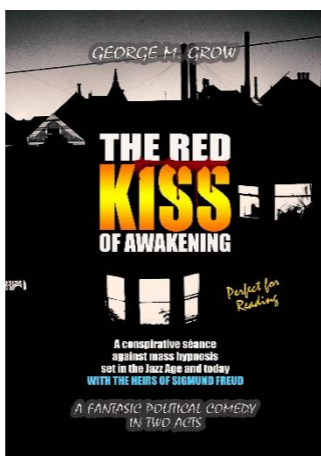
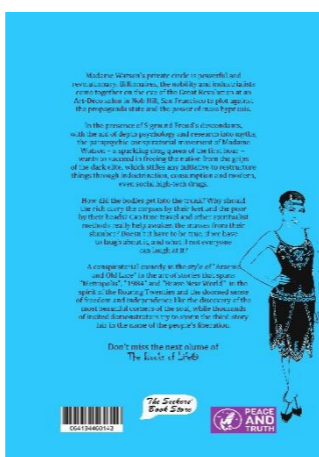


George M. Grow The Red Kiss of Awakening

A comedy against mass hypnosis
With the heirs of Sigmund Freud



From the series
The Books of Life®



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Reading example 2,
page 89

A conspirative séance
against mass hypnosis
set in the Jazz Age and today.

A comedy in two acts
Editorial by KWC

Scene:

In the salon of Madame Watson, Nob Hill, San Francisco, 1929, dusk, about 25 conspiratorial guests

THE REVOLUTIONARIES (boisterously, out of control).

MADAME WATSON. So, friends! Here over at the bar you will find hot and cold drinks, serve yourselves. – No, LIEUTENANT, we don't have any fresh roast veal and the penthouse-pool party is one floor up on Fridays!! – We will continue in just after 20 minutes.

MOB (raging wildly, chanting, flinging all sorts of objects; shouting, at the windows).

MADAME WATSON: In the meantime, we must maintain our poise and watch MR. HUGO RAMIREZ with his “Face Dance” as celebrated in the Moulin Rouge, in Royal Albert Hall and in the Teatro Real. Some tongues would say that it is a metaphor for the consciousness that is splintered into objects or as, MR. GREENY, would state firmly for the schizoid consciousness, as we already are familiar with

enough from daily life. Enjoy yourselves!

BLACK BOY RICK, STEVEN AND THOMAS (blow out all the lights except for two candles).

DARKNESS (cover's MADAME WATSON's luxurious salon).

HOLOGRAPH (lights up with "Face Dance". Its moving light is too weak to make the people in the room recognizable to us. MR. RAMIREZ reflected, grimacing along a median lateral axis in 3D accompanied by):

GRAMMOPHONE MUSIC (with hits from the 1920's by Bessie James, Ted Lewis and Ted Synder. After what seems like four or five minutes):

TWO SHOTS FROM A SMALL-CALIBER PISTOL.

BLACK RICKY and STEVEN (hurrying to light the candles).

THE SCENE (intermittently visible in the flickering candlelight).

YOUNG LADY IN THE BLACK NEGLIGEE (loudly in the darkness): Are YOU off your rocker! We was right up inside me!

BLACK BOY RICK (amusing himself heartily): Hahaha, our praying mantis!

YOUNG LADY IN THE BLACK NEGLIGEE (wiping her underarms and crotch with a towel): I hate you, get rid of these candles!

LIT MAN JEFF AND MR. WESMANN (blow out the candles).

STEVEN (making no bones of his schadenfreude; to the YOUNG WOMAN IN THE BLACK NEGLIGEE): Do you have to screw everyone you get your hands on?

COUNTESS (from the other direction in the dark): What the hell is going on there?

The Red Kiss
of Awakening
SECOND ACT

THOMAS, THE YOUNG LADY IN THE
BLACK NEGLIGEE AND DR. BIDEN
(sitting side by side on the lid of
the heavy wooden chest).

GRAMMOPHONE MUSIC IN THE
BACKGROUND.

COUNTESS (with hands before her
face): The poor fellow, are you out
of your mind, Madame!

MADAME WATSON: Don't be so pre-
tentious, COUNTESS! All progress
demands sacrifice.

DR. BIDEN (mockingly): The poor fel-
low. He was a blemish on the face
of society.

MR. WESMANN (seating himself next
to DR. BIDEN on the chest):
Whether poor or not, he chose the
wrong side).

MADAME WATSON (smoking): Defi-
nitely.

THOMAS (between DR. BIDEN and
THE YOUNG WOMAN IN THE
BLACK NEGLIGEE on the lid of the
heavy chest): I hate bone saws.

COUNTESS (disconcertedly): What??

DR. BIDEN (to THOMAS): But you are
the best at it.

COUNT (with eyes wide): But...

MADAME WATSON: What, COUNT,
speak up!

COUNTESS: you should all be locked
up, all you murderers! Locked up!

MR. WESMANN (to MADAME WAT-
SON): Shit, those two aren't as
dumb as they look; and what
now?

DAWN (chewing gum): Was clear as day. Two awful representatives of the people.

MRS. HAMPSTEAD (overbearingly): Down with these bastards! I promise to cover all expenses!

COUNTESS (Throwing herself the arms of the diminutive Duke): Help, murderers!

MADAME WATSON (with her cigarette in the corner of her mouth; pulls the revolver from her glamorous, pearl-studded handmade clutch fires twice. The bullets go right through the heart).

MRS. WARDEN (pointing at the pale Count): And what about this lawn jockey?

STEVEN: There is room for two in the chest.

COUNT (shuddering, with the body on his lap): And what does experience teach you?

MADAME WATSON (to COUNT, paralyzed by shock; mercilessly): In THIS matter we give no quarter. We are in the Modern age and cannot begin to even say what we think. The health of the people depends on it. Because those who cannot say what they think need to just swallow everything. And that leads to severe psychological and psychosomatic constipation. You yourself are the prime example.

DR. BIDEN: True. We throw a theme party, we present theater, we make idiots of ourselves and unbelievably, even in that setting, free speech is forbidden.

BIG MAN (indicating his entirely ludicrous Guards uniform): What can I begin to say?

MRS. WARDEN (pointing at the photo of Henry David Thoreau on the

wall). If the law is created that it makes you the arm of injustice against humanity, then break the fucking law.

STEVEN (on the chest): Make your life into a counterweight to stop the machine.

DR. BIDEN (on the chest): And this is why the bastard (slapping his palm on the lid of the chest) had to go the way of all flesh. He sided with injustice, even though he cursed it.

LIT MAN JEFF: Doesn't the entire civil servant class swear allegiance to the Deep State without listening to its own heart?

DAWN (chewing gum): And everyone working for radio and the press. Everyone!

MRS. HAMPSTEAD: Nothing but a passel of rogues.

MRS. WARDEN: One more body doesn't matter either way. (To the COUNT): Would YOU like to be this body, COUNT?

COUNT: Me? For heaven's sake, no. I will be quiet as the grave.

THOMAS: Better to be quiet as a grave than lying in one, Herr Count. I hate bone saws.

YOUNG LADY IN THE BLACK NEGLIGEE (uninterruptedly wiping the blood stains from herself with a handkerchief): But he was so sweet.

End of the reading

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