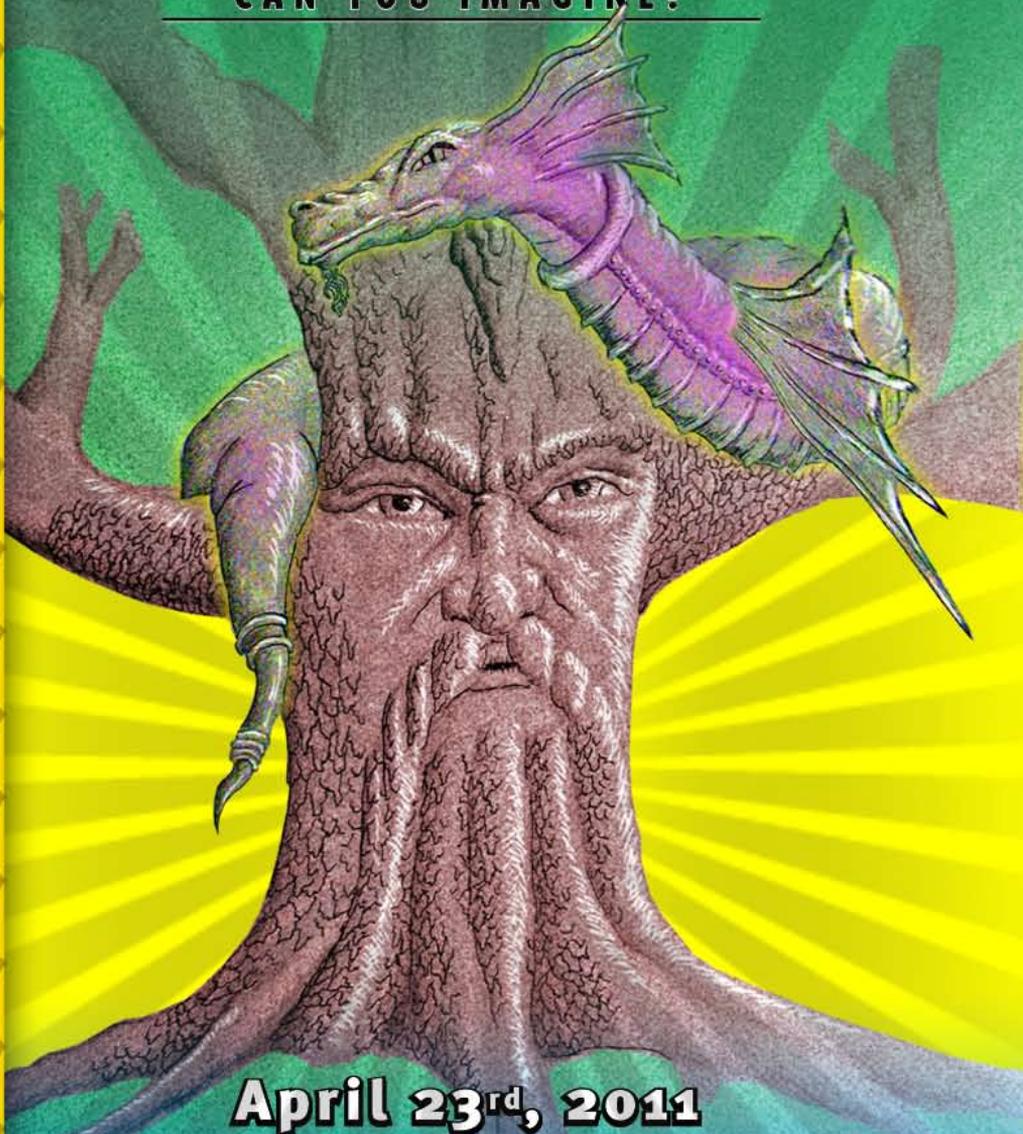


St. George Day

STORY BOOK

CAN YOU IMAGINE?



April 23rd, 2011

TOMPKINSVILLE PARK, STATEN ISLAND, PLANET EARTH

A New Legend

IT'S TIME for all of us to replace
the old legends of St. George
slaying the Dragon
with new models
of cooperation,
problem-solving &
human ingenuity,
bringing
creativity
to difficult
situations!

A New World...
if you want it!

ST GEORGE DAY STORYBOOK produced at EVERY THING GOES BOOK CAFE AND NEIGHBORHOOD STAGE by Stvjns Daughs, Katie McCarthy and Jenny Lytton, and printed at MCKEE HIGH SCHOOL by Leo Gordon and students using some great machines they have there. This festival was made possible in part by a DCA Premiere Grant from the Council on the Arts and Humanities on Staten Island with public funding from the New York City Department of Cultural Affairs, a grant from Partnerships for Parks of City of New York Parks & Recreation and the City Parks Foundation, major help from GrowNYC and the Every Thing Goes Stores. Yay! all the contributors who donated creativity for its pages. Yay! the local businesses and world-changers who bought ads in this book.

An all-volunteer grassy-roots community project.

image: Leena Abdo

Front Cover image: Richard Clark

THE TRUE STORY OF ST GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

Adventures of George in Tompkinsville Park

Even in the time of our ancestor's ancestors, Tompkinsville Park was renowned for its great watering hole. All of the creatures came to drink here – the townspeople, the animals, and even the Dragon from Fresh Kills.

Yes, there was a Dragon, beautiful and brilliant, who lived in the caves of Fresh Kills. And once a year she came to drink in peace at the watering hole with the other creatures.

But as more and more human villagers settled here, they needed more and more water for themselves. They became afraid of the Dragon and her unquenchable thirst. So one fateful Spring as she approached the watering hole, the villagers beat her off with sticks and stones and the Dragon reacted!

Fortunately there lived in Tompkinsville a wise and brave old soul named George, who understood the ways of dragons and of men. George spoke to the Dragon and he spoke to the people, and he came to understand that it was a simple matter of sharing. He explained to the villagers that as long as everyone only used the water they needed, there would be plenty left over for the Dragon.

And so needless bloodshed, nastiness, and general bad feeling was averted. They became friends again, the people of the Tompkinsville and the Dragon from the caves of Fresh Kills. And though they have all passed on from this world, we tell the story every Spring to remind ourselves to take only what we need, to share the rest, and not to be afraid.



story: Eric Hirsch
images: Stvjns Daughs
and Leena Abdo

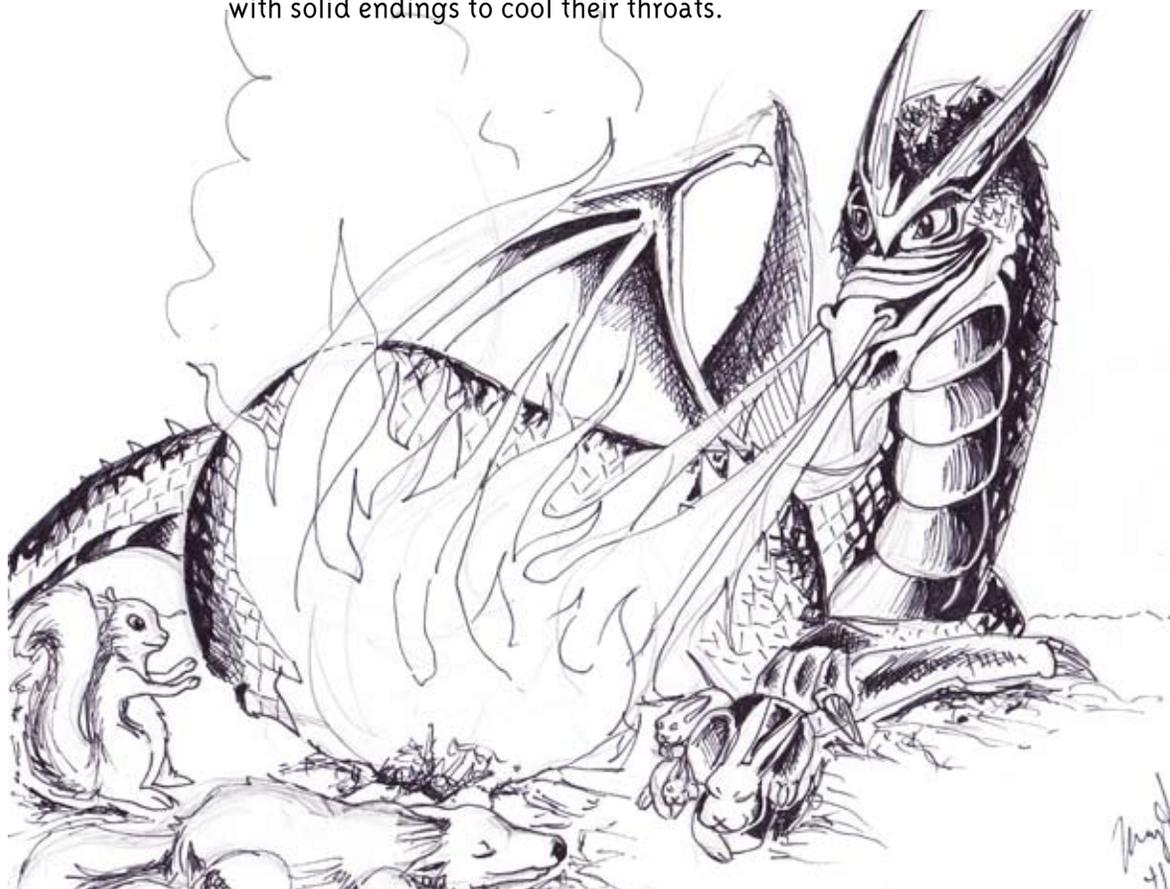
The True Nature of Heat

When myths were young, steam still rose
from caves and deep earth where God
kept them safe for poets and troubadours.

Dragons weren't quite so fearsome then,
their fire breath keeping the stories soft
like an ironworker's blast furnace.

Saints didn't know how to become saints
yet, so it was simpler to perform miracles--
one followed the path with the most heat.

And dragons became a problem only as water
grew silent and they surfaced for want of songs
with solid endings to cool their throats.



They pierced sweet voiced maids to their ears,
waited where familiar streams emerged
cleanest for the soldering touch of holy men.

George appeared to her like the last wavelength
of color dragon eyes can see, as hot as she,
though neither of them knew the true nature of heat.

The dragon's flesh was never lacerated
on a wheel of swords to keep from burning.
George never knew what it was to have flame

in the throat so hot that words hurl forth
like embers, branding ears with curses
even when they mean hello or help me.

But they fell inside each other nonetheless.
George cupped water in his hands and the dragon
drank until her scales froze into George's flesh.

Dragons still seek deeper endings and swords
are getting sharper by the day, but truly a saint
has never slayed a dragon. He became her.





images: Cheri Bunault; and a student of Leslie Chow

DAVID KUNIN



STGEORGIPEDIA

Article

Discussion

Read

Edit

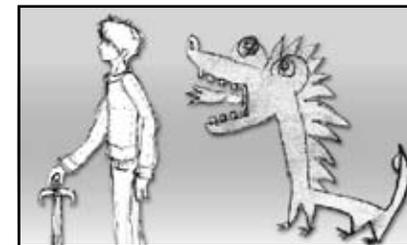
View history

St George and the Dragon

Saint George (ca. 275/281 – 23 April 303) was, according to tradition, a Roman soldier from Syria, or Staten Island, or someplace that begins with an "S." He was a major in the Tompkinsville Guard, and is venerated as both a hero and a top-notch recycler. [1] He is immortalized in the tale of Saint George and the Dragon and is one of the Fourteen Holy Composters. [2]

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Place in History

Historians have debated the exact details of the birth of Saint George for over a century. What historians can agree on is that he was very cute and loved to giggle. [3] The Encyclopedia Maydupica takes the position that there seems to be no ground for doubting the historical existence of Saint George, but that little faith should be placed in the fanciful pre-Dragon stories about him, except the one about the milkmaid.

The work of the Bollandists Danile Paperbroch and Godfrey Henschen in the 17th century was one of the first pieces of scholarly research to establish the historicity of the Saint George's existence. However, their publications in Bibliotheca Hagiographica paved the way for other scholars to wonder just what is a "Bollandist" anyway? [4]

The Actual Story

According to the Golden Legend, the story of Saint George and the Dragon happened in a place called "Tompkinsville Park," near a really nice book shop and café. While many do not consider this a sufficiently exotic locale, where a dragon might be imagined, others claim they should just relax and go with it.

This so-called "park" has a fountain, as large as an imaginary lake, where a dragon dwelled that terrified people all over the countryside, and down Bay Street to the ferry. To appease the dragon, the people used to feed it all their garbage every day. But the dragon was not appeased, and asked the townspeople why they were throwing away such good stuff. This panicked the people further, as they now had to question their way of life. The dragon further asked politely if they had not heard of "reduce and re-use" in addition to recycling.

It happened that the this plea fell on the ears of the king's daughter, who in some versions of the story is called Recycletta. [8] The king, accustomed to a wasteful

(continued)

way of life, told the people they could have all his gold and silver and half of his kingdom if they could persuade his daughter to stop bugging him about how he managed his material life. A special prize was offered to anyone who could get the daughter off her permaculture kick.

The king, covering up his fear of change with good old-fashioned rage, ordered that Recycletta be sent out to the lake, along with a big load of garbage, to be offered to the dragon. Recycletta thought it was truly a bummer that things had gotten so bad between her and her father, but was intrigued at the chance to spend some time with a dragon.

By chance, Saint George rode past the lake just as the Princess and the Dragon were discussing the value of returning to glass deposit bottles, and outlawing this societal obsession with plastic throw-aways. St. George vowed to remain until major changes took place in the habits of the townspeople, and Styrofoam was made illegal. And so St George doth sent a Twitter message, which readith as follows: "OMG! Don't u just hate those styro peanut things? Let's ban them!"

Recycletta and Saint George led the dragon back to the fountain, where it terrified the king and the people at its approach. But Saint George called out to them, saying "O wasteful people! Hear me, that ye may reduceth and re-useth in addition to recycleth!" The people answered that they were very busy, and did not have time to really think about this, but that they would get back to him later.

The story ends with St George, the Dragon and Recycletta organizing a festival to help everyone become more conscious of how they used materials.

Treatment by Artists

Paintings

- Paolo Uccello, *Saint George Fighting a Big Dragon*, c. 1470. National Gallery, London.
- Giovanni Bellini, *Saint George Fighting An Even Bigger Dragon*, c. 1471. Pesaro altarpiece.
- Raphael (Raffaello Santi), *St. George Fighting a Way Bigger Dragon Than Either Uccello's or Bellini's*, 1472. Oil on wood. Louvre, Paris, France.
- Paolo Uccello, *Saint George and the Dragon Slaying Bellini and Raphael*, c. 1473. Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

Sculptures

- Bernt Notke, (wood and duct tape), *Recycletta and The Dragon Discussing Composting While a Jealous St George Pretends To Read a Magazine*. Stockholm, ca. 1484–1489.
- Salvador Dalí, (recycled cardboard). *Saint George and the Dragon Floating in a Weird Surreal Landscape*, ca. 1977–1984
- Landmark Loews Movie Palace Statue, Artist Unknown (used popcorn buckets and candy bar wrappers), *Saint George and the Dragon at The Landmark Loews Movie Palace buying tickets to "How to Train your Dragon"*, Jersey City, NJ, US. 2010.[24]

See Also

- Recycling
- Composting
- Permaculture
- Trying to Become Conscious of How You Use Things

Notes

1. G. Robertson, *The Medieval Approach to Places that Begin with "S"* (pp 51- 52) suggests that as a child, St George collected all the newspapers in the neighborhood, recycled them, and created a market stream for the new paper.
2. In his teen years, St George convinced his parents to do indoor composting with worms. He later helped co-author *The Humanure Handbook*, a book about composting with...well, you know, *that* stuff.
3. He also made a gurgling sound that got a lot of people smiling.
4. From the Reduce and Reuse Library, Jerusalem, codex 2, according to Christopher Walter, *The Warrior Saints in the Byzantine Recycling Tradition* 2003:140: Walter quotes a text at length, from a Russian translation, that doesn't know what the Bollandists are either.

References

- Loomis, C. Grant, 1949. *The Magic Legend: St George and the Dragon Recycle!* (Cambridge: Medieval Society of America)
- Whatley, E. Gordon, editor. *Recycletta: Saint or Babe?* 2004. (East Midland Revision, c. 1400)
- Kunin, David. *How to Write Weird Articles*, Kalamazoo, Michigan: Medieval Institute Publications.

External links (these are actually real!)

- St George and the Dragon Felt Board Story from Felt Works
- St George and the Dragon Events and Ideas - Official Website for Tourism in England
- St George Unofficial Bank Holiday: St. George and the Dragon, free illustrated book based on 'The Seven Champions' by Richard Johnson (1596)
- St George's Bake and Brew



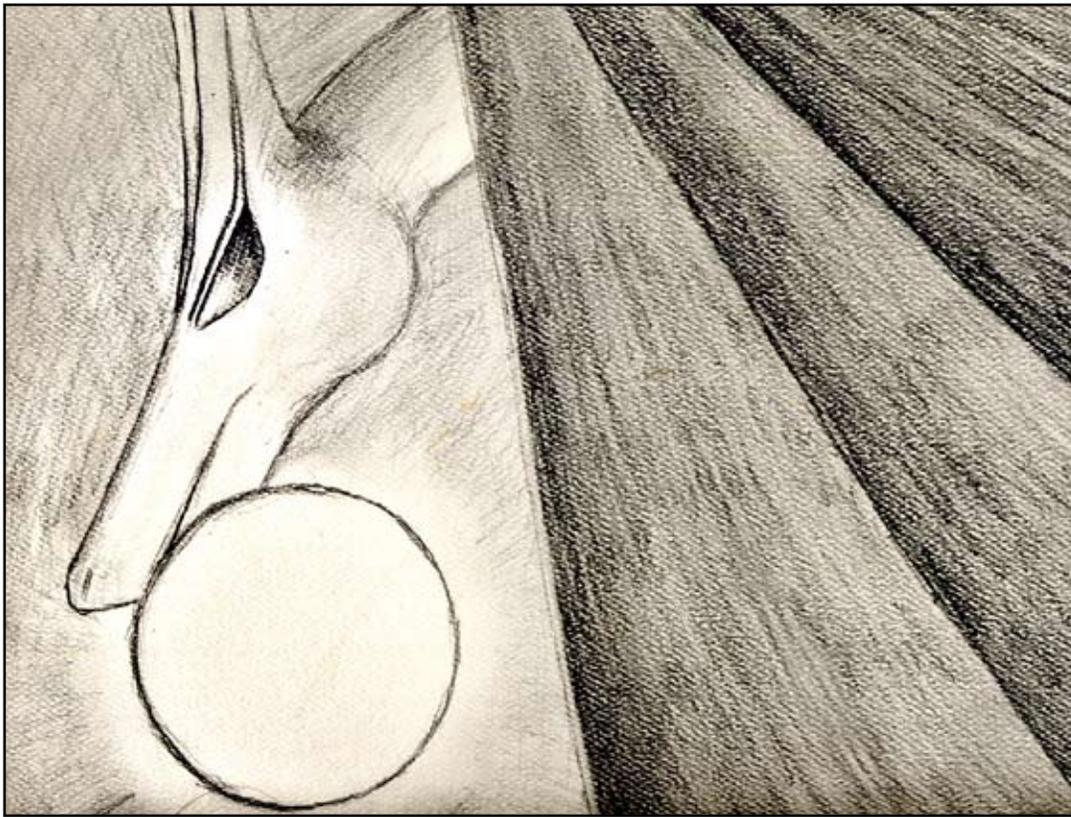


image: Cheri Brunault

LAURA SABA COE

That's What We Do *or* The Secret

Noting the vile stench floating up from the murky waters as he trudged through the stagnant marsh-waters to face the ferocious dragon and save the princess from having to march forth to her death, St. George reflected upon that secret yet again. *"That to which we attach our focus holds us hostage"*.

Glancing at the sword the villagers had provided, he sighed, then chuckled to himself. "Silly people! Why doesn't anyone get it?" He shook his head and moved onward, eventually exiting the marsh and making his way toward the spring. Soon enough he heard it, the explosive sound of fiery snores. The dragon clearly slept not too far ahead.

"Were I to not to know the secret, I'd be terrified right now," he mused.

He moved closer and decided to make some noise, so as to warn the dragon of his approach.

The waking dragon let out a loud roar. George kept his distance, allowing the dragon to wake completely before addressing him.

When he saw the dragon stretch and rub his chin, George hailed him.

"Hello there, fine dragon! How fare thee today?"

Startled that someone was hailing him kindly, the dragon looked up and asked, "Are you not afraid? Do you not fear I will eat you and send for 10 more of your kin?"

"Well you could if you wanted to. But why would you want to do that?"

"Because I'm a dragon. That's what we do."

"Why?" George asked.

"I don't know," said the dragon, scratching his head. "We just do."

"Hmmm. Do you enjoy it?" George asked.

"Actually, not particularly. I prefer to eat carrots and turnips. The villagers' screams give me a headache and their clothing gets stuck in my teeth! In fact, it is rather annoying. But, it is what I must do! That is what dragons do!"

"Have you ever thought of doing something new? Something groundbreaking? I did today by hailing you kindly - even you noticed it was unusual. But look - here we are, both doing something new. Let us have an adventure together, exploring new territory, making new definitions of things a dragon and a villager can do."

The dragon thought about it. "Is this a trick?" he asked, eyeing the sword.

George smiled, threw down his sword and said "I just don't like to do things the way everyone does, being hostage to the same way of doing things as they've always been. You know, like the whole, "Villagers must scream, run away from the dragons, then kill them in their sleep. Or the 'ol, "I'm a dragon, I must roar, spray fire, and eat villagers." I mean, wouldn't it be more fun to play roast an apple instead?"

"Roast an apple?" the dragon asked.

"Yup. See this apple here?" George asked, plucking one from a nearby tree. "I could throw it up in the air, and you can roast it with your fiery breath. Shall we see how many you can nail?"

"Um... Ok," the dragon said.

"Ok, then," George said, plucking down a few more apples. "Ready, set, go!" he tossed apples into the air, and one after the other, the dragon fired with his blazing breath.

"Perfect score!" he said. "Now I will toss these acorns and you have to dodge them."

"Ok," George said, smiling.

"Mark, get set, go!" the dragon said, flinging acorn after acorn at George, who successfully dodged all but two. As he ducked the last one, George slipped and fell on his bum, right in a pile of mud. Both of them laughed so hard their eyes teared.

"I like this," the dragon said. "I don't want to eat you, you are fun!"

"Don't!" George said. "Let's make new rules instead."

"Well, what about the other villagers - won't they kill me in my sleep?"

"Only if they think you will eat them," George explained.

"Why do they come bother me then?" the dragon asked. "I never hunt them, they always come here!"

"Because this is their only water source and they will die if they can't have water."

"Oh! Why didn't they say so?" Asked the dragon.

"Because people get too attached to an idea, and they become its hostage. They were trapped in the idea that the only way to safely get water was to slay you, or to feed you a villager. You were a hostage, too - you believed you had to eat the villagers just because you were told that is what is done."

"Hmm. I see. How silly - this is a lot more fun! Life is better when you look at it this way."

"Yes it is," laughed George. "We possess the power to choose how we think about life, situations, and the people around us. It also helps to ask the reasons WHY they do things." George smiled.

"Well now that I understand the villagers' need for water, I can move further away for my naps. But - they can also come play with me too. Dragons never get to have any friends," the dragon said with a sigh.

"Hey, you're doing it again!" George said. "You are held hostage by an idea! And it isn't true! Today I have become your friend, so some dragons do have friends. And as far as I'm concerned, the only dragon I'll be slaying is that dragon known as an illusion that holds us hostage! I will do my best to show the others how to do so as well."

"Aw, you are right, I was doing it again!" the dragon said.

"Don't worry, it takes time to get used to it. Just try to stay focused on the present moment, and to get really honest about what you are thinking and feeling, rather than just going along with the way things are always done. Feel free to ask questions of people, and to better understand them, too. Everything is an illusion, because it can shift and change depending on how we decide to look at it and treat it."

"Your way sure beats just doing what you always do just because. YAY! I get more veggies and I have friends! What more could a dragon want?"

"Ah, my friend, you get it. I'm happy for you."

"How can I repay you for this great knowledge that has changed my life?" the dragon asked.

"Could you fly me back to the village?" George asked.

"Hop on!"

And so it was that the dragon flew George back to the village, where George introduced him to everyone. The dragon made many friends that day, and the villagers gained reliable access to their water, as not only did the dragon no longer pose a threat to them, but he guarded them when they filled their buckets. As for George, his great secret had led him to another great success in life, though he feared that somewhere along the way, in the re-telling of his story, someone would make a mistake and say he slayed a dragon, rather than slaying the dragon of illusion. This was another example of people being hostage to their illusions. And so an edit was made, recounting the story erroneously until this moment. BUT, we are here today to set the record straight! No real dragons were slayed by George, that day or any other day -- although he very much did succeed in slaying the illusions we hold.



hand: Mildred Gordon

image: Cheri Brunault

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON - PART TWO
"Bullies Not Allowed!"

St. George and the Dragon were having their afternoon tea when they heard a tremendous cry outside. "What on Earth could that be?"

They poked their heads out of the cave to see a little boy sitting on the ground, emitting a terrible sound. It was not the sound of joy.

"Whatever is the matter?," said St. George with a worried face. "What has caused you to carry on so and taken you to this place?"

The boy he quietly wiped his eyes and stammered out "Dear sir, twas a bully who forced me to run away and find repose here."

"A bully?," said the dragon, his face evidencing a smirk. "I've known one or two of those. George, we have our work!"

And without so much as a faretheewell, they left the young man on the ground. For they knew bullies like to brag and were sure this one could be found.

And right they were, for when they finally entered the town, they saw a group of young school children gathered around. In the center was a small young man, roly-poly and gruff.

"I hit him, and I hit him, and I hit him again, until he had had enough."

The dragon could not contain himself, he roared and breathed out fire. The crowd scattered and the roly-poly boy sat down in fear.

"How dare you torture another lad," the dragon hissed through his teeth. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself! Of human kind you're beneath!"

"What excuse do you have for this behavior?," St. George questioned the lad. "How is it that a child like you can behave so very badly?"

The boy began to sob, then he began to cry. Then he began to wail a wail that reached into the sky.

"It's not my fault, they started first, they teased me 'cause I'm fat! I've had ten years of it, and now I'm through with that! I'll teach other kids what it's like to live in fear! I'll torture them and scare them and cause their eyes to tear!"

"No eye for an eye here!," said both George and the dragon.

The boy began to cry again. George could tell he was hurt. He sat down next to the weeping young man in the cool summer dirt.

"It's not right to treat others the way you were mistreated," he said. "Nobody wins when someone loses their dignity."

"But they did it to me," opposed the boy.

"They were wrong!," George quietly said.

Suddenly, the first young boy from the front of the cave appeared.

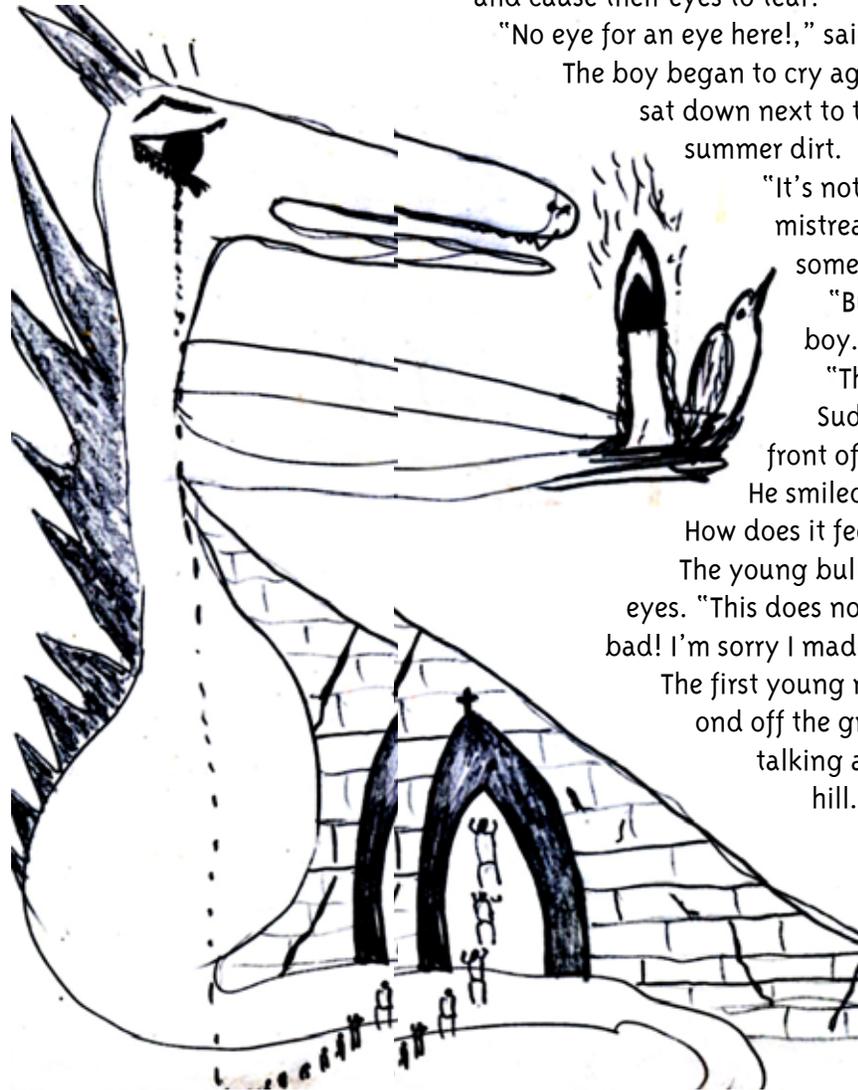
He smiled. "I guess you know how it feels now. How does it feel?"

The young bully looked up, fear and sadness in his eyes. "This does not feel good...no, it actually feels quite bad! I'm sorry I made you cry!"

The first young man extended his hand, lifted the second off the ground. They walked down the lane, talking and laughing, till they were over the hill.

"Well," said George, "another problem solved. And without much help from us!"

"As it should be," said George. "Now, what about some more tea?"



A few selections from *"Folio of Pomes in the Japanese Stile From the Time of the Draggon Peace,"* a volume I happened upon by chance while browsing at the Every Thing Goes Book Café.

**Sisters tug at doll.
George: let's cut the doll in half.
True owner backs off.**

George's brother Chuck (on an incident when they were children)

**Dragon rears his head,
flames shoot out in fiery blasts!
Roasting marshmallows.**

Philip Barlowe, age 8, peasant scout troop XVII

**They say that dragons
sometimes look a bit like goats.
I can't disagree.**

Billy, the village goat

**Drink freely Dragon!
Water, that is; as for wine
half-price after five.**

Tom Croke, local innkeeper

**what now to do with
all these unsold rocks and clubs?
Wait! I've an idea.**

William Johnson, village shopkeeper and the inventor of baseball

**How was I the first
to know the dragon's true intent?
Saw it on Facebook.**

Tiffany Winston, 16, peasant grrl

**No more dignified
way to honor this grand day:
Pet Dragon Contest.**

Fido, three-time winner of the pet Dragon contest



Just a Dragon

I'm just a-draggin' my little wagon
My heart is saggin', I'm so blue
My spirit's flaggin', I gotta find out
Wasn't I gentle enough with you?

What sent you packin'? What was I lackin'?
Who tried to blacken my name to you?
I'm just a-draggin' my little wagon
Along that Heartbreak Avenue

You said that passion was not my fashion
Have some compassion, I didn't know
I'll be your dragon, big tail a-waggin'
Fire-breathing dragon, Romeo.

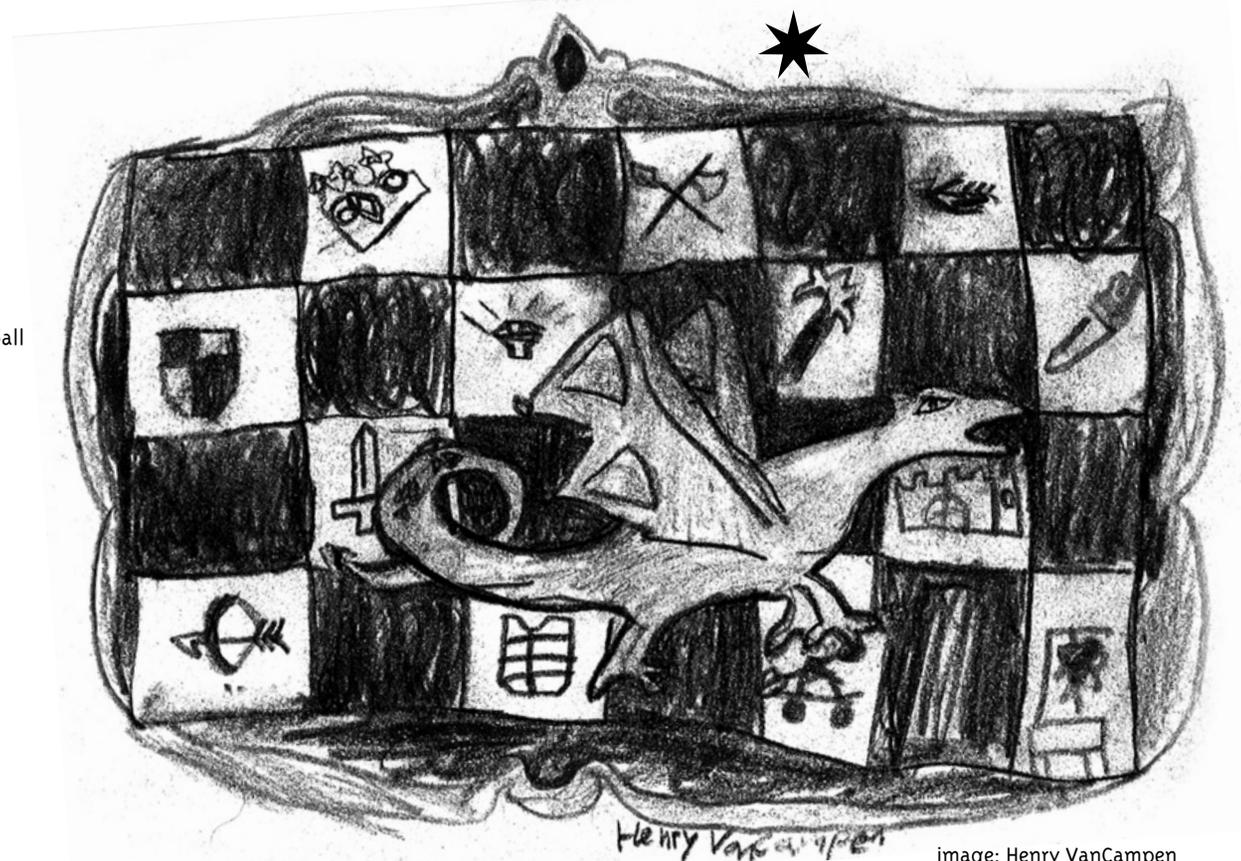
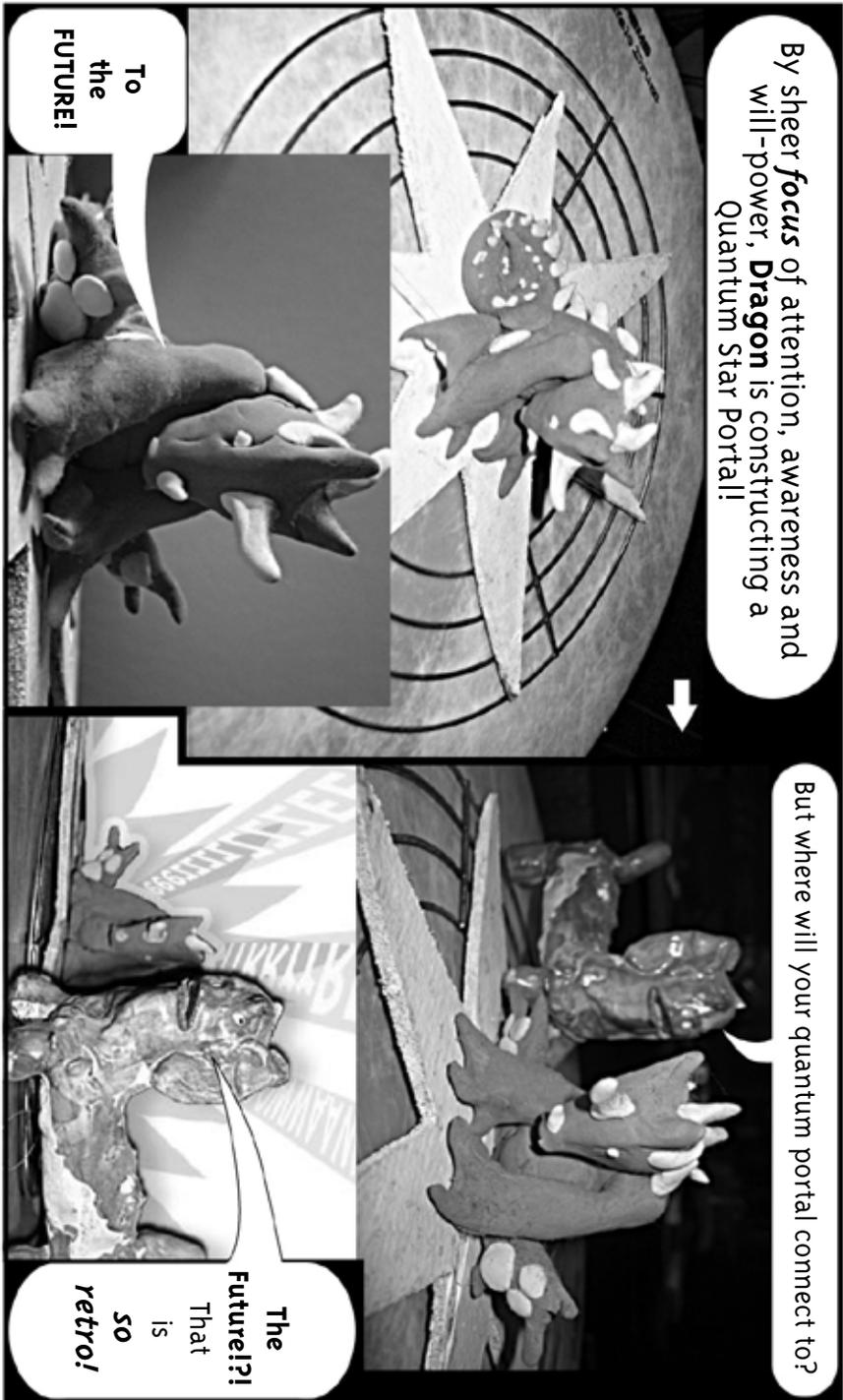


image: Henry VanCampen



To
the
FUTURE!

By sheer *focus* of attention, awareness and will-power, **Dragon** is constructing a Quantum Star Portal!

But where will your quantum portal connect to?

The
Future!?!
That
is
so
retro!

figurines by Ezair Beausoleil

QUEEN HARRIS

For The Better

I wish to travel the world and get others to listen
 So together we create this piece that is missing
 Combining our minds to speak wisdom with words
 Communicating and connecting ideas unheard
 One voice, so loud it demands attention
 Projecting a thought with epic intentions
 The choice to modify and better our ways
 Keeping unwanted acts in a secret cave
 We want for this dream to pull actions out of words
 To take pride in our success receiving praise we deserve
 Reverse the minds of those who castigate our labor
 For the better of the world so everyone's in favor.



DYUAD
DAUGHS



Everything is done in a circle,
and that's because the Power of the World
always works in circles, and everything
tries to be round.

The life of a Dragon is a circle from childhood
to childhood, and so it is, in everything where
power moves. Like a comet. The comet is a
circle made of circles that travels in circles.

I learned there are **tiny comets**
all the time entering our planet
atmosphere, 20 of them every minute,
every day. And comets are mostly water
and ice. So over 40 billion years these
comets have brought to this world
maybe all the water that there is here!
All the rain, clouds, oceans, rivers.
All of us, we the living moving things,
happen *because* of that. Amazing, right?
Extraterrestrial comet water!

image: Anna Matopoeia

Earth is your grandmother and your mother,
and she is sacred! Every step that is taken upon her
should be as a prayer. And our star, Sun!
All living beings, dragons and humans, animals, trees,
gardens, even the deep beneath, all plants and beings,
are alive from Sun. If it were not for Sun, there would
be darkness and cold! Nothing could grow --
this planet would be without life!

But Sun needs Earth for life. If Sun acts
upon the plants and beings alone, the heat would
be too great and they would die. But on this Earth,
there are clouds, there is rain. Water and air.



image: Robert Civello

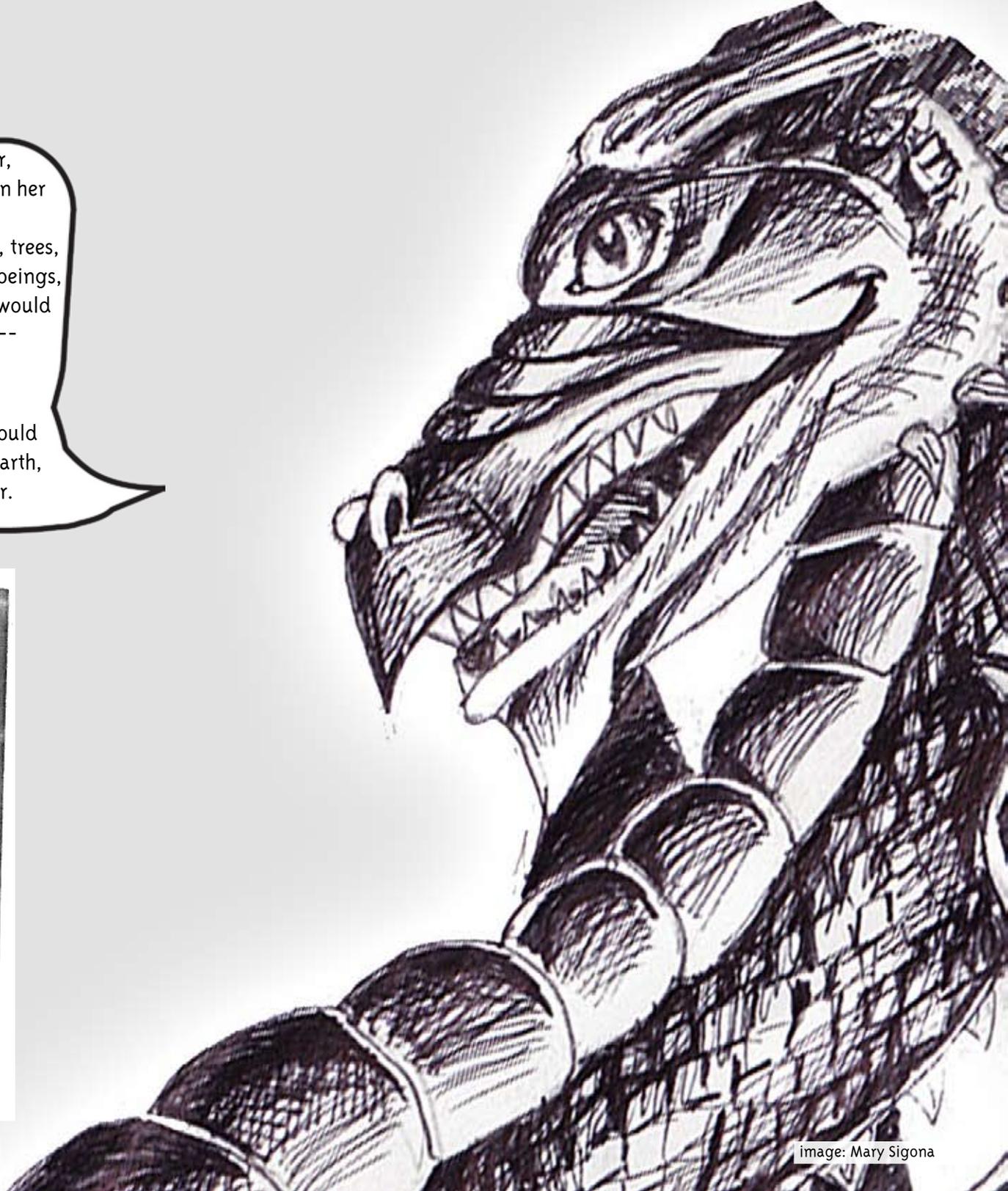
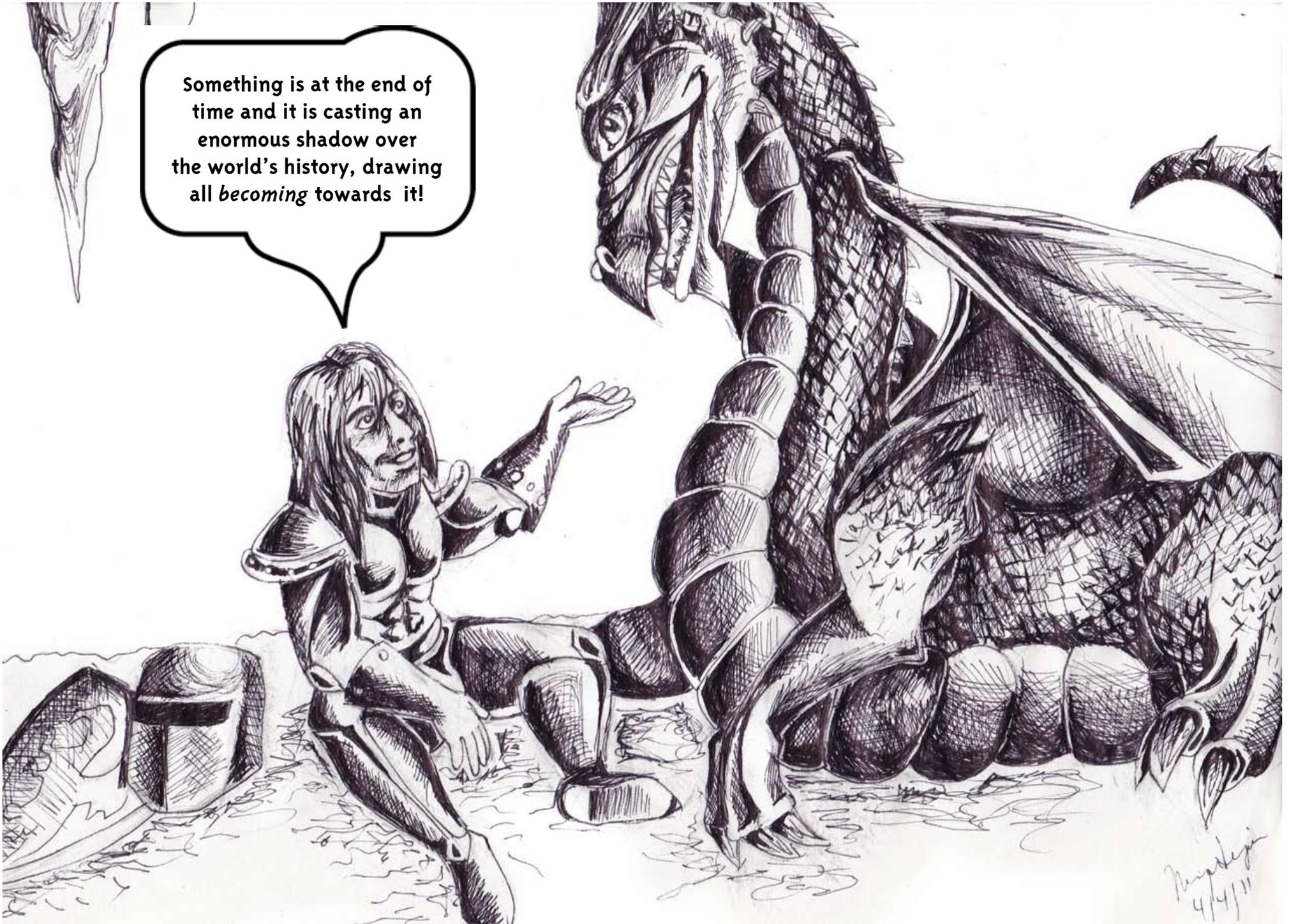


image: Mary Sigona

Something is at the end of time and it is casting an enormous shadow over the world's history, drawing all *becoming* towards it!



Ridges Gets Lost

"R-R-R-RID-GESSS!", Mother dragon squeezed a fire of frustration from her nose. She was worried, hurt and angry! "Where is he? Where is my sweet baby cuddly-wuddly pooppy pumpkins?"

Ridges, who was almost two years old, was not at all skilled in avoiding trouble and, for all his colors and spots, he did not know how to control his awkward body. His mother was worried that if he ran into troublesome adventures, he wouldn't know how to keep himself safe. Why, he's just a tiny little 5 feet tall, with a clumsy tail about that long. Just a *little* dragon!

Dragon Father called some neighbors to help him search in the

mountain ranges and lakes and streams of Staten Island. Father was worried. There was one place in the forest that worried him, a swamp called Green Slime Oopsy, where sticky gloppy traps hid in its swampiness. Ridges mother hoped he had not wandered there. "Not there", she prayed.

Meanwhile Ridges had gone just right to that very place. There he stood, looking at the green slime, which he thought was so funny and squishy to play with! All of a sudden, a big blatherbooper zanznattered and splurged up out of the green slime and tickled his toes at a hundred miles an hour. Oh my! What a surprise. Ridges was so blinking surprised that he bounced like magnets straight up, so fast and so high you would have thought he just disappeared, blink!

And that blatherbooper with her wiggling ticklers spluttering, well she just froze and turned bright yellow with her follicles flooping like disney. "Magic!" she wheezed with blue sparkles.

So there was Ridges at the TOP of the trees, hanging in the weeds, his eyeballs spinning like wheels in his face while his mouth just hung there drooling dry!

He let out a snort that came out with fire, and flashed in the night sky just enough for his father and the others to find him! His father laughed with joy, then made a signal fire from his snout to share the news. Ridges' mother saw the lights, spirals and diamonds of fire dancing over the mountain, and knew Ridges was OK. And now SHE started laughing the silliest splootnerfluffles i ever heard.



Awaiting Ascalon

(1)

Scaly the wingspread
Fiery the breath
The dragon lurks
In the thick forest,
In the turgid lake.

Ravenous the dragon
Insatiable for blood
He roars a warning
To Silenese sheep,
To the lotteried children.

Wary the king
Worried his daughter
The princess cowers
In the stone castle,
In her silk garments.

Dressed as a bride
Bedecked in flowers
The princess is sent
To the deep waters,
To the reptile's lair.

Shiny the armor
Sharpened the lance
Brave Saint George
Rides to the stricken town,
Rides to the trembling damsel.

Flames!
Blood!
Victory!

(2)

Hungry the developers
Greedy their glance
They scheme at the banks
In their twill suits,
In their Armani loafers.

Ancient the oaks
Victorian the houses
St. George slumbers
In historic Richmond,
On its vast harbors.

Resplendent the skyline
Famous the view
The North Shore awaits
With its thriving potential,
With its resident artists.

Deals!
Corruption!
Uncertainty!

Where now our dragon slayer
With the trusty sword Ascalon?
Who's to envision the future,
Who's to save our St. George?



image: Abraham Kunin-Fenton

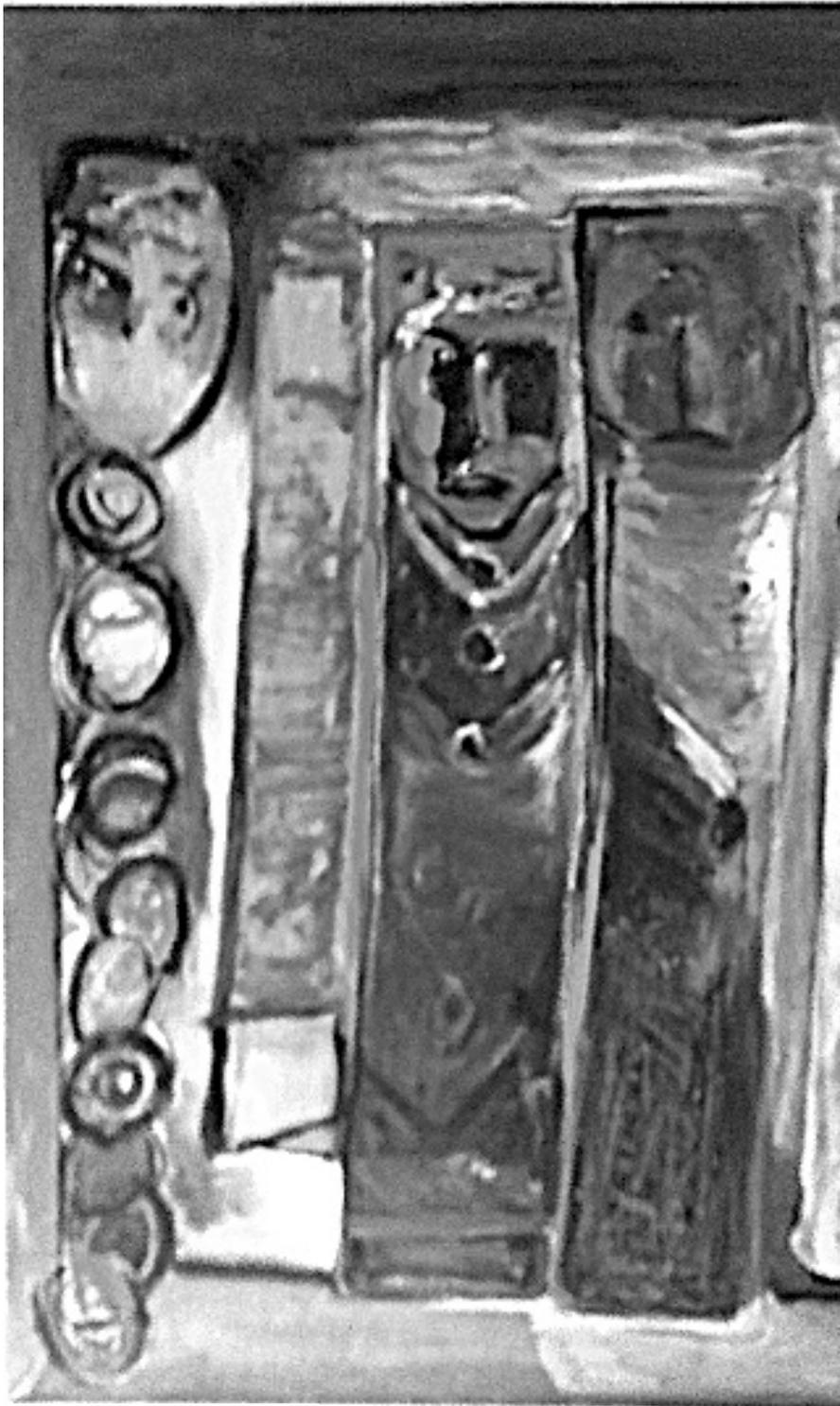


image: Robert Civello

FERN METCALF

Crushed Ice

CHARACTERS

JORGE: Male, Environmental Engineer.

SABRA: Female, recent college grad.

DRAGO: Female, college senior, wears only black clothing and blood red nail polish, lives green.

HERMIT: Male, owns neighborhood bait & tackle shop, gossipy.

(All are twenty-something Staten Island natives.)

SETTING

Tompkinsville Park, Staten Island: Literati Festival 24-hour marathon book reading of *The Rapture* by Liz Jensen.

TIME

2a.m. mid August.

Curatin rises: It's 89 degrees, JORGE and SABRA are sitting near ETG Café sipping iced tea, listening to the reading. HERMIT walks up on them.

HERMIT

Hey guys what time are you reading? I'm up around 5:30a.m.
(he grabs a chair.)

JORGE

(interrupts)

Beat it Hermit! There's no juicy gossip here.

HERMIT

Hmmm.... I hear Drago will be reading.

(looking at SABRA)

She's always around you; word is she's crushin' on someone...

(he puts his chair next to SABRA; JORGE moves the chair 10 feet, HERMIT walks off)

SABRA

(exhaling)

You're sooooo cold, he's harmless, he's the one crushin'; he's trying to pit you against DRAGO to open the lane for himself.

JORGE

(watching HERMIT walk away)

He's always spreading rumors; truth is, it's her that really annoys me. I think she is crushin' on you.

(looking at SABRA, searching)

... you decide which job offer you're taking?

SABRA

(inattentively smashing the crushed ice in her tea while looking towards HERMIT)

No... Drago thinks I should go for the National Geographic gig, I'm leaning that way.

JORGE

(rolling his eyes)

Oh... so you're consulting the urban-Goth-night-shift-check-cashing-clerk? SABRA, the investment banking job pays so much more.

Why are you even friends with her?

(sighs with disdain)

SABRA

(looking JORGE in the eyes)

The check cashing joint supplements her income; she's a Park Ranger and studying Botany. Black is simply easier to mix & match, besides, it looks good on her. Money isn't everything and the reason she and I are friends is because we have nothing in common. On the other hand, you and she have a lot in common... You ever really talk to her?

(HERMIT walks by noticing their faces, tries to listen in)

HERMIT

(interrupts)

Hey guys, I'm going into ETG, can I get you anything?

JORGE

(rising, SABRA stops him)

Yeah, you can get me a whip...

(HERMIT hurries off, winks at SABRA)

JORGE

(watching SABRA slyly catch the wink)

She's a what?! ...Park Ranger? ...botany? ...I wouldn't equate that with being an engineer.

(DRAGO appears behind SABRA with a chair)

DRAGO

(looking at JORGE)

Is this spot taken love?

(she bends down to kiss SABRA and positioning her chair with SABRA in the middle sits)

Hey girl I been missin' you, where you been?

Did you tell JORGE here that I want to cook dinner for him?

JORGE

(shocked, then skulking)

I don't eat meat...

DRAGO

(leans over SABRA looking him in the eye)

Neither do I...

SABRA

(leaning back)

That counts me out!

JORGE

(looking at DRAGO as if for the first time)

When?

(lights dim)

: END :



image: Robert Civello

MELISSA GUTLOFF

All One

People, and all who live from near and far
 let's gather together like the heavens and the stars
 our souls are so bright
 and more than what we look like
 let hate diminish, Gandhi once said,
 "if you go by an eye for an eye
 we all lose sight."
 Let's cherish mother Earth
 let's believe all is possible
 and soon hard things will be achievable
 Life some say is hard but you
 can rewrite your life for the better
 like a poet
 that our soul sees beyond
 petty emotions
 that like to keep us in greed
 and insecurity
 realize what links Man to God
 realize what links Meant God
 Faith
 Faith
 we all are one
 for heaven sakes



images: Cheri Brunault



LESLIE CHOW

For The St. George Day

Louis Armstrong
 is playing his tune,
 "what a wonderful world"
 I see trees of green, red roses, too
 I love this song. I love this feeling

I imagine a better place
 where we can stop the violence
 the yelling, the screaming, the degrading
 children will no longer be ignored
 What a wonderful world it would be

I wish to create an oasis within myself
 a place where I can retreat when
 I am hurt; wounded by a student's words
 slapped me in my face; catches me unaware
 where did this anger come from?
 And I beg for mercy, and I beg for clarity,
 and I beg for just a little slice of kindness



EDWARD WEISS

Tomorrow's a Dragon

On the phone we promised not to meet.
 So who do I see walking down the street?
 We stop into a bar for one last goodbye.
 I start to talk and then you start to cry.

And I drink 'cause tomorrow's a dragon,
 And I'm no f---ing Saint George.
 And I face the fiery threat of the coming terror
 Without my shield and sword.

You were saying things always change.
 But I think they always stay the same,
 One endless cycle of joy and pain,
 That starts in innocence and ends in blame.

Remember these days.
 Remember this face.
 Remember these arms,
 Swinging by your side as you rolled down the street,
 Curling you up when you were too sad to speak,
 Holding on to you, like you were life itself.
 Then letting you go when there was someone else.
 Remember for me.
 'Cause I can't bear the memories,
 Or the thought that they might be lost.

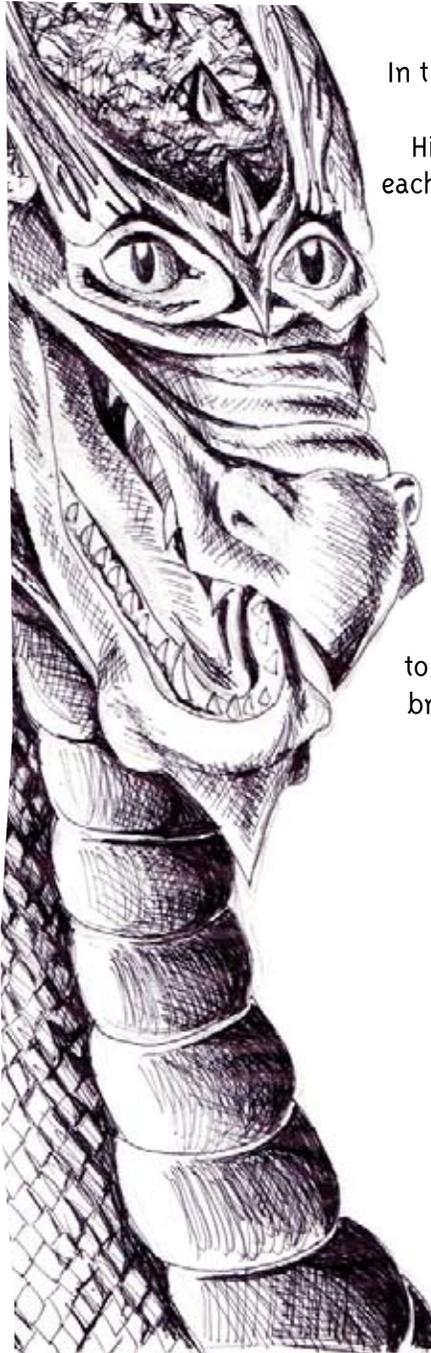
And have a drink, 'cause
 tomorrow's a dragon,
 And you're no f---ing Saint George.
 And you face the fiery threat
 of the coming terror
 Without your shield and sword



image: Kayla King



The Dragon Speaks of St. George



In the end, we were not so different.

His teeth, too, were filed to points,
each of our hands armored and clawed.

If we both fell in love over
and over again
with the youngest women
of the village,
their hair tied up with heather,
who could blame us?

Sabra lifted her throat to me, too —
how could I help but become still
with her girdle on my skin?

It was not so hard, then,
to curl my tongue the way he did, to
breathe sound around its contours
and it was not so hard to
tell him what to do.



image: Mary Sigona

We each wanted
to watch the hands turn palm-up to us,
rest the part of ourselves that was most tired.
We each wanted to hear sounds
we could not give names to.

It is difficult to know what it is
that kills a dragon, how much we bleed,
how long between each breath.

There was no book to tell them
where my heart lay, no ancient song
with lessons hidden between its lines
to let them know where to cut, to puncture,
what to burn. It is easy to fool people
when you have the language.

I know they say he took each man
to the river, that he made a sign
with his hands like the hilt of a sword
before he pushed them down,
but surely you know that men lie
when it suits them.

We slipped out in the night,
broke his spear, knocked the holy circle
from around his head with it,

and we were both green, green, green.





Viduna Nambukara



image: Mariel Avedon

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Staten Island OutLOUD hosts grass-roots readings of world classics, historic texts and other compelling works. Most of our events are intimate participatory readings, while some are large staged performances with music and dance. We meet at historic sites, delis, bookshops, museums, galleries, public housing projects, on the beach, on trains and on the Ferry, in libraries, parks & playgrounds, cafes, churches, temples, mosques and synagogues.

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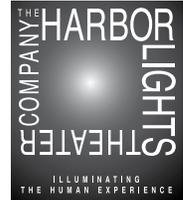


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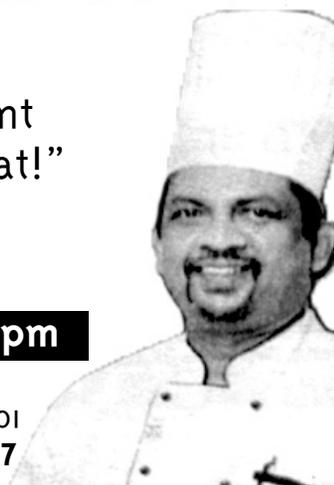
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