

GEORGE M GROW JR



A PLAY FOR FUN AND STUDY IN 3 ACTS
BASED ON THE FAIRY TALE
BY THE BROTHERS GRIMM



From the series Books of Life®
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THERE'S STILL ONE SEAT LEFT

What if we all, like the enchanted princess, are in a deep sleep right now? Can this bold claim be corroborated? If so, all the elements which appear in the fairy tale must play a central role in our lives: the castle, the spinning wheel, the spindle, the needle, the hundred-year sleep, the hedge of thorns, the prince, the kiss and the wise women. And who is the 13th Wise Woman who puts Snow White under a sleeping spell, a witch or a fairy, anyway? And why does the whole royal court fall into slumber in company with the girl?

To clarify these questions once and for all, an illustrious society from all over the world comes together in Nob Hill, San Francisco, to the salon of Madame Stadnikow - a dazzling diva of bygone days - and, as it seems, discover the eternal secrets of life.

Don't miss the next volume!

The Books of Life®

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Reading sample, page 71

MRS. STADNIKOW. Aha, do we like to say something?

OLD JANOSH. For this I have made a special trip from Matra, Mrs. Stadnikow. I'm afraid you have no idea who you have invited, not to say, what you are in for with my person. But don't get me wrong, I cannot blame you for this, since the Grimm's setting of the fairytale is terribly sketchy.

MRS. STADNIKOW. And what do we want to imply with this?

THOUGHTFUL SILENCE.

DOCTOR BARON. As it would appear, the officer takes the view he himself would be a figure within The Sleeping Beauty that was missed or spared by the authors, am I right, Mr. Janosh?

OLD JANOSH. Haven't you paid attention? The unity of things cannot be contrived, because it is more than the sum of its parts, things and thoughts. For many years, I myself was lost in this assumption. Let me wrap up the fairytale to its conclusion and you will see the point.

MRS. STADNIKOW. If you make it short. We still have twenty minutes till the curtain...

ROLAND. ...penny drops.

OLD JANOSH. The point is this. (He pulls out the little book, browses and reads.) "It happened that on the very day when the king's daughter was fifteen years old, the king and queen were not at home, and the maiden was left in the palace quite alone. So she went

round into all sorts of places, looked into rooms and bed-chambers just as she liked.”

MR. GILDERSLEEVE. “...and she at last came to an old tower.”

OLD JANOSCH. “She climbed up the narrow winding staircase and came to a little door. A rusty key was in the lock...”

MRS. STADNIKOW. When she turns the key, it’s almost all over with her.

OLD JANOSCH. “...and when she turned it, the door flew open, and there in a little room sat an old woman with a spindle, busily spinning her flax.”

YOUNG MAN. And They developed its power.

OLD JANOSCH. “‘Good day, old woman’, said the king’s daughter. ‘What are you doing here?’ ‘I am spinning’, said the old woman, and nodded her head. ‘What sort of thing is that, rattling around so merrily?’ said the girl, and she took the spindle and wanted to spin too. But scarcely had she touched the spindle when the magic spell was fulfilled, and she pricked her finger with it.”

MRS. STADNIKOW. And fell into the sleep of actuality.

OLD JANOSCH. The expulsion from paradise. When we read the fairy-tale about Sleeping Beauty, we encounter it with the eyes of a higher nature!

MRS. STADNIKOW. And these eyes cannot see what the girl is doing under the spell of the curse.

WILIAM. Doing? What she can do asleep, then?

YOUNG LADY. Dream.

OLD JANOSCH (reads). “But round about the castle there began to grow a

hedge of thorns, which every year became higher, and at last grew close up round the castle and all over it, so that there was nothing of it to be seen, not even the flag upon the roof.”

LYNNETTE. And why did the sleep, starting from the girl, spread over the whole castle?

YOUNG MAN. There is nothing more epidemic than the They.

LYNNETTE. Nothing than what?

YOUNG MAN. The They dictates the course of everyday life. The understanding of possibilities is determined by the They. Therefore, since king and queen were away from home and the girl became hyperactive, with her, in search of her, the whole retinue fell into the enchantment of the spell.

OLD JANOSH (reads). “But the story of the Sleeping Beauty spread throughout the land, so that from time to time kings’ sons came and tried to get through the thorny hedge into the castle. But they found it impossible, for the thorns held together fast, as if they had hands, and the youths were caught in them, could not get loose again, and died a miserable death.” No matter what they said to the darned girl, which arguments they presented, how loudly they yelled through the hedge, she didn’t listen and slept on.

YOUNG MAN. The They is stronger as they think.

YOUNG LADY. I’m trying as hard as I can.

DOCTOR BARON. This is the problem. Let loose, let simply loose and see what comes. No worries, no

brooding, no control.

YOUNG LADY. But I love him so much.

LYNNETTE. Has he dumped you, Honey?

WILLIAM. Every woman needs a donkey.

MRS. STADNIKOW. Can we carry on? --- Okay. Where did we stop? O, the officer had the floor!

OLD JANOSH. Doctor! He who thinks he simply has to stop his mind in order to let everything regulate itself, this is at the heart of They. This idea, coming from Buddhism, is a jack o' lantern. Not sitting but action makes you awake.

LYNNETTE. Everything makes sense.

DR. KRANK. That can not be true in light of so much nonsense in the world.

MRS. STADNIKOW. Listen!

EVERYBODY (is talking all at once).

MRS. STADNIKOW. Okay, ladies and gentlemen, before the inspector definitely discharges his duties, we hand over to the officer, who has dropped the book twice from his impatient hands. Well, Sir! The last minutes are yours.

OLD JANOSH (reads). "After long years a lad came again into the land, and heard talking about the thorn-hedge, and that a castle was said to stand behind it in which a wonderfully beautiful princess had been asleep, and that the whole court were likewise asleep."

MRS. STADNIKOW. And next?

OLD JANOSH. And this lad, that was me.

LYNNETTE. You??

OLD JANOSH. Let me bring the story to a close. I saw the many corpses in the hedge. Among them were se-

veral knights, yogis, shamans, lamas, energetics and spiritual healers, even a number of therapists, psychiatrists and cardinals were offering a horrific scene. I summoned all my courage and tried it myself, but the more nearly and deeply I advanced, the more tightly I got stuck.

LYNNETTE. No surprise with that paunch.

OLD JANOSH. Finally, I had to accept that I wasn't ready to break through the hedge. No matter which reasons I put forth, whatever I shouted to the beauty through the hedge, she didn't listen. She contradicted me, had a terse answer to every argument and yes, she finally cursed me and chased me away.

MRS. STADNIKOW. It's getting clear that the hedge stands for...

End of the reading sample

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GEORGE M GROW JR



DIE INTEGRALE GESELLSCHAFT

Sachbuch



DER PFAD HINTER ALLEN PFADEN

VON DER TRADITION UND MODER- NITÄT ZUR POSTMODERNE

Wer ständig im Zeitgeist lebt, zahlt einen hohen Preis. Massenphänomene wie Perversion, Burnout und Depression machen deutlich, dass wir als Gesellschaft in Wirklichkeit keine Wahl mehr haben: Wir haben die Kontrolle und Reglementierung der Lebendigkeit auf Basis eines mechanistischen, reduktionistischen Weltbilds auf die Spitze getrieben und knallen damit gerade gegen die Wand. Eine große Zahl der Patienten sind Vorreiter eines System-crashs, Symptome für die Mängel unserer Zeit, doch wir sehen die Warnung nicht.

Erfahrung und Evolution der Menschheit sind viel reicher und haben viel mehr zu bieten als der Zeitgeist heute oder irgendeiner anderen Zeit, Epoche oder Kultur.

Begleiten Sie den Autor auf seiner Reise durch Europa, Indien und China zwischen, hinter und über die Zeitgeister hinweg auf der Suche nach der Essenz, dem Sinn, der Lebendigkeit, nach einer universalen Klassik und Gesellschaft, die auf die schwierigsten Fragen die einfachsten Antworten weiß.

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Preview

GEORGE M GROW JR



HONEY FONGUS

Beast from the underworld

A SCARY PLAY IN 3 ACTS
THE FINAL DAYS OF HUMAN KIND?



HELP, HONEY FONGUS IS APPROACHING! THE BIG FEAST AND DESSERT

Nobody could have expected that the Last Judgment will come not from heaven but from deep under the earth below us.

Or is it just a purely natural phenomenon that extends its devastating antennae over long distances for the life of man, but doesn't separate each of us from lifeblood?

The stage and reading play - it was designed in such a way that it works well when read aloud – keeps track of the murder or suicide case of the young researcher Dr. Weingartner from the Geological Institute in Concord, New Hampshire, USA, as far as Peterborough and the cottage on the edge of human civilization, where the horror seems to have its origin.

Who is the Brotherhood of the Woods, and why do more and more people in the street, out of the sky, keel over dead? Can Dr. Weingartner, who was said to be too good for this world, solve the riddle before he breathes his last breath, or is humanity finally going to the dogs?

Before all this, though, they sing and dance, and the trumpet of Empyrial wisdom resounds. Is its sound so sweet and clear that even the profound scientist sings along with it?

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