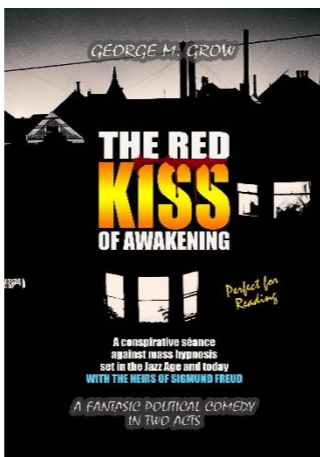
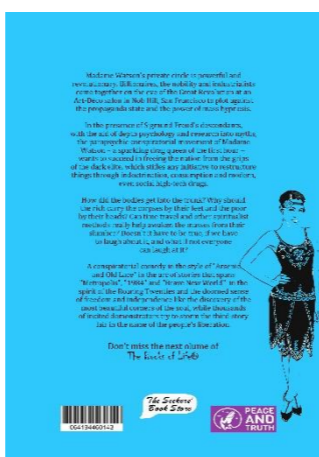


George M. Grow The Red Kiss of Awakening

A comedy against mass hypnosis
With the heirs of Sigmund Freud



From the series
The Books of Life®



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Reading example 1,
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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

MR. GREENY (with monocle freshly
replaced): People differ not only
in the breadth of their awareness
but also in the DEPTH of their
awareness. If expanding one's
awareness leads to more compre-
hensive conclusions, with in-
creased depth they grow more
TYPICAL. Based on this experi-
ence, almost all cultures can be di-
vided into two types: the superfi-
cial DIVERSITY OF OBJECTS and
the UNITY OF THINGS as found as
the basis of consciousness.

DAWN (unresolved, throws her bare
legs over the arms of the sofa):
Man, what does the state of ob-
jects have to do with the sleeping
skank?

MADAME WATSON (as if stricken.
Gathers herself and asks): What is
the state of things then, LIEUTEN-
ANT?

LIEUTENANT (in an intimate discus-
sion with the YOUNG LADY IN

THE BLACK NEGLIGEE on his lap).
YOUNG LADY IN THE BLACK NEGLIGEE (to the LIEUTENANT she is sitting on): And what do I get out of all of this?

MADAME WATSON: LIEUTENANT?

LIEUTENANT (looks askance as if in slow motion at the YOUNG LADY IN THE BLACK NEGLIGEE; from the semi-darkness): For me, madame, it is much more difficult than it is for you. I did not choose to be here. I would rather be deaf and blind.

DR. BIDEN: Air would be better if I dare say.

YOUNG LADY IN THE BLACK NEGLIGEE ON THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT'S LAP (caressing the LIEUTENANT'S blushing cheeks):

Wouldn't that be a shame. Hic!

LIT MAN JEFF (pulling up his gray-black black argyles): Ain't it just crazy: That we have the nephew of the world-renowned psychiatrist to thank for the fact that are not even allowed to name the world-famous psychiatrist.

COUNTESS (stiffly): LIEUTENANT!

DAWN (fully indulging her sense of freedom and independence to the COUNTESS, in all ease): You pathetic traitor.

COUNTESS: You really need it, you tart!

COUNT: You of all people!

DR. BIDEN (to the LIEUTENANT):

Man, get your shit together, we are here among our own. The future of humankind hangs in the balance, and that would include you.

LIEUTENANT (at the side table): I am inconsolable! Nothing against you personally. (He spreads his arms, mockingly): The Law has my hands tied. (And rests his hands

on the narrow hips of the YOUNG LADY IN THE BLACK NEGLIGEE ON HIS LAP).

COUNTESS: And it has us gagged.

What sort of times do we live in when you cannot say out loud what you think.

LIEUTENANT (fondles the YOUNG LADY ON HIS LAP): You can talk about anything you want, just not THAT.

MADAME WATSON: Now, enough of THAT already. If we don't talk about it, it is all for nothing. Forgotten. If we don't talk about it, the world remains in distress. Whoever doesn't know of it, does not recognize the world.

MR. GREENY: That is the very crux of Sleeping Beauty and her sleep: If we fail to recognize the world as it is, it cannot be our home. The world is diversity and yet also unity, according to the premise of this evening, and that Sleeping Beauty will not awake until her consciousness becomes clear.

COUNT: What now, open or closed?

COUNTESS: Just tell me that there are people who see clearly, who do not judge, but rather feel.

DR. BIDEN (with wide eyes, absently): Feel?

COUNTESS: Of course, feel, what else!

LIEUTENANT (tipsy): Then just say so!

MRS. WARDEN: What?

LIEUTENANT: Just say what you have in mind. I know what is going on, I have a nose for conspiracy and plotting. My schnoz never lets me down.

MADAME WATSON (after a drag on her cigarette; sharply): We have no idea.

LIEUTENANT (takes the YOUNG

LADY from his lap and sets her on the sofa next to himself): You know very well that the lost volume of Sigmund Freud has turned up.

COUNTESS: It is forbidden to talk about that!

LIEUTENANT (standing up): I am not forbidden, I am above the law, as I am its guardian. You know very well that the Great War would have gone very differently if that book had not been suppressed. (Emotionally): Stop beating about the bush! If "The Power of Hypnosis" had seen the light of day, it all would have ended differently, nothing would be as it is today. There would neither have been a Great War, nor would any sort of political ideology have had the slightest chance. You know that all too well. And instead of speaking about it openly, which is forbidden, you talk about old children's stories, which are not forbidden and which is not my fault, not mine! If it were up to me, everyone should be immediately awakened from their hypnosis!

DR. BIDEN: From human husbandry.

LIEUTENANT (before settling back down on the sofa): Everyone, large and small. Immediately!

YOUNG LADY IN THE BLACK NEGLIGEE (climbs back onto the LIEUTENANT'S lap): Show them, sweetheart, Hic!

COUNTESS: But how for the world do you awaken someone who has been hypnotized?

MOB (voices growing louder).

COUNT (looks over at the windows, hermetically sealed by the curtains): And that, if possible, by long-distance.

COUNTESS: What is your opinion,
Herr Doctor!

STEVEN: With milk and honey?

MR. RAMIREZ AND BIG MAN (snap
their fingers).

LIT MAN JEFF: We need to get a hold
of that book.

DR. BIDEN (grinning): If that is what
you have in mind, I believe I can
assure you that you are no longer
hypnotized, young man.

MR. GREENY (not to be outdone):
With the fairy tale of the sleeping
princess.

MADAME WATSON (exhausted): If we
keep interrupting each other, no-
body will get anything out of this.
We will see that they are other
hurdles on the way to the Unity of
Being that we can see our way
around through thought and emo-
tion as soon as we are aware of
TMEN, right, MR. GREENY?

THOMAS (pours the LIEUTENANT
another Ballantine's).

YOUNG LADY IN THE BLACK NEGLI-
GEE ON THE YOUNG LIEUTEN-
ANT'S LAP (reaches her glass out
to THOMAS): And me?

THOMAS (fills her glass and receives
a hard smack on the behind as a
thank-you).

MR. GREENY: What?

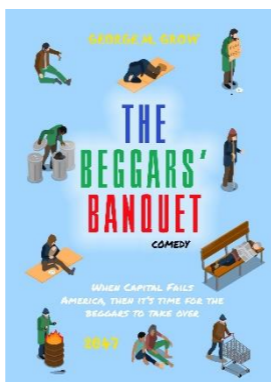
MADAME WATSON (shaking her
head): By the way, in the invita-
tion we EXPLICITLY requested
that everyone come dressed as
prince or princess, but once again
we have all marvelously relied on
each other. Before we commence
the seance the Countess would
like to get something off her chest.

COUNTESS (adjusts her head band
with the flapper feather decora-
tion and the golden bead ap-
pliques; then, with what appears

to be a staged, soft, devoted voice): Madame, with all respect and love! As a pitiless admirer of your spiritualist art, I...

End of the reading

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