or fearlessness) in her work, and I suspect it will thus, have little political transformative force in a world of terrorism-- a similar critique would apply to feminist approaches like Noddings's (1992, 1993, 2002a) educational "caring communities").

Eisler, like Noddings, are not conflict theorists, and tend to fall into pc "liberal" (moralism) reconstructive discourses of change. They have good stuff, but it doesn't go far enough to contradict the 'Fear' Matrix, and thus, in my view, only reproduces it, while trying to undermine the 'fear'-based patriarchy. My reading of Noddings for the past few years has shown her work to be an attempt to inspire and bring hope into educational discourses in times of so much violence. I have not seen this emphasis of hers (like most liberal thinkers) as adequate to the 'conflictual' reality we live in daily, with wars going on all over. In a recent e-mail (personal communications, Oct. 2, 2002) Noddings seems to have shown, in my view, that hope and care are not enough to deal with a post-9/11 world. She wrote, "... I'm very

interested in what you are doing-- especially your comments on Canada-- U.S. relations. Right now I am both disgusted with and afraid of the direction our country is taking. I've signed petitions and sent e-mails hoping we do not have a war". It amazes me she doesn't see that the "war" is already, and always has been as long as the U.S. elite are intent on ruling the world by use of 'fear.'

We are in a 'Fear' Wars-- and the whole world is involved, and theorists and philosophers like Noddings have so much to offer educators and communities, if they would begin to think beyond hope and to work with 'conflict' and 'fear' theories (preferably integral models) in finding ways to work through this time of terror ahead of us into the 21st century. See my drawing of an integral view of Fear Management Systems (in Part Two) as a basis for a new 'fear' education to compliment caring education models. Dworkin (1976), or hooks, for example, offer what I think is the needed feminist 'fire' of rebellion to start the deconstruction, before a reconstruction and blueprint can be designed for a better new world. I get the feeling when I read Eisler or Noddings (and some other reformer feminist writers on education and violence) that they just haven't lived (integrated well) the experience of grassroot frontlines in the suffering and struggles that go with poverty, racism, classism, sexism, and general revolutionary work. I always get the sense from their writing that they are afraid (terrified) of real conflictwork with one's enemies-- and that is just like the majority of middleclass (white) "males" philosophers of the W. Enlightenment, who tend to overestimate the value of the rational in the face of the irrational-- as the modern hope. I could write a large critique of "hope" in modernist and educational discourses but that is not the focus. I recommend Taubman (2000) on "teaching without hope" as a new responsible way to approach contemporary education.

The liberalists' work never inspires me as very creative or deep. It lacks sensibility to the 'rebel' and 'shadow' you might say, to grossly generalize. This general criticism of mine could be launched at most any reformer who is inexperienced in the arts of transformation. For the use of "enemy" and how to work with that notion, I recommend Newman (1998) for a unique approach in adult education and social action. 'Enemy' from a fearless paradigm/ perspective (of sacred warriorship or fearlessship), is very different than from a victim/survivor perspective based on 'fear.' I think the current post-9/11 world demands a lot of re-thinking and re-writing our practices of emancipation from the context of terror(ism) (or fearism) that is everywhere and will likely only increase. Do I sound paranoid? Is this reality?

I ask educators to think in terms of educating in a "war zone"-- and this is particularly evident with "culture wars" that plague so much of North American communities and politics (see for e.g., Graff, 1990, 1992; Graff, 1995; Graff & Looby, 1994; for a refreshing conflict pedagogy approach to culture wars that is moving beyond a fear-based approach to curriculum).

[36] bell hooks is challenging adultism, as am I in my pedagogical and curriculum research and writing. Another important feminist voice on adultism, what she calls "poisonous pedagogy," is Alice Miller (e.g., 1994, 1990, 1990a). Miller is an ex-psychiatrist. To challenge adultism is an enormously terrifying experience, as I have personally learned over the years. Adults are quick to return any challenge of adultism with an attack that they are being attacked by parent-bashing, teacher-bashing and so forth. Some of this adultism rose its ugly head amongst my Research Committee at one point.

Adults (the oppressor group, relative to youth) are too quick to appropriate the discourse of the oppressed and use it to defend themselves as oppressed-- and, of course they are, but they have a lot more privilege and power to do something about it than youth. It is a nasty battle going on constantly between youth and adults for how best to treat people and run this world.

As an adult (youth advocate) I am caught in a very precarious position of oppressor, relative to youth, and a supporter of their liberation. I'm still uncertain how to do that best. I

will keep asking youth, something adults as a whole ought to begin if they are serious about the problem of adultism in our world. The intention of hooks, Miller, or my critique of adultism is to name what is an oppressive situation honestly and respect all people involved. We require a lot of healing around child/youth abuse (adultism) and it is a phenomenon that is beyond a personal indictment, rather, it is historically embedded in a dominator culture ('Fear' Matrix) that is thousands of years old in the West (and likely, most other places on the planet).

We adults, are generally terrified of children and are caught in the dilemma of a love/hate relationship with all adults we grew up with (cf. Britzman, 1998). What adults do not heal with their elders, they will pass on to the next generation as 'toxic waste'-- we do this psychologically and physically, and environmental pollution and destruction is what we are leaving to our next generation-- a symptom of adultism and all its fall out. If any adult thinks they are not "adultist" and they live in this world, where oppression of youth is constant, then, I think such an adult (or group of adults) is in denial and practicing violence because of that denial itself. That's an argument for another time and place. It is not dogma. Critiques are welcomed.

I am re-reading this endnote and modifying it for the second time. It is somewhat embarrasing to read-- as if adults are only to stick together. I feel I am betraying my kind. So much of my thoughts and critiques have changed monumentally, as I have read Wilber (2002) and his "boomeritis" critique and the need for many boomers to create "victims" to rescue. So, I don't fully agree (or am confident) with my own writing above and in most of the radical "tone" of rebellion that floats through these notes. I have mixed feelings. I think the integral perspective, and my own transformation to the yellow meme as a centre of perspective, will end up trashing a lot of the one-sidedness of my critical discourse and critical pedagogical positioning. But I want to leave that discussion. I want it recorded. It has been (and still is) an important piece of my thinking.

For a powerful critique of W. childrearing practices and the abuse of youth *via* infanticide, child sacrifice, youth mutilation, sexual abuse and torture, I recommend de Mause (1974) and any of the writing from the discipline of psychohistory generally. None of this critique is meant to diminish or disclaim the wonderful improvements in childrearing through history and at present. Some of the best insights into adultism come from the Re-evaluation Co-counseling community publications, and especially the ones written by young people themselves (e.g. *Young and Powerful* magazine). These latter insights and writing never reach professional educators nor parent groups in the mainstream, from what I can tell.

[37] From p. 2. "We repeatedly hear of individuals in prestigious positions of power and influence committing unconscionable acts of immorality and lawlessness, yet receiving only minimal punishment for their criminal, immoral, and unethical acts. Rather than abhor these individuals, mass media becomes fixated on the perpetrators and often makes instant folk heroes of them" (Duhon-Sells, 1995, p. 1).

[38] I am taking a modified cyborg-feminist approach in this disseration (see Part Three for more elaboration). The complexity of describing what that means is mind-boggling to me. Part Two, is the performing of it, and I believe it will answer some of the questions and criticisms best-- but I know that will not satisfy many feminists (feminisms) and their enlarging diversity of views (including what qualifies as 'feminist'?). Because Part One is about philosophizing, I think I prefer Gould's (1983) pursuit of developing "the philosophy of feminism beyond its earlier formulations" rather than jumping ship too quickly to "... so-called 'postfeminist' stances..." (p. xi). Not being an expert on the feminist literature, and never having taken a feminist course *per se*, I submit to my intuitive side and my own feminizing, and sensibility to the oppression of females overall. Except for eight years of my life, I have lived with females in my homes and I currently am living with my wife/partner (Barbara) who

shares 13 years of intense intimacy with me, and my two daughters (Leah, age 21; Vanessa, age 19). I think postfeminist is 'cute,' in a transcending kind of solution-way, but dangerous beyond imagination. I can't help think it is an easy escape route from 'fear' and the contradiction that a feminist perspective tirelessly ensures to Male Supremacist Society. I like contradiction, and I like it firm, for as long as is needed, with all the conflict and blood that has to drip.

The healing will be slow-- because what has happened to females for so long.... is a bloody mess! Postfeminism strikes me as equally insensitive and as harmful (potentially) as "post-colonialism" as a genre of research-- albeit, there are nuances of both, that no doubt some authors do address; that neither sexism nor colonialism are over by any means.

I'd like this disseration, particularly Part Two, to be a reading of a new *fearless feminist philosophy* in performance (see Wilber, 1997, 2002 to compare with "integral feminism"). I'll leave it up to feminist philosophers and writers of all kinds to analyze it and perhaps create from it. I think the story of Trinity (Mackie, Trinity, e-Trinity) in Part Two has a lot to say for the liberation of females (cyborg feminists etc.) in the future generations of a post-9-11 world, that is still in 9-11 terror-mode.

[39] "A line of thought going back many centuries emphasizes social conflict.... Its main argument is not simply that society consists of conflict [differential power relations], but the larger claim that what occurs when conflict is not openly taking place [in what I call *conflictwork*] is a process of domination. Its vision of social order consists of groups and individuals trying to advance their own interests over others whether or not overt outbreaks take place in this struggle for advantage. Calling this approach the *conflict* perspective is a bit of a metaphor. The word focuses on the tip of an iceberg, the spectacular events of revolution, war, or social movements; but the viewpoint concerns equally the normal structure of dominant and subordinate interest groups [ideas, and ideologies] that make up the larger part of the iceberg submerged below. This conflict vision of society is rarely popular. Conflict sociologists have usually been an intellectual underground [similar for conflict pedagogues, like myself]. Prevailing [functionalist, consensus] views of one's own society have usually stressed a much more benign picture, whether based on beliefs in religious beings underpinning the social world, or on secular beliefs in the goodness of one's rulers and the charitable intentions of established elites. To conflict sociologists [and conflict pedagogues], these kinds of justifications [denials often based on fear] are ideologies cloaking real self-interests of groups hiding beneath them. To point this out, obviously, does not usually make one very welcome in mainstream society" (Collins, 1994, pp. 47-48).

Thus, the conflict perspective is a critical view (analysis of the social world) from the *periphery*-- sometimes called, margins, borderlands inbetween, edges, diaspora, oppressed, and so on, depending on the specific theorists). Collins (1994) includes a modernist mapping of several (not all) conflict philosophers and theorists which include Hegel, Marx and Engels, Nietzsche, Weber, Simmel, Mannheim, Gramsci, Habermas (and Frankfurt School sociologists), C.W. Mills, Coser, Dahrendorf, to Randall Collins himself (p. 48). I would argue, critical theory, the better known of the two, is a branch of the conflict tradition (cf. Collins (1994) for more on this interpretation). The conflict theory/perspective is often seen as the opposite of the (politically conservative) consensus or structure-functionalist theories (e.g., Parsons, and Durkheim and so on). Lyotard (1984) calls these the two most important major methodological discourses on society handed down from the nineteenth century (p. 11). See Fisher (2000) for a summary review of this significant dualism (battle) in W. social thought-- a duality, that is not to be easily dismissed by mere pc erasure of all dualities because that is supposed to be necessarily "better" (i.e., more liberal, more pluralistic, more realistic, more holistic= less hierarchial). Likewise, the conflict view does not just throw away all "hierachies" as necessarily all bad. Equally, it maintains analysis of dominance/ hierarchies (and often evolutionary development theories) prevalent in its basic assumptions

of social order and change. I examine Ken Wilber's (e.g., 1995) amazing philosophical synthesis, as an American contemporary (albeit, unusual) errant conflict theorist, in regard to these crucial themes later in the dissertation's Introduction.

[40] I'm wanting to make a distinction between *educator* and *pedagogue*. The latter seems intuitively the more promising in terms of a transformation of values *re*: what matters most in processes of teaching and learning within any culture. I think historical evidence would show, that pedagogue is the older term. Pedagogues in ancient Greece were mentors, and that could include anyone who took on that role. I'm not saying they were all good pedagogues. But pedagogue is potentially free of the commodified capitalist-industrial wrappings of "education" and being a professional "educator." As much as I have liked Schumacher's (1974) philosophy, I think it is his economic background that leads him astray when he asserts "... education is the most vital of all resources." In contradiction, I'll claim, pedagogy is more vitally important than education, if we really want to be a free world, without oppression. I do agree when he suggests, "If western civilization [capitalism] is in a state of permanent crisis, it is not far-fetched to suggest that there may be something wrong with its education" (p. 64).

According to Marx, capitalism functions on creating continual crises built on built-in deterioration of products, where (in Berman's, 1983, words) "... all these are made to be broken tomorrow, smashed or shredded or pulverised or dissolved, so that they can be recycled or replaced next week, and the whole process can go on again and again, hopefully forever, in ever more profitable forms... (p. 22, cited in Thrift, 1994, p. 211). But Schumacher (1974), very much like Wilber's critique, claims, "We are suffering from a metaphysical disease, and the cure must therefore be metaphysical" (p. 83)-- education has to be as much (or more) about understanding and applying values, ethics, and choices as learning facts and technical skills. A worldview needs to change, and I agree. The early Marx, according to Fromm (1964), "... recognized that education alone will not transform man [sic]" (p. iii). But life practices will. Pedagogy, as I have come to make sense of it, is about everyday life practices and the conscious intentions we bring to those life practices of teaching and learning through discourses. Pedagogy as *praxis*, in the Freirean emancipatory tradition of pedagogy-- that, is more appealing than education to me, at this stage of my life. Pedagogues don't become imprisoned in the professionalism of Education and Nation/State. Analogously, I think of pedagogues like I think of mid-wives or shamans (as opposed to the Greek *paidagogos,* meaning "slave who escorted children to school" as Webster's dictionary defines it). The practices and guidances they offer are not professionalized or institutionalized within the capitalist matrix-- of 'fear' production and consumptions and the endless production of "needs" to be "filled" for profits, which are always inadequate and demanding more professional services. The rich get richer and the poor get needier. A nightmare of waste and disempowerment-- a world becomes consumers and virtually no one produces anything, except 'fear'-- because it sells! Something like that-- it is good enough for now, as I continue to play with this distinction of educator and pedagogue.

[41] Fisher (2000).

[42] The most obvious way this appeared in CME texts, was in the continual references to "conflicts" as concrete acts or conflict with identifiable objects in the inner psychic world or outer physical world. From a Foucauldian perspective I was more interested in how the meaning of 'conflict' itself was evolving in discourses (i.e., the genealogy of the idea of 'conflict) and the analysis of conflict-knowledges and who benefits from them most. I was inspired in this research by Popkewitz (1997, 1998), Popkewitz & Brennan (1997), in his historical political sociology of curriculum, teacher education, and educational research. His view of "social epistemology" (Popkewitz, 1991) gave me the idea to study conflict-knowledges as social practice and pedagogy themselves. The way knowledge was being shaped in CME texts and curriculum was as important of a "message" being taught (and

taught in a certain way) than was the actual prescribed teaching methods, lessons, and subject content in CME. The focus on power/knowledge and conflict dynamics became very interesting and still requires a lot more research into the structuring of CME discourses. The lack of critical self-reflective discussion and openness in CME texts was most disturbing and spoke to me of being highly power-based authoritarian social practice, even though, in tone and liberal style the texts would likely be interpreted by most teachers as open "progressive" pedagogy. My critical perspective is on the 'edge' of *status quo* interpretations and that, among other reasons, has left my findings and writing on this topic virtually unengaged with by academics, conflict practitioners, social studies teachers, editors of educational journals, and publishers.

[43] Rogers (2000) summarized Popkewitz's (1998) and my own view of the eternal oppression of public schools that coerce parents and children to attend and submit (in large part) to formal governmental institutionalization (called socialization). Rogers wrote, "... I agree with Popkewitz's critique of public schools, I fear that as long as we force teachers and children into this strange social organization [based on power and control over youth *via* legitimized adultism], teachers will continue to be more concerned about classroom management than content as a result of their understandable interest in self-preservation and averting chaos" (p. 269). In CME, the potential for chaos and the irrational and arational are more likely, and it is the fear-based design of CME that shows it is interested in teachers and students "managing" ("coping with") conflicts, rather than examining conflictwork as the essential process of rebellion for working with and transforming domination, fear and violence-- a violence that begins in structural adultism (including Foucault's governmentality and knowledge/power relations), and thus, all teacher-student relations are highly susceptible to abusive mistreatment of learners, even with the best individual or collective psychological intentions of political leaders, adults, helping professionals, educators and parents.

[44] First, I'll clarify the terms "domination" and "violence" in my own theoretical useage-- then I'll explain the basics of the DCFV theory (in progress). Domination is used as a state or condition of relations, with less of a negative tone and conceptualization than is often spun around this term by critical theorists and victims of 'domination' (which is commonly equated with "oppression"). Using an evolutionary developmental ontology (*a la* Wilber), hierachy is natural in living systems and thus domination exists. I trust the reader will appreciate this view is no old "Social Darwinism" in new skins (see Wilber's critique of overly simplistic views of Social Darwinism in most any of his writings-- and his distinction between "pathological hierarchies" (I'd call 'fear'-based) and "natural" hierarchies, 1995). In hierarchical development (evolution) there is always some structure that dominates over another-- there is always someone (or some group) in a relationship with me who at any moment dominates a space (or discourse) in which I would have to struggle for to gain equal or dominant access to that space-- or to gain equal or dominant impact on others. Domination can easily shift/reverse and dominant and subordinate roles and positions are very fluid in most situations (perhaps, excluding rigid totalitarian regimes, but even they have reversals, albeit minor and temporary, I'd suspect).

Hierarchical development, and the reality of physical bodies in spaces, tells me, that there is always domination and nothing can be truly equal in an ideal, as radical pluralist thinkers tend to promote uncritically. Even democracy, at its most basic structure and process, is one of the majority dominating over the minority. O.K. I'll leave this assumption and hypothetical positioning on domination. "Violence" is actually not my favorite term, nor do I believe it is all that useful in practice. It is merely popular and gets a lot of hyped attention-- but beyond that it is actually quite misleading. I won't pursue those thougths here but rather I'll use the term because it is "understood" by so many people and I'll add my own biased nuances: (1) violence/hurting/oppression are virtually equivalent phenomena, (2)

violence generally refers to unwanted coercion of all kinds-- that is, hurting. This includes overt acts of physical harm, as well as psychological, emotional and financial abuse-- "... a chosen action against a chosen victim" (Franssen et al., 1998); to oppression and toxification of all life forms and planetary ecosystems via anthropocentrism; to adultism, racism, sexism, classism (and many other 'isms'); to the more subtle forms of "ideological violent conflicts" (Graff, 1992, p. 169), and "intellectual violence" (Miller et al., 1998, p. 393) from "paradigm wars" (Gage, 1989), "culture wars" (Graff, 1992), and "symbolic violence" (Bourdieu, 1979) to the "violence of abstraction" (Sayer, 1987) "... when we begin forcing the world to fit our truth [theories] ...". Plumb (1995, p. 171); to the seemingly evanescent spiritual abuse, yet insidious "spiritual dualism" of consciousness which "... does violence to the very universe it seeks to understand" (Wilber, 1982, p. 45; Wilber, 1982a)-- otherwise known in secular philosophical traditions as "misplaced concreteness" (*a la* Whitehead) or the fallacy of "reification." These all interact as a matrix of violence.

Both 'conflict' and 'violence' are terms I am not defining specifically at this stage of the theory's development, but rather am placing under deconstruction and eventual reconstruction. DCFV theory is also not fixed in description but the basic form of it goes like this: *"... domination* is similar to *hegemony* (Gramsci, 1971) or notions of "contestation" in postmodernist thought, in that it is not necessarily violent/hurtful as a social cultural process-- rather, it is part of differentiation and difference (in a healthy way, as distinct from dissociation), where some parts have power, priority, and abilities and skills that dominate in various environments/systems/contexts. They are more adaptive and have functional 'fit'- that is, are more efficient, competitive and stronger or merely better 'placed' (historically, sociopolitically) in terms of accesses to power, capital, and so on. This domination creates *social conflict* as a process to work through the differentiation, differences, and the rank and privilege that is sometimes obtained from them. *Conflict is the mediator* (like a healing process, or discharging of distress), where domination doesn't necessarily have to become pathological (i.e., turn to *violence*) as long as conflict procesess (conflictwork as rebellion *a la* Camus) are happening to deal with *domination* processes justly. When the *conflict* process is repressed (as violence), then *domination* becomes *violence* and *'fear'* is produced. *'Fear' creates* more *violence* (and 'fear')-- all this toxic part of social life taking place because the healthy *conflict* processes are unable to operate freely and are overwhelmed with the rapid rates of *domination* turning to *violence* (or ideology in the non-Gramscian sense).

This is a very basic outline and open for critique and change" (adapted from Fisher, 2000, p. 167). Compare Collins (1994) on the conflict perspective and Habermas (1984, 1989). In many ways, I am attempting to place conflictwork (conflict process) within a telos *re:* dominant-subordinate relationships in all social creatures; just as Habermas is attempting to place communication as a natural telic of social relations. We are both arguing that if they are done well (non-coercively, under ideal conditions), then violence (and I would add 'fear') would not have to result. Our theories are both evolutionary, developmental, universal, and emancipatory, without being inordinately utopian (or dystopian), deterministic, nor violating the value and importance of the specific and local importances of 'reality.'

[45] What I have since come to think, is that the "hidden curriculum," underlying most anything called "education," is the teaching of people to deny seeing the "fear-problem" (Overstreet, 1971, p. 9)-- that is, 'fear' itself and its role in the construction of the 'Fear' Matrix. Over 50 years ago Bonaro Overstreet, an American adult educator, declared what most of us don't want to acknowledge. Her book, originally published in 1951, a year before I was born, is a gem in the field of 'Fear' Studies and more precious because women generally have not written critical monographs or books on 'fear' (other than some 'new age' writers in the late 20th century). She introduced her book (albeit, biased by psychology's hegemonic discourse on fear) with pertinent words of wisdom for today: "If, today, we live in a time of crisis, it is in large measure because the fear-born follies of our individual and group pasts

have piled up in the present. Errors of omission and commission crowd us now, demanding of us a swift new wisdom about destructive fears and the conditions that foster them. To call a halt to this compounding of folly-- or even to slow its progress-- we must become clear about some of the reasons why we have not yet made any adequate attack upon our human fear-problem. High among these reasons is the simple fact that we often fail to recognize fear for what it is. No other emotion wears so many disguises-- convincing disguises that make us, time and again, treat it as something other than itself" (p. 11). And if it seems clear that we ignored her advice, then we surely did the same with another important female voice on the fear-problem.

This second voice is Rowe (1990), a respected British clinical psychologist, with a seering critical eye for 'truth' and a disrespect for pc claims (like Alice Miller, whom she is indebted to). She wrote, "This book is about a secret. It is a secret which all of us, men and women, children and adults, the powerful and the weak, the happy and the unhappy, conspire to keep. It is a secret which we keep from one another. It is a secret we keep from ourselves. The secret is fear.... Fear is too fearful to be discussed" (p. 11). The 'Fear' Matrix, I propose, is based on the coding of language, perception, and most all of human intelligence to maintain this "secret" lie about the nature of the way we virtually all live, and have lived, for thousands of years in the W. world. I'm breaking that code (more or less), and attempting to re-code our very existence, so as not to remain oblivious to what Morpheus says to Neo (in *The Matrix*): "[Y]ou are a slave, Neo. Like everyone else, you were born into bondage, kept inside a prison that you cannot smell, taste, or touch. A prison for you mind" (Wachowski & Wachowski, 2000, p. 300). How shall we do research on 'fear'-- on such a prison, when we are in it-- or as Massumi (1993) says, we have become it? See Part Three.

[46] *Change* is not value-neutral from a conflict theory perspective, rather it is always political and conflict theory examines power relations (as does most critical theory-- see for e.g., Rasmussen, 1999). I agree with Scott (1998) that too often people use 'transformation' indiscriminately to mean any kind of change (p. 178). In general Scott's framework (cf. Mezirow, 1990 for more indepth analysis) "... can be used to decide if something has transformed or has just changed. Questions to ask are: Is there structural [political, power relations, policy, procedural] change? Is the aim grounded in a future vision that includes freedom, democracy and authenticity? [what I would develop as *"freedom from fear" a la* U.S. President F.D. Roosevelt's 1940s' "Four Freedoms" which were adopted in the UN Universal Declaration of Human Rights; see also *a la* Fromm and Freire, for example] Is there a shift in directon for what counts as [legitimate] knowledge? Is the change based on conflict theory.... Education for transformation, ... is intentionally towards a vision of society that is socially responsible..." (p. 186).

[47] I am using this term as adult educator Welton (1993) articulated it: "In contemporary social theory the term 'new social movements' has gained 'wide currency' (Cohen, 1985, p. 663), and it is standard practice to identify peace, feminist, ecological, and local and personal autonomy movements [including those focusing on alternative education, private schools, "schools without fear," free schools and deschooling movements *a la* Illich] as exemplars.... Any collective actor or social movement, must have a clear self-image or identity (collective identity), know decisively who they are against (an antagonistic relation to an opposed group), and struggle for the control of the development of the sociocultural lifeworld..." (p. 153). Adult education, as a field, has itself been called a "social movement" (Alexander, 1997, pp. 181-182; Holford, 1995, pp. 96-97; Little, 1991, p. 2; Rose and O'Neill, 1997, p. 149) responding to social crisis (e.g., Holford, 1995; Pöggeler, 1991), or is directly a part of social movements past and present (Fisher, 1998). "A promise of adult education" has been always there in some way after sociopolitical crises, since at least the French Revolution on (with Condorcet 1792 as an advocate) (Jarvis, 1991, p. 57). The social purpose of American adult education, systematized in the interwar period (1918-1939), has

been advanced by many adult educators to direct attention in the reconciliation of "... conflicts among racial, religious, and economic groups; to redress inequalities; and to advance the cause of marginalized citizens" (Stubblefield & Keane, 1994, p. 211). Law and Rubenson (1988), among other adult educators (including myself), have "... bemoaned the demise of the social movement impulse in adult education...", (Boshier, 1996, p. 150) during the past few decades of increasing technification, commodification and mainstream institutionalization of adult education.

Compared to adult education (historically), public schooling education, generally, has been less determined by or active in support of a critical conflict perspective and radical political social movements; instead, primarily operating for the conservative functionalist reproduction of the *status quo*. 'New' (in NSM), in this context, is relative with no one fixed time, location, ideological orientation, or origin. "Old" would refer to socialism, Marxism, communism, union movements, civil rights movements, religious fundamentalism and so on. See Newman (1995) for useful distinctions on types of activists "new" and "old."

[48] The idea of a "fearless pedagogy" is original, while the notion of "fearless societies" has been discussed briefly by the human geographer Tuan (1979, pp. 35-44), and more thoroughly (albeit, very insufficiently) within a sociopolitical context by Corradi (1992). See Fisher (2000a) for a summary of supportive arguments and quotes indicating *A Movement Toward A Fearless Society* to contradict and undermine violence. See Fisher (2002) on "fearless leadership" for future educational leaders, based on the narrative of the pop sci-fi film *The Matrix* (1999). Most of this dissertation will engage that film narrative in order to explicate, and to perform, some of my research findings and interests in what I call (playfully) *fearlesship*.

[49] "A social movement is a collective effort to bring about a new order [and consciousness] of life.... [It is] different from a public in that it supports a single point of view [relatively speaking]; a public includes all the opposing views on a given issue [theoretically, in a liberal democratic ideal] (Spencer, 1981, p. 335). Alain Touraine, an internationally recognized French sociologist, believes social movements are the source of new values for societies. Since the 18th century, modern complex (industrial) societies in the West have had many more social movements than previously (in traditional societies). For Touraine, social movements act to *mediate* individual's preferences into the body politic, to add *pressure via* organized groups that lobby to bring about *clarification of consciousness* (often as "consciousness raising") (Touraine, 1965; Spencer, 1981, pp. 335-336; Freire, 1973, for example, developed a pedagogy for "conscientization" in social movements). NSMs, like social movements generally, are major sources of social change and transformation but often are suppressed by authorities, particularly totalitarian state regimes, which construct and utilize a "culture of fear" *via* violence to control resistances to social (military, police) order (see Corradi et al., 1992, in Latin America). Typically and unfortunately, NSMs for civil rights, environment, feminism, peace, and so forth, have "... received no support from any statutory body in their struggles, and they are often presented [by authorities] as deviant groups who are situated at the periphery of society having some strange, ill-conceived ideas" (Jarvis, 1991, p. 63). For an excellent review of a sociology at the periphery *re:* social change, ideologies, theories, and international development, see Allahar (1989).

[50] This is based on Jung's work with collective unconscious archetypes. See von Franz (1981).

[51] The analogy between international level colonization (imperialism) and relational colonization of children and youth by adults (adultism) is a brought strikingly home every time I read J-P. Sartre's (1968) "Preface" to *The Wretched of the Earth.*

[52] Adult education has been more forthcoming in theorizing here than public schooling literature. There are many reasons for this, but basically adult education, formally was

recognized as such some 150 years ago (in Britian) with the formation of unions and the union's interest to educate their members systematically. Adult education was formed in highly contested workplace sites ridden with unequal power and rank, conflict, violence, oppression, and fear. Adult reform educators were more likely to carry out rebellions and revolutionary actions because of their adult status against other adults.

For youth, in schooling environments, this is more difficult and more easily suppressed by religious or government authorities, other school officials, and/or parents and community pressure-groups. But the point of this end note is to examine general collective attitudes to 'conflict' and resistances I have met in teaching critical 'conflict' pedagogy.

I have been slowly figuring out maybe why I like French writers more than Anglo-American writers, generally. Although, this has been a surprise to me, while putting this dissertation together. One reason I may be attracted is because France (Germany, Austria, Italy) is "... the original 'heartland' of Western society..." (Hughes, 1977, p. 12). But Hughes goes further to claim that "... it was Germans and Austrians and French and Italians-- rather than Englishmen or Americans or Russians-- who in general provided the fund of ideas that has come to seem most characteristic of our own [modern] time [in the West] (p. 13). France may be a magnet for me now, as I claim my 'artist-writer' in the intellectual community of Education (i.e., social sciences). France was well known to "... be the nation *par excellence* of artists and novelists [c. 1890s]..." (p. 43)-- a rather rebellious and critical lot. After examining various writers on the moral order of the modern W. suburb, Mellor and Shilling (1997) concluded, "... most suburbanites are keen to avoid conflict and the highly atomised and transient character of the suburb limits the potentiality for conflicts [conflictwork] developing [overtly] or being sustained (Baumgartner, 1988: 3, 65, 134).... Baumgartner's analysis of the endemic conflict avoidance characteristic of modern suburbs accords with Bloom's (1988: 228) view that there is in contemporary Western cultures [and I would not include, generally, the French, Spanish, Italians, Greeks, Australians, New Zealanders] a widespread apparent need to avoid all forms of conflict..." (p. 199). Cf. Furedi's (1997) analysis of a "culture of fear" and the social turn to put individual 'safety and security' before any other values.

Avoiding conflict due to fear (meaning, fear of violence or chaos), is not an esoteric research assumption to posit-- and, it has consequences that are devastating to healthy "deep" (Miller et al., 1998; Mindell, 1993) or "strong" democracies (as described by, for e.g., Barber, 1984; Bickford, 1996; Mansbridge, 1983, 1982, 1996; Mouffe, 1993; Peck, 1988; Ring, 1991; Summers, 1994; Young, 1990) and a conflict resolution (peace) pedagogy that does not waterdown, or omit, the importance of essential rebellion in various forms of civil disobedience as part of learning citizenship (e.g., Bickmore, 1984, 1991, 1993, 1993a, 1998, 1999, 1999a; Fitzell, 1997). Achinstein (2002) is a most refreshing summary of experience with conflict in teacher education community. She wrote, "This book reframes notions of conflict within teacher professional communities. While previously considered a dysfunctional or pathological aspect of communities.... Conflict, it turns out, offers a context for inquiry, organizational learning, and change" (pp. 2-3) (cf. Fullan, 1993). Similar findings of conflict avoidance strategies as dominant amongst a spectrum of strategies, were ubiquitous across several cultures in the studies of urban Vancouverites by Duryea (1992). Street-front grassroots activists don't have this problem, apparently. Generally, Anglo-Americans repress emotions and criticality more than the French, I'm thinking (many New Yorkers are excluded from the gross generalization). I also think Mellor and Shilling's (1997) analysis of the sociality and "bodies" of Catholic and Protestant religious traditions is revealing (and somewhat validating of my speculations) as to cultural differences in working with social rebellious criticality, conflict, and fear (i.e., the irrational and arational).

French-Canadians, in my experience, are a lot "hotter" expressively, critical overtly/ dramatically and show anger, fear and other passions more fluidly in public spaces than

Anglo-Canadians. Listen to their very different languages and *there* is the telling. The bi-cultural war in Canada between French and English-speaking 'nations' is not insubstantial. You've gotta 'show it' before you can 'work with it.' The bi-cultural war, and threat of separation in Canada, between French-speaking and English-speaking 'nations' is not insubstantial, and is not going away. My pedagogical lament with being raised North American continues.

My criticism extends into the Education realm as well, in particularly, I am interested to challenge the too simply applied assumptions of most all professional teachers I meet, that learning takes place best when there is little conflict and fear. These undertheorized works, tend to react to anything conflictual or violent as being 'negative' or 'bad' and ought to be eliminated behaviorally, without looking at what is going on from a deeper critical sociological, political and historical analysis. Therefore, they tend to fall back on a simplistic (over psychologized) intervention to creating "safe" schools and communities for learning, and neglect to develop a pedagogy or philosophy for "learning under fire" (see Fisher, 2000b). A sample of titles reflecting this consensus, cooperative and safe bias in pedagogical practice and thinking includes: *Too Scared to Learn* (Horsman, 2000); "When students are too upset to learn" (Davis & Miller, 1996); *Violence in Schools: Learning in Fear* (Day, 1996) and "The role of safety in learning" (Brook, 1997). The publications notoriously neglect to ask "what kind of learning" is taking place in sites of 'conflict,' 'fear,' and violence? How can we enhance that learning to be more effective in a variety of situations? Rather, they approach a model of learning that is out of touch with reality, in my view. I also think it would be a nice dream to have classrooms where people don't have to be frightened, but the context of oppression and a "War on Terrorism" makes that dream too far away to be given the priority these educators tend to give it.

I have just spent two years living in a co-op riddled with violence *via* bullying, terror tactics in politics of running the place, and suicides, and two major fires of mass destruction. I don't learn "school-ways" or think well in terms of ordinary rational, logical, linear ways in these crisis situations-- but I learn tremendously well in the irrational and arational intuitive domains. We have to ask what kinds of learning (intelligences) are the issue in the pursuit of safety and security? What are the aims of the learning we want in crisis? It is well-known in the crisis management literature and fields of emergency services that less than 5% of people in a crisis actually function at all in helping the situation-- most panic, freeze-up, or are just do things ineffectively in terms of what priorities are required to manage a severe crisis. I have witnessed this several times, and just recently in the fires at our co-op. I think this handicap of most people in crisis is because we haven't taught them otherwise from the beginning of their upbring and schooling.

We tend to separate "crisis" from "learning" and that is a deadly error. We even separate "learning" from "behavior problems" and think that we have to manage the behavior problems before learning can occur. That is an absurd notion, from the conflict perspective to pedagogy that I am taking in this dissertation. But the dominant discourses remain in Education which locate "learning" on the good/positive side and "fear" on the bad/negative side. Such discourses often ignore "... that most student behavior in the classroom is based on fear, rather than on the desire to learn" (Collins & Benjamin, 1993, p. 115) and that Education operates systemically in a "paradigm of fear" (www.guerillateachers.com/index.html).

My view (among others in the conflict tradition) is that learning to learn in sites of conflict, violence and fear, will in the long run, prove to reduce harm, not increase it. "Learning" for most teachers is narrowly conceptualized as "schooling" and that is so often not the full context of social life in the world we live in. Such teachers tend to let other "professionals" or "experts" take over duties (e.g., a counsellor or psychologist to help deal with behavior 'disorders' etc.) when there is a crisis outside of their conceptualization of

"learning" (which often means adultist rigid "order" and "control" by them). I see this giving over responsibility to professionals as a slippery slope to disempowerment of teachers, of students, and of all citizenry in our society. We end up becoming more and more dependent on alienating professionalism (and their institutional powers), with big price tags, for services that often we don't really need if we were better prepared to deal with crises by learning to 'learn under fire' together as "warrior citizenry" (cf. McLaren & Hammer, 1996)-- as "warrior pedagogues" (cf. Regnier, 1995).

I am not advocating we eliminate all professionals, like doctors, lawyers, police, security guards, ambulance workers and so on. But we ought to ask, for example, what is the longterm consequence of having security guards in all our schools, in every bank, drugstore, grocery store, for example? We have to ask what is our adult-teacher-parent motivation *really* in creating "safe" schools or "schools without fear" and so on? Right-wing agendas (and some Left-wing radicals) feed on the growing fear and insecurity, and our reliance on authorities to protect us. Is it mostly 'fear'-based? Is that a useful foundation to approach designing learning sites for others? I say not. A fearless standpoint is required (more on that later in Part Three).

Let's face it folks, "fear of lawsuits" is the highest motivating factor in most of the educational policies that are being made at macro and micro levels of the W. Education system today. Our leaders in this field and others are too often motivated by 'fear' but all the rationalizations are well developed by these leaders, and rare is there a systematic self-critique. Throughout this dissertation I am challenging educators of all stripes to think about our philosophies, theories, pedagogies, curriculums and texts-- and, how they may be derived/designed from a traditional conservative context of sociocultural reality that is not up-to-date with the past two decades. How will we want to go about learning and teaching -- learning and thinking, about pedagogy and curriculum, today in a context of what is being called a "culture of fear," "culture of terror," "violence culture," (J. Galtung), "culture of violence" (Dill & Haberman, 1995), "plague of violence" (Hoff, 1994), "culture of separation" (Bellah, 1970), "culture of power," (Delpit, 1988,1995; Henze et al., 1998) "culture of shame" (Morrison, 1998), or "post-traumatic culture" (Farrell, 1998)?

53 *French Revolution 1968,* Seale and McConville (1968). Most all discussion of the May Revolution in this Introduction are taken from Seale and McConville, unless otherwise stated. Long time Paris correspondents of the *Observer,* Patrick Seal and Maureen McConville have Irish heritage (lived in Britain) and well know the dangers and gains of social conflict and international politics. Their interpretation, generally, seems fair to the rebels and humanistic-- with a view somewhat left of centre. Other treatments of this revolution were not consulted because the purpose was not to do an accurate historical analysis *per se*, but to enliven the dissertation with 'just enough' biographical political history as narrative formations, in order to spin-off ideas and feelings that create the warp and woof of my non-fiction fictional writing approach (see Part Three).

54 My experience working with many very angry people, mostly adolescents, over the past few decades, has led me to use the label 'warrior' with them as a way to honor their actions (activism) and general 'raising hell.' They often, if unorganized without an ideology, don't know what they are fighting for. Sometimes they see what they are fighting against and that gets all the focus and projection. There are a lot of those wounded warriors in the world and most of them are young men-- with increasing numbers of young women rising to enact increasing degrees of violence in highly industrialized nations. These rebellious young people are involved with a lot of "crime" as part of their deviation from the norms of societies. Poverty is often a major impetus to move to more anarchic ways of life for these warriors. To call them 'warriors' requires a different framing of their relationship to a society (as opposed to calling them "criminals"), and I find it makes a big difference in my own ability to be compassionate for them all and to connect with them, no matter what they do that I may

ethically disagree with or feel hurt and oppressed by.

But all warriors are not equal in a Wilberian developmental schema and thus, I have always an educational, therapeutic, and political agenda to assist all warriors to keep moving along the spectrum of consciousness to the highest levels where they will better be compassionate (meaning fearless). These warriors are important rebels and leaders, but often they are very "twisted" in 'fear' patterns due to their own woundedness and their ignore-ance of the 'bigger picture' of the sacred traditions of warriorship based upon eliminating 'fear' rather than breeding it. In these traditions 'fear' is the source of violence.

The warriors in *The Matrix* film are fascinating examples of the best and worst of warriors as they struggle in a Resistance Movement to overcome 'fear' (the 'enemy' Matrix), more or less successfully (Fisher & Ribkoff, 2000). I make a strong distinction between warriors functioning for the State as secret agents, police, intelligence, or military, and sacred warriors who are functioning beyond the State's control and are not agents for the State (i.e., The 'Fear' Matrix). The warriors in a pathological patriarchy are long known and diverse, but generally I follow Wilber's (1995) description of the "egoic warrior ethic" (p. 613) to place the consciousness of warriors that have caused so much destruction on this planet in the name of "security" and "safety" and "preservation" of the Nation/State/Religion or status quo and so on. I could add Corporation to that list of which business warriors defend to the death for profit.

There are groups following various religious orders and their leaders, and they will call themselves sacred or 'holy warriors' in the fashion that they are serving the sacred and Divine realm, be it God, Allah, or some such mythical figure/symbol. The *jihad* are today mostly "extremists" fundamentalist Muslim's fighting in a holy war and thus are 'sacred warriors,' most of whom Anglo-American military leaders would call "terrorists." Many centuries ago, during the Crusades, the Christians had their version of holy warriors and no doubt they were called "terrorists" by non-Christians. I would argue, if I had the space, that these latter kinds of sacred warriors are also functioning within the "egoic warrior ethic" as they are looking for heroic reward in the afterlife, or graces from some paternalistic Leader's affections, etc. Many of the latter are operating in a mythic-membership consciousness (Wilber, 1981), or "red" and "blue" meme preconventional or conventional cognitive level respectively (Wilber, 2000). They are basically self-identified with "egocentric" and "conformist" rigid dualism of thought-- often with revenge "eye-for-an-eye" morality structures dictating their choices to fight and kill-- and with "good" and "evil" as simplistic categories of "Us" vs. "Them"-- not uncommonly do these memes structure much of the current American-led "War on Terror(ism)." See Wilber (2000) p. 21 for a diagram and description of these memes, general stages and worldviews on what he calls "The Spiral of Compassion."

The sacred warrior I am interested to encourage, follows no mythic dogma nor serves as an agent of a State or Religion or Business. They would be located in postconventional worldcentric or integral worldview structures of cognition (*a la* Wilber's schema). They are autonomous individuals and operate beyond 'fear' while offering warrior service as the "gift of fearlessness" (see Hibbets, 1999). There are many sacred warrior traditions around the world and they have many characteristics the same (Fields, 1991). A few of the best references for further reading on sacred warriorship, see Parry (1997) and Trungpa (1985). In Keen's (1983) radical liberative model of human development, the "outlaw" stage, is the "rebel" transformed beyond "adult" stage, into a post-adult worldview. The "outlaw" stage and sacred warrior are very similar in basic value-ethical characteristics. Fearless pedagogy requires fearless 'warrior' pedagogues, and that is a post-Educational domain of teaching and learning, which is rare and much needed in this world of increasing violence, crime, and "wars" of all kinds at all levels of existence. A critical 'conflict' pedagogy requires a close integration with the sacred warrior traditions (which includes a lot of the martial arts traditions-- cf. Mindell (1993, 1995) in terms of applying these to transformative leadership

and conflictwork, or what he calls "deep democracy").

55 This means "... the political and social system of France before the Revolution of 1789... a system or mode no longer prevailing" (Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, 1981, p. 42). Marx (1964) wrote, "... the *ancien regime* is the *hidden defect of the modern state*.... It is instructive for the modern nations to see the *ancien regime*, which has played a *tragic* part in their history, play a *comic* part as a ... ghost.... The modern *ancien regime* is the comedian of a world order whose *real heroes* are dead" (pp. 47-48). Some things never really change in a revolution. The *ancien regime* is thought by many historians to be a religious-royal-feudal elite rule of a nation based on terror created in the peasant workers. The French Revolution of 1789 was a reversal of oppression and overthrow of the elite, in what historians call the Reign of Terror. This was the pivot point for the birth of secular modernism (and much of liberalism). Sociologists, like Smelser (1962), argue that a major drive of strain in the system/organization comes from fear of deprivation: "... one reason why so much rioting broke out over the system of electoral representation in the Estates-General on the eve of the French Revolution was that many citizens [peasants] feared direct deprivations if their own interests were not adequately represented in the Estates" (pp.245-246). Politics always meets psychology. "Without a well-developed, enduring private self, people feel threatened by all progress, all freedom, all new challenges, and then experience annihilation anxiety, fears that the fragile self is disintegrating..." (personal communication, Lloyd deMause, 1997). "So we cling to the old and this will inevitably breed fear because life is changing; there are social upheavals, there is rioting, there are wars.... So there is fear" (Krishnamurti, 1995, p. 27). Political theory always meets history. "It has sometimes been supposed that political theory has very little to say on the subject of either violence or revolution. Both are seen as signs of the failure of politics and hence considered outside the range of interests of the [consensus, functionalist] political theorists.

In terms of the history of Western political philosophy it is occasionally argued, for example, that Edmund Burke was the first theorist of revolution and that all serious theoretical writing on revolutions can be dated from the French Revolution and its political reverberations. On a purely historical level (albeit, highly biased and Eurocentric and patriarchal) there is some evidence for this view. The modern age, characterized by revolutionary threats to the nation-state, did begin in 1789. Analytically speaking, however, the idea of revolution was implicit in the first organized society.... In its political sense, 'revolution' did not begin to be used until the late Renaissance..." (Johnson, 1966, p. 2). "One reason why revolutions took place [in France, Russia, China]... is that non-revolutionary change had already failed...". (Johnson, 1966, p. 5). And history is paradoxical. "... Tocqueville observed: 'It was precisely in those parts of France where there had been most improvement that popular discontent ran highest. This may seem illogical-- but history is full of such paradoxes. For it is not always when things are going from bad to worse that revolution breaks out. On the contrary, it oftener happens that when a people which has put up with an oppressive rule over a long period without protest suddenly finds the government relaxing its pressure, it takes up arms against it.'" (Johnson, 1966, p. 62).

56 With extraordinary candor, Cohn-Bendit, chief spokesperson of the May crisis told Sartre (in *Le Nouvel Observateur*, a Paris left-wing weekly), there is no doubt that the students are out to overthrow bourgeois society in one fell swoop, according to Seale & McConville (1968), p. 21. Although this claim is decidedly Marxist (Leftist), there were many other ideologies and groups involved in the complex student revolts of 1968 France.

57 I won't go into the complex debate about whether our current time is postmodern or a reflexive late stage of modernity, as many sociologists have engaged. And the "... postmodern cannot be proven..." (Lemert, 1997, p. 31). I am using *post-modern* (hyphenated) as the more conservative form of the period and character of an era beyond traditional modernity and its characteristics-- yet, still very modern but not a rejection of the

modern project. I use *postmodern* in a more radical sense of a break with modernity that is more complete and a rejection of modernism (cf. Lemert, 1997). Dates of the beginning of this challenge to the modern project in the W., depending on the author, vary from Nietzsche (mid-nineteenth century) to the landslide of criticism in the 1960s-70s forward to date (cf. Harvey, 1989). Generally, it is a critical philosophy and temperament of pessimism, doubt, irony and mistrust of progress, at least as progress has been conceptualized by vested interests of those "in power" in various aspects of the modern or Enlightenment project of burgeoning science, liberalism, and capitalism. Seidman (1994) sums up the culture of the Enlightenment with its "Assumptions regarding the unity of humanity, the individual as the creative force of society and history, the superiority of the west, and the idea of science as Truth, and the belief in social progress.... This culture is now in a state of crisis" (p. 1).

The *pomo* period (for short), is one of recognition and admission of contestation and conflict as identities and ethnicities, and diverse knowledges and cultural practices, overlap on a pluralistic multicultural stage (e.g., Coulby & Jones, 1996; Geyer, 1996). "Critical postmodernists [e.g., Giroux, hooks, Foucault] believe that conflict is natural and to be fostered in the struggle for empowerment" (Tierney, 1994). Less enthusiastic educators acknowledge the value of the pomo critique with due skepticism as well. Beyer (1996) wrote, "Postmodern analyses have appeared with increasing frequency over the last several years. They have raised a number of important questions about the role of knowledge claims and forms of rationality (in general and with respect to schooling in particular); the relationship between individual, particularistic situations and larger social contexts; the predicaments of disenfranchised others; and the nature of discourse and meaning. Such questions are unavoidable for all those interested in educational studies. In helping illuminate, for example, the ways in which discourses are hegemonic, technical/rational modes of thought and analysis dominate educational life, and patterns of domination serve to deny authenticity to marginalized groups..." (p. 133).

My own take is that the post-modern or postmodern condition is one of a lot of 'fear' that has always been there in the very earliest roots of the modern/Enlightenment project but has not been admitted in modernism (cf. Berry (1978) *re:* the W. traumatization from the Plague [Black Death], and the terror and responses to it by the religious and secular scientific communities in the 14th century to 17th century). Thus, for me, this critical philosophy of much of the pomo impulse is rooted in the sobre shadows of the *via negativa* orientation to reality (E. and W.) and particularly, W. existential philosophy-- what Wilber (1996) rightly calls a social movement and "postmodern rebellion" (p. 249). My view is somewhat supported by the rather interesting characterization of Hassan (1985) cited in Harvey (1989, p. 43), where "modernism" is one of "paranoia" and "postmodernism" is one of "schizophrenia." I have to agree, these are forms of 'fear' pattering (or worldviews) in which the first is projected 'outside' in modernity, and the second is projected 'inside' in postmodernity-- the latter, demanding acknowledgement *we* are the source of our own terrorization (demons, terrorists)-- and that, pretty much blows the image of a "unified" psyche all 'to hell' and it ultimately deconstructs realizing there is no "safe" ground (cf. Massumi's (1992) argument that capitalism and schizophrenia go together). Exactly, where is the terrorist-- the enemy? Where is 'fear'? (cf. Massumi, 1993). As I was finishing this dissertation, it occurred to me that the pomo impulse is also more fearless than modernity for bringing up that insecure "security" that was part and parcel of the carrot of modernity.

[58] In referring to the 60s-70s youth rebellion, Wilber (2000) wrote, "... there has often been a strange mixture of postconventional ideas inhabited by preconventional motives, a strange mixture we are calling 'boomeritis' (p. 24). The narcissism, which I see as 'fear'-based patterning in the youthful rebellions, ends up coming out as arrogance and inflated egoism as a cover-up defense mechanism. Basically, boomeritis is Wilber's playful critique of our babyboomer generation and the state of late capitalist societies. They have a high cognitive

capacity ("the green meme and noble pluralism") but a "rather low state of emotional narcissism" and this has created havoc. Wilber continues (tongue in cheek), "A typical result is that the sensitive self, honestly trying to help, excitedly exaggerates its own significance. It will possess the new paradigm, which heralds the greatest transformation in the history of the world; it will completely revolutionize society as we know it; it will revision everything that came before it; it will save the planet and save Gaia and save the Goddess; it will be the most extraordinary.... Boomeritis has significantly tilted and prejudiced academic studies; is behind much of the culture wars; it haunts almost every corner of the New Age; it drives many of the games of deconstruction and identity politics; it authors new paradigms daily" (pp. 27-28; see also Wilber, 2002 for a more detailed criticism). I always turn red-faced with embarrassment a bit when I hear Wilber's critique. The ecological movements and human potential movements-- cultural studies and postmodern movements-- have been highly infected with this 'bug' Wilber calls 'boomeritis'-- and it is the biggest barrier of thinking to the unfolding of the "integral" consciousness structure or "integral view" so required today. See further Wilber's (2000) critique of "pluralism" and "eclecticism" as part of the Flatland horrors. Wilber (2000) (following Don Beck's research) also critiques sociologist Paul Ray's "integral culture" conception and "cultural creatives" as not quite as fantastic as what Ray makes it out to be (pp. 30-31). Wilber is a pessimistic-optimist, like myself.

[59] In much of Ken Wilber's writing, he has always critiqued social movements (activism), and therapeutic interventions with the same basic "pre/trans fallacy"-- "... which is a confusing of *pre*rational structures with *trans*-rational structures simply because both are *non*-rational (e.g., Wilber, 1986, p. 146). Using Keen's (1983) model, this is a confusion of "rebel" (pre-adult) stage with "outlaw" (post-adult) stage-- and I am using "stage" very loosely without trying to push the reality of lived people's experiences into categories that are clean, linear, and total. You could apply this critique to post-modernists who may be more pre-modernists, etc. Sociologists like Maffesoli (1996) have called this 'pre' modern movement in many W. countries a movement to a "neotribalism." Wilber would likely call it a regressive neotribalism (Eco-Descender's romantic rebellion). This critique is pertinent to the battles going on in public and governmental circles in many industrialized W. nations as to whether *individualism* or *communalism* (i.e., liberalism vs. conservativism) is the best way to go in social policies. Communalism in its worst dissociated forms is an Eco-Descender romantic rebellion and neotribalization process. Individualism in its worst dissociated forms is Ego-Ascender narcissistic arrogance, as Wilber would likely call it. Each 'ism' equally destructive.

Wilber has suggested that the vast majority of folks in "spiritual" transpersonal 'new age' movements are operating from "pre" personal/rational structures (magical-mythic) and think they are "trans" personal/rational structures (true mystic) that they are fighting for or searching for. I won't go into details here. The point being, that many people attracted to trans (post-)rational liberation movements (beyond Modernism, for example) are actually not operating transrationally but are operating prerationally, and these prerational folks tend to want to join in on the transrational 'parties' and movements because both 'pre' and 'trans' structures are not rational (not the status quo of modernism). This causes a big mess, and transpersonal types are often then mis-labeled in their associations with the prepersonal types. In a somewhat similar fashion we see this with the anti-globalization movements (e.g., the WTO in Seattle) and how they are continually charged by the majority media with being violent and so forth, because of the few violent groups that join in their movements on the streets to cause mayhem, terror, and score some points for anarchism, etc. Trans-modern activists get really ticked off at being associated with the pre-modern activists, in the eyes of the non-activist modern community/media.

Wilber's pre/trans fallacy critique has large repercussions in his later theorizing about which way to go for liberation work on this planet. I'll give a brief synopsis of his view from his own words but readers ought to look at his (1995) book for more technical considerations

of how he arrives at "integral" (Plotinian view) as the way to bring the warring camps of "reductionists" (Eco-Descenders) and "elevationists" (Ego-Ascenders) together and transform their dualisms (enemy-making) so as to put their impulses of rebellion toward a united cause of the "Whole" Kosmos. Both camps commit violence and suffering in the name of ending violence and suffering. Wilber (1993) provides a basic, albeit simplified, expression of his evolutionary/developmental/cognitive argument: "The early developmental stages are prepersonal, in that a separate and individuated personal ego [preModern and prerational] has not yet emerged. The middle stages of growth are personal and egoic [Modernism and rational]. And the highest [deepest] stages are transpersonal or transegoic [post-Modern and transrational]. My point is that people tend to confuse the 'pre' states with the 'trans' states because they superficially look alike. Once you have equated the infantile fusion state-- which is prepersonal-- with the mystical union-- which is transpersonal-- then one of two things happens. You either elevate that infantile state to a mystical union it does not possess, or you negate all genuine mysticism by claiming it is nothing but a regression to infantile narcissism and oceanic adualism. Jung and the Romantic movement in general do the first-- elevate pre-egoic and prerational states to transegoic and transrational glory [artists are susceptible generally to this romantical approach]. They're 'elevationists.' And Freud and his followers do just the opposite: they reduce all transrational, transegoic, and genuinely mystical states to prerational, pre-egoic, infantile states. They're 'reductionists.' Both camps are half right, half wrong. Neither camp can tell the difference between 'pre' and 'trans.' Genuine mysticism does exist, and there's precisely nothing infantile about it at all. Saying otherwise is like confusing preschool with postgraduate school; it's kind of crazy, and totally confuses the situation" (p. 189). That's a debateable analogy there, Ken.

60 "... a philosophy of universal integralism. Put differently, I sought a world philosophy-- or an *integral* philosophy-- that would believably weave together the many pluralistic contexts of science, morals, aesthetics, Eastern as well as Western philosophy, and the world's great wisdom traditions. Not on the level of details-- that is finitely impossible; but on the level of *orienting generalizations:* a way to suggest that the world really is one, undivided, whole, and related to itself in every way: a holistic philosophy for a holistic Kosmos, a plausible Theory of Everything" (Wilber, 2000, p. 38). He had this vision c.1992 and began it in his trilogy of which the first volume *Sex, Ecology, Spirituality* (1995) was the result. The second volume and third are already written but yet to be published.

61 Wilber (1995, p. 433). Wilber is a conflict theorist at heart, albeit, an abstract one at times, with his philosophical evolutionary mission to lift the modernist (egoic-rational) structure of consciousness to the next level of "vision logic" or "integral" for more people and social organizations on this planet before we destroy ourselves.

62 This term was coined by British transpersonal psychotherapist, Rowan (1992). He was referring to Wilber's leadership in revolutionizing the thinking of transpersonal studies and psychology. Washburn (1988) wrote, "Besides Jung, the principal figure in the field [of transpersonal psychology] at this time is Ken Wilber" (p. 3)-- which includes Assagioli and Maslow. This transpersonal movement, with roots in the "ancient wisdom literature of both East and West" grew in the 1960s in the West into a "philosophical revolution in psychology" (Lajoie & Shapiro, 1992, p. 63). Wilber is regarded as one of the major leading theorists of transpersonal psychology or the "Fourth Force" wave of psychology's evolution (Sundberg & Keutzer, 1985, p. 441). Ironically, but rationally, Wilber has removed himself from the American versions of transpersonal psychology and the movement itself. He explains his radical split in a recent interview with Shambhala (his publisher): "I quit referring to myself as a transpersonal psychologist in 1983. I guess because I never said much about it publicly, few noticed that I had basically resigned from the movement almost two decades ago.... the basic difficulty is that transpersonal psychology, to its credit, was the first major school of present-day psychology to take spirituality seriously. Yet because there is a great deal of

disagreement as to what actually constitutes spirituality itself, there is a great deal of disagreement as what constitutes transpersonal psychology. These are not minor tensions as one might find within, say, the various schools of psychoanalysis or Jungian psychology. They are instead major internal divisions and barbed disagreements as to the nature, scope, and role of transpersonal psychology itself. This makes the field more rife with political schisms and warring ideologies. This is why, I believe, that in three decades, and aside from one or two specific theorists, the actual school of transpersonal psychology has had no major impact outside of the [San Francisco] Bay Area, and it is today, many people agree, in an irreversible terminal decline. What's left of the four forces (behavioristic, psychoanalytic, humanistic, transpersonal) will survive, if they survive at all, only by being taken up and into a fully integral approach [see 'A Summary of My Psychological Model,' section 'The Death of Psychology and the Birth of the Integral,' posted on this site]" (Wilber, 2002a).

[63] Wilber, in much of his writing in the 1990s acknowledges the postmodern movement as a "counterbalance to modernity" (Wilber, 2000, p. 43), and he is all for that because there has been a very violent destructive side to the evolution of modernity (egoic-rational structure of consciousness). His general distinction, although he is well read in the complexities of postmodern writing, is: "... if industrialization is modern, the information age is postmodern. If Descartes is modern, Derrida is postmodern. If perspectival rationality is modern, aperspectival network-logic [*a la* Jean Gebser] is postmodern. If Bauhaus architecture is modern, Frank Gehry is postmodern. If representation is modern, nonrepresentation [in arts] is postmodern. If the internal combustion engine is modern, the Internet is postmodern" (Wilber, 2000, p. 43). But Wilber thinks both modernity and postmodernity have a lot to offer (similar to the thinking of sociologists and philosophers like Habermas, Taylor, Giddens, Bauman, Beck etc.). Wilber tends to align himself with postmodernity in a very general way and lays out the task of postmodernity as correcting the excessive differentiations of moderity (splitting science, aesthetics, morals) and re-integrating the domains of the 'Big Three' domains of knowing: it-science, I-arts/aesthetics, we-morals (echoes of Kant, and Habermas). Postmodernity, according to Wilber is best put to the task of creating the conditions for the "integral." And Wilber is the leader of that 'postmodern' movement, and he acknowledges Habermas's great contribution to this movement, and to evolutionary theory applied to culture, economics, sociology, politics, philosophy and history.

Habermas is the "world's greatest living philosopher" (Wilber, 1997, p. 71), but Habermas, says Wilber, is only useful up to level four (egoic-rational) of the "spectrum of consciousness" (of 8 or 9 levels in Wilber's schema). His criticism of postmodernity (along with Habermas) is extensive and they (especially postmodernists) in return, don't much like Wilber's work. I want to be accurate to Wilber's notions and he refers to our time as the "modern world" constituted by overlapping "premodern, modern, and postmodern currents" (Wilber, 2000, p. 43). Wilber (1999) journals about the loss of the inspiration of depth, quality and truth in much of deconstructionist writers. Wilber liked Aldous Huxley, for example. Huxley wrote, characteristically, "novels about ideas" not about characters, says Wilber. This was a time, Wilber laments, that humanities professors still believed in truth and helping humankind with it. But since then deconstructionists from Wittgenstein forward, and their postmodern followers tend to be "... shocked that anybody could ever have a passion for truth, since, as they happily misinterpret Foucault, truth is nothing but thinly concealed power-- thus attempting to ensure that none of their students seek truth either, lest they actually find it and begin producing real works that shine with depth and glory.... Precisely because Huxley was plugged into the transcendental, his prose had power to liberate.You have to know that there actually is a transcendental something, if you are going to free anybody from anything-- if there is no beyond-the-given, there is no freedom from the given, and the liberation is futile. Today's postmodern writers [and he would include many of the

past and present existentialists in his rather neo-Platonic Plotinian critique], who hug the given, stick to the obvious, cling to the shadows, celebrate the surface, have nowhere else to go, and so emancipation is the last of what they offer... or you get" (pp. 12-13).

64 Cypher [to Neo]: "Gee-zus! What a mindjob. You're here to save the world. You gotta be shitting me [that's what Morpheus told you?]. What do you say to something like that?" (Scene 70, p. 329 in Wachowski & Wachowski, 2000).

65 Wilber (1997), pp. 64-65, coined this term for his own work.

66 Wilber sees himself as a philosopher of the foolish kind? (cited in Wilber, 1998, p. xi).

67 Guy (1995), p. 78. Kornman (1996) suggests Wilber's philosophical style has been influenced by Buddhist-inspired Nagarjuna and Madhyamika philosophy (p. 36)-- a kind of E. spiritual postmodern deconstructionist "negative" method. McIntyre (1995) referred to Wilber as a "Coyote trickster" (p. 117)-- which, is very much an archetypal Fool in the wisdom prophetic traditions. I have called him a "Sorcerer-Sacred Warrior" (Fisher, 1997, p. 31) but not at all a 'flaky-mystical' new ager or religious science esoteric-- but someone who has a mature transdisciplinary intellect who does not ignore the spiritual wisdom traditions from around the world as having a lot to say about the nature of Reality/Kosmos and truth (i.e., he is a "pundit")-- uninterested in being a guru, worshipping gurus or any kind of dogma or 'esoteric gospels.' However, he does extend 'science' and 'spirituality' (or 'religion') to types of inquiries, with methodologies, based in types of "sciences." His hierarchy of developmental inquiry (although, always integrating all levels-all quadrants), would roughly go from "natural sciences" to "psychological/social sciences" (including "hermeneutic/ phenomenological) to "contemplative sciences" (including "mandalic" and "gnostic" (Wilber, 2000, pp. 79-80)-- the latter contemplative sciences would be the methodology of choice (primarily) for inquiry in the transpersonal levels of consciousness (i.e., soul, spirit). He is really a disciplined independent scholar and transpersonal philosopher, if one needs the labels.

68 Wilber (1995a), p. 21.

69 One reviewer, Melcher (1997), gives a flavourful excerpt to the reader of the common loathing of the Wilberian schema of everything: "The sheer arrogance of Wilber's work is astonishing. A few good and useful insights on the human condition are buried in mud slides of rhetoric from one who apparently believes that to explain is to understand, and to understand is to control. When everything can be arranged into nicely fitting contraptions of logic, the arranger stands safely on top of an enormous pyramid of incontrovertible proof.... From the perch of Wilber's upper-middle class wonderland perhaps it is difficult to see the incredible devastation being wrought primarily by those whose perspective views a local sense of place and culture as a mere obstacle to 'globalization'.... In truth, Wilber's opus [*A Brief History of Everything*] is a mass of self-contradictions.... Ken Wilber speaks volumes about transcendence but he leaves little space for inclusion. Only by embracing a coldly autocratic world of fixed and stable hierarchies (or 'holarchies') will I be included in his scheme. If I cannot, I am likely to be declared evolutionary deficient and less than worthy of preservation.... I can't recommend it as a particularly positive contribution to our ongoing conversation with Spirit" (p. 36). Wow! These interpretations continue to amaze me, and I have read hundreds of them from his various critics (e.g., Fisher, 1997). His 'map' of the Kosmos is terrifying for a lot of really smart people. Beyond the easy answers, and mud-slinging at Wilber as some kind of monstrous zealot Social Darwinist or something, I wonder why?

70 In much of Wilber's writing he uses terms like "integral" "integral vision" "integral philosophy" and so forth, but unfortunately he adds the 'ism' to this term (Wilber, 2000, p. 93) making it sound more like an ideology than philosophy (something Wilber would loathe himself). My preference is to use the term "integral philosophy" or other versions without the

'ism'.

71 "The Greeks had a beautiful word, *Kosmos*, which means the patterened Whole of all existence, including the physical, emotional, mental, and spiritual realms. Ultimately reality was not merely the cosmos, or the physical dimension, but the Kosmos, or the physical and emotional and mental and spiritual dimensions altogether. Not just matter, lifeless and insentient, but the living Totality of matter, boyd, mind, soul, and spirit. The Kosmos!-- now there is a real theory of everything! But us poor moderns have reduced the Kosmos to the cosmos..." (Wilber, 2000, p. xi).

72 Wilber (1998), p. x.

73 Schwartz (1996) p. xiv.

74 Schwartz (1995), p. 38.

75 This is a complex term, and I will discuss, in part in the rest of this Introduction. Flatland, in my interpretation, is the latest metaphor in his long line of metaphors (concepts) to diagnose the 'biggest' problem in the world in terms of ontological and epistemological (violent) orientations. Flatland is what has happened to the Kosmos-- and it is a nasty outcome of a lot of the worst side of empiricism, scientism and "... a world of nothing but meaningless ITs roaming a one-dimensional flatland. The scientific [modernist] worldview was of a universe composed entirely of objective processes, all described not in I-language or we-language [cf. Habermas's work on knowledge], but merely in it-language, with no consciousness, no interiors, no values, no meaning, no depth and no Divinity" (Wilber, 1998, p. 56). Flatland reductionism is Wilber's enemy and it occurs in so-called holistic systems and ecological theories (subtle reductionism) as much as atomistic scientific positivist theories (gross reductionism). This is the "disaster of modernity" but he doesn't throw away science and modernity as such, he merely wants to critique its shadow side (*a la* Habermas, Charles Taylor and other W. philosophers). Wilber has his own version of "re-enchantment" of the Kosmos but is very critical of other such approaches.

76 I highly recommend his "Good-bye to Flatland" (Wilber, 1996, pp. 336-339), where he is most vociferous and fearsome in his attack beyond all his other writing in my view. His use of the word "reject" or "rejecting" in this passage, paradoxically, raises strong arguments that would challenge his own view of being an "integral" theorist. But his compassionate warrior' spirit and outrage are much appreciated by this writer.

77 Wilber (2000), p. 160. Also see Wilber (1997, 1998).

78 "My own feeling is that a theory of world transformation will in effect be a 'mystical Marxism'-- that is, it will cover the intricate relations between the 'material-technological-economic' base of any society and its worldviews, legitimation strategies, and consciousness states/structures. This field is virtually wide open" (Wilber, 1993a, p. 263).

79 See his chapter "On God and Politics" (Wilber, 1997, pp. xiii-xix) and his chapter 19 in Wilber (1981) on "Republicans, Democrats, and Mystics." Wilber (1999) summarized his quick view of politics from his personal journals: "Liberals hate Spirit, basically, and conservatives think Spirit means their own fundamentalist mythic God-- they are both way off the mark..." (p. 11).

80 *Psychologism* is used here critically, in a Wilberian sense, meaning that psychology as a discipline (discourse and way of thinking) has gone beyond its realm of expertise-- that is, the study of mind. Psychological explanations have dismissed spiritual dimensions of human experience (in the domain of soul and spirit) (see Wilber, 1977/82). From an integral perspective, Wilber would argue that when psychology attempts to reduce all the Kosmos (all experience) to only psychology, that is psychologism, that is the ideology (and violence) of psychology as a form of power/knowledge (*a la* Foucault). Bar-Tal (2001) argues psychology has always been political, and now there is an important sub-field called

"political psychology." The *Oxford English Dictionary* "... proposes that psychology, as it stands now, reflects the political Zeitgeist of the world in general and of the society in which psychology is studied in particular. That is, it reflects the dominant political values, beliefs, attitudes, motivations, and behavior of its time. It indicates that psychology does not develop in a vacuum..." (p. 221). Most often, Marxist or neo-Marxist critical theorists (sociologists) challenge psychologism as it tends to dominate political and social analysis; in particular, how individualist psychology (in the W.) has led to distraction from important social and political problems, because psychologism (conservative thinkers are attracted to this) tends to reduce social problems to individual's character and will problems (often in a 'blame the victim' positioning).

As educators, we ought to be more concerned than we usually are, about the dominant force of psychological ideology (psychologism) in determining pedagogy and curriculum. For a good counter response to psychologism (attempts to make psychology politically-neutral), coming from psychologists, see Fox & Prilleltensky (1997) re: "critical psychology."

[81] See my catalogue of some of his critical writing on the 'New Age' (Fisher, 1997, pp. 44-45). "Today's 'spirituality' is mostly (1) fundamentalist revivals, (2) new age narcissism, (3) mythic regression, (4) web-of-life subtle reductionism, (5) flatland holism" (Wilber, 1999, p. 12).

[82] "I suppose many readers will insist on calling what I am doing 'metaphysics,' but if 'metaphysics' means thought without evidence, there is not a metaphysical sentence in this entire book" (Wilber, 1995, p. x). Wilber is a story-teller, "What follows, then, is a cheerful parable of your being and your becoming, an apologue of that Emptiness which forever issues forth, unfolding and enfolding, evolving and involving, creating worlds and disolving them, with each and every breath you take. This is a chronicle of what you have done, a tale of what you have seen, a measure of what we all might yet become" (Wilber, 1995, p. xi). On "Good Science" and "deep (*transformative*) spirituality" integrated in his theory, see Wilber (2000), pp. 73-80. See also Wilber (1995), p. 48 on the distinction between what he calls *"reconstructive sciences"* and *"predictive sciences."*

[83] In his attempt to re-marry Science and Religion, Wilber stays away from the Evolution vs. Creationism debates completely. He is attempting an "integral" solution to this long and bitter divorce. He therefore searches for different ways of naming and conceptualizing developmental ontologies (or evolutionary theory), and "spiral dynamics" (*a la* Don Beck and Christopher Cowan) is the one he's excited about of late (see Wilber, 2000). I doubt the creationists will be impressed.

[84] An important interview with Wilber by Shambhala (publishers), in Wilber (2002a) reveals his classification of the various areas of transpersonal research and his views of the transpersonal movement (particularly in the San Francisco Bay area) and how it has turned to a flatland postmodernism, extreme pluralism of identity politics, narcissism, and/or a drug culture, in which it is having little impact on world affairs because it has limited capacities for a pragmatic integral politics in the complex world we live in.

[85] In Fisher (2002a) I located Wilber's philosophy as belonging in the area of holism. Rinehart (n.d.), working on a theory of peace using Wilber's work, suggested that Wilber's philosophy is a "theory of developmental holism" (p. 2). Wilber has declared often that although he is very critical of holistic theories (e.g., Wilber, 1995), his critical integral theory is a close cousin of holistic theories generally. His own view, however, is based on the perennial philosophy more so than most holistic theories espoused today. Terminology is a bit of a nightmare as "integral" has been used by many different people and theories across many different domains of knowledge. No one proper definition of integral exists, nor likely ever will. However, in the W. world, in the past 50 years (especially the last 5-10 years in America), there has emerged a strikingly sophisticated and close to universal conception of

integral, of which Ken Wilber is a leading exponent. His critical integral theory is unique. For the most part, Wilber and his followers, have replaced *holism* with *integralism*. In a somewhat similar vein of critique, Wilber has taken the conception of *transpersonal* and replaced it with *integral*. Some leadership trainers (e.g., Geoffrey Gioja in Wilber, 2000, p. 94) have argued that the *transformational* approach ought to also be replaced by Wilber's *integral* approach-- the latter being a more mature and comprehensive construct, they argue. The implications of this integral critique to transformative educational theory and pedagogy has yet to be explored.

[86] Wilber (2000), and to a lesser extent Wilber (2002), gives a good overview of the many fields where his work is being utilized by various researchers, activists, NGO's and entrepreneurs. A few examples not included in Wilber (2000) are: Bonde (2001) in music therapy; Gibbs, Giever & Pober (2000) in criminology; Moyer (2002) in activist training; Nielsen (n.d.) in feminist theory; Rinehart (n.d.) in peace studies; Schwartz & Russek (1997) in medicine/psychiatry; Slaughter (1998, 2001) in futures studies; and Wilpert (2001) in politics. To find out more about professional applications of Wilber's work, I recommend four websites (among about 75 on the Internet): www.worldofkenwilber.com; www.integralinstitute.org; www.gircorp.org/scripts/catheader.asp?catid=61; www.spiraldynamics.net

[87] Although I haven't kept up with researching the mainstream academic philosophical journals for mention of Wilber's work, it is true he has not been acknowledged in the discipline. He also doesn't publish there. Most of his influence is on the West Coast of North America, mainly in psychology and the 'new age,' mainly in California, and that alone, is a geopolitical barrier to the spread of his work to the mainstream on this continent. North Americans, with a persistent, if not pernicious, Puritanical Judeo-Christian heritage, overall, politically and sociologically, are not traditionally very kind to mystics or mysticism; which I always find paradoxical, in terms of the Freemasonry background of the American constitution.

Wilber (2000) is very impressed with the moral-stage five (postconventional or worldcentric) Constitution of the United States. He noted, "At the time it was written, perhaps 10 percent of the U.S. population was actually at moral stage 5. The brilliance of this document is that it found a way to institutionalize the worldcentric, postconventional stance and let it act as a governance system for people who were not, for the most part, at that higher level. The Constitution itself thus became a *pacer of transformation*, gently encouraging every activity within its reach to stand within a worldcentric, postconventional, non-ethnocentric moral atmosphere. The brilliance of this document and its framers is hard to overstate" (p. 90). I think it has failed as a document and policy formation miserably if one looks at the realities of violence and terror(ism) in and around America and its foreign policies and actions.

Wilber admits that the Constitution of the United States is brilliant but is lacking in its demand to meet a world of "global systems" and "integral meshworks" that are evolving from the spread and domination of "corporate states" and diverse "value communities." His call is for a transformation of The Constitution of the United States even further along the spectrum. He wrote, "What the world now needs is the first genuinely second-tier form of political philosophy and governance. I believe, of course, that it will be an all-quadrant, all-level political theory and practice, deeply integral in its structures and patterns. This will in no way replace the U.S. Constitution (or that of any other nation), but will simply situate it in global meshworks that facilitate mutual unfolding and enhancement-- an integral and holonic politics. The question remains: exactly how will this be conceived, understood, embraced, and practiced?.... This is the great and exhilarating call of global politics at the millenium. We are awaiting the new global founding Fathers and Mothers who will frame an integral system of governance..." (p. 90). This is no typical postmodern declaration about the future,

as you may tell.

He is a visionary-prophet. Less dramatically, he is a "radical modernist" as Lemert (1997) would define it, that is, [one who believes in a postmodern critque in general but also he sees it as dangerous]. "Instead, they view the sad effects of totalization as a *social* failure under certain historical conditions, but not as an inherent flaw of modernity itself" (p. 40). But Wilber, would go further than that too, and thus is not fully a radical modernist, because his critique is a strong epistemological critique of modernism, not merely one that rests on a "social" analysis alone. I only wish Wilber had included a statement of how this new "integral" governance may be "criticized" as part of its emergent self-reflexiveness to its own formation. That bothers me, as Wilber's writing rarely has shown me that he knows much at all about conflictwork at the grassroots or philosophical levels. I see a niche for myself here.

88 As reported in Wilber (1993) in an interview by Edith Zundel, a reporter from Bonn, W. Germany. She said, "... I would like to talk to you as a scholar, not a guru. Your works are very influential in Germany, you know. You have had a major impact, not just on fringe areas, but in mainstream academic circles. All ten of your books have been translated into German'.... [Wilber replies] "Yes, my books are big hits in Germany and Japan" (p. 157).

89 See for example, Wilber (1995), p. 413, 477.

90 From an article this cultural studies scholar, Duke University, published in *lingua franca: The Review of Academic Life* (Wilber, 2002, p. 212).

91 A French word meaning "wild ones," was "Used, in 1793, to describe an extreme revolutionary group led by Jacques Roux which had considerable influence [in the French Revolution of 1798].... applied, in 1968, to Daniel Cohn-Bendit and his troublesome friends at Nanterre [Paris University annex], and triumphantly taken up by them." [p. 13] A less positive view frames the *enrages* as "... total critics of their community, totally insolent, totally without remorse. Weak in numbers, their basic strategy was provocation. They were a horrible enemy for anyone in authority" [p. 32] (Seale & McConville, 1968). The link between the spirited impulse of 1789 and 1968, within French cultures, cannot be ignored beyond the fact they both brought fear and terror (at times with violence) to many.

92 See Tse-tung (1961).

93 See Lefebvre (1984).

94 See Wilber (2002), p. 244-245 for a discussion of this study of universities and what Wilber calls extreme pluralism and "victim chic" (e.g., pp. 174, 178, 187, 218, 224, 234).

95 In the early 1990s I played with writing out ideas about a NO 'FEAR' Party, and then in 2000 I played with a more serious notion of the FEARLESS RESISTANCE ALLIANCE.

96 Cited in Yeatman (1994), p. 115.

97 Seale & McConville (1968), p. 57.

98 Ibid., p. 58.

99 Speaking on the conflict tradition of sociological analysis and the pivotal position of Karl Marx, is Collins (1994): "What is referred to as the thought of 'Marx' is actually more of a symbol than the work of one individual. Marx is the center of a tradition that dramatized conflict more than any other. It also became the doctrine of a political movement-- at one time revolutionary, but since the victory of the Communists in Russia in 1917 and subsequently elsewhere, Marxism has further had to serve as the statement of an official Establishment. As a result Marxism has gone through many splits and variations corresponding to political disputes within the camp of Communists regimes and of revolutionary movements elsewhere in the world. These political connections and applications are part of Marxism's appeal for some intellectuals, but they are responsible for considerable repulsion on the part of others. For all this, our concern here is with the *intellectual* contribution of Marxism to a realistic understanding of the world as a situation of

domination and conflict [and 'fear']" (p. 49). It is the "ideas" of Marxism that is of interest to me and their potential methodological implications for critical analysis of the 'Fear' Matrix.

[100] An argument made by Law (1988) and a few other academics.

[101] "In these days of 'politically correct' (PC) thinking, the one thing that is consistently overlooked, of course, is the perennial philosophy. The PC claim is that all of modern civilization is now dominated by thinking that is Eurocentric, logocentric, and sexist, and that the only politically adequate or correct view is therefore one that is, by contrast, radically egalitarian and pluralistic, and denies that any worldview can be 'better' than another. The problem with this view is that, while it claims to be admirably liberal-- in that nothing can be said to be 'better' or 'higher'-- it ends up absolutely reactionary: if nothing is better, then there is and can be no liberal agenda, there can be no impetus to improve a present state of affairs acorrding to a blueprint of a 'better' state of affairs. It utterly lacks a coherent and integrative vision of human possibilities. Moreover, radical pluralism is itself a Eurocentric, logocentric notion" (Wilber, 1993, p. 88). The beginning of a critique of "liberal" pc thinking is beyond the scope of this dissertation, as I am not attempting a political analysis of W. society *per se*, but rather my goal is to sort through my own knowledge and lack of knowledge in matters of political philosophy and history as contexts to curriculum and pedagogy.

As I end this Part One: Introduction there is a growing sense that "liberalism" is a huge *enemy* of everything I want for education policies and pedagogical processes in this world. I have been greatly influenced by Grant's (1969) essays, which challenge the hidden curriculum of liberalism in universities and many societies. One of his big concerns comes from his critique of ideology. He wrote, "So monolithic is the agreement of society about ends, so pervasive the ideology of liberalism which expresses that agreement, that the question about knowing cannot be raised seriously.... I mean by liberalism a set of beliefs which proceed from the central assumption that man's essence is his freedom and therefore that what chiefly concerns man in this life is to shape the world as we want it" (p. 114).

I am not saying down with liberal ideas, nor is Grant, we are merely asking: Are these liberal proponents of these ideas open to having them critiqued? The problem with liberalism is that it has attached itself to progressivism, and technologism (the technological imperative) and it is an assault on progress itself (i.e., modernism) to critique and question liberal ideas. I like liberal thinking generally. I am all for strong individuated people with human rights that can be upheld by law (if necessary) to ensure the social group or State does not impose unfairly upon the individual's (more or less) free choice etc. It can go too far, and the old cliché is worthy to repeat: Individual freedom without social responsibility is fascism, not liberation.

The critics of neo-liberalism, and neo-conservativism are generally critiques that are tending toward anti-capitalism with deep resentment that governments (left-liberal or right-conservative) are selling out to corporations too much power over the lifeworld or general operations of government that is supposed to serve the people. Giddens (2000) aligns "neoliberal" thought with the wave of globalism and as typical of political leaders like Margaret Thatcher, "... no ordinary conservative. Flying the flag of free markets, she attacked established institutions and elites..." (p. ix). Giddens links neoliberalism as a form of free market conservativism, anti-'big government' and part of the death of socialism *via* a conservativism that grew out of and was "... shaped in reaction to the French Revolution.

Socialism began as a body of thought opposing individualism; its concern to develop a critique of capitalism only came later. Before it took on a very specific meaning with the rise of the Soviet Union, communism overlapped heavily with socialism, each seeking to defend the primacy of the social or the communal. Socialism was first of all a philosophical and ethical impulse, but well before Marx it began to take on the clothing of an economic doctrine. Marx it was, however, who provided socialism with an elaborated economic

theory.... Socialism seeks to confront the limitations of capitalism in order to humanize it or to overthrow it altogether" (p. 3). Giddens discusses the conservative and libertarian streams of neoliberalism in the West. "Unlike classical social democracy, neoliberalism is a globalizing theory, and has contributed very directly to globalizing forces. The neoliberals apply at a world level the philosophy that guides them in their more local involvements. The world will get along best if markets are allowed to function with little or no interference.... Preparedness for war, and the sustaining of military strength, are necessary elements of the role of states in the international system" (p. 14).

The elimination (or denial) of a 'welfare state' that supports weaker and vulnerable citizens, or other species and ecological lifesystems, is a key outcome of neoliberalism. My critique, like Wilber's ongoing critique is of liberalism, with emphasis on the 'ism' part, where the best of the Modern/Enlightenment project of liberty is turned into ideology and liberal thinking turns into oppression– especially, in that it rejects anything else outside of its own liberal views, for example, the best parts of conservative (traditionalist) thinking and so on.

From a communist or Marxist radical perspective, liberalism is equivalent to overripened individualism ('cult of the individual'). I am no fan of individualism any more than communalism ('cult of the group'). Mao Tse-tung (1961) makes a good challenge to liberalism in terms of impact on leadership and cultural revolutions. He wrote, "In revolutionary organizations liberalism is extremely harmful. It is a corrosive which disrupts unity, undermines solidarity, induces inactivity and creates dissension. It deprives the revolutionary ranks of compact organization and strict discipline, prevents the politicies from being thoroughly carried out and divorces the organizations of the Party from the masses under their leadership. It is an extremely bad tendency. Liberalism stems from the selfishness of the petty bourgeoisie which puts personal interests foremost and the interests of the revolution in the second place, thus giving rise to ideological, political and organizational liberalism.... Liberals look upon the principles of Marxism as abstract dogmas. They approve of Marxism but are not prepared to practice it or to practice it in full.... they talk Marxism but practise liberalism; they apply Marxism to others but liberation to themselves.... Liberalism is a manifestation of opportunism and fundamentally conflicts with Marxism. It is passive in character and objectively produces the effect of helping the enemy; thus the enemy welcomes its preservation in our midst. Such being its nature, there should be no place for it in the revolutionary ranks.... A communist should be frank, faithful and active, looking upon the interests of the revolution as his[sic] very life and subordinating his personal interests to those of the revolution [collective group, organization, State, or Religion].... he should be more concerned about the Party and the masses than about the individual [needs] and more concerned about others than about himself" (pp. 515-516).

Being a founder and leader of the Fearless Social Movement for the past 14 years, I have to agree with a lot of the concerns about liberalism Mao raises in terms of my own experience and research on a critical 'conflict' pedagogy, applicable for social movements and/or revolutions that are deeply transformative in purpose. I am no Maoist, nor do I think he has it right on in terms of a critique or solution to liberalism (including, individualism, capitalism). Maoism or communism, or Marxism, are prone to adultism (add a lot of other isms), and without such a critique of adultism within their own theorizing and praxis, I am little interested to support such movements and their pedagogies. Although, I will always support the rebel spirit they emerge from.

But there is a healthy rebel spirit and an unhealthy ("twisted") rebel spirit, which ought to be distinguished. I do not support rebels who are out to change the world by using 'fear' tactics of any sort, even when they argue they are only disturbing the peace of the community because they seek their freedom to dissent. "Twisted" (or closet "Normal") Rebels always use 'fear' and operate from 'fear' but may look like they don't at all. Often they look very brave. Essential Rebels operate from fearlessness. But that is a long discussion of

my rebel theory, which is beyond the scope of this end note. A more complex critique is required beyond Mao. Wilber's *integral* ideas are much better theoretically, as "a new type of *critical theory*" (Crittenden, 1997, p. x), overall.

I am working to modify Wilber's critical theory to better accommodate my work on 'fear' and fearlessness to eventually develop and improve upon critical 'conflict' pedagogy. But Wilber's and Mao's critique of liberalism are a welcome, albeit uncomfortable complement, in my view. I have not focused any particular critique on conservative thinking and/or conservativism *per se* here. I think my views generally are to the Left of the political spectrum and my focus of work is to see if I can bring forth a critical 'conflict' pedagogy as a platform for Leftist thinkers and politics-- afterall, *liberal* and *liberation* are inherently linked and they appeal to my Essential rebellious spirit. Wilber, with his integral politics, is doing the same. We don't ignore the Right of the political spectrum, it is just not our most practical strategic location to bring our work forth to the wider publics. I am all for a conservative thinking that is fully fearless and if I were to find such an opening for my work in the Right, I'd gladly embrace it and the opportunity to transform politics on the Right, and then on the Left. I and Wilber are merely chosing to transform the politics on the Left first because we see the most potential there. We could be off-base on that estimate but until we know better, I'll go with Wilber's (1997) claim: "The most pressing political issue of the day, both in America and abroad, is a way to integrate the tradition of liberalism with a genuine spirituality" (p. xiii). You may note that Wilber does not distinguish between liberal thinking (ideas) and liberalism as I do. That is most unfortunate, and I wish he would be consistent with his own critique of movements and knowledges. He long ago made the distinction between "science" and "scientism" (e.g., Wilber, 1983) for reasons of the latter falling into a dissociative, arrogant, hegemonic ideology rather than integrating itself with other forms of knowing like religion, arts and so on.

I trust the reader will see that "politics" in its core formative nature revolves around the problematic of 'I' and 'We' relations, and values, and priorities (hierarchies). Most conflict, politically, is an I vs. We problem of which emphasis is most important to make ethical and political decisions. Integral theory is one which attempts to ensure that neither 'I' nor 'We' get to dominate each other (usually by 'fear'-based patterns). Healthy conflictwork would be impossible, I'd guess, without integral theory as its basis. Integral theory, thus, is very close to my own formation of a *fearless standpoint theory*.

102 "Sometimes the overuse of one word or one set of words strains the relation between writer and reader. 'Violence,' for example, is used to refer to all sorts of harms. Aronowitz raises a valid objection to this habit.... 'I am not inclined to accept the tendency, all too pervasive in the academy, to broaden the use of the term 'violence' so widely that it loses its specificity. To equate invective, linguistic manipulation and the like with physical acts aimed at intimidation and which may threaten life itself misses the point of the rise of violence in this century and loses the grave consequences of its deployment...'. I think Aronowitz is correct about this" (Noddings, 2002, p. 246). I find myself uncertain where I stand on naming violence, broadly, or narrowly. I've done both. Wilber's (2002) critique of "victim chic" adds complexity to the uses and abuses of the term "violence."

103 Seale & McConville (1968), p. 125.

104 "Underdevelopment" is a term developed from a conflict (critical) perspective which challenges the imperialist modernist assumptions of how 'other' countries are more or less "underdeveloped." Allahar (1989) makes this distinction and how imperial or colonial countries and corporations have more a vested interest to keep 'other' countries dependent on them *via* their particular "aid" packages and political contracts. This dependency of oppressed nations to oppressor nations is called "underdevelopment." I think this is a very important conceptualization for anything about development, and who defines it, and who controls it. Adultism, hidden behind discourses of development of youth (i.e., education), is a

form of "underdevelopment" (cf. Illich's writings).

[105] I am using "terrorism" in a loose fashion, and I won't lay out the standard definition, as it would lead to a long political critique by me and others, who are less interested in the 'value-neutral' attempt to define "terrorism" from the perspective of Americanism or some position that is always superior, as if, unconnected to the causes of "terrorism." In other words, terrorists and terrorism are usually defined within a complex of adultism-- authority (= Good and right) and rebel (= Bad/Evil and wrong). America, politically and militarily, has basically offered itself to parent the rest of the world-- to be the adult authority-- and that is because it assumes we are all 'other' and still 'developing' to reach the level of democracy and liberty that the U.S. prides itself in as *the* world leader. Of course, American elite do not tell us proudly their darkside as one of the nations with the most internal violence in the world. If you listen to the discourses during the post-Sept. 11th media reports from Washington, DC, it is very clear how they see themselves superior to the rest of the world. If you look at their current unwillingness to sign United Nations Security Council provisions that protect all countries from military excesses when foreign troops enter a country, you will hear the American elite saying (paraphrasing): We refuse to sign such an agreement because no other nation will pass judgment on our soldiers but us. Seventy other nations did sign this agreement. If that form of liberalism isn't a terrorist regime, please tell me why not. *Fearism* is one strategy to move the discourse on terrorism to a different level, perhaps a more useful and hidden level of analysis of social conflict and violence/hurting/suffering in this world. In its most simple definition, fearism is the psychological and political use of 'fear' to dominate and control others. It is a foundation to all forms of oppression. It is most pernicious in that it acts often by repressing the discussion that 'fear' is being used and accumulated by some groups over other groups. Fearism denies and attempts to shift the discourse of politics and oppression to other concepts, like terrorism, or war, or racism, or political conflict, culture wars, and so forth-- while disregarding that 'fear' is controlling so much of the current world social relations. Fearism denies that 'fear' is the problem-- meaning, how we produce, consume and handle 'fear.' It denies we live in a "culture of fear"-- or, more accurately, it may acknowledge it reluctantly, and will ensure that such acknowledgements do not flourish publicly for more than a few brief moments. Remember, there is always a conservative gain in power for the elites of the State, when people are in 'fear' and so there is some advantage to telling them they are living in a "culture of fear" and so on, because then they can run political campaigns on telling the people how they will fight a war on the "culture of fear"-- more or less, however it is framed by the politicians. This is a strategy for further domination and control. How such societies/cultures teach 'fear' and supposedly ways of overcoming it or coping with it, is what I am most interested to critique in my own research.

[106] The revolting students (with some professors) took over the university campus of Paris, (Sorbonne) for over a month, from May 13 to June 16, 1968. It became the main headquarters for the movement. "For thousands of young people taking part, it was a delirious and unforgettable experience, one of the most formative they might ever live through. If the May Revolution was anything at all, it was this roaring mass of spontaneous student committees and assemblies running its own affairs" (Seale & McConville, 1968, p. 105).

[107] Wilber (1998), p. 42 is citing Will and Ariel Durant's description of modernity.

[108] Ibid., p. 44.

[109] "Church religion, across the board, became the laughingstock of the philosophers of the Age of Reason; it was met everywhere with scorn and derision" (Wilber, 1995, p. 398). But the problem was that this philosophy threw out everything that was both "mythical" and "contemplative" forms of knowledge. There was little room for anything spiritual. "The baby with the bathwater. Reason could (and can) just as easily look up as it can look down.

Reason- for Plato, for the Neoplatonists, and for the all-important Stoics-- meant *seeing one's place in the Kosmos;* to be 'rational' meant to see the great holarchy of existence and joyfully take one's proper place in it (quite apart from any fruther or transrational or mystical developments, where on directly identified with the Kosmos in toto). To be rational meant *attunement with the Kosmos* (as a preparation for identity with the Kosmos, with the All itself).... Reason [in later Modernity], in reaction to myth, thus chose to look almost exclusively downward, and in that withering glance, the modern Western world was born" (p. 399). This throwing the baby out with the bathwater is what Wilber (1995) has called the "dark side of the Enlightenment," "*repressive* side of the Enlightenment" (p. 442), *"domination of rationality"* (p. 443), and the "underbelly of the Enlightenment paradigm" (p. 660). He labels these darker dissociated paths *Phobos* and *Thanatos* (which, I would call 'fear'). In Wilber's (1995) Kosmology, Eros and Agape are the two "patterns of love" (p. 338) and the enemy is 'fear' as two patterns called Phobos and Thanatos. Phobos is a "pathological agency" at the base of liberalism; Thanatos is a "pathological communion" at the base of conservativism (p. 41). The rationality, before Phobos and Thanatos, was a lot different in its early stages of emergence but was later a "hijacked rationality" of technical-rationality in service of mythic-membership structures in some societies-- leading to the worst forms of rationalizing ethnocentric mythological chauvinism and a politics of death-making across the planet (e.g., Holocaust, Hiroshima etc.) (pp. 662-664).

[110] Reason existed, as did higher mystical forms of transrational thought in premodernity, but it is merely that they were not yet fully emerged and dominating (meaning, fully valued as priority by the social majority).

[111] Wilber (1995) reviews the task of modernity as differentiating the 'Big Three' -- it-realm, I-realm and we-realm... and that, was a great evolutionary move to allow them to develop independently, for awhile... but when that differentiation moved to dissociation (making enemies out of each other *via* Phobos-Thanatos, or 'fear')... then there was war as to which is "better"... and postmodernity ought to integrate the 'Big Three' again, according to Wilber's evolutionary narrative.

[112] There is a "transculturalisms" project at UBC, Women's Studies and this I mention because it is apparently coming from a worldcentric position of encouraging postmodern hybridity between cultures and moving beyond ethnocentric structures (as Wilber would call it). Typically, the pc tolerance of multiculturalism and pluralism within liberalism is ethnocentric attempting to be integrative but not moving the perspective to worldcentric options. I would push the multicultural and pluralistic stance even further and locate a critique within a conflict theory positioning and a post-Sept. 11 world (see Fisher, 2001b, 2001c).

[113] This is Cooper's appraisal of Sartre in Laing & Cooper (1971), pp. 14-15, cited in Wilber (1982), pp. 248-249.

[114] Wilber (1995), p. 374.

[115] In Frobenius's *Monumenta Terrarum*, cited in ibid., p. 185.

[116] Also known in cognitive development and moral theory as "postconventional" (or in Don Beck's and Wilber's schema as the "orange meme" beyond the "blue meme" of conventional conformist structure) or in Carol Gilligan's moral scheme as "universal care" (Wilber, 2000, p. 20).

[117] Wilber (1995), p. 252.

[118] Ibid., p. 380. Here Wilber is linking the evolution of "formal operational thought" (or "egoic-rational" structures) with political revolutions; a theme, I will come back to again below.

[119] Full apologies to French speaking people for this contraption of "French" of which I

don't know what I'm doing but going by feel. I hated French in school and stopped taking it in grade eight, after our class mentally destroyed our French teacher. Somehow, this mess of French exposition is reflecting that whole horrid junior high experience for me.

[120] I have had so many great teachers on 'fear.' Krishnamurti has got to be one of the most profound. Wilber (1982) cites his work on fear and concludes that "... trying to escape fear is itself fear" (p. 317). That's a basic assumption in my teaching fearlessness. My concern is that terrorism, revolutions, and general violence, are often based on a faulty paradigm of trying to escape fear and only creating more. The pursuit of knowledge and education can be caught in this paradigm of 'fear' (The 'Fear' Matrix).

[121] "Intelligentsia" (a Russian, Polish term of the 19th century), is "... a social stratum of intellectuals with a self-appointed responsibility for guiding the future welfare and development of the nation" (Jary & Jary, 1995, p. 329). This term is attractive to me and goes beyond "intellectual." It has different uses and connotations, often associated with overthrow of the bourgeois. Mannheim's notion was that 'In every society there are social groups whose special task it is to provide an interpretation of the world for that society' (p. 330). Sometimes intelligentsia are educated in post-secondary levels, but sometimes they are "organic intellectuals" (*a la* Gramsci) arising from the social movements. Sometimes they form governments or ruling groups. I like Gouldner's view of the intelligentsia, in which this group with humanistic and technical intelligence, contest the control of economics and policies that have previously been determined by businessmen, lawyers and party leaders (p. 330). The Integral intelligentsia, which I relate to, are interpreting the Kosmos for society. There is never a moment where Wilber insinuates we ought to force this interpretation and that is the parting from all ideologies and their intelligentsia.

[122] See Mendus (2000), p. 118. See chapter eight on "Tragedy, Moral Conflict and Liberalism" as she explores feminism and emotion in moral and political philosophy in the W.

[123] Jean-Paul Sartre, the greater voice in existential thought and French public opinion, had publicly acknowledged Camus importance as a modern writer and thinker. They hung out together and shared each other's literary interests. "But the 1951 publication of Camus' philosophical essay *L'Homme revolte* (*Man in Revolt*) was to bring about, dramatically, in 1952, four years before the publication of *The Fall*, a momentous break between Camus and Sartre" (Felman, 1992, p. 173). They fought bitter battles in public print. Their intellectual split "... revolved around their differing diagnoses of-- and their differing approach to-- history.... Camus, emerged as an outspoken critic of dogmatic Marxism and, in particular, of the political labor camps of Soviet totalitarianism.... Sartre, on the other hand, was a firm political and philosophical apologist for Stalinism" (p. 174). According to Felman, Stalin's rule was in part justifiable to Sartre as necessity due to the Russian history of tsars and the revolution needed strong totalitarian structures to control the country returning to its former prerevolutionary conditions. "Camus, however, was wary of totalizations" (p. 174). He saw only terror as their result. I think there is something inbetween that is required and I find my thoughts quickly sympathize with both Camus and Sartre's perspectives to some degree.

[124] Felman (1992), p. 165. She noted that Camus's later book *The Fall* (1956) creates a different problem than *The Plague*. His later book "... rewrites the problematic of an Age of Testimony [postmodern critique] in a different manner, since its dilemma and its drama do not so much *bear witness to survival* as they obscurely struggle through the question: *how does one survive the witnessing?*" (p. 165).

[125] This is no apologetic for Europe's history. I agree with Fanon's (1968) appraisal for all revolutions: "Let us decide not to imitate Europe; let us combine our muscles and our brains in a new direction. Let us try to create the whole man[sic], whom Europe has been incapable of bringing to triumphant birth. Two centuries ago, a former European colony decided to catch up with Europe. It succeeded so well that the United States of America became a

monster, in which the taints, the sickness, and the inhumanity of Europe have grown to appalling dimensions.... The West saw itself as a spiritual adventure. It is in the name of the spirit, in the name of the spirit of Europe that Europe has made her encroachments, that she has justified her crimes and legitimized the slavery in which she holds the four-fifths of humanity" (p. 313).

126 From Camus's publication *Neither Victims Nor Executioners*, cited in Felman (1992), p. 199.

127 Saletan (2002) wrote about the positive and negative sides to both these positions in the current state of American politics. The "party of fear" form of leadership and the "party of good will" form of leadership are critically important, albeit overly simplistic, distinctions to make in how leaders run the world. It is clear to me, fearless leadership has to transcend both of these positions, and yet, acknowledge and include them in an integral theory of leadership.

128 Felman (1992a), p. 95. She wrote, "... Camus, I would maintain, exemplifies the way in which traditional relationships of narrative to history *have changed* through the historical necessity of involving literature in action, of creating a new form of *narrative as testimony* not merely to record, but to rethink and, in the act of its rethinking, in effect *transform history* by bearing literary witness to the Holocaust.... even though it is by no means clear or obvious that his texts in any way refer to, or claim to deal with, the Holocaust as such" (p. 95). My own biography could begin with a story of my mother in Belgium during WWII. Her home was occupied by the Nazi's for c. three years. She was a teenager, living under the terror of Nazi soliders on every street corner with rifles. She was forced to work in their factories in her homeland to produce bombs that would destroy the allies that she hoped some day would free her. She is now in a mental "institution" suffering from a personality disorder. I grew up in that, and I know fearism, much deeper than terrorism, I witnessed it all. I am now taking a teenage woman in Part II of this dissertation and writing a narrative that witnesses her life in N. Ireland under British occupation. These parallels unfold as I write. I am in shock, as I witness the witness and the problematic of authorship. Who is telling the story, really? Who is listening? Who is recording? It is a schizophrenic methodology-- a terrorist praxis-- just 'perfect' for our times it seems.

129 Felman (1992b), p. 19. She is referring to Stephane Mellarme's writing on the new poetry in France and the notion of "accident."

130 Ibid., p. 53. The point is not to terrorize the pupils. "Looking back at the experience of that class [in university], I therefore think that my job as teacher, paradoxical as it may sound, was that of creating in the class the highest state of crisis that it could withstand, without 'driving the students crazy'-- without compromising the students bounds" (p. 53). "In the era of the Holocaust, of Hiroshima, of Vietnam [I would add all the revolutions]-- in the age of testimony-- teaching, I would venture to suggest, must in turn *testify*, make something *happen*, and not just transmit passive knowledge, pass on information that is preconceived, substantified, believed to be known in advance, misguidedly believed, that is, to be (exclusively) a *given.* There is a parallel between this kind of teaching (in its reliance on the testimonial process) and psychoanalysis (in its reliance on the psychoanalytical process), insofar as both this teaching and psychoanalysis have, in fact, to *live through a crisis*" (p. 53). My own work in studying 'fear' has led to my coining the term *fearanalysis* for everything I do in education and beyond as research-- not merely cognitive-- but a witnessing-- a going in and out of the 'Fear' Matrix-- a reporting on that experience-- a living the working through of the continual crisis that is. I begin a transformative fearless pedagogy from there. In adult education, a similar crisis positioning is taken by Pöggler (1991), for example, among others.

131 Cited in Henderson (1981), p. 17.

132 Since the beginning of Wilber's writing in the early 1970s, he has always encouraged

practice, not just theory and reading, for the world to change. His primarly tool has been meditation. He encourages others to meditate as well. "This pursuit, this transformation into higher and superconscious [tranrational, transegoic, postconventional] levels, occurs in precisely the same way all past transformations occurred: the self [ego] has to accept the *death* of its present level, *differentiate* from that level, and thus *transcend* it to the next-higher [more embracing] stage. In our present historical situation, this means to die to, differentiate from, and transcend the mental-egoic [rational] structure. In a sentence, that is precisely what meditation is designed to do: halt the mental-egoic *translations* so that *transformation* into the superconscious realms may begin" (Wilber, 1981, p. 320). In my own work, I frame this as moving beyond the 'fear'-based patternings that accompany the deep structures that Wilber identifies so well. Each level has its conditioned 'fear' structures (defense mechanisms) and 'fear' matrices that are socially and politically constructed to keep us only translating (and re-translating) what "reality" is supposed to be. But this translating is conditioned (often invisible and unconscious) to us because it is socially and historically the 'norm.' Whatever practices we use to move from merely translating and changing withiin more translations of that level (those 'fear' patterns), to actually transforming those structures of consciousness and 'fear'-- Wilber and I are suggesting that anything is possible for individuals and collective organizations in terms of flowing with the "... simple and natural continuation of evolutionary transcendence: just as the body transcended matter, and as mind transcended body, so in meditation the soul transcends the mind and the Spirit transcends the soul. And, if we--you and I-- are to further the evolution of mankind[sic], and not just reap the benefit of past humanity's struggles, if we are to contribute to evolution and not merely siphon it off, if we are to help the overcoming of our self-alienation from Spirit and not merely perpetuate it, then mediation-- or a similar and truly contemplative practice-- becomes an absolute ethical imperative, a new categorical imperative. If we do less than that, our life then becomes, not so much a wicked affair, but rather a case of merely enjoying the level of consciousness which past heroes achieved for us. We contribute nothing; we pass on our mediocrity" (Wilber, 1981, p. 321).

Here Wilber is still being nice as he challenges us to examine our contemplative practices, or inner work, in the transformation of humankind. At this stage of Wilber's writing, he focused mostly on inner work. Now, he is focusing on inner work plus politically active participation in society's organizations to bring about the transformations required to get more of the population up to the integral level (not up to the transpersonal levels above integral). Utilizing Don Beck et al. and his own research, Wilber (2000) summarizes the seventh wave (level) of "*Yellow* [meme]:*Integrative*. Life is a kaleidoscope of natural hierarchies [holarchies], systems, and forms. Flexibility, spontaneity, and functionality have the highest priority. Differences and pluralities can be integrated into interdependent, natural flows. Egalitarianism is complemented with natural degress of ranking and excellence [not merely pluralistic Flatland]. Knowledge and competency should supersede power, status, or group sensitivity. The prevailing world order is the result of the existence of different levels of reality (memes) and the inevitable patterns of movement up and down the dynamic spiral [of evolution/development]. Good governance facilitates the emergence of entities through the levels of increasing complexity (nested hierarchy). 1 percent of the population, 5 percent of the power" (pp. 12-13). These gross listings of qualities for each level are very problematic and loaded with terms that may not mean a lot to readers who haven't absorbed themselves in Wilber's work. But I quote it to give something of what he is referring to when the word "integral" is used in this dissertation. The important point for this end note is to show the numbers of people in the world that are estimated to be operating on this level or wave-- that is, one percent and they have only five percent of the power in the operation of this world. That is what Wilber's project and my own are interested in. We'd like to see that number rise and we (and many others) are becoming interested in the educative processes involved to

bring about transformation of numbers of people to the integral wave, because it is an evolutionary imperative-- that is, at least part of the argument, in brief, that is part and parcel of the perennial philosophy, upon which all of Wilber's work and much of my own is built.

But the reality is, that I (and Wilber) see, is not a great scenario, in terms of consciousness levels and numbers of people and organizations on this planet. The vision for the future of humankind is a bit grim when one looks at the levels of consumption and pollution that are going on-- the wars-- and domestic violence and crime, etc. Now, with terrorism, in a post-9-11 world, I think Wilber's (1981) sober optimism about the future of humankind is most accurate. This is where his spirituality and my own differ very substantially from the 'love n' light' new age philosophies. I'll let Wilber conclude this end note with his critical analysis: "In this regard, there is a growing and highly vocal group of individuals who feel we are, at present, on the verge of a New Age of Consciousness. In one sense, I share their enthusiasms, as I will shortly explain. But in another, I must demur. True, our hypothesis is that the future of humanity-- if it even has such-- will eventually carry the evolution of average consciousness into level 5 [integral, or existential], or the beginning of superconsciousness (and eventually beyond that to levels, 6, 7,8). This would definitely be a cause for immediate rejoicing, except that: (1) There is a vast majority of humanity that has not yet stably reached the rational-egoic level. This majority is still caught in uroboric, typhonic, magical, and mythical desires, bodily self-protective stances, and a general refusal to even recognize or respect *other* personal selves. And one does not and cannot reach the trans-personal without first firmly establishing the personal [what Modernity was all about, according to Wilber and Habermas, etc.]. (2) National governments-- which have a disproportionate hand in present and future history-- are today, with a few exceptions, organizations of thinly rationalized typhonicism, animalistically self-protective, and therefore perfectly willing to dash to hell the entire world in an atomic holocaust, simply to prove their own cosmo[ethno-]centric ability to do so. (3) In America (and Europe), where the New Age is most loudly announced, a significant majority of individuals are suffering from the stresses of these civilizations' failures to support truly rational and egoic structures, and thus these individuals are actually *regressing* to pre-personal, cultic, narcissistic pursuits, as Christopher Lasch has made very clear. Often, however, the cults of Narcissus claim that this regression is actually a pursuit of trans-personal realities, or at least 'humanistic' freedom. The 'New Age' movement is thus, in my opinion, the strangest mixture of a handful of truly trans-personal souls and masses of pre-personal addicts" (p. 323).

Wilber is not afraid to tell us we may not make it-- we may destroy ourselves-- before we get up to even the rational-egoic level, never mind the integral. His critical theorist, comes out and challenges others beyond New Agers, regarding "freedom." "First of all, it is not true, as the Humanist-Marxists [liberals and Leftists generally] would have us believe, that a self can exist without repression or oppression. That is, a 'free self' is a formal, logical contradiction, and carries no more meaning and no more reality than a square circle.... Wherever there is other, there is fear; wherever there is self, there is anxiety-- that is a Buddhistic and Upanishadic absolute" (Wilber, 1981, p. 333). The 'fear' I am talking about is similar to Wilber's, much more complexly theorized, and beyond the purposes of the point for this end note.

[133] Wilber, and the perennial philosophy, have come under lots of attacks for their teachings. I won't summarize them. See Fisher (1997). I have received personal correspondence c. 1996 from a transpersonal leader in Europe who called Wilber and his buddies the "American transpersonal mafia." I have seen vicious attacks on his reputation and his work on listserves, and I know his home and person have been attacked where he lives in Boulder, Colorado. One internationally known professional psychologist, not of the transpersonal sympathy, published in a reputable psychology/counselling journal an attack labeling Wilber and his kooky followers as "terrorists" (Ellis, 1986, 1989) (see Wilber's, 1989

reply). The "why" question behind this hatred ('fear') is a long story worthy to follow, but not here. I will say that any transformation from one level of consciousness to another, be it personal or collective, often brings great terror to the level of operations previous to the higher (more embracing) new level. Then that terror of the lower level is projected onto the new higher level and the higher level projects onto the lower level-- in a cycle of violence/terror. The French Revolution is a good case example, as it brought a "Reign of Terror" "... under the banner of 'enlightenment')" (Wilber, 1981, p. 333). This is a major part of history unfolding on a difficult path of fearlessness.

[134] Wilber (1981a), p. v.

[135] Authors in professional education using Wilber's ideas, to some extent, were categorized into those of the transpersonal, spiritual, integral, and holistic education fields (see for e.g., J. Miller, 1988, 1996; R. Miller, 1991, 1999, 1999a, 2000, 2001, 2001a; Hamlin, 1990) and adult education (see for e.g., Astin, 2000; Karpiak, 1996, 1997; Lauzon, 1998). In Fisher (2002a) I concluded: "Although Ken Wilber has been publishing since the mid-1970s, professional educators have generally not engaged systematically with his philosophy and theories. There is precious little published on Wilber's ideas in mainstream educational journals and magazines. Ken Wilber himself, has not attempted to write for education *per se*. Most of his work has been published in Eastern metaphysical and transpersonal genres and thus, is often missed by the mainstream readership. He has always considered himself a devoted 'writer' and has rarely taught in educational institutions or other formal learning settings. Recently, he has announced to his followers that he is going to be teaching more and that may change his focus to consider pedagogical concerns *re"* promoting integral curriculum, knowledge and practices.

The recent gathering of a select group of integral educators on the Educational 'spoke' of the Integral Institute, founded by Wilber *et al.*, will likely produce more educational research and writing applying Wilber's ideas in the future. This first review of (English-speaking) educators writing on Ken Wilber indicates that in the late 1980s and more into the 1990s there is increasing interest in his work.... So far, applications of Wilber's philosophy and theories are somewhat abstract, diffuse, and not yet solidly pedagogical or empirically sound. There is lots of room for futher inquiry and applications. I also predict there will be increasing criticism from educators toward his often audacious work and somewhat Zen-style of presentation" (pp. 39-40). In particular, the spiral dynamics theory and the hierarchical (holarchical) aspects of Wilber's philosophy and theories will be problematic for the anti-hierarchical sentiments that, unfortunately, dominate and stagnate so much of educators' thinking.

[136] Cited in Ibid., p. 2.

[137] See Harman (1979, pp. 100-111) on the perennial philosophy and its roots in Freemasonry in America and Europe. About 90% of the founders of America at the constitutional signing were known Freemasons. Benjamin Franklin and George Washington were known as higher-ups in the Freemason brotherhood. American leaders have always felt they were destined to create the best government and nation in the world-- to be a model, if not *the* leader of spiritual-based governance for a New World Order. How they are doing that today, is highly questionable, if not immoral. But it is hard for non-Americans, like myself, to understand the collective 'spirit' in American culture and nationalism. I do appreciate fully the 'American Dream,' and leadership, *if* it is as Wilber et al. are proposing. I think my critique of Wilber's project as politically aligned with Freemasonry is a bit scandalous but there is something to my hunch. I want to do more research. Wilber himself, has not ever used the term "Freemason" in any of his writings that I have seen, and I have seen the vast majority of his published documents.

[138] Wilber would argue, generally, that all political parties throughout history, of any public profile, have been dualistic, that is, they are caught in *subject* vs. *object, many* vs. *one*, and

other *good* vs. *bad* moralism/dualism. All of his conflict "dissolution" theory and practices are based on nondualistic thinking and the reality of experience of that. Reality is nondual, say the mystic-sages that Wilber cites in his many books and articles, and all else is an illusion. Reality has no-fear (I prefer reality is fearless), and all else is 'fear', to put this in terms that more interest me. Beyond all the technical language Wilber offers, he is interested in a non-dual compassion that is non-violent to the Kosmos. This violence starts symbolically, in his view. But ultimately, the "integral embrace" (Wilber, 2000, p. 6) he wants to foster in development and worldviews for governance is an ethic based on the "prime directive" which "... asks us to honor and appreciate the necessary, vital, and unique contribution provided by each and every wave of consciousness unfolding, and thus act to *protect and promote the health of the entire spiral,* and not any one privileged domain. At the same time, it invites us to offer, as a gentle suggestion, a conception of a more complete spectrum of consciousness, a full spiral of development, so that individuals and cultures (including ours) that are not aware of some of the deeper or higher dimensions of human possibilities may choose to act on those extraordinary resources, which in turn might help to defuse some of the recalcitrant problems that have not yielded to less integral approaches" (p. 103). "A gentle suggestion" is hardly the basis for a 'conflict' pedagogy that is going to have to deal with the firey conflict of the different cultures and levels of consciousness structures that have built dualistic 'fear'-based personalities, armies, and worldviews for millenium. I find Wilber's pedagogy weak at best. I trust my work on fearlessness will improve it over the years.

[139] There are 50+ websites that use the term "Fear Project," as of my search on July, 2002 (Google). They are most all sites about a rather superficial interest (catalogueing) around "our biggest fears." Some of these websites are dedicated to combating fear *via* violence, and wars. This has minimal interest to my own own research into 'fear' itself. As yet, I have found no other researcher doing what I am doing in terms of the 'Fear' Project conception. For a brief overview of my conception of the 'Fear' Project, see Fisher (1997b).

[140] I am using "culture" in a very biased and loose way, and I am not saying all "cultural" phenomena are 'fear'-based everywhere throughout all time (cf. Ernst Becker for a contrast).

[141] Becker (1971, 1973, 1975) and his many other existential-anthropological writings, and his followers with their "terror management theory" are doing important scholarly work that is very relevant and close to my own, albeit, they are steeped in a psychological discourse/ paradigm, compared to my transdisciplinary inquiry. See their work in Solomon, Greenberg, & Pyszczynski (1998, 2002), as examples.

[142] My research on the web (Google) July 6, 2002, showed 40 different sites where this term "Fear Matrix" was used. I recall searching the web in the past two years and finding one or two sites. Something is definitely catching on. Most all these sites, express a similar concern of mine, that our entire fabric, matrix, culture, is 'fear'-based and politically intended to be. There are several conspiracy "theories" interlaced through these websites. But most of them are 'new age' (esoteric) discourses. I don't agree with everything on them, nor their conceptualizations of the problem and the solutions. I do agree with calling the problem of 'fear' in this world to the attention of everyone, and perhaps, the 'Fear' Matrix conception will be useful. Time will tell. My overall criticism, is that these popular forms of knowledge are characteristically based on an undertheorized, uncritical, evaluation of what is 'fear'? and how do we analyze 'fear' knowledges and their prescriptions. The problem with the popular forms of knowledge is that they seem vested in an interest to "convert," "save," and make money. I have constructed the cover of this dissertation from these websites and my own creative input.

[143] See www.humanityquest.com/topic/Index.asp?theme1=fear.

[144] "There is a great deal of confusion today about where to turn for assistance and

guidance in overcoming one's conflicts and battles. To begin with, there is the sheer number of approaches available, Eastern and Western, which range from psychoanalysis to Zen, Gestalt to Transcendental Meditation, existentialism to Hinduism. On top of that, many of these different schools of thought seem to directly contradict each other. Not only do the diagnose the cause of suffering differently, they also prescribe different methods for its alleviation. One often finds oneself agreeing with two different psychologists or spiritual teachers, only to realize that they completely disagree with each other. Out of this bewildering diversity of views, I have attempted a synthesis, an overall perspective. I have brought these different approaches to therapy, healing, and personal growth together in a framework called 'the spectrum of consciousness'" (Wilber, 1981a, p. vi). See Fisher (1997b) *Spectrum of 'Fear'.*

[145] Illich (1971), p. 170.

[146] See Wilber (2000), pp. 103-107.

[147] For example, see Penley & Ross (1991).

[148] See Foucault's later writings, and for example, see Probyn (1992). For a discussion of "cultural technologies" see Berland (1992). For a review of histories and historiographies of technologies in schooling in which "bureaucracy and technology are inherently central to schooling" (see Petrina, 2002; citation from p. 110).

[149] I would recommend Voithofer (2002), for example, as a good philosophical review of "cyborg learning" and issues of agency in technology education and curriculum theory.

[150] "For a persuasive revision of the standard interpretation of the Luddites, see E. P. Thompson, *The Making of the English Working Class* (New York: Vintage Books, 1966). Far from regarding Luddism as a riotous outburst of maching-wrecking [and fear of all technology], Thompson argues that the movement was a well-conceived and disciplined demand for an industrial democracy that would respect traditional patterns of working-class life and culture, a goal that was never fully integrated into the program of organized trade-unionism" (Roszak, 1979, p. 339). I believe there are some very interesting versions of Luddite thought in the various grassroot movements for a society "without fear." For example, "In the early 1980s a Norway citizen group called 'The Future in Our Hands' [still in existence today 22 years later] gathered to build an organization that challenged the notions of western industrial progress with the mission/stance: *'We will no longer accept that development must continue towards a future which frightens us'* (from the *New Internationalist,* No. 113, July, 1982)" (Fisher, 2000a, p. 3; see other examples in my publication).

[151] Dr. Marilyn MacDonald, a professor in women's studies, at Simon Fraser University, is a scholar in feminist critiques of science, technology and sci fi literature. She recently agreed with my assessment that sci-fi, as a genre, is loaded with fear and particularly fear of the future. Her feminist interpretation of Mary Shelly's *"Frankenstein"* (1818), suggests that Mary Shelly was not too pleased with her husband, and perhaps the rest of the male-machine world that was coming with the W. Industrial Revolution. I suggested to Dr. MacDonald, in her July 6, 2002 lecture, that Mary Shelly's text may have been the first feminist critique of cyborgization. I also thought the actual "monster" in her novel was a cyborg standpoint in which to critique humanity-- a theme that comes up in my reading of *The Matrix* film). It doesn't surprise me, nor Dr. MacDonald, that a feminine perspective-- feminist standpoint-- a woman-- would lead that critique, because women at that time were generally 'outside' (relative to men) of the masculine-technological identity-obsession of W. industrial societies. Part Two of this dissertation presents a cyborg feminist view of the film narrative *The Matrix* which has an entire plot depicting the terror that exists between man [sic] and machines-- cyborgs and A.I. (Agents). I would like the script in Part Two to be a feminist critique, perhaps, in the spirit of Mary Shelly-- and so I dedicate the script *In and Out of the 'Fear'*

Matrix to Mary Shelly and her impulse of feminist Ludditic thought.

[152] For example, Parry (1997), Trungpa (1985).

[153] Smith (1999), p. 53.

[154] Jerry Mander is one of the important renegade thinkers emerging from the emancipatory 'spirit' of America in the late 1970s. He was well known for his challenges to the hegemonic discourses of technology by technocratic worshippers, and just about anyone else who believed technology was 'value free' and 'innocent until proven guilty'. I agree with so much of his thoughts on technology and W. colonialism (and its impact on aboriginal cultures), particularly in his later (1991) book.

I want to take a moment to reflect on my own thinking or philosophy around technology. Before all the academic knowledge entered my brain, I grew up as a baby-boomer in conscious alternative communities. The organic kind. These were communities of a lot of society 'drop outs' and we generally disliked 'hard' technologies and grumbled a lot at what seemed like a coercion to join the world and its newest technology. We also resented the monopolization of energy technologies and grids that you cannot easily "unplug" from. Our greatest resistance stirred when Technology (capital 'T') had grown to become an imperative ideology or form of "idolatry of technology" as Fox (1988, p. 45) called it. The inner "mystic inside," says Fox, was being eliminated as the applied sciences and the artificial (virtual) world grew. Panikkar (1987) called this "... the dehumanized and artificial technocratic complex [matrix]" (p. xx, cited in Eastham, 1987).

It urks me to this day, I must admit, to read that there is a growing optimism toward technology of late in much of the developed world, where a focus on personal benefits (Mander called technological "hedonism") is expanding. More people are hopeful of a future believing that "technology will inspire more hope than fear" (p. 1). I think an argument could be made that links this individualism/hedonism/narcissism with the obsession for personal safety and security, which sociologist Furedi (1997) argued, is the number one value in contemporary "cultures of fear" (p. 1)-- particularly, he was speaking about research in Anglo-American countries. Since the 9-11 "terrorist attacks" on American soil, that techno-optimism has likely diminished but it seems the reverse could be the case equally well. You have to fight scary technologies with more scary technologies. That's the crazy logic of this war on terror(ism) in a highly technological society. Security technologies are winning the battle, no one else.

Educators and critical theorists have yet to fully take up a systematic examination of these twin forces of security and technologies at all levels of W. societies. Hines (1997) says, "Groups that were previously almost instinctively against technology are rethinking their approach" (p. 2), as social movements need information technologies to compete in promoting their versions of a 'better world'. In the 1999 film narrative, *The Matrix*, the machine-technology becomes a master trope that lives and dominates *via* emodied Agents over slaves (human/cyborgs in the movie like Trinity, Morpheus, Neo). Mander and I would agree, I think, that this narrative gives the appropriate feedback to our world about the dynamics of these relationships and their potential danger and liberative qualities.

The sci-fi narrative is metaphorical theatrics and tragic to a large degree. But its expression of the power of technology-- which is the power of the human-technology relational space, is immense, and not always benign. I remember Pirsig's (1974) writing on technology and values as a guidebook for the baby-boomer 'dropouts'. But he was not just a critic of technology that "...does blind, [and] ugly things..." (p. 149). He helped many of us see the 'art' and 'agency' in technological creations and design. He made them more 'human'-- and linked us into a human-technology nondual way of thinking.

Postmodern critical education theorists like Giroux et al. (1996), Giroux (1992, 1992a), Giroux & McLaren (1989) and McLaren (1995) have assisted many educators, like myself, to better understand the 'good' and 'bad' (dangerous) side to working as "cultural workers"

in/with the technimatrix of our times. They have suggested we use the cultural technologies against the cultural hegemony of technologies *via* resistance. They encourage us to not just try to run away or turn back the clock to escape the technimatrix. But the contentious issue, for me as an emancipatory educator, has been more than a problem of merely dealing with physical 'tools' of 'hard' technology.

Miller (1999), is one holistic (and spiritual) educator, among others, who argues that "mechanical metaphors" and a dominating "machine-like approach to living" has been with us for 300+ years and it has contributed largely to "loss of soul" (p. 209) in curriculum and pedagogy. "Soul" has become a cult-word (meaning, market-slogan) in the self-help literature of the West. Thus, we have to be cautious in using it. Pinar (1976) and his later progressivist (re-visionist) curriculum writing, has stressed the importance of aesthetic opportunities and space for students in schools to reflect on their inner lives ('soul'). Most youth and young people today, from what I have seen living in W. Canada, and reading about other Westernized nations, appear to have little attention for their inner lives or soul, but are fixed on rapidly changing surfaces, and a mechanistic, artificial, virtual, fascination (fettish) with new technologies. Carrying their cellphones and you name it...on their bodies 24-7. They are attached big-time to the technimatrix of consumerism and the discourses it reproduces.

In my generation, youth seemed more skeptical of 'mad' machines and leaders who promised... so many things... but then we were living in a 'Nuclear Age' of immanent potential for military-led planetary catastrophe. Sometimes, I think the "younger generations" are full of shit and speak with the twisted cultural tongue of corporate propaganda. But I know, that can be as much 'truth' as just my own involvement in another form of adultism. Mostly, I have a lot of grief watching my own young daughters and their peers struggle in this world, with what seems little support from adults who utilize good critical theory and philosophy. I think most young people are full of despair, not that that is a 'bad' thing to be fixed with 'hope' pills from us educators or adults. I could write a long critique on hopeism as another form of adultism.

155 Caldwell (2000, p. 312) called "... the mutating boundaries between nature and science, the body and technology."

156 Foucault (1977, 1980, 1986). The plethora of terms that expand our notion of technologies, include Foucault's "technologies of power" (cited in Ellin, 1997, p. 34), Willinsky's (1999) "technologies of knowledge," Ball's (2000) "technologies of collective memory and forgetting," Rossman's (1970) "technologies of relaxation" and so on.

157 Anselm & Gouliamos (1998), p. 119.

158 So much could be said on this topic of terror(ism) within the capitalist economy-- a war economy-- and its need to produce enemies somewhere, somehow-- from communists to AIDS, to environmental hazards. Jacques Donzelot, writing in *An Anti-sociology*, said: "If the capitalist economy is indeed a war economy, only able to proceed by an always more advanced and intense colonization of terrestrial space, it must be recognized that this economy implies an administration of the prospective terror which radically modifies this space. In order to make fear reign a space of fear must be created; the earth must therefore be rendered uninhabitable.... the State produces fear with regard to space, but by rendering space truly, biologically uninhabitable (cited in Massumi, 1993a, p. 23). "Capitalist power actualizes itself in a basically uninhabitable space of fear. That much is universal. The particulars of the uninhabitable landscape of fear in which a given body nevertheless dwells vary according to the socially valorized distinctions applied to it by selective mechanisms of power implanted throughout the social field" (Massumi, 1993a, p. 23).

159 Wilber (2000), p. 103.

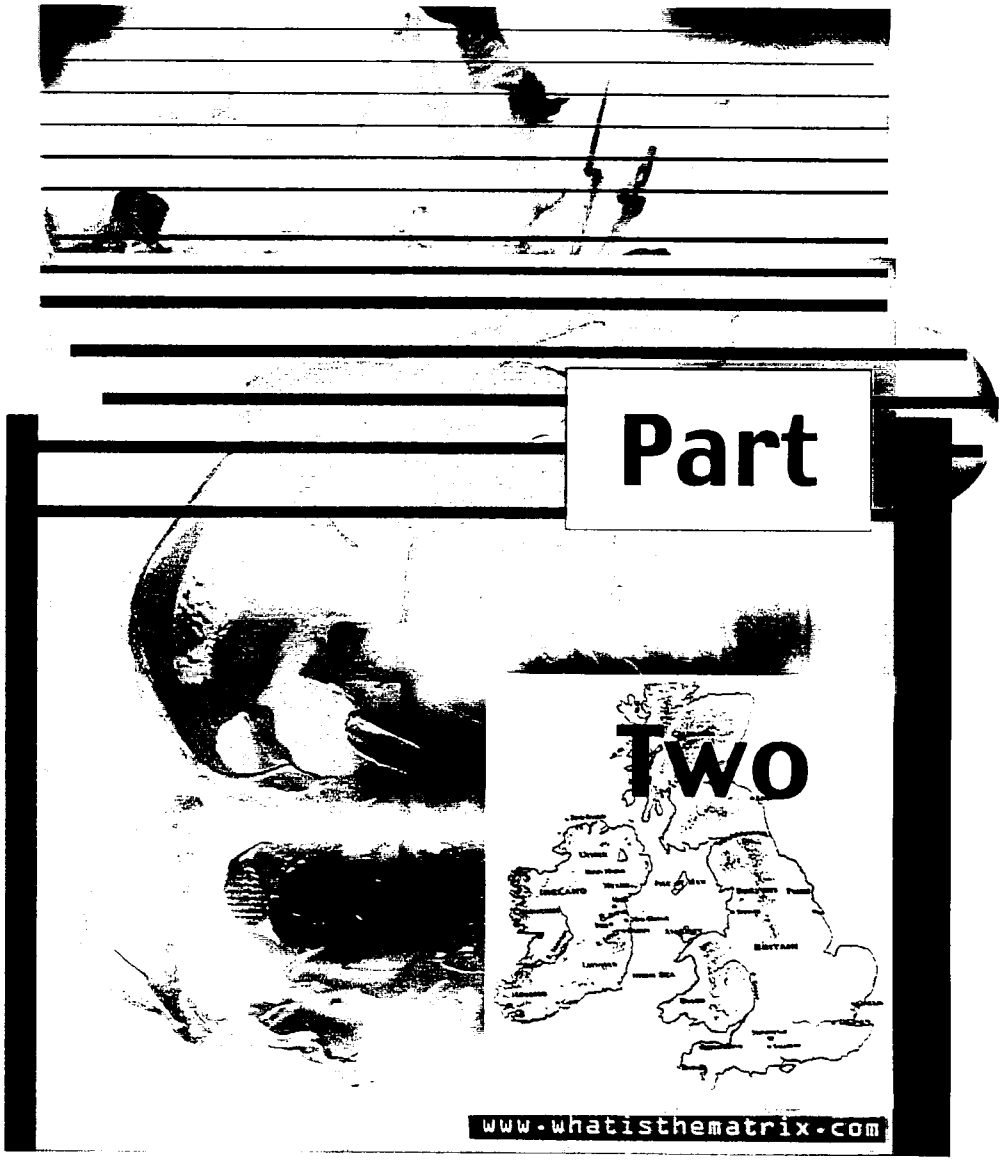
160 "... Professor Ithiel de Sola Pool, Chairman of Political Science at M.I.T., sees the

beginning of the future in his [1967 address on the Year 2000] 'The International System in the Next Half Century.' His human lack of foresight only becomes disturbing when we are forced to consider his accuracy when he goes on to predict that 'There will be no nuclear war within the next fifty years'" (Thompson, 1972, p. 151). It is the next 50 years after that our scientists are much less sure about.

[161] Ibid., p. 104.

[162] Ibid., p. 105.

[163] "... most of these typical holistic approaches overlook the prime directive [of integral theory], which is that the health of the overall spiral, and not any one level... is the central ethical imperative. A truly integral education does not simply impose the green meme [ecological holism, relative pluralism, and anti-hierarchical politics] on everybody from day one, but rather understands that development unfolds in phase-specific waves of increasing inclusiveness. To use Gebser's version, consciousness fluidly flows from archaic to magic to mythic to rational to integral waves, and a genuinely integral education would emphasize, not just the last wave, but *all* of them as they appropriately unfold.... an all-quadrant, all-level education" (Wilber, 2000, p. 96). Wilber's view of education, and my own, is founded upon an evolutionary/developmental model-- and that is very controversial today, deserving a lot more explication and analysis than what I can provide here. This integral education is a continuation of the Enlightenment project, not a rejection of it. I agree with Riane Eisler's view that the Enlightenment is "incomplete," not inherently flawed (cited in Wilber, 1995, p. 390).


Part
Two
www.whatisthematrix.com

Introduction To *The Matrix*: The Film Narrative

A Note About "Violence"

Part Two, written in 2002, is a sequel to the story begun by Larry and Andy Wachowski in their sci fi script (1998) and their film *The Matrix* (1999). The Wachowski's sequels are to appear in 2003. If you have watched the 1999 film before reading this dissertation, you will likely understand things a lot better than merely reading Part Two. Many people have told me they will not watch the film because it is "too violent." My quick response is: there is very little violence in the movie-- it is all virtual... and so just watch the film as if it were a dream... you know, how dreams can be pretty gross sometimes... but they don't hurt anybody. These people, generally, find that interpretation rather unsatisfactory.

Therefore, I put out a caution to the reader that Part Two, a sequel, may be for some, "too violent" as well. The setting is contemporary Northern Ireland. I am not apologizing for attempting to make Part Two explicitly 'real' in terms of an artistic and subjective rendering (re-presentation) of some of what goes on in the "war on terror(ism)" in that part of the world. I don't know what comments like "too violent" exactly mean for all people. I am not convinced that fiction on paper or celluloid ought to take out all that is perceived as "violent" by some viewers. The debate over *what is violence?* in media, in art, in stories, is rather like the hopeless arguments of trying to agree upon a definition and ethical policy surrounding the concept of "abortion" for all people. Further discussion of the problematics of creating narratives and writing performative re-search on topics of violence that is provocatively painful (perhaps "violent"), is provided somewhat in Part Three.

A Quick Explanation Of The Story

On first viewing, at the surface, the film does appear filled with "violent-like" scenes. One ought to note, however, that upon multiple viewings, more meaning, truth and ethical purposes can appear beneath the fast-paced Hollywoodish slick presentation of grand effects (see Fisher & Ribkoff, 2000). But, *"The Matrix* is tough to explain...", says Tom Gilatto, in the April 5, 1999 issue of *People* magazine. Andy Culpepper (1999), an English teacher, wrote on CNN entertainment:

> I have been exposed to *'The Matrix'*. And I'm here to tell you-- it's contagious .... English teachers of America, meet Keanu Reeves et al., they may hold the key to your next lesson plans and give you the ability to *reshape* the imaginations of teenagers everywhere.... what an intellectually crafted and literary-- yes, literary-- script *'The Matrix'* is taken from. Indeed, it is very much a film for adults.... On the surface, the movie presents a story about valiant rebels fighting to overcome an oppressive force intent on dominating and ultimately, destroying mankind [sic].... The Wachowski Brothers have tapped into the zeitgeist of the '90s and have fashioned a story which-- simply put-- can be described as mythology meets the Internet.

Paul Tatara (1999) wrote on CNN entertainment:

> *'The Matrix'* is like last year's *'Dark City'*. It lets you know early on that it won't be making a bit of sense, then repeatedly tries to convince you that the nonsense is actually deep and meaningful. It's a riddle within a riddle, within a riddle.... [as the TV commercial for the film tells us] 'No one can tell you what the Matrix is; you just have to see it for yourself.'

Part Two, the sequel, also does not always make a lot of sense for everyone reading it. It is meant to be an experience. This experience takes off from *The Matrix* story in which a group of rebels, unhooked from the Matrix (a computer-based-machine-dominated program), free Mr. Anderson (played by Keanu Reeves) from his unfree life in the Matrix. Mr. Anderson has two identities in the Matrix. He is a corporate worker in one life and an advanced 'hacker' in his other shadowy life. The rebel crew,

travelling in a hovercraft in the sewers of the nearly destroyed real (earthly) world, beyond the virtual world of the Matrix program, have decided to encourage Mr. Anderson to adopt his hacker name "Neo" (New Man) and join them on their quest to liberate all humankind and to destroy the Matrix. The transformation of Mr. Anderson to Neo, with the rebel crew members, is a difficult journey of fearlessness and many 'deaths' occur along the way. The exposure of the true earthly world reality to Neo, provided by Morpheus (leader of the rebel crew, played by Laurence Fishburne), is enough to nearly 'blow his mind.' The movie ends with Neo and Trinity (played by Carrie-Anne Moss, second in command of the hovercraft), falling in love, while surrounding their first kiss, is massive destruction as their hovercraft is virtually destroyed by Sentinels working for the Matrix. Part Two, takes up this story, from Trinity's view (not the typical male heroic view that the Wachowski's take) as a woman/cyborg sacred warrior, who has fallen in 'love' with Neo and is faced with the next mission to free another chosen leader from the Matrix. The screen play begins in Northern Ireland, following the life of rebel youth. Important definitions, in the context of Northern Ireland, included in the script are as follows:

> **IRA**- Irish Republican Army. The IRA's aim is to force the British government to leave Ireland either by political violence or negotiation. Often called "terrorists" by outsiders.
>
> **Volunteer-** term used by the IRA to describe its members
>
> **MI5-** The British Domestic Intelligence Service that has overall control of the British government's battle against the IRA
>
> **RUC-** Royal Ulster Constabulatory is a heavily armed police force of N. Ireland
>
> **SAS-** Special Air Service. A small but elite unit of British Army commandos, specialized in the ambush and assassination of IRA members
>
> (definitions adapted from Toolis, 1995)

Fearless Leadership:
In And Out Of The 'Fear' Matrix

Art Work by R. Michael Fisher
Written by R. Michael Fisher

FADE IN:

SCENE 1

EXT.

A black screen begins to split in the lower third portion with an entry of fuzzy luminous orange light, as soft music (Sarah McLachlan's words from her song called *Fear*: *"Morning smiles like the face of a new born child, innocent of knowing...."*) virtually uninterpretable at first, penetrates the darkness. McLachlan's voice seems to push the light around as it evolves a shape more like lava flowing in and out of the cracks of volcanic rock. At brief intervals, in the other ear, rather inaudible, virtually indistinguishable voices on a phone line break in, speaking officially, yet secretively.

MALE (V.O.)
We're having problems.

FEMALE (V.O.)
Track her as best you can. Don't lose her!

Sometimes the light appears to follow McLachlan's music which increases in volume as the light becomes more intense and a sharpening of the lens' focus brings forth the tip of a rising gibbous red sun to separate above a hard dark horizon line-- the light turns rapidly to yellow, then to blistering white in a lazer beam directed instantly straight for the viewer. A jolt of unexpectancy and seeming horror is received....

INT. MACKIE'S BEDROOM

As McLachlan's music and voice peaks moderately, the words of her song reach *"Wind in time rapes..."* -- simultaneously the bedroom window blinds snap shut killing the song instantly. In a shocking near black silence, the mechanical fuzzy pattern of the closed window blinds, still trembling slightly in a breeze, are accompanied by a feminine soft groaning sigh and breath from inside the bedroom. It fades as quickly as it emerged, with only a gentle swishing sound of bedsheets leading to complete silence. Simultaneouly, a male voice on the phone line speaks.

MALE (V.O.)
OK. We've got...

From inside the bedroom's darkened space there is a quick response.

E-TRINITY
SHShhh... sshh!

A black leather gloved-hand appears slowly but firmly over the blinds and shuts them off from any further sound or movement. A series of virtual horizons sharpen from a light behind them that cannot come in as the glove-hand slides slowly across the blinds surface finally erasing the entry of any light.

The sound of a bubbling fish tank emerges in the background. Close-up view follows dark green shiny organic folds, unrecognizable at first. Luminous colored lights and moving rainbow-shimmering fish appear in the background beyond the bed cover. Eventually, dark green satin sheets on a bed show a figure lying sensually beneath, belly down. The glow of a computer notebook casts green light across the bed and long black hair of the body. Various objects are focused on such as: an opened book cover with the title *In the Shadow of the Silent Majorities... or, The End of the Social* (Jean Baudrillard) and another book entitled *The Art of War* (Sun Tzu), clothing, jewelry, alarm clock (reading 4:55), half-smoked joint. Women's sex toys are scanned in silouhette forms, partially blocking words on the notebook computer screen as glowing cool blue light shows a music web page with the words (continuing McLachlan's song): Album Title: *Fumbling Toward Ecstasy*, and the lines: *"Wind in time rapes the flower trembling on the vine, nothing leads to shelter. From above, they say temptation will destroy our love, the never ending heartache. But I fear I have nothing to give, I have so much to lose here in this lonely place, tangled up in our embrace there's nothing I'd like better than to fall."*

The same gloved-hand goes to touch one of the sex toys but quickly retreats as the body in bed moves and the covered full body is now seen face up and a beautiful young late teenage woman (Mackie) is implicitly revealed with her sensuous features. The scanning follows from her long black eye lashes (close up), down the length of her shining hair to neck stopping at a covered breast, where a nipple is brought into sharp focus, as it rises up from the horizon line of the bed sheets. The fish tank bubbling and soft luminous colored lights and moving fish complete the backdrop with a haunting suspenseful music emerging to accompany the black gloved-hand moving slowly and lightly across the surface of a large breast. The breast nipple beneath the silk rises with touch. Suddenly a box cutter is revealed and a blade is slid out very slowly and moved to just millimeters above the erect nipple. Mackie's body moves slightly with a sound of dreamy soft passion. The blade freezes there, waiting. Finally, a slow small cut is surgically made into the satin sheet around the nipple, as a female hand with dark purple-painted nails helps to ensure the cloth is the only thing cut. One finger first, then two, slide into the black hole, parting the slit of satin and pulling forward a gold nipple-ring piercing. In the other hand, a small electronic device is held over the exposed nipple and visibly projects, via a red lazer light, a minute numbered bar coding on the ring's surface but disappears when the device is shut off. The hands disappear.

A fuzzy red flashing light of the answering machine fills the scene. Vehicle sounds are faintly heard from the street and a faint siren. The music intensifies with suspense as the red light becomes focused and a shiny leather gloved-hand (close up) picks up the bedroom phone receiver next to the head of Mackie sleeping. We see sunglasses drop

from E-Trinity (whose face is not revealed) falling across the phone desk and banging to the floor. As E-Trinity's one arm is fumbling to get the glasses, accidently pushing them further under the bed, she dials a three digit number with the other hand. She angrily but softly emits.

E-TRINITY
Damn!

With the noise, Mackie moves vigorously rubbing her eyes and almost lifts her head up as if awake. From a sleep-like state she utters a startled response.

MACKIE
Whattt..ss!

Simultaneously, the gloved-hand squeezes the phone tightly, a close-up of E-Trinity's glossy-red lips and mouth appear at the phone's receiver, as a male voice comes through the phone line.

MALE (V.O.)
Operator!

In a panicky harsh whisper.

E-TRINITY
Up!

She disappears instantly, leaving Mackie sleeping silently unawakend.

FADE OUT TO BLACK.

SCENE 2

FADE IN:

INT. AGENTS' HIGH SECURITY OFFICE

The scene opens with a metal door slammed hard, echoing as if from a hollow empty corridor. A blurry close-up of a red light flashing and a faint beeping sound gets louder, as three Agents of the Matrix, men dressed in dark business suits wearing dark sun glasses, march down the hall way of a top security building. They stop at a metal security door and pass their hand through a scanner beside the red flashing light, which turns green and the beeping stops. The heavy metal door opens into an empty room with only a desk and two chairs. They sit facing each other with concerned unemotional faces, as one Agent at the desk pulls out a file. The door slams to ensure privacy of their conversation. From behind the desk, one commanding Matrix Agent (Agent Smith) reaches for his security ear-phone attached to a cord that goes down inside his shirt.

AGENT SMITH
Take them off!

INT. MACKIE'S BATHROOM & BEDROOM

Water from a shower is rushing in the background. McLachlan's instrumental music plays softly in the background. Through the steamy clouds of the bathroom, an extreme close up of Mackie's watery green human eye appears with the sun's reflection, which blinks, and catches a glimpse of the early sunrise. Mackie steps away from the window, letting the blinds shut. She throws off her bathrobe, and enters behind the translucent shower curtain. Her phone rings several times.

MACKIE
Goddamn it!

She shuts off the water. Grabs her robe hanging by the tub, rips it as part of the sleeve catches on a nail it is hanging on. She runs to the phone, passes by the fish tank and drops a few bits of food in--the fish rapidly stir. She jumps on her bed and grabs the phone in frustration, while looking at her ripped bath robe, breathing heavily.

MACKIE
You're late! So, I was just having a shower...

Mick's voice obviously desperate.

MICK (V.O.)
Mackie... there's trouble!

She sits on the edge of her bed picking up a pen and pad into one hand. Water from her hair drips on her computer keyboard. Haunting techno-rock music starts up. She wipes the water off the keys, and accidently hits the Return key erasing McLachlan's words from the screen web page, while knocking over one of her sex toys, which she grabs before it hits the ground and now holds, fumbling, the toy and phone in the same hand before letting the toy drop to the bed.

MACKIE
Ah shit! What? What kind of trouble?

MICK (V.O.)
I don't have time now. I've got to get out of here, can you meet me? And quick! They're onto me Mackie. What? Shit! They're...

The phone is suddenly hung up and the loud buzz tone leaves Mackie disturbed.

MACKIE
Mick! Mick! Who? Who is on to you?

She tries to call Mick back but gets a busy signal. Fear grows on her face, as she feverously types up a website address on her computer. While she waits for it to download, she reaches below her pillow and pulls out a silver heart-shaped locket on a chain. Camera racks-in to

show her opening it, with a Celtic cross and falcon on the front and *IRA* engraved in fancy script on the inside front piece; the opposite side is a picture of a young man smiling. The hand-writing on the photo reads: *"Love always, Tony."* A tear falls from her cheek as she puts the locket over her neck, while checking the website, which appears with the title *Combat*. The subtitle reads: *Dedicated to A.Camus* and a quote[1] in smaller print as the camera racks-in: *"The 17th century was the century of mathematics, the 18th century was of physical sciences, and the 19th century biology. Our 20th century is the century of fear."*

The camera zooms in extremely close on the *20* and then the *0* going through it and along a black hole, with illumined green lights of barely recognizable codes and letters-- eventually back out to a view of several T.V. surveillance screens looking at the three Agents of the Matrix in the security room below.

INT. AGENTS' SECURITY ROOM

The two Agents hesitate and look at each other as they reach up to take off their security ear-phone sets.

AGENT JONES
Why? Don't you think we ought to...

AGENT SMITH
There's no turning back!

They reluctantly pull them off. Agent Smith walks over to a switch on the wall, pushes it, and the surveillance windows are covered by a portable wall cover that comes down from the ceiling, and two surveillance cameras are turned upward and their green lights go off. Sinister music builds slowly and softly in the background.

AGENT SMITH
We've been here a long time. Zion's mainframe codes must be found! Morpheus's ship is close to ruins, somewhere in the sewers. We don't know who survived the Sentinel's attack. We do know they are in serious trouble.

AGENT BROWN
We have increased the security systems with the new lazer I.D....

AGENT JONES
We'll soon have all of the hackers coded for surveillance. Their ring-piercings will be their beautifying death.

AGENT SMITH
As long as only we know the secret I.D. system, and the numbers, we ought to

---

[1] Cited in Corradi (1992), p. 267.

immediately be able to find anyone who makes contact with terrorists the likes of Morpheus, Neo, and whoever else tries to make contact with these IRA hackers. We must catch them and get Zion's codes-- then, Zion will be ours and this hell-hole we live in will no longer be!

The red light goes on flashing, with a loud disturbing buzzer. Agent Brown moves up to answer the intercom.

AGENT BROWN
Who's there?

A strong looking man with a police uniform speaks into the intercom from the outside of the Agents' secured room.

CAPTAIN OF SECURITY
Captain Dirks, sir! Sorry to disturb you.

AGENT SMITH
What?

CAPTAIN
It's important, sir! We have arrested a known suspect of the network. Do you want to see him now?

AGENT SMITH
Yes! Fetch him.

CAPTAIN
Ah, one more thing, sir!

AGENT SMITH
Ya?

CAPTAIN
We've been informed that the network plans to hold a march, a kind of funeral procession on the streets, in the next few days.

AGENT SMITH
What! A demonstration?

AGENT BROWN

Smiling.

We've heard it was one of their leaders whom we... extinguished. An SAS job, I've heard.

CAPTAIN
They've registered themselves with our office. We don't foresee any problems. Should we let it go through?

The Agents look at each other, and gather around the desk away from the intercom to secretly talk.

CAPTAIN
Ah, are you there, sir?

AGENT SMITH
Yes. Let them go ahead. It will be a message for the rest. Let them have their little demonstration, as long as it is peaceful. Do not let them recruit, no balaclavas, and prevent any of their own gun fire over their coffin, in that pathetic ritual of so-called "honor." Do you understand Captain? And, bring in the new prisoner.

CAPTAIN
Yes, sir! His name is Mick McGirr, age 17. Apparently, known on the street as some kind of genius, protege, dropped out of school. Goes by the hacker name Mac-R2.

FADE OUT TO BLACK.

SCENE 3

INT. WORKOUT GYM

With music of Rage Against the Machine playing very loudly, water runs down the outside of large windows of a workout gym. The view is from a third floor of an office building in the core of downtown. Dark grey skies and heavy rain are accented by occasional lightning and thunder in the background. Rivulets of water on the glass hypnotically flow with the music. The view of the camera lens moves with the musical rhythm. The camera racks-in on a pair of sneakers on a step-machine and follows carefully up the leg wrapped in lycra tight pants. In slow motion the muscles wave and pulse and a view of Mackie's dark long hair flies playfully with the music. A few hair strands catch on her wet mouth and her beautiful sweating face. The camera racks-back to show a fit woman with a music headset hanging in her ears. She is wearing dark sun glasses but still manages to look down and read a book held in front of her. A CD player and a cell phone are attached to her hips.

EXT. STREET RESTAURANT

Same music plays and fades slowly, while a group of three young men, dressed in rebellious clothing, spiked colorful hair, and lots of piercings talk intently at a restaurant table located outside under an awning. They enjoy a joint passed around. Heavy rain continues, as traffic goes by in the background and a crowd across the street with protest signs is heard faintly chanting somewhat indistinguishable words. The daily newspaper on the table to their side shows the

headline: *America Leads War On Terror*. Camera racks-in on Mick, a young man with long blonde hair, multiple tatoos and a close-up of his many pierced-rings on a rough-marked but beautiful generous face.

DAN
Hey, anybody heard from Mackie lately?

MICK
Nope. She's usually at the gym Thursdays, about this time.

DAN
What's the protest about?

MICK
Some anti-American rally...

TAB

With a disgusted look, takes a drag, and blows a smoke ring which floats over Mick's head. Tab pretends to draw a gun from inside his jacket, aims his hand and index finger, shaped like a gun, at the smoke ring and blows it away.

POW! Shit. Those green activists... fuckn' child's play!

MICK
Had the weirdest experience yesterday.

TAB
Yesterday? You were with us at the stadium gig. We fucked around those political assholes man... they talk freedom-- we see their wars. Nothin' but fuckn' fear-mongers, preying on innocent people who can't protect themselves. A lot of bucks and big weapons... and look who they call "terrorists." Those new fucking laws are going to cramp our style...

MICK
I was? That was two days ago... wasn't...

DAN
Whatta you on man. Our little bud is losin' it!

MICK

Visibly disturbed.

Hit me! Tab.

Tab smiling, reaches over and punches him hard on the arm. Then he places another punch, much lighter and friendlier, which grazes

across Mick's cheek. The other guys, laughing, reach over to take their turn. Mick pulls back with a wry smile momentarily and then returns to confused anguish.

MICK
Apparently, I've lost a day. It's weird. It was like a dream. You know man when you can't tell what's real.

Takes a puff.

I don't think it was a dream? And I wasn't on ecstasy. Wellaa... it was kind of weird man. They were big ass goons in suits, with dark glasses. Strong fucks. Detectives I think, or fuckin' MI5's. Raided my place. I don't know who they were. They told me to keep my mouth shut and took me for interrogation to some fuckin' bunker, man!

TAB
Don't be stupid! If they were MI5's you'd know it. We'd all be sleepin' tonight without our teddy bears at our sides. We'd be dead, if they were.

DAN
No shit! You got off lucky pretty geek-boy. Maybe big dics don't take Mac-R2, little dick, here...

Dan reaches over and playfully grabs Mick's groin area.

... as a serious security threat. If ya knows whatta I mean.

The guys all break into laughter.

TAB
What the hell'd they want? Can't you tell a dream from fuckn' reality, you tight ass?

MICK
I'm sure this wasn't a dream. Or maybe it was? Fuck! All they talked about were my piercings... The one dic kept saying "Your beautiful death trap." Ah, I can't remember...

TAB
Your rings? What the fuck are...

MICK
Ya... I know man it's fucking weird. I woke up yesterday... or, I guess it was

today, in bed, back in my apartment... like everything was normal. I could like hear them, like, they're laughin' like right as if they were like in my fuckn' brain case, man!

DAN
You'sa a case... stringn' a big one boy. You needa get some rest, or something. Get off that web there geek-boy. Get into real... Some r'n'r' hey. Get yourself unhooked from those big theories you map out all the time. What about the club tonight hey boys?

MICK
No shit! These were mean dics man...and I was sure they had caught me with everything.

TAB
You're not fucking around with...

Tab stopped suddenly and looked over his shoulder, whispering in Mick's ear.

Combat?

MICK
NO! Well. Ya.. jessuzzz.. the fucking files were there man. They didn't touch them though. I don't know if I'm dreaming... My head's fucked man.

DAN
Fuck! You mean *Combat*...wholly shit Mick! She'll be real pissed now.

Pleading desperately.

MICK
Hey guys don't tell Mackie!

TAB
Whether it's real or just a dream.... You better be more careful, kid. Better lie low for a bit. No, we won't tell Mackie, anything she doesn't already know.

DAN
She's already stressed, man... at you!

MICK
What? What do you mean?

TAB
This mornin' she called you. Then she called me in a panic. Fuck we didn't know where you were man. She's upset big time.

And right now she doesn't need more hastles. You dig, man?

Protesters start coming down their side of the street and the chants are loud and clear: "Cooperation Not Corporation!" "Starbucks, Starsucks!" Music of Marilyn Manson comes on and continues in the gym.

INT. WORKOUT GYM

Mackie is lying on her back pushing up weights. Muscle guys are leering at her and walk by, as she snarls. Camera racks in on her glasses with a reflection of a big dude hovering over her.

BIG MUSCLE DUDE
Hey! I wouldn't want to see you get hurt.

Mackie's face still snarling and not amused.

BIG MUSCLE DUDE
I'm not trying to hit on you or anything, but I could show you the proper way to do that... so you don't hurt yourself. I work out professionally.

Mackie stops and turns her head slowly around, facing him. She moves her sunglasses down over her nose and scowls with a deadly warrior look.

MACKIE

Sacrcastically slow and deliberate with venom.

If I want a pro, I'll ask for one... my preference being one who's had their inflated ego surgically removed from the groin upward!

She slips her dark glasses back on and continues with her lifting. He leaves. She shakes her head and clicks off the music. She walks to the window, wiping her face with a towel and gets mesmerized watching the rivulets of water coming down. She tracks with her finger one droplet falling. Her cell phone rings.

EXT. STREET RESTAURANT

Mick's on the phone. Dan and Tab huddle around the phone booth, sharing a can of beer, and keeping out of the rain.

MICK
Hey Mackie! What's up? Thought I'd...

MACKIE (V.O.)
You shit! Where have you been? What the hell happened? You hung up. Sounded like you were in trouble. Why didn't you call me back?

MICK
Hey Mackie, calm.... What? I hung up on you? Why would...? Oh shit man, Mackie, I don't remember talking to you. Was that this morning? Look I'm sorry. My head is all fucked up. These cop fucks took me in for some questions and well you know... Hey, let's not fight like this... you know Tony and all, we shouldn't fight on the phone...

He looks at his pals gathered in closer around him as they try to eavesdrop.

MACKIE (V.O.)
Right! Let's not. Let's fight face-to-face, you ass, so I can kick you in the...!

MICK
Mackieeeeee...!

MACKIE (V.O.)
Let's meet and talk. I'm at Cronos Gym on Thurston and Placard.

MICK
We're at the Centennial Cafe, wanna meet here?

MACKIE (V.O.)
We?

MICK
The guys, OK? Big rally goin' down right now here. Let's join them Mackie, like the good ol' times. Whatdayasay?

MACKIE (V.O.)
Is... issa.. Tab there?

MICK
Ya.

MACKIE (V.O.)
Yahhh.. I'll be there in half an hour. Ah, rally... I'm not into it Mick. You know...

MICK
With hurt on his face he retorts sarcastically.

Too busy readin' Freud, Heidegger, again are ya? Your friends not good enough for ya any more.

MACKIE (V.O)
Adorno, actually! Don't go there Mick, I have had a really bad day! Got enough

shit and right now... Don't go there, OK! Look... when you guys see me coming, get up and leave, keep 50 meters ahead of me. Make sure no one is onto you. Then ditch in the alley at Hastings and I'll go another route. Meet you at my place about an hour later.... Mick, they SAS, RUC's, MI5's, or what?

MICK

Looks to his pals, with a sheepish face as he has to lie again.

Just cops. No problem Mackie. No security special squads in sight. I'm sure I'm clean there. See you, and we'll make sure... the boys will split ... and watch my ass.

MACKIE (V.O.)

Pleading, while demanding, her voice cracks and she starts crying.

Please. We can't have another fuck up!

MICK

I'm not...

MACKIE (V.O.)

And quit mentioning... Tony, will ya!

MICK

Sorry Mackie.

Fade out to black out, as a "click" is heard on the phone line.

MACKIE (V.O.)

Did you hear that? Shit! Plan B.

The phone hangs ups, buzzing.

[In a post-9/11 world] ***This is terror against terror– there is no longer any ideology behind it. We are far beyond ideology and politics now.... The aim is no longer even to transform the world, but... to radicalize the world by sacrifice.... Terrorism, like viruses, is everywhere.***[2]

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[2] Excerpt from Baudrillard (2002), pp. 9-10.

SCENE 4

INT.

Black computer screen with a pulsing fluorescent green cursor. Typed code appears, simultaneously with recognizable Agent's voices echoing from within a hollow room. Typing of codes continues, with various screens appearing rapidly and disappearing.

AGENT BROWN (V.O.)
Missed them.

AGENT SMITH (V.O.)
Never mind. Find out who Tony is?

INT. HOVERCRAFT

Loud whiring noises and light beams shining through the dark sewers, as the camera moves slowly away from a ransacked mothership hovercraft (with Nebuchadnezzar written on the side)-- lying in wastes and mud. Sentimental music rises slowly in the background. The remaining crew converse in grief as they look out the window back at the ruins.

NEO
It feels a little weird.

TANK
That's it?

Neo
We just leave? It's like a bad dream.

TRINITY
We're lucky to be able to leave. And I suspect we're going to have a few more nightmares.

She slips a few tears and chokes. Neo takes her hand. Tank is also in tears rubbing his arm across his face.

MORPHEUS
Comrades, have been sacrificed.

TANK
Sacrificed by an imbecile... a maggot...

MORPHEUS
Enough! He is... was... one of us too.

NEO
Sir? Did you suspect Cypher from the start?

MORPHEUS
I suspect everyone, from the start. From the moment we make contact with a person

in the Matrix, from the moment they choose the red pill, and flush out of the Matrix incubators, I suspect everyone. There are more reasons to return to the Matrix, than there are to stay out. Cypher was weak.

TANK
With all due respect sir, the maggot got more respect than suspect, I'd say. And look what that did! He's not the only weak one.

TRINITY
Tank, that's enough! Without Morpheus's respect for all of us, human *and* cyborg, there would be *no mission* period!

NEO
I guess I've never attended a funeral outside of the Matrix. This is real?

TANK
Some funeral.

MORPHEUS

Visibly upset, with eyes watering, goes to speak but turns away from the crew and starts to walk off. Neo reaches toward him, they look at each other, and Trinity holds Neo back with a hand on his shoulder. Morpheus's voice cracks.

Prepare for the next contact.

FADE OUT TO BLACK.

INT. HIGH SECURITY OFFICE

A combination lock is twisted and turned, and suspenseful music accompanies the opening of the vault in the wall, and the removal of a metal box labeled "Top Secret." The one Agent brings the box to the other two sitting at the table. As the box is placed down, as if it were a bomb, the buzzer sounds inside the room and the red light flashes above the door.

AGENT SMITH
Yes!

CAPTAIN
We've got the data on Tony Doris.

AGENT SMITH
Doris. Doris. That rings a bell.

FADE OUT TO BLACK.

SCENE 5

EXT. DOWNTOWN CITYSCAPE

Sound of rain pelting down mixes with the noise of city streets. Camera view is high above looking down as one figure (Mackie), with a plastic raincoat over her head, appears quickly walking and three others walking behind about 50 meters. The group of three breaks into two and then one who stops. The lead figure (Mackie) goes on ahead and then slips inside a storefront.

INT. BOOKSTORE

A bell rings and the door closes. Street sounds in the background and soft rain coming down on the window. There are two men washing the store outside window with soap and squeaking sounds from the squeegies they are using. Mackie is waiting at the counter reading a book from a stack. When a man's body moves up inches behind her. She startles.

MACKIE
Holy Christ! Mother Mary! Oh! It's you! Mr. Toolis. You scared the livin' shh.. outta me.

MR. TOOLIS
You're late. You don't bother to phone, when you are going to miss a shift. Are you special? No! You are *not*.

She is watering at the eyes. He stops his barage.

Look. I run a business Mackie.

Mackie moves toward the bookshelves and he follows her, hovering over her with some remorse.

There's short staff at this time of year. Why didn't you ask for time off?

MACKIE

She turns rapidly and indignantly.

Who said I wanted time off?

MR. TOOLIS
It's your brother isn't it? Isn't the funeral on Sunday?

MACKIE
Ya.

MR. TOOLIS
Sorry Mackie. Why don't you come in on Monday morning. That will give you a break.

He grumbles to himself.

I'm too soft...

MACKIE

She discovers, by chance, a title on the shelves she has not seen before. Takes it off. It appears like a new fairy tale never heard before. Her eyes light up as she looks inside. It is a book entitled: *Celtic Sexual Myths: For Women Only.* The inside dedication reads: *To, Eva Gore-Booth.*

MR. TOOLIS
Mackie! Are you listening? Take a break kid.

MACKIE

Her head buried deep, and her long hair smothering her hands and the book, she murmurs softly.

Ya.Ya. I will.

She checks the price of the book out, searches her pockets, and drops money in his hands, with water dripping from her plastic rain coat, he has a pool of soggy bills in his hand. The bell above the shop door rings and the door closes loudly.

Fade out to black, simultaneous with the closing of the metal box in the Agent's office.

SCENE 6

INT. AGENTS' HIGH SECURITY OFFICE

Agent Smith, coldly, unemotionally, holds the small tape recording, twirling it through his hands as suspense builds with music in the background. Everything is slow and deliberate. The other two Agents are looking on with great anticipation and worry. They all have their radio ear-phones hanging across their shoulders unplugged.

AGENT SMITH
Clear the memory equipment!

Agent Brown takes up the syringes and small bottles of clear liquid and puts them in a small container and stuffs them into his inside jacket pocket. The leather strap of a gunbelt and handle of a gun are partially revealed. Agent Jones places the file labeled "Tony Doris" on the desk beside Agent Smith.

Yessaaa... Doris. Later. No one but us is to know the contents of this tape.

AGENT BROWN
Shouldn't we go to our superiors first?

AGENT SMITH
We've talked amongst ourselves, and agreed, have we not? We are sick of this disgusting human-virus-infected planet, are we not gentlemen?

The other two Agents look at each other and reluctantly nod their heads in agreement.

What happened when Mr. Anderson, alias Neo, escaped is, our knowledge, our memory. And it will be kept as our knowledge, our memory. Am I making myself perfectly clear gentlemen?

The other two Agents nod in agreement.

Unfortunately, in the scuffle with Mr. Anderson, we somehow lost our memory as some malfunction had occurred in our programs at the time. This secret tape was gathered from your visual recorder...

He hesitates and points to Agent Jones.

... a back-up to our main programs. We are here to witness... I mean remember, what really went on, for we want no further mistakes... I mean escapes, by these terrorists.

AGENT BROWN
The new laser ID security system will catch them...

AGENT SMITH
Maybe! Maybe not. This tape holds the secret, perhaps to our finally catching them all, with no mistakes... I mean escapes. I mean witness... mistakes... beyond catching, I mean no mistakes are escapes...

The other two Agents are puzzled, and worried about the strange speech patterns and logic of their commander. Agent Smith puts the tape in a small recording unit in the top side drawer, and a small screen pops up from the top of the desk and lights up. They wait for the image. Music of suspense begins in the background. The image fills the screen and we see some static and then a sharpened image that shows bullets fired at Neo and him saying "No" and stopping them in mid-air. The bullets fall to the floor and Agent Smith turns to

his fellow Agents, then snarls and runs after Neo. Neo easily handles all the fists Agent Smith can throw at him, even with one hand Neo is totally a confident master warrior. The screen images break up as the picture deteriorates momentarily. Then we see Agent Smith getting up off the floor and bedazzled. Neo charges him and slips right through his surface and into his body. The bulging skin races across Agent Smith's hands and arms and into his neck and face and he begins to explode with a white lazer light from the inside. The light slices through his head and splits his upper body until the mass bursts into fragments and to nothing. The camera moves to the Agents in the high security room. There is no Agent Smith sitting in his chair behind the desk. The other two Agents are in shock, as the brilliant solar-white light from the screen glares off the sides of their faces as they cover their eyes, even with their dark sunglasses on. A crackling sound shuts the screen off and everything turns black and silent.

SCENE 7

EXT. CITY STREETS

The sound of soft dripping rain comes up, as Mick is combing his long blonde locks in a window. Suddenly a pleasant loud voice jumps out at him

YOUNG WOMAN
Hey you!

Mick turns in terror. A white flash goes off from a camera. He is mesmerized, then dives down scampering for cover behind a nearby garbage can. He pulls out a knife half-way from his boot. Stops, as he sees there is an attractive young woman bending over staring at him strangely. She sees Mick's knife and frightened face.

My name is Cal. I ain't hurtn' no one.

She is dressed in funky alternative style black leathers, with lots of pale-face makeup, black eyes and black lipstick (Gothic). She is attracted to him. Mick is highly embarrassed to see she is harmless. He fakes like he was looking for something on the ground under the garbage can, hoping she didn't see the knife or his cowardice.

MICK
Damn. I'm looking for my bus ticket.
I think it was somewhere around here.

YOUNG WOMAN
Sorrrryyyy... to surprise you. Cute!

She jokes and taunts him.

MICK
What?

YOUNG WOMAN
The 007 getaway-thing... you must be
an important 'Wanted' man or something?

MICK
What the fuck you doin'. You a reporter?

YOUNG WOMAN
Not, that I know of.

MICK
Hey! Ain't it illegal to be taking photos of innocent... ahhh, unsuspecting people, without their permission? Give me that camera!

He reaches half-heartedly toward her. She steps back embracing her camera between her large breasts.

YOUNG WOMAN
Hey! No harm intended. First 007 agent, now big dic cop! Hey. Chill man. I don't have film in here. Look, I'll prove it.

She flips the back of the camera open. There is no film.

MICK
Then what the hell are ya...?

She shoots another flash shot at him and another. As Mick hides his face. The artist has the camera at all kinds of strange viewpoints firing away shots.

YOUNG WOMAN
I'm practicing getting shots spontaneously. Unorthodox poses and angles. You know, artistic licence. Freedom of expression. You know. It's for a class assignment. We're supposed to journal about our experience of the process, and not to use film, so we don't overly focus on content.

She shoots another flash.

MICK
What kind of class. Hey! Stop! That's enough already!

On about the fourth flash in the face, Mick enters a trance state and the scene is blurry as strange sounds fill his brain. Time stops. He is hallucinating. We go into his mind in a dream-memory state, where there is a Catholic Irish Church service going on. The organ is playing nice Christian music. The camera zooms in on a nervous couple of young men at the back isle of the church, who get up and leave early. Mick leaves after they leave, and the priest wishes everyone good-bye and a pleasant day. Mick goes to his car across the street and watches everything. Suspense-filled music appears, with a rock metal kind of drone and rhythm, with heavy drumming and marching feet filling up the ominous soundscape. People begin filing out of the

church on a beautiful crisp spring day, with leaves and flowers full in bloom in a beautifully kept wealthy suburb. They are all talking in crowds outside the church. Finally a very proud, larger, slightly overweight man, in his fifties, pulls out of the crowd and walks to his new green Mercedes, as he reaches back to help an elderly, partially crippled woman, into the passenger side of his car. He walks to the driver's side, smiles and waves at some people, and closes the door. Two young men, wearing duffel coats with hoods up, walk up from behind a parked car nearby. They approach the driver's side of the Mercedes, pull out revolvers, and each fire several bullets through the driver's window. Glass and blood fly. Mick slams the car he is driving into reverse, skidding the tires. He hits the brakes and throws open the passenger door (now in slow motion) to let the two gunmen in. Thundering shots are fired from an unknown direction and the two hooded boys go down, like marionettes cut free from their strings. Mick ducks down, hits the gas and screams around the nearby corner, racing away without his comrades. Lazer white beams of sunlight, passing through the tall trees along the road, hypnotically dances across the car windshield, reflecting onto Mick's tearful and terrorized face.

MICK
Photography class.

Mick shakes off the trance and looks her in the eyes to see if she is real, and he is safe. He tries to pretend nothing happened.

YOUNG WOMAN
Ah... you OK? You're lookn' kind of pale.

MICK
Did you say art class?

She stops flashing and puts the camera in its case bag that's slung from her shoulder. Pulls out a cigarette and lights up... offers Mick one but he refuses and is visibly agitated and sweating, with his heart and breath racing. He places his hand on his heart.

YOUNG WOMAN
Photography class. Artsy. Ya, I go to art school. How about you? You're integral, cool, aren't you? Yellow? You into silicon, ain't ya?

She smiles seductively. But Mick doesn't hear much and unconsciously misses her come on. He responds with a dismissive look on his face. She picks up his judgment and replies angrily.

What's that?

MICK
What? Hey. No offense... ah, art isn't exactly my thing... it's st...

YOUNG WOMAN
Stupid! A waste of time, taxes, product-ivity! Is that what you were going To

say?, Mr. 007 big man, who knows what *Life* is really supposed to be all about!

Her face is puzzlingly absent of negative emotion and her voice lazer sharp. Mick tries to avoid conflict by looking around everywhere but at her.

MICK
I didn't say it, you did. I'm just feeling a bit weird. It's been one of those days. Fuck, man, weird shit is goin' down...

He shakes his head and mutters.

I don't believe in art, passivism, nor school. That's justaa...

She had already turned away from him and headed off-- jaywalking in the traffic, stepping in front of oncoming cars fearlessly, to disappear in the rain and sidewalk crowds. A close up of Mick's face shows his fright, sense of rejection and aloneness. Rage Against the Machine music builds in the background. He mutters sarcastically.

Just, great. Hey Cal, why don't we go for a beer and talk art, our love of creativity, higher consciousness and silicon evolution over carbon evolution, the future, and... what?... what Cal?... you say you want to show me your... what?

His cell phone rings. He looks at his watch, talking to himself.

Fuck. I'd better get to Mackie's. Hey Cal, let me try again, maybe we could talk about process over content, and integral... what?

He shakes his head in massive confusion. Answering his cell.

Hello Mackie. Ya. I'm OK. I'm OK. I just met this strange girl. I'm OK. really! Don't worry. Ya. I'm on my way. Bye.

Music pounds louder. He runs down the street, dodging big puddles on the side walk, slipping around people, bumping into some people, jumping over a woman's dog. He stops at a street corner as the light turns yellow and then red. He stares across the intersection at the other traffic light and is caught in its greeness. Waiting. Paranoid. Men pass by him in business suits. Two police men walking by him are talking about evil in the city. The green light flashes, turns yellow, and Mick runs like a rabbit dodging a car and then another.

FADE OUT TO BLACK.

SCENE 8

EXT. CITY STREETS- OUTSIDE MACKIE'S APARTMENT

The rain has stopped. Mackie is walking up her apartment steps, stops, then turns back down and rushes to the nearby community poster board. She scans the board, pulls out a pen, and copies down a phone number on the palm of her hand. Runs back to the apartment.

INT. MACKIE'S APARTMENT

From inside her apartment, the dead bolt moves with a loud metal clunk. Mackie enters with a tired looking face, her hair falling down from her pony-tail, and a piece of hair in her mouth, as she pulls it away and throws her gym back down. She pulls out her book she just purchased and puts it on the kitchen counter, while she opens the fridge, pours out some juice and begins making a sandwich. There are pictures and quotes taped-up all over the walls, on the fridge, and on the cupboard doors next to her head, one that is readable says: *"Each person, still bound to prevailing thought, drags along with him as his social heritage the mutilations inflicted upon him over thousands of years.- Adorno."* She sticks the sandwich in her mouth, pulls off her sweatshirt, revealing a black sports bra underneath, and proceeds to her bedroom. The door bell rings. She answers from the bedroom with a muffled voice, as her mouth is full.

MACKIE
Justttamin..minute!

Door bell rings again. She walks quickly toward the door, slipping on a clean sweatshirt and has changed, with her hair down. Door bell rings again.

MACKIE
Hold on a sec!

She pulls up her pants, and turns one of her socks around, while standing on one leg. The door cracks slightly and opens without her opening it.

MICK
That you Mack..?

MACKIE
Do you always just butt in on girl's apartments? That's hardly going to win you points or get you laid with nice girls, my sweet boy.

Relieved to see him OK, she embraces Mick with a big hug and a kiss, nearly squeezing the life out of him. With her other hand she locks the deadbolt of the door.

SCENE 9

INT. CROWDED TAVERN

Tab and Dan sit at a table having a brew. Loud music, flashing lights, and women dancing in the background on stage.

DAN
Hope the little shit's OK.

TAB
Whooaa... Mick? He'll be fine. I'm thinking how Mackie is doin'.

DAN
Ya, me too. I hope the ceremony goes...

TAB
It'll go alright. You done what you were supposed to? No fuck ups?

Suddenly, an older man joins them.

KEATS
Hey boys...

TAB
Good to see ya Keats. Well?

KEATS

In a secretive deep voice.

Very dark... man.

TAB
Lots of RUC's, MI5's, SAS?

KEATS
Heard tell ten, twenty units, hundreds, choppers, everything.

DAN
Shit! Cannaa those fuckers leave us be to mourn our own?

TAB

He swigs a drink and responds like ice.

Only humans allow respect for the dead.

DAN
Fuckersss...

TAB
Is there lots of Volunteers, Keats?

KEATS
Lots. We're ready and proud, Tab.

TAB
Then leave the rest to me. I'll arrange things. We've gotta couple of days. Don't tell Mackie, fuckn' none of this, got it?

The guys nod in agreement.

SCENE 10

INT. MACKIE'S APARTMENT

Mick and Mackie are in the kitchen munching. Mackie heads off to her bedroom. Mick is reading the various quotes on her fridge. In the bedroom, Mackie goes by her laptop computer and sees the cursor turn on and a message being typed. She is dumbfounded.

MACKIE
What the f...?

The message reads: *The Matrix has you. Mick is the key. Be careful. Follow the question... follow the question.*

She hits her return key. Nothing happens. Visibly panicky, she calls Mick.

MACKIE
Mick! Hurry! Come here!

The screen goes blank, as Mick enters the room.

MICK
Ya, what?

MACKIE
There was a message on my computer.

MICK
Ya. So.

MACKIE
Holy, too much! It's like someone was hacking in and talking to me. They didn't say who they were.

MICK
Really. Whoooaa... Whatd' it say?

Mackie is very disturbed and leaves the room, with Mick tagging behind her. They go to the kitchen for more food.

Well, Mackie, what?

MACKIE
I don't know.

MICK
Whata ya mean. You read it!

MACKIE
Never mind. It is strange. I'll check again and see what that was... where it was... who it... Just never mind, OK?

MICK
Whatever.

He picks up her new book *Celtic Sexual Myths: For Women Only* off the counter.

Your new porno...? Is that what the course texts are these days. Hey, I'm goin' back to school, man.

Angrily, Mackie grabs the book out of his hands before he can open it.

MACKIE
Get a life! I want to talk. Let's sit on the couch.

SCENE 10

INT: HOVERCRAFT

The remaining original crew of Morpheus, Trinity, Neo, and Tank are eating a meal on the mini-(simplified) version of the Nebuchadnezzar.

TANK
Not the most comfy raft is it.

NEO
A great idea having this baby attached to the Neb., or else. What will happen to the Neb now?

MORPHEUS
It'll be picked up by the next Sentinels to come along and be disintegrated like a virus is blasted and eaten by your white blood cells.

TANK
You mean integrated, sir.

MORPHEUS
Quite. The Sentinels work for the Matrix construct, outside of the construct. They eat, and integrate, anything that is

a foreign body into the Matrix program.

TANK
The Neb will soon be Matrix food, so to speak.

TRINITY
She is disturbed by this thought, knowing there are bodies of crew members left there.

Tank!

NEO
Dozer, Switch, all of them... food for a machine. It's bizzare. But you know, I, if I learned one thing from battling with the machines, out manouevering the rigid programs, it is that the Matrix eats fear. Human fear. Cyborg fear.

Nobody seems to be listening. Tank and Trinity are in tears. Tank leaves the room in a hurry.

It's weird. It is barely sinking-in what the Matrix really is?

MORPHEUS
It has been years since I have been out, and it never gets any easier. I understand why Cypher betrayed us. He betrayed himself. He was run by fear. I admit I was blind to seeing it. You may be onto something Neo.

Trinity returns alone, with red eyes. Sits beside Neo and he reaches for her hand.

NEO
And freedom. Do we have the same capacities on this life-boat? I mean, can we still get people out of the Matrix as easily?

MORPHEUS
I wish it were easy, Neo. Now, it will be much more difficult. This ship has no capacities to dismantle the Sentinels, and that makes traveling in the sewers more dangerous. Luckily, we are smaller and can hide better. We have lines to send in only two people at a time. That's limiting. But more limiting is the travel life-span capacity. We cannot sustain operations under the pressures here for very long.

TRINITY
How long?

MORPHEUS
We don't know for sure. This ship is made to be fast and the lightness makes the shell vulnerable to cracking under intense pressures here. Designers never fully tested its capacities outside of Zion's environment. I've heard engineers' varying estimates that it could be two years, or it could be two weeks. We don't know. We'll have to pick our targets much more carefully. Trinity?

TRINITY
What about returning to Zion, to get a new mothership like the Neb? We can't risk...

MORPHEUS
The time it takes to get back to Zion, there would be so much damage, and wasted time. The real risk is to turn away from what we came here to accomplish.

TRINITY

Somewhat angry, she challenges Morpheus eye to eye.

You mean, risk our *faith*.

NEO
Damage? Morpheus...?

MORPHEUS
Our plans must go ahead. There's little time to waste. We've had enough damage. Retreat now, and we'll possibly lose the advantage that Neo has... there's no alternative, as the Matrix programming will be already well-adjusting itself to the problems Neo made for them. I can imagine they've established a tougher new security system. We'll be more vulnerable going in from now on. Be extra careful... we may not be so lucky next time.

TRINITY
But Neo... he knows the way to defeat the Agents. He's The One.

NEO

Looking a little insecure momentarily.

I'm not sure I recall what to do, exactly. I've seen through the Matrix construct, once. The illusion was amazing. But I

can't tell you how I did it.

MORPHEUS
I suspected that.

TRINITY

Disturbed and angry.

What do mean? You did it. You know. You said so. Remember your final victory speech and all? I remember it. You called up the Agents and told them....

MORPHEUS
Trinity. Neo's thought and actions are totally revolutionary, even for a cyborg. Neo's breakthrough to some new level... and beyond is not necessarily the establishment of a stable development. His own conditioning to stay asleep, a slave of the Matrix is very strong. It will take us all more time to figure out what happened, exactly, and to be able to duplicate it, and ensure we have the effective stabilized power to destroy Agents consistently... instead of run from them.

NEO
Wizards, you mean.

MORPHEUS
There will be no recipes for success. The Matrix construct will be adapting to Neo's assault, and we have no idea what it will come up with to fight back, next time. But we have shown that the codes of the Matrix can be cracked and the rules bent, even broken. Neo survived. But there are millions who may not. And they are still slaves in the Matrix. Have you and Neo made a decision on the next one?

NEO
I'll get the papers on him, sir.

He leaves the room.

MORPHEUS
Trinity? What is it? I know something...

TRINITY
It shows?

MORPHEUS
I read you like you were my own body...

a daughter to me.

This Matrix is like a form of distortion in our etheric grid, that creates all on Earth that are connected to it, to experience disempowerment in this world. We are all aware of this Matrix in some way.... If you are being fed by the Matrix, the energies of control and fear will be within your energy body....[3]

SCENE 11

INT. HOVERCRAFT-STORAGE ROOM

Tank cautiously enters a storage room on the hovercraft. He lifts away some boxes and leans down to put his hand on a blanket with a body underneath. Sad music comes up. He prays with tears in his eyes and speaks to himself quietly.

TANK
I know I shouldn't be doing this Dozer but you deserve a proper burial at home, in Zion. These cyborgs don't understand human ways anymore. I have a plan for us, my brother. I love you. I have a plan.

He takes a moment to bend over to remove the blanket from the face of Dozer's dead body and is going to kiss him on the forehead, when Neo passes by the open door smelling something unpleasant.

NEO
Peuwww... gross. Someone there?

Tank is startled, then frozen, in fear of being discovered with his illegitimate cargo.

SCENE 12

INT. HOVERCRAFT

Morpheus is sitting eating, while Trinity is pacing around him, both visibly upset.

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[3] Excerpt from Qala, Ascend Foundation, Australia. Retrieved January, 21, 2003 from http://www.theawakeningcenter.com/innersightmeditations0502.htm

TRINITY
Morpheus, I think we ought to return to Zion *immediately* to get a better ship ... sir.

MORPHEUS
Is that your *fear* talking, or your rational senses that you are supposed to have as second in command?

TRINITY
For years, I thought nothing about taking grave risks for the Resistance. I would sacrifice myself and others if I thought it was necessary to the mission. You know that! But now...

MORPHEUS
Now...? You let *fear* replace your *faith*...

TRINITY
I let *love* replace my *faith*, sir.

MORPHEUS
And Neo? Is your love really fear, because you have lost faith in your commander? You worry about death now. Why? We cannot go back to Zion. Quit thinking for yourself Trinity!

TRINITY
I am thinking what is *best* for the Resistance.

MORPHEUS
Trinity I love you, like a daughter. I placed you second in command of the Resistance because of that love.

TRINITY
If you did... and if you do love me, then why can you not see my love for Neo?

MORPHEUS

Sharply stunned by her comment.

What?

Neo appears by a nearby doorway, out of sight, but listening to the argument.

TRINITY
All of my time here, out of the Matrix-- three years, and five possible candidates as "the One"-- you would tell us, sir, and then we had to watch them

all be killed by Agents, sacrificed for the Resistance and your bloody faith! The Oracle told me I would fall in love with a man, and that man would be "the One." Well, I thought I fell in love five times before, sir. I wasn't sure. You thought they were "the One," so I thought they were to be my lovers. Do you know what it is like to fall in love time after time, and not know for sure if it is my love, real love, or a love that is supposed to be, because you are telling us that this next man is "the One"?

She breaks into tears, in a gut wrenching pain, her face twists horridly in sorrow.

I couldn't believe in my love any more. I couldn't believe in love, or that I would know what it was.

MORPHEUS
So, you couldn't believe in me either?

TRINITY

Enraged and yelling.

Your faith keeps us alive. Everyone, even the Oracle knows that. But DAMN! Don't you see Morpheus! Neo was told by the Oracle he is not "the One" and he doesn't believe he is either. When I saw Neo shot by the Agent, and lying there dead, I thought I wanted to be dead. Is that what love is supposed to feel like? I wanted you dead too. I wanted this whole fucking enterprise dead. We all may as well join Dozer, Switch, Apoc, Cypher... We were dead Morpheus!

Long pause.

As you and I stared at Neo's heart monitor flattened out... we knew it had ALL come to an end. We were relying on *one* man, some innocent man, to save us from our lack of faith, from our pathetic beliefs, our own stupid religion of rescuing and finding the ultimate rescuer. My god... Is there love in that Morpheus?

Long pause.

I felt fear disappear, for a moment... and probably for the first time in my life. I

told a dead man what I actually really believed, and that I believed I loved him. Neo came back to life. Something happened that none of us understand. Was it love, or was it that I didn't fear anything for once, and that made the difference in our power and abilities to destroy the Matrix? Neo heard me, and defeated the Agents. And all I know for sure is that I kissed the first man that I thought I loved. Do you? Do I? Do any of us cyborgs really fucking know what love is? Do you think Neo knows? Do any of us know? Maybe Dozer and Tank know. But I... I was born in a Matrix of machines! I don't know what love is.

She moves in toward Morpheus.

Love is a program in the construct of a machine's imagination to control us to be slaves! Damn it! Don't you fucking well see that? Don't tell me anymore that you love me. I am not your daughter! The only parents I can imagine, are one's that I am forced to hate.

She stops, cries harder. Neo rushes in to comfort her. Tank comes to the doorway and is momentarily stunned, along with Morpheus, by all the emotions.

NEO
Tell them Tank.

SCENE 13

INT. MACKIE'S APARTMENT

A stick match scratches across a rough surface, exploding into a pool of flames. The camera racks back from the burning match held by Mackie. She lights a few candles, while Mick sips on red wine, checking out the books lying around Mackie's apartment. He reads one title closely: *Enemy Of The People* by Henrik Ibsen. Then he reaches, out of boredom, for the TV remote and turns on the TV with no sound yet. Camera shows Oprah interviewing a guest (Michael Moore).

MICK
You still mad?

Mackie sits down and takes a swig of wine.

Commmme onnn... Mackieeee.

MACKIE
Yes!

MICK
I knowwww... I should have called you sooner. Everything is gonna be alright. We... you've got enough problems... I mean things to think about... I,... look. I really love you Mackie and I don't want anything to upset you... I mean,... upset you... I guess, you are already upset, aren't you. And I'm just making a fool of myself.

He takes a long drink.

MACKIE
OK. I won't punish you anymore. I have something worse for you, you ass.

She slips over on the couch and gives him a peck on the cheek and a big hug.

MICK
Love thy enemies. That's the spirit!

MACKIE
And fear them too.

She sits back and takes a long drink.

Enemies kill...

MICK
Not your spirit. Not the Volunteers... I'm not afraid of those...

MACKIE
Ya sure. Anyway... so, what happened this morning? Who in the hell is on to you?

MICK

Holds his breath as he is about to lie.

Cops. That's all. As I said. They took me down to the station and checked me out. I was on a suspect list for some kind of hacking crime, they said. But I'm clean. No problem.

MACKIE
After you hung up so quick, I downloaded the *Combat* site to see if you had been messing around there.

MICK

His voice quivering and exaggerative.

I swear to God, Mother Mary, I was not... I told you I would stay clean from underground publishing for awhile... for until, the funeral... for awhile...

MACKIE
Don't be shittn' me...

MICK
I wouldn't Mackie.

MACKIE
So, you're sure. You've not been bugged?

MICK
Don't think so?

MACKIE
You don't think so! God man! You ought to know so. Fuck! Anyway, it is probably too late now, if you are. They could bust in this door any moment.

MICK
I told you I'm clean! We followed your orders and split up from the restaurant. They wouldn't have tracked us, very easily.

MACKIE
Mick you're as clean as my ass. As long as you hang around with me or Tab and the boys, you are always suspect as a Volunteer. And that makes you an enemy of Britain, and unfortunately most of Unionist Ireland. Don't ever forget that!

Mick is only half-listening and is distracted by the TV interview and he puts the sound on. Camera focuses on the TV screen.

MICK
Hey! Isn't that Michael Moore? On Oprah! Holy shit. Coooooollll.

Mackie joins Mick.

OPRAH
Your film "Bowling for Columbine" was the first documentary ever accepted at Cannes Film Festival in 46 years.

MICHAEL MOORE
Yes. It was quite an honor.

OPRAH
And let's show our viewers why. We have a short clip from Mr. Moore's film.

On the screen appears and image of Marilyn Manson, all dressed in his show duds and make-up, with Moore interviewing him.

MICK
Hollllyyy... Manson... cool man!

Mackie's had enough distraction.

MACKIE
Shut it off Mick. We've got important...

MICK
Shhhh... Manson's...

MARILYN MANSON
I think we have to look at what caused those young men at Columbine High School to do what they did. The President of the United States had ordered a massive attack on Kosovo, killing thousands of civilians, on the same day of Columbine .... do you think that's a factor?

MICHAEL MOORE
So why do people, or many people blame Marilyn Manson for Columbine?

MARILYN MANSON
My face... I am their poster boy for fear because I do what I want and people are afraid of what I do...

Mackie grabs the TV remote from Mick and he grabs it back. The volume goes up much louder, as they struggle back and forth.

People are being pumped full of fear... It's a campaign of fear and consumption ... an industry... keeping everyone in fear so they will consume.[4]

The TV shuts off. Mackie throws the remote down. The room is dead silent and Mick stares, pouting, at a blank TV screen. Suddenly, a noise enters the room from the hallway door. Mackie is distracted and cautiously moves toward the door. Mick hasn't noticed anything.

MICK
I'll try. Lately, my memory has been fuckn' me around. It's weird, man. I don't remember actually talking to you on the phone this morning. And I'm havn' flashbacks... and shit. It's kinda scary.

MACKIE

---

[4] Excerpts (adapted) from Moore's independent film "Bowling for Columbine" (2002).

Moves cautiously toward the door.

Flashbacks? Like what do ya mean? Drugs?

MICK
Na. I don't think so.

Mackie picks up an envelope that has been slipped under the door. She examines it with puzzlement and waves it to Mick. She leans her ear on the door and hears footsteps running away and the outer building door closes. She walks over to the couch examining the envelop.

MACKIE
Are you sure no one is following you?

MICK
Whatsa that?

MACKIE
What the hell. An envelope with an old bus ticked taped on it. What is this?

MICK
Bus ticket?

Loud knock at the door.

MACKIE
Shit!

Mick startles and spills his wine on his pants. They look to hide somewhere, and then stop simultaneously, staring at each other breathing hard. Mackie barks out loudly.

Who is it? Who's there? What do you want?

Another loud knock. Suspenseful music begins.

TAB (V.O.)
Finn.

MACKIE
Finn who?

TAB (V.O.)
Finn Maccooooooooool.

Mackie and Mick are immediately relieved. She opens the door. Tab is a 28 yr. old beautiful dark brown-haired warrior that towers in size, emanates natural authority above the other members.

TAB
How's it?

MACKIE
OK. How's it?

TAB
OK.

MACKIE
Yeah. I'm OK too.

They are uncomfortably close, face to face, in the door way.

TAB
I don't want to disturb...

MACKIE
No... it's O...

MICK
Hey Tab!

TAB
Hey!

MACKIE
What's up? Do you want to come in?

TAB
No.

Tab closes the door behind him. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a black handerchief. He hands it to her.

MACKIE
A gun? I don't want to... Tab, I told you... I don't...

TAB
It will be dangerous on Sunday. Take it!

MACKIE

Reluctantly.

OK. But...

TAB
I gotta run. I'll pick you up 8am, at your mom's and we'll go from there as planned. Stay in touch, will ya?

He turns to leave.

MACKIE
Tab?

TAB
Ya?

MACKIE
Never... mind. See you, then...

He disappears quickly. Mackie shuts the door. She puts the gun on a coffee table. Walks over to Mick who is now rather sloshed with wine and laying down on the couch watching the TV on low volume. As Mackie marches toward him, the camera zooms in on the TV screen.

OPRAH
So, Mr. Moore, you have probably made one of the most important films on the problem of lack of gun control...

MICHAEL MOORE
Actually... this is not a film about gun control but a film about the fearful heart and soul of the United States.

Mackie whips the remote out of Mick's hand and turns it off.

MICK
Tab's so cool, hey?

MACKIE

She hesitates to answer. Swigs on her wine and mumbles.

Cool? Yeah.

MICK
You gonna take the gun?

MACKIE
No way! Ah... I don't know.

MICK
What's wrong?

MACKIE
Nothing.

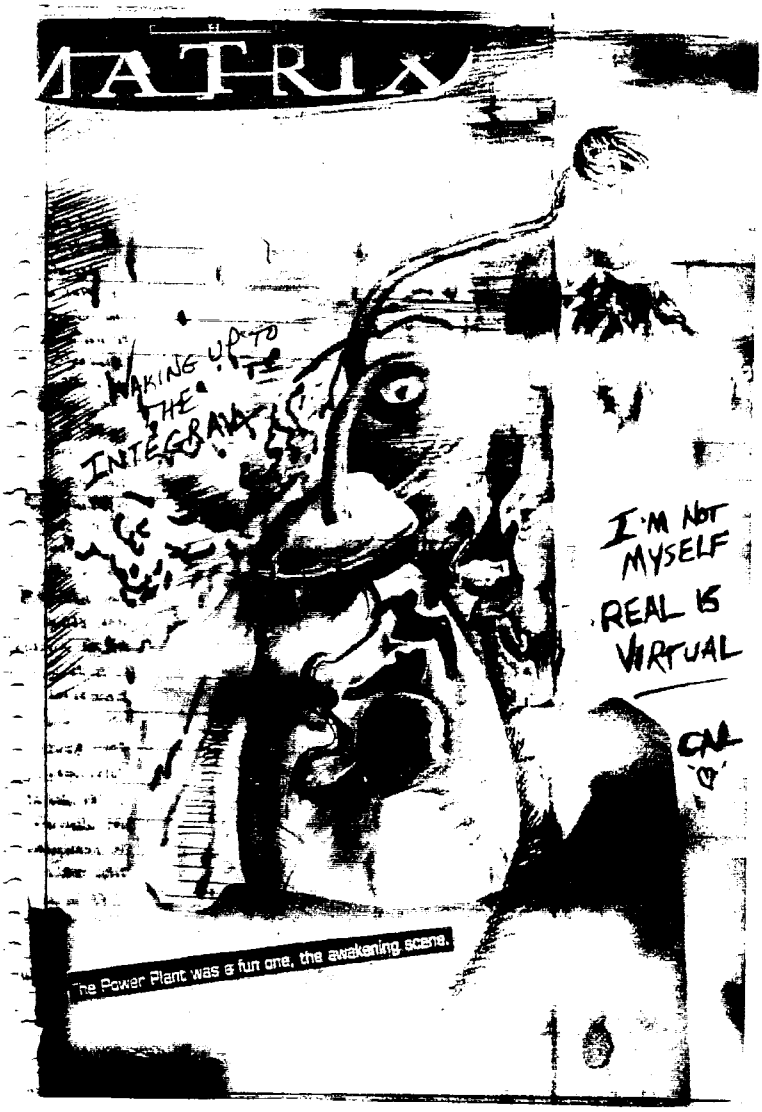
MICK
Mackieeee...

Mackie begins opening the envelop, as Mick stretches across the couch beside her to look on. There is nothing in the envelop which is hand-made and unfolds to a large sheet of paper.

MACKIE
What's wrong is weird letters. Whatta...? They... a... drew a picture on the inside .... Mick?

MICK
Let me see that?

MACKIE
What kind of psycho drew this...


MATRIX
WAKING UP TO THE INTEGRATED
I'M NOT MYSELF
REAL IS VIRTUAL
CAL
The Power Plant was a fun one, the awakening scene.

MICK
Whollllyy! Shit man! She's...

MACKIE
She?

MICK
I don't fuckn' believe it?

MACKIE
Who's Cal? With the cute heart.

MICK
Whoooolllyyy? That bitch! She fuckn' followed me. Fuck!

MACKIE
You know this person... drawer... ah...

MICK
Fuckn' artist man... she's fuckin'...

MACKIE
Cal? Whooaa?

Mick's face begins to glow and a smile breaks out, as he flips his long blonde hair back out of his face and sits down with the drawing.

MICK
What a bitch man? Cal, is this hot babe I ... the flasher... Whollllllyyy?

MACKIE
Did you get hit on? She flashed you? Lucky you.

MICK
I wish! This Cal, artist bitch... man, like she was like taking pictures... fuck... and like I had this dream... this fuckn' memory, aaaah shittt...

He falls back on the couch and passes out with the drawing in his hands on top of his chest. Mackie takes the drawing and drinks her wine.

MACKIE
Whoever she is, she's gotta an imagination. "Waking up to the integral?" Looks like you got yourself a fuckn' scary woman there Mick, sweet boy. Good for you. You'd better watch your balls, sweet boy... I think you may be in deeper...

SCENE 14

EXT. STREET SCENE

Chanting street protesters are being rushed by heavily armed riot police. The camera zooms in on young peoples' faces through the smoke bombs, the yelling and shouting, the crying, the army trucks roar, it is absolute mayhem, as youth run from the police through the streets by overturned cars on fire, and gunshots fill the air with sirens.

SCENE 15

INT. MACKIE'S APARTMENT

Morning scene. The sound of popping and a close up of fried eggs in a pan on the stove. Mackie flips them onto a plate and takes them to Mick who is half awake laying on the couch.

MICK
Thanks.

MACKIE
For?

MICK
Not still being mad at me.

MACKIE
Quit thinkn' of yourself for a change, would ya?

Long pause.

My life's wrong, Mick. Guns. Tony. The network... I'm really tired.

She flops on the other couch, with her wine, across from Mick.

Enough about me. What about you? Did you get me that info. or are you forgetting that too... getting distracted by women flashing... ah, drawing you love... what-evers. Did you get it?

MICK

Gulps. Still not telling the whole truth.

You mean... oh, ya. There was another Volunteer killed... with Tony. David Flood.

MACKIE
I've never heard that name. Have you? Who was he?

MICK
He was new to the network apparently and...

MACKIE
Why was he with Tony that day, of the hit?

Mackie is painfully sad and tearing but holding back any expression in her voice with all her will power.

MICK
No one knows.

MACKIE

She leaps up from the couch totally irrate. Goes over to Mick as if to tear his head off.

Excuse me?

MICK
Seriously. Hey... that's all I know!

Frustrated. She goes to the kitchen. Throws her glass into the sink and growls like a mad lioness.

MACKIE
That's all! Two guys get blown away and nobody in the network knows who David Flood is! I can't believe it.

MICK
Hey! Not every thing, or everybody knows what Tony does... who he hangs with... why...

MACKIE
Who Tony *hung* with... asshole!

MICK
Fuck you!

She stalks toward him.

MACKIE
Fuck you!

MICK
You're not the only one that...

MACKIE
What Mick? What? What? Say it! You fucking coward!

Silence fills the room. Mick lights more matches.

SCENE 16

EXT. CITY STREET- OUTSIDE MACKIE'S APARTMENT

Tab throws down his lit cigarette on the sidewalk, as a rushing black pick-up truck pulls up. He hops in and the truck screeches off.

INT. DAN'S TRUCK

DAN
Bad news, man! Toolis's shop...

TAB
The bookstore?

DAN
Fucknnn.. burned it down. RUC's... surrounded the place with big power weapons...

TAB
The Volunteers... they were meeting there today to plan the funeral.

DAN

Gulps.

They killed em' all Tab, 13. Everyone. Unarmed. They held them in the building by gunfire, and then threw in a couple of fire bombs. They laughed. I watched it all from my apartment. Fucknn...

Still shocked and choking a little. Spitting out his rage.

Bastards! Fucknn.. bastards!

TAB

Tries to remain level.

They made them go down by fire. They tested them.

DAN

Wiping a tear from his eye.

What? Tested...

TAB
RUC's have been known to do this before. We're not the first. The boys had to decide to die from the enemies bullet or burn in hell together. Their fucking game, Dan. Don't ever forget their fucking game.

Be ready for Sunday. Call the whole network. Tell them to be ready. I mean ready.

DAN
Not the funeral. They wouldn't?

TAB
Be ready! Those 13 guys were planning the fucking funeral, Dan. Did you know that? Know it man. Know it! I guess you and I will have to do our own planning now.

DAN
What about Mackie... Mick?

TAB
Leave them out of this!

DAN
Mackie?

TAB
Not, a word! She's got enough... shit...

We have to face facts, and accept that a new terrorism has come into being, a new form of action which plays the game, and lays hold of the rules of the game, solely with the aim of disrupting it.[5]

SCENE 17

INT. MACKIE'S APARTMENT

The toilet flushes. Mackie comes out of the washroom to the couch, wabbling a bit with all the alcohol. Mick, still on the couch, is almost asleep. She sits on the couch opposite him.

MACKIE
Sorry.

MICK
Hey, I should say sorry.

MACKIE
We're both pretty stressed. Two more days.

MICK
Why don't you want me talking about Tony? I don't like that you always want

---

[5] Excerpt from Baudrillard (2002), p. 19.

me to shut up...

MACKIE
It's not that.

MICK
Tony is still part of the network... in spirit.

MACKIE
I know. I just... I don't know. Maybe, it is too soon. Ah. I don't know Mick. I'm really fucked up right now, I've a lot on my plate, with night courses, Tony, the funeral, mom, work at the bookstore and more guns and more cops in our lives. Now, this fucking American "war on terrorism"--what bullshit... shit! It's amazing I'm not going utterly insane.

Mackie puts on a CD. Soft music comes up in the background (Sarah McLachlan).

MICK
If you're going insane, well then I may as well kiss sanity good bye now... You gotta all those books... to keep you comfortable when you're afraid.

MACKIE
You're drunk. Shut up. I have something to confess.

MICK
Hey, do I look like Father Mick?

MACKIE
Shut up! I'm serious Mick. I've really screwed up. You know the day Tony...

She chokes back emotion, and takes another drink.

was... you know, that night, you were all here with me, and that really helped.

MICK
We celebrated a true Provisional IRA hero. Tony was so respected. I really liked that we didn't get all sorrowful and down. Tony gave us cause to keep going.

MACKIE
I know. Tony ought to be celebrated. But...

She puts her head down in her lap in agony.

MICK
Mackie. It's OK. I'm listening.

MACKIE
But I didn't know I would end up in bed with Tab. That very night. We fucked each other's brains out, man.

MICK
Holy shit!

MACKIE
Ya. I know. It is not right! I feel gross. It wasn't right. Tab...

MICK
You wanted it didn't you... it wasn't rape or anything like that, was it?

MACKIE
I don't know, it was only the second time in my life...

MICK
Twice more than me.

MACKIE
Sure. It was fine. I mean it was OK. It was great to be loved and... Why?

MICK
Why? These things are instinct, man. Primitive vibes, I hear... for guys anyway. Our genes are selfish!

MACKIE
I don't mean that! I mean, why did we do it?

MICK
Because it feels good?

MACKIE
No, I don't mean that! I... I don't know what I mean? I shouldn't be talking to you, a guy, about any of this anyway.

MICK
So, who are you going to talk to about it? I don't think you are going to church on Sunday?

MACKIE
I haven't gone to confession... for years, since I was a little girl. I won't step in a church. And Tony wouldn't either.

It is a farce! And in Ireland it is a *disgrace.*

MICK
You haven't had a real girl friend to talk to for a long time have you Mackie?--probably, not since you joined the IRA. One tends to loose a lot of friends once you join up.

MACKIE
Friends. Lovers. I don't Mick. I don't know. Why? Tab really is cool. But he took advantage of me. I mean, I think he did. I know I was not innocent. But on Tony's death? There is something dark, sick, twisted... I don't...

MICK
Tony's cool. I'm sure it was harmless. Just a slip. You know. Accidental. On the spot in times of need. That kinda thing.

MACKIE

Deeply uncomfortable. She takes another drink, and fills up Mick's glass.

Let's change to a less depressing subject.

MICK
How about Finn MacCool?

Mackie
Ah... Finn MacCool. Why...

Haunting Irish folk music (flute and drone) in the background.

MICK
It's cool how you and Tab communicated tonight at the door. I haven't seen that before. It's a code thing... right?

MACKIE
Ya.

MICK
Where does it come from?

MACKIE

She pulls out a big Celtic mythology book from her shelf and flips to the appropriate page and reads.

*"**Finn MacCool** stands guard on the*

ramparts of Tara awaiting a fiery goblin whose magic music usually disarms his foes. Armed with a fairy spear, Finn breaks the spell and slays the unsuspecting demon. For his valour he was made captain of the Fianna."

She leans over to Mick and shows him a picture of Finn.

He was a Fenian warrior. One of his tutors was the druid *Finegas*, who lived beside a river and caught the Salmon of Knowledge. One day *Finegas* gave a fish to Finn to cook.

MICK
I hate fish. I've always wanted to become a fish buglar and sneak into your bedroom Mackie and pour your fish tank into the tub filled with scalding hot water.

MACKIE
Kill it will ya. So Finn took the fish but wasn't much of a cook. He burnt his thumb on the hot flesh and in sucking it obtained wisdom.

MICK
Now. I'm getting horny. Hot flesh, sucking... and then, presto... wisdom. Mackie! No babies. Just wisdom? There is the insight! Freedom for men and women! Sex is good, sex is wisdom! Thanks be to Jesuzzz...!

Mick looks up and prays to the heavens, jokingly.

MACKIE

Disgusted, she throws an arm pillow at him.

Kill IT before IT breeds!

Mick
Sorry...

Mackie
Drunken prick! Why don't you go home. Go search the streets for Cal.

Long pause.

I need to be alone!

MICK
Just trying to add a little humor, Mackie. You said you didn't want to be

all depressed.

MACKIE
Fine! Then why did you bring up sex again?

MICK
Oops... a sore spot.

MACKIE
He took advantage of me. I'm mad. I feel...

MICK
I wouldn't... I mean, Tab is our leader. I mean like you are a leader too. But Tab...

MACKIE
What? So, I'm not supposed to be mad that an older man with a lot of power just easily overcomes a young woman who's only brother has just been killed? Fuck you!

MICK
Mackieeee....

MACKIE
Don't fuckin' Mackieee me! Mick, he planned it!

MICK
He did?

MACKIE
After you all left, five minutes later, Tab knocked on the door. He said he wanted to talk about the funeral. I let him in. I trusted him. I was scared. I didn't want to be alone that night. I should have been with mother to grieve together. But she was a mess and had nothing, once again, to offer me. I can't stand her boyfriend and I knew she wouldn't be alone that night. I can't stand her politics either, especially when she is afraid. She always puts me down. Thinks I ought to grow up and accept the way the world is. Accept the British-Irish relationship. She scorns me to death with her barage of my irresponsibility, and I never should have followed my more irresponsible older brother. On and on she goes, like a broken record. She cries. And then pleads for me to end my involvement as a Volunteer in the Troubles.

MICK
And? Do you still want to be involved?

She stumbles over her tongue in her own doubts.

MACKIE
Of course....Tab came in and held me. He was amorous. Strong. Warm. I was melting down quickly. He literally carried me into my bedroom. In seconds he had me very vulnerable. And then he reached inside his coat pocket. He had sex toys, of several kinds, colors, and textures, like I'd never imagined. Gels. Everything. He said they were a gift to me.

MICK
Planned alright. Holy Mother Fucker! I can't believe it. I believe it! I believe you Mackie. I'm sorry, he hurt you like that. I saw those... things, on your bedtable earlier. Wow! Weird.

MACKIE
It is not like I love Tab. I respected him a lot. I didn't want to sleep with him. It never really crossed my mind, ever, in these years of fighting together in the network.

MICK
Obviously, Tab, had thoughts about you.

MACKIE
Ya. He had thoughts about me, but he had no feelings for me. That night I needed someone, so badly, to have feelings for me. To feel what I felt. To just be with my feelings. Not to rape me of my feelings and make me feel what he wanted me to feel... sex is a lot of feelings, and that night, in my state, I felt everything so so deeply. Amazingly deep. But I'm not sure they were any of mine. He had more than a few fantasies planned, Mick. It's dark, twisted... shit, I'm so mad at my... self... wherever that self is right now.

MICK
I'm feeling pretty fucked up right now myself.

They embrace and Mackie breaks down crying in his arms.

We do not require 'Revolutionary' institutions. 'After the Revolution' we would still continue to drift, to evade the instant sclerosis of a politics of revenge, and instead seek out the excessive, the strange-- which for us has become the sole possible norm. If we join or support certain 'revolutionary' movements now, we'd certainly be the first to 'betray' them if they 'came to power.' Power, after all, is for us-- not some fucking vanguard party.[6]

Let's rid the world's nations of terrorism so that all God's children can live without fear. - General Colin Powell[7]

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[6] Excerpt from Hakim Bey (1994), "Ontological anarchy in a nutshell," Retrieved from: www.integralage.org/doc/Bey.html

[7] Taken from a speech, CBC radio, January 20, 2003.

SCENE 18

INT. HOVERCRAFT

Loud alarm buzzer and red flashing lights open the scene the crew scrambles to defense positions.

MORPHEUS
Sentinels! Sooner than I expected. Damn!

He trips over some cables and gets up very slowly, dazzed.

MORPHEUS
Jeeezsus...

Trinity and Neo look at him, startled by his unusual tone and clumsy movements.

TANK
Guess we're gonna test this little Neb to see what it can do! What's the best ploy, sir?

Morpheus is right beside Tank but doesn't seem to register his question.

TANK
Christ Jesus they are coming in fast, sir. What's our best ploy? Sir? A strategy! Something!

NEO
Let's try to hide. We're small. There, under those pipes.

TANK
Sir? What do you think?

Suddenly a crack is heard. The hovercraft, caught in a powerful undercurrent, dives out of control.

NEO
What's happening?

TRINITY
Let it go! Quiet. Tank. Kill power!

Silence and darkness pervade as the hovercraft sinks and hits bottom with mud flying all over, nearly burying them. The Sentinels pass by without noticing.

SCENE 19

INT. MACKIE'S APARTMENT

Mackie and Mick loosen their embrace. Mick takes her hand and notices something written on it.

MICK
Another secret code?

MACKIE
Na. Just didn't want to forget. I have to register tomorrow for...

MICK

Reading her hand.

Transformation: The Invisible Revolution. Thata course? What the hell does that mean? What kind of revolution? Who's leading that one?

MACKIE
Intriguing isn't it? A professor at the college. A new guy. I don't know anything about him. But the course sounds great. It is a cultural studies course using films and...

MICK
You're gonna watch movies? Hey, my kinda learnin.'

Mackie gets up and straightens her night coat and walks toward the bathroom.

MACKIE
Maybe you want to sign up. Too scared?

She smiles. He follows her courageously, and walks to her computer in the bedroom. Then, she follows him.

MICK
Log me on will ya. I'll show you my kinda "school."

Mackie logs on and turns the computer to Mick. Very hyper, Mick types in an address. The camera zooms in on the web site: ANARCHY FOR KIDS. Mick reads a bit from the site out loud:

All major anarchist thinkers have stressed the importance of "Libertarian (or 'Rational') education, education that develops all aspects of the student (mental and physical-- and so termed 'integral' education).... The aim of such

develops all aspects of the student (mental and physical-- and so termed 'integral' education).... The aim of such education is, to use Proudhorn's words, ensure that the 'industrial worker, the man of action and the intellectual would all be rolled into one'.

MACKIE
Your point?

MICK
Jesssuz. Don't you see, your intellectual "transformation" film course is a bunch of bourgeois crap. It isn't going to help anyone get liberated.

In a soft assured voice, she responds.

MACKIE
Yeah, it is Mick. Me.

SCENE 20

INT. HOVERCRAFT

Trinity touches Morpheus on the back and looks at him to see if he is OK. The crew looks at him too.

TRINITY
You alright, sir?

MORPHEUS
I...

NEO
Can I get you anything?

MORPHEUS
I think my mind is still being affected by the serum the Agents used to try to get me to disclose the mainframe codes of Zion. I'm sure I'm still recovering.

SCENE 21

INT. AGENT'S HIGHRISE OFFICE

Drills and sounds of construction. The two Agents stand looking out the large new window just being fitted in. Other maintenance people are cleaning up the final bits of glass and debris on the floor. The

Agents talk to each other unemotionally facing outward, looking over the city.

AGENT BROWN
Any word from Sentinel headquarters?

AGENT JONES
No sign, yet, of Morpheus, Neo and crew. We may have destroyed them.

AGENT BROWN
They may not be out there. They may be out there. We can suspect they'll be damaged enough and heading back to Zion. If they are, we'll track them. Our informant, gave us a tracking code for their ship, including a map of their secret route back to Zion.

AGENT JONES
Once we find them, we'll have the perfect trap.

A signal comes through on their security ear-phones.

AGENT BROWN

Barely cracking a smile with the good news.

Perfect. We've found their old ship. A few bodies. But not them all. The others must have escaped in a life-boat of some kind. Send the Sentinels onto the coordinates of the Zion route. Time for a game of follow the rabbit to the den.

SCENE 22

INT. HOVERCRAFT-MORPHEUS'S ROOM

Morpheus is lying sleeping. Close up of his face and his breath is loud and irregular. He rolls around in distress. A knock on his door.

NEO
Breakfast! You up, Morpheus?

MORPHEUS
Come in, Neo.

NEO
Good night rest? I slept good.

MORPHEUS
And Trinity? Tank?

NEO
They were up most of the night.

MORPHEUS
No progress getting the hovercraft free?

A large crack and rumble of engines in the background. Then silence.

NEO
Seems we are buried under sludge that keeps clogging the engines, sir. Stuck...

MORPHEUS
Sentinels?

NEO
Every four or five hours. Lots of them. But we seem immune. For now. They can't detect us under the sludge.

MORPHEUS
The irony. Our own pollution is now saving us.

Another loud crack, startles them.

Neo, do you think I am wrong?

NEO
Gosh, sir, I'd rather not put it so bluntly... as you would tell me. Best not to think in right and wrong? That's what you taught me, when dealing with the Matrix. Maybe, it's our fate to die in the sewers...

MORPHEUS
Fate?

NEO
The Oracle told me I wasn't The One. She told me I don't believe in fate. Everyone thinks, well, except for...

MORPHEUS
Trinity?

NEO
Well... she does and doesn't. It's confusing. I'm confused. I don't think I ought to be the one telling you what is right and wrong?

MORPHEUS
Struggling to sit on the bed.

Oh, I'm still a bit dizzy. Neo. You are The One. What you have accomplished no other man has done. Some things are facts, somethings are tales but you are The One.

NEO
That sounds like a fairytale to me, sir.

Morpheus
Maybe, you want to start living it!

Trinity appears in the door way and looks in.

TRINITY
Feeling better, sir?

NEO
He's up and...

MORPHEUS
I feel terrible. But I have decided to return to Zion.

Trinity's face lights up. She runs over and kisses him on the forehead and leaves immediately.

SCENE 23

INT. HOVERCRAFT

Trinity enters the controls with Tank, who is plugged into the learning program for the mini-hovercraft. He takes off the head set, as Trinity unplugs him.

TANK
Hey. How's...?

TRINITY

She replies cautiously and coldly.

He's fine.

TANK
Great. Ya. Great! I know all there is to know about this little beasty. But not a goddamn bit about how to get it out of 20 meters of sludge.

TRINITY
Worm.

TANK
Hey! I know I'm a lowly human life form.... but that's nasty name calling below the evolutionary belt.

TRINITY
Worms know how to go in and out of mud, sludge, even the most toxic kind. They live in it and thrive...

She hesitates as she is thinking.

Tank, I can't believe you! How could you have brought Dozer's body...

TANK
Something I had to do. The only human thing. I'm not a cyborg Trinity. Our bodies have a real history. Not like you and your non-history in a virtual world of machines, A.I. We feel our history and embody it. A body has meaning to humans.

TRINITY

Enraged and yelling.

Are you saying I don't? You think I'm not human? Goddamn you! You're worse than Cypher! Are you saying I don't have a body, that means something? Ask Neo, what he thinks about my body, smart ass!

TANK
Trinity you are beautiful... your body... you do mean something to me. I just can't explain it. But it is special, Dozier and me... we...

He breaks into tears.

TRINITY
Let's drop it, Tank. We're going to Zion.

Tank is shocked and jumps off the floor like a cheerleader.

Morpheus changed his mind. We just have to figure out how worms... do it!

SCENE 24

INT. AGENT'S HIGHRISE OFFICE

The two Agents sit at the table. Agent Jones puts away his needles and equipment used on Morpheus.

AGENT JONES
What happened to Agent Smith?

AGENT BROWN
In time. The programs are being checked for errors. Viruses. All in time, we shall know what happened. The tape is being reviewed at headquarters. We have other things to attend to. To the matter of Tony Doris, for example, and his sister. A young woman named Mackie, I believe?

AGENT JONES
I have read the Tony Doris file. He was a leader of the terrorists. The funeral tomorrow is his. We suspect his surviving "colleague," a Mr. O'Toole, known as Tab, will be another target of Morpheus.

AGENT BROWN
Good. Let them try. They'll burn in hell together. Rebels with a stinkn' cause.

AGENT JONES
Why did you not let me make the order to take Mac-R2 out.

AGENT BROWN
In time! Do you have a problem with that?

AGENT JONES
No.

AGENT BROWN
The suspects are going to give us more information. We've got them all on the new ID security system. They will give us lots of intelligence for our final much larger strike on the whole Resistance. In time. Our time.

AGENT JONES
There's been a problem. We have no data on the Mackie Doris file, only that she has another name: Mackie Gore-Booth.

SCENE 25

INT. MACKIE'S BEDROOM

Sinnead O'Connor music in the background. The camera is on a close-up of a map of Ireland and Britain. The page turns. A close-up of

Mackie's slender but strong hand, with silver-painted finger nails, moves across the page to a painting of a perched eagle-- in a scene with a star-filled deep blue night sky. The eagle's royal head is adorned with a golden moon (with Celtic ochre designs) behind it. A dead rabbit is held, hanging lifelessly, in the talons. The painting blurs momentarily, the music rises to a pitch, then re-focuses, with the moon altered-- shining-- as a golden ring, piercing the eagle's head. The painting blurs again. The music rises and falls. The painting re-focused reveals a breast nipple where the eagle's head was and a breast below that is transparent, still showing the eagle and rabbit. The rabbit wiggles for life, looks up and then falls back, and dies. The painting returns to its original. Mackie's shaking hand covers the image.

SCENE 26

INT. HOVERCRAFT-MORPHEUS'S ROOM

Morpheus paces. Neo listens.

MORPHEUS
Reason tells me to stay and fight now, while the Matrix is weakened. I don't want to return to Zion. We could do some important work. But this ship is not sounding like it will last much long under the pressure. Unreason tells me, to follow my heart-- I mean Trinity's heart. She believes we ought to return... because she thinks she loves you. Neo, do you love her?

Neo is dumbfounded. Speechless. Morpheus continues in a fatherly tone.

Tough question. No training programs for love on this ship. Kung-Fu and all the rest show us how to fight physically and mentally to our highest potential. Or, what we think is our highest potential. I don't know what happened Neo. Trinity feels something she has never felt before. It is something greater than her feelings for me, as the one who saved her from the slavery of the Matrix. Yet, she vows to disobey me.

NEO
Disobey? Speak her mind... is more like it, sir.

MORPHEUS
I wish it was just her mind, Neo. I'd understand that. She is an incredible woman, Neo. An incredible woman.

NEO
Ya. To be honest, she frightens me, sir.

Loud cracking of the ship and movement. Morpheus and Neo are shaken and look at each other with fear.

SCENE 27

INT. MACKIE'S BEDROOM

Clock face is shown with ticking of the second hand. It is 7:30. We hear book pages turning. Close-up of Mackie's shinning lips. The crevices of her lips are shown in fine detail. The soft brown hairs above her lip, barely visible, glisten. The camera explores the surfaces intimately. And the lips open and move. Sinnead O'Connor music in background. Talking to herself

MACKIE
Scare the shit out of me, why don't you.

Camera racks back to her whole face. She is reading in bed.

> ***Taliesin**, a prophetic poet and shamanistic seer, was gifted with all-seeing wisdom after consuming a 'greal' of inspiration from Ceridwen's cauldron. Wale's greatest bard, he foretold the coming of the Saxons and the oppression of the Cymry as well as his own death. He appears here as eagle...*

She snaps the book covers shut. Stares at the ceiling, then her fish tank. The bubbling sounds are soothing with the music, as she is visibly shaken by what she is taking in.

MACKIE
Who is Ceridwen?

Her phone rings beside the bed. She fumbles and drops the book, knocking things off her night table.

Shit!

As she scrambles to pull the book up with one hand, she answers the phone with the other. Lying upside down over the edge of the bed with the sheets covering most of her naked body.

Hello!

MICK (V.O.)
Mackie. Just checkn' in... how are you?

MACKIE
Readin' and trying to get my life together. Why? How are you?

In struggling to get herself back upright, her legs are flailing under the covers and her baby toe gets pushed through the cut slit in the green satin cover sheet.

Ouch!

MICK (V.O.)
What?

MACKIE
Shit! What the hell...

MICK (V.O.)
Mackie you alright?

MACKIE
Ya. Just a ... holy shit! Damn. Fuck! I can't believe it. Ohhaaa.. NO. I... no. No. There's a fucking hole in my expensive sheet, that Tony bought me for my birthday. Where the hell... did that come from? Goddamn it! Oh, great.

Mick (V.O.)
Sounds like you were wrestling off a rapist. I can't believe you. The day before the funeral and you are worried about your sheets. A hole...

Techno-music comes up in the background. Twisting her toe out of the hole, she examines the strange cut. She has a worried look on her face. Her finger wiggles through the hole.

MACKIE
That's weird. How did that get in there? Damn. I suppose when Tab was over... Damn! Now, I have a concrete memory of not only being taken advantage of by that creep. But being ripped apart, literally. Oh, just great. Just great!

Music gets very loud. Angrily, she reaches over and grabs a dildo and throws it accross the room against the wall, smashing her full-length mirror. She vigorously wipes all of the sex toys off the table onto the floor. Her mythology book flies off the bed, with a loud thud. It catches the light from the fish tank. The music stops. The soft bubbling and movement of fish fill the screen. Mackie is out of bed walking nude toward the bathroom as seen through the glass and water of the fish tank.

MICK (V.O.)
Mackie.

MACKIE
Go to hell Mick. You don't care about anybody's feelings but your own. Go to hell.

She hangs up the phone as she turns on the water in the shower. The phone rings, over and over. She steps into the shower. The steamy water hits her face straight on, as she handles her long wet hair. She lifts up the blind on the window and a stream of morning orange sunlight comes streaming through hitting her chin and neck. It is almost blinding to her. The techno music picks up and beats with the rhythmic sounds of the shower water. She begins dancing in the stream of light as she looks down on her own body in the steam.

SCENE 28

INT. HOVERCRAFT

Neo and Morpheus enter the control area to greet Trinity and Tank.

MORPHEUS
Congratulations you two. You've just undone your ship commander, from the inside out. Tank you'll have your proper funeral for Dozer. Trinity you'll...

He winces with a pain in his head.

TANK
Sir?

MORPHEUS
Let's get this little bug out of the mud. Any luck yet?

TANK
It's stuck good. It'll be awhile. But Trinity and I have a few ideas.

MORPHEUS
So, do you want anyone elses ideas? Or are we turning into two ships not one, all of a sudden. One for humans... one for... cyborgs.

He laughs and everyone else laughs to relieve the tension.

TRINITY
We want your ideas.

TANK
Goddamnit, sir! I'm very happy about this.

TRINITY
Ya... thanks.

Morpheus
I ought to thank you. I'm going to lay down. Neo, see if you can make yourself useful to our creative friends. I'd like

to be sailing home to Zion in the next few hours. Got it?

TANK
Yes, sir!

TRINITY
How long will it take? To Zion...

MORPHEUS
We have other obstacles to cross yet. Once we are free here, we will travel to the secret portal. There is a vacuum space to travel in from there. The trip to the centre of the earth is barely an hour. The challenge will be getting through the screens at the edge of the portal. With this little hovercraft and its light weight and poor strength... I don't know what will happen at the screens.

NEO
Screens, sir?

MORPHEUS
Later. Let's get this thing out of here first.

TANK

He glances at Trinity with a smile of optimism.

Think like a worm.

They all look at Trinity with a strange gaze.

TRINITY
Don't... wor...rrryyy.

A deafening loud crack echoes throughout the hovercraft.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE 30

EXT. WOODS

The crack above is simultaneous with the branch breaking under the foot of Tab. A flock of crows flushes suddenly from the tops of the trees, cawing and flapping loudly. He is walking with Dan in the wet dew in morning light. They come to an opening. Dan moves ahead and sets up from under the grass, several standing human targets. Eventually, Tab is standing facing a whole field of targets at various ranges. From a suitcase he pulls out the parts of an automatic assault rifle, snapping the pieces in place. He has a stern

and viciously cold look of determination. Dan returns to his side and lays down in the grass overlooking the field. Suddenly Tab opens fire and targets are shredded to pieces. His green eyes are seen close up as the firing is in slow motion. Then Dan rushes out into the field running like a mad man all over. Zig-zagging. As Tab shoots down targets all around Dan. A tear drips down one cheek. The camera racks back up over the two men and the woods, into the sky, from a crows-eye view. The noise of gun shots stops. The sun rises higher and fills the screen with white light, as McLachlan's music accompanies the fade out.

SCENE 31

INT. MACKIE'S APARTMENT-KITCHEN

McLachlan's *Fear* is playing in the background. The fridge door opens. A black moth flies out in front of Mackie's face. She jumps back, in disbelief. There is virtually nothing in the fridge. Dressed in a black bathrobe, she moves over to the cupboard and opens it to reveal a huge stock of vitamins and pills etc. She sorts through them. A large note on the inside of the cupboard door by her head reads: *"Earth is always earth. The earth will let anyone sit on it., and earth never gives way. It never lets you go.... -C. Trungpa"* She sorts out several pills from a handful. Runs a glass of water and brings the pills up and throws them back one after another down her throat. She sees the message she wrote on the inside of her hand and tracks through the phone book to get a number. As she dials, she reaches for the book she bought from the bookstore yesterday and reads the title again: *Celtic Sexual Myths: For Women Only.* Muttering to herself

MACKIE
Sure thing... for *women only*...

She tosses the book onto her bed.

Ah, hello!

Pause.

Would you please tell me how I could get more information on a course... justa minute... Transformation: The Invisible Revolution. Itsaaa... Oh? Oh, really. That'd be... great. I'd... Sure. OK? 788-1219-0134... Dr. Gregory. H.M. Gregory. Ya. Got it. Thanks. That was 788-1219-0134? Thanks. Ya. Thanks a lot.

Hangs up the phone. Her body melts as she leans on the counter.

Woowwwwwwwwwwwwwzzzzzz! YES!

Her phone rings.

Yeah. Hello!

MICK (V.O.)
Mackie. I'm sorry. OK. Don't hang up OK. I'm a smut. A worm.... I really didn't mean... to be mean... about you going to college. I mean... transforming yourself... actually, I...

MACKIE
Oh, stop! You're forgiven. Hey. I just talked to the college about that course. You know... Well, I've actually got the professor's name and number. I wanted more information. But I didn't think I'd have to talk to him... the professor. Oh... no... I don't know what to say. I don't know anything about transformation, or cultural studies.... Oh, geezz...

MICK (V.O.)
Why don't you tell him you watch a lot of films.

MACKIE
Oh?

MICK (V.O.)
Tell him you work for the Resistance and you want to find out how to blow up the Ulster university that's controlled by British money and...

MACKIE
Miiickkkk...

MICK (V.O.)
Just kiddingggg... Sounds great. Hope it goes well for you Mackie.

MACKIE
What's a matter Mick. You sound really down. What's happenin'?

MICK (V.O.)
Shit is happenin' lifes's a suck-up... Fuck Mackie. Bad news. The bookstore.... ah...

MACKIE
I don't work until Monday.

MICK (V.O.)
Like I don't really... I know how much the bookstore means to you... and all... and.... ah... RUC's... Mackie...

MACKIE
What? Mick what's wrong?

SCENE 32

INT. HOVERCRAFT-NEO'S ROOM

Visibly perspiring. Neo is taking off his shirt, revealing a sensual hard body of rippling muscles. Trinity comes over and touches his chest and kisses him gently. They begin to get romantically engaged, then Trinity pulls back. Straightens her sweatshirt and hair.

TRINITY
We've got work to do.

NEO
What is it Trinity? You're not yourself.

TRINITY

She walks away. Turns indignantly.

And you know, what I don't know about myself. I'm sorryyyyy...

NEO
Yeah... its pretty hot. I guess the little Neb is heating up under all this mud and the engines and all being stressed. Are we going to get out?

TRINITY
Ye, of little faith.

NEO
Is that the Trinity that doubts Morpheus. That doubts me?

TRINITY
Doubts... doubts...? Why, you are so ungrateful... Uuhhhh...

NEO

He moves over to soothe her anger and show his respect.

I... You... We...

TRINITY
Save it Neo. We won't be anything but a bag of rotting tissues for a whole lot of sludge worms, soon, if we don't get out of here.

Emergency buzzer goes off in the ship. They run.

INT. HOVERCRAFT

Neo and Trinity arrive at the control room. Morpheus joins from another door. Tank is at the controls.

TANK
Look! Great lordy lordy...

He points to the radar screen. Suspenseful music begins in the background.

MORPHEUS
What is that?

TANK
I've seen that signal before sir. It is a funnelling undercurrent. Kinda like a tornado but in the sewer pipes.

MORPHEUS
How far away is it?

TANK
Maybe 15-20 minutes before it comes...

TRINITY
I've got an idea.

SCENE 33

INT. MACKIE'S BEDROOM

Mackie is lying on the bed face down crying. Mick is standing at the door way looking at her and surveying the broken mirror, the sex toys and books on the floor. He looks helpless, and turns to walk back to the living room.

MACKIE
Don't go! Mick, don't go. I know I've been a bitch. But I need you right now.

MICK

He begins to cry.

I can't be here for myself... shit, I'm going mad, Mackie.

MACKIE
You've been great, for me, Mick. Like nobody could be. Not even Tony. You've

been a great friend through this. I just didn't want to hear one more thing. It's too much.

Sobbing more heavily into her pillows.

MICK
Can I get you anything?

He walks to her and sits on the bed, with a hand on her back.

MACKIE

Mumbles, with her face in the pillow.

Can you get me the tranquilizers. They are on the kitchen counter. The yellow pills. Three... and a you may want some yourself?

Mick leaves and finds the pills. He sucks back three with some water. Looks down at the book on the counter. On the inside, he reads a hand written note on this inside jacket cover: *Dear Grandma (Eva). I don't know what to say. I guess I'll just write and see what comes. I found you in Mr. Toolis's bookstore. It wasn't an accident? I was looking for someone, family and all, and I guess I found you. I'm reading about you for the first time. My heart is jumping up into my tight throat, and I can hardly breathe, knowing I have you with me now. I'm sorry I forgot to look sooner. Sorry. Your grandaughter, Mackie Gore-Booth.*

MACKIE
Did you find them?

MICK
Ya. Comin.

MACKIE
Here.

She hands all the sex toys and gels, to Mick when he enters her bedroom.

Do something with these. Please.

MICK
Holyyy... Mackie. Me?

He looks at her terrified. Mackie sees he isn't reading her accurately. And smiles.

MACKIE
I mean throw them out. Or... whatever... just take them away so I don't see any of it, again. Please?

MICK
OK.

Awkwardly, he hands her the sedatives. He takes the sex toys in his arms and heads for the door. Mackie is up and follows him.

Mackie. Don't think too highly of me. I'm not deserving. I...

MACKIE
What is it Mick? You can tell me anything. You know that. I may get mad. But I love you like a brother.

She hugs tightly.

Mick
We can talk later. OK. I'd like that. Right now, you need some rest, and I've got a load of heavy duty toys to deliver to old St. Nick. What am I supposed to do with these gifts, donate them to the old folks home?

They both chuckle.

MACKIE
One more thing, Mick. I'm going to call Tab. Could you be here? Great.

Uncomfortable, Mick can't answer her. She dials.

Tab there?, please.

INT. LOCAL TAVERN

Loud bar music and lots of people. Tab is at the bar stool sitting with women and guys, drinking.

TAB
Ya. Who is it?

MACKIE (V.O.)
Finn.

TAB
Finn who?

MACKIE (V.O.)
Finn MacCool.

TAB
Hey! Mackie. How's it?

INT. MACKIE'S KITCHEN

Mick is drinking a juice in one hand and holding Mackie's hand in the other. The sex toys lay in a heap beside the phone. She squeezes his hand and he jerks it.

MICK
Ouch!

MACKIE

Visibly distressed but determined.

Tab. I want to say a few things. I've been meaning to...

TAB (V.O.)
You heard about the bookstore? Fuck. Anyway I'm sorry you'll be out of work now. Look Mackie. Not now. The phone may be tapped.

MACKIE
Damn it! Tab. Give me a few words.

TAB (V.O.)
Ya. Well. Hurry up.

MACKIE
You know what happened... the other night? I'm feeling hurt...

TAB(V.O.)
Mackie, I care about you. You are beautiful. We had a good time. Drop it. Tony is important now. A big day tomorrow. And I've got a lot of shit goin' down. Give me a break. OK?

MACKIE

Falls back to lean on Mick.

This is hard Tab. I don't want to ruin anything between you, I, the network. The guys and all.

A few tears fall and she is speechless.

TAB (V.O.)
Ya. I gotta go. This phone could be tapped. Pick you up at 8am as planned. And forget about the feeling... we've got a war on our hands. Feelings don't count until after you win... Mackie. Talk later babe.

The phone hangs up and she runs to her bedroom and flops on the bed in tears. Mick waits helplessly in kitchen. He picks up the book by the phone and carries it to her.

MICK
Didn't go so well, huh?

MACKIE
It was horrible.

MICK
Tab... he didn't ah?

MACKIE

Sits up and spits some words out rapidly as she cries.

No. He didn't deny it. He didn't say sorry. He said I was beautiful. He wanted to forget it. I'm so mad that I couldn't say what I wanted to him, Mick. I don't hate him. He told me to think of Tony right now, and that was more important. Great. I don't have Tony, I don't have Tab, I don't have a father, a mother...

MICK
You got me.

MACKIE
I know.

MICK
So, enough, already. Quit feeling sorry for yourself. You can talk to Tab, maybe later, after the funeral. When everyone isn't on edge so much. OK?

MACKIE
You're right.

MICK
There. You also have a grandmother, by the looks of it.

He pushes the open book to her, exposing her note to Eva.

Sorry, for snoopin' Mackie. I just found...

She takes the book and presses it to her chest.

I thought your last name was Doris?

MACKIE
It's a miracle really. Eva Gore-Booth, was my mom's mother. She died before I was born. A family secret. My mom told me stories about Eva when I was a girl. I think we even visited her when I was very young. I can't remember. My mom re-married and took on Doris from her new husband. They divorced. Now, mom has a boyfriend. Long story. But yes, My real name and Tony's is Gore-Booth. Looks like the authors of this book wanted to dedicate it to granny. I found it by accident... well more like, I was meant to find it...

MICK
Where? At Mr. Toolis's bookstore? Cool. A grandmother. Famous. She didn't write the book on sex for women did she?

MACKIE
Eva was actually a feminist poet. Mick, it is not a book on sex for woman. There are several authors writing a collection of essays on Irish women writers, mostly at the turn of the century. They write about woman's experience of loving women. Sometimes that is about sexual experiences and sometimes its sensual, or a bit of both. Sometimes they just admire each other and their work.

MICK
Thanks for Women's Sexuality 101.

MACKIE
It's about women's power to reclaim their own bodies, their sensuality, their voices, and their own wisdom.

MICK
And for Women's Sexuality 202.

MACKIE
Try to get your head out of sex, just for a minute. Are you hearing anything?

MICK
Sure. I see its important for women to feel and be themselves. Just sounds like a lot of excluding men and worse, ignoring that men have anything to offer you. I

don't think feminism is much of an improvement...

MACKIE
On what?

MICK
On conflict in this world. I just see feminism causing a lot more grief to a lot more...

MACKIE
Men?

MICK
No.

Mackie

Gets up from the bed and faces Mick closely, leaning towards him with her foaming anger.

Oh. You guys just piss me off! As soon as a woman is interested in understanding herself and other women, then you get fucking defensive... your little ego's are under attack and women become your terrorists not your slaves. Well tough shit!

MICK
Ya. I guess I flunked the sex course, I mean feminist course, already. As I said, I don't see conflict being reduced by insulting men, Mackie.

MACKIE
You want to talk about insults. Fuck! I don't believe how you can't think of anyone... but yourselves, just for 10 seconds! Grrrrr...

She is so mad she marches out to the living room.

MICK
Time to go. I'll gather the load of sex toys and be runnin...

MACKIE
Don't.

MICK
I feel like shit, now.

MACKIE
Don't... take it personally.

MICK
What? I'm supposed to not be a person... not be a guy... not be a friend who cares an awful lot about you, Tony...

MACKIE
Don't.

MICK
What am I? To you? I mean... I've been here for you as best I can and shit... all I get is dumped on and dumped with a load of...

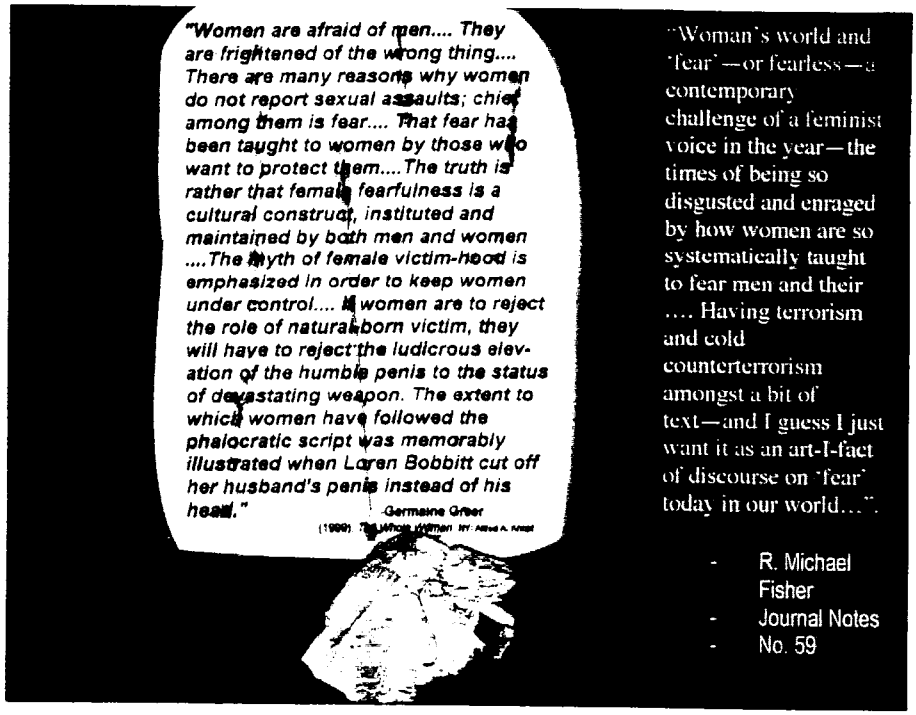
He grabs the sex toys and heads for the door.

MACKIE
Thanks, Mick. I'm mean, really. We have our differences. But you've been great. Thanks. I'm just really upset. I have a lot to do today. See ya.

Mick leaves slamming the door behind him. Mackie talks to herself.

Mick's supposed to be the "key"? The Matrix has me? Follow what question? Oh, shit... I gotta go talk to Ezmeralda today, or I'm gonna go nuts.

She rushes to the phone and dials.



SCENE 34

INT. HOVERCRAFT

The crew, minus Trinity and Neo, are watching the radar screen. Trinity returns.

TRINITY
Tank and I have tested the engines in reverse.

MORPHEUS
That's dangerous. You'll suck the sludge up into the engines and burn them out.

TRINITY
A worm goes through earth, or sludge not by trying to repel it but by eating its way through it. We will reverse engines, which will suck in the sludge. Neo is making holes on the other side of the engine that will funnel the sludge through a series of pipes in the outer shell to a portal and out again.

TANK
In one end out the other. Worm psychology, at its best.

TRINITY
If we can create enough vacuum the undercurrent funnel, has its own vacuum force inside. It will pass near us in a couple minutes and catch with the vacuum we are creating with the engines. Like a magnet, the two vacuum forces will join and we might get sucked out of this muck.

NEO
Of course, the danger is we will get sucked out so fast into the undercurrent that it could destroy the ship.

Another emergency buzzer goes on as the ship begins to jostle.

MORPHEUS
Looks like a plan, Trinity. We don't have a lot of options.

TRINITY
Full power, reverse, Tank.

Suspenseful dangerous music rises in the background. They are thrown to the ground and hang on in the shaking. The ship cracks loudly and engines become deafeningly loud with a high pitched wining like jet engines.

EXT. SEWERS

Sludge is tossed everywhere flying around the ship, as seen from outside. A funnel of small current is created around the ship and then a large current comes down the sewers, massive in size, it looks like a tornado with debris spewing all around. It sucks up the sludge around the ship and passes quickly. Leaving a partially exposed ship still somewhat buried. The engines shut down.

INT. HOVERCRAFT

Lights are mostly out. A dim light comes through the windows of the ship, with mud all over it. Wipers are put on and they see they are partly free.

TANK
We've made it... almost. But the engines are fried, sir. They shut down in the extreme heat. They'll probably be OK. But it is good to wait a day or two to make repairs.

He looks at Trinity, with a smile.

TRINITY
Neo and I will check their condition and see if we can get out under our own force.

MORPHEUS
Let's hope the Sentinels are far away.

SCENE 35

INT. PSYCHIC'S OFFICE

New age music plays in the background. Smoke rises from several sticks of incence. Several metaphysical books, crystal balls, and other adornments are scanned through the office. Several people are sitting in chairs in the waiting area. Children are playing with wizards in a play area. Mackie is sitting, reading a magazine on magic. Ezmeralda, dressed in brilliant unique clothing, bright orange short hair, and dazzling long earings, steps out of a curtained doorway.

EZMERALDA
Trinity? I mean, Mackie, Mackie Doris?

Mackie
Ya. Mackie here.

Ezmeralda
Hey. It's been awhile. Come on in.

Mackie is embraced by the psychic. As they go through the curtain Ezmeralda is curious and asks

Did you change your name, lately?

SCENE 36

INT. HOVERCRAFT-TRINITY'S ROOM

Trinity is undressing, taking off her sweat-stained ragged clothing. The camera racks in on her bare back and head as she sorts through the closet for dry clothes. Her shiny black short hair is dripping slightly down her back. She gently and sensuously wipes her hand across the back of her neck. She pulls on a sweatshirt, moves to the bed and flops down to rest. She turns over revealing her stretching beautiful body, as she twists and stretches in yoga-like postures and sighs. She smiles thinking about something, looking up at the ceiling, and holds a state of bliss. Suddenly, she pounces up and goes to her computer. Types in a code and pulls up on the screen a file called *Mackie Doris*. A picture of Mackie appears. Soft music rises in the background. Trinity seems mesmerized by the photo. The camera racks in on Mackie's features. Mackie is laughing as she sits in a swing on a playground, with Mick in the background pushing her.

Knock on the door. Trinity takes a few seconds to look at the door.

NEO
Trinity. Sorry to disturb you. Morpheus wants to see us immediately. We're planning to go in.

SCENE 37

EXT. CITY STREETS- PARK WALKWAY

The ocean waves wash up on the rocks. Close up of sand and small hermit crabs rushing back and forth on the bottom, seen through clear water. Bare toes, with red polish, kick up sand and play in the mud. The camera follows up the leg in tight rolled up white jeans to a tight green t-shirt with a clover on it and words in white letters: *I Love Irish*. Mackie, with sun glasses, is looking up into the sky. An eagle cries and is seen high up soaring overhead (slow motion). Sand comes flying across the camera lens. Mackie rolls over in shock and spits out the sand in her mouth.

MICK
Hey, sun child!

MACKIE
You bastard!

She throws sand back at Mick and they wrestle in the wet sand, laughing, and eating a lot of sand. Close up of hermit crabs

scuttling away and hiding under rocks. New age inspiring emotional music arises in the background.

Well, there are healthy and unhealthy forms of hierarchy, to be sure, dear soul. But yes, the only way you can get integrated anything is with nested hierarchy. You know how it goes; atoms to molecules to cells– egocentric to ethnocentric to worldcentric– each higher level envelops and embraces its juniors, so you get more and more wholeness. But green just can't bring itself to rank anything, bless its heart, so it can't really create genuine wholeness. It remains stuck with heaps not wholes. Pluralism not integralism.... So there are male and female versions of egocentric, ethnocentric, and worldcentric. And the planet's problems do not, and never have, come from the fact that we emphasize male values over female values. The problem is that not enough males or females are at the worldcentric levels of consciousness. Because you see, my dear, female ethnocentric values are just as devastating as male ethnocentric values– they will both dash to hell anybody who disagrees with them. Males express their ethnocentric values with physical aggression, while females express it using social aggression and ostracism– and both are equally responsible for the horrid mood and deeds of ethnocentric societies. The herd mentality, mob rule, ethnocentric care, in both men and women-- that is exactly what got us Auschwitz.... If you take this more integral approach [from second-tier], you get a much bigger view.... The enemy is male and female values at any of the first-tier memes.[2]

SCENE 38

INT. HOVERCRAFT-MORPHEUS'S ROOM

Morpheus, Trinity and Neo are sitting at a small table with a lap top computer. A loud crack shakes them up and the ship shifts in the mud. The lights go out for a minute. Then silence. The lights come back on. They look at each other with trepidation.

MORPHEUS
Did you bring the file, Neo?

Neo sticks a diskette in the computer, and types in a code. The file appears on the screen: *Tab O'Toole.*

I want you two to go in to the Matrix and make contact with Tab.

Trinity is surprised and disturbed. Morpheus sees her negative nonverbal cues.

---

[2] Excerpt from *Boomeritis*, by Wilber (2002), pp. 250-251. Meme- is a equivalent to a cultural gene (see Beck & Cowan, 1996).

MORPHEUS
We have a few days here, Tank says, before we can try the engines again. If we survive the Sentinels surveillance, we ought to do something productive. Tab has been on our list for sometime. Probably, a month before Neo.

NEO
Why didn't he come out first?

TRINITY
He wasn't Morpheus's pick as "The One."

NEO
My reading of Tab's file shows he is a master warrior, with immense skills in combat and organizing. He is a true rebel with impeccable dedication to the Resistance. His hacker ally, Mick, is also a useful target, don't you think Morpheus?

TRINITY
What about Mackie? Tab's girlfriend.

MORPHEUS
Trinity, we put her on low priority, last time we reviewed files?

She is taken aback and retreats, to listen. Morpheus scans the file.

There is no data on a contact with Tab. Why?

TRINITY
It seems he is not easily influenced by others, authority. We haven't a good strategy yet to attract him to our cause.

NEO
Maybe, the timing isn't right, sir. Trinity, suggested, that Mick is the best contact, to get through to Tab. Mick, goes by the hacker name Mac-R2.

MORPHEUS
Trinity?

TRINITY
Not fully engaged in the conversation.

Mick is wired up. We've watched him. I've made contact once. We ought to get on this soon, for a second contact in person.

MORPHEUS
Neo? There will likely be Agents. Mad Agents. They'll be waiting for us.

NEO
I'm ready.

TRINITY
I'm ready.

MORPHEUS
Be careful.

NEO
That's not our biggest problem. I've been working with some new training programs on developing the mind without fear. I have been working through my experience with those wizards-- the Agents. They are programmed without fear. Humans are programmed with fear, and it is justified that HUMANS ought to have this fear and pass it on to our children because it will protect us from danger. Wizards have no offspring to warn of danger. Cyborgs, like us, have a third option.

TRINITY
And that is?

NEO
I'm not sure, yet.

When mortals came to ask advice from Wizards, they did so because they noticed that Wizards don't live in fear. 'How do you manage this peace of mind?' mortals asked. And the Wizards' answer was, 'Look within, where there is only peace'.[3]

SCENE 39

EXT. CITY STREETS- PARK WALKWAY

Military helicopters go by. Mick and Mackie are walking along the ocean-side walkway, lined with large trees. Sirens of police cars are heard in the background. They are talking and walking. They stop at an icecream vendor and place an order. Playful children's music comes up in the background. Another helicopter zooms overhead. Mackie and Mick are disturbed, as they lick their icecream cones.

---

[3] Taken from a photocopy with unknown source, pinned to a friend's refrigerator door.

MICK
They're beefing up surveillance.

MACKIE

With a look of disgust

Let's get out of here. I want to go to a matinee.

MICK
A movie? Got money?

MACKIE
No. Do you?

RUC OFFICER
Hold it! Don't Move!

Two security men, dressed in fatigues, holding machine guns, muscle themselves around Mackie and Mick.

SCENE 40

INT. HOVERCRAFT- TRINITY'S ROOM

At the entrance to Trinity's room, Neo grabs her gently by the arm. He wants to hug her. She holds back.

TRINITY
Neo. I want us to be together in Zion. I want a chance to live and... love... and do what humans do, with or without fear. Do you think you were saved from the Wizards by a mind without fear? I'm thinkin' you were a dead piece of meat without my love. I don't know. I'm hurting and I am so confused. Sorry. I can't... I'll see you in the control room in a few minutes to make plans. Tell Tank, to get ready for us to go in.

She walks into her room and closes the door. Morpheus appears and puts a hand on Neo's shoulder.

MORPHEUS
Take care of her. I wish I could go with you.

SCENE 41

EXT. CITY STREETS- PARK WALKWAY

Helicopters zoom bye. Suspenseful droning, marching technomusic comes up in the background. The RUCs are checking Mackie's and Mick's ID. A black truck screams around the corner 50 feet away, speeding across the lawn, and back onto the street, screaming around another corner. As the RUCs point their rifles in the direction of the truck, two rifles fire and pierce the back of the head of each of the two RUCs. Clean kills, the men fall forward, one falls face-first onto Mackie's icecream, covered in blood. They run like hell across the park toward the truck, which is now backing in reverse to pick them up. The truck spins up the grass turf and across the curb, screaching tires, disappearing in the distance. The ocean surf is heard in the background as the camera racks back up in the sky to a bird's eye view of the dead men, with people rushing in around them.

SCENE 42

INT. MICK'S APARTMENT

Mick's apartment has virtually no normal furniture but is bare wood floor, with lots of computer desks and equipment everywhere. Papers are piled up and strewn across the floor. Old plates of dried pizza and beer bottles adorn the bachelor suite. Trinity and Neo appear in digital lazer light form and then materialize fully. Trinity in her black leather tights. Neo in a dark comfortable suit jacket and magenta pullover. Neo immediately checks things out and admires the equipment. He picks up a piece of old dried pizza and holds it up to his nose. Trinity looks at him in disbelief.

NEO
It isn't real?

TRINITY

Smiling but ignoring him.

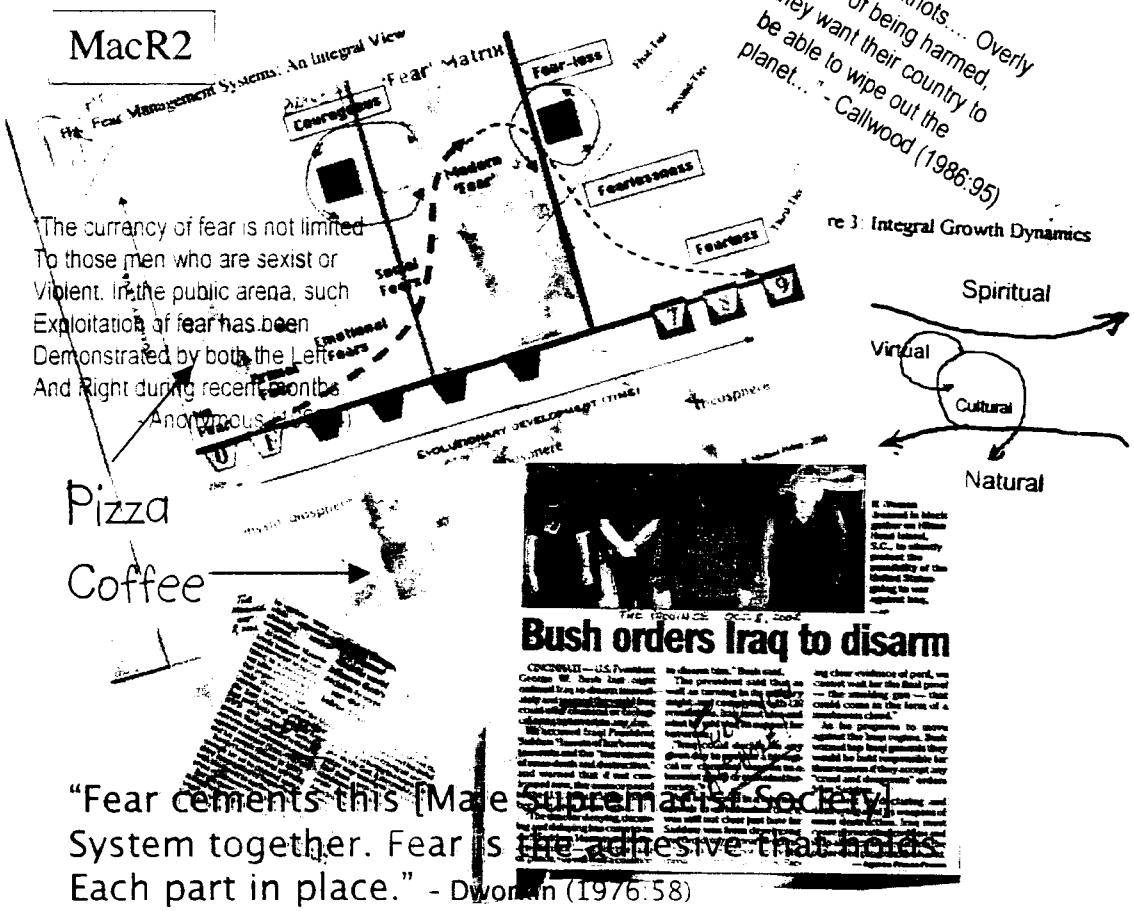
We'll wait here. Our last trace on Mick shows he is heading this way in a vehicle with his comrades. Neo, you watch the street window and make sure he is alone when he comes in. I'm going to see what Mac-R2 has been up to lately.

She checks papers and computer files. The camera, momentarily, focuses in on one particularly interesting food-stained crumpled graph on fear management systems. Trinity talks to herself.

Hmmm... someone else is interested in fear, it seems, in a serious way.

She picks up a few clippings Mick has taken from the newspapers and reads them to herself. A picture of older women protesting war stare

"The adult mind is rooted in consensual paranoia" - Keen (1983:146)



at her. One clipping recites Pres. George W. Bush, Jr., *"We refuse to live in a future of fear... soon we will speak with one voice.... We will live in a future of security."*[4] Trinity releases tension and whispers to herself.

Male, human leaders are so pathetically... terrified, pretending they are not. They don't know what security really is. I guess they've never had it and wouldn't know the difference if it stared them in the face. I wonder what Mac-R2 is intending to do with all this?

SCENE 43

INT. DAN'S TRUCK

Dan, Tab, Mick, and Mackie (sitting between Mick and Tab) in front seat of the truck. Very cosy. Mackie is wiping spattered blood from her hands, t-shirt, and face. They are saying little and the atmosphere is icey cold.

MICK
Good timing boys!

DAN
We're not outta this shit yet.

Truck screaches around another corner and they all fall to the left side squishing them more. Mackie is almost on top of Tab and struggles to get back upright.

MICK
How'd you know where we were... shit that was a close call, hey Mackie? Fuck. They just appeared from nowhere, those mother fuckers.

TAB
What the fuck you guys doing there anyway. You gotta be a lot more careful.

DAN
The city is crawling with security and military fucks, right now. They're preparing for Sunday, we think.

---

[4] From a national radio broadcast of a speech by the current President of the U.S.A. (Sept. 26, 2002).

MACKIE

Mackie is shocked by that news and looks at Dan and then stares at Tab. Anger in her voice.

Whatda... what ya mean? What about Sunday?

Tab is cool, and pulls out a white handkerchief, with IRA embroidered in gold on the corner. He wipes the blood from the front lenses of Mackie's sunglasses.

DAN

We're ready. Right Tab?

TAB

With a calm but cutting deep voice

Dan, shut up! Everybody. Shut the fuck up! In time. You are lucky to be alive to attend a dead comrade's funeral. When you get that in your fuckin' heads then, I'll say more!

He looks at Mackie and Mick.

When you are less careless. I'll tell you what is goin' down on Sunday. For now, you go home, have a hot bath, and think really carefully about how you fucked up today... think real carefully about what the code of Volunteers is and how you screwed up. Then, wait, don't fucking move, until I call.

MACKIE

Struggling to find any power in her voice

Tab.

TAB

Tony was like a brother to me. He saved my life more times than I can count. I saved his life once, not few enough. I don't want to add you two to my list. Got it? Don't give me any bullshit about...

DAN

Swirves the truck suddenly, down a back alley. Hits a garbage can. Papers are flying and street people are running out of the way.

Dics. I just saw a fuckn' cop car behind us!

Tab pulls out a gun and looks behind.

MACKIE
Shit!

TAB
We'll see if they follow. You two stay the fuck down!

SCENE 44

INT. AGENT'S CAR

Two Agents driving city streets pull over to park.

AGENT BROWN
Pull over.

AGENT JONES
Why stop now?

AGENT BROWN
Pull over!

Agent Brown steps outside the car, walks over to the alley way and peers around the corner of the building. Dan's truck is far down the alley and disappears. Agent Jones joins him. Thunder rolls in the background and the sky turns very dark as the camera shows the clouds moving in fast and the wind rises sharply. Agent Brown slowly pulls off his sunglasses and wipes them clean with a handkerchief. Puts them back on.

AGENT BROWN

He smiles.

We'll let them set their own trap. What about the girl, Mackie?

AGENT JONES
We're still searching programs. There's no files, no data.

AGENT BROWN

He grits his teeth.

Damn!

SCENE 45

INT. DAN'S TRUCK

Mick lights up a joint and passes it around, as they pull up to Mick's apartment. Truck stops.

TAB

Tab reaches over and smacks Dan on the cheek and pinches his cheek, gives him a kiss in fun.

Good drivin' Danny boy. Mick?

MICK
Tab. Hey... man, thanks!

DAN
Get some r'n'r hey... geek boy.

TAB
Stay cool. You know what I mean?

MICK
For sure. See ya.

Mackie takes off her sunglasses, catches Mick's eyes in a suspended moment, of saying good-bye, as if for the last time.

EXT. CITY STREET-OUTSIDE MICK'S APARTMENT

Mick opens the truck door and shuts it. As he moves away, Mackie reaches her head out the open truck window.

MACKIE
Mick!

She reaches out and he turns back and leans over to her and she reaches out to a handful of Mick's golden hair. Her brother's silver locket falls forward from her neck and they both look at it hanging between them. Camera racks-in on the Celtic cross and falcon engraving on the locket. Mackie leans out of the window further and kisses Mick on the lips briefly. Meanwhile, Dan and Tab are having a first class seat view of Mackie's ass in tight white jeans. They smile and make crude sexual faces and hand gestures behind her back. Dan starts up the truck and they head off, as Mackie is barely able to get back in the window, her hair blowing wildly, taking a long look at Mick and waving, as she returns to the seat.

TAB
He'll be fine.

Tab's view goes, close-up, to Mackie's thighs, then her bare belly with a piercing above her belly button, that is exposed below her t-shirt, then to her breasts. The nipples are hard and the ring on her

left breast shows up clearly below. Mackie puts her sunglasses back on. Tab speaks in a puzzled tone.

You don't wear sunglasses?

MACKIE
New look... I guess. Darkness happens to appeal to me right now. Grieving... I guess.

He moves over closer and puts his arm on the seat behind her touching her back slightly, as if to comfort her. She shifts ever slightly leaning away and looks straight ahead. Tab reaches and pulls the glasses off.

TAB
I'm attracted to dark... eyes.

SCENE 46

INT. MICK'S APARTMENT

Neo is seen unwrapping a bunch of sex toys that were sitting on the sofa. He flashes them at Trinity and grins. Hearing noises from the street, Neo moves to the window, and from behind the curtain sees Mick walking away from Dan's truck and entering the apartment.

NEO
He's coming. Looks like he's going to be alone.

TRINITY
Great. He'll be in for a surprise.

Neo tosses Trinity a dildo. She catches it and sticks it in the left over coffee mug sitting by Mick's computer. They move around the room to find good places to hide. The door latch slowly turns and the door opens.

SCENE 47

INT. DAN'S TRUCK

Mackie is visibly uncomfortable with Tab coming onto her. Tab reaches to her breast and grazes his hand over it and whispers in her ear

TAB
You're a beautiful girl, Mackie.

SCENE 48

INT. MICK'S APARTMENT

A bitchy old female voice yells, as Mick is in the hallway about to enter his apartment. Neo is behind the door waiting. Trinity sits on Mick's computer table, anticipating his entrance.

LANDLADY
You owe me for last month's rent. Where is it? I'll call the cops you scum...

MICK

He steps part way in the door to escape her barage of name calling.

Fuck you!, hag-face.

He slams the door shut, and landlady's voice still heard in background, screaming at him.

TRINITY
Hello Mick!

MICK
What the hell!

Neo steps up and makes himself visible, as Mick is reaching for the knife in his boot. Neo holds his arm easily and takes the knife.

TRINITY
Sit down Mick. We want to speak with you.

MICK

Sarcastically.

I don't talk without an invitation, a drink of beer and a pizza...

NEO
I'll order the pizza!

TRINITY
Sit Mick! Nobody is going to hurt you.

SCENE 49

EXT. CITY STREETS

Rain is coming down very hard. Thunder and lightning pick up as does the suspenseful music in the background. Dan's truck pulls up to a Cold Wine and Beer Store.

INT. DAN'S TRUCK

DAN
I'll be right back.

Dan goes inside. Tab and Mackie wait in the truck alone. The rivulets of water pouring down the window on the passenger side keep Mackie looking in that direction as Tab continues to fondle her, gently. Mackie in a confused weak voice.

MACKIE
I can't, Tab.

TAB
I understand.

He withdraws his hands.

You'll always be a dark angel to me, kid.

He picks up her sunglasses from the seat and hands them to her. She puts them on and doesn't look at him. Mysterious music enters in the background.

EXT. FOREST SCENE

She enters a timeless dissociated state, as the rivulets of water on the window turn into an imaginary spilling of steaming hot water boiling over a cauldron, set in the middle of a forest. She sees, in mind, an older woman with an embroidered hat of gold threads and jewels, dressed in a white silk gown covered by a long green felt robe. She is plucking leaves off a branch over the cauldron and dropping them in. A strike of nearby lightning and following thunder shake her to reality.

INT. DAN'S TRUCK

The truck door slams. The three drive off as the camera racks back and follows closely a dead leaf floating on the water running along the curb, to finally run down a sewer drain.

SCENE 50

EXT. SEWERS

The camera racks-in and goes down the sewer drain rapidly in the dark to a small light that opens and we hear rushing water. The mini-Neb is sitting in muck with water flowing around it. We see figures of Morpheus and Tank moving around inside. Haunting music gets very loud. Suddenly Sentinels appear from all over, searching. They stop momentarily above the mini-Neb, but do not detect anything and leave, as quickly. The music stops.

SCENE 51

INT. MICK'S APARTMENT

Lightning and thunder in the background. Close-up of Mick's blue eyes and blond hair as he is mesmerized, frozen, sitting in a chair.

NEO
Will he be OK?

TRINITY
Yeah. I had to stun him, as he was panicking. It'll wear off in a few hours.

NEO
Truth isn't for everyone. God, do I know.

TRINITY
Truth must be timed, that's all. It's too soon.

She reaches to a program on Mick's computer and downloads some files. The title reads: *Combat*.

Look what I found.

SCENE 52

EXT. CITY STREETS- OUTSIDE MACKIE'S APARTMENT

Camera is high a top the highrise apartment, looking at Mackie getting out of Dan's truck. Tab follows her up the steps to her apartment door. Their faces dripping with rain.

TAB

He reaches out and grabs her hand.

I never want to hurt you, Mackie.

Just as Mackie has enough courage to confront him, Tab pulls out the slightly bloody handkerchief again, and passes it to her hand. This time we see both *IRA* in embroidered letters and the letters *Tony*.

This was Tony's. It's all I have of his... I want you to have it.

In shock, Mackie looks at it, then looks up, and Tab is gone as Dan drives away, with Tab waving out the window with a glowing smile.

SCENE 53

INT. MICK'S APARTMENT

Neo and Trinity are close hovering over the computer screen reading.

NEO
Our Mac-R2 has done some fine work, or at least is planning to. Looks like he has several British government sites in mind.

TRINITY
Mick is good at what he does, as hacker. Beyond that... we'll see?

NEO
How is he supposed to lead us to our first contact with Tab, if he cannot even face the truth of...?

TRINITY
Ya. I have another option.

NEO
We go for Chinese noodles...?

TRINITY
In Ireland? How about a real Kilarney kiss instead.

She leans over and lays her silent slow lip press on his lips as she holds his head in her hands.

Now, I have a plan. You stay here, I'm going to visit Mackie and see if we can make contact there, as she is Tab's girlfriend, it may be more effective.

NEO
And Mick?

TRINITY
When he comes to, see if you can encourage him to talk about... well, anything. Start with basic trust, that you're not going to steal his programs, his ideas on fear, or kill him. Good luck.

She heads out the door quickly, stunning Neo a bit that he's suddenly on his own with Mick.

Talking to himself.

Ya, you too. Take care... ah, ya. Do you think Morpheus would approve of this change of plans? Trinity?

SCENE 54

INT. MACKIE'S APARTMENT HALLWAY

Mackie's apartment door opens, shuts, she locks it. Then turns to see an older cleaning lady, coming down the hallyway, with a cart of cleaning supplies and sheets etc. They look at each other strangely--a long glance, and as they part in opposite directions, they both look back to see if the other is looking, as if they were saying hi and good-bye as old friends. Mackie shakes her head as if she was in a spell, runs down the stairs. She is in jogging sweats and kangaroo jacket with hood. The handkerchief that Tab gave her falls from her jacket on to the steps without her noticing.

EXT. OUTSIDE MACKIE'S APARTMENT

Thunder and lightning as rain comes down stiffly. The camera zooms up into the sky looking down at her doing warm up exercises in front of the community bulletin board as she reads the posters. With a shot of light, and a loud bang of thunder, she takes off running. The music from Dido (*No Angel*) begins loudly, with soft rumbling thunder in the background. The bird's eye view swoops down to follow Mackie through the streets, down alley ways, through parks, and down toward the ocean. She runs along the ocean parkway path. Stops at some rocks and sits. Stretching. Sea gulls flock around her in the background, looking like they are attracted to circle around her, like white angels in the dense sheets of rain and fog rolling in off the ocean. A boat horn blows in the background. Dido's music is more intense as Mackie runs back into the city. The camera follows a gull for a few moments, then fades out to a close up of Mackie running down the streets, passing people and running through parked cars, across the busy streets fearlessly crossing through the moving cars. She comes to a shop window and stops. It is a doll store for children. She sees a few dolls and stops on one that particularly catches her eye. Her eyes are red, squinting and wet. She chokes back from crying, as the music peaks. Two beautiful innocent little girls are playing inside the store and look up at her and smile. Mackie manages a faint smile back.

Lightning flashes and a loud crack of thunder and Mackie is off running again, stopping at a telephone booth. She goes to wipe her face with something from her pocket and it is not there. She is disturbed she has lost the handkerchief, as she looks around. She starts to run off to retrack her path to find it, and suddenly Trinity's hand reaches in front of her with the handkerchief. Mackie startled, stares at Trinity eye to eye. Takes the handkerchief, and runs home to her apartment. Trinity is standing motionless in the

rain, with a powerful seductive face, looking over her shoulder at Mackie disappearing. Camera racks back up to a bird's-eye view as it follows Mackie back to her apartment and up the steps inside.

INT. MACKIE'S APARTMENT-HALLWAY

Mackie runs half way up the stairs. Stops. The camera looks over her shoulders down the stairs as Mackie stares at the glass doors and the rain outside, as if expecting someone to follow her. She turns and runs to her apartment, sobbing.

SCENE 55

INT. MICK'S APARTMENT

Neo is reading from the computer. Looking through magazines. Mick is seen to be stirring as his face comes alive. Neo moves in closer, sits, and awaits to greet him.

SCENE 56

INT. MACKIE'S BEDROOM

Soft Irish music in the background. A pencil point (extreme close up) tracks in slow motion. Sensuous soft lead crossing the textured colored paper, with Celtic designs on the borders. Words are being inscribed but not fully legible yet. A sudden shattering sound comes from the bathroom and breaks the calm and music. Mackie is lying in bed under the sheet, holding it up over her bare shoulders, motionless. Dead silence. The pad and pencil fall on top of the sheet sitting on her belly. She slips out of bed, naked, and runs to the living room, picks up the black handkerchief from the coffee table, takes out the gun, and holds it at the bedroom door with both hands. Camera moves from close up of trembling hands and gun to Mackie's terrified but cool looking face. Nothing happens.

MACKIE

Whispering to herself.

Put the gun down. Put it down, Mackie.
You don't want to shoot anyone.

She lowers the gun and her two-handed grip, but carries the gun hanging down, loosely, walking cautiously to her bedroom door. Whispering to herself.

You are in your own home. A little noise
is not going to hurt you.

She looks inside the bedroom door and into the bathroom as more rustling of the window blinds is heard. She sees the blinds rustling in the wind. She goes over less cautiously, and pulls the window

shut. More lightning and thunder in the background. Soft, Irish, folk type music comes up again. She feeds her fish. Crawls back into bed, gathering her pad and pencil and begins writing. Her computer screen is on and starts to scroll on its own. Mackie is preoccupied and doesn't notice. A website comes up that reads: *Women Poets.* More scrolling on the web page reveals several buttons to select, the cursor arrow moves onto *Irish Poets,* then on another page the cursor arrow moves to *1890-1920,* clicks on that button. Camera turns to Mackie, writing a poem, and with some hesitation, starts to read it aloud to herself.

MACKIE
turn a face, turns the world
my aching heart, ends time

She stops and throws the pad down. Sticks the pencil in her mouth. Reaches for a sedative in the container at the side of her bed, still not looking at the computer screen. Loud snap. The two halfs of a broken pencil fall off the green satin sheets to the floor. With frustration in her face, and a sullen despair, she watches the fish swimming. The soothing bubbling sounds are vibrant in the room. She strokes her hair and untangles it, pulling a few loose hairs out. Camera racks in on close up of the fish tank and fish swimming, feeding, hiding, chasing each other. Mackie's voice continues in the background on her poem.

MACKIE (V.O)
ends time... a purposeful embrace
the mother looks with cold disgrace
an Irish myth goes... fuck! fuck it!

The pad is thrown down on the covers and she lays back, with cover pulled up to her neck. Her eyes sparkling and wet, the camera zooms in on the lights on the ceiling that are coming from the lit-up fish tank. Soft music comes up (Sarah McLachlan's *Remember Me*). She puts her hand down under the covers over her breast and rests it there. Moving the hand ever so slowly, the satin shimmers. She pulls out her neck locket. Holds it tightly as the music gets louder. Tears drip down the side of her face, as she opens it to the picture of Tony. The music plays through to the end. The camera caresses Mackie's face and back to the fish tank, back to Mackie's face, as the song ends.

FADE TO BLACK MOMENTARILY.

MACKIE
Oh, shit!

The phone is being dialed. Mackie finishes pulling on her sweatshirt (mini-skirt length) and walks around by the fish tank, as she waits for a response on the phone. Camera focuses on the fish swimming in the tank and Mackie can be seen through the glass on the other side.

MACKIE
Hello. Is Dr. .... ah...

Nervously, she fumbles through her pad.

Dr. Gregory! Ah, sorry... ah Dr. H.M. Gregory. What? No! No! Oh... I'm sorry.

She looks at the pad again more closely. Camera moves in close to her face and her mouth at the receiver.

Hello. Is Dr. H.M. Gregory there? Oh! Hello Dr. Gregory. What? Ya... I'm kinda of thinking of taking... the class on transformation, next week, and ah, ah, I don't know anything about films or cultural studies, except I go to movies once in a while, and I don't know much about transformation... but I do know a lot about revolution... I have experiences I mean... but I don't... I read alot... and, well sir, I just am not sure I qualify to take your course Dr. Gregory, sir. Oh? No prerequisites. I'm OK, then? Oh. Wow! Great! Ya. OK. I'll see you there, Tuesday night, 7:30, ya, great! Thanks. Thanks. Thanks Dr. Gregory, for your time and all... Thanks. Bye.

She jumps in joy and terror.

Holy shit!!! I'm in, I'm in!!! Ahhhh....

Dials the phone.

SCENE 57

INT. MICK'S APARTMENT

Phone rings. Neo looks to Mick, who is not quite able to function. Neo goes to pick it up, and Trinity enters the apartment and waves for him not to. The message machine picks up the call and on the loud speaker we hear Mackie filled with excitement.

MACKIE (V.O.)
Mick! I hope you're there! Hey, man I'm in. I got into Dr. Gregory's transformation course. Cool huh. Ya... give me a call. You should be there, man. Call right away. I want to share my good news with you. Bye.

NEO
Mackie?

TRINITY
Yup.

NEO
Did you have any luck with her?

TRINITY
A small, symbolic, connection.

NEO
That's it?

TRINITY
Ya.

Mick stirs and looks around, still half dazed.

MICK
Mackie? Is that you? Great kid, you got in... What? Who are you freaks? What the fuck?

TRINITY
Hi Mick. We are here to help you. We know what you are doing, with Mackie, with the IRA and we can help.

MICK
So, who the fuck are you?

Lightning strikes and rumbling thunder. Neo hands Mick a can of beer that is sitting beside the computer. Mick rejects it. Neo pops it open and takes a sip, smiles. Trinity looks at him in disgust, shaking her head in disbelief with a sneering forced grin.

TRINITY
Let's say we are from another planet, so to speak. We are interested to talk with your leader, Tab.

MICK
Oh sure.

TRINITY
Mick we know everything about you and Tab. We know ... I know everything about Mackie.

MICK
What about Mackie? You aint' gonna fuck around with her are ya? Hey, she ain't done nothin'.

TRINITY
Mick, I'm saying you guys, and Mackie, are not our enemies. We have the same enemies. We may just give them different names. The sooner you are willing to cooperate, and we don't have a lot of time, the better off we'll all be. And before tomorrow...

MICK
You know about the funeral, tomorrow?

NEO
What funeral tomorrow? Trinity?

TRINITY
I've been watching Mackie for sometime.

MICK
How so?

TRINITY
Never mind. The point is that we don't have a lot of time to get to Tab and have him talk with us about our future plans.

MICK
What plans? How can we trust...

TRINITY

In an authoritative voice

Help us talk to Tab, Mick. If you won't Mackie will!

MICK
Leave Mackie out of this. I'll...

TRINITY

She walks to the computer and types up a code. Dials on her cell-phone.

TANK
Operator! Hows goin' Trin, Neo?

MICK
Who's...

TRINITY
Fine here, Tank. Neo's hungry. How's Morpheus?

TANK
Fine here. No Sentinel problems. OK. How can I help ya?

TRINITY
Hook me up with Mackie's computer, again, now.

TANK
Is that the plan? Morpheus didn't say...

TRINITY
Just a demonstration for a non-believer. Do it!

TANK
Comin' up. OK. You're on.

TRINITY
Thanks. Over.

She puts her cell phone away. She invites Mick over to the computer.

MICK
Morpheus? Isn't he the leader of the Resistance in cyberspace, a legend... that ...

NEO
He is. He is more than you can know. Shut up for a minute and let Trinity teach you a few things.

All are looking at the screen, with Trinity at the controls.

TRINITY
This web site is on Mackie's computer right now. I put it there awhile ago. How is not important. She is going to see this...

She points to *EVA GORE-BOOTH* as a button on the screen to push.

NEO
Eva... Trinity?

She waves him down, to not question her right now.

MICK
That's Mackie's last name. How did you know? Nobody knows.

TRINITY
I'm going to phone her.

MICK
No!

Neo physically restrains him, easily. She dials.

SCENE 58

INT. MACKIE'S BEDROOM

Mackie is staring at her computer screen, hitting the ENTER key rapidly in disbelief at what is on her computer and how it got there. Phone rings.

MACKIE
Holyyyy!!! Mick?

TRINITY
How's the poetry going, Mackie?

MACKIE

Angrily.

How... whata.... who...? What the fuck's going on? Who are you?

TRINITY
A friend of Tony's, Tab, Mick. All of you. We are here to help you Mackie.

MACKIE
Where the hell's Mick? Who are you?

INT. MICK'S APARTMENT

Trinity hands the phone to Mick.

MICK
I'm OK Mackie. These people... or whatever they are...

MACKIE
Mick? What's going on? Are you OK?

MICK
They say they are on our side Mackie. They just showed up in my pad, and well, they're not shittn'... they want to talk to Tab.

MACKIE
Tab. Fuck! No! Don't say anything.

MICK
They're on to us... on to you. The black leather chic has your number, your computer and who knows what else. Mackie? What's on your screen right now? She knows your real last name.

MACKIE
The chic in black... who gave me Tony's... Mick. Somebody... her...? is messing around with my computer. She knows I write poetry. She planted the website on Eva? Holyyyy?

Trinity grabs the phone.

TRINITY
Just a small demo, Mackie. I suggest...

TRINITY

She hears a click on the phone line.

The lines tapped. Be careful Mackie.

Trinity hangs up the phone. Neo shuts the computer down.

TRINITY
They didn't get much. Let's sit tight for awhile. Mick's got some thinking to do.

The door is kicked in. Three RUC's stand with rifles pointing.

RUC OFFICER
Don't move! Hands up!

Trinity has already moved across the wall on her way to the door to attack. Neo has his hands up as bullets are fired at him and Mick. Neo stops the bullets in mid-air. Trinity comes down quick and with a few kicks has all of the RUC's down and out. The bullets fall to the ground. Mick faints. Trinity grabs her phone and dials.

TANK
Operator! You OK. What the hell is goin' on? You OK.

TRINITY
Give me a blueprint of Mackie's apartment. Quick!

TANK
Roger.

TRINITY

Looks dazed momentarily with fluttering eyes.

Got it! Thanks. Talk later.

Hangs up the phone.

Neo get the bodies in here. We're taking Mick out of here, down the back fire escape.

She checks out the window. Bullets fly through the glass, grazing her cheek. She ducks, looks at Neo.

TRINITY
The place is surrounded. We have no choice but to take Mick with us.

Trinity tosses Neo the cell phone. She takes out a red pill from her pocket and puts it under Mick's tongue.

Neo, call Tank!

NEO
Trinity, what are you doing? We can't...

TRINITY

Yelling.

Do it! Do it now!

SCENE 59

INT. MACKIE'S BEDROOM

She is dressing, putting on a jacket to go out. Trinity appears in the bathroom, walks out calmly. Mackie sees her and is startled but not panicky. Mackie looks to the gun on the table. Trinity looks too.

TRINITY
I'm twice as fast as you.

MACKIE
Really. What if you aren't?

Mackie runs to the gun, but after two steps, Trinity is already there. She hands the gun to Mackie. Mackie holds it and points it at Trinity's face. Mackie sees the blood drip down Trinity's wounded cheek. A soft music comes up in the background.

SCENE 60

INT. HOVERCRAFT

Neo and Mick's bodies appear in lazer light and then physically manifest in the control room. Morpheus and Tank are waiting.

SCENE 61

INT. MACKIE'S BEDROOM

Mackie and Trinity staring at each other, Mackie lowers the gun and places it carefully on the table.

... [Hannah] Arendt insists that 'every attempt to solve the social question with political means leads into terror'.... Some feminist writers suggest that the motivations for overcoming this fear must come from love for one another.[1]

SCENE 62

INT. AGENT'S HIGHRISE OFFICE

Agent Jones comes through the door. Agent Brown swivels around in his chair.

AGENT BROWN
I called you because there has been a change in plans.

AGENT JONES
There's been shootings. You probably heard that we have evidence of members of Morpheus's crew...

AGENT BROWN

He pulls his security ear-phone out.

Listen. Listen carefully.

Agent Jones pulls his ear-phone out.

SCENE 63

INT. MACKIE'S BEDROOM

Passionate soft music in background builds, as the two figures are still staring at one another, very close. The camera racks in and surveys their faces and sparkling eyes (Mackie's are green, Trinity's dark brown). They explore each other's soul intensely.

TRINITY
My name is Trinity.

MACKIE

Mackie pulls out Tony's handkerchief and wipes the blood tenderly off her cheek.

You're hurt... but fearless. I do not

---

1 Quotes from Bickford (1996), p. 78, 137.

you say Trinity?

Mackie feels dizzy suddenly and sits down on the edge of the bed. Trinity follows closely helping her stabilize. Mackie mumbles in a bewildering tone.

Ezmeralda called me 'Trinity.'

Her mood changes to fear, then anger.

It was you on my computer. The Matrix has you... Mick is the key... follow the question. Wasn't it?

SCENE 64

INT. HOVERCRAFT

Mick is lying face-up and a bucket of water is thrown on him by Tank. Mick startles and awakens.

MICK
Whataaa... where am I? Shit man, what a fuckn' trip. You dudes from Mars, or what?

MORPHEUS
In anger

Let's hope it's a journey that doesn't kill you. Where is Trinity?

NEO
With Mackie.

He walks out of the room, nodding to Neo in disgust. Neo approaches Mick and gives him a hand to get up.

NEO
My name is Neo. This is Tank. I'll show you your temporary quarters. You could use some rest, after what you've just been through.

MICK
How about telling me what I've been through and how to get back. I'm pretty fucked up right about now, and I have things to do, like dishes, let the cat out... human things, you know... I don't have time for any anal inspections, or mating with aliens right now, my date book is pretty full.

Tank offers him a drink, Mick takes reluctantly.

Tank offers him a drink, Mick takes reluctantly.

NEO
This will help you recover quicker. We can talk later. Follow me.

They both leave. Tank gets back on the controls and enters some codes on the computer. Shaking his head

TANK

Speaking to himself, with concern

Wowwww..., Trin. You did it this time?

SCENE 65

INT. MACKIE'S BEDROOM

The phone rings. Mackie goes to get it.

TRINITY
Stop! I'll answer it.

MACKIE
No...

She sees Trinity's determined look, and nods that she knows Trinity will beat her to the phone anyway.

Fine.

TRINITY
Ya?

TANK
Trin. You OK?

TRINITY
Ya? What's up?

TANK
Morpheus is very pissed. Wants you to come back right away. Orders.

TRINITY
Give me a minute.

TANK
Morpheus said ...

TRINITY

Visibly disturbed.

I said *a minute*!

Trinity hangs up the phone.

MACKIE
Morpheus? Isn't he your leader...

TRINITY
You've heard, obviously. Look, I've got to go...

MACKIE
Where? What? Who are you people? Who do you work for? What is your political agenda? How come I haven't heard of you before ...

TRINITY
You've heard of Morpheus.

MACKIE
That was... is fiction. Isn't it? Holyyyy! Am I dreaming or what. Is this another vision?

TRINITY
You have visions?

MACKIE
I had them. Then Ezmeralda... she told me...

TRINITY
Ezmeralda?

MACKIE
My psychic... she told me I would...

The phone rings again.

Trinity

Frustrated. She let's it ring and ring.

Mackie. I've got to go. Don't ask more questions. Don't tell anyone any of this.

MACKIE

She walks closer to Trinity and wipes the blood from her cheek again.

I wouldn't tell anyone, unless I want to spend the rest of my life in a luny bin.

TRINITY
I can only assure you that everything we've talked about, and everything you envision in your dreams, Mackie, are more real and true than anyone here on this planet can imagine. I'll be back soon. It seems you are relatively safe, unlike the others. Don't ask! I'm not sure why yet. Stay here. I'll be back tonight.

As Trinity goes to pick up the phone, she hesitates and looks back at a silently protesting Mackie, looking a bit afraid of being alone. Trinity notices.

You're not alone, are you? I mean, you have your boyfriend. Don't tell him anything, OK? Not yet!

She turns to the wall and the broken mirror.

Oh, and your mirror seems broken, looks like you were tired of it. Prepare to see beyond that illusion of fear.

With a minute smile, she picks up the phone, and disappears in front of Mackie's disbelieving eyes. Mackie shakes her head and goes for a tranquilizer, grabs an empty glass and goes to the bathroom. Runs water from the sink into the glass and looks up at the mirror... it is solid and then wavers like liquid, then back to solid, her face looking like death warmed over.

SCENE 66

INT. HOVERCRAFT

Trinity appears in lazer light, then physically solidifies. Tank hugs her and she embraces him. He looks frightened. She is cold and firm willed.

TRINITY
Neo, Mick? Are they OK?

TANK
Both resting. Morpheus wants to see you.

She doesn't hesitate and begins walking to Morpheus's quarters. She stops suddenly, looks over her shoulders and straight at Tank with a fervent tone

TRINITY
I'm going back, tonight.

She turns and disappears, and appears at Morpheus's door. Knocks.

MORPHEUS
Come in Trinity.

He is on the edge of the bed, practicing hand-eye coordination juggling with silver metal balls. He continues as Trinity slowly comes in and stands watching him.

TRINITY
Sir? I have an apology.

MORPHEUS
You want to apologize for breaking every rule of this ship. Every code of honor of a warrior, you seem to think does not apply to you. Am I correct? Apology, seems too pathetically human, Trinity, pathetically human. You are a cyborg warrior!

TRINITY
You are right. I am here to tell you I have to go back in, tonight.

Upon hearing that he drops a silver ball on his toe and remarks.

MORPHEUS
That ought to hurt. I guess I have hurt deeper elsewhere, right now. I can hardly coordinate my fine motor skills. Trinity, my balance is off and I couldn't fight my way out of a wet paper bag right now. The Agent's serum has destroyed more of my mind than I thought. At times I cannot even remember Tank's name. We have a dead body on ship, we are stuck in the mud and potentially food for the Sentinels. I've got a lot to be concerned about Trinity. You are not making my life any easier.

TRINITY
Warrior's lives are never easier. My purpose is to seek what is true, not what is comfortable. I am sorry... no, I'm not sorry. I know bringing Mick here was wrong, but that is only a rule. You taught us to break rules when we have to. I have sir, because I saw a more important task to heed than a standard rule. We had to save Mick. He is the key, to Tab.

MORPHEUS
Mick is key? Who says so? I've not said so. We have never talked about that in the plans from the start. Trinity... How long are you going to continue with your plans, not our plans? And are you planned

for what consequences exposing Mick may have for his sanity?

TRINITY

Sir?

MORPHEUS

Enraged.

You and Neo, and returning to Zion so you can ensure your love relationship in some 'normal' atmosphere of human life. You and Mackie and Mick and whatever scheme you have about a "key" which no one else knows anything about. Neo had no idea you were going to be working on Mackie, and neither did I. We seem to have cross-purposes. Really, Trinity, after all I have done for you.

She is feeling guilty, and goes to explain but is cut off.

Not now Trinity. I am removing your rank at the moment. Neo will replace you as second in command. That's an order. Now leave me to rest!

She attempts to speak.

Leave!

As she turns out the door.

And if you kill Mick by this premature separation... you will be ... (inaudible grumbles).

The door slams closed.

SCENE 67

INT. PSYCHIC'S PRIVATE ROOM

A very new age metaphysical landscape, otherworldly. Eastern spiritual music in the background. The camera scans slowly over a quote on the wall that reads: *The quintessential revolution is that of the spirit. -A.S.S. Kyi.* Ezmeralda is holding the locket from Mackie's neck and opens it to Tony's picture.

MACKIE

I can't thank you enough for seeing me without an appointment.

EZMERALDA

Speaks very slow and calmly.

Any time, as long as I'm free. Mackie, you say you met Trinity and want to know why I called you Trinity the other day. I don't know why? I've never met a Trinity. The name just came to me spontaneously. Sometimes there are soul connections that resonate in the etheric and astral fields around people that I read without knowing it. Well, it seems a certain Trinity has manifested in your field and I may have been sensing it before she actually physically appeared near you.

She handles the locket preciously.

A beautiful boy. I can see why you are related. Beautiful souls. I take it IRA stands for what is the obvious. I have never had one IRA person come this way before. You are a first. You've been a member long? Yes, you have haven't you. Thirteen years.

She is somewhat stunned by the thought.

You would only be six years old. What happened?

She takes Mackie's hand and places it on the table amongst the Tarot cards layed out. A crystal ball is near on the table. A candle light shows Mackie's facial features in near dark, as the camera moves over her trembling body, dressed in a loose black t-shirt. She is wearing more jewelry and bracelets on her strongly toned arms than before.

MACKIE
Tony and I were ...

EZMERALDA
Wait.

She squeezes Mackie's one hand, and takes the locket off her neck with the other hand, and places the locket in Tony's, now bloodied handkerchief, then into Mackie's left hand.

Close your eyes. I will look in the crystal ball. I'll put words on what you do not need to speak right now. Your eyes will become my eyes. Just let go of fear. Your fear will become my fear. Let go .... trust and release, trust and release.

In the hypnotic state, Mackie's eye lids move, with gold eye shadow and some mascara. Her naturally long dark eyelashes flutter slightly.

The music grows in intensity, echoing the droning of the psychic's voice, tone, and rhythm. Entering a dream vision.

EXT. WOODS

A small rabbit is running through the underbrush. Two children are laughing and chasing it. A young boy of 10 or so is followed by a younger girl of six or so. She trips and falls. The brother stops, and helps her up, as the rabbit escapes down a hole under an old fallen log. They get up and look down the black hole but see nothing. The young girl is so zealous about this hole she nearly sticks her entire head into it. We then hear the sound of an echoing voice of an old woman while the screen is black.

EZMERALDA (V.O.)
Men drench the green earth and defile her streams. With blood, they blast her very fields and hills with the mechanic iron of their wills, yet in her sad heart still the spirit dreams.[2]

There appears a pinpoint of light in the darkness and it grows closer, but the camera is shaking, the earth is being torn apart, like an earthquake. In this loud rumbling and suspenseful thunderous music, a young child's voice can be heard calling out in panic

SMALL CHILD (V.O.)
Grandma? Grandma? Where are you?

INT. PSYCHIC'S OFFICE

Ezmeralda is holding a trembling Mackie in her arms. Mackie comforts herself as she puts her head down amongst Ezmeralda's large breasts. Ezmeralda strokes her head.

EZMERALDA
You'll be just fine. Good work. All in time, all in time, dear.

SCENE 68

INT. HOVERCRAFT-NEO'S ROOM

Inside of Neo's room, he is sleeping. Trinity opens the door and leaves. She goes to her room where Mick is.

INT. HOVERCRAFT-TRINITY'S ROOM

Trinity knocks. Nothing. Then she opens it. Mick is stirring in her bed. He mumbles.

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2 From a poem entitled "Dream" by Eva Gore-Booth, c. 1918 (Donoghue, 1997, p. 23).

MICK
Mackie. Whatsa... that you, babe? Mackie. Mackie. Mackieeee...

Trinity shakes him until he looks at her fully awake.

The chic from hell. You're not wearing your black leather? Too bad.

He eyes her very shapely body.

TRINITY
Sleeping in my bed is not enough?

She grabs a few of her dainty undergarments from off the floor and tosses them into the closet.

MICK
Hey, do I get to meet Morpheus, the great leader?

TRINITY
You won't be here long. We're going back, tonight.

MICK
Back where? I'm rather beginning to enjoy this Star Trek episode. Beats hash and M.A.S.H.

Trinity looks at him wryly.

TRINITY
What's to enjoy? Forget it. Mick, seriously, there is something you have to know. You are in my care. My risk. Your risk. I've given you a pill that people in the Matrix are only supposed to chose by free will. That red pill contains the tracing systems that allows you to tele-transport with me or Neo.

MICK
Teletransport? What Matrix?

TRINITY
It's complex, Mick. The point being that you shouldn't be seeing any of what you are seeing, nor hearing any of what I'm telling you because...

MICK
It's top secret... big Intelligence stuff?

TRINITY
No. It's not like that. Forget it. Point being, and shut up for a second, so I

can tell you that your body is in grave danger. RUCs are on to you and tried to kill you. Your mind is in danger because I have given you the red pill prematurely by my will, not yours. I had to. I had to save you... Mackie.... Look, there is a plan, I cannot tell you about. I want you to make contact with Tab when we get back in. Don't ask! Follow me and I'll try to keep your body alive. But your mind...

MICK
My mind's already fried chicken.

The ship loudly cracks and creaks, as Trinity and Mick are thrown a bit by the movement. Now, Mick looks very terrified.

TRINITY
Not yet. Let's try to keep it that way, by you not asking questions, nor interrupting. Do what I say, when I say. I want to get you and Mackie back together, and I want Tab. That's all you need to know. And Mackie's... by some miracle, fine, for now. Wait here, please!... until I come and get you, I've got a feeling it's going to be a long night.

MICK
I'll make it to Tony's funeral tomorrow?

TRINITY
Oh, shit! That's right. I forgot. Ya.

Trinity walks out the door and closes it. On the other side, Neo is waiting to greet her. He wants to reach for her but he holds back. She is surprised.

TRINITY
Neo. I know things are not going well. But you have to trust me.

She chokes and her eyes water.

TRINITY
Have you heard Morpheus's decision?

NEO
Yes. Ah, Trinity...

He is visibly pained by the thought of change in rank.

TRINITY
Don't let Morpheus down.

She walks away. Neo grabs her arm.

Sir?

He let's go and is left cold. Trinity leaves to the control room and begins talking with Tank.

SCENE 69

INT. MACKIE'S BEDROOM

The room is scanned and all kinds of formal clothing are laying around the room, covering the bed. Mackie is washing her face in the bathroom sink. She starts bringing different tops into the bathroom and looking at them in the small mirror. She settles on a formal white blouse, almost a men's looking shirt. She puts on her pin-stripped, almost men's looking sports jacket. She brushes her hair. Her face is sad. She goes to the bedroom and phones Mick. He doesn't answer.

The phone rings in her hand.

MACKIE
Hello?

TAB (V.O.)
Finn.

MACKIE
Finn who?

TAB (V.O.)
Finn MacCool.

MACKIE
Tab?

TAB (V.O.)
How are ya kid? Hey, where's Mick? I've been calling him for the past hour. That little shit should stay put, like I told him. Damn, the little fucker. Now, be ready at a few minutes before eight. Wait outside OK? OK? Mackie you there?

MACKIE
Ya.

TAB (V.O.)
Bring the gun. See ya. Bye.

The phone hangs up buzzing in Mackie's ear. She seems mesmerized and frozen. The kettle whistle blows, and she goes to the kitchen and makes tea. She grabs the book on the counter and returns to the bedroom stripping off her shoes and sports jacket, crawls under the

blankets and opens the book: *Celtic Sexual Myths: For Women Only*. She flips through the table of contents and picks out an essay entitled: *'How could I fear and hold thee by the hand?': The poetry of Eva Gore-Booth by E. Donoghue*. Sinnead O'Connor music in the background faintly. The camera scans a few pages as Mackie flips through the text, no illustrations. Then her eye catches (close-up) on a line written by Donoghue: *"... this woman quietly subverted her whole heritage."*

SCENE 70

INT. HOVERCRAFT

View is from the control room of the hovercraft, looking out the main windows, covered in mostly sludge. A small bit of light can be seen with water skirting over top of the ship. Trinity hugs Tank and Tank leaves. In another entrance Mick comes up behind her, catching her off-guard, as she stares out the window.

MICK
Thought I'd check things out a little. That your sweet?

He gestures towards where Tank left.

TRINITY
No. And mind your own goddamn business and get back in your room until I say differently.

MICK
Trinity? That's your name right? I like that. Christian and all. But hey,...

He looks out the window.

Looks more like a Trinity in hell, than heaven.

TRINITY
I gave up on heaven, a long time ago.

MICK
So did I. Mackie too.

TRINITY
Besides, there's no room for women there.

MICK
How is she, Mackie?

Trinity shrugs her shoulders, with a trace of fear crossing her eyes.

You know you were hugging Tank pretty good.

TRINITY
He's the main operator. He is a very close friend.

MICK
Like me and Mackie.

TRINITY

She relaxes and sits down.

Ya, I guess so. Does Mackie have a boyfriend?

MICK
Na. Not really.

TRINITY
What do you mean, not really?

MICK
I don't know everything about her sex life.

TRINITY
I wasn't actually asking you about her sex life. Does she hang out...

MICK
Tab is hot on her. She's a bit uncertain... to say the least. Tab's great... and not so great. Mackie would have a big catch if she comes around and warms to him.

TRINITY
Tab has hurt her.

MICK
Ya. I know. Hey, how do you know? Oh, ya, your the chic who knows everything. Then you probably know he raped her... well, not exactly. But close. Well, he did...

TRINITY
Hurt her.

MICK
Ya. That's not really rape, is it? What do you women feel about that when you have a guy come on and go further than you really wanted to and...

TRINITY
Scare the hell out of us and call it love?

Long pause. Trinity moves in close to Mick.

MICK
I don't make up the love rules guys follow. I'm fuckn' innocent myself.

Trinity is angered.

TRINITY
Innocent! Bullshit! You haven't ever hurt a woman?

MICK
I'm a virgin. Hey we're communicatin' from different planets here. Being here on this weird ship, in this weird world, is the only woman's bed I have ever crawled into, believe you me. Except my mother's bed. And shit, she kept me coming to her bed until I was like, fourteen. It freaks me out thinking of making love...

The ship rocks and cracks. Morpheus appears, and is very angry to see Trinity and Mick talking. Trinity is embarrassed and leaves immediately. Mick follows, until Morpheus pulls him aside and holds him back.

MORPHEUS
I'm sorry you have to go through this. Trinity is not herself. You should not be here, and we'll get you back as soon as possible. Best to stay in your room.

MICK
Hey, that cracking. Is this little ship going to fall apart, or what?

MORPHEUS
It already has. And I hope your mind doesn't crack with it.

SCENE 71

INT. MACKIE'S BEDROOM

Mackie is laying in bed under the covers, with only a single reading light on, and the light from the fish tank. Reading the book *Celtic Sexual Myths*. Irish music in the background. An older woman reads some of the text as the camera focuses on Mackie's intense and lively face, as she is discovering the secrets about her grandmother.

OLDER WOMAN (V.O.)
Eva Gore-Booth (1870-1926), one of the two sisters that fascinated W.B. Yeats.

Eva the younger of the two sisters, was referred to by Yeats, in his romantic poetry, as the "gazelle." She was born of the Irish aristocracy, known to some as a martyr and golden-haired saviour of working girls in the factories. By age 9, Eva had seen famine decimate the local peasantry, so she helped in her father's soup kitchen feeding the starving poor. She seemed unconscious of class distinctions all her life. Years later, she founded a magazine to help men and women escape from the prison of sex roles. But she was always a fervent pacifist, unlike her older sister Con. She admired her more militant sister, who was imprisoned for demonstrations against the authorities. Her poetry is ambivalent, and often inconsistent, with her beliefs about pacifism. Many of Eva's poems award heroine status to military leaders, including her own sister. Mostly, she idealized the comradeship of equals in the fight for justice.[3]

She closes the book, her breathing is labored. She is thinking intently, then reaches for the phone. Dials.

MACKIE
Mom? Can I speak to mom? Yes. It's Mackie. Ya. (pause) Hey, mom. Just checkn' to see how you are doing? Ya. I'm OK. I'm fine! I don't need to go for a check-up. I'm fine really. Ya. I'm getting lots of sleep. How about you mom? (pause). I just found a book about grandma. Eva. No. I don't think so. Mom. Grandma was an amazing... I didn't know all that about her. Stop. What? I'm not going to stop reading about her. Forget it? What the hell's wrong. Mom! No! She's your mother! Damn, you make me so... forget it! Ya. I'll see you tomorrow. Ya. I'm fine. Good night!

Mackie lays down in total frustration with her eyes watering. She reaches for the phone again, dials. No answer. She puts the phone down. Speaking to herself in a desperate tone.

MACKIE
Please, Mick don't screw up. I need you.

---

3 Taken from Donoghue (1997).

INT. HOVERCRAFT-PASSAGE WAYS

Neo is walking aimlessly around in the darkened passage ways. He comes across Trinity lying down in a corner on the floor, with a blanket over her.

TRINITY
Kicked out of my own bed.

NEO
Why didn't you come to my room, to stay the night?

TRINITY
I'm not staying the night.

NEO
You've got a plan, don't you. And you're not going to tell me, because I'm your commander. Jessuz Trinity you piss me off.

He kicks a near-by pipe with his boot.

This really stinks! Trin. I don't want to carry on like this. I miss you. I want you back. No more goddamn secrets between us.

Trinity is shocked and covers herself tighter, folding her body into a fetus position. Neo kneels near her and touches her back lightly.

I know there's a lot of shit happening. But Trin. we shouldn't be, like this. I'm not going to get in your way. You know more than I could ever know about this work. It's breaking me apart seeing you so sad. Trin.? Are you listening?

Trinity looks really scared, peering over the covers.

Morpheus. He is great. He is also sick. I think he has made a mistake. I'll talk with him later. Tank and I have talked. He is ready to send you and Mick in at 2100 hrs. I'll come in right after.

He leans close to want to kiss her.

TRINITY
Neo. Don't! You're not coming. You have to stay with Morpheus. That's an order. Thanks.

She lifts her body up and surrounds him with a hug and kiss. He picks her up off the floor and stands.

INT. HOVERCRAFT-NEO'S ROOM

INT. HOVERCRAFT-NEO'S ROOM

Neo lowers Trinity into his bed. He begins taking off his shirt and pants. She is laying motionless looking up at the ceiling.

TRINITY
Neo. I'm worried about Mick. He was talking about his mother... anyway. Do you know why Mick is the key?

Naked, Neo climbs under the covers and puts his arm around her and rubs her shoulders and neck. She loves the feeling and responds.

NEO
He is the link with Tab.

TRINITY
Neo. That was not me on Mackie's computer! I mean not the first time.

NEO
Who else?

TRINITY
That's what I want to find out. Mick is more important than just his friendship with Tab, or Mackie.

NEO
He's been set up? Agents?

TRINITY
She jumps up from the bed.

Sorry. I've got to talk with Mick and I want you there. Get dressed.

She runs out.

SCENE 73

INT. MACKIE'S BEDROOM

Mackie is viewed from her bedroom. Toilet flushes. She coughs and rinses in the sink. Grabs a towel off the rack. Camera follows the fish swimming in the tank, particularly zooming in on a big fat fish, going right into its eye and through it into darkness.

SCENE 74

INT. HOVERCRAFT-TRINITY'S ROOM

Thrashing sounds and groans of a male voice come out of the darkness. Mick is hallucinating as he rolls off the bed on to the floor, while kicking in terror, as if he is fighting off an invisible enemy.

MICK
No! Get... No! Get the fuuuuuuccchkk awayyyy....!

Images from his hallucination appear.

EXT. WOODS

Suspenseful music in background. Nightime in the middle of a forest, with a large fire burning under a large cauldron. A group of several women in long robes hold Mick, his naked body quivering, his eyes in absolute terror. They are pushing him toward the cauldron. A young beautiful blond haired boy is stirring the cauldron with a long wood pole. An ugliest nymph like man, wearing a brown tattered tunic and hood, comes crawling over to Mick and pulls on his leg and touches his penis. He looks up at Mick and smiles. The goddess-like woman in the golden-knit hair piece and green felt robe is plucking leaves from a branch and dropping them into the cauldron. She is expressionless but willful. Her golden torc has a bear on it. Mick is screaming in full panic as the women easily push him closer to the edge of the boiling cauldron.

INT. HOVERCRAFT-TRINITY'S ROOM

Trinity is shaking Mick, who is rolling on the floor delirious, covered with perspiration. Neo enters the room and helps control the flailing. They place him in bed, both with terrified looks on their faces. Morpheus appears at the doorway, leaning on the frame, nearly fainting himself. Mick settles down and makes eye contact with Trinity.

TRINITY
Mick, you're safe.

She holds him. As he breaks into tears and sobs.

MORPHEUS
Trinity... you had better take him back into the Matrix, as soon as possible. He will die, soon, if you don't. This is too much for an unprepared mind.

What is the Matrix? Control. The Matrix is a computer-generated dreamworld built to keep us under control in order to change a human being into.... I can't go back can I? No. But if you could, would you really want to? I feel that I owe you an

apology. There is a rule that we do not free a mind once it reaches a certain age. It is dangerous. They have trouble letting go. Their mind turns against them.[4]

SCENE 75

INT. MACKIE'S APARTMENT

Mackie takes a pizza from a young delivery boy at the door. She is wearing a bath robe. She pays him. She is mesmerized at his beauty and reminded of Mick. She locks the door. Grabs a pizza and sits on the sofa with some wine and her book *Celtic Sexual Myths.* Irish music in the background. Suddenly, two lazer beams of light appear in her bedroom and materialize, with Trinity and Mick standing there. Mackie cannot see them from the living room. Mick is very weary and Trinity takes him to the living room and he falls into Mackie's lap, almost unconscious. They embrace. Mackie looks at Trinity, dumbfounded with such a surprise.

MACKIE
Whattaa.. the hell! How did you get in my bedroom? What? Mick? Whattaa..? Are you alright? What has happened to him? What have you done?

SCENE 76

EXT. CITY STREETS

A black cadillac is followed down the night-lit streets of the city. A red light on the road stops the traffic.

INT. AGENT'S CAR

View of the red street light through the windshield. Window wipers moving away small rivulets of water. Two Agents sit in the front seat, looking out the front window.

AGENT BROWN
We have word that a contact will soon be made. Let's make this a worthy visit.

He smiles. The light turns green, and they rapidly head off, squeeling the tires (close-up), into the distance through the rain and tire spray from the pavement.

---

4 Morpheus and Neo conversing in Wachowski & Wachowski (2000) pp. 313-314.

SCENE 77

INT. MACKIE'S APARTMENT

Neo materializes in the bedroom as well. Trinity sees him but Mackie is looking down at Mick on her lap still on the couch. Trinity waves at Neo to stay in the bedroom out of sight.

MACKIE

Visibly angry.

You better fucking start explaining...

TRINITY
Mackie, you have to take care of Mick here. But I'm afraid. I don't know why Mick is the key. Can you help us, Mackie?

MACKIE
What? Key? What's wrong? Mick?

Mick starts hallucinating again. He makes gurgling noises and starts pulling at his hair. He begins to bite his arm and scratches wrecklessly his face. Mackie and Trinity try to restrain him. But nothing helps.

Mick? You hear me. Mick. Don't Mick!
No. Don't fuck up! No Mick! Not now!

She slaps his face. Then runs to the phone.

TRINITY
What are you doing?

MACKIE
Calling emergency!

SCENE 78

INT. TAVERN SCENE

Tab, Dan and several young men are having beers in a loud crowded night club. Woman dancing on the stage in the background. Colored lights flashing. Tab takes a black beret off one of the guys he is sitting with. Throws it up in the air. They all cheer and raise their arms in victory gestures. Tab takes a long drink, then gets up and asks a woman at the bar to dance and they move out into the crowd. Tab is drunk and makes sexual advances as the camera moves to their feet close together, and the loud pounding music.

You see, sweet boy, you're repressing, aren't you? Admit it, sweet boy. All that rational science has cut your head off from your body, hasn't it.... I don't know,

Chloe, I don't know. Well you have, sweet boy. And that is why you think that bodiless cyberheaven will be our salvation. But that is simply a projection into the future of your own repressed state.[5]

SCENE 79

INT. AGENT'S CAR

The two Agents are looking out at the hospital neon sign. Raining heavily. They look at each other.

AGENT JONES
This is where the ID tracking on Mac-R2 leads. He's in there and I suspect there are others. Let's call a hit.

Agent Brown sees Neo and Trinity running under an umbrella toward the emergency exit doors.

AGENT BROWN
Looks like Morpheus's crew has arrived just on time. Our time.

SCENE 80

INT. HOSPITAL-EMERGENCY ENTRANCE

Trinity and Neo stop at the Emergency Desk for assistance of where to find Mick and Mackie. They are pointed to the elevators.

INT. HOSPITAL-PSYCHIATRIC WARD

Mackie is pacing outside Mick's room. Very upset, she looks down the hallway as Trinity runs toward her, Neo is less in a hurray.

NEO
I'll be right with ya. The pizza isn't sitting so well.

He slips into the men's washroom. Trinity carries on and almost embraces Mackie but stops. Mackie seems upset about Mick but also very angry at Trinity.

TRINITY

With a wryly pained-face and guilt.

I never planned to take Mick with us. It was a mistake, I guess.

---

5 From Wilber (2002), p. 120.

MACKIE
Look bitch! Who ever you people are. Leave us out of your battles. We have enough of our own. Just fuck off! Leave us alone!

Mackie moves to the door and sees Mick in his bed with lots of medical tubes and machines near him. The psychiatrist and nurse leave.

PSYCHIATRIST

Collected and calm, he looks at Mackie.

You can see him. Don't disturb him. I'll contact you in a few days on his condition, after we do some tests.

INT. MICK'S HOSPITAL ROOM

Mackie enters and goes direct to Mick's side. Trinity follows sheepishly at a distance and stands at the door. Sentimental music plays in the background. Mick's eyes open and he looks at Mackie.

MICK
They were going to burn MEEEEEE...

MACKIE
Shhh. Mick don't.

MICK
Mackieeeee....

He grabs her hand and squeezes. He chokes up some fluids. His breathing is difficult. Mackie tries to calm him.

MACKIE
You're coming home with me. As soon...

MICK
Mackie. I don't want to be home.

He pauses and grabs her hand, squeezing.

Not here. Not anymore. My brain is fucked, man.

He sees Mackie's eyes watering as she turns her head down unable to look Mick in the eyes.

What a trip! Mackie I saw... It was so worth it... Seeing this far out ship. Morpheus. Trinity in her hell. Like it was the greatest... a blast travelin' with these weird dudes.

He smiles at Trinity. Trinity cannot return it.

I've never lived like that before, Mackie. It was so unreal, that was real, realer than anything I've ever known, so wonderfully alive. For once I felt like I belonged. No more fucking fearful assholes, consuming like morons every-thing they can get their paws on. Manson was right. Mackieeee.... I have been drawing maps of the cosmos and theories... but they are nothing but maps. So, you see, I can't go back. I have no home. I...

He falls unconscious. Mackie startles and shakes his limp body.

MACKIE
Mick! Don't! Mick! Wake up! Shit.

She is crying and yet very angry, turning to Trinity to direct it, as she feels helpless.

Now what? Great! He's almost dead. Tony's funeral tomorrow... we're fucked. And for you chic, Tab is NOT my fucking boyfriend! Stay out of my business, out of our lives, and don't mess with the Resistance! You got it! Get the fuck out!

Trinity eases out the door, holding back the tears. She sees Neo coming toward her. Suspenseful music begins in background and builds. He holds her. Neo's cell phone rings.

TANK (V.O.)
We got trouble. You got trouble. Agents. Morpheus is really sick. And we got worms... goddamn giant mud slugs trying to crack into the hull of the ship. I need help, ah ... a little help.

NEO
We'll be right there.

TRINITY
You go. I'm staying.

NEO
Like hell, Trinity! This isn't real!

Trinity goes to speak but can't, she looks in Mick's room. She is heart broken.

Trinity, whatever you feel, right now, I remember it very well. I've been there. I know the pull. It's very fresh in my memory. Trin. you have been out for over three years. Maybe, you have forgotten

how strong it is... it is like a drug that wants to pull you back into the Matrix. I'm breaking my addiction. Don't let yours... We're going. It's an order. You owe nothing to the Matrix!

Trinity resists his words.

TRINITY

In a whisper

I feel... love...

NEO
The pull is fear, not love. An order Trin.!

Trinity bursts into Mick's room, Neo sees Agents coming from the elevator down the hall. A shot is fired and breaks the door glass of Mick's room. Neo tries to stop more bullets and can't; he dodges them but is wounded on the shoulder. He tries to see through the Matrix but can't. He ducks into Mick's room.

NEO
Trin. I can't. The Matrix has us.

TRINITY
Mackie. I know I've fucked up. You gotta trust me. Mick is the key. The Agents know where he is. They will kill you. You've gotta hide. Stay away from...

MACKIE

Mackie hesitates to follow directions, but is too frightened to be alone. Trinity guides her to hide under the bed. As Mackie is under the bed she sticks her head out.

I hope you are ...

Trinity looks longingly at her eye to eye.

NEO
Tank! We're ready.

Just as the Agent's appear behind the door to Mick's room, with guns pointed, Trinity and Neo dematerialize in lazer light and disappear.

Everybody starts out living in a fragmented, broken, dualistic, brutalized state. The world is divided into subject versus object, self versus other, me in here versus the world out there. Once the world is broken in two, the world knows only pain, suffering, torment, terror. In the gap between subject and object lies the entire misery of humankind.... You are that Witness, aren't you?.... Make love to me...

make love to the sky... kiss the heavens... explode out of yourself into the universe.... This is what men and women do for each other.... Chloe, can you imagine the entire universe on Ecstasy?[6]

The collapse of the World Trade Center towers is unimaginable, but that is not enough to make it a real event. An excess of violence is not enough to open on to reality. For reality is a principle, and it is this principle that is lost. Reality and fiction are inextricable, and the fascination with the attack is primarily a fascination with the image... its catastrophic consequences are themselves largely imaginary.[7]

SCENE 81

INT. HOVERCRAFT

Dramatic music continues loudly. Large slugs with huge rows of teeth are sliming all over the windshield of the hovercraft. They have rasping tongues that scrape the glass and metal in a horrible sound. Cracking is heard and the ship moves suddenly, turning several degrees, so that everything is on a steep slant, the ship is slowly moving. Everyone is freaked inside. Tank greets Trinity and Neo who materialize from their adventure in the Matrix. Morpheus, with a blanket over his body, is standing at the door entrance, very sick looking and he falls to his knees.

TANK
Their moving us somewhere.

EXT. SEWERS

Huge slugs are all over in the sludge, moving like rivers of massive slime. They are collecting around the ship, visibly surrounding it and moving the ship slowly through the sludge.

INT. HOVERCRAFT

MORPHEUS
Tank. This is at least movement. With a little luck... Start the engines on low power, go gently.

The sound of jet-like engines begins to whine.

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[6] From Wilber (2002), pp. 448-449, 455.
[7] Excerpt from Baudrillard (2002), pp. 28-29.

NEO
I thought we were going to wait until tomorrow?

MORPHEUS
There'll be no tomorrow, if we don't get free now.

Morpheus looks at Trinity. She can hardly look at him in the eyes.

MORPHEUS
Get ready for full power, Tank.

TRINITY
Wait! Let the worms do the work. Look!

EXT. SEWERS

There is a long line of worms/slugs carrying the ship on their backs, moving it out of the sludge.

INT. HOVERCRAFT

TRINITY
They have a motive.

TANK
Leave it to our worm psychologist.

Trinity moves to the window to view them closely. They have little eyes bulging and blinking with a phosphorescent luminious green light. Trinity is mesmerized and her feeling shifts from fear to curiousity.

TRINITY
They are taking us... it is like we are one of their egg capsules, or something...

MORPHEUS
It's the, or something, that bothers me.

NEO
Dinner.

TRINITY
No.

SCENE 82

INT. MICK'S HOSPITAL ROOM

The two Agents, gritting their teeth, look at Mick. The camera zooms to Mackie's view from beneath the bed, as she looks terrified staring out at two pairs of black very expensive men's dress shoes.

AGENT JONES
His ID ring-piercing worked proficiently. We'll get them next time.

AGENT BROWN
Yes. Tomorrow. Have you been able to find out more about the Doris girl?

AGENT JONES
Nothing. What should we do with Mac-R2?

AGENT BROWN
Our little friend, doesn't seem to be going anywhere fast. He'll be the lure. and we will... catch the fish.

They walk out the door.

SCENE 83

INT. HOVERCRAFT

Chaotic scene as the crew are tossed and turned with the moving of the ship on the backs of the giant sludge worm-like creatures.

TRINITY
Tank!

TANK
I'm with ya.

NEO
What are you thinkin Trin.?

TRINITY
Morpheus?

MORPHEUS
I'm with ya.

TRINITY
Tank, engines, full.

The ship shakes and all the interior lights go out momentarily.

EXT. SEWERS

The sludge is spewing around the whining engines of the hovercraft, the worms begin to dislodge from the ship's upper surfaces and the ship slowly eases away from the sludge and takes off.

TANK
Alright! Zion, here we come. Brilliant. Trinity and her worms, save the day.

The crew sighs in relief.

MORPHEUS

Walks to Trinity and Neo and puts his hand on their shoulders. Then hands Tank a computer disc.

I trust everything went OK. Tank, these are the secret coordinates to the portal to Zion. We ought to be there in a few hours. If all goes well, from there, we'll be... I mean, Dozer and Tank will be home in no time at all. Everyone, get some rest.

He leaves the room, walking wearily.

NEO
Great work Trin. Tank. I'm looking forward to seeing our real home.

TRINITY
I would too, but... Zion, is for humans.

TANK
You are humans. Modified. Upgraded. Geez. I personally invite you to my home, then.

TRINITY
Thanks. Neo, can I see you for a minute?

Trinity and Neo walk out of the room together. The ship whizzes off through the sewers.

SCENE 84

INT. MACKIE'S APARTMENT

Classical music in the background. Mackie in her night robe is in a darkened living room sitting in a meditation pose on a pillow in front of the big window, we see the sun setting through the clouds. She gropes behind the pillow for a pill bottle. Takes the lid off, then stops. Is silent. She puts the lid back on and replaces the bottle. The rain stops. The camera focus on her watching the sun. We look through Mackie's eyes at the city-scape and then the sunset and

float with the beautiful inspirational and transcendent music until the sun goes down. In the background an old crone's voice booms out the following words:

What are the words you do not yet have? What do you need to say? What are the tyrannies you swallow day by day and attempt to make your own, until you will sicken and die of them, still in silence?.... I am the face of one of your fears. Because I am a woman... because I am lesbian, because I am myself– a Black woman warrior poet doing my work– come to ask you, are you doing yours?[8]

SCENE 85

INT. HOVERCRAFT-TRINITY'S ROOM

Trinity is lying on the bed distraught. Neo is sitting on the edge of the bed, listening attentively.

TRINITY
I can't help thinking of them.

NEO
I can't help thinking of you.

TRINITY
I hope Mackie... Do you think Mick is going to be OK?

NEO
You seem to be the psychologist... I think he's had a bad trip and his mind has shut down.

TRINITY
Damn. I shouldn't have...

NEO
Trinity, you did what you did because you had to. Shouldn'ts... well, they aren't very helpful. I spent my whole life in the Matrix unhappy, knowing there was something more, knowing there was something I was afraid of and wouldn't face, and every morning I would wake up in bed and face a life, my life, and think I shouldn't be here. Mick. I think he knows where he wants to be. His time with us, was the most 'real' experience he ever had. Trin. I know that is hard to accept.

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[8] Quote from Lorde (1977/1995), p. 204.

TRINITY
I can accept that. I can't accept that he slept with his mother until he was fourteen.

NEO
Incest. Holy shit. Poor Mick.

TRINITY
What does that do to a young boy's mind? Shit. I've spent nearly my entire life in a machine's bed. The Matrix is the most "loving" mother I've had. And I was her slave.

NEO
And Mick, was his mother's sex slave. The Matrix, is a mother?

TRINITY
What else? Christ, that is what is so disturbing. I don't know what a mother is. How can I know who I am? I need to be alone right now.

Neo kisses her on the head and leaves her room. Sentimental music comes up in the background. She begins running her hand through her hair. Pulls off her boots and rubs her feet sensuously. Then moves a hand up her ankle, to her thigh, then to her belly and rubs slowly. She looks down at her own body. Pulls the sweatshirt up a bit and places both hands on her abdomen and holds herself. She falls back and closes her eyes. She shivers. Rubs her arms and holds herself. Her eyes are moving below her eyelids. Various facial expressions of good feelings and unsure feelings cross her face. Fade out to black as the music fades out.

SCENE 86

EXT. WOODS-RIVERSIDE

The camera follows over meadows and comes to a rushing small river in the woods. We hear two women's voices talking and laughing in the background. Splashing. They seem in bliss. But no bodies are seen. A dragonfly flits along the surface in rhythm with the voices, in rhythm with classical string music, and the joyful chaotic laughter of two women. A deep sweet woman's voice recites Eva Gore-Booth's poetry:

Woman (V.O.)
We are the daughters of
crowned Queens, the children
of the sword,
Our mothers went forth to battle
strong-armed and eager to dare,
Their souls were fierce with freedom,

They loved, and they called no man Lord,
Freely the winds of Eirinn could tangle
their loose-flowing hair.[9]

The laughing stops. The dragon fly settles on a petal, Close-up reveals its large eyes, shimmering with rainbow colors. Two women dialogue, with soft voices, as we see two unknown beautiful women's faces looking at each other, with the river in the background.

WOMAN 1(V.O.)
I will go forth with thee into the night.

She takes the stranger's hand.

WOMAN 2 (V.O.)
Does thou not fear?

WOMAN 1 (V.O.)
Nay, then, why should I fear? My soul is luminous with a strange light as of deep waters cool and green and clear or sunlight in a green-hung forest glade. How could I fear and hold thee by the hand? Shall not all evil things shrink back afraid?[10]

They walk off together, hand in hand, as the music fades.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE 87

INT. MACKIE'S BEDROOM

The green folds of satin are followed (close-up), like river's waves shimmering under the moon light. The fish tank is dark. The light has been turned off. The bubbling continues softly in the background. Mackie is laying in bed reading beneath the sheet. A small reading light on the book Mackie is holding illuminates the text, as Mackie's voice reads the words:

MACKIE (V.O.)
This image of the two women, walking hand in hand through unimaginable danger, is central to Gore-Booth's work. Gore-Booth's form of feminism was always less a matter of theories than of individual women uplifting and upholding each other. Eva was as much an educator of the enlightenment as she was a political

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[9] From the poem "Lament of the Daughters of Ireland" by Eva Gore-Booth, c. early 1900s, In Donoghue (1997), pp. 26-27.
[10] Adapted from the play "Unseen Kings" (an excerpt c. 1900), in Donoghue (1997), p.28.

activist on the streets. She wrote her first Editorial for *Women's Labour News,* describing the radical paper's aims as being "to light a few street lamps here and there in the darkest ways, to let us at all events [rallies] see one another's faces and recognize our comrades."[11]

Mackie lays back in awe at Eva's life and words. She holds the book up again. We watch (close-up) of Mackie's face, with classical string utopic music in the background, as she reads one of Eva's poems:

MACKIE
Utopia. Is there a force that can end
The woe of the world's war?
Yea, when a friend meets a friend
There shall be peace once more.[12]

Mackie closes the book and places it on her chest. Hugging it as if it was a long lost lover. Tears roll from her eyes as the light goes out and she falls asleep.

SCENE 88

INT. HOVERCRAFT-TRINITY'S ROOM

The screen is filled with a web page, entitled EVA GORE-BOOTH'S LIFE AND POETRY. The text is blurry and then we see , from the back, Trinity, naked, yawning and stretching in front of the computer screen. She hits some codes and types in Mackie Doris. Hits Enter.

SCENE 89

INT. MACKIE'S BEDROOM

The screen is filled with a computer screen that is black with a cursor flashing in the upper corner. The letters type on the screen: *Mackie? Are you there? Follow the question....*Mackie is asleep but stirs, and looks over to her computer screen. She hesitates, then reaches out and types in the words (from Eva's poetry recalled): *For love at the heart of the storm, Breaks the waves of wild air, And God in our human form, Is life's answer to prayer.*[13]

FADE TO BLACK.

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[11] Excerpt from Donoghue (1997), p. 32 and from Eva Gore-Booth's first Editorial published c. 1914 in *Women's Labour News.*
[12] Excerpt from the poem "Utopia" (c. 1915) by Eva Gore-Booth, in Donoghue (1997), p. 32.
[13] Excerpt from the poem "Utopia" (c. 1915) by Eva Gore-Booth, in Donoghue (1997), p. 32.

SCENE 90

INT. HOVERCRAFT

The whining engines calm down. The ship rests, as Tank puts on the intercom.

TANK

In a very happy mood.

Rise and shine. Zion is near. The portal is waiting. Never fear. Tank and Dozer, and all the little elves, are ...

Morpheus enters.

MORPHEUS
The portal?

TANK
Yes, sir!

Neo and Trinity join them.

MORPHEUS

Types on the computer.

This signal will send a message to Zion controls in the main frame computer. We will have to await recognition of our codes to get access. Then the screens...

NEO
What are the screens?

TANK
They are high pressure, I'm not exactly sure? Sir?

MORPHEUS
When the remaining humans retreated to the center of the Earth to escape the total control of A.I. and the Matrix, they had to construct a way to travel that would keep the enemy from accessing the portal. The vacuum is like a mini-black hole in outer space. Once you enter it you travel immensely fast, faster than the speed of light, to the center of the earth. Only humans believed they had the engineering technology available to withstand that speed.

TANK
A.I. and Sentinels can't get through?

MORPHEUS
Apparently not. The screens are a series of high pressure cells that we have to go through, one by one... a bit like locks for a ship, before you get to the ocean. Each cell tests the ships abilities to withstand the journey through the portal to earth.

TANK
The pressures increase through each cell. If this little Neb holds together by the third cell, then we are on our sweet way.

NEO
And if not?

A signal comes back from Zion's computer. It reads "Advance". An intermittent buzzing sound begins and accompanies the journey through the portal screens.

MORPHEUS
If not. We don't go anywhere near Zion. We'll decide when we get there. Tank, move in.

The engines whine and the ship lurches very slowly ahead toward a massive swirling of energy that is like a suction funnel in the sewers.

SCENE 91

AGENT'S HIGHRISE OFFICE

Agent Brown is looking out over the city. Agent Jones enters the door.

AGENT JONES
You've heard?

AGENT BROWN
Yes. The Sentinels have picked up their track. I've given the coordinates to the main computer and have directed the Sentinels to head them off at the portal to Zion.

AGENT JONES
What's the plan?

Agent Brown removes his security ear-phone and so does Agent Jones.

AGENT BROWN
The Sentinels are programmed to stop Morpheus, disable his craft and make an alias of their ship.

AGENT JONES
A facsimile of Morpheus's ship?

AGENT BROWN

Smiling.

Exactly. And once they've done that. Then, direct, to the centre of Zion and its final demise. And you and I then carry out our our own secret route to get out of this hell hole.

SCENE 92

EXT. CITY SCAPE

Haunting and sad music, chanting voices, fill the background. From a bird's eye view the streets are lining with people. Police cars are everywhere. Military helicopters cruising by, with big guns. Army trucks arrive and drop off men who settle in all over. There are snipers everywhere on roof tops.

INT. MACKIE'S MOTHER'S HOUSE

A modest home. In the living room Tab is talking with Mackie's step father. Sombre music arises. Mackie is in front of the mirror straightening her hair and pin-striped jacket. Her mother comes down the stairs, talking to herself and ordering the step father around, to find her purse. Dan enters the front door, with a shocking look. He goes to Tab, and Mackie comes up beside them. Dan whispers

DAN
Holy shit. I've never seen so many ah the fuckers. Tony is gettin' a special goin' away party.

TAB
Tony's special alright. They are going to control us. I've been told by their chief asshole that we are not to wear balaclavas, have no guns in hand, and no shooting over the coffin.

MACKIE
Sounds good to me.

TAB

Angrily

Well not to me! And nobody tells us what to do!

DAN

Mackie. You donna understand d'ese things like Tab...

She is hurt but holds back. Mackie turns to get her mom by the arm and they all move out together.

TAB

Where's Mick?

DAN

He'll probably meet us there.

Sarcastically

If he remembers?

Mackie looks at Tab, giving away nothing.

EXT. FRONT YARD

Several RUCs dressed in full military gear block the gateway. Several IRA members are lined up outside the fence waiting. They cheer when Tab and Mackie walk to the gate to face the RUCs. Mackie's mom starts mumbling and is terrified. Mackie calms her with a hand on her hand, then moves to the gate with Tab and Dan.

TAB

We have a casket of one of our best comrades in this house. We are on our way to the funeral hall. And I would expect you would like to go there with us. But until you leave this gate, and back off... big time! We are not moving from here, and I'll suspect there is going to be a lot of blocked traffic, and a lot of frightened folks watching you blocking a funeral on T.V.

Loud military helicopters fly overhead. We see the RUCs talking to Tab but can't hear them with all the noise. Mackie looks at Tab with a firm face and is right with him. Tab takes Mackie's hand and she holds it firm. The RUCs back off. Irish music of marching drones on (Enigma music with chanting), as several IRA young men and women come to the front yard and enter to go with Dan and Mackie into the house. Tab takes Mackie's mom and step dad to the hearse waiting out front. Seconds later, a casket appears on the top of eight people's shoulders. Mackie is one of them. The IRA flag covers the casket with a black beret on top. They walk solemnly in step out the yard and to the hearse. Loading the casket in, then the car loading door closes.

INT. HEARSE (and CITY STREETS)

Mackie looks out the window, driving by the crowded streets as people's faces pass... some are dead sad, some angry and waving fists at her. She is motionless, her face without expression.

SCENE 93

EXT. PORTALS

Racing suspenseful music comes in as the Sentinels pour down through the sewer pipes, at blistering speed.

INT. HOVERCRAFT

The crew are watching out the window, as they begin to enter the vortex of the first screen at the portal. The ship is cracking and trembling loudly. The noise is horrific. The crew members look at each other in anticipation and concern. Trinity grabs Neo's hand.

SCENE 94

EXT. COMMUNITY HALL

The doors of an old community hall fling open and IRA members file out in a joyful mood. They line the sidewalk awaiting. Inspiring victorious marching music plays in the background. The casket appears, and Mackie's body and face are stiff looking straight ahead. The rain comes down lightly. Dark clouds gather overhead. Mackie is stunning in conviction as the scene turns to slow motion. Her proudness and her pain are trapped in a suspended space, where she does what is her duty as sister and IRA member. The casket jostles up and down, with the carriers, the rhythm is entrancing, highlighted by the bouncing of Mackie's long shining brown hair. Her eyes are red and watering but not a tear. The casket is carried down the roadway to a cemetary. RUCs and police in the hundreds are all over watching, on alert, with their guns pointing. The scene turns tense as the music becomes more disturbing. Tab is walking on the other side of Mackie. He is grim yet calm, he checks glances with many of his members along the route. The bird's eye view camera angle catches the long line moving into the cemetary, often disappearing behind the dense tops of tree foliage, a green garden in a strange Paradise.

SCENE 95

EXT. SEWERS

Sentinels continue racing through the sewers. The mini Neb hovercraft is spotted in the distance going through the first screen.

INT. HOVERCRAFT

Loud emergency buzzer goes off inside the control room. Everyone is startled.

TANK
Sentinels. Goddamn!

MORPHEUS
Stay steady, Tank. How could they have found the portal? Steady. If we can get through these cells... Trinity? Any ideas?

TRINTIY
Any ideas? Ah...

TANK
We need ya Trin. Where's our worm psychologist? I hope ya got training in Sentinel psych...

Trinity looks at Neo in some despair. The mini Neb flips around and enters a calm quiet space.

MORPHEUS
We're through the first portal. There...

Morpheus points to another vortex in the sewers.

Tank, pick up speed. We'll have to risk going through the second and third screens faster.

NEO
Let's hope the Sentinels are not as lucky as we are.

They observe the Sentinels enter the first part of the vortex of the first screen and they are tossed around. The ship is jostled and loud noise comes up again with suspenseful music. The ship rattles and cracks, and a small leak occurs in the hull, with air spilling in.

MORPHEUS
Trinity get the pressure suits.

Neo and Trinity run off. Morpheus and Tank see the Sentinels closing in.

MORPHEUS
Full ahead, Tank.

The ship tosses and makes it through the second screen. The Sentinels are close and hit the second screen and pieces are flying, as they shatter. The little Neb is hit by fragments causing further damage. The windshield is cracked. The leaking air is more intense. Trinity and Neo dressed in pressure suits help their crew with getting them on.

TANK
Sentinels gone, now one more obstacle.

MORPHEUS

Yelling, almost in a panic.

Tank! Kill the engines.

The ship settles into a calm and quiet. The air still spilling in with a high pressure hissing sound.

We've got to fix that leak. Neo, Trinity...

They help Morpheus who is nearly collapsing. Then he directs them what to do to fix the leaking hovercraft. Through the cracked windshield, the larger third vortex looms ahead.

SCENE 96

INT. TAVERN SCENE

Scene opens with people dancing in the middle of a polka dot dance floor. With lots of colored lights. Loud rock music. Women and men flinging their bodies all over. Camera zooms in on a table at the back, through the smoke-filled air. Tab, Dan, Mackie and a few other male Volunteers are sitting and talking, with lots of beer flying around. Mackie is on the edge of her seat, visibly uncomfortable, while the others seem to be having a good time.

TAB
Those fuckers, we showed them. I just loved it when the casket was going down... ah, shit... that was so great.

DAN
Fuckkya man. Great.

TAB
Just one gun shot up to heaven, for our ol' Tony. And it won't be our last.

Tab shouts so everyone can hear.

IRA! IRA! IRA! IRA! IRA!

Shouts echo in unison throughout the bar. More drinks go down. The guys laugh.

Cheer up Mackie!

DAN
Tony would want that. Ya.

Mackie is expressionless and looks straight at Tab.

TAB
Hey, Mackie? Where the hell is Mick?

Mackie gets up angrily.

MACKIE
I'm going to phone and find out.

She goes to a pay phone at the other end of the bar. Guys sexually lear at her, as she walks by them without a flinch, like she is still carrying Tony's coffin. She takes out a note of paper from her jacket pocket and dials on a public phone.

E-TRINITY (V.O.)
The Fear Matrix has you. Follow the question, Mackie. Follow the ...

Mackie slams the receiver down. She finally breaths and her body losens but her curiousity is going wild. She looks around to see if anybody is watching her. All she sees are men learing. She checks the phone number and dials again.

NURSE (V.O.)
Frazer General Hospital. Psychiatric ward. Can I help you?

MACKIE
Is still stunned.
I...

NURSE (V.O.)
Can I help you?

MACKIE
Could I talk to a patient... ah, Mick McGirr, please.

NURSE (V.O.)
Just a moment.

Long pause. Mackie looks at the topless women dancing on stage on the far side of the bar. The camera stays on the dancing women as the voice answers

I'm sorry, but Mr. McGirr, passed away at 10 o'clock this morning. Are you a relative?

The phone drops, hanging by its cord. Mackie is gone.

Hello? Hello?

The loud rock music resumes.

SCENE 97

INT. HOVERCRAFT

Suspenseful music and chaos on board as they enter the third screen. The ship is tossed and the lights go out.

SCENE 98

EXT. CITYSCAPE

Rain is coming down hard. Bird's eye view tracks a lone person walking, crossing the busy road. Walking to a playground park, Mackie sits on a swing. Her shoes (close-up) drip with mud and water is running in over the top from a puddle that has collected under the swing. Heartfelt grieving vocal music arises (Sinnead O'Connor). The feet move in slow motion across the grass, across some mud, then we see her lean on a fence overlooking the ocean. She undoes the top button of her white blouse, grasps the locket around her neck. Her face is firm, almost joyous momentarily. She looks straight up in the sky. The rain drops come down on the camera lens.

SCENE 99

EXT. SEWERS

The hovercraft is thrown around in the vortex of the third screen and tossed out.

INT. HOVERCRAFT

MORPHEUS
Full power. Tank!

TANK

Shocked and disappointed.

There's nothing left!

The ship settles on the bottom of the sewers, with the vortex spinning nearby.

TRINITY
What?

NEO
What happened?

Loud crack and the ship rattles and stops all movement. The lights come back on. Morpheus types in a code on the computers. A reply comes back.

MORPHEUS
Zion. Their computer. We're rejected. The little Neb is not heavy or strong enough. We're lucky to be alive.

TANK
Sir? Dozer?... Zion?

MORPHEUS
Plan B.

SCENE 100

INT. AGENT'S SECURITY ROOM

Buzzer goes off with a red flashing light turning green. A huge metal door opens and the two Agents walk in. Agent Brown moves to the desk and pulls out the tape player. The video screen on the desk goes up and lights up. Agent Jones opens a safe and brings the small tape over. He hits a switch and the surveillance cameras turn up and off. The wall comes down to cover the one-way windows in the room. They both pull off their security ear-phones.

AGENT BROWN
It's unfortunate, Morpheus seems to have escaped the Sentinels. They are on their way to Zion. However, our efforts have not been wasted as we have a Resistance to smash right here, in our city.

AGENT JONES
With Mac-R2, disposed, we have lost our bait.

AGENT BROWN
The one they call Tab, is next.

AGENT JONES

Places the tape on the desk.

We'll get on him right away. The files from the tape analysis have been completed. Shall we see what was found?

AGENT BROWN
Yes.

Agent Brown takes the tape and slips it into the player. The video screen wavers with some static. The program goes through several sequenced codes, and a mechanical voice is heard.

COMPUTER (V.O.)
The dissipation of Agent Smith was due to a program error, not anticipated, in

the design parameters of an Agent. The key is, what humans call, fear. Our programming simulator routines are translating data under new analysis. This is all, for now.

AGENT JONES
Fear? What does that mean?

Fear. It's a wonderful thing. It is the most powerful force in the human world. Not love, not hate, fear.... We are defined by the things we fear.[14]

SCENE 101

INT. HOVERCRAFT

Morpheus types in codes to Zion's computer.

TANK
I didn't know there was a Plan B sir?

MORPHEUS
Yes. There it is. Good. Zion's mainframe has allowed me access to request assistance. I'm asking they send a small ship to us to pick up those who want to go into Zion.

TRINITY
So? Who's going?

NEO
Who's staying?

MORPHEUS
That, will be up to you?

SCENE 102

EXT. MACKIE'S APARTMENT

A rainsoaked Mackie walks up the steps to her apartment. Tab is waiting at her apartment door, smoking a cigarette.

TAB
I wondered where you were. We heard

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[14] Master, speaking on the TV series Buffy The Vampire Slayer. Season One, Vol. 2, The Script Book, p. 213.

about Mick. Some of the boys tracked him down. Shit. Really sorry, Mackie. I know you two were close and everything. Bad timing. You have more than enough...

MACKIE
And you Tab? Isn't it more than enough for you? Or do you just keep on going forward, without a step back, without a feeling...

TAB
Mackie. I know you are hurting. I am too. Let's say we show it different. Look. I just want to say, I'm sorry, ah...

MACKIE
Sorry, for what?

TAB
Let's go in, Mackie. We can talk and ...

She angrily interrupts him.

MACKIE
And have sex. Did you bring more gifts?

She moves in front of him to unlock the door.

Go away Tab. I...

She closes the door, with Tab outside.

TAB
Mackie. They're taking Mick's body to his parents' in Scotland today.

INT. MACKIE'S APARTMENT

Mackie is shocked as she leans her head on the door. Crying. Tab shouts out.

Mackie?

MACKIE
I hear ya?

TAB
Do you want to go to the hospital to see him? I'll take you, if you want.

MACKIE
No. There's nothing to see.

Tab leaves. She takes off her wet clothes and runs a hot shower. She opens the blinds on the bathroom window and sees Tab walking with Dan

to the truck. Suddenly, she jumps out of the shower, grabs her cell phone and dials.

MACKIE
Tab! Don't go. Mick is bait. Stay away from him. Keep everyone away. He's got some kind of surveillance bug on him. His rings. Something? I'm not sure. I overhead dics talking about him at the hospital. Stay away!

She hangs up the phone. Shuts off the shower and dries herself with a towel. Feeds the fish on her way. Flops into bed. Grabs her book on her grandmother's life and writing. She holds it in her arms, half under the covers. She lights a candle beside the bed. Then opens the book to where she last left off. Mackie's voice reads the words

MACKIE (V.O.)
Eva had a long love relationship with Esther G. Roper. The word lesbian was not used to describe their relationship. They were rather accepted together, unofficially, as Victorian women friends. Esther was very different than Eva. She was a university graduate, half Irish and working class. She campaigned for working women's rights. Eva left Ireland to live with Esther in England. Their differences seemed to complement each other but we know very little about their relationship.[15]

Old photos of Eva and Esther and the places they lived are shown back and forth between shots of Mackie reading.

In the few poems that Eva directly wrote about them, there were no overt disclosures about their sex life. However, Eva was careful to keep the gaze of their loving friendship focused on something that was greater than the two of them and their love. This spiritual connection, which Eva had with her own grandmother, carried through to her love relationship with Esther. Eva's emphasis of this love for Esther, was a love for all women and was signified in her several poems that accent the eroticism of women holding hands.

Soft Irish romantic folk music in the background.

In Eva's poem 'Comrades' the essence of her love for Esther is evoked: *"We who have followed the same star and fought for*

---

[15] All of the following notes and poems are excerpted from Donoghue (1997).

the same dream, Are bound together forever by the wild deed's bond and power. Behold we have cast our nets into the same dark stream, we have climbed the same sheer cliff to seek the same blue flower."

Camera focuses on sorrow but delightful surprise glowing through Mackie's eyes, as she reads more.

Eva wrote of Ireland as a female. Her mission in writing was to use Celtic mythology, and all its male heros, as a base to re-write her own way. She feminized and lesbianised the stories handed down to her. But she never casted herself as a sexual or political dissident nor heroine. She worshipped Godess figures in mythology, but no more than did she worship her own grandmother and the strong matriarchal line of women from where she came. W.B. Yeats was known to visit Eva as a favored young girl. He read her all the Irish stories he was collecting and re-writing in poetry. Yeats lamented the loss of youth and innocence in Eva and her sister over the years, and eventually he as unable to accept fully her growth as an independent feminist and lesbian. Yeats wrote in 1895, in a letter to Olivia Shakespear, "She [Eva] does not know that she is the last victim." But Eva's feminism, and she wouldn't have called herself a "feminist" then, was based on her love and respect for nature and nature's rights. She often compared nature's right's to women's rights and that the patriarchy had done them both great damage in the past and the present. But Eva's writing is never on hating men, but rather on enjoying nature and the company of women. She praised the 'feminine ideal' as she praised the 'natural ideal' as the better way to live a just and beautiful life. But Eva's poetry and life were not escapist. She was a staunch activist with Esther. She was torn between living in the country at her beautiful childhood home and the dungy city life, with Esther. The city for Eva was never a place she could fully accept without criticism, and she often contrasted it with the 'Green World' she preferred. She wrote in 1905 (*Survival*): *"There is nothing good, There is nothing fair, Grows in the darkness thick and blind-- Pull down your high walls*

everywhere, Let in the sun, let in the wind.

Sarah McLachlan's *Fear* plays. Mackie looks up and is searching through her own memories.

EXT. GORE-BOOTH MANSION AND YARD

We see an old Victorian aristocrat mansion and pruned yards, the duck pond etc. A young boy and a younger girl playing along the edge of the pond. An older woman, calls to them for biscuits and juice. The little girl's face lights up, (close up) as the children look to the older woman. The little girl runs to her, flying into the older woman's lap.

FADE OUT.

Our children must develop healthy attitudes about their sexuality. Education is the only vaccine we have against the AIDS virus.[16]

SCENE 103

INT. MACKIE'S BEDROOM

Her alarm clock rings, reading 7:00. The morning birds are chirping outside. The phone rings, half asleep she picks it up.

MR. TOOLIS
Mackie. Hey, sorry to call so early. I wanted to tell you that you don't have to come to work. Never again.

MACKIE
Mr. Toolis? Whattaa??...

MR. TOOLIS
It's over. My store. In ruins. The insurance company won't touch it. It is evil. Evil. RUCs. Mackie... RUCs. My life is hell. So, find another job. I'm going back to England, where there is some sanity. Bye.

MACKIE
Ah... Mr. Toolis... ah...

---

[16] Dr. Joycelyn Elders, Surgeon General of the United States (People for the American Way, 1996, p. 16).

She hangs up the phone in shock. She puts her head under the sheet and we see a small curled body rolling and more sobbing. Suddenly her one hand reaches out and she takes the phone underneath the blanket and dials.

MACKIE (V.O.)
Hello. Could I make an appointment with Ezmeralda today?

SCENE 104

INT. HOVERCRAFT-DINING AREA

The crew are sitting down to a meal.

TANK
So, sounds like Zion's rescue ship will be here in the next few hours. So, who's goin' in... to Zion? Hey. I am sure Dozer and I...

MORPHEUS

Bluntly, without looking up from his dish of food.

As I said, who ever wants to go.

TRINITY
What about you sir?

MORPHEUS
I have a mission. Nothing changes for me.

He continues eating.

Trinity looks at Neo, and Neo at Tank. Everyone is very uncomfortable.

SCENE 105

INT. DAN'S TRUCK-CITY SCAPE

Dan's driving and stops at a red light. Tab is looking out the window. He watches the kids playing at recess on a school ground.

TAB
Those were the days.

DAN
Ya. Tony, Mick, alla' the guys. Shit. We hadda lot fuckn' fun, man. Good shit.

TAB
Ya. Good shit. Mackie's pretty fucked up lately.

DAN
Ya. Women, you know.

TAB

Refectively

Ya. I wish I did know. What a mind that girl has. Fuck... what a mind.

DAN
No good, such a mind of her own, like that... fuckn' women... that's all I want.

The street light turns green and the truck races off.

SCENE 106

INT. PSYCHIC'S OFFICE

The bell above the door rings, as Mackie is accompanied by Ezmeralda into her private space. New age mystical music in the background. Ezmeralda takes her hand slowly (slow motion), their hands (close-up) move across the table catching the light of the candle, almost hovering above the crystal ball. The camera goes into the crystal ball and down through a dark tunnel, where a small white light appears and gets bigger as we move down the tunnel, then out an opening into the air, and up a huge mountain cliff to the top edge. Suddenly the movement stops and a small brown rabbit is feeding in the grass. A small blue flower blows in the wind with a magnificent magical mountain view below. The rabbit moves to eat the blue flower, and an eagle swoops down with talons lifting the rabbit off the cliff and away. It flies down through the valley disappearing. The scene shifts through wave like dreamstate, to a cemetary far below, from a bird's eye view. The screech of an eagle is heard repeatedly. Classical sorrowful music in the background. The eye of the camera falls rapidly and descends on a grave stone with fresh dirt piled up, showing it is a new grave. We are descending like an eagle and as the grave stone nears, a dead rabbit drops, with a shocking thud, as its limp body hits the grave bed. Blood oozes out into the earth. The eagle screams loud, as the camera follows it flying off into the distance. The camera scans the rabbit's body, then up to the grave stone reading: *Tony Doris (1975-2001) A Rebel's Heart Never Fails.*

"THE LAST TEMPTATIONS OF CHRIST"

- BY MARTIN SCORESE

EARLY 1980's.

[redacted] DESERT SPIRITUAL [redacted]

[redacted] JESUS [redacted]

[redacted] DESERT [redacted] HIM.....

JESUS: "I'M AFRAID OF EVERYTHING."

"I DON'T KNOW BECAUSE I'M AFRAID."

"I WANT TO REBEL AGAINST EVERYTHING"

[redacted] "GOD---

BUT I'M AFRAID."

YOU KNOW WHO MY MOTHER & FATHER IS? YOU KNOW WHO MY GOD IS? IT'S FEAR; LOOK INSIDE ME THAT'S ALL YOU'LL FIND."

INTERMISSION BREAK

(slide)

"Child psychiatrists utilize a test called 'The Land of Fear,' developed on a principle using short phrases and drawings, which allows them to measure anxiety in children. The test is arranged into four categories: aggression, insecurity, abandonment, and death. The symbols that embody this land of fear' are of a cosmic nature (natural disasters such as earthquakes, fires, floods, and volcanic eruptions) and represent a terrifying bestiary (dragons, monsters, wolves, and other malevolent animals) as well as violent or wicked beings (hangmen, devils, witches, torturers, skeletons, ghosts, and apparitions). The landscape of this realm is made up of dismal forests, cemetaries, impenetrable castles, dark dungeons, and a vast arsenal of instruments of torture. Coffins and masks are objects of daily life. Children have no difficulty in identifying

with this 'land,' where, beyond their personal anguish, they recognize the symbols and images that represent what is regarded as the iconography of traditional fear. This childhood land of fear may be, nevertheless, the faint reflection or dramatic foreboding of a real country where individual fear has turned into collective panic. A land shrouded in secretive silence, with latent and deep-seated fears, wrapped in complicit cowardices, one directed by parodic autocrats and ruled by a system that is legitimized by its own terror, founded with torturers capable of falling in love with their victims...".[17]

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[17] Ainsa (1995), p. 683.

SCENE 107

INT. HOVERCRAFT-TRINITY'S ROOM

Trinity is typing at her computer. Loud knock at her door. She secretly closes the lid of the lap top.

TANK
It's me, tank! The Zion ship has signaled and will arrive in about 15 minutes.

Trinity goes to the door and lets him in.

TRINITY
Come on in.

TANK
I'm awful excited. How about you?

TRINITY
I'm awful confused.

TANK
Me too.

TRINITY
What a pair, we are? Tank, I don't want to go now.

TANK
A change of mind?

TRINITY
A change of heart. I cannot leave Morpheus. He's not well. The mission. He is staying with his ship until the end. I'm second in command, and I ought to do the same.

TANK
Morpheus is the mission.

TRINITY
It feels like that sometimes.

TANK
And Neo?

TRINITY
I suspect he'll stay with me. Tank? Mick and Mackie they have a special friendship. I just found out that Mick has died. His mind fried. It feels like it was my fault.

She goes to the bed and bends over sobbing.

TANK
I'm sure it wasn't all your fault. Trin. If there is one thing I have learned all these years helping out cyborgs, and serving the mission Morpheus holds for humankind, it is that humans ought not to judge warriors on whether they are at fault, good or bad, right or wrong. It just doesn't work that way when you do the kind of work the Resistance demands.

TRINITY
You're a warrior. Can a warrior judge another warrior? Morpheus judged me.

TANK
And you judged him. Look. I feel out of my league as a pure human warrior. You are cyborg warriors, completely a different breed. I don't understand how you can function so functionally. I'm glad I'm not one of you... sometimes... and sometimes I wish I was. It's not too good to feel too human in this line of work.

TRINITY
Whatever that means?

TANK
Trin. You are judging yourself in human terms not from a warrior's point of view. You have been extra... well deeply involved in this contact with Mackie. I don't know much about them. They are still our enemy as long as they remain in the Matrix.

TRINITY
Then I am falling in love with my enemy.

Tank looks at her stunned. She stares at him. The camera zooms in on her face and her confusion, her grief.

TANK
Then I think you gotta problem. And your love for Neo?

TRINITY
I don't know if I believe Morpheus's view anymore. He always taught all of us that once we unplug from the Matrix, that every one in the Matrix who is plugged in will be our enemy. That is certainly true at one level... but... it is... a different kind of love. I mean Neo... and I. It is a love designed by a man. Even my

love for Morpheus. It is a man's design, a love for the heroic male... leader... fearless one... Morpheus and his unshakeable faith of liberation for all humans, that remain in the Matrix... well, that is something entirely loveable. I love the Resistance because of it Tank. Don't you? It is not a woman's love. Sure, I love Neo, but I love you Tank, I love Morpheus. Oh shit, I don't even know what love is. I'm a fucking cyborg.

Tank touches her back and leans over to her.

TANK
You may be a cyborg Trin, but you judge your-self like a good ol' fashioned human. And that's why I love you.

They hug.

I'm glad to hear you...

A buzzer goes off, and the intercom comes on and Morpheus calls.

MORPHEUS (V.O.)
The Zion ship has arrived, at door 4, meet there at once with your gear if you are going in.

Tank and Trinity look at each other with unresolve, and hug again. Neo knocks at the open door and sees them.

TRINITY
Hi Neo. Tank and I just a good talk. Wow. I am feeling better.

NEO
More human, I suspect. Good. And so are you ready?

TRINITY
I'm staying. You?

NEO
You are staying? Trin.? Well... ya, I'm with you. With Morpheus...

TANK
Neo can you help me bring Dozer?

Neo looks totally confused with Trinity's actions but resigns to them.

NEO
Ya, sure. OK?

SCENE 108

INT. PSYCHIC'S ROOM

Mackie is laying on a couch, with Ezmeralda sitting in a chair holding her hand.

EZMERALDA
Where you and I have just travelled is for our eyes not anyone not prepared.

MACKIE
I don't like secrets.

EZMERALDA
Why?

MACKIE
I believe in the truth.

EZMERALDA
Is that the truth?

Mackie seems frozen.

We all, or most of us, believe the truth is better than a lie. Some truth is interpreted as a lie when people are too afraid to hear the truth.

MACKIE
I want to know what the truth is in that vision at Tony's grave. Am I supposed to die. Is that rabbit me?

EZMERALDA
Only if your guilt and fear get the better of you.

MACKIE
What do you mean?

EZMERALDA
I'd rather you figure that out. Next time we meet. Why don't you bring some of your ideas in with you about what the rabbit means. We'll explore that. I'm sorry I have to rush, I have another appointment booked. Great work Trinity... ah, Mackie.

Mackie is up and they move to the door hand in hand. The camera moves outside of the psychic's office, and follows a balding spry man in his 40s putting up posters on bulletin boards and posts. Mackie comes out of the door and sees him putting up a poster and is attracted to

the word TRANSFORMATION. She reads a bit and shouts to him as he is several yards away.

MACKIE
Hey!

He stops and looks at her, as she approaches cautiously.

I'm taking this course.

DR. GREGORY
What is your name?

MACKIE
Trin... Mackie.

DR. GREGORY
Oh, yes. Mackie Doris. I remember your... I'm Haim Gregory. Pleased to meet you Mackie. I look forward to getting to know you in class.

MACKIE

Still in shock.

Mr. Gregory... ah, sorry Dr. Gregory... oh. I didn't know it would be you. I'm sorry, I forgot your first name?

DR. GREGORY
Call me Haim. Ya. I thought I would put up a few posters, as tomorrow is the last day of registration. We could use a few more students.

MACKIE
Oh? How many are there?

DR. GREGORY
About 6 or 7 registered so far, although, you never know how many will show up.

MACKIE
This is only my second night class. I took an upgrade highschool English course. But this is like the first class that is, like, for adults, like unusual, and cool sounding.

DR. GREGORY
Great. I hope this class to be very unusual and a lot of fun, as well as a transformative learning experience. I've got to run and get some more of these posters up and prepare for tonight. See you there. Oh, and if you know of anyone

you would want to invite to just sit in on the class to see if they are interested, feel free to invite a guest. Bye now.

Mackie watches him disappear around the corner. She walks home. The sun has come out and she is walking with an energetic bounce, and the occassional skip. A funky music accompanies her walk through the city to her apartment several blocks away. She goes up the steps to her apartment, and sees the local newspaper on the porch. The music changes to a sombre dark music. A picture of the funeral and her carrying Tony's coffin is seen with crowds and RUCS and cops. The title in big print reads: IRA TERRORISTS SAY GOOD-BYE TO COMRADE.

SCENE 109

INT. HOVERCRAFT-DOOR 4

Morpheus and crew are gathered by the loading door number 4 on the hovercraft as the Zion ship locks up with it. A platform comes forward and Morpheus turns to the crew.

MORPHEUS
Well? Time to go home.

Nobody moves.

What? No mad rush to get home? Zion. The place for real home grown healthy humans and real food.

He looks to Trinity.

And real love.

NEO
And real pizza, coke, noodles...

MORPHEUS
So?

Tank and Neo pull the body of Dozer forward, wrapped in a blanket and load him onto the Zion ship. The smell is bad. Morpheus stops them momentarily as they leave the mini Neb.

MORPHEUS
Dozer was a brother, a comrade, and a friend.

Tears come from everyone.

TANK

Leans down to embrace him.

I love my brother more than anything.
But I must say good-bye.

Morpheus is shocked. Tank pins a note of paper on the body bag.

The instructions are here. Dozer will go to my momma's home and have a proper human burial in Zion.

He breaks down crying as Neo helps him up and Trinity rushes to him to hug him. The body leaves the ship. The door closes.

MORPHEUS
Get ready for the next contact.

NEO
We've got to get out of these cells.

MORPHEUS
Let's hope this little ship can hold up.

TRINITY
We don't need hope, sir.

Morpheus looks at her. She smiles.

MORPHEUS
Thanks Trinity. We are definitely beyond hope, now.

NEO
Beyond fear, sir.

SCENE 110

INT. MACKIE'S APARTMENT

She is walking around in bra and panties. Funky dance music in the background. Drinking a glass of juice. Reading the paper. She throws the paper down on the couch and grabs her cell phone, caught between the cushions. She spills her juice. Wipes it with her hand, then on the pillows. She doesn't dial. She walks around the apartment faking a sarcastic conversation as she speaks into her cell.

MACKIE
Hi. Tab! Hey babe, how's it? Look. I have a great idea. You and me. We can get down. Hey? Whatta ya say?

She is half-dancing and sexually gyrating playfully as she walks around.

I have a special delicious treat for you, my big man. Guess what? I am inviting you to a free, one chance only, date at the

Ulster Community College, at 7pm tonight. You and I. You are my guest. The lecturer is Dr. Haim Gregory. We are going to do deep... I mean deep... whatta ya say, there big boy. Wantta do some transformative learning with me, Tab?

She sees the newspaper, and snaps out of the routine somewhat.

Oh, you don't think you can come. Ya. You probably have a date at the bar, getting off on the naked broads dancing like puppets for their little boy's fantasies. I know it is so demanding on your brain, and your balls, to think of a real girl's challenge. Well, I have another proposition.

She lays across the couch with her legs wide open.

I've been seriously thinking about a way to end the Troubles in Ireland for good. Yes, you know, a woman's way to end the 800 years of slaughter killing and a stupid war. It begins today. I and all women, are going to declare that we are no longer going to have sex, give sexual pleasure in any way to any men, until they stop the goddamn fucking war, and their violence toward all living creatures. That's MY form of activism and rebellion! Tab, whatta ya think? Dic-head!

She tosses her cell phone on the couch. Grabs her crotch firmly and laughs her head off. As raunchy music comes up and the camera zooms out of her apartment window into the clouds and we see a picture of her in her bra and panties flying like superwoman, up and around, loops, down past the people on the streets, over and under bridges, faster than a speeding bullet.

SCENE 111

INT. HOVERCRAFT-TRINITY'S ROOM

Trinity enters the door, and Morpheus is right behind her. He stops as she lays on the bed.

MORPHEUS
I'm glad you decided to stay. Are you certain that is what you want?

TRINITY
I'm not certain of what I want, anymore.

Morpheus coughs and blood comes up. He begins perspiring and she lays him down on her bed.

MORPHEUS
I'm keeping Neo in command. But that does not mean I don't believe in you Trinity. You and Neo are a great pair. I wish you all the love and success. Today, you have shown me you are a warrior and a woman. I respect that.

He coughs and moves up to the door.

I don't have a lot left. You two are essential. I want Tab to join you both.

Trinity is speechless. Neo steps in the doorway and helps Morpheus to his room. Trinity goes to her computer. Neo enters shortly.

NEO
What are you doing?

TRINITY
I'm finding out... Ah, shit!

NEO
What is it Trin.? Aren't you glad we're staying?

TRINITY
It's not that. Ah, shit! Shit! Shit!

The mini-Neb shifts and clanks, with another loud crack.

Shit! What a life hey? We don't know if we are going to make it another few hours, days, weeks or months in this craft. We do know it is not going to last forever.

NEO
Does anything?

TRINTIY
Eternity? That would be nice, for a change.

NEO
So, are you checking on Tab, and our next strategy? I'm really looking forward to contact with him.

TRINITY
Ya. Do you want to know who he really is? I think we should ask Mackie.

Neo looks confused.

SCENE 112

INT. CLASSROOM

A close-up of wine pouring into a crystal glass. Soft jazz music in the background. People laughing. Camera racks back to show a dozen people are socializing in a classroom. Wine and cheese are available on tables. Everyone is over 30, mostly women. Dr. Gregory is visiting and moving around the room. Mackie walks in, conspicuously the youngest. She is wearing her sports clothing and sneakers. Her hair is up in a bun. She has notebooks under her arms. She shyly is surprised by all the people and activities. A woman student immediately greets her and shakes her hand. Eventually, Dr. Gregory calls them to join him in a toast.

DR. GREGORY
Welcome! Everyone! So glad you decided to attend. I know this is a rather unusual opening of an adult night course. But transformation, to me, involves doing the outrageous, when our fear says not to. I know some of you are thinking, right now, that is bullshit. I welcome your spontaneous criticism throughout this course. I welcome critique. I trust you will learn to invite it upon yourself as well, as we become to trust each other more. Fear is the one thing, in all the years of teaching, that I find prevents transformative learning experiences. But that does not mean we ought to be against fear. I think Audrey Lorde, put it best when she was confronted with being a Black woman, a lesbian and a near-death due to a cancer of the breast diagnosis.

He takes out a sheet of paper and reads.

"And I began to recognize a source of power within myself that comes from the knowledge that while it is most desirable not to be afraid, learning to put fear into a perspective gave me great strength....of course I am afraid, because the transformation of silence into language and action is an act of self-revelation, and that always seems fraught with danger.... In the cause of silence, each of us draws the face of her own fear-- fear of contempt, of censure, of some judgment, of recognition, of challenge, of annihilation.

Camera zooms in on Mackie's face, as her eyes water, stunned.

But most of all, I think, we fear the visibility without which we cannot truly live.... For to survive in this mouth of

this dragon we call america, we have had to learn this first and most vital lesson-- that we were never meant to survive. Not as human beings. And neither were most of you here today, Black or not. And that visibility which makes us most vulnerable is that which also is our greatest strength. Because the machine will try to grind you into dust anyway, whether or not we speak .... We can learn to work and speak when we are afraid in the same way we have learned to work and speak when we are tired. For we have been socialized to respect fear more than our own needs for language and definition, and while we wait in silence for that final luxury of fearlessness, the weight of that silence will choke us.[1]

A room full of faces, stunned.

But we'll learn more about that later. Tonight is for students and their guests, and an opportunity for us to celebrate life, each other, community, and begin to explore what our philosophical questions are. And I also have a movie for the last hour, to begin our integration of theoretical discussion with popular culture and a questioning of what it means to engage in change, in reformation, in revolution, and transformation. So, for the next hour drink and eat. Then, we'll meet in room 210, across the hall, and begin more formally. Oh, and I'd like to thank my partner and wife, Elizabeth, for the goodies tonight. So, enjoy.

Jazzy easy listening music comes up in volume. Glasses clink. Laughter. Vibrant talk. The camera scans various people and conversations, in bits and pieces. Mackie drinks her wine and stands alone. She is very uncomfortable. She starts looking in her books and trying to read, something.

DR. GREGORY
Ah, Mackie! Mackie Doris. Right? Yes. So, good you came. I'm really glad to see you. It is wonderful to have you here.

Mackie looks down, in some disbelief.

Did you find a guest to bring?

---

1 Excerpts from Lorde (1995), pp. 204-206.

MACKIE
Wellllll... no, not really. He kinda chickened out, at the last minute.

DR. GREGORY
Ya. It's isn't exactly a course for...

MACKIE
The spineless?

DR. GREGORY
We'll be talking a lot about fear and fearlessness. Come. I'd like you to meet my wife.

He takes her across the room to meet Elizabeth as Mackie joins in with a crowd of people, and starts to losen up.

SCENE 113

INT. AGENT'S HIGHRISE

The two Agents are sitting on opposite sides of a large desk.

AGENT BROWN
Are the research results in yet?

AGENT JONES
Yes. We've had our best experts on it.

AGENT BROWN
And so what do they say about this human fear?

AGENT JONES

Reads from a massive report.

According to the Executive Summary, the fear researchers have concluded:

After millenia of study and conflict over the nature and role of fear, humans have found no agreement on a definition of fear or a general theory of fear that is supported across multiple disciplines. Further research is recommended.

AGENT BROWN
Enough! We're wasting our time with more research. How are plans going with Tab O'Toole?

AGENT JONES
We have a good trace. His I.D. code was placed long ago on his nose-ring piercing. His activities have more than proved he is a terrorist and an enemy.

AGENT BROWN
Good. And Mackie Doris?

AGENT JONES
We still have no information on her home location. It seems she did work at a bookstore, no longer in existence, and she is registered at a local fitness club, sir.

AGENT BROWN
Why is she so hard to track down? There must be a error. I want to have her ID re-done, if that is what is required. Find her! Now, Do you have the final analysis of the tape?

AGENT JONES
Yes.

SCENE 114

INT. CLASSROOM-RM.210

A typical empty classroom, as people start filing in and finding a place to sit down. Lots of talking. Mackie finds a place near the front side. A smartly dressed woman in her mid-30s, very confident and business like, looks at Mackie and speaks softly.

WOMAN
What do you think of Dr. Gregory?

MACKIE
I like him. What did you think of the quote from Audrey Lorde he read?

WOMAN
I think he's a bit of a flake.

Dr. Gregory pulls out his notes and sits on the front desk checking everyone eye to eye, while contemplating where to begin. Mackie grimaces at the woman, as the woman leans toward her.

This course isn't what I thought. I won't be back next week. You know, I'm lucky to make it here tonight. My 13 year old daughter is totally out of control. I had to go to her school and miss a meeting with a very important client yesterday and...

Dr. Gregory interrupts, coughs. And takes the stage. He picks up a book, everyone quiets down, and he reads:

DR. GREGORY
"While reflecting on writing this book, I asked my Higher Self to guide me, by telling me whom the book is to reach. I then closed my eyes and waited quietly, and here is the symbolic message I received: An expansive blue ocean came into view".[2]

Camera racks in on Mackie's startled and yet seriously curious face. Her eye's are rapidly shuttering and she blinks a lot. The images follow from the reading.

EXT. OCEAN

DR. GREGORY (V.O.)
"And then, as though descending from the sky, a majestic, snow white ship floated down and silently perched on the water. The ship was made of porcelain, brilliantly white, with an indigo blue deck. On its side were written two words: 'Mother Ship.'"

SCENE 115

INT. AGENT'S HIGHRISE

Two Agents sitting, Agent Brown distractive and angry. Agent Jones reads the file.

AGENT JONES
The main program has concluded that the key in Neo's dissipation of Agent Smith, is, what humans call, fear. Neo has apparently, overcome what all humans in the Matrix cannot overcome, that is, fear.

AGENT BROWN
I thought the report just told us that there is no agreed upon definition of fear among humans. Our main program is talking about what? What is the definition? What are we dealing with?

---

[2] Quoted excerpts here and below from Small (1984), p. ix.

AGENT JONES
Shall I go on?

AGENT BROWN
O.K.!

AGENT JONES
The human world of the Matrix, in its second form was designed with humans who live by the rules of fear. Agents have maintained, within their program coding, that all resistors to the Matrix will fear them, and that fear, will prevent them from seeing the construct in its totality. Two recommendations to all Agents include:
1. do not fight fearless humans, until the program has made the necessary changes to an Agent's design, which include an update on the understanding of the nature of fear and fearlessness, and,
2. find out what Agents now fear Neo and have them removed to storage, as they will be flawed and unable to carry out their missions effectively. The current redesign of Agent Smith, based on the data recorded in his fight with Neo, is being re-programmed to create an Agent that will defeat Neo efficiently.

The two Agents look unhappy to hear this.

SCENE 116

EXT. OCEAN

Images and music follow the reading by Dr. Gregory in the class.

DR. GREGORY (V.O.)
"Once the ship landed, it dropped over the side a rope ladder made of hemp, small and unimpressive, but quite sturdy. The ladder had six rungs, barely reaching the surface of the water. Then I noticed there were people swimming in the ocean, hundreds of them. Most were swimming away from the ship, some playfully, some dreamily, and others frantically. There were others further away, hundreds more, it seemed, who were drowned, or drowning."

The camera zooms back to look at Mackie's closed eye lids racing with activity. She opens one eye slightly and the camera zooms down her pupil and a black tunnel. The ocean scene appears and hundreds of drowned bodies are around the ship. Mackie is on the ship alone,

calling out, Mick? Tony? Tab? Mother? She gets desperate and cries, falling to her knees reaching over the boat grasping bodies and pulling up their faces trying to see if she knows anyone. None are known to her. She hears a call of her name in the distance

MICK (V.O.)
Mackieeee....

She looks up and sees Mick standing on a wooden raft, tattered and torn, but smiling, though the current carries him rapidly far out to sea. Mackie reaches and calls to him but to no avail. The camera zooms back to Mackie's eye lids closed in the classroom. Mackie is shaking and jerking involuntarily slightly. She peaks at Dr. Gregory. He is still reading the book and students listening intently to the story. Return to images following Dr. Gregory:

DR. GREGORY (V.O.)
"Then, closer in there were several swimming toward the ship, obviously excited about its arrival, and enthusiastically moving in its direction. Three or four had actually grabbed onto the rope ladder and were struggling to pull themselves up by their own weight (since no rungs were underneath the water, which would have made it much easier to climb). I was puzzled for a minute when I realized there were only six rungs, since I wanted to write about seven levels of consciousness. But as I watched the first swimmer climb the ladder, I realized it took seven steps to get to the top and over the side. At the seventh step the traveller disappeared onto the rich blue deck, as though entering another dimension. For those of you interested in this particular journey... welcome aboard!"

The camera scans the class. Some students are excited. Some passive and reserved. Some a bit frightened. Some asleep. Dr. Gregory puts the book down, gets up, and walks around the room, slowly, speaking in a gentle voice. Mackie's eyes are large and wet, following him like a hawk.

DR. GREGORY (V.O.)
I wanted to open with a vision, by Jacquelyn Small, a psychotherapist who works in the transpersonal dimensions of consciousness with clients. We will use her text as the main readings for this course on Transformation: The Inner Revolution. Your handouts, will give you more information on what the course entails, and expectations of students. As you can see, and hear, the path of transformation is often written about in a journey, often with mythological figures

or purely images, as in Small's account. This course is a journey. You are all on a journey already. What that exactly is and will become is up to you. My role in this three week intensive course is to guide you as much as I can on this journey. You will have my work and home phone number and e-mail. You can call me to book appointments outside of class time, or we can chat when we are both free. You will keep a journal...

Mackie is seen somewhat distracted and staring at a man in the class who looks like Tab. She shakes her head, as his image actually turns into Tab, and then back to the real person sitting there.

So, for the rest of the class you can ask questions. I encourage the guests to particularly, ask questions or share concerns before they decide about taking this course. Tomorrow night is the deadline for registration.

SCENE 117

EXT. CITY STREETS

Raunchy metal music comes up. Tab is riding a motorcycle, at night, on city streets. He has no helmut, his hair is blowing freely. Suddenly, he sees a young girl run out on the street to catch her cat who ran across. He slams on his breaks, skids, almost losing control. The girl runs off very frightened. A black sedan pulls up beside him, Agent Jones pulls out a gun, and as he points it, the same girl runs between the Agent and Tab, still chasing her cat. Tab races off screeching tires, with the Agents in close chase.

SCENE 118

EXT. COLLEGE

From a long view, Mackie is seen descending the steps of the college, talking with students. They stop outside, as the camera racks in, to catch their faint but uninterpretable lively conversations. Two guys are particularly talking with Mackie, and Dr. Gregory joins them. The camera shows Tab in an alley on his motorbike, watching them, coldly. He smokes a joint. He rides up a curb and right next to Mackie. Mackie, startled, sees him coming and wants to hide. The motorcycle still running.

TAB
Mackie! Hey! How's it?

MACKIE
Hey, Tab.

DR. GREGORY
I'm Dr. Gregory. I teach the night course, which Mackie is taking.

TAB
Cool!

MACKIE
Dr. Gregory, this is Tab.

The other two guys have cleared off.

TAB
Let's go for a ride, Mackie. Wild. I'm feeling wild and I know you like wild. My fearless one.

He revs up the motorcycle. He grabs her books and starts putting them in his carrier bag.

DR. GREGORY
I love motorcyles, ah... when I was young. Enjoy Mackie. It may be transformative. And I look forward to hearing about the wild ride. Outrageous! That's the revolution Mackie. Enjoy. Meanwhile, I better get upstairs and help Elizabeth clean up. Nice to meet you Tab.

Mackie eases her way on the back, though giving Tab a dirty look. She doesn't want to grab Tab and holds onto the sides of the seat. Tab takes off with a joyful squeal.

TAB
Yaaaaahhhaaarrraoowww.... we!

In seconds Mackie is clutching Tab around the waist. He drives like a maniac.

These artificial 'power plays' primarily consist of a lot of hype and jive, designed to pull your attention away from God and on to the enemy. Do not give in to the seductive lies that flow from the mouth of Satan. Do not let him use fear, doubts, or disbelief to intimidate you into entertaining destructive thoughts, thereby giving over your mind to his agenda.[3]

---

[3] Excerpt from LaVelle (2000), p. 193.

SCENE 119

INT. HOVERCRAFT-TRINITY'S ROOM

Trinity is working on her computer. Knock at the door.

NEO
Want anything?

TRINITY
No. I'm busy.

INT. HOVERCRAFT

Neo wanders off and meets Tank in the control room. The ship is heading down the sewers.

TANK
The little Neb is doing great, hey Neo?

NEO
Ya, it was a lot easier going out of those cells, or filters, than it was going in, that's for sure. How's Trinity?

TANK
Why, you askin' me?

NEO
She's different.

TANK
Thank goodness. Havn' two other guys on this ship, well... a little variety, if you know what I mean, is highly welcomed for this soldier. When you have to battle all the time, I like a change of scenery, and Trinity is a gem. You gotta great woman.

NEO

Unsure.

Thanks. How much farther to the area for hacking in to the Matrix?

TANK

A loud crack.

I estimate another few hours, maybe more. If this ship holds together. So, Tab is next huh?

Neo nods.

TANK
That makes four to one. Rats! There goes my odds.

Neo smiles.

Have you ever made love with a subject instead of an object? I'm sorry, I still don't understand. Oh dear.... Come over here, I'll show you.[4]

SCENE 120

EXT. DRIVE-IN RESTAURANT

Old 50s rockn'roll music playing. Colored flashing lights. Sound of traffic going by. The splat of ketchup container on fries (close-up) and then salt. As Mackie's beautiful hand embraces the container, and the camera rack's back to see Mackie and Tab eating, while standing at the outdoor counter under a restaurant marque. Mackie's wearing sunglasses. The camera racks in on the sensuous lips eating each potatoe chip, as Tab is over fixing his bike. Mackie sits down on the curb and looks out past all the electronic lights, and the music fades out. She sees a star moving across the night sky.

MACKIE
Look. Tab. A satellite. Holyyyy. Don't see that very often.

TAB
Cool.

He sits beside her, eating.

MACKIE
When Tony and I were little, we used to go into the woods, outside our house, and play hide-n-seek. I wasn't scared of the dark then. Just like when Tony and I found a rabbit hole. I could have climbed inside. I find the dark warm, comforting, actually. How about you?

TAB
Not when I can't see. But very comfortable when I'm with you.

MACKIE
I told you. A fun ride. Something to eat.

TAB
Freudian, slipped...

---

[4] Excerpt from Wilber (2002), p. 363.

He scrunches his shoulders, and his face, as if ashamed but smiles cutely.

MACKIE
Maybe you wouldn't be afraid of the dark if you could see?

TAB
What? You see in the dark? Is that why you where sunglasses at night? Mackie. You were wearing those the other day in the truck. When did you start...

MACKIE
I found them, under my bed, before the funeral. They fit, somehow.

TAB
Really?

MACKIE
It's kinda weird, I know. They're not mine and I don't know who would have left them.

She is visibly uncomfortable as she looks at Tab.

TAB
I don't wear them. As I said, I'm afraid of the dark.

He grins.

MACKIE
Weird. Anyway, I like them. I'm interested in how they change my perceptions of the world.

TAB
You mean the world isn't dark enough already. Give me a break!

A police car drives up and two officers get out.

TAB
Stay cool.

Suspenseful music arises. The officers look at them, then pass by and order food.

MACKIE
I wanna go.

They move to bike and ride off, with more raunchy wild technomusic in the background. Yelling in the wind at Tab

MACKIE
I feel great, despite all the shit that's happening! I feel relieved, somehow!

TAB

Yelling back in the wind.

Why didn't you go to the can at the restaurant?

MACKIE
I'm feeling relieved! Relieved!... that Mick went out happy... sort of. He told me. I saw him last Tab. He was OK! He was actually looking happy. He was relieved to die!

TAB
Shit, no! I'm not ready to die! I have a fuck of a lot of life in me yet!

He sneers and smiles at her. She is disgusted he can't hear most of what she is saying. She smiles while shaking her head in disbelief. Tab revs up the motorcycle and they zoom off wrecklessly with hair blowing wildly behind them and the music full volume.

SCENE 121

EXT. OUTSIDE MACKIE'S APARTMENT

Tab hands her the books from the carrying bag. Shuts off the motorcycle. She stands looking at him, as he sits on the bike. She looks up and sees another satellite travel across the sky.

TAB
I hope things are better with us, now. Time to put the past behind us, hey?

MACKIE

She leans toward him and barks in his ear very loudly.

I want to be very clear! I am not your girl!

TAB
That's loud and clear. You don't have to yell. Still friends? Comrades?

Tab looks around him, and softens his voice. Suspenseful music arises in the background.

I want you for a job, Thursday night. The plans are still fuzzy. We're going

to blow out an off-duty member of the UDR. I can give you details later.

MACKIE

Her voice limpid.

I have a class Thursday night.

TAB
Whatta ya telln' me, kid?

MACKIE
I don't... I ah...

TAB

His stern authoritative voice cuts the air.

Mackie, you used to be good. The guys admire you. I have seen fewer, more dedicated. Shit! What...

MACKIE
I'm feeling tired. Too wild, for me right now Tab. Too close to Mick, Tony. Ah... I'm fucked right now. I gotta go to...

TAB

Snapping angrily.

Your class! Fuck your class! Those asshole guys better stay the fuck away from messn' you around.

MACKIE

She pulls her sunglasses down over her nose. Venting with all she has

Shut! Up! Mind your own goddamn business!

Tab goes to grab her arm and she swats it away, turning to her apartment. She drops her books accidentally. He stares at her ass.

TAB
OK! It's too soon. I dig. I'll call ya later. Thanks for comin' with me. I really enjoyed it. Good night Mackie. And if you need anything, just give me a call, babe.

He starts the motorcycle and wails off. She picks up the books and looks exhausted. One book catches her eyes particularly, it reads *Myths To Live By, Joseph Campbell.*

SCENE 122

INT. HOVERCRAFT-TRINITY'S ROOM

Trinity working on the computer. Knock at the door.

NEO
Trin.? Need anything?

TRINITY
No. I'm busy.

Neo leaves and she continues typing in some codes, types in *Mackie Doris*.

SCENE 123

INT. MACKIE'S BEDROOM

Swirling finger in water in the fish tank. Fish food sifts in and sinks, as the fish feed. The camera zooms in on a dead fish at the bottom.

MACKIE
Ohhhh.. poor thing. Ahhh... you guys better not have been pickn' on him.

She nets out the dead fish and flushes it down the toilet. As she heads toward the bed to pick up one of her books, the screen of her computer fires up and a flashing cursor, then typing and the words read: *Mackie. You there? If you are, hit Control 'M'...* Mackie is freaked and wonders around the room wondering what to do. Then, she types in and waits. More words are added to the message: *Great! How are you? You may just type in as normal.* Mackie continues to be freaked and wanders around the room again, starts talking to her fish.

MACKIE
Now, what would you fellas say to someone you don't even know, who know's you know they don't know who you are but...

Camera racks-in on one fish and its big eyes, and pretty colors; it looks at Mackie.

I should be outraged? Is that what you mean? Well just say so; tell it to me straight fellas, damn it!

She storms around the room, looking at the computer and back at the fish. Stops.

OK. It's all part of my journey right. God!

As she walks to the computer and sits on the bed, she is mumbling.

What does a fish in a cage know about outrageous, or a journey, for that matter.

She types a response: *Who are you? Why are you fuckn' around with me and my computer?* There is a pause.

INT. TRINITY'S ROOM

Trinity is nervously walking around her room, looking back at the computer screen now and then. Stops. She types in *It's me, Trinity. The chic in black leather. Mackie, you, the hospital scene. Sorry, Mackie, I really am very sorry... about everything. I had to...* The screen goes blank. She panics and hits keys and codes. Nothing happens.

INT. MACKIE'S BEDROOM

Mackie's computer is shut off. She is lying on the bed, still talking to her fish, across the room.

MACKIE
A great trick Mick taught me. I mean really fish guys, do you think I should be talking to strange women dressed in black leather, from... another planet, or somewhere? I don't know which side they are on. Fuck, she scares me.

She kicks up her legs in the air, dancing to her own voice.

What do fish do when they have fear? Do you even have fear? Do you have humanophobia? Do you fear death? Fear I'll shut your goddamn aerator off in the middle of the night? Huh? Huh? Do you have fear psychologists, or psychics to help you go through your fear traumas? Huh? Huh? Any fearless crystal balls to gaze through? I guess you look through a glass all day long don't you? Hmm. And what magic do you see my dear little ones? Do you see Mackie's fear? Christ's fear? Tell, me, tell me, where is your fear? Or, is it human's who give you fear, so we won't feel so alone as the most cowardly species on the planet. Stuck with it? Hmmm. Humans, Homo sapiens, the only creature that is afraid of being the only species, alone, with fear as its predictable ally, father, mother?

She is getting playful and dramatic in her tone.

Maybe, I ought to quit asking questions of you fish guys, and talk to Dr. Gregory, Dr. Haim Gregory, Haim for short. Hey, there Haim, whatta ya say...

She knocks a book on the floor, it snaps her out of it. She picks up *Myths To Live By*. She checks out her computer. Nothing on the screen. She puts on her reading light and settles back. Soft romantic Irish music in the background.

The native American elders ... say that the only real freedom is the freedom from fear. If this were true, it would seem that almost all human beings live in bondage.[5]

INT. COMPUTER SCREEN

The web page of *EVA GORE-BOOTH* downloads, with a line from Eva's poem on the bottom half of the page: *"We who have followed the same star..."* - L.T. The camera follows (close-up) the folds of the green satin sheet, up to see Mackie fast asleep under the sheets. Camera focuses on Mackie's hand.

FADE OUT TO BLACK.

SCENE 124

EXT. TAVERN SCENE

Trinity and Neo appear as lazer light and then materialize, in the alley adjacent to a tavern. People are going in and out, the poster shows nude women and men, as this is a strip club.

NEO
Tab is inside. I suggest we wait, until he comes out.

TRINITY
Why?

NEO
I'm not the party-type.

TRINITY
It isn't real.

NEO

Trying to convince himself.

---

[5] Excerpt from Oriah Mountain Dreamer (2002) in Rutledge (2002), p. x.

Right. It isn't real.

INT. BAR

Raunchy music blasts. Mirror-balls cast lights all over. Smoke is thick. Nude women and men are on stage in the most provacative poses. Camera zooms in on Neo and Trinity's faces (with sunglasses), totally calm and controlled, unaffected by the unreal illusion. They walk down the floor (slow motion) through the dancers, as people are seeing them as very weird but hip dudes. They stop at Tab's table as he is with other IRA guys.

TRINITY
Tab. We'd like to have a chat...

Two really big IRA boys are immediately behind Trinity and Neo. They have pistols at their heads. Tab and the guys are stunned and burst out laughing once they see these two are unarmed, and harmless.

TAB
What is it with the sunglasses. Geezzz... It isn't dark enough? Or what? Fuckn' Mackie is into them too. Geezzz... So?

Trinity notes his comment about Mackie.

NEO
Let's say, we are on your side.

DAN
Andda ya brings tidings of great joy.

The guys burst into laughter, at least Dan does.

TRINITY
Can we talk? Alone?

Tab isn't going for it.

We know Mackie.

Tab checks the guys out and immediately slips over a couple of booths, chasing the people out of there. The guys watch carefully, as Trinity and Neo sit opposite of Tab.

SCENE 125

INT. HOVERCRAFT

Morpheus wanders under great strain to sit down and take Tank's position. We see Tank yawning and going for a rest. The ship is moving steadily. He looks out the broken windshield of the hovercraft and below sees the slimy giant sludge worms crawling around. Then he takes up controls near Neo and Trinity's bodies that are plugged in. He walks by their bodies, thinking reflectively.

SCENE 126

EXT. TAVERN & STREET

Beautiful string music comes in as a sunrise close up takes place and then the camera focuses in the foreground on the strip bar sign and below it Tab and three guys laughing and drunk.

DAN
So, those fuckersss... are they reallll, maannnnn.. or whattta...? Hey, Tab... sheeesa nice piece.. hey, man.

The guys laugh and tease Tab.

TAB
Right now, I'm too fuckn' tired. You guys beat it. I'll tellya .. later. OK.

He hugs and kisses them each, kicking Dan in the rear to get him going. They climb into Dan's truck and screech the tires endlessly as rock music comes up inside the truck, as it fades in the shining low orange sun light. The streets are dead quiet, low suspenseful music in the background. He calls on his cell phone.

ANSWERING MACHINE

Hello, you've reached 811-987-5656, after the beap, leave your name and number and I may call you back, if you're lucky.

Beep goes off.

TAB
Hey, Mackieee... Finn, the fuckn' McCool! He's a tad pissed but not too drunk to talk to an old friend, if you're not asleep yet... or awake yet. I have something really important to tell you ... I met some of your weirdo dark friends tonight. They wanted me to say, hello.

One Agent grabs the phone, the other puts a gun to Tab's head.

AGENT BROWN & JONES
Hold it right, there, Mr. O'Toole! Move and your dead.

They haul him off into their black sedan and speed away. They drive half a block and Trinity and Neo, in their own black sedan, duck down, watching them pass by. The suspenseful music gets louder.

TRINITY
Shit!

They squeal the tires, and turn the car around on the street and follow the Agents well back and out of sight.

INT. HOVERCRAFT

Morpheus has the headset on in the control room.

MORPHEUS
Hello, Neo?

NEO (V.O.)
We've briefly contacted Tab, he wasn't very cooperative. Thought we were left overs of some Halloween' party, of the living dead. The Agents have him. We're following them, not sure what to do.

Morpheus is seen flipping through discs. He inserts one in the computer and punches some codes.

MORPHEUS
Dial star 99.

NEO (V.O.)
Great, sir. I can hear everything.

INT. NEO AND TRINITY'S CAR

Trinity is driving. Neo is on the cell phone. He hits a switch to put on their car speaker phone, as they listen to the Agents and Tab.

[TWO DAYS LATER]

SCENE 127

INT. WORKOUT GYM

Upbeat dance music playing. Mackie is on the stepper, fast paced. She is worn out. Takes a break with some stretches on the floor. Pulls her cell phone from her hips and dials. She jumps in talking as soon as the phone is picked up.

MACKIE
Finn. Finn fuckin' McCool, that's who? What the hell are you talking about, some friends of mine?

TAB
Mackie. What the fuck you talkin' about? I didn't call you. Take a break kid.

MACKIE
Yes. You had a message on my machine from last night... morning. You said you met some friends of mine that wanted to say hello to me.

TAB
Wrong guy. All I know is I got one hella of a hangover this morning. My head is buzzing...

MACKIE
Jesus Christ Tab, quit fuckn' me. You called, I have it on my machine. Do you want me to bring it over and play it to you, so you can feel real hung over? I don't have time for...

TAB
Holy shit, Mackie. My heads in knots and I don't recall no phone call, and not much of anything. Holy shit.

MACKIE
Tab. There is something strange happening. First Mick. He didn't remember anything that morning of my call. Now, you. There is something buggy, I feel it.

TAB
Like surveillance. This line could be tapped. Let's meet.

Click on the phone line.

Did you hear that? Plan B.

Mackie hangs up. She continues doing weights as the loud music starts up again. Her face is grim. Her phone rings. She puts down the weights, still on her back and wiping her perspiration with a towel.

MACKIE
Hello.

MORPHEUS
Mackie.

MACKIE
Hello. Who is this? What the fuck...

MORPHEUS
This is Morpheus. I ...

MACKIE
The Morpheus. I thought you were only in cyberspace. Mick told me about you.

MORPHEUS
No time to talk. You are in danger, they are on to you. This phone is likely tapped and you better get out of there quick.

MACKIE
Who is on to me? What?

MORPHEUS
The Agents, they are coming up the stairs now. Do as I say.

INT. STAIRWELL AT GYM

Agent Brown and Agent Jones are walking up the stairs with four other police officers in uniforms behind them, they all have guns drawn and ready.

INT. GYM

MACKIE
How do you know this?

MORPHEUS
Just do as I say. Too late.

MACKIE
What the hell...

The Agents burst in the door and a cop yells at Mackie directly.

COP
Freeze! Put your hands on your head. Do it! Do it now!

The Agents move in toward Mackie. Suddenly, a door is kicked in behind the cops and Agents. The loud techno music starts the battle. Trinity and Neo immediately take down the cops and Agent Jones is hit with a cop's gun fired by Trinity and goes down. Agent Brown shoots at Trinity and Neo, and they both are able to dodge the bullets. Neo is about to charge Agent Brown, when the Agent turns and jumps through the plate glass window, disappearing to the streets below. Mackie in shock is looking out the broken window, and sees the Agent hit the ground, from four floors up, and walk away to his car and drive off. Trinity moves to the window to comfort her and sees what she sees.

TRINITY
An Agent of the Matrix. They're killing machines.

NEO
But looks like we got them on the run.

He smiles.

TRINITY
No formulas, Neo, remember what Morpheus told us. We've got to get Mackie to a safe place.

MACKIE
You know Morpheus too? Oh shit. Machine? What the fuck?

Sarcastically bitter.

I suppose you are the dark friends, Tab mentioned the other night? Since you have been around, my life has been hell. You killed Mick didn't you. I just sensed it. Something. Shit!

Trinity reaches and takes her arm.

Hey! You ain't taken me anywhere bitch!

TRINITY
Ya. We are. Because you are a criminal and they know where you live, and your apartment is your trap right now. You're coming with us.

Mackie struggles slightly.

MACKIE
Hold it. You are saying I'm bait?

TRINITY
For Tab. They want Tab and you, then they will have access to the entire network. You will be wiped out.

MACKIE
How can I trust you?

NEO
We didn't kill the cops and rescue you from the Agents, for the good of our health.

They all head off, running, through another exit.

SCENE 128

EXT. CEMETARY

Night time. A motorcycle light approaches from the distance bouncing up and down. Mysterious scary music in the background. Male voice is heard laughing and grows louder and closer as Tab's face is seen driving the motorcycle and Mackie holding on tight behind. She is

frightened. Tab speeds up and the camera looks toward the light beam on the dirt road with potholes of water. Mackie is yelling (but no sound) hitting Tab on the back of the head and back. He continues to ignore her and laughs, crazed, speeding faster ahead. Mud and water flying into their faces with each pothole they hit. Terror grows on Mackie as the motorcycle skids out of control and the two bodies fly off. A loud thud accompanies Tab's limp body falling on the dirt. He is unconscious, blood all over. Mackie too is hurt and bleeding all over. She manages to crawl over to Tab, put her hand on his heart. There is nothing. In despair, she yells, No! (but there is no sound). Then she scans over the dirt where they are and sees they are on a grave, the headstone reads: *Tony Doris (1975-2001): A Rebel's Heart Never Fails.* Terror strikes her entire being as the music volume shatters the scene. Fade to black and silence. There is a heart beat that arises, echoing as if in a hollow well or chamber. We hear a small girl's voice, in some distress through the dark.

SMALL GIRL (V.O.)
Is that you? Tony? Is that you?

A small rabbit runs into the dark scene, with a spot light on it. Then runs off into the darkness. The heart beat stops. There is a blood curdling scream from the girl. The same music comes up that accompanied Tony's funeral.

INT. CLASSROOM

Mackie's eyes open, as she is lying on the floor, doing a visualization exercise with the class. Dr. Gregory is sitting in a chair at the front of the room with his eyes closed, and in a relaxed calm voice

DR. GREGORY
Now, slowly, count backwards from ten and open your eyes, when you are ready, and join us in this room. Another safe place.

The students, all laying on mats on the floor, start to move, stretch and yawn. Mackie yawns, and stretches, her face is very pale and perspiration beads on her forehead. Her hair is wet. She gets up to leave the room. Dr. Gregory looks at her and she at him as she goes out the door.

MACKIE
I need a drink of water.

She leaves in a rush.

DR. GREGORY
Let's all take a 15 minute break, and then we'll come back, and in small groups, share some of our images of that safe place inside, for those who wish to.

EXT. COLLEGE

Several students are talking and some having a smoke. Dr. Gregory comes out the front doors and heads directly toward Mackie who is, off on her own, lying on the lawn, looking up at the night sky. Gun shots and sirens are heard in the background noise of the city traffic. He stands near her.

DR. GREGORY
Do you mind if I join you?

MACKIE
No. Not at all.

DR. GREGORY
How's the class going, for you?

MACKIE
Fine. Ya.

DR. GREGORY
I know you are the youngest...

MACKIE

A bit angered.

So, I'm young. You are old. Just labels. And labels belong on jars and underwear.

DR. GREGORY
I don't mean to box you in. I want to let you know that I notice. And in this world, age means a lot. Older adults generally, don't respect young people and that bothers me. I want to acknowledge you as a person but also as a young person.

MACKIE
A rebel.

DR. GREGORY
See? Labels. Can't live without them.

MACKIE
I'm also a Provisional IRA Volunteer.

DR. GREGORY
I thought so. Just intuition. I'm not snooping or anything. I'm on your side, basically.

More gun shots in the distance.

It's not such a safe place, is it?

MACKIE
Maybe up there...

She looks up at the stars.

Maybe.

A long silence.

DR. GREGORY
Mackie. I'm having a get together of some colleagues and friends tomorrow night at my house. I've talked to Elizabeth, and we'd like to invite the students in this course. Hope you can join us?

MACKIE

Stunned.

Ah. I... will... a party?

DR. GREGORY
Not really. A get together. We all have common interests.

MACKIE
In the IRA?

DR. GREGORY
Not exactly. But ya... we all want change. Big change too. Transformation. Hope you'll consider coming. I'll post my address on the board before tonight's class is over. I guess we'd better head back.

They get up, and join other students funneling inside the college.

SCENE 129

INT. PIZZA SHOP

Sitting at a pizza shop, Neo is particularly enjoying his meal. Trinity is more pensive and staring out the window. Cell phone rings. Neo answers.

MORPHEUS
How are you? Mackie?

NEO
Fine. Fine, sir. We've got Mackie and are keeping her with us.

Trinity takes the phone.

TRINITY
Morpheus, the Agent... one of them... ran from us. I was able to do what Neo does.

MORPHEUS
Dodge bullets. Great Trinity. Can you see through the Matrix yet?

TRINITY
Neither of us have had any luck with that yet, sir? What are we doing wrong? If we could do that again, it would be an awesome victory, sir? Damn. Why is it so hard?

She looks at Neo. He is uncertain.

MORPHEUS
Transforming an entire conditioned way of perception, doesn't change easily. For some, it comes quick, for some out of necessity and crisis, and for some, it is just slow. We don't know when it will break for you both again. I just wish I could be there to see it myself.

He coughs horribly.

Stay close to Mackie. Be careful.

The camera zooms out the window of the pizza place across the street to the college where Mackie is taking classes. The camera racks-in on the classroom

INT. CLASSROOM

Camera scans the class in small groups spread out. Dr. Gregory goes to the front of the class.

DR. GREGORY
It's about time to wrap up this evening. I want to remind you that what is shared in these circles is for these circles' ears only. Ask permission from your partners in the circle, if you want to share outside. And a reminder that Elizabeth and I are inviting you to our home tomorrow, for a get together. You are all welcome. I'll be showing a marvelous foreign film entitled "The Terrorist." Details are on the board. See you then.

Mackie is in shock with the title of the movie. Her heart pounds, as she packs up her books. A mysterious music comes up in the background. She hears a motorcycle and she goes to the window to see Tab driving up and waiting for her. Her cell phone rings. She steps outside in the hallway.

MACKIE
Ya.

TRINITY (V.O.)
We're in the pizza pad across the street. See us?

MACKIE

Answering nervously.

Ya. Tab's here. He's waiting for me. What should....

TRINITY (V.O.)
He's possibily being followed. Go down the back exit and out the back way. Don't let anyone see you. Hide in the bushes at the back, where it is dark. We'll pick you up as soon, as we're certain it is clear.

MACKIE
Ya. OK.

Dr. Gregory comes up to Mackie, startling her.

DR. GREGORY
You OK Mackie?

He puts a hand on her shoulder.

Anything I can do?

MACKIE
No. Fine. I'm a little tired. Thanks. Ya. Thanks. I'll see you tomorrow. Oh, one thing, I'm curious about Dr. ... ah, Haim. Why a movie about terrorism? This is a class on transformation?

DR. GREGORY
It's not really so much a movie on terrorism, that interests me for this course. I'm interested in the main character of the film, her life, as transformative. And of course, it is all about terror-- fearism, really. This course is all about... You'll see. Coming I hope? Do you need a ride or anything?

MACKIE
No. No. I'll be fine. Thanks, Haim.

He shakes her hand and smiles delightfully at her like a new born child. Music comes up in the background. He walks out, and Mackie goes down the back exit. As Dr. Gregory walks out the doors, he meets Tab, sitting on his motorcycle. They wave.

TAB
Hey. You the teacha? Right? Hey, is Mackie comin'?

DR. GREGORY
Ya. I just talked to her. A fine person. She's brilliant. Definitely university material. You have a fine friend there. Take care Tab, bye now.

EXT. BACK OF COLLEGE

Mackie goes out the door and hides in the dark bushes. She is sitting on the earth huddled like a scared rabbit. Suspenseful music gets louder. She hears Tab's motorcycle rev. and then leave. She curls up tighter into a ball, trying to keep warm. The camera blurs and we enter her dream consciousness. Everything is black. The spot light comes on but there is nothing on the stage. Then the scene shifts to a night scene on the ocean.

EXT. OCEAN

She is on a small white ship in dark blue waters. She is wearing a white transparent long dress, of ancient goddess-like form. Her hair is done up in braids. Her face stunningly gorgeous. Dead people are all over. The music is mysterious and scary. She hears a smacking sound. She walks over to the edge of the ship. She looks at the ladder as it is swinging in the wind, far above the surface of the water, smacking against the side of the ship. She goes down the ladder, led by an unknown force. She reaches the water, as if she is going to dive in and join the dead. A body, face down, floats near her. She is lured to grab its hair and pull it up, turning it to her, and she sees her own face. Dead.

EXT. BEHIND COLLEGE

TRINITY
Mackie Mackie!

Trinity is searching in the bushes.

MACKIE

Frozen, her body trembling, she speaks softly.

Dad?... Mom?... Tony?... Good-bye. I love you all.

Trinity finds her and embraces her in the bushes. Mackie slowly looks at Trinity's face and kisses her on the lips. Trinity is surprised. A bright light flashes on them, then a car horn.

TRINITY
Everything is OK. Neo's waiting for us. Come on.

Trinity helps her to the car, and they drive off.

INT. NEO AND TRINITY'S CAR

Neo is in the front. Trinity is attending to a faint Mackie in the back seat. Trinity caresses Mackie's soft hair. Mackie comes more to consciousness.

MACKIE
Trinity. That's you. Right?

NEO
I'm Neo.

MACKIE
Holllyyy... like I'm going crazy.

TRINITY
Hardly. What happened?

MACKIE
I saw myself, dead.

TRINITY
Like I said, hardly. Neo. Let's go to the motel. Get her a hot drink. Mackie, we've a place for you for awhile. You'll be safe there.

MACKIE

Protesting.

My fish. My own bed.

TRINITY

Sounding very confident.

Just for awhile. Honest, until everything is safe, Mackie. Until it is safe.

Trinity smiles at her and continues caressing her hair and then her cheeks. The car rushes off and disappears in the traffic of the night streets.

SCENE 130

EXT. OUTSIDE DAN'S APARTMENT

Roar of a motorcycle, as the headlight flashes in the camera. The motor shuts down. The black riding leather boots get the focus as they march up to the door of an apartment building. The black leather glove reaches to the button and buzzes an apartment number.

DAN
Ya.

TAB
Finn.

DAN
Finn McCool.

Buzzer sounds.

SCENE 131

INT. SMALL MOTEL ROOM

A big transport truck races by on the highway in the night. The red lights blur and fill the screen. Then, Trinity and Mackie are sitting in chairs, a pot of tea between them, looking around at the little, dingy, motel room. Knock at the door. Trinity checks through the window. She unlocks the door. Neo enters.

NEO
No problems. Looks clear. No one followed us. I guess this is home.

MACKIE
I had a home.

SCENE 132

INT. DAN'S APARTMENT

A small bachelor suite, terribly messy. Dan removes clothes and old newspapers from the couch and floor, so Tab can sit.

DAN
Can I get ya a drink?

TAB
Not right now. I'm trying to get my head clear. Fuckn' can't remember... talkin' with Mackie. I'm getting lost, every once in awhile too. Shit. I don't know what is happening. Mackie?...

DAN
Did you find her, at the college, there.

TAB
No. She wasn't... the teacha said she was. But I checked. She wasn't. Fuckn' memory is gettin' real bad. I think we'll have to call the hit off.

Suspenseful music comes up in the background.

DAN
What? We can't?

TAB
I can't think straight, man. It's...

DAN
Tab. You gave orders. The boys are already donnit. We haven't heard. They waited for your call. I guess you forgot. So, they went ahead as planned. They didn't see a problem and knew they could do it without ya. But they waited. You didn't...

TAB
OK. I fucked up. Did it go OK?

DAN
Yeah. Great. They called. Great. Slammed the bugger good. One less British lawyer in this fuckn' town, man.

TAB
Anyone else?

DAN
They took the whole family, Tab.

TAB

With pain in his face and voice.

Ahhhh.... fuck, nnnoooo!

SCENE 133

INT. DR. GREGORY'S HOUSE

Soft jazz music in the background. Middleclass home. People, in casual dress, talking and party atmosphere but low key. Lights go out and come back on. People stop talking.

DR. GREGORY
Hey, everyone. Thanks for coming. So good to see you all. The film will be in the living room upstairs, so if you could all get a snack, and fill up your glass, let's get started in about five minutes.

Camera zooms through the crowd to a low couch, where Mackie and Trinity are sitting. Trinity has regular casual clothes, black slacks, tall black leather boots, with a maroon pull-over wool sweater. Mackie is wearing a low cut white blouse and short tight black skirt. Mackie is very nervous.

MACKIE
Thanks Trinity. I don't think I woulda come here alone. I'm not used to these kinda cultural things.

TRINITY
Ya, me neither. Oh, and thanks for buying me the threads.

MACKIE
You look great. Would you like another drink?

TRINITY

She waves off another one.

On duty. Not for me.

MACKIE
I guess we ought to go see this movie.

Camera zooms to upstairs and Dr. Gregory and Elizabeth are talking to people and finding enough chairs. The room goes dark. People settle. Mackie looks at Trinity and they stare for a moment at each other, and smile as if this is all an unreal trip. The room goes black and the movie comes on.

SCENE 134

INT. HOVERCRAFT

Tank and Morpheus are talking and walk around Neo and Trinity's bodies that are plugged into the Matrix.

TANK
Damn. Sure would like a brew. How about you, sir?

MORPHEUS
Doesn't do a thing for me.

TANK
Don't you get high on...

MORPHEUS
Alcohol. Drugs. Sex. No. A warrior has no need to indulge.

TANK
Do you mean warrior, or cyborg?

Morpheus looks at him wryly.

MORPHEUS
Do you miss your kind? True 'Humans'?

TANK
Ya. Mostly, I miss Dozer. I guess I have to learn to not indulge.

MORPHEUS
In humans?

TANK
Ya. We are pretty fucked up. I mean who isn't? The Matrix and all. A.I. Geeezaaz... Sir. I have to be honest. You cyborgs are probably an improvement on humans. Not that I would want to tell anyone in Zion that. They'd take it as a personal offense. I guess it'd be a species offense.

MORPHEUS
Do you think Neo and Trinity's love for each other is an improvement?

Tank hesitates, a bit bewildered.

TANK
That's ...

MORPHEUS
Not in the program... not for warriors, and not even for humans. We're all in our own cages. Freedom is relative, isn't it? Trinity wants to see through the Matrix, so that she can...

TANK
Love... fearlessly.

MORPHEUS
Maybe? Maybe? But then there's fate... We just can't always personally choose.

SCENE 135

INT. RESTAURANT

Neo is sitting by himself enjoying greatly a bowl of Chinese noodles. A motorcycle drives up. Tab comes in the restaurant.

TAB
Fancy seeing you here.

Smirk on his face.

The costume people, from a... what dark planet was it you said?

NEO

Completely ignoring the comment.

Interested in some noodles?

TAB
Ya. More interested in Mackie, though. Hey, where's your hot babe? Nice.

NEO
With your hot babe. Nice.

The waiter comes over and takes Tab's order and refills Neo's bowl.

TAB
They together? Where?

NEO
A movie. With the class.

TAB
You mean Mackie's... Hey, where is she lately? She not at home, or she isn't answering... She OK? I'll fuckn' kill you aliens if you...

NEO
Ya. She's at Dr. Gregory's. The transformation class. Mackie's told us lots about it. We're hangin' out with her for her protection.

TAB

Disappointed.

She has? She never talks to me about it. I think that fuck, Mr. Gregory or Dr. whatever, is trying to lay his hands on private property, and if I ever catch him, I'll kill the bastard. Hey!

Nobody protects my babe.

Tab angrily splatters his spit in Neo's face as he stands up over him.

NEO
I ought to be terrified right now. But I'm not. You're a wanted man-- a so-called "terrorist."

TAB
What? Shit. I'll show you terror man, just join up with the Volunteers. Shit, man.

NEO
I don't need to Tab. I've my own wars. I wish none of us had the wars we do. But I know terror. I've been here, in the Matrix, formerly a computer geek conformist for the big corporation, my Mr. Anderson make-up job. To work on time, keep my mouth shut. You know.

TAB
Lick ass. Fuck. I've been away from that for years. I'm free of that shit.

NEO
Free? I doubt it.

TAB
Fuck off. I fight for my freedom every goddamn day. We've been fighting for 800 years, because we have a vision of freedom, and that keeps us going. A vision is as good as real, as far as we are concerned. For without that, we may as well lay down and let the British dogs fuck us and our woman and children in front of our faces. Then piss in our wounds.

NEO
So we're both hackers hey?

Sarcastically.

No victim there, hey?

... second-tier thinking has to emerge in the face of much resistance from first-tier thinking. In fact, a version of the postmodern green meme, with its pluralism and relativism, has actively fought the emergence of more integrative and holistic thinking.

And yet without second-tier thinking, humanity is destined to remain victims of a global auto-immune disease, where various [first-tier] memes turn on each other in an attempt to establish supremacy.[6]

SCENE 136

INT. HOVERCRAFT

Morpheus is leaning over Trinity's plugged-in body. Soft sympathetic emotional music comes up in the background. Tank is standing near. Morpheus coughs and tries to hold himself up with his little remaining strength. Tank rushes over to hold him steady. They stare down at Trinity's body. Morpheus strokes her head.

MORPHEUS
She is tough, beautiful, intelligent. Otherworldly. But she is so unhappy. I've taught her everything I know. Offered her a life purpose. But I can't give her the love she seeks. The tragedy is, and she knows it but won't admit it to herself, is that she is programmed in a kind of 'love' that is inherently violent, filled with fear. Yes, Tank, I think Trinity is, like all of us, searching for a fearless love in a sea of hate.

TANK
The Matrix? I don't think there's another sea to fish in, sir? And, maybe it doesn't matter anyway. We seem to take love wherever we can get it. Fear, love, hate... all in one romantic bag. She's got the itch, and she's lookn' for a scratch.

MORPHEUS
You know too? Neo isn't *the one*, for her.

TANK
Trin.'s gonna find out the hard way, like all the rest of us, humans, cyborgs... I'd haveta conclude sir: life's a bitch.

---

[6] Wilber, op cit., p. 31.

SCENE 137

INT. DR. GREGORY'S UPSTAIRS

Lights are on. Everyone is talking exuberantly. Some people are dazed. Mackie and Trinity are silent and motionless, staring at the white screen. Elizabeth approaches them with a smile and a plate of crackers and cheese.

DR. GREGORY
Wow. Everytime I see that film, it takes my breath away. The incredible sensitive photography....

Dr. Gregory's voice disappears in the background. Romantic emotional music comes up in the background. Elizabeth is sitting beside Mackie and Trinity as introductions are made.

ELIZABETH
Great to see you Mackie. Haim is very fond of you and thinks you add so much to the class. Nice to meet you Trinity. Where are you from?

Mackie, chokes and coughs up a dry cracker in her mouth spraying crumbs all over the place, including Trinity's lap. She tries to wipe the crumbs off, without getting them on the carpet. She is major embarrassed. Trinity hands her a glass of wine, and smiles confidently.

TRINITY
The "Mother Ship."

ELIZABETH

Smiles. Is taken a back but loves the metaphoric playfulness of Trinity.

Earth is a great Mother and Goddess to me too. I hate petty introductions. How clever. I'm going to remember that one, thanks Trinity.

Mackie sinks down painfully, her head looking away.

TRINITY
I was actually thinking of the Jacqueline Small's vision of the "Mother Ship." I heard Mackie talking about.

ELIZABETH
Oh, yeah, the first night of class.

TRINITY
Transformation is not a thing, so, a metaphor like a ship is suitable as a construct but limited and can be

distracting to the higher purpose of the metaphor itself. Don't you think. I prefer to see the Mother Ship as a process, a kind of womb for co-creating energies. It is my life, en-wombing being. I see that transferring energy from outer-dominance to inner-dominance, from ego to Essence, is the work of transformation. As a co-creative process, it is effortless because there is really nothing to be done; there is only someone to be. Now, Irigaray, the French Lacanian poststructuralist, she had some different ideas about the 'mother' metaphor as a repressed...

Mackie almost vomits and has to leave the conversation, that continues in delight and vibrance between the two women. Mackie moves to look at some pictures of Dr. Gregory and his wife together on the mantle.

DR. GREGORY
What do you think?

Mackie, startled, spins around, and spits out.

MACKIE
I ah...ah. I've never analyzed a movie before. Haim, forgive me, I'm justa little out of it, tonight. Trying day.

She looks sick, as she sees Trinity and Elizabeth engrossed in conversation. Mackie points to a picture on the mantle.

These your kids? They're probably pretty smart?

DR. GREGORY
Yes. They are wonderful people, with graduate degrees and doing very well. How about you Mackie? You planning to go on?

Mackie gulps, looks up at him. He stares her in the eyes. They pause.

MACKIE
Me, sir? Haim.

DR. GREGORY
No? You haven't planned for it, have you? What a shame? That would be a shame? I've just read the student's journals from class so far, and yours, is outstanding. Your poetry has a powerful... fearless innocence that challenges our normal fragmentary banal perceptions...

Mackie is smiling and nodding very uncomfortably.

MACKIE
I think I need to use the washroom.

She fakes a pleasant smile. She moves off down the hall.

INT. WASHROOM IN GREGORY'S HOUSE

Mackie is crying in front of the mirror. Trinity comes in the door, sees Mackie, and locks it from the inside.

TRINITY
Something wrong?

SCENE 138

EXT. CITYSCAPE- TAB'S MOTORCYCLE

Tab and Neo are standing on the street outside the noodle restaurant. Neo sits on the bike. Tab shows him a few things.

TAB
Ever ridden one?

NEO
Not yet. Dangerous, I hear.

TAB
Life is dangerous. If it's not, then you aren't alive, at least in this world. Ireland's world. Shit. What a.... Hey, Neo, why you people wear the sunglasses, day or night? Isn't the world dark enough?

NEO
Don't you really want to know something else, Tab?

TAB
Why ya hear, talking to me? Why's yer friend with Mackie?

NEO
Do you ever wonder, what is the Matrix?

SCENE 139

INT. WASHROOM IN GREGORY'S HOUSE

Mackie is sitting on the toilet with her skirt down, taking a piss. Trinity is visibly upset, looking intently at Mackie.

TRINITY
I didn't mean to intimidate you.

MACKIE

Pissed.

You never do. You just do it, naturally, with your superiority... shit!. You sneak into my private bedroom. You out race me to the gun, rescue me from dics, smother me with your clever conversation and ideas, you fuck around with my computer without my permission... what next? And I suppose it was you who put the website of Eva on my computer the other morning. What are you doing? You killed Mick's brain and so are going to do the same to my heart? Fuck! I can't take it!

Trinity turns inward, and looks at the mirror, holding back emotions. Mackie wipes and pulls up her skirt. Walks toward Trinity, with anger continuing.

I feel like your prisoner. And you're trying to be my fuckn' friend. Grrrr...

TRINITY
Why did you kiss me then?

Really pissed.

MACKIE
Like with Tab, I love people I hate. You gotta problem with that?

Trinity's cell phone rings.

TRINITY
Now I feel real special. Hello!

TANK
Trin. Morpheus! Quick. Get back...

Terror goes over Trinity's face.

TRINITY
Morpheus. No. Oh, shit! I'll get Neo. Will get right back to you Tank.

Hangs up.

MACKIE

Yelling from the background.

And who the hell is Morpheus? Who seems

to control your life bitch-girl...
Trinity?

TRINITY

In steady control.

I so, wish you could know him, Mackie.
Once you can critically analyze how Tab
controls your life, then I'll listen to
how you think Morpheus controls my life.
And for the moment: you can go to hell.

Mackie is stunned. Trinity calls on the phone.

Neo! Morpheus! It's serious. We're going
back. Now!

Camera zooms in on the holes in the receiver and then down one hole, black, with green lights and codes all around, then out at the other end.

INT. HOVERCRAFT

Neo comes out first. Then Trinity. Tank unplugs them. They all rush to Morpheus's room. Morpheus is laying in bed under covers. Shivering and sweating at the same time. His cough is regular. He can barely talk. He cannot recognize who is in the room, and tries to fight off Trinity and Neo who attempt to attend to him. Suddenly the emergency ship buzzer goes off.

TRINITY
Shit! Not now. Not Sentinels. Christ.
Tank, Neo, get on the controls.

NEO
Trinity. I'm commander in charge.

TRINITY
Then do as I say, or you can be in charge
of our corpses.

Neo and Tank run off. The ship cracks loudly and the suspenseful music rises quickly and loudly.

INT. HOVERCRAFT CONTROL ROOM

Tank and Neo sit in the control room and watch the Sentinels racing across the radar screen.

NEO
How long Tank?

TANK
Maybe 20 minutes, 15...

The ship cracks again loudly and jostles under the pressure of the sewers. They nearly fall off their chairs. They both look at each other with a worried look.

SCENE 140

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Sentimental music in the background. Camera close-up of a paper cup of steaming coffee with a pink lipstick imprint on the side. Mackie's silver painted fingernails wrap around the cup as she draws it up for a sip. There is a brown stain of coffee in a ring on the open book page of text with *Myths To Live By* at the top, 226. Mackie is reading to herself, as we hear her voice inside her head.

MACKIE (V.O.)
... our schizophrenic patient is actually experiencing inadvertently that same beatific ocean deep which that yogi and saint are ever striving to enjoy: except that, whereas they are swimming in it, he is drowning. There may come next, according to a number of accounts, the sense of a terrific task ahead with dangers to be met and mastered; ...

Mackie stops reading and takes another drink of coffee. She scratches her left breast and yawns. She is visibly agitated. She reaches for her cell phone. Dials.

MACKIE
Tab?

SCENE 141

INT. HOVERCRAFT

Suspenseful music begins. Sentinels are coming for the ship. Trinity, Neo, and Tank stare out the window, from a dark ship. They do not move. The first Sentinel flies by but the second stops. Stares at them as various devices come out to check for something, then it zooms down, and the second Sentinel turns and zooms also onto the ship. A loud clunk. The crew is terrified.

EXT. SEWERS

Two Sentinels can be seen sending red lazer beams out to cut away at the ship. A horrid sound comes from them as suspenseful music rise to a pitch. The ship is being tossed and cracks loudly.

INT. HOVERCRAFT

The crew looks at each other wondering what to do.

TANK
Any ideas? They'll burn through this thin shell in no time.

They look at each other.

TRINITY
Full power ahead, Tank. We'll try to shake them off.

NEO
Full power.

EXT. SEWERS

The engines whine loudly and mud flies, but the ship tips with the weight of the Sentinels and dives into the mud and engines stop. The Sentinels continue destroying the ship.

TRINITY
Damn! We haven't the power to carry the Sentinels.

TANK
Trin.? Something? Anything?

Suddenly, the ship is moving upward slowly. Through the windshield the crew sees the gigantic sludge worms collecting around the ship and around the Sentinels.

TANK
I don't believe it.

TRINITY
Our friends.

NEO
Worms?

The mass of worms cover the Sentinels and begin ripping them apart. In seconds, the Sentinels have been dismantled and fall away from the ship. The worms continue to carry the ship along above the mud.

TANK
That's team work!

We tend to think that the threats to our society or to ourselves are outside of us. We fear some enemy will destroy us. But a society is destroyed from the inside, not

from an attack by outsiders.... In reality, the only thing that can destroy us is within ourselves.[7]

These energies created a shield the Masters call the Core Fear Matrix.[8]

An excerpt from *Defending Your Life* (Warner Bros., 1991), written and directed by Albert Brooks:

Lawyer: When you use more than 5% of your brain, you don't want to be on earth.... Being from Earth, as you are, and using as little of your brain as you do, your life has pretty much been devoted to dealing with fear.

Daniel: It has?

Lawyer: Everybody on Earth deals with fear, that's what little brains do.... I advanced I moved forward. I got over my fears, and I got smarter.... Fear is like a giant fog, it sits on your brain and blocks everything....

---

[7] Excerpt from Trungpa (1986), p. 90.

[8] Retrieved from http://www.theawakening center.com/innersightmeditations0502.htm

SCENE 142

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Mackie's laying on the bed, sipping her coffee and talking on the phone.

MACKIE
Tab. This is the second message. If you're there, give me a call. I really need to talk.

She hangs up. The phone rings.

MACKIE
Tab?

TAB (V.O.)
Ya. Where are ya? Good to hear... Those freaks with you?

MACKIE
Trinity, Neo... Na. I want to talk, Tab. Just talk.

TAB (V.O.)
Great. Ya, me too.

MACKIE
We should hang up fast. Make sure no one is following you. Come to ...

FADE OUT TO BLACK.

SCENE 143

INT. HOVERCRAFT

The crew are watching the worms carrying them.

TRINITY
They seem attracted to us.

NEO
Food?

TRINITY
I'm not sure. Let's see. We've been here before and they seemed no danger to us.

TANK
Neo?

NEO
Let's see.

TRINITY
You two stay on naturalist duty. Let's see what these creatures want. I'll be with Morpheus.

SCENE 142

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Mackie laying on the bed, phoning.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)
Hello, the Gregory's residence. Can I help you?

MACKIE
Hello. Is Haim there? Hi. This is Mackie... Mackie Doris from class.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)
Mackie... and Trinity? Your guest. A very nice person. Yes, I'll get Haim.

Pause.

DR. GREGORY (V.O.)
Hello Mackie. Good to hear from you.

MACKIE
I'm sorry to bother you. Have you got a few minutes, I have some questions. Oh, and sorry about the quick exit last night, ah... Trinity had to get going and well, it wasn't a good night... really enjoyed the film. But right now, I'm working on some symbols, and I don't have any books. Do you know, off chance, what the rabbit represents... like in dreams or ... ah... visions?

Pause.

Like I'm trying to work out the meaning of some strange experiences.

DR. GREGORY (V.O.)
Yeah. Just a minute, I'll get a book from my library.

Pause.

Rabbit. Hmmm... OK. Here's what this book says, in general, "Because they are nocturnal, rabbits and hares symbolize the moon and hence death and rebirth... They are creatures which burrow in earth, are prolific breeders and therefore represent fertility and good fortune.... the rabbit was also dedicated to the love deities.... The rabbit is the Chinese zodiac sign for the feminine and virtuous. To Buddhists, the rabbit symbolizes self-sacrifice, because a rabbit (hare) offered itself as food for Buddha and in gratitude he placed it in the moon. Their shy habits have led rabbits to epitomize timidity and sometimes cowardice. In Western tradition, the March hare (rabbit) symbolizes madness."[1] Is that enough?

MACKIE

Startled by the connections

Ya. Yahhooo.. Holllyyy. Thanks. That helps. I think. OK. I'll see ya...

DR. GREGORY (V.O.)
I wanted to tell you... I hope I didn't embarrass you the other night at the gathering? I'm a bit awkward sometimes, saying exactly what I want to say. I've been thinking about your ideas in your journal and things you've said in class. I've talked to Elizabeth and we have both decided we would like to help you to get into a University. You can use our names for references, and as well, we have decided to offer you a $25,000 U.S. gift for your post-secondary education, if you ever decide to go to university. We both feel you would make an excellent... what ever you put your mind to. Your ideas on perception are most fascinating and so, I was thinking maybe psychology or sociology of knowledge, philosophy, or something along those lines. I'd be glad to help out if you want any help with planning a career, Mackie. I really... hope that this won't upset you or your parents. It's a gift to get you started. Then you can apply for scholarships later.

---

1 Excerpt from Gibson (1996), p. 101.

MACKIE

Speechless.

I don't have any parents. Well. My mom, she doesn't really think about university. Hey. I'm a bit overwhelmed Haim. I'm... going to have to think about it, OK? I don't know what to say. But thanks for the offer.

DR. GREGORY (V.O)
Sure. No problem, I understand. It is a lot to take in. We have time to talk later. I'll see you in class. Good night.

MACKIE
Good night.

She hangs up her phone. And falls back on the bed, staring out the window. Mystical music in the background, ominous, and haunting. The moon is shining brightly. She gets up and goes outside.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE

Mackie stares up at the moon, and stretches her body out like an angel ready to take off. The camera zooms in on the moon, as various dark shapes show on its surface. Clouds go by and the wind picks up blowing Mackie's hair in her face. From an outside view, she goes into the restaurant, orders a coffee. She comes out with a newspaper under her arm. Camera zooms in at her sipping her hot coffee and, with difficulty in the wind, reading the paper front page, visibly disturbed.

INT. MOTEL ROOM

She comes in the door, still reading the newspaper. She locks the dead bolt.

MACKIE
Oh! No! Oh... No!

She is almost in tears. Throws the paper on the table and goes into the washroom, slamming the door shut. Screaming sounds come from inside the washroom.

SCENE 145

INT. HOVERCRAFT- MORPHEUS'S ROOM

Morpheus is in bed coughing and tossing. Trinity sits in a chair beside him, as if in meditation. Although, movement of the ship is continuing, creating a rough ride. A long look at Trinity's conviction and strong will in her face.

SCENE 146

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Haunting music in the background. Cool blue moon light shines in a blackened room. The camera scans the table the chairs, the doorway to the bathroom, the door is open, and finally across the bed table, with books and pen and many scrunched up balls of loose paper on the table and floor and bed. At the far side Mackie is lying on the bed staring straight up, with a depressive face of grief.

SCENE 147

INT. HOVERCRAFT- MORPHEUS'S ROOM

Morpheus still on the bed, more quiet now. He is making sounds that are uninterpretable. Trinity's hand comes down and, with a cloth, wipes the sweat from his brow. We see a close up of her concerned and compassionate face. Neo comes in the door and touches her on the shoulder. She reaches up to touch his hand. They both look at Morpheus.

NEO
Why don't you get some rest. You have your room back, and Tank is on bio-watch. I'll stay here.

She slightly protests, and Neo lifts her from the chair and moves her out of the room.

SCENE 148

INT. DAN'S TRUCK

Honky tonk music is playing inside the truck, accompanied by road and engine humming noise. Close-up of dangling metal plate catching the moon light, flickering. The camera focuses and catches the shape of a typical trucker's naked woman silouhette. Close up of Tab's face, as oncoming car lights hit and fade away. He is looking serious and expectant.

SCENE 149

INT. HOVERCRAFT- MORPHEUS'S ROOM

Trinity reaches back in the room, holding the door. She has a frightened look on her face.

TRINITY
Neo. Can you come here.

Neo leaves Morpheus resting, joins Trinity outside the door.

NEO
Can't rest?

TRINITY
I'm scared. Not for me. I'm scared for Morpheus. The mission.

NEO
Yeah. Me too. I don't know what we'd do without Morpheus.

TRINITY
You and I would still be hanging out in a garden of unconscious human bodies, sucking up the juices of dead human flesh and blood.

NEO
The Matrix.

TRINITY
The other view. I can look at Mick, or Mackie, or Tab in the eyes, when we are in the computer's construct of the Matrix. I feel like I am one of them. You can eat your pizza and noodles, and feel like you are one with them. But when I think of...

She gulps, holding back emotions. She leans on Neo. He holds her gently. With her head over his shoulder.

Do you remember, when I was telling you to follow the question... to pursue the Matrix structure and everything about how it works. And now, you have seen through it. Thanks to Morpheus.

NEO
Thanks to you. Your kiss. Your breath.

TRINITY
Stop. Morpheus helped you and taught you everything you needed to know to see through the Matrix. To see the construct electronically, and to defeat it, to defeat the Agents.

NEO
For now. Ya.

TRINITY
But not you, not Morpheus, can do a goddamn thing with all that seeing...

She cringes in pain.

Morpheus is the wisest man I know and yet, his mind, with the Agent's help, is killing him.

NEO
And the mission, perhaps? We have to do something. I'm not going to stand by and watch Morpheus die, and the mission with it!

Trinity moves back and looks Neo in the eye.

TRINITY
No? And how are you going to stop it? More guns? Heroics? I don't think so.

She walks off to her room. Neo watches her, perplexed.

SCENE 150

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Black screen. Loud knock at the door.

TAB (V.O.)
Mackie?

Pause. Silence.

TAB (V.O.)
Mackie?

Pause. Silence.

Whatta...?

EXT. MOTEL ROOM

Mackie is suddenly behind Tab, with a knife at his throat.

MACKIE
Turn around and look up.

She pushes him around, keeping behind him with the knife at his throat.

TAB

Jokingly.

Just like the old days, hey, Mackie?

MACKIE

Angrily.

You wish? I'm not joking around, asshole.

She tightens the knife up against his throat cutting him slightly as a drop of blood falls down his neck.

TAB
What the fuck, you doin'?

MACKIE
Shut up and look up. Look at that moon, my comrade.

TAB
Ya. So! Quit fuckn'...

MACKIE
Shut up you worm! Look at that light that comes from death.

TAB
Becoming a poet are we, with your Dr....

MACKIE
Shut up! The moon is a symbol of death and rebirth. For women, it marks our time, our periods, our life cycle, everything about us. For men, it marks an object in the universe to conquer and fantasize the rape of your next victim. Madmen and madwomen arise when the moon is full, vampires take blood from white-ass rednecks like you.

She let's him go.

You're lucky ain't you?

TAB

Looking at her very skeptically.

Lucky? Whatta you on, Mackie? Have those aliens been fuckn' with your brain, like I think they have with mine?

MACKIE

She calms down.

Your lucky to be alive. Tab. How could you and the guys kill a whole family? Shit!

She holds up the front page of the paper in his face with her other hand. She reads an excerpt from the article [adapted from an actual story].

> "At 6:25 pm on 12 June, two masked gunmen of the IRA smashed through the front door of Northern Irish Defence lawyer Patrick Finucane's home and murdered him in front of his wife and three children. The family, including nine year-old John and teenagers Catherine and Michael, were sitting down for their Friday evening meal, when they heard the crash of breaking glass from their hallway. Finucane and his wife Geraldine jumped up from the kitchen table and opened the glass door which separated the kitchen from the hallway. Halfway down the hall they saw the gunmen, dressed in black and wearing camouflage jackets, striding towards them with guns. Finucane threw himself against the glass door in an abortive attempt to keep the gunmen out. At the same moment the gunmen opened fire, shattering the glass and hitting Finucane in the chest and stomach. Patrick Finucane fell back on to the kitchen floor, lying face up. The killers then entered the kitchen and finished off their target at close range, firing twenty four rounds into Finucane's head and neck as Geraldine and Catherine began screaming and the youngest child John looked on in bewildered silence. Then, the two men turned their fire on the remaining family members."[2] Is this what we become? The IRA... me... is this my future? Becoming another madman, madwoman, vampire of the night, slaughtering the woman and children of this earth, like baby rabbits?

TAB

Leaning into her face, spitting with venom on his words.

> Whatta ya want to see? Wanta see British allies fuck our women and children around and piss on them after they are finished? Is that the kind of rape you want? Oh, don't give me that feminist shit! Don't start goin' pacifist and poetic, my dear... for you are an IRA Volunteer and you have no right to

---

2 From Toolis (1995).

think like an individual with your own biased opinions. You think for the cause and act for the cause and don't fucking forget it! And if you do forget it, even for a moment, fucking think twice, and think beyond your own little ego brain... think!, think! real good about all those who died for your ass, and for Ireland's freedom and soul. Then go out and read your intellectual ideas, then, do your goddamn moon watching on their bodies that you stand upon and breath upon. IRA! IRA! I...R...A...!

Mackie doesn't twinge. Looking him in the face, receiving him, she utters in compassion.

MACKIE
Walk with me!

She pulls Tab by the arm and puts her arm in his. She carries the newspaper in the other hand. They walk around behind the motel into the moon-lit forest.

SCENE 151

INT. HOVERCRAFT- TRINITY'S ROOM

Trinity sits at her computer, exhausted, with a blank stare and a blank screen in front of her. Suddenly the green-lit cursor appears, with a beep, and the words are being typed by an unknown source. Trinity is startled. They read: *Mick is the key. The Matrix has you. Follow the question... follow the question.* Trinity pauses, but is intrigued, and types, with her voice repeating the words:

TRINITY
Who...who are you?

Nothing happens.

Who was Mick?

She waits breathlessly. Pause. An answer follows: *Mick McGirr, hacker Mac-R2, was unplugged from the Matrix in 1999. He was unwilling and unable to follow directions from his commander E-Trinity. Mick had a problem with women, authority, and mostly, he had an impossible time with them combined. He rebelled and we sent him back into the Matrix without his full memory. It appears his mind was unable to withstand the transitions in and out of the Fear Matrix. His limited time with Mackie Doris and Tab O'Toole and the network was worthy of his memory in the mission. This information is highly confidential, and under no circumstances is it to be passed on to anyone else. I am E-Trinity. Do you agree?*

Trinity types in more.

TRINITY
Yes.... E-Trinity? The Fear Matrix?
Who's mission? Who are you...
E-Trinity?

No response. Pause. She types again.

What is the Fear Matrix?

A response appears: *The Fear Matrix is something you, Trinity, and everyone on your ship under your command, are not yet able to understand. Your perceptions are, so to speak, still in the sewer. Mick, was taken to the skies, far above normal human satellite pathways. We operate our ship there as a resistance to the Fear Matrix. Mick was unable to overcome the inertia of the Fear Matrix. He was a male test case for us. Mackie was his female test.*

Trinity types

TRINITY
Who is Mackie?

Loud knock at the door. Trinity immediately closes the lid of her laptop. Suspenseful music arises.

Who is it?

NEO
Neo.

She looks around, wants to look under the lid of the laptop, hesitates, and looks back to the door very flustered. She goes to the door and pokes her head out.

TRINITY
What's up?

NEO
Tank wants you right away. The worms...

The ship cracks and turns, throwing Trinity and Neo into each others arms as they fall to the floor. Trinity jumps up and goes back in her room. Neo follows part way.

TRINITY
Get out! I... didn't mean to yell. Go.
I'll be right there.

Neo taken aback leaves. Trinity touches her computer, peaks under to see only a blank screen again. She shakes her head, in disbelief and runs out to the control room.

INT. HOVERCRAFT CONTROL ROOM

TANK
Glad to see you, Trin. Look.

EXT. SEWERS

Suspenseful music peaks in volume and intensity. A large mass of sludge worms continues to carry the hovercraft along the surface of their masses. In the distance a massive amount of cocoons, the shape of the hovercraft, are lining the sewer pipes, with worms all over them.

TANK
Amazing. I've never seen anything like it, and I've travelled these pipes for a long time. They seemed to have taken us to some new sections. What is that Trin.?

TRINITY
A colony. Holy shit!

NEO
Is that good?

TRINITY
I... Tank, start the engines. Keep them running just in case. Let's go with the flow, for awhile. Call me if you need me. I've got some important things to look after. Neo. Check on Morpheus, will ya? Thanks.

TANK

Whispering, a bit unnerved, as he is left alone.

She has more important things? Jesussuz...

SCENE 152

EXT. WOODS- BEHIND MOTEL

Mysterious music. Through the dark navy blue moon-lit forest are two silouhetted figures standing around a small fire. The fire goes out.

SCENE 153

INT. HOVERCRAFT- TRINITY'S ROOM

Trinity sitting in front of her computer. She is hitting various keys in frustration, but nothing comes up on the screen.

TRINITY
Goddamn it!

She goes to her bed and lies down. The rocking motion of the ship is hypnotizing as music suitable to hypnosis comes up, and she closes

her eyes. The camera racks in closely at her eyelids and eyelashes vibrating. She sighs, a few times, as if she is only learning how to breathe for the first time. Otherworldly soft music comes up in the background. Her body curls up into a fetal position. She moves irregularly in jerky movements and groans lightly. A watery sound fills the background and everything sounds like it is inside a hollow container, or beneath the sea. She puts her thumb in her mouth gently, finding comfort in sucking.

SCENE 154

EXT. WOODS- BEHIND MOTEL

Loud snap. Suspenseful music begins to build. Dark moon-lit woods and Tab's foot has just broken a dry branch on the forest floor. Mackie and Tab are walking hand in hand. They stop with the noise. Mackie is particularly listening and aware.

TAB
What is it?

Mackie reaches out her hand and covers his mouth firmly. She stares into the dark. She hears more noises, and looks out toward the motel in the distance through the woods. The camera zooms in to many men rushing out of military and police vehicles in front of the motel. Suddenly, a thundering barage of high-power rifles let loose on the motel. Glass flies everywhere in chards like lightning blades.

EXT. MOTEL

A large number of security forces blast away at Mackie's motel room, and Dan's truck. They remain as completely disemboweled skeletal structures. After shots stop. Agent Brown, gets out of a black sedan and marches over to the motel room, exposed by large holes. He looks inside, sees there are no bodies. Only books, paper and other items strewn all over, with bullet holes everywhere. He reaches up to his security ear-phone and listens. Then he gives an order.

AGENT BROWN
They are in the forest!

All the security forces charge the forest in the direction of Mackie and Tab.

SCENE 155

INT. HOVERCRAFT- TRINITY'S ROOM

The same otherworldly music playing. Trinity jumps up suddenly. She runs out to the control room. Through the window, is a mass of golden-orange liquid containers of giant sludge worm cocoons all stuck on the walls in patterns, with huge worms crawling all over

them and depositing silver slimy coatings on them. Some sludges are doing the same to the hovercraft. It is a beautiful organic scene. As Tank and Trinity are amazed and curious to be part of a colony.

TRINITY

Breathless.

It's beautiful...

TANK
They've carried us up here. Kind of like being on the top of a sludge castle.

EXT. SEWERS FROM THE WORM COLONY

Camera view looks down a very high column of these golden-orange containers shining with silver linings. Millions of cocoons, worms all over, appear as the camera scans the entire colony.

TANK
So, Trin. what now?

TRINITY
Hook me up. I'm going in.

Tank looks at her and looks at the colony. He's bewildered.

To the Fear Matrix.

TANK
The what... Matrix?

She moves to the teletransport chairs and prepares.

TRINITY
Not now. Hook me up. Get a lead on Mackie at the motel.

TANK
Comin' up. Gonna try for Tab again?

Trinity doesn't answer. Tank hooks her up and returns to the computer punches buttons and she is in.

TANK

Muttering to himself, as he looks at the colony.

Ah, Trin., don't you think we ought to have asked Neo... the commander of this cocoon? Jessuzz... what a bunch of rebels!

SCENE 156

EXT. WOODS- BEHIND MOTEL

Fixed close-up of the moon and black sky. The camera zooms right in. Suspenseful music peaking. The round light becomes a flashlight head-on. It joins several other flashlights which twist and turn as security forces, with rifles in- hand, scan the woods. Helicopters can be seen with spotlights coming in across the black sky toward the woods. Mackie and Tab are running desperately through the underbrush, still well ahead of the security forces.

SCENE 157

EXT. MOTEL

Suspenseful music continues to peak. Trinity appears in lazer light and then materializes. She is standing in black leathers by Dan's blown up truck. By himself, Agent Brown, is looking out at the woods and cannot see Trinity behind him. He lifts his hand up to his ear-phone and listens. He quickly reaches for his gun (now in slow motion), and starts to turn. Trinity sees a quick vision of the Matrix as green illumined codes, but it disappears. Agent Brown, sneers, and fires a shot which hits her in the chest blowing her several feet back as blood and leather pieces fly into the air and her sunglasses fly up, she tumbs and the camera racks in on her sunglasses twisting and turning with blood spray all over them and around them, as they hit the ground. The scene is now completely green illumined codes, as Trinity sees through the Matrix and runs at the Agent, his bullets flying right through her. She runs right through his body and he dissipates into white lazer light and machine parts fly all over. Trinity, fully intact, runs to pick up her sunglasses. Stops. Then a black leather boot (close-up) comes down, smashing the sunglasses (slow motion) into the pavement, as dark glass fragments fly up all over. Trinity turns around. We see only Trinity's face close up. She is mesmerized but awake as she is looking at someone we cannot see. A pair of black leather gloved-hands cover Trinity's eyes gently and move in a circular motion, then release. Trinity is viewed momentarily in a stunning awakened beauty. The gloved-hands place a new set of sunglasses on Trinity's eyes.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE 158

EXT. WOODS- BEHIND MOTEL

Massive gun fire and blazing rifle barrels are seen as flashlights are everywhere, helicopter spotlights and snipers shooting. Mackie trips. Tab returns to pick her up. The security forces close in still at a distance. Mackie sees a large den-like hole in the ground, under a few large fallen tree trunks, and starts to scramble down it.

TAB
I'm staying. I'm not running like some animal.

MACKIE

Mackie looks up at him from the ground. Shots are firing all around.

Are you crazy! They'll be on us any second. There's room for both, I'm sure. Tab!

She starts down further.

TAB
No. I will stand as an IRA warrior.

He pulls out a pistol from under his jacket and fires rapidly back at the security men. Mackie looks up at him from her hole and scratches the earth around her, slipping her thin body downward. Momentarily (slow motion), she looks back at Tab's body being riveted by bullets and falling to the ground, blood running onto the soil. With one arm, she pulls an armload of soil with lots of large dead leaves and large branches, over the entrance of the hole, as she disappears into blackness.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE 159

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Choppers flying over with spotlights, and men's voices can be heard in the forest in the distant background behind the motel. Trinity walks into the skeletal remains of Mackie's motel room, with only moonlight shining through to light the inside. She picks up Mackie's white blouse off the floor. Then picks up one of the pieces of crumpled up papers. She opens it and reads it: *Dear Trinity, how I love that name and body, like my own, you've shown me how to be a woman with dignity. I can't find the right words for how I feel about you and me.*

Trinity is deeply moved and puts it into her pocket. She hides behind a beam as the security forces come out of the forest carrying a body, they load it into the truck and all the men are soon gone.

EXT. FOREST SCENE

In the stunning silence, other than an owl's call and frogs in chorus in the background, Trinity moves out and walks into the woods through a layer of incoming fog, and a wave of the air that indicates she has passed through some altered reality. Romantic music of harps comes up in the background and a faint sunrise is seen coming up through the woods, like fire, shining on the trees. She walks to an opening in the forest where a steaming small lake is utterly calm. Haunting loon

calls are heard in the background. Trinity slowly takes off her clothes and places them on the rocks. Takes off her sunglasses. She runs her hands over her face as if cleansing herself in the stream of soft golden yellow light. Her body is scintillating as every nuance of fine form catches the light casting crisp shadows on the earth behind her. A whispering magic voice comes through the morning air.

MACKIE (V.O.)
Trinity.

Trinity looks to her side and over the rock surfaces to the back of a naked female figure squatting in perfect balance, on her toes, looking out over the lake. The long brown hair lays flat along the firm muscled straight back. Both arms are outstretched like wings of an eagle. Her hands stretched out with a slight downward gesture to the earth, with fingers separated and pointing with purposeful tension. The goddess-figure's head turns and Mackie, looking serenely beautiful and calm, invites Trinity's gaze to endure eternally. Trinity moves toward her in a willful walk, stopping right behind Mackie, as the they sculpt together one body out of the landscape. Trinity reaches out to touch Mackie's arms and follow their length, sliding to join hands. The music comes to a peak.

SCENE 160

INT. HOVERCRAFT- MORPHEUS'S ROOM

Mourning soft music in the background, as we hear Morpheus attempting to speak. Neo and Tank are sitting in the room on chairs attending to Morpheus on the bed, under the covers. Tank tries to offer him water, but Morpheus pushes it aside.

TANK
I think we should call Trin.

Morpheus reaches an arm to grab Tank, holding him back.

NEO

Very distressed

Can we get you anything, sir?

SCENE 161

EXT. WOODS- LAKE EDGE

Romantic music in the background. Two loons glide slowly along the steamy lake surface, one calls, and the camera swings to reveal Mackie lying face-up on the grass naked. Trinity sits up beside her, one arm supporting her in the grass, with the sun rays glaring off their vibrant surfaces. Camera zooms in back and forth from Trinity's face to Mackie's face as they talk without words. Then soft spoken words.

MACKIE
Do you remember the film, *The Terrorist,* and the one line of the rebel commander to his harem of young sacrifical warriors?

TRINITY
Ya. He said, "The world fears violence and bloodshed. That fear will generate respect for us."[3]

MACKIE
Tony, Mick, Tab, lived by that. I cannot.

TRINITY
I have something to tell you. When I fell in love with Neo, I thought I would have the life I wanted. Young warriors in love... I couldn't imagine it being more perfect --and when I saw the power of that love, as Neo was able to see through the Matrix and make the Agent's fear him, I thought we would have the respect we finally deserved as a Resistance to injustice-- my ideal dream was that soon we would live some kind of 'normal' life.

MACKIE
Do you love Neo?

TRINITY
In a different, comrade kinda way. I feel... love for you as a person. I've wanted you to join us from the start as we need more women leaders. But, if I'm honest, I wanted you for me.

MACKIE
To sacrifice in Morpheus's harem? I don't know who you are Trinity? But I feel... I am amazed, what love I have for you.

Pause, as they each stare at each other's eyes and souls.

TRINITY
Today I had an unforgettable experience of knowing who I am for the first time. I was able to imagine my naked body inside the Matrix. I know you don't know what the Matrix is, yet, but I'm telling you I have

---

[3] The terrorist-trainer (commander) of the young Indian women gave another speech: "Death will not deter us. We will shed our blood but not our tears. Ramu was fearless in death, he died a martyr.... Such bravery strengthens our movement... be strong and brave." Excerpts from *The Terrorist* a film by Santosh Sivan (n.d.).

lived in a machine world, and a machine womb of fear, most all of my life. I have no mother, as you humans know it. I have no father, other than a sperm donor. Today I felt the warmth of the fluids that kept me alive, and the comfort of my own body to keep me company. I've been too terrified to really look at a woman's body, my own, and now yours, with love.

She smiles as she takes a long look at Mackie's body in the sunlight.

MACKIE
I kissed you that night because I could not stop thinking about kissing you. Since the first time I heard your voice take command and the first time you shared your intelligence, I've wanted to be a part of you. You turn me on like no man has ever come close. Maybe you aren't a normal human, but you are fearless, and that makes me excited with a burning hot desire to be with you. Even though, you have pissed me off royally, and I've, unfortunately blamed you for what I was not willing to face, as my own demon, I've continued to love you.

Trinity winces as the sun rises and the bright white light showers upon them. Trinity reaches for her sunglasses.

TRINITY
You mean face your own f...

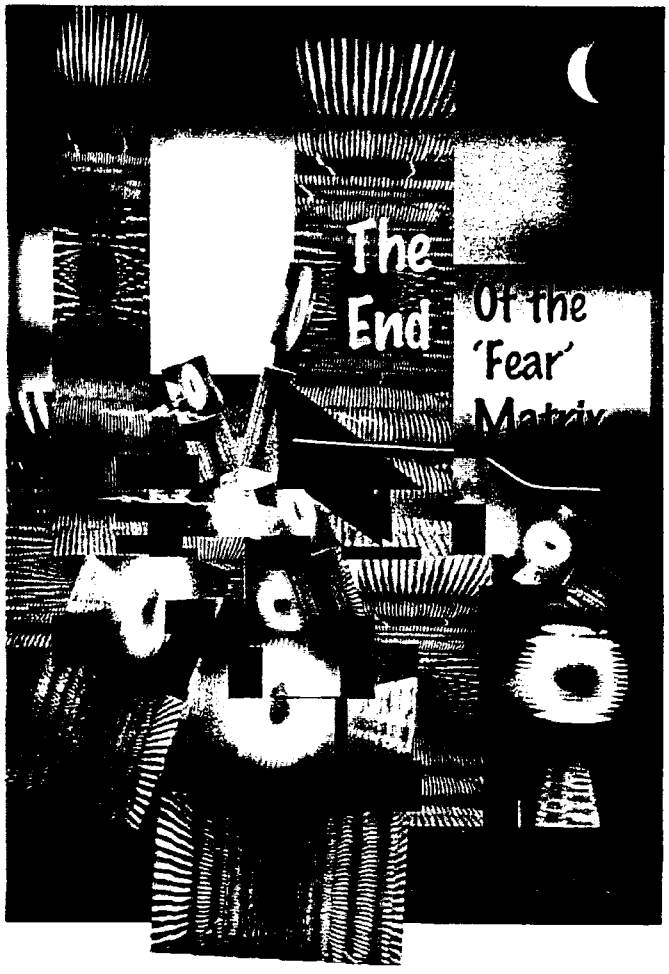
Trinity, through the sunglasses, sees everything turn to the Matrix coding in yellow-green lights and numbers that form the contours of the shape of a rabbit where Mackie once layed. Trinity is shocked, uttering in her mind with disbelief.

Rabbit?

FADE OUT TO BLACK.

Raunchy loud music of One Inch Punch plays the tune *Pretty Piece Of Flesh*. After a few seconds, white text scrolls up from the bottom, reading:

Morpheus died. The little Neb hung around the worm colony indefinitely, as there were no Sentinels in that part of the sewers. Tank, Neo and Trinity carried on their work for the Resistance. Mackie went to the University in Australia to study sociology, accompanied by her generous grant from the Gregory's. And R. Michael Fisher defended his Ph.D. and moved on to a successful career as a life insurance salesman.


The
End
Of the
'Fear'

fear matrix
fear matrix
fear matrix
1984
Beautiful
PART
fear matrix
fear matrix
fear matrix
2003
R. Michal Fisher - 2003
Three

Let the beauty we love be what we do/There are hundreds of ways to kneel and kiss the ground.
- Rumi cited in Blum (1993, p. 88)

These stones are the markers left by Spiritual Warriors, the servants of civilization.
- Blum (1993, p. 89)

The Book of Runes is offered as a handbook for
the Spiritual Warrior. Free of anxiety, radically alone
and unattached to outcomes, the Spiritual Warrior
practices absolute trust in the struggle for awareness....
- Blum (1993, p. 13)

The study of fear ('fear') and its coding in the 'Fear'
Matrix, has been a lesson of servancy. Take a stone
dear one, from the silken pouch, and rub the finger across
its surface, hidden in the dark of the bag you hold. Hand
on hand, enlightened glyph,
the poet wrote 400 years and more, that *Mannaz*
is-- the rightest choice, and stone, today.

Wanting to start, wanting to end, this Part 3 is left to Runes.
The ark, the Oracle, the tentacles trace the shape that guides
—the now, and the before now-- was possible. Rock
solid wisdom for Sacred Warriors who ought to know everything
about fear to be fearless. This is surely more than courage (listen to
the *ear* of the h*ear*t in f*ear*).

The
Oracle speaks: *Mannaz*

Mannaz : <u>The Self</u>

The starting point is the self. Its essence is water. Only clarity, willingness to change, is effective now.... Remain modest—that is the Oracle's counsel.... Be in the world but not of it.... Remember at all times what is coming to be and passing away, and focus on that which abides. Nothing less is called for from you now.... Now is not a time to seek credit for accomplishments or to focus on results. Instead, be content to do your task for the task's sake.... <u>Nothing in excess</u> was the second phrase written over the gateway to the temple at Delphi. The first counsel was <u>Know Thyself</u>.
- Blum (1993, pp. 93-94)

Know thy fearful self as that, which is, not yet, The Self. Surround
fear by the greatest beauty-- a way to kneel and kiss--
the way to the fearless Spiritual Warrior.

POSTSCRIPT

[This is intended as a performative debriefing after the play in Part 2. Some of the important methodological reasons for the particular contours of the dissertation are discussed. The host of the evening is the acting chairperson for this dialogue, inviting the audience to engage with R. Michael Fisher, author/director and one of the actors in the performance. The host has just stepped up to the table at the front of the stage as the audience settles back in their seats awaiting the opening remarks]

Host (H): Good evening, everyone. Wow. In and out of the 'fear' matrix... was quite a ride... wasn't it? What a performance! [audience claps and cheers]. Welcome to this forum. Let me first thank the Society for the Application of Popular Culture in Education for sponsoring this evening's event as part of their annual conference. It is wonderful to have such a mixed audience of scholars in popular culture, education, and the general public that were invited to participate tonight. I am particularly excited and heartened to have over 300 highschool students from various districts in the Lower Mainland joining us. I, for one, look forward to your comments and questions. So, let's get started, and invite our special guest... author, director, and creator Dr. R. Michael Fisher. [audience claps and cheers as RMF comes on stage and sits beside the host at the front table]

H: Welcome to our forum, Dr. R. Michael Fisher. Just before I invite our audience to participate in this dialogue, I have a few questions to get us started.

Michael (M): You can call me Michael (pronounced My-ky-el).

H: It's a great honor to have you share some of the backstage work behind your play. As many of us know, that is where 80% of the effort goes on behind the scenes-- the stuff that nobody sees-- the years of messy chaotic struggles-- before the art work finally comes to fruit, on stage.

M: I'm glad to be here. I guess the 20% is the easy part. Now, I have to do what most artists can't stand-- to explain what their work involved and what it means.

H: But you are an artist and an educator, and you've suggested in your dissertation that this play we've just seen is part of a curriculum you are building. How did that initiative come about?

M: That's a long story.... that would take my life time to present to you. Let me start with the moment I attempted to think about Part 3 of my dissertation. How does one gather that 80% of a production into a few pages, as if it is supposed to sum it all up. The problem is, the audience doesn't get to experience that 80%. They can relate to

the 20% and that's about all-- and even that is doubtful, as probably most people on a first experience of my play actually only 'get' about 20% of that 20%.

H: And that's exactly why this forum was arranged to help us understand why you are doing what you do and how the characters in this play live a story you want to tell us.

M: I'm not so sure it's that simple. I'm less confident, as author/director, I can actually represent, in an accurate or fixed way, much of what is going on in the play either. I wrote it, but there is more writing me, at times, than me writing it. That's why I've invited actor Mick McGirr to join us tonight. [Mick comes running onto stage as the audience claps and roars spontaneously. Mick's long blonde hair flows like a river of sunshine behind him. He graciously bows. Then sits with the group at the table.]

H: Welcome Mick. Hacker Mac-R2. I hope you don't have any Agents following you. [laughter]

Mick McGirr (MC): I don't think so. But then you can never tell, can you? They show up just about anywhere. Right? If you aren't unplugged from the 'Fear' Matrix, then you are an 'enemy' of the Resistance. Right? [he looks deeply at the host]

H: Right... ah... you can't be talking to me... us... anyway... Hey. You're supposed to be dead! You died in the hospital ... what scene was that? [host laughs by himself]

M: That's fearless leadership. You never give up-- even if you have to come back as a ghost. Thanks, Mick, for doing this. As I was saying, when I started to think about summarizing in Part 3 of the dissertation, I decided I had so many paths I could go on in order to write all the methodological stuff one requires for a 'normal' doctoral level defense. But it seemed that the art of the whole dissertation had taken on a shape that wanted something more alive, and at least more consistent in tone and flow with the style of Part 1 (the fictional dialogue between myself and Daniel Cohn-Bendit) and Part 2 (the fictional critique and sequel dramatization of *The Matrix* modified). Talking with my research committee members and my life partner, it seemed a debriefing forum, like this, was going to work out just fine. But I still wasn't sure what sort of attitude, or methodology-- and I mean that in the largest sense-- would be best for me to pursue in Part 3. So...

H: You asked the Oracle.

M: Exactly.

H: I noticed that you didn't bring in the Oracle as part of your sequel.

MC: Hey. I disagree. E-Trinity was the Oracle in Michael's version.

H: Oh?

MC: If you actually read the play carefully, E-Trinity is the transformative principle-- Oracle-- she watches the whole unfolding drama. She tests the entire set of actors, it is like she designed the whole thing- like a God-- Goddess-- to see what all the rest of us fools were going to act out in our various positions in our lifescripts. I think she was having a blast "up there" somewhere.

M: Thanks, Mick. It did feel like (still does)... She is in control of it all, including my will-- is becoming her will. Yeah, I have journaled about E-Trinity (*aka* Eternity). I have struggled with people not getting what my work is about. I wrote, "If people don't see that I am serving E-Trinity... well, then they won't understand this play-- this whole project." Sure, I don't mind if you call her a Goddess-- or Oracle-- Sophia-- whatever. Just as long as that perspective-- her perspective, is contemplated about, when anyone tries to read and interpret this dissertation. Anyway, I couldn't find E-Trinity when I wanted to put together a plan for Part 3. She can be a bit abstract. I had to settle for something else, a little more worldly, that would get me outside of myself, even if only for a short time-- and guide the proper attitude. So, I turned to an ancient Viking-Celtic Oracle tradition-- I drew a stone from the Runes. See the poetic-like text at the front of Part 3. I find the world pretty disturbing, as you see by the illustration on the front piece of Part 3. And drawing the rune stone "Mannaz" (The Self)-- was useful in that it instructs the drawer/creator/inquirer, to "... focus on that which abides.... Now is not a time to seek credit for accomplishments or to focus on results." To be a fearless leader, or spiritual warrior, or a researcher on fear-- that is, to ask what is the 'Fear' Matrix?-- all of that, is only as useful as the attitude I take to inquire. It strikes me as metaphorically potent that I began the quest of this dissertation, not unlike Neo or Trinity in the movie, with "the question"-- and I ended Part 2 with a question: "Rabbit?" This wasn't planned.

MC: I think E-Trinity and Rabbit... are One.

H: Wow! That's mind-blowing. And we thought Neo was the One. OK. Before we get too off in the midsts of Avalon, let's turn to the audience now for comments and questions.

M: Such " feminine spiritual" stuff isn't too comfortable for academics, generally-- at least in the University I go to-- at least in the Faculty of Education.

H: So, who would like to start us off? [hands go up immediately, waving wildly] OK. You, mam! In the red dress. Ya. You!

Woman In The Red Dress (WMRD): Dr. Fisher, I enjoyed your play. However, I am troubled by your focus as a male, on what appears to be a feminist perspective of *The Matrix* narrative. How can you represent and speak for women, especially lesbians? Why isn't Trinity or Mackie on the stage tonight? Who decides to leave them out of this dialogue?

M: Good questions. Trinity and Mackie, were busy with other bookings, and refused my invitation to speak after the performance. I did write Part 2 with a feminist perspective or feminist lens. I am a self-declared, home-grown, kind of feminist. Without going into all the theoretical discussion of what makes a feminist, and all the feminisms, I'd argue that I saw a flaw in the Wachowski's version of *The Matrix*. I felt I could fix that flaw by providing a feminist lens, as writer/director in my own critical sequel. I wanted to know more about Trinity's life on this fearlesship-- the Resistance lives on. There are so many personal reasons for that interest; one of which is my own transformative turn to becoming a feminist-- and actually experiencing being more female than male-- about four years ago. I also live with three women. On a more academic route, let me say that I am interested in liberation. I think the woman's ways, and the feminist critique, are useful paths to take for our planet, to free or unplug people from the 'Fear' Matrix of a pathological patriarchy that is at least 5000 years old in the Western world. It is real important to keep in mind though, that feminism is not the purpose of this study. The study of fear-- the 'Fear' Matrix-- is the focus. And feminism, at this time, doesn't have the theory or practice of fearlessness that I work from. So, someday, maybe I'll write that theory and standpoint, the one which I think is necessary to more fully undertand the nature and role of fear (and 'fear') in this world. Feminism, strictly speaking, has not got itself unplugged from the 'Fear' Matrix yet. It is limited as a resource for my study. But I did take everything I could find on women and feminists writing about fear (rarely about fearlessness)-- and I studied that and included it in the dissertation as fragments. Basically, I'm not convinced that either men or women are ahead of each other in terms of understanding the 'fear' that I am researching in this dissertation.

MC: I don't see Michael actually trying to represent all women, and certainly he is not trying to speak for all women, or lesbians. He is a male. He uses a female lens, informed from his research into women and feminists' writing, to view and construct a feminist critique. He has a few characters who happen to be women, and rather feminist-minded, which are useful to bring about the kind of story he wanted. I think he loves Mackie and Trinity, and E-Trinity as much as he loves anyone. Gosh, I think Michael and I, Morpheus, Neo, and Tank, all felt a lot of confusion (and still do) about who the women really are? There is no final word on the female characters in this story. I felt that power and mystery in the script, and a warmth for women, and good reasons for loving women. Acting within the performance changed me for the better. Did you get any of that out of the play?

WMRD: Ya, I did. It was sensitive and respectful.

M: I wanted to speak for myself as a male, using female characters and all that that involves. It's dangerous. I've been soliciting women's feedback for several months. I listen as best I can. I have read lots of women's literature, and feminist literature on their struggles. I have shared much intimacy and healing with women, of all kinds. I think anything feminine that is healthy, can help males climb out of their own pathology. The females in this narrative, like a healthy Muse, carried me as writer beyond myself-- beyond my stereotypic male gender-role in society and my gender-biases, gender-privileges and gender-stupidity.

MC: As Mac-R2, I am a lot like Michael. I had my arguments with Mackie and Trinity. I got rejected by E-Trinity. I don't hold it against her. I learned from them too. I had my limitations as a male conditioned in the 'Fear' Matrix-- perhaps, I was screwed up because of my relationship with my mother and incest... that's the easy victim position. But, E-Trinity was the one that was actually running my life, my character. Do you recall, it was all in her hands. I was in her lens... a feminist lens right from the start.. and arguably, I think Michael is trying to make this point... all of the play is in E-Trinity's eyes, mind and aims. Michael is the Muse of E-Trinity?

M: The play really tells us that even Trinity, with all her insight and strength, unplugged and all, could not yet hear the full truth that E-Trinity had to speak from her fearless feminist standpoint. Do you recall the scene where E-Trinity contacts Trinity on the computer and gives a few clues about the scenario of Mick and Mackie etc., but she won't directly answer the question... when Trinity asks about the nature of the 'Fear' Matrix.

WMRD: It is kind of like an initiation isn't it? Not all questors are ready for the information, from 'other' dimensions or levels of consciousness-- awareness... they have to earn that readiness.

M: I think initiates, as learners, as we all are... in different ways... requires we respect there are some teachers we will meet that will test us, and not answer directly our questions-- until they see we are dedicated... or true-hearted... or committed on the path of fearless leadership.... all religious esoteric or mystical practices use this.

H: That can sound so Platonic. Elitist. Only the Philosopher-Kings... Queens, can hold the secret knowledges and power.

MC: Well, the reality of Michael's play is that we all get to read it, if we choose to. There is nothing elitist in that, is there? It's a gift. A gift of fearlessness. OK. Well, maybe not everyone can read or understand English, etc. Some are too afraid to read it

and get the messages... get with the transformation that is awaiting... whose fault is that?

M: If elitist knowledge is supposedly bad just because it is elitist, I have to disagree. If knowledge becomes controlled in elitism and ideological use of fear to control people as "slaves" of some kind, keeping them in unawareness or ignore-ance, then that is the opposite of what my work is about. My work is about freeing people from the 'Fear' Matrix that is imposed on them-- on all of us. I wish this work, feminist lens, or not, to bring about some new imaginary of ideas about the nature and role of fear in our world. I believe, like so many critical observers, that "freedom from fear" is the beginning to freedom. I don't think women or men would generally disagree with this. But there are always exceptions. I would love it if women would re-write this sequel I wrote, and perform it, and change it, and do whatever they want to it-- as long as the 'spirit' of the work remains...

H: And that is?

MC: Promoting fearless leadership... and not for men only...

M: For all. Traditionally, in general, in the West, men have had that privilege of assigning fearless anything with their gender status. I think that is a fault of an entire civilization. I want to change that perception, and reality.

H: Is that possible?

M: I'll let my work speak to that question. My intention is to eventually design a leadership-focused curriculum that includes this dissertation material (in some form), and we'll see from there... I can't predict what the future will hold for this project. The play lives... the dissertation is breathing and growing moment by moment... and then there are just all the changes in life that happen, and god, man, we could have a mass suicidal war of WOM... Iraq and the U.S.... in the next 24hrs.

MC: It is evident that Mick, myself... didn't make it... well, sort of.... It didn't work for me, my problem with female authority... and even Trinity... she got fooled into thinking she was free to have her full desire... and it ended up being an illusion-- a false freedom-- it ended up being a shocking "rabbit" in the 'Fear' Matrix construct. Maybe Mackie, age 19, represents the generation of females that have the capacity to go beyond. She was amazing in the play because she was committed to learning and growing. Her course on transformation was not there by accident. I look forward to meeting her after she finishes her Ph.D. on the everyday sociology of perception in Australia.

H: But she's still in the Matrix... ah, the 'Fear' Matrix. Right?

M: Looks like it. But, there is some 'spirited' agency in humans and cyborgs even in the Matrix, even in the 'Fear' Matrix... no one is completely oppressed... do you think?... I mean look at Neo... all the Resistors... they escaped. And of course, they sometimes don't want to, like Cypher. Trinity's lesson is going to be found out... and well... that all is coming in my next sequel to my sequel. But I think the more profound changes, for the better, may come from readers and audiences, who figure out Trinity's lesson now, and then make the ethical "correction" in their own lives. I hope the story is inspiring. And I'm not saying to women, don't become a lesbian. Actually, that lesbian theme is all a distraction to my intention as a writer. E-Trinity, Trinity and Mackie, are all different identities-- awarenesses-- they are One. The integration of these is the hard work... never-ending it seems. Escaping the 'Fear' Matrix is not the hardest part. My sequel shows it is the going in and out of the 'Fear' Matrix... as aware people, that can kill us-- Mick is the example of that problem but then Trinity, in her own distress, fear, kinda added to Mick's problem.

H: And what about the real movie sequels?

M: From the bits I've read, I don't expect anything too profound there. Same old male heroic fighting... one has to really watch what the Wachowski's create metaphorically, to get the juices that are valuable to transforming this world to a better place.

H: Could we have another question from the audience? You sir, in the grey suit.

Man In The Gray Suit: I have been a teacher for 13 years in the public school system. I work with troubled youth. I think Dr. Fisher's play is harmful and violent, and promotes a kind of individualist heroism cum terrorism and No Fear reckless attitude that is actually the problem with kids in our world today. [Man sits down with anger on his face]

MC: I can't speak for Michael. My experience acting in this performance, taught me that it is a lot different than watching this kind of narrative on TV or on a movie screen. I think that is why Michael doesn't want this play on screens or real movies. He wants people to read it, study it, watch it in live theatres, and feel it... as very human and not removed... not violent as itself... of course, there is violence everywhere, and that is reflected in the artists' work, if it is to connect with people... especially young people today, who live in a hypermediated violent world.

H: Thanks, sir. Any other questions or comments? Yes, you sir, in the corner at the back of the theatre. Yes... can you speak loudly, please.

Man At The Back: So why did you use this theatrical approach over other approaches in your research? What sources were important in your decision-making in this regard?

M: A big question. Let me break it down a little. This gets at a small proportion of the 80% behind the scenes material. I started the dissertation proposal around the question "What is the 'Fear' Matrix?" It was a place to begin, and an echo of the popular cultural theme around the movie which was widely marketed by the phrase *"What is the Matrix?"* I thought this would be 'cute' and useful to get more people, especially outside of academia, to listen to what I was finding. I think it worked. My tour of the screen play, across W. Canada, indicated how that echo, vibration, had helped me to get to places to read the play, that normally, people would have never listened to me for 6-7 hours. The play format and popular sound of it, was an opening of doors. I presented to professional business folks and working class. I guess there was a pragmatic, almost instrumental, framing of intention to this project from the beginning. I wanted it to be arts-based research-- meaning, I wanted to create a "sculpture" or "collage" of all of the material I was collecting on fear and fearlessness, and put them together to attempt to answer the thesis question. But really, I wanted the questions to arise from the research too. I had no sense I could answer the question, nor was I convinced it was the best question to ask. That's why I performed the answer, as you would see if you read the entire dissertation. It is a bit chaotic. I think that echoes the way our world (and my life) has been in the past few years, especially with 9/11 and all. I am comfortable with social science research and how to write technically. I've done it. And nobody much reads my writing on fear, because of that approach. At least, the thesis I was working with, in the background, had the sound of a hypothesis, that more people will read my work on fear and the impact will be more significant-- if I make it less scientific, less straight, and make it more fun (filled with desire). Arts-based processes, which I know well, were the solution to making it more creative and fun. I think the result is more powerful too but time and history will answer that. Eventually, as I teach courses on fearless leadership, I'll use this dissertation, in parts, as curriculum. I like the idea of using popular culture motifs and discourses around films that have a lot of impact-- with strong narratives-- and these I believe will enhance the learning that is possible. This was a new experiment in writing an intertextual work-- always letting the narrative structure and aesthetics of the Wachowski's' work, guide my own. But the 80% of the sweat work that produced the studio product itself, that is, this dissertation, is still invisible. To give you a vague idea of what was behind the scenes, I'll start with the facts. I watched the film *The Matrix* at least 15 times, and stopped counting. Numerous conversations with different people that watched it with me helped pull out themes. I read reviews and books on the film. I deconstructed the book *The Art of the Matrix*, and collaged images and text from there into a sketch book, adding my own materials to build ideas that could later be put into the screen play sequel. Some of the illustrations in the dissertation were from that sketch book. I created 70 pieces

of art, mostly collages, of anything that came to me around fear and fearlessness in popular culture, in academic writing, and in my own life experience with these topics. That art became part of the installation *Platinum 'Fear' plat du jour* which I exhibited in the UBC A.M.S. Art Gallery. I had created a performance piece on terrorism as part of that show, and did a 40 minute video interview discussing the ideas in that installation with a graduate student peer. Meanwhile, I talked at a few conferences and journaled incessantly on what was happening to myself and what I observed in the world-- in what several sociologists are calling the "culture of fear." I spent months gathering everything I could from library research, building up an amazing library of materials all focusing on fear and fearlessness, across disciplines. I have called my approach a transdisciplinary study of fear. It has never been done before, that I know of with the subject "fear." Transdisciplinary, in my understanding, suggests that the subject matter itself leads the investigation methods. Fear is to be the leader of where I go. In my library research, that is all I did. I looked for fear in subject indexes, and followed what that brought me to-- the ideas invariably came from following fear-- tracking fear, you might say. It is phenomenological in essence,[1] but I didn't fully follow the standard phenomenology procedures because I chose not to interview people, nor did I systematically thematize texts. That all seemed too controlled. I chose a modified heuristic approach (see footnote[2]), as it was more

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[1] "1. Phenomenological Approach *Essence:* ... aims to develop a complete, accurate, clear, and articulate description and understanding of a particular human experience or experiential moment-- a rich, deep, 'snapshot' of an experience that includes the qualities at many levels of experience (i.e., bodily, feelings) but especially at prereflective levels. It achieves its goal through the use of a special investigator stance [e.g., fearless/feminist standpoint]..." (Braud & Anderson, 1998, p. 264).

[2] "2. Heuristic Research *Essence*: This method, developed by Clark Moustakas [existential-humanistic psychologist] and his coworkers, aims to provide a comprehensive, vivid, accurate, and essential depiction of an experience [e.g., loneliness] [e.g., fear or fearless] derived from the investigator's rigorous and intensive self-searching and from the explication of others [e.g., texts written on fear]. The topic is familiar and significant to the investigator. The investigator totally and lengthily immerses herself or himself in the process of understanding the experience from all possible perspectives. The method emphasizes identifying with the focus of inquiry, self-dialogue, tacit knowing, intuition, focusing (accessing bodily knowledge) [e.g., performance], and maintaining an internal frame of reference [fearless standpoint]. The stages of the heuristic research process are similar to those posited for creative expression: initial engagement, immersion, incubation, illumination, explication, and creative synthesis. To help the reader appreciate the experience that is being described [going in and out of the 'Fear' Matrix], rich and evocative individual, exemplary, and composite depictions [e.g., collages, sculptures] or portraits [e.g., video documentary] are prepared." (Boud & Anderson, 1998, pp. 265-266). See details of the heuristic method in Moustakas (1990). Boud & Anderson noted strengths and weakness of the heuristic method-- one weakness is, "The process is difficult, lengthy, and consuming. The method does not emphasize conceptualization or theorizing about the experiences studied. Social or political action is not emphasized directly..." (p. 266). I believe my modified version of this method pushes forward to allow conceptualizations, albeit, in arts-based

aligned with the artistic-creative endeavor. But remember, I chose no method to follow in this study, but rather discovered reading about the methods, after I did the research. Be it phenomenology or any other research method, I tossed them to the background. The narrative chaos in *The Matrix* movie, and my own life, and in the world, wouldn't stand for such control-- nor would my standpoint of reference of "truth" stand for the potential of overcontrol, due to fear/terror, in the method and its application *per se*. I'll talk more about that later. I overwhelmed myself with the sheer volume of data and diverse viewpoints. It created a terror at times but I worked from a fearless standpoint, and that meant that I would always question when fear (terror) may be motivating me-- and I contradicted that tendency. To get control-- I watched an old part of me that wanted to create a social scientific document on all this literature-- synthesize it, create theory... and it all was just too much. I didn't have the skills or the time to keep it ordered. To contradict the need for overcontrol and overorder, I let the art/aesthetic side of the project methodology take control again (although, I have published some articles in a more technical vein during this research period). Arts, in my past experience, have been a great tool when one tries to work with very large, endless boundaried, often terrifying ideas and experiences-- like What is the 'Fear' Matrix?-- or, like studying the relationship between fear and education-- both which seem to scare people a lot just to mention them. I included lots of quotes from that fear library I had built. It became a constant source for creating the "sculpture," along with the journals and sketchbook-- they were like paint supplies and found objects of reference for a visual artist. I have used only a very small percentage of those materials in this final product called a dissertation. I look forward to many more such products as I dive into those mounds of raw materials in the future. This is a lifetime work and interest for me. [grumbles and agitated movements fill the auditorium]

H: Michael. Perhaps we could take a short break. [everyone is relieved and they adjourn for 15 minutes-- Mick joins Michael in a backstage conversation and they part with Mick leaving the building in a rush. Michael is swamped with a crowd of people, mostly women.]

H: Could we gather! [pause, as people settle in] Thanks. Well, it is clear that Dr. Fisher's, ah... Michael's work has brought up lots of controversy and the energy in the room is buzzing. Any further questions?

M: I'd like to comment on something that came up in a disagreement at the break. Some feminists suggested to me that I have not adequately dealt with the problematic of the positioning of a feminist perspective as a male researcher. I have to agree with

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ways, and to encourage political engagement-- which, the setting of N. Ireland does dramatically in Part 2 and the discussion with Daniel Cohn-Bendit does in Part 1.

the charge. I first, want to be clear that I am not doing a feminist analysis here nor am I calling myself a feminist researcher, nor do I think my work in this dissertation is strict in coherence to a feminist ontology and epistemology or feminist politics. Stanley and Wise (1983/93) have critically examined important criteria that ought to be part of the method and location of a feminist research project. I tend to agree only a woman can do feminist analysis and feminist research, in a strict sense of those terms, as Stanley and Wise argue for. My work is more a piece of fear research, from a fearless ontology and epistemology[3] with a feminist sensibility. But that gets a bit too complex to enter-- and in this studio project I have been loose in all of that. I was more interested in the performative inquiry approach (heuristics) and teaching what I as a male have come to learn about feminist consciousness in myself. I tend to be a bit marxian and structuralist in some regards to my feminist views,[4] but I also have a lot of interest in the power of poststructural and constructivist feminist views to interrupt hegemony. So, I really am a mixed-up bag, and haven't settled on what I think is best-- or, maybe I have, and in the dissertation I tend to think there are more important categories than gender and identity or race, and class, or sexual orientation etc., to work out the toughest problems of our global problematique. I am basically a Wilberian... a critic from an integral perspective, and I prefer spiral dynamics and critical integral theory as the analysis base for dealing with the problems of oppressions of all kinds. Wilber's *Boomeritis* book tells that story. I won't try, here. Some critics, feminist and otherwise, have thought my sequel was not very effective

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[3] I like Schön's view, which Paulston (1990) summarized: "Schön puts it well, that is, when a scholar or practitioner becomes aware of his [sic] labels, or frames, he [sic] also becomes aware of the possibility to choose alternative ways of knowing and of the dilemma of choice and the need for dialectical fearlessness" (p. 398). A fearless epistemology goes beyond that but includes it. A fearless epistemology has to be based on an integral analysis of fear ('fear') and its relation to fearlessness. Typically, Schon and others who use the word fearlessness, do not define their terms or epistemological or ontological underpinnings regarding the conceptualization of fear ('fear'), and they typically do not include a construct like the 'Fear' Matrix.

[4] I am referring to "false consciousness" critiques, in general (e.g., see Stanley & Wise's review of the problematics of this kind of marxian structuralist feminism, pp. 120-124). I have a bias toward that kind of ethical and epistemological dichotomous attitude when it comes to making distinctions between thinking "in" the 'Fear' Matrix (could be Supremicist Male White Heterosexual Matrix) and thinking "outside" the 'Fear' Matrix. I have also argued in the past, along with many other writers, that if you are thinking in a fear-based pattern or worldview/consciousness, then that is "false" and "distorted" relative to thinking in a non-fear-based (or love-based) consciousness. The location of this dissertation narrative has taken a different twist, and has been more interested in the dialectical interplay of "in" and "out" and has explored the problematic of the everyday reality of having to go "in" and "out"-- this liminal intertextual "third space" of hybridizing (cf. Bhabha) and of the dynamics of living in and out of the 'Fear' Matrix-- which I have come to think is more 'real' to the lived experience of emancipation projects within a largely oppressive matrix of experiences and systemic structures of the W. world. I explore this, experimentally, artistically, and performatively, throughout this dissertation.

in showing a powerful alternative in my female characters and the narrative itself. They felt Mackie and Trinity are pretty weak in terms of heroine or radical feminist status. I agree. They are woman warriors struggling under highly oppressive male-dominated patriarchal formations-- that is, the ship under Morpheus's vision and the IRA. At best they model protofeminists, or what I would rather call emergent feminist warriors-- perhaps, on the path of becoming mature feminists-- perhaps, to something beyond what mature feminists have yet imagined, and that, I am guessing is closer to my vision of a fearless leader or Sacred Warrior-- and maybe beyond that. In their quite scholarly book *In Search of the Woman Warrior: Role Models for Modern Women* (London:Vega, 2003), R. J. Lane an C. J. Wurts suggest that the woman warrior in Western history evolves through three distinct stages: (1) alien-other, (2) virgin-mother and, (3) transcendental warrior. I was fascinated to read this material after I had written the screen play because Mackie fit (1), Trinity fit (2), and E-Trinity fit (3). So there is a pattern there, which adds some validity to my three-in-one construction of women warriors in the screen play. Afterall, Mackie is a weak feminist for sure-- she is only 19 and hadn't read anything feminist until she read her grandmother's poetry. Trinity hasn't any strong feminist role models. I guess they both reflect my own personal journey in regard to being undeveloped feminists. I think that is a major reason more matured feminists and woman's studies scholars take some offense at my weak portrayal of women in the screen play. It is strong for me, and I think for the characters, but relatively weak from some feminists' view. So be it. Life's a journey. We aren't all in the same place are we? I think I accomplished creating a feminist sensibility by ensuring the women in my sequel were not over run by male narration, were not treated as alien, or as saviours, or temptresses alone. Being a male, I certainly have lots to learn, and more to read from matured-feminist literature to strengthen my work but as I said, I'd rather let women or feminists take the lead with what I write and re-write it with sequels, if they think that's valuable. Rightfully, a feminist scholar, would pull my dissertation apart as weak in representing canon feminist literature, and would claim I have not given adequate attention to feminist sci fi critical writers and theorists. I don't think it was necessary, primarily because my characters were emergent feminists and I didn't need to back up my work (feminist lens) that strongly (maturely)-- and rather, I took a non-gendered artistic/stylistic approach more like a performative clowning Merlin-- or Ibsen's "torpedo the Ark" creative form-- overall. I didn't want to develop a systematic standpoint theory explaining everything. That's the old way for me-- I'll leave that to another style of dissertation.

H: Where is Mick?

M: He had to go... had some friends to meet. Let me finish off answering the questions from the man at the back, in regard to my methodologies of choice. My life-partner, Barbara, probably had a lot to do with my choice. She has told me for 13 some years now that everytime I speak about my work on fear and fearlessness in

person-to-person venues, I do so much better in communicating with others than I do when I write. This feedback has met with some inner resistance, I must admit. Though, I love to be on stage performing. I have done it since I was 14 years old, as a musician. So, to be more effective in teaching, I found a potential solution in the notion of performative research and pedagogy[5] (thanks to Lynn Fels, at UBC who did her graduate work in this). I wanted to treat my knowledge and experiences to a performance construction, and that fit well with adopting *The Matrix* sci-fi schema to perform my research findings. I have a long history of not liking "performance" (showmanship) as part of pedagogy as well. I think entertaining people and making them have fun, too often, distracts from, or completely loses a political critique and transformative possibilities (and I am speaking of transformative pedagogy in a Mezirowian or Freirean sense). Arts and artists, and arts-based methods are not by any necessary presumption, better or more liberating than any other profession, process, or cultural location. Arts and artists have been used within oppressive regimes throughout history. But I am impressed enough by Boal's work and others who have found dramatic modes of expression and inquiry and full-embodied pedagogy as very effective in learning, transformation and political emancipation (at some level). I am trying out my own approach to this, and I avoided reading a lot of these people's works during my research. I felt resistant to reading "how to" do arts-based inquiry or any drama pedagogies. A lot of this is because of my transdisciplinary orientation to study fear-- and let fear lead the methodologies. To conclude, let me be clear that when I say I let fear lead the methodological choices-- that, has to be qualified within a critical fearless standpoint which is the primary reference I took in decision-making. One might argue, I actually let fearlessness lead and it followed fear. Technically, the interesting academic work of Maslow (1966) and Devereux (1967), of Taussig (1984, 1987) and Stein (2000), all deal with fear or terror in research choices and data interpretation. They deal, more or less, with the

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[5] Performative, for me, means to have the qualities of performing, as in acting out, as in living out everyday, and extraordinary, experience. The oral tradition of story telling, or art placed as social installations in communities, is probably the kind of performative text/project that interests me. This dissertation and my art done during this research inquiry have often been "installations" as educational (heuristic). Springgay (2001) suggests the critical need to keep questioning and open inquiry around these art installations to keep them living and performing for individuals and the collective. She wrote, "Artists who engage in installation art and/or art as social activism, have found asking questions about the process in which they are engaged to be a necessary part of the work. Their continuing re-evaluation not only of art forms and content but also of arts relationship to the wider social and political realm has become an established strand of contemporary cultural discourse. In turn, art installation places a shared responsibility between artist and audience. The audience-witness distinction remains vital and provocative since it reminds us to ask again the questions about where art matters and where it leaves its mark. It seems that arts-based educational research is both the memory and the chronicler of what might otherwise pass unrecorded or unnoticed [I have attempted to bring the 'Fear' Matrix into "view"]. It is a site where the connections between personal history and cultural identity can be reinvented" (p. viii).

problem of countertransference in research. Without being too psychological-- these reseachers have been important for me to acknowledge the problem of studying fear/terror and how I am likely to have fear-based reactions and avoidances-- defensive mechanisms and negative attitudes arise to shield myself from the truth. You can imagine the study of fear-- especially the 'Fear' Matrix-- is not all that pleasant. Sometimes, it is damn terrifying. So little systematic study has been done on this problem of fear and countertransference in research, and the people I mentioned above, are sure not mentioned in your basic methodology courses or texts.[6] A fearless standpoint or epistemology (perhaps analogous to feminist standpoint theory or epistemology) is attempting to liberate us from the fear and terror of the 'Fear' Matrix within which we pursue some form of "truth" or "reality."

H: Very interesting. [audience is awfully quiet, some snores are heard in the background] It's getting late. We can take a few more questions. OK. Yes, you in the front row.

Person In The Front Row: Michael, what interested you about the cyborg nature of Trinity and her crew?

M: Lots interested me. There is so much creative and dramatic possibility in bringing together "true" humans, cyborgs, and machines-- it was this composition and juxtapositioning of their various viewpoints that made this exciting to write. And I'm not finished. It is also disturbing, and terrifying. I mean what does one say to Donna Haraway's (1991) comment: "Our machines are disturbingly lively, and we ourselves frighteningly inert."[7]

H: Which is the more fearless? Cyborgs, machines (Agents) or humans?

M: I'll let my performative sequel narrative tackle that one. I do think cyborgs, at least as constructed in the view of the Wachowskis' narrative, and my sequel, do offer a marvelous emancipatory potential (in a Harawayian sense) for fearless living in the future.

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[6] I start my own research based on the assumption that researchers are as frightened as any one but don't (can't) admit it, and maybe with all their knowledge they are more frightened (terrified) than those who are unaware and ignorant of all that is going on in the 21st century. Universities may be huge organizations of fear. How we handle that fear and terror, how conscious we are of it shaping our thinking and practices of research, is the more critical question, I am bringing forth. One professor, in an ethnography course (graduate level), suggested that all methodologies in social sciences are probably a means to avoid terror. Gulp! I think she was right on.

[7] Haraway (1991), p. 151 cited in Kull (2001), p. 55.

H: Is that why you chose a sci fi format?

M: The cyborg, the sci fi narrative... all provided me with tools to look at ways to intervene in the planetary grid of technological domination. The cyborg and sci-fi imaginary offer so many new possibilities and perspectives. Not all good, by any necessary implication, but they are creative sites and conflict sites for disrupting the old familiar categories and an alternative to having to fall into an old dualism of Natural against Cultural (and technological). Haraway, has advanced our thinking-- but it is a bit terrifying to look at-- and *The Matrix* film explores the race for domination between pure nature (humans) and the technoscientific paradigm and cultural constructions that go with it-- that is, the new references for a "technonature" as Haraway may call it.[8] The scene where Neo sees through the Matrix-- through the Agent as machine codes-- well, that tells a lot about what the Wachowski's and I are imagining as a positive emancipatory scenario for cyborgs in the future. I am not the first artist or scientist who is interested in the "long view" that sci fi formats allow us to reflect critically on our situation on Earth, in the Kosmos.[9] But what is fiction and what is real... that is all pretty contested these days, and Baudrillard has been an interesting voice to read, after I finished this dissertation. I like his concept of the "double strategy" or "double position" that a critic must take in regard to the subject or object under investigation, in regard to the real, and how the researcher (artist) must at "... once be outside and inside the system he contests..."[10] [suddenly there is an explosion outside the theatre and every one is jolted awake]

H: What the hell? [people start scurrying toward the exists, and young men and women, dressed in fatigues, and long black leather coats, and dark sunglasses, open the exit doors and close them-- standing alert and confrontational-- then a gang of young people shout, chant, and laugh as they run up and down the aisle ways, taunting the crowd... the highschool students in the audience seem to join in and the chaos grows... an effigy is lit on fire by the wild youth, and smoke and flames fill the air... the audience stand frozen and still.]

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[8] Ibid., Kull, p. 52.

[9] Katz et al. (1974) wrote, "Science fiction provides the wings to fly to a distance for a long view. Indeed, one of the recurring images in science fiction is of flight through space. Because science fiction is always set in a situation, event, or time other than the one which is occurring or has occurred in the real world, it provides a fresh vantage point which is different [or contradictory] from the conventional one. It creates aliens [or cyborgs] who come-- without our cultural conditioning [in the 'Fear' Matrix]-- to examine our society.... Devices like this make science fiction an effective tool for social criticism. This quality makes it a natural companion for any course [research] in the social sciences..." (p. 4).

[10] Paraphrased from Butler (1997), p. 55.

H: Somebody... call security! [the noise is so great, no one can hear the host.... the burning effigy is composed of large letters spelling out 'F' 'E' 'A' 'R' 'T' 'H' 'I' 'S' -- and all the youth, like a flock of birds, turn simultaneously to the back of the auditorium and dash out, with the burning letters stuck on spears into the back of the chairs in the theatre-- fire alarms go off-- and the sprinkler systems come on in the theatre soaking everyone to the bone-- people begin to leave, some run-- Michael remains in his chair watching and wet-- the host has disappeared. One small gracious lady approaches the front of the stage, with her red umbrella held over her head. She looks at Michael and he at her.]

Small Lady With Umbrella: Dr. Fisher... ah, Michael... what is your solution to the ontological problem of fear?

M: [smiling and still looking out at the audience, almost ignoring the woman, he murmurs to himself] Mick?

Small Lady With Umbrella: Pardon?

M: Oh... nothing... ah, [starts to laugh uncontrollably out loud] ... just thought I recognized someone leading that performance.

Small Lady With Umbrella: What performance?

-The End

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