

George Samuel

Saint George the Lucky Dragon

Dragon: the Far-Seeing One.

The Evil One is Error. He denies or destroys himself. He is the victory of Good over Evil. He is Good destroying Evil. Good denies or destroys himself.

The dragon (sometimes he calls himself Targum or Dragoman, sometimes Tarragon or spanischer Pfeffer) is a lucky little man. Everything he does he begins unconsciously, and consciousness follows, if it does, not as initiator but as effect of effort.

When the words are personal, are persons, all languages are one, content and form are one, name and thing named.

O.U. Twit, God's Own Fool. Fooling himself, The Dragon is very very clever. To make his clever part stupid, his stupid part has to become cleverer than his clever part by as much more again than his clever part than his stupid part.

Knowing how to know is knowing why. Not knowing why not is not enough. Knowing why to do a thing too is knowing why one knows why and knowing why one knows why one knows why. But knowing how to do a thing isn't knowing how one knows how.

Ashamed to acknowledge shame. Weakness not to know how my story ends. This is then how it will end: as it began, in shame and weakness. Fate is all, all is fate. I can't accept what I'm in no position to reject, nor be resigned to what I never designed.

It all fitted together beautifully, because I was dreaming. When I'm awake, nothing fits together. Except in my dreams, which sleep when I wake as my wakefulness sleeps when I dream, so that while I'm awake everything fitting together dreams. Once there was a dream when I could make everything fit together while I seemed to be awake. I could dream I was awake in what I now dream was only a dream. But now that I'm dreaming that dreaming and waking aren't the same, everything fits together all the time now. For the dream is still there even when it's dreaming.

This is how the end of my story is. It dreams, but to itself it seems awake. So when it wakes is when my dreaming ends.

I dreamed I wrote down my whole story, and so I really did. It contains three plots:

1. History. A fast-paced spy intrigue; violence, betrayal, lust, gimmicks, and gadgets.
2. Mystery. My spiritual quest. I comb the mysterious East for the ancient secret brotherhood.
3. Mock. I discover that there is no spy intrigue and no ancient secret brotherhood, no harmony between appearance and reality, history and mystery, that the way it fits together is that it doesn't, the consistency of the pattern is its absence.

The story is contained in the 20 pages of the orange notebook and the fifty thousand word commentary, mine I think, but I can't be sure any more. The first time I saw the Notebook was in a dream I had last night, the dream in which I wrote my story. It was Sir John who showed me the Notebook. I was flattered of course by Sir John's attentions, a dashing and debonair older man. Now that I am myself a not very attractive older man, in fact a man chronically ashamed, I am ashamed of the way I was ashamed in my youth, a lonely literary student in London letting Sir John force me to force him again and again to let go his affectionate but firm grip of my palm as we tracked the orange dust of building sites during sunsets here and there. Before the orange began this day I told him the outline of the story, the three plots. In the building site of this evening I peeled his hands from my left hand and elbow and made him precede me through the fine dust, brown, orange, and crimson, heavy and light. Then he showed me the Notebook, last page first, the triangular labyrinth of orange dust. It all fitted together. I was ashamed I'd let Sir John see I hadn't seen. But I was never to see Sir John again. What had he seen in me anyway? I see it all now anyway having deciphered so often the shifting orange patterns just below that heavy tactile surface. Seen it all at once crossing and circling itself everywhere. I had never been allowed to call Sir John anyway; when he gave me the Notebook his calls to me ceased abruptly but the Notebook called me day and night, fed me, paid the rent – what did it see in me? itself perhaps, its pride in my shame, its strength in my weakness. "The golden apple eats itself from the inside out with its own golden teeth." At first this passage was on page seven, under a crude cartoon-like drawing of an eye inside a heart in the palm of a hand inside a light-bulb. Later it moved to page seventeen where it arranged itself as a triangle within a labyrinthine drawing of the sun, but it was while it was on page seven that I first noticed it, it was probably the first thing that I noticed in the scrawls and whirls, after the triangular labyrinth on the last page, and it was during the first day of my possession of the Notebook, or its possession of me, that I noticed it, the day at the end of which, just over twenty-four hours into my life with or within the Notebook, the man with the yellow teeth bit me, on the ankle, while I stood before the local station, under the yellow lamp globe. He crawled so rapidly he seemed running in another dimension, an illusion compounded by a certain ungainliness of body as if seen from several points of view at once or by a committee, and by the energetic wink and leer which he flashed at me as he scudded off and which seemed wrong from a man stretched at length upon the pavement. Stretched at length before the station? not briefly after it? I saw at once how the space I was

in alluded to time, all time stationary. This was then both the clue and the solution to the mystery. This man or serpent, dragon, flying down the lane in an atmosphere of pavement, was both my contact with the triple spy-ring and my hallucination or self. Only mad or near death do I meet my double. Time is both what I experience and what I experience as. I wasn't sure I had time to get medical attention to my wound. When I took it home and washed it in the sink the water ran orange down the drain. When I was quite drained I slipped down the drain too. I discovered that the triangular labyrinth has three phases: in only, out only, and neither in nor out; but what direction was neither in nor out? I asked the god Hercules (there was I, living among the dead, but he was as neither they nor I for he was but a phantom; he himself was with the immortal gods). He or his phantom pointed to my ankle. A tree grew there, bearing golden apples, and coiled about by a golden dragon. As I looked I discovered I'd been inside the Notebook and had now left it, but had left my ankle (yes it was the left one) inside, on page fourteen, tree, dragon, and all. However the other pages were now all of them blank so I decided to go back to the station in case by chance or design (whose? indeed whose chance?) the dragonman returned. I tied the Notebook around my stump and used it as an artificial limb (my body had meanwhile grown marvellously light) and was able to walk without attracting a great deal of attention, which I'd have been ashamed to do. But the expedition unlike the tree was fruitless, the station no longer stationary but departed on its travels, and the yellow lamp globe in fragments on the pavement. As I stared at it I discovered I was once more within the Notebook on page 14, reattached to my ankle, tree, and dragon, at home in my apartment. I saw that the whole city, what I could see of it, was now inside the Notebook, so I decided to try again for the station. I put on my baggiest trousers so that my bulging ankle would be as inconspicuous as possible. I now seemed to have become marvellously heavy, for I fell through the pavement into the station, just as it is scudded by, underground, in an atmosphere in fact of silt and clay. I noted the trains at which the station stopped, and the schedule of trains on the wall; sure enough, when the schedule had come full circle, the station ejected me, through the same hole I'd made upon entry. So it was by running in a circle that the travelling station remained stationary. The Notebook had ejected me too: there it lay with a hole through its last two leaves. What else could the station do besides travel and stand still? The question though it repeated the question about the labyrinth also answered it. Its answer was: "Go on asking the question." So I picked up the Notebook and flapped home in my baggy trousers, and on both feet, which I was still wearing, for more study. However as soon as the dragon on page seventeen and the one on my ankle saw each other they began to fight. The air was blue with satire, orange with flame, and black with shapeshifting. Soon all was illusion, and so nothing was. I was ejected from my apartment for harbouring illusion, and on the street without home, family, friends, or food. The typical state of modern man. Which is what this story is or was about.