

UNDISCOVERED COUNTRIES

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THE INFINITE FESTIVAL

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2015-2016

YEARBOOK

**2015 - 2016
YEARBOOK**

Illustrated words & vice versa from the Infinite Festival program

Undiscovered Countries is a Brooklyn-based incubator of new and developing interdisciplinary art. We present subversive and accessible work by artists lacking conventional support to foster a diverse, engaged community.

Special thanks to everyone who has been part of the Undiscovered Countries community for these past four years. To Goodbye Blue Monday, Brooklyn Fireproof, Quinn's Irish Pub, and most especially Bizarre for giving us space to make work for free. To all the artists who've brought their best and messiest and truest selves to the stage to make something new and undiscovered. To everyone who's shown up to watch and laugh and sometimes cry, and hang out and maybe later make work themselves. To Liz Rogers, Rebecca Russell, and Chris Insignares for taking beautiful pictures. To Shakhed Hadaya for captaining the Print ship and bringing the introverts to the party. To Cameron Toy for literally doing whatever is needed. To original board members Amy Yourd and Vincent Graham for building the festival when it was a baby. To Kaela Mei-Shing Garvin (on top of the thanks she's due as a board member), for writing *The Imperialists* in 2012 and giving us a reason to make a play reading festival happen. To Caroline Kittredge Faustine for having the idea in the first place.

**In the 2015-2016 season, three productions
grew out of Infinite Festival acts:**

Pilgrim Notes

by Adin Lenahan. Presented at the Planet Connections Festivity.

Ambition, the American Female Serial Killer Musical

by Kaela Mei-Shing Garvin.

Presented at Planet Connections Theater Festivity
and Ars Nova Theater Festival.

MARYSHELLEYSHOW!

created by Barbara K. Begley & Grace Smith

Presented at The Theater Project, Maine
and the Chicago Fringe Festival.

for more information about our productions,
visit undiscoveredcountries.com

The Infinite Festival Contributors

Ryan Aasen - Alton Alburo - Brittany Allen - A.P. Andrews -
Hollis Beck - Barbara K. Begley - Hannah Bennett - Bronx
Cheer* - Mary Brownlee - Paige Campbell - Peter Clark - Braulio
C. Cruz - Patrick Daly - Sasha Diamond - Jenna Dioguardi - A.J.
Ditty - Sawyer Eason - Caroline Kittredge Faustine - Gandor
Chorale** - Kaela Mei-Shing Garvin - Tess Geier - Mima Good -
Eliana Gottesman - Vincent Graham - Cassidy Dawn Graves -
Garrett Gray - Alexandra Guillen - Shakhed Hadaya - E.B.
Hinnant - Francisco Huergo - Jaye Hunt - Chris Insignares -
KAYLO - Truen Kirk - Kristie Lee - Adin Lenahan - Neysa
Lozano - Megan Lynch - Charlie Manoukian - Zack Marotta -
Molly Vivian McGaughey - Matthew McShane - Brittany Moran -
Chris Ogren - Sharen Paradise - Kristin McCarthy Parker -
Susannah Perkins - Charlie Poulson - Dan Rider - Xavier Rodney
- Liz Rogers - Rebecca Russel - Danielle Sacks - Grant Shprintz -
Tessa Skara - Grace Smith - Sofia Szamosi - Travis Tinney -
Lauren Ullrich - William Vaughn - Ana M. Verde - Colin Waitt -
Eli Walker - Emily Wassung - Jay Wilner - Jaime Wright

* M. Glauber, Stevie Glauber & Rich KMA

** Caroline Kittredge Faustine, Cris Neglia & Cameron Toy



Program Covers & Inserts



Hollis Beck - Barbara K. Begley - Mary Ann Clay - Sabrina Cheng
- Chloe Erskine - Caroline Kittredge Faustine - Kaela Mei-Shing
Garvin - Tess Geier - Loretta Graney - Allon Hadaya - Shakhed
Hadaya - Faith Lindley - Molly Liu - Cindy Yee Luong - Hannah
Macdonald - Zack Marotta - Jon Theo Norville - Kofi Opam -
James Brooks Robinson - Taylor Yates



Two more notes: An extra thanks to the Undiscovered Countries Board of Directors: Alton Alburo, Barbara Begley, Kaela Garvin, and Adin Lenahan, who make it so much easier to make a thing; also to Cameron Toy. Cameron, here is a puppy for every time I didn't mention it's you who keeps the lights on and the sound going. --SH

Undiscovered Countries



September 21st, 2015, Bizarre Bushwick

Birthday Pug by Zack Marotta

Undiscovered Countries



September 21st, 2015, Bizarre Bushwick

Birthday Pug by Sabrina Cheng

Moral Ammunition Fragment

story by Hollis Beck

illustration by Shakhed Hadaya

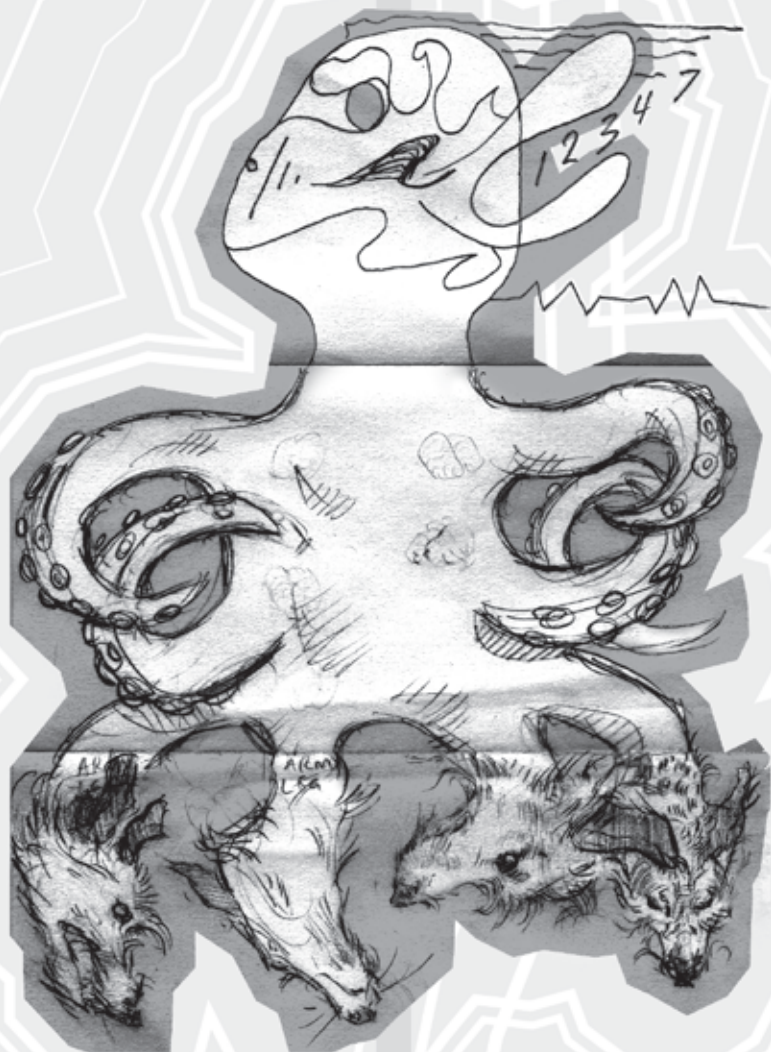
Debates had been long and furious when “moral ammunition” was introduced to the public. Most people believed that law enforcement was attempting a clever trick. A type of bullet that would only strike a target that committed a crime. It was a fanciful idea at best, a dangerous delusion at worst. But something had to be done, the supporters shouted over every doubt and concern. Something had to be done.

As the sounds of gunfire rang in her ears, she remembered every wrong thing she had ever done. The candy she stole from her mother’s purse, and the lie she told afterwards. The exam she cheated on to avoid a summer spent in a dark room memorizing names and dates. The boy whose heart she broke, whose name she couldn’t even remember. The drugs she sold one terrible winter in order to afford heat. The drugs she stole when she decided to quit the racket for good. The consistent lie that she only voiced to herself, that she was happy and safe. And as she closed her eyes and searched her mind for a happy memory to spend the rest of her life with, she held her breath.

In another dimension, she fell to the ground with a hole in her forehead. But in this one, she crumpled into a heap, clutching a hand to a bloody cheek and sobbing as her ears continued to ring.



Undiscovered Countries



November 16th, 2015
Bizarre Bushwick
12 Jefferson St, Brooklyn

program cover by Allon Hadaya, James Brooks Robinson, and Faith Lindley



Frè

"Fuck."

Frankie sat on the couch, staring at the wet blue light of his laptop. He'd been sitting in the same position for two hours, twirling his hands to and fro, mirroring the movements he saw on the screen in evermore agitated loops. Empty cartons from the stew chicken joint were strewn around him, and at least twelve websites were open, a horizontal line of barely readable tabs on Google Chrome: the Brooklyn College Office of Financial Aid; a guide to selfinjecting hormones; a wikipedia article on common flora and fauna of the Atlantic Seaboard; and finally, a Youtube video, helpfully entitled "How to tie the perfect bow tie: Lessons from the men's shop."

"There, got it. No—there."

The front door slammed; a shadow loomed over Frankie's computer screen. Frankie turned around just in time to catch Tony brush a dusting of ice off of his black puffer jacket. Tony was leering at the laptop's headlines out of the corner of his eye, suddenly annoyed. He dropped his black Adidas gym bag next to his brother, and walked quickly towards the kitchen.

"Hey, Tony—"

"Not now, Frank. I'm tired."

"No, wait, I know you know how to do this, man."

Frankie's hands knotted at his throat, black satin flowing through his thin brown fingers like water.

"I said not now, Frank," Tony said, with a sharp note of finality. "Jesus Christ. I learned how to do it on my damn own, and so can you."

Frankie's face tightened, although the smile stayed stuck stubbornly in place.

"Yeah. I mean, yeah. I guess." Frankie paused. "But you know, you had Pops, and like, your brothers in Alpha—"

"Man, quit that," Tony snapped. "You know you ain't never gonna be no Alpha. We've talked about it, man. Those are my *brothers*."

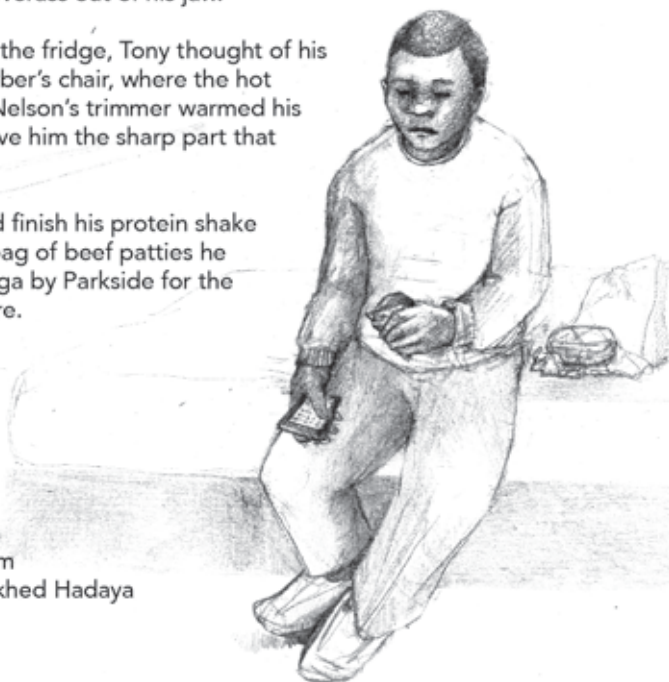
Tony stopped abruptly, his anger deflating as quickly as it had flared up, and with just as little explanation. He averted his eyes. A deep blush bloomed on Frankie's high yellow cheeks like a bruise. *Those are my —*

"Brothers?"

Frankie wasn't really asking a question, and Tony didn't respond; he turned tail into the kitchen before a response like *you were my sister for nineteen years* man could tumble headoverass out of his jaw.

Standing in front of the fridge, Tony thought of his afternoon in the barber's chair, where the hot spinning blades of Nelson's trimmer warmed his cheeks and chin, gave him the sharp part that traced his hairline.

Eventually, he would finish his protein shake and eat alone: the bag of beef patties he bought at the bodega by Parkside for the two brothers to share.



Story by Kofi Opam

Illustration by Shakhed Hadaya

Undiscovered Countries



**January 18th, 2016
Bizarre Bushwick
12 Jefferson St, Brooklyn**

program cover by Cindy Yee Luong

FLY GIRL

(excerpt)



Minneapolis burst through the doors of her captain's cabin and skid to the floor, her wings a shield in front of her. She grabbed the electric baton at her waist and braced for gunfire.

She waited.

A snorting laugh came.

"I'm not mocking you."

Minneapolis looked through her feathers at the captain.

The hunchbacked old woman smiled at her newest recruit from the wheelchair behind her desk. "Excited to take your first mozzie? Everybody always is. Please get up, come over here, and sit down. Have a drink with me before we go."

Through the window behind the captain, Minneapolis could see a Mosquito-class tanker sucking fuel up from the mantle of the trashmoon with its long stylet. Soon its swollen body would fly down to Earth and the fuel would be equitably distributed by the Utopian Socialists of the North.

Unless it was intercepted by this old woman and her pirate crew.

"Never, Captain!" Minneapolis stood, her wings snapping behind her, a dull orange glow simmering within her feathers and her right hand clutching the baton like a paladin.



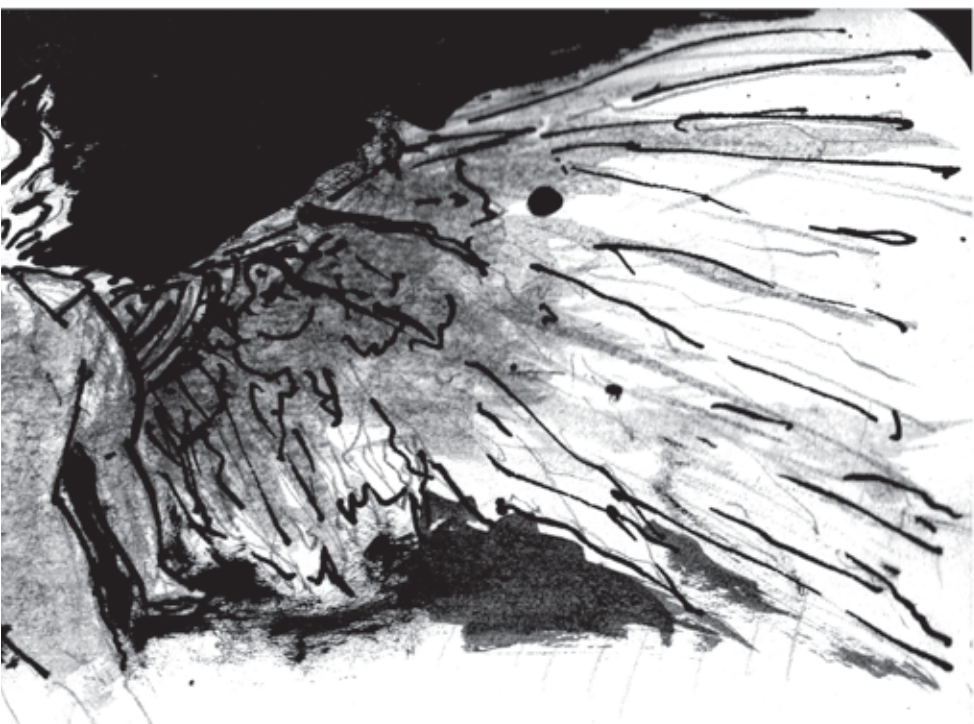
The captain poured herself a glass of whiskey. "I'm sorry, Minnie, I should have asked if you drank. There's a jug of water on the cabinet over there, if that would calm you. Please do come sit with me, I could use another set of eyes looking at these plans."

The captain took a drink and turned down to the schematics spread on her desk. Points of weakness and ways of entry to the tanker were circled in red. The estimated number of flykids necessary to take each position was written in black ink.

Minneapolis slammed the end of her baton onto the desk. "You won't need those plans. That tanker's flying back home to earth, and you're flying to prison."

The captain grimaced and pushed her wheelchair back from the desk. "When you barged in here I thought you were scared. I didn't realize this was mutiny." She pressed a button behind her. An alarm blared through the ship. A woman's voice counted "T-30 seconds."





Minneapolis laughed. "Even if your crew can take that tanker, I know they won't escape without your cunning." Another laugh, short and triumphant. "My plan worked!"

"Quiet, girl," the captain snapped, the wrinkles in her face now standing out like scars. "You're a fool, and I'm sorry for it. You fly well and take orders better, and it's a shame to lose you in this pathetic attempt. Grab a helmet. I don't want you to die today."

The old woman fell from her wheelchair to the floor, landing on her hands and knees. Plastic bubbles rose up from the furniture, protecting everything in the cabin. Her hunch began to move under her cloak, which flew to the wall and stuck, magnetized. Horrible and magnificent wings spread from the captain's back, almost as large as the room. Two wingbeats and the wind buffeted Minneapolis off her feet and against the wall. Another beat, and the captain rose from behind the desk, her face terrible with ferocity. She hovered, one hand stabilizing her as the other grabbed two helmets from beneath the desk.

Minneapolis gaped. She hadn't known the captain had wings, nor that the darkest rumors about early pteroplasty were true. And now the old woman was chucking a helmet at her face, arm muscles like cannons and pectorals like ancient armor. Minneapolis caught the helmet an inch from her nose.

"Put that on or you will die and I'll not mourn you," the captain said.

"T-5 seconds" came over the speakers.

Minneapolis put on the helmet. The captain put on hers.

The cabin walls opened and air rushed out. So did Minneapolis. She screamed. Tried to clap her hands to her mouth. They hit the helmet, and hurt. She spun and flipped. The trashmoon flew past her sight. So did massive Earth below her. She was going to die screaming like so many astronauts in the second wave, she was going to feel the flames burst through her suit and torch her skin. A glimpse of her wings. Glowing red steel like the swords of her heroes. This was her lifeboat, specially made for descent, for moments like this. She was a planner. This one had gone wrong but it wasn't her last chance. She would make another, she decided. She breathed deep and slow, stabilized herself, and looked back at the trashmoon.

Before her, the eighty flykids among the crew and the captain herself were falling towards the tanker. She had seen some of the younger pirates' wings, but the full squadron was beautiful. Hundreds of colors, some scarred, some tattooed like a moth's, some angelic or batlike. And the captain's awful span.

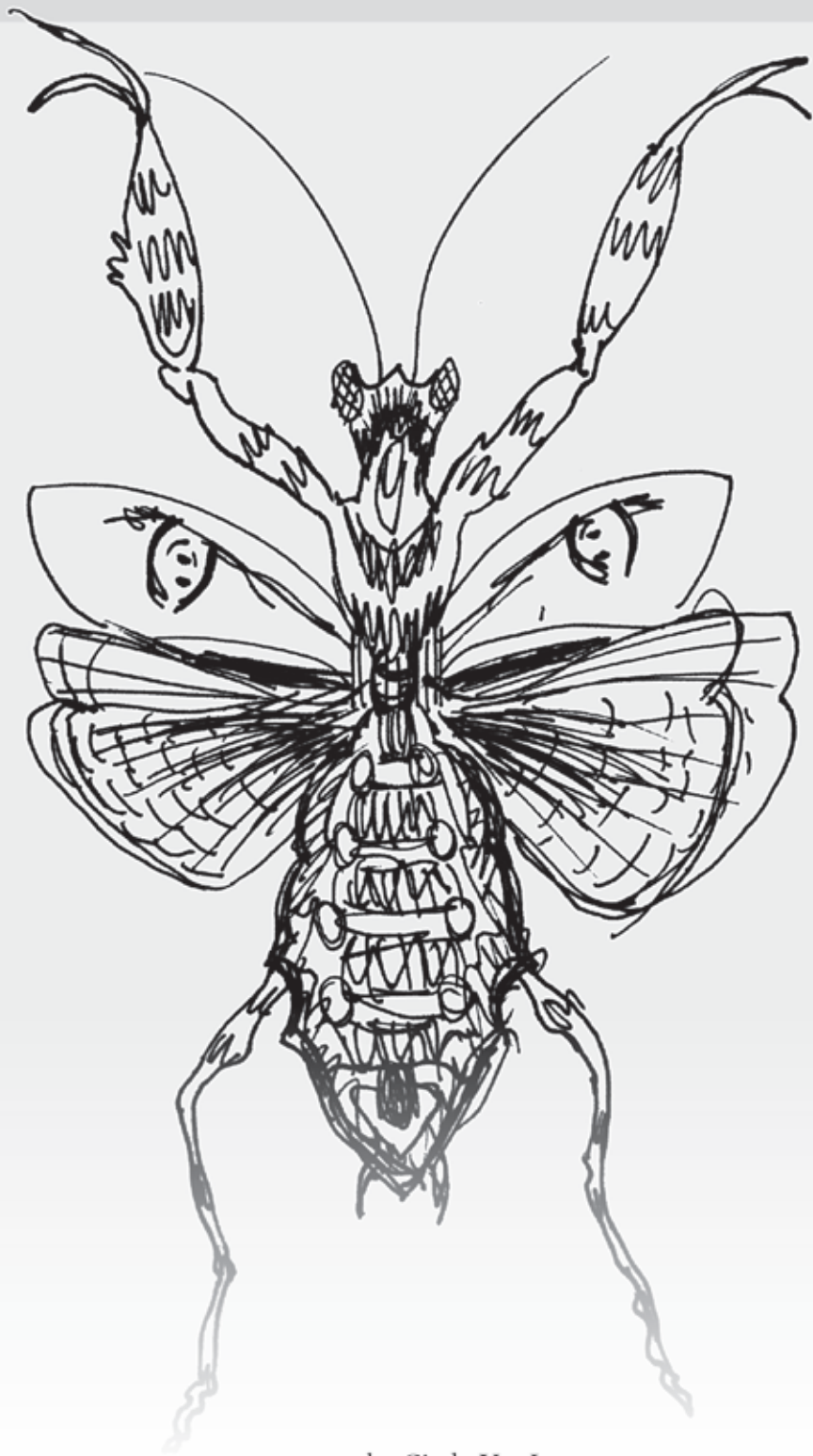
She wanted to follow the captain, to soar with the crew and scavenge from the mozzie.

She wanted to bring them all to justice too.

She watched the captain and the crew land on the tanker with horror and desire.

She shivered, clutched herself, and waited to fall back to the moon.





program cover by Cindy Yee Luong

Undiscovered Countries



March 21st, 2016
Bizarre Bushwick
12 Jefferson St, Brooklyn

program cover by Barbara K. Begley

San Francisco, January 2016
(front cover)

Fort Baker, January 2016
Mt. Tam 1, January 2016
Mt. Tam 2, January 2016
Bay Bridge, January 2016
Columbus Street, January 2016

Photographs by
Barbara Begley



Through a Reflection

Poetry by
Jon-Theo Norville

Bay Bridge
Transamerica

Poetry by Kaela Garvin



(top) Fort Baker, (bottom) Mt. Tam 1

Through a Reflection

Standing on the other side, over on this side you stare and wait.
Over on this side life happens.

Take your time to find, in that ditch what ever makes you happy.
Sniffing out takes time, take the time out to sniff what life to you really is.

Shadows in the dark start laughing, will you make it through the doubt.

There once was water here, let's find our thirst living through the drought

We can make it!

Fetching spirit sticks, keep it safe and bring it back with you
Please don't break it.

And if you do please don't fake it.

We all had a share of mess ups.

A friend for you in me, we can share this one, I just need you to fess up.

The love of life goes past present future

You are now on the road you belong on, make the best... of ..it..



Mt. Tam 2

Transamerica

Sometimes a tall obelisk
/an ode, a love letter to currency/
Still strikes me with awe at
The ingenuity of humanity
Beautiful in abundance
Gorgeous in limitlessness
A reaching pyramid
Almost so tall as to leave the earth and orbit us
So tall that it could be lost, enveloped in low-flying clouds
/yes it often is lost, topped with whipped cream grey sky/
Others grew pyramids once
Shorter than this, but no less impressive
/an ode, a love letter to immortality/

Which shimmered in a desert, with like-minded

friends for company
And this, this, this
quartz-covered protrusion,
erected on borrowed land
On made land, shoveled
from elsewhere to rectify
the swamp
This protrusion
A mark of extreme
impermanence
A mountain of our own
making
Perhaps already
crumbling from the inside
out



Columbus Street



Bay Bridge

And in bridges there's a certain nostalgia
A longing for a day that may never have happened
All of us squished into the back of a second-hand Volvo
The felt ceiling of which is hanging in strips but a few
inches from our short heads
We've pulled & we've pulled & we've pulled until the
elders screamed at us
Sugary juices held in our laps
Spilled in our laps; no cupholders
Peace and yelling and peace and peace
Pulling up through a forest of dark to a crowded on-ramp
Then gasps
On top of the world
On top of the Bay, at least, the shimmering muddies
below us
The gulls shrieking around us
The cities like dirty jewels at our backs
Peace and peace and peace and peace
It's quiet for once
And the juice stays in our boxes



Undiscovered Countries

May 16th, 2016
Bizarre Bushwick
12 Jefferson St, Brooklyn

program cover by Jon Theo Norville

Illustration by Hannah Macdonald

Text by Taylor Yates

in one moment: a flip / a switch / a hit
and then, collapse amidst some inevitable glitch
(& perhaps, that occasional itch)
revealing quick glimpses of a portrait of a
darkness within,
careful not to fixate attention
on this, our thicket -
your meadow as well as my maze
all of which lies tucked gently inside
what may be our original sin:
these walls we've built in the intangible,
boundaries of No and the known,
and a penchant for last sips
more tart than our own plight.



Like It Never Happened
Text by Tess Geier
Illustration by Loretta Graney

They are choosing photos for Lily's memorial. They swipe and click through their palm projectors, searching their internal systems for the best memories.

"In the old days," Maudrie tells her grandnephew Travis, "before I was born - keeping books was very popular practice. Full of photos and bits. Scrap-booking they called it. I have a photo of an antique Scrap-book logged. Just scrolled it over last night. That was how they would remember back then. Although, apparently folks could remember years on their own, decades even." Maudrie guffaws and slaps the boy's knee. "Imagine that. Keeping all that stuffed in there."

"Aunt Maudrie. Focus please," urges Beka. "Mom's memorial photos will be posted for everyone to see."

"Sorry, sorry. I'll get to it." They bury their faces in their hands.

No one sees the woman slip through the door. In a black vest, black shirt, black pants, long silver hair, silver headed cane. She sets herself down on the chair in the far corner, by Lily's hospice bed.

She sees Lily's dark face, remembers where the rose in her cheeks used to be. She sees Lily's chest rise and fall with each whisper of a breath. There isn't much left. She takes Lily's hand in her own, lightly strokes the paper-thin skin with her thumb.

"Here, this one. She's making a silly face. It'll show she's funny." Maudrie holds her palm up to Beka.

"Yes that one's fine." Beka catches sight of the woman. She takes two strides, her braids bounce off her thigh, and her long legs place her by the chair. She towers over the woman, cheeks aflame. "And you, would you like to choose a photo?"

No one knows the woman but she knows them.

"No thank you."

"Oh why not?" croons Maudrie, from across the room.

"I'm sorry," Beka states in an unapologetic tone, "but I don't think I have any memories of you at all. How do you know my mother?"

"We were friends." The woman stands to meet Beka's gaze.

"Oh that's nice. Why not add a photo then?" Maudrie bleats.

"There are none."

Maudrie tisk-tisks. "Oh that is a shame. However did that happen?" Then Maudrie half-mouths, half-whispers "Shuttershy?"

"Yes. However did that happen?" Beka asks.

The woman smiles generously at Beka through tear-stained eyes.

Something strange happens now. Like a muscle spasm, somewhere in the recesses of Beka's mind. Something tries to stretch that has long been atrophied.

The woman turns, gives Lily's hand a gentle squeeze, she whispers, "Goodbye Lily." Tears stream down her face but she does not log the emotion. She kisses Lily on the cheek. Lily doesn't open her eyes. There isn't much left.

The woman stands. "My condolences." she nods to Beka and glides out of the room. Beka's eyes follow her until she escapes sight.

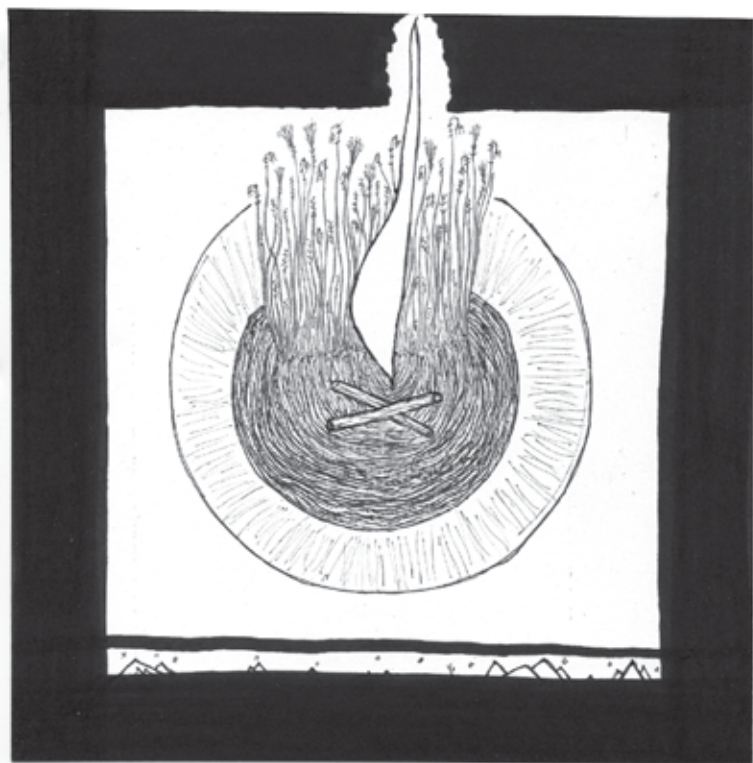
"That's a shame," says Maudrie, "A whole friendship forgotten. Do you think it was a secret? I don't like the idea of my sister having secrets."

"No just a gap," Beka snaps. "We all have gaps in our memories."

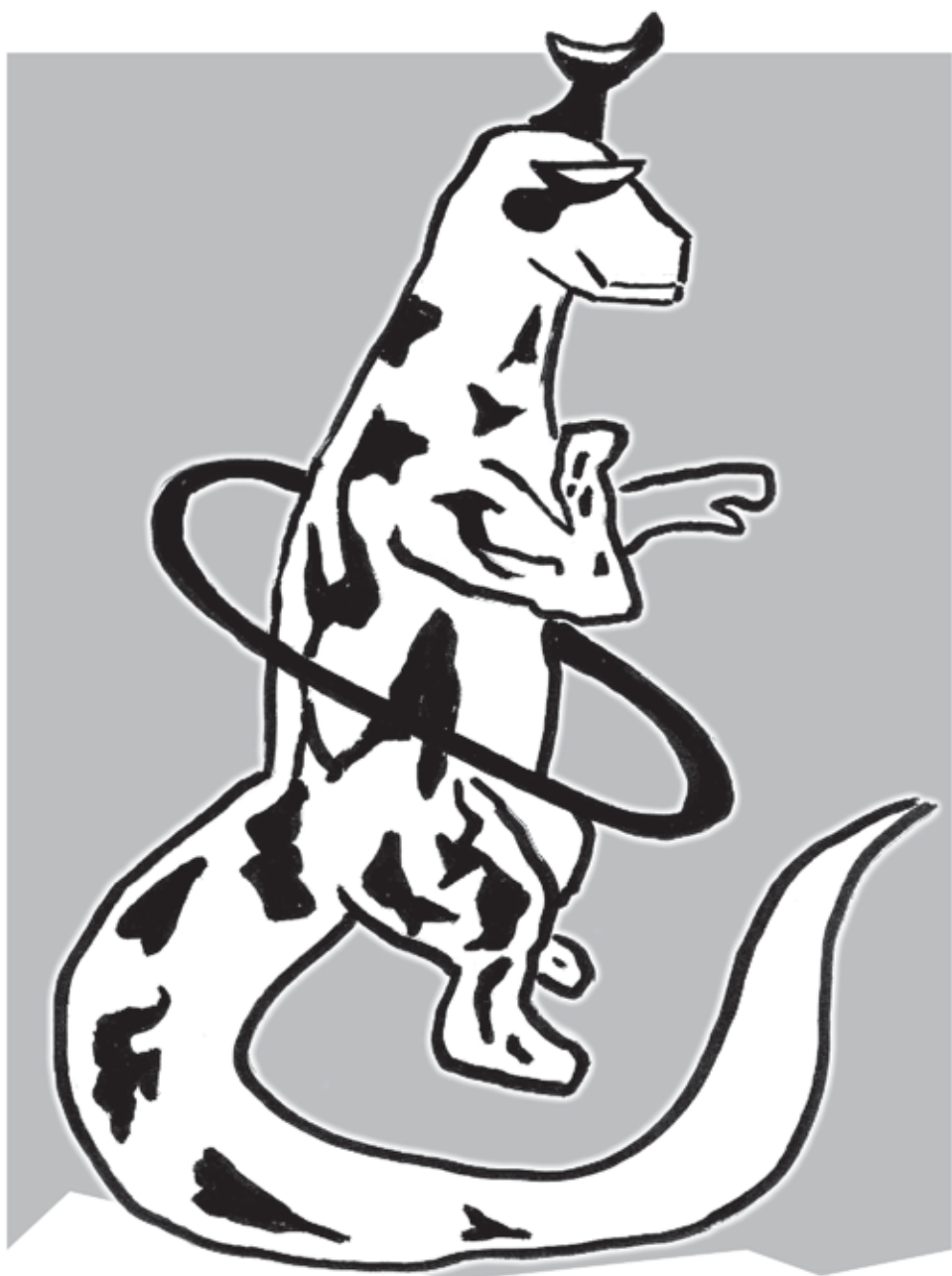
"It's her own fault. Should have recorded it - at least written about it if her friend was so shuttershy."

"Yes she should have," says Travis absent-mindedly. He scrolls through pictures of himself at a park last summer. They look like fun memories especially in comparison to the hospice.

"Yes," says Beka, "It'll be like it never happened."



In the morning, Lily dies. Her final portrait is dignified, in black and white. A second in sepia. Posted instantly, as is the custom.



Undiscovered Countries

July 18th, 2016

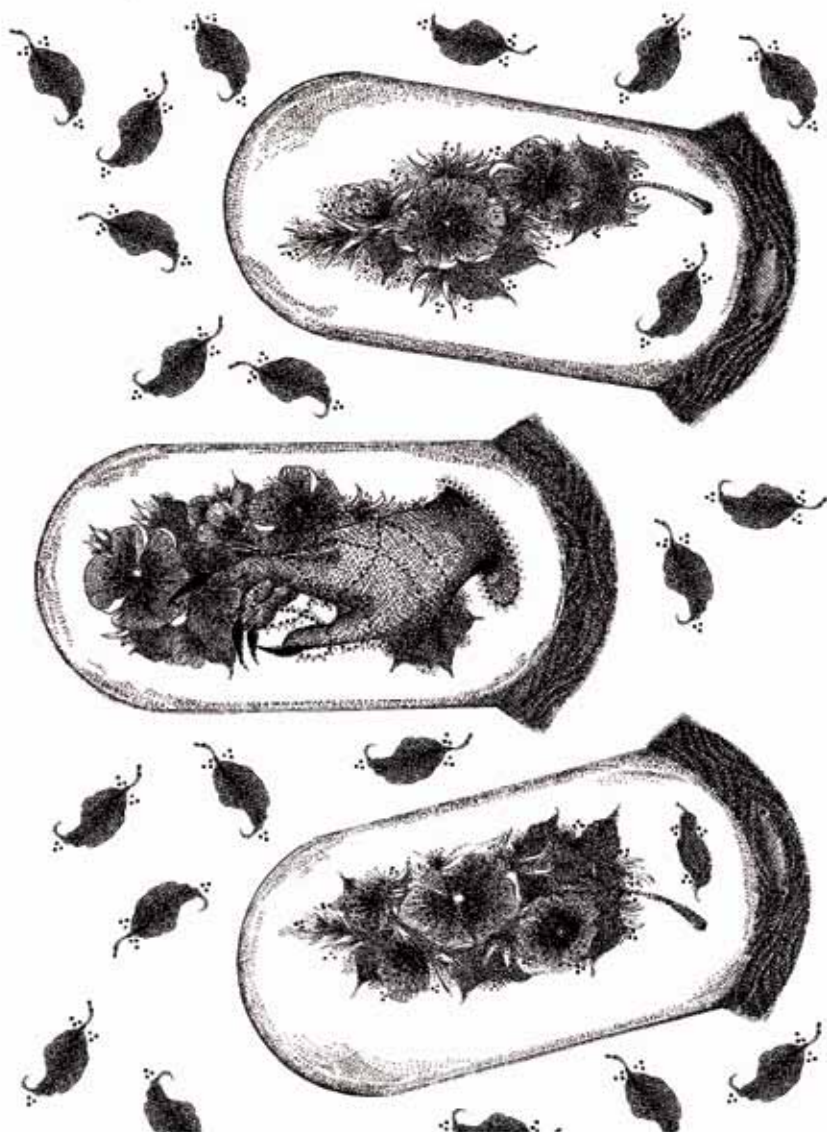
Bizarre Bushwick

12 Jefferson St, Brooklyn

program cover by Sabrina Cheng

I hope my mom is shooting someone.

That's the title of this piece and the nightmare I awoke from here in Munich, less than a minute ago. I'm thousands of miles from home and for the past hours I've been back in a twisted fantasy version of my two homes. My dad's place, unable to sleep, battling windows that leak chill & watching sad late night tv with a man I love who refuses to be pulled together. My fifteen year old efforts at cooking and caring for him a null and void. I flee to the other home.



My mom's house is a modernist freakshow of emotionless angles, a grandmother who is dying not quick enough under a blanket being shuttled by my sarcastic sister over to upstairs bathroom. This house is a combo of my mom's refurbished (anti-tax stepfather paid in full cash) fortress and my aunt Maureen's ersatz cube of angular arguments and punctured attempts at affection. It's 4:20am and I am still not asleep in this nightmare. We all are. Pantsless and cold, careening around looking for pills or distraction comes a glance in the trash, I spot it. A case my mom tried, the testimony of a self-named monster who abused boys for years and wrapped it in the guise of the cloth. Her shaking defense of herself for taking this case rings in my ears is all I recall before hearing a man's harsh bark from below. Thinking, I hope he is White. He is Loud. He wants more more more. Breaking in. Succeeding at that. Mind zooms on adrenaline I need to dress I need mace I need to stop him yes I will hurt him where is my sister she must be there too Paul has guns he has an arsenal the literal motherfucker he isn't here why isn't he here I hope she has one I hope my mom is shooting someone.

Awake. Fucking frozen to the bed. I am far away. Liberal illusions of making the world safer and better are shattered like glass holding flowers, kept them alive by depriving reality. Reality is that a racist is an alcoholic of toxic thought. We White people are all alcoholics and most of us don't see that is Wrong. We don't admit We Have A Problem. "My name is Chloe and I am a racist." White people were born this way and must fight with our minds bodies souls words hearts to detox from this mess. This nightmare I had was such, in the end, because, subconsciously finding that I would STAND MY GROUND against an unknown CRIMINAL is still melting my bones with horror. A liberal with her hands cut off, unable to fret over problems, can only stare at the dismembered piece from behind glass which is cracking. Letting reality seep in.

Racism is like alcoholism. We are in constant recovery.

Illustration by Mary Ann Clay
Text by Chloe Erskine

WHEN the captain wheeled herself into the cabin she recognized the paintings on the wall but bumped into a coatrack she wasn't expecting, knocking it down. Her old partner's spouse picked it up and smiled, then opened a far door for her. She had already forgotten their name since she was not here to see them. She maneuvered around more familiar things unfamiliarly arranged and entered through the open doorway.



FLY GIRL

#2

words & layout by caroline kittredge faustine
pictures by molly liu



Her old partner was moving potted plants out of the way, making a pathway to a small table with teapot, two cups and one chair. She lifted a vicious looking cactus that stayed straight up, as if it were balanced on a gyroscope. Her remaining wing flapped gently with the strain. The captain blanched at the sight, suddenly overwhelmed in a dark corner of a spaceship, the smell of molten metal in her nose, hearing - she jammed her fingernails into her palms, squeezed her eyes together, opened them, breathed deep, and looked at her old partner. Sitting in a chair. Gesturing towards a teapot. The captain wheeled over to the table and poured two cups.

The tips of her old partner's wing gently brushed the dirt-strewn floor. They sipped their tea. History danced between their eyes, some happily remembered, some eagerly forgotten and painful to recall, and much that was new, separate.

Her old partner finally let her hair go gray, the captain thought.

Her old partner's forehead was smudged with dirt from wiping sweat away, and new carelines woven by splicing and raising the plants around them.

Her old partner's face looked happy.

“So, who broke your heart?”

The captain winced and downed her tea. She set the cup down on the table and looked at a red fruiting plant with strange, hardy looking roots. A little popsicle stick in the dirt read “Tomoontoes 3.72.” Last time the captain saw that handwriting, it was in red pen, filling letters of rage and love.

“Was it another infiltration?”

“Yes,” the captain said. “But alone. Trans, like us. Eager girl. Picked her up on Rockpile. Good pirate.

The captain’s old partner put her cup of tea down, grabbed her cane and stood. She walked over to the cactus and began gently picking at the dirt round its base.

The captain wheeled closer to the tomoontoes. “She wasn’t with us long enough to see everything we did. I don’t know where she got her misconceptions from.”

“I don’t know, either. I have tried not to hear anything.”

The captain saw her old partner’s wing flex in tension, the scarred metal glinting. Her mangled wing stump flexed too, a mess of burnt bone and wire. Again the acrid scent returned, her ears began to dull her breathing quickened and

“Try a tomoontoe, I’m very proud of them.”

Her old partner had already placed one in the captain’s hand. It tasted sweet at first and moved to tart as the flesh released its juice. The seeds added a third note, a small spice.

“They can grow almost anywhere, use almost anything as food with very little distortion in its flavor. And it breeds quick but controllably. Cheap and good. It’s not enough to keep everyone going, but it’s something easy to eat in hard times. Are you breathing again? Are you back?”

The captain looked up into her old partner’s scarred face, with one large scar mirroring hers, though jagged from where the captain’s nervous hand had slipped. The partner’s eyes flicked to the left.

“Seahorse, you were just on Rockpile, yes?”

The old partner’s spouse - they must be named Seahorse - had walked in to clear the tea. “Yeah, I just dropped off some 3.5s to a friend for a test.”

“My old captain is looking for some information - or she’s looking for where some information is coming from.”

The captain looked at Seahorse for the first time. They were not that young but looked it compared to the two women's weathered faces.

"I've heard a bit, just scraps here and there. What do you want to hear first?" They sat in the chair. As the captain wheeled over and began her inquiry, she kept one eye on her old partner, who was walking towards the back of the arboretum, where the tall plants where. As the old partner moved out of focus the blurring looked like a half-remembered battle, a triumphant one, almost bloodless but full of daring. Like the dreams her old partner had then only just begun to articulate, dreams the captain still clutched close.



