

GEORGE M GROW JR



AWAKEN, YOU SLEEPING BEAUTY

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 7

MR. GILDERSLEEVE. If we demythologize the content so as to gain a homogenous picture of the single elements, as the assumption of this evening goes, then an auspicious message would arise as far as we like to wake up from the sleep, or to put it differently, as far as we like to check every now and then to what extent we are dreaming or awake.

ROLAND (plucks the guitar).

MRS. STADNIKOW. Hear! At this place, we listen to Roland Mueller with a new song of his own. Title: The Girl of Dream Factory. (Overhead off, spot on.) We may clap hands! (Applause.)

ROLAND (sings and plays Girl of Dream Factory).

*Girl, o girl
of dream factory,
has a piece of luck for me.
Dear children and the need,
being alone till go down deep.*

*Day in, day out, princes go by in
your fantasy.*

*The game plays with you as it
wants,*

and the soul yells so loudly,

*but now it's quiet around and you
awoke,*

O girl! – She was a joke.

Girl, o girl

out of dream factory,

has a piece of luck for me.

Dear children and the need,

being alone till go down deep.

*Day in, day out, princes go by
in your fantasy.*

(Applause; spot off.)

MRS. STADNIKOW (Light on). Roland, many thanks for the lovely song! (To Mr. Gildersleeve.) Well, would we be so kind as to go through the fairytale point by point together with our lovely guests now?

MR. GILDERSLEEVE. All things considered, today, we would like to pose five questions: Who is Briar Rose? Why is she sleeping? What happens when she sleeps? How can we wake her up? And, what happens if she awakes and which consequences arise from this for her, for all of us?

ROLAND. I think the first question, who Briar Rose would be, has already been answered. The sleeping girl is me (to the hostess) is you (to Mr. Gildersleeve) and you, (to the audience) she is all of us.

OLD JANOSH (with twitching eyes). Perhaps you and you, but certainly not me! (He guffaws.) How can old Janosh be Sleeping Beauty since he is her redeemer, since he brings everything under one roof, and this is magic!

MRS. STADNIKOW (slightly disconcerted). Absolutely! (She scrutinizes the aged Janosh in his blue guard uniform from head to foot.) Wonderful. (To the audience.) Well, Señorías! We have asked the people in the

street what Sleeping Beauty's slumber can tell us. Let us see the interviews we have prepared! (Overhead off.)

HOLECTION. (Five interviews in South Market Street and in Noe Valley. Question: What does Sleeping Beauty's slumber mean to you?)

MRS. STADNIKOW (spotlight on, to the audience). Now we would like to

ask what we think of this sleep. Raise your hands and I will call on each of you in turn. Short interjections are welcome. Off we go! Yes, in the second row?

LYNNETTE. If we abide by the fairytale, then all of us are sleeping till a dashing prince comes along and kisses us awake. But where is this fellow?

MRS. STADNIKOW (to the audience). Someone else? No! Perhaps we can better answer the question of whether we are sleeping or not if we turn to the second question: Why is the girl sleeping? The matter of the curse seems to be important. We should wonder, who the thirteenth wise woman could be, why was she told not to come and why did she curse the king's daughter. Who or what does she embody? How do we all reply this question?

YOUNG MAN. By the way here, I figured out this curse. It is the economization. People for the sake of working and not work to benefit the people, it is said. That's what the spinning wheel and the sleep at the royal court stand for.

LYNNETTE. Don't over-analyze things!

YOUNG MAN. Who? Me?

COMMISSIONER. Fore sure! A fish rots from the head down and from the fin up, young friend. Businessmen follow the market demand or they go bankrupt.

LYNNETTE. Aha, still more commercials.

YOUNG MAN. It's never too late for...

A VOICE. Atishoo!

MRS. STADNIKOW. In order to not to risk our last bit of liberty, today, heading for tomorrow, we don't

want to deal with revolution but with evolution. Certainly all of us have noticed! This evening, the commissioner - to put it plainly - has been imposed on us by the municipal authorities. By act of the new public and media law, a referee has to be present at events of ten and more participants.

TWO VOICES. Shoot the ref, shoot the ref!!!

MRS. STADNIKOW. Since the gentleman from the magistrate is just present, we would rejoice if he actively takes part in our play and doesn't just brandish his red card. Here we are. Yes, my sweet angel, you, in the first row!

YOUNG LADY. Couldn't it be that the curse put on the girl is actually fueled by her parents, the king and the queen, who permanently dictate to her what she has to do? So, I thought, she never will come of age, bides her time, sleeping.

COMMISSIONER (waves the flyer in his hand). It is written that this evening would occur under the auspices of... (he reads) "the global master plan for the jump from the modern era into the I-times". This I wanted to observe, that's why I came by too!

LYNNETTE. Modern age, I-times, what an absurd idea.

OLD JANOSH. Lady, there are no absurd ideas but only a too feeble will to effect them. Bit for all that, something like this requires not only an outer dimension but also an inner one.

AUDIENCE (whispers).

MRS. STADNIKOW. Wherefore we would like to disregard everything that could pass as polite conver-

sation or as a press release and like to concentrate on the real core, on ourselves.

OLD JANOSH (jumped up). What this endogenous dimension would be? Spirituality certainly. Of course! (He holds the flyer up and taps his finger repeatedly on it.) Quite so! However, no denomination, no faith, no fixation, no institutionalization!

LYNNETTE. Bravo, sit down!

OLD JANOSH (mumbling). Spirituality that fulfills the scientific requirements, that fulfills the conditions of the experiment. (Sonorously.) Sure! You well know that spirituality cannot be constituted but only experienced! (He chortles.) My God, how I am bothered by today's horrid optimism!

MRS. STADNIKOW. Good approaches! (To Mr. Gildersleeve.) Don't we think so?

MR. GILDERSLEEVE. Indeed, my compliments to the audience, but let us return to the question of whether the thirteenth woman is wise, even she is known as such. Why? She puts hexes on people, hexes that shall bring disaster to a person or to a place, which shall force atonement in a ritual way. The opposite would be a blessing.

MRS. STADNIKOW. I see. Those who damn others doesn't want to change themselves but want to change the others. The blessing would be to let them remain as they are. And because it looks like the course of society would be more determined by curses than by blessings, we do see a ritual in it?

MR. GILDERSLEEVE. Well, this ritual is

the one-dimensionality. What does this mean? It implies that our everyday thinking and feeling aims in one single direction. No matter at what cost, it is targeted at the acquisition, the possession and the use of material THINGS.

DOCTOR BARON. I beg your pardon, but curses are old wives' tales. Even if hundred million people believe in something stupid like that, it remains stupid.

OLD JANOSH. I wish, but magic means to manipulate our attention. Manipulation in our mind is the rule, not the exception. What is illusion, what is reality?

MRS. STADNIKOW. Mr. Gildersleeve! Och! Hold it! Before we move forward, it should be said that a book of Mr. Gildersleeve has been published. Title: Undiluted Society. Therein we have browsed in order to prepare us for this evening. It contains fifty-five parameters or guideposts which shall not only make life better understandable but also sweeten it. Today, in the context of Sleeping Beauty, we especially want to devote ourselves to the first of them.

MR. GILDERSLEEVE. The first parameter describes the fundamental conditions of existence. This may be surprising since innumerable models explaining the basic conditions of existence in the course of history, models which contradict themselves more for better or for worse. Whether the natural scientist, the socialist, the libertine, the Buddhist or even the Pope is closer to the truth seems unresolved to most people who narrow life down to

what is in front of them: to the acquisition, the possession and the use of material THINGS.

MRS. STADNIKOW. Well, and whether this is clever and all yet, this do we like to examine with our dear guests this evening.

MR. GILDERSLEEVE. The premise of our examination is that everybody who merely deals with mere objects is sleeping. Whether this assumption is right or wrong, this possibly will be exposed at the end of our play. Up to that point, I ask you to adhere to this idea in order to trace it back to its end and find out whether we want to cherish something of it or not.

LYNNETTE. I don't know, are all things cursed now?

OLD JANOSH. It would have been better if you ask whether individual objects exist at all. People say that no single thing stays the same, everything comes and goes. Even we ourselves would be parts of the eternal change and not separated from the surrounding since we breathe, eat, drink and will bite the dust.

DOCTOR BARON. Evidently. Everything we see is tomorrow's trash.

MR. GILDERSLEEVE. In order to note whether there is something other than mere objects, a first step could be if we regard life as a dynamic. Against the first impression of life, it isn't subjected to any fixed structures. All structures firmly established from their elements, parts or things: stone, metal, wood, bone, organism, fibers etc. generate only current overall conditions or barriers for the dynamic process we

call life. Life itself means the mutable areas of a system and the processes taking place there by way of experience and education. But what is the system in which everything is moving, in which we are moving? It is the world. (Overhead off.)

MRS. STADNIKOW (Overhead on). Strictly seen, every question is related to every complex of problems.

YOUNG LADY. Everything has to do with everything.

MRS. STADNIKOW. Every question is like opening a can of worms.

MR. GILDERSLEEVE: With a grasp into the fullest, everything starts moving. The connectedness of beings, the awareness of the world's unity, the knowledge, which maintains the whole, are no nebulous esoteric view. Not one ideology, not one religion, not one book's wisdom, not one science is right but all of them together are right if we know their conditions and their order.

MRS. STADNIKOW. Therefore, the unity of things is no illusion.

MR. GILDERSLEEVE. Even illusion is a reality, although on the surface of phenomena. People differ from each other not only by way of their consciousness extent but also by the depth of consciousness. While the contents become more and more consistent with the spread, they grow more and more typical with the depth. In the image of this, in nearly all cultures, people spoke constantly about an unity being at the basis of their consciousness. In order not to unconditionally deliver ourselves up to the dangers of ignorance and isolation, today, we

may try jointly to extend life, to create from its fullness, to enter a completely new territory which we like to investigate. The compass I offer you for the expedition is the first rule in our play: to take not only the diversity of things but also the unity of things as a direction into consideration and to ask again and again what this unity could be that is highly controversial since Heraclitus and Parmenides, for asking whether there is not only one but two causal categories: diversity and unity.

YOUNG LADY. And what does this have to do with Sleeping Beauty?

MRS. STADNIKOW. Good question. Mr. Gildersleeve!

MR. GILDERSLEEVE. The first query relating to the deep sleep is for the nature of the world. If we misjudge the world AS it is, it cannot be a home for us. The name of our play is that the world can be seen as diversity and as unity and that the sleeping girl is slumbering until her consciousness closes to the unity and the insight of things.

LYNNETTE. What now, open or close? Why you don't simply say...

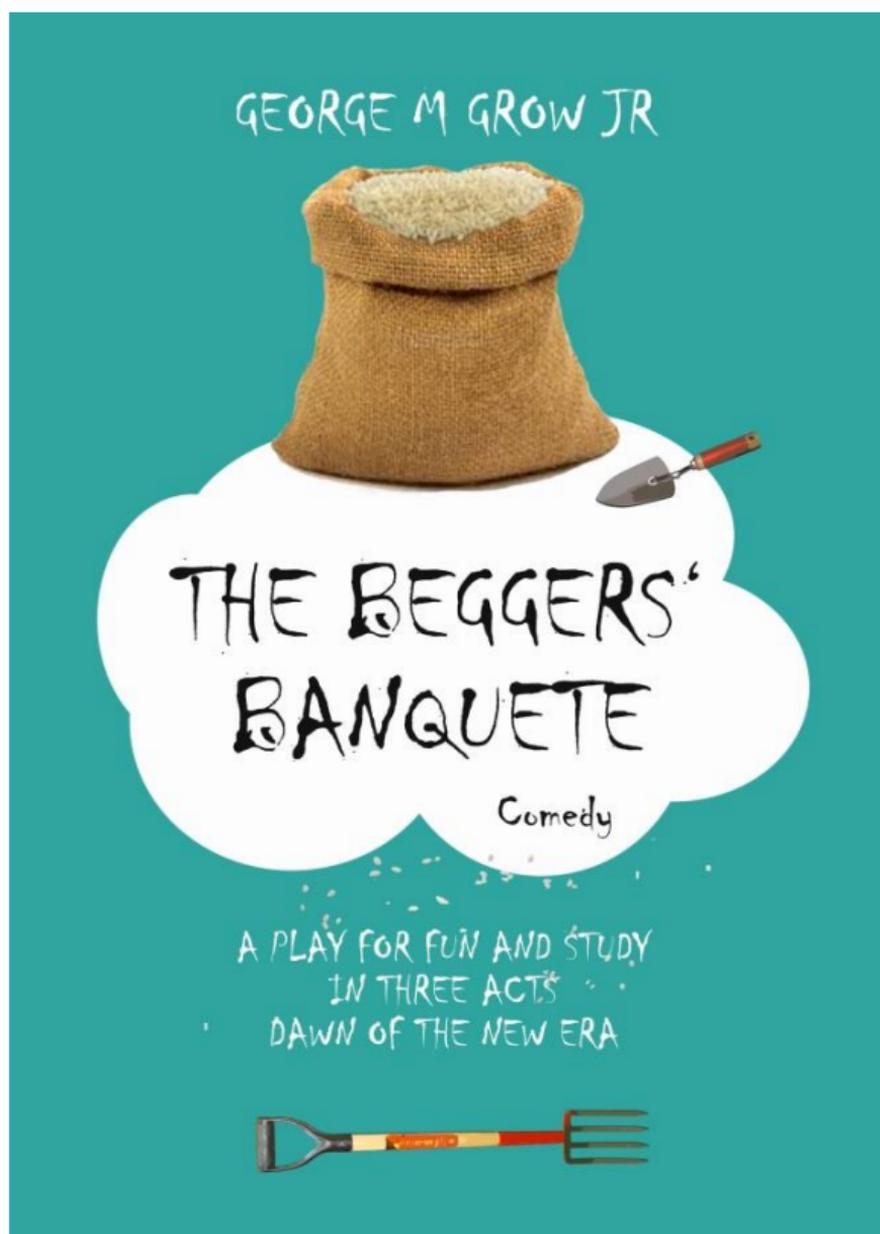
End of the reading sample

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Preview



AN ANSWER TO SAMUEL BECKETT'S RENOWNED PLAY *WAITING FOR GODOT*

The world is still in ruins. Even Manhattan's Central Park has not been spared the devastating consequences of a global society in which everyone is waiting on the next person for nothing to happen, and offers shelter and the opportunity to leave the old world behind and to enter a new one to the derelicts Chad and Babir as well. What the one cannot manage, the other one succeeds in such large and firm steps that he, in a sense, doesn't find the path, not the road and not the street, but the highway to Urtopia, where he's expected by a society which makes a king out of beggars like him.

The pain is fresh, we still can learn why the New York City Council funds courses in which beggars are retrained as figureheads of a new era.

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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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