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INTERVIEW

In conversation with Ellie Ga, artist of the intrepid

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By Anna Della Subin

IN PRAISE OF DRIFT

Ellie Ga is an artist of the intrepid. Charting a course from Patagonia to the North Pole, she voyages through histories, mythologies and languages, navigating the role of the artist on a precarious planet. Her points of latitude are chance meetings, accidents and coincidences. At her longitude are archives, libraries and ethnographic museums, filled with decaying relics of discovery.

Archaic scriptures and modern poets guide her to lost places. In 2007, Ga was artist-in-residence aboard the sailboat *Tara* on an expedition to collect scientific data on climate change at the North Pole. She joined the boat after the *Tara* had been frozen into the polar cap for 13 months and stayed for the final five months before it floated free. Trapped in the ice in the Arctic darkness, the ten-person crew had no idea for how long the boat would drift. They were at the mercy of the melting ice to bring them home, an experience Ga captured in *The Fortunetellers*, a multimedia series of videos and performed essays, diaries, travelogues, sketches and ephemera. The first light they saw in the dark came from a lighthouse off the Norwegian archipelago of Svalbard, which inspired Ga's next investigation, of the Pharos lighthouse off the coast of Alexandria, Egypt. First built by Ptolemy in 280BCE and one of the seven wonders of the ancient world, it was destroyed in the 14th century by an earthquake and now lies as a pile of 2,419 stones at the bottom of the Mediterranean. Not long after the popular uprisings of 2011 began in Egypt, Ga arrived in Alexandria to study marine archaeology and learned to scuba dive. She observed politics above and below the water, as she swam through the ruins ever threatened by the Egyptian government's attempt to build a concrete breaker around the city. Ga has published two new books in 2018: *Square Octagon Circle*, an exquisitely layered excavation of the sunken lighthouse and her own Egyptian quest, and *North Was Here*, a collection of her journals from the Arctic. She currently lives in Stockholm, where she is working on, among other projects, a history of the message-in-a-bottle. We met in New York in late July in the West Village, and talked of explorers and occultists, fossilised sloths and drowned antiquities, to the ambient clatter of oyster shells on ice.

Anna Della Subin What was it like living for so many months in polar night?

Ellie Ga I felt that all the details became so brilliant in the dark. There was no visibility – unless there was a full moon, your universe was just what was very near to you. So you fixate on certain objects. For me, the fixation was on etymologies and mythologies. I began to interpret the roles and gestures of everyone on the boat through the lens of myth. It struck me how myths are invented when you have a limited knowledge of the natural world; you have to find reasons why there's thunder, lightning or an earthquake. Aboard the *Tara*, we had very little contact with the outside world. There was an iridium satellite phone that we were able to use to call people, and once a day, the phone was connected to the *Tara's* laptop to retrieve emails as plain text. If we needed to find out information, we had to write an email to a friend asking for it. We couldn't surf the web. I became obsessed with the etymology of the word "yo-yo", and it took weeks to find out. As we drifted towards the ice edge and the boat was released, we began to sail on the open sea. The first light we saw, three days later, came from a lighthouse. Because it was a French expedition, I had been studying French, and began to wonder, why is the lighthouse called *le phare*? If I had had the internet, I would have found out within minutes, and that would have been the end of it. But for me the darkness led to a great curiosity where things fester and become larger than life. The other thing, of course, is that it makes you more sensitive

and paranoid. As the winter went on, every week a different crew member really annoyed me! And that had to have been a product of the darkness.

ADS In the footage captured in *The Fortunetellers*, there is something utterly terrifying about the sound of the ice cracking and breaking in the dark...

EG It felt like a wild beast emerging from the ice. But I have to say, as the artist on board, I was privileged. While I could record the sounds and interpret them in mythological ways, the captain's job was to make sure the ice wasn't going to damage the boat, leaving us shipwrecked.

ADS Had the boat been on a similar expedition before?

EG The *Tara* was purpose-built to drift in pack ice, but had never done it before. It was built in the 1990s by a French explorer, who then lost all his money and had to sell it. It was bought by Sir Peter Blake, a New Zealand yachtsman, who used it for educational work. But then, in 2001, he was murdered in the Amazon.

ADS He was murdered on the boat?

EG Yes. And so Blake's widow sold it; she obviously wanted to get rid of the boat right away. But because it was built to drift in pack ice, it had a very odd shape. Almost like an olive pit made of aluminium. If you squeeze it between your fingers, it pops out. The widow sold the boat to Étienne Bourgois, the son of the French fashion designer Agnès B., who wanted the boat to fulfil its original purpose. Only one previous expedition had

drifted in the frozen Arctic, that of the Norwegian explorer Fridtjof Nansen in 1893. At the time, people still believed in this open polar sea, which, sadly, will soon be a reality. For centuries, people thought that if they could only get past the ice, they would reach this warm, tropical place at the North Pole. The ancient Greeks had the idea of the Hyperboreans, a race of giants who live beyond the north wind in perpetual sunlight. And of course, if you go a little bit farther, you can get to the hollow Earth, if you're really out there, you know?

ADS Find the Lemurians or whoever's in there!

EG Exactly. That was all the rage in the US in the 1880s... Nansen was a great polymath. He had heard of the ill-starred voyage of the USS *Jeannette*, which set off in 1879 to reach the North Pole. The boat became trapped in the Arctic ice and was smashed to pieces by the pressure. A few of the sailors survived by walking across the pack ice into Siberia. Some of the flotsam and personal effects from the boat ended up on the other side of Greenland, which for Nansen was proof that the frozen ice still has current and drift – it was still an ocean. The relics of *Jeannette* had travelled over the top of the world. For Nansen, these objects were, in a way, messages in bottles, that he interpreted. They spoke about, and over, the *distance* – and they led him to prove a scientific theory that no one believed. You know how, sometimes, people just haunt you? Many years later, in 2016, I was volunteering in Lesvos in the refugee camps, at a time when the laws governing the EU borders kept changing. And I met older Greeks, who told me stories of their parents arriving on boats from Smyrna in 1922, after the collapse of the Ottoman Empire. I visited a remote refugee museum in Skala Loutron, which housed objects that people carried with them when they fled. In one of the vitrines was a Nansen passport. I had completely forgotten, but at the end of his life, Fridtjof Nansen was High Commissioner for Refugees at the League of Nations, and passports for stateless peoples were named after him. It was the first moment of the institutionalisation of refugee status. So there was Nansen again. And for him it all began with debris on a beach in Greenland.

ADS This might seem random, but have you ever come across *The Arctic Home in the Vedas*? It's a book written in 1898 by Indian independence leader Bal Gangadhar Tilak, that argued how the ancient Sanskrit scriptures of the Vedas actually originated in the North Pole, as the original home of the Aryan peoples, who then migrated south through Europe and to India. It was cited by figures such as Gandhi, but what's fascinating was how there was this anti-colonial appeal to a shared Arctic homeland – to argue for India's equality with the British, and its need for self-rule. In hearing about Nansen, it makes me think of how the North Pole has perhaps been this kind of blank, empty canvas inspiring so many different political projects. So, what happened to the man who was murdered on the boat? Did you ever have any encounters with him?

EG With his wife I did. She visited the boat towards the end of our voyage when we stopped in Portsmouth. It was the first time she had been on it since her husband was killed. The bullet holes were apparently repaired just before *Tara* went into the Arctic.

ADS But you never met his ghost... in the polar darkness?

EG No, no. [Laughs] I never thought about it, to be honest with you.

ADS Really? I would have been fixated on that. When you returned to civilisation from the Arctic, did you feel as if a great stretch of time had passed? Did the world seem at all changed?

EG Yes, definitely. While we were frozen in the ice, the only news we heard about was that Al Gore had won the Nobel Peace Prize, and that the French president at the time, Nicolas Sarkozy, was about to marry singer Carla Bruni.

ADS It sounds so quaint.

EG I know. But really, I didn't want the expedition to end. I knew that I would create a performance piece, and *The Catalogue of the Lost* was my first live work – I wanted to play with this idea of these male explorers who come back from their voyages and tell their tales, at places like the Explorers Club. I had a real fear of returning to New York City, because this is where I'm from; I was afraid it would all evaporate one night in a bar – you tell the story, and it's gone. I actually ended up living in Sicily for a year and a half, where I began to create work around my time in the Arctic. I had this desire to preserve some of the conditions so that I could still write from that place. I went to a small island off the coast in the winter, bought cans of food, shut off the internet, and didn't leave the hotel for a week, to try to simulate these conditions of being enclosed in the darkness, that sense of unbroken time. And I brought these decks of cards that I'd made from the thousands of photographs I'd taken in the Arctic. I would sit in this hotel room, with the shutters drawn, eating canned food in the bathroom. And I would deal out these cards, and talk into my recorder. To try to get back to that place, and to that person who set out for the Arctic and who is now no longer the same.

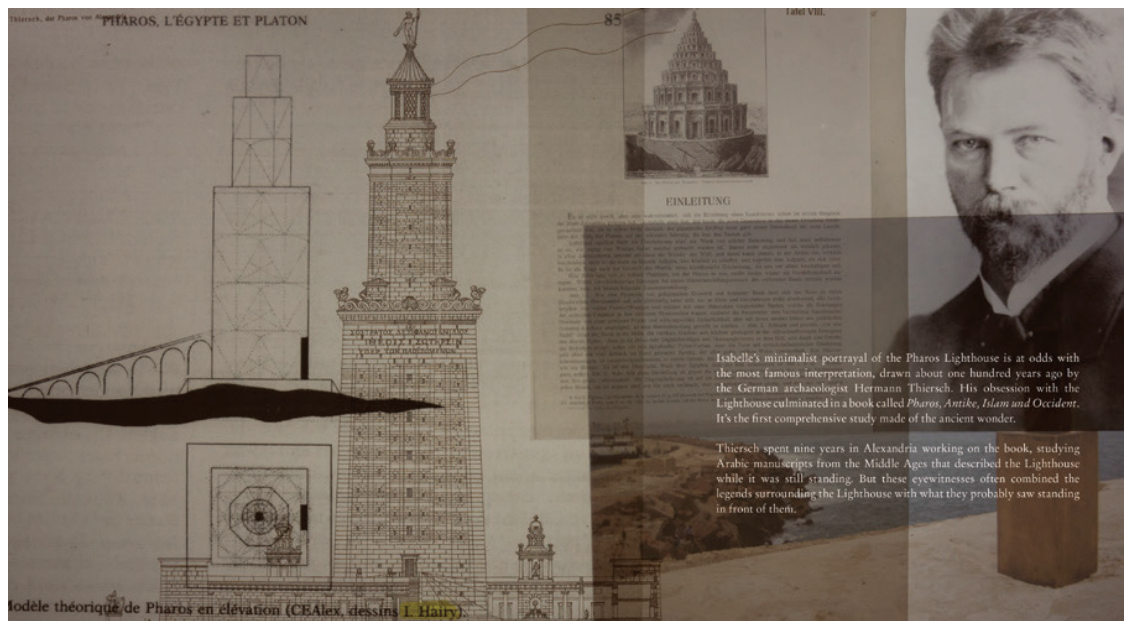
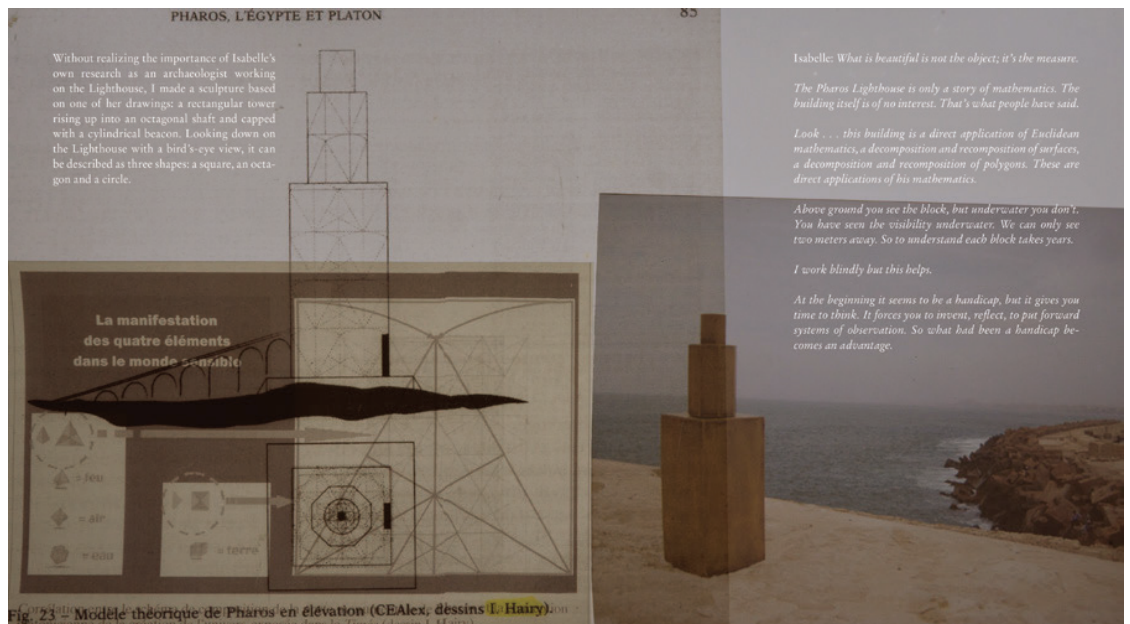
ADS The cards were like a trail of breadcrumbs to get back to that place...

EG Exactly.

ADS So when the *Tara* broke free from the ice and began to drift south, the first light you saw was coming from the lighthouse near Svalbard, which became a kind of beacon towards your next expedition, in Egypt. Can you describe what it felt like to see that light? In *Square Octagon Circle*, there's an amazing photo of two members of the *Tara's* crew hailing the light, almost as if it were a sun god.

EG We were on the deck of *Tara* watching the lighthouse come closer and closer. And I thought to myself that for all of our anxieties during the expedition about the future – about when and how we would get out of the ice – that maybe the future is just a light you can see in the distance. As clichéd as this may sound, this is what I thought. And

Spreads from *Square Octagon Circle*, featuring the crew of the *Tara* saluting the lighthouse; the Isabelle Hairy plan for the Pharos lighthouse; Hermann Thiersch's more ornamental interpretation. Overleaf, a statue is lifted from the sea, Alexandria.





At this point, I plan to pull out of my bag the portable brass replica that I made of the Pharos Lighthouse, based on the drawings in his book, and put it on his desk.



then the doctor on board turned to me and said, “You know, I have this feeling you only get to do this once in your life, and I have failed.” I knew exactly what she meant. One of my reference points was Jules Verne’s posthumous novel, *The Lighthouse at the End of the World*, which is sadly not very good. Verne wrote about the southernmost lighthouse in the world, on an island in Tierra del Fuego called Isla de los Estados or Staten Island – and I’m from Staten Island in New York. Later I learned that *this* Staten Island was the biggest producer of lighthouse parts in the States.

ADS That’s so funny.

EG So there’s this connection that I could never quite... The lighthouse on Isla de los Estados eventually collapsed. In the Verne novel, a shipwrecked sailor is abandoned on the island and, in the 1980s, it was as if the novel strangely came to life when a French sailor was accidentally abandoned on the island. He became obsessed with the Verne story and petitioned the Argentinian and French governments to rebuild the lighthouse; I went to interview him a few years ago. This is something that fascinates me and is present across my work: the idea of reconstruction.

ADS In the book, you present different attempts to reconstruct what the Pharos lighthouse might have looked like – including one that resembles a tiered, heavily iced wedding cake.

EG That was the theory of the German archaeologist Hermann Thiersch. But then, in opposition to Thiersch, French archaeologist Isabelle Hairy has recently argued that the lighthouse was radically minimalist. Why would the Greeks build this ornate wedding cake in full face to the wind? As Isabelle shows, it is all about mathematics. The lighthouse was three shapes, stacked one on top of another: a square, an octagon and a circle. Measurement was a way to get to the gods. But for someone like Thiersch, working in the early 20th century before ornament became a crime, the Greek mathematical ideal was nearly lost under all that decoration. I drew upon Isabelle’s calculations to create a brass cast of the lighthouse, and to convey this idea of measurement as beauty.

ADS Your book is also very much a kind of marine archaeology of the 2011 revolution, its submerged traces... You write about the maquette you found at a silversmith’s shop of an enormous replica of the Pharos lighthouse presented to Hosni Mubarak right before the protests began. I wonder what happened to it...

EG Everyone was like, “I can’t believe you didn’t buy that.” I guess I am not an object-obsessed person; I like the stories and the people, and there was no way I could have gotten Mubarak’s lighthouse through customs. It’s probably still there. But there are a lot of things that aren’t – most of the people I interviewed in the book have lost their jobs since then.

ADS I read that it’s called the Department of Drowned Antiquities? Is that its actual name?

EG It was Mohammed Mustafa, the head of the department, who translated it that way for me. He was like, “We called it a very unfortunate name...” I said, “What, what?” He replied: “It translates as Drowned Antiquities.” But I am not sure what the Arabic is.

ADS In the book, I found it so moving how you describe how memory works differently underwater. You think your mind is recording, but then once you hit the air...

EG It really does. I was astonished by how Mustafa could remember the locations of every stone on the seabed in so much detail. Maybe it is again like the polar night or like those sleepers in the cave for 300 years that you’ve written about... When all your reference points are completely dissolved, you have to create them anew. In Alexandria, the waters are so polluted and the swell is so strong that underwater, you can’t see your hand in front of you. So it was very hard to construct or reconstruct, your dive, your path through the ruins. You know, “I made a left here, made a right here”. Just as during the Arctic night, there’s no visibility. But now your feet aren’t even on the ground.

ADS I think your next destination should be outer space.

EG That would be incredible... For some reason, I guess in thinking about the miracle of memory underwater, I just started thinking about the Septuagint, the project to translate the Torah into Greek, which was undertaken on Pharos Island, at a site which is now also under the sea. And this idea that you could set 70 translators to work, isolated in separate rooms, on translating the same scripture – and they all miraculously came out with an identical text.

ADS I kind of want to reattempt this... There’s that enormous government building, the Mogamma in Tahrir Square, with hundreds of tiny offices that the government supposedly wants to empty out. It would be perfect for this experiment. What text would you translate?

EG *Le Livre des Questions* (*The Book of Questions*) by the French-Egyptian writer Edmond Jabès.

ADS I love Jabès! Let’s do it. But it brings me to a question I wanted to ask, in your practice as an artist, how do you give legends or myths, such as the Septuagint, a physical reality?

EG To give you one example: when I was involved in the early days of Ugly Duckling Presse, I was really into letterpress printing. And you know, all the wooden blocks of type, just waiting to be assembled, I always thought of them as sleeping in their little compartments. And I thought about how, in order to have a space between a word or a letter, you need to put a piece of lead there. In order to have absence, you need presence. I thought of the letters in the type drawers as potential characters, undoubtedly I was influenced by the writing of Jabès and Henri Michaux, both of whom I was reading during my experiments with letterpress printing. So I made this three-channel video, *Four Thousand Blocks*, in which I visualise the history of the Septuagint through type – the blocks of type as all these different translators

in their different compartments. Here in New York, the three-channel video installation was shown at the Guggenheim in a group show called *Storylines*, and also at Bureau, the gallery I exhibit with.

ADS In the film, you're reading a text aloud as you're setting it with your hands – what is it?

EG It's from Plato's *Phaedrus*. Socrates is telling the story of the god Thoth who created himself with the power of language. Then he invented dice and magic, and he goes to the King of Egypt and says, "I have all these gifts for humans." And the King, who is also the Sun God, says: "OK, well you have to tell me the pros and cons of each invention before I decide to give them to humans." When Thoth gets to writing, he says: "I can't think of anything bad to say about this invention, because it will give people the gift of memory."

ADS Or the gift of forgetting.

EG Exactly. That's the King's reply to Thoth. Derrida goes into this duality in "Plato's Pharmacy". In Greek, the word *pharmakon* can mean both a salve and a poison.

ADS In *Square Octagon Circle*, you write about the Archimedes palimpsest, and this idea of how the palimpsest unintentionally preserves what it sets out to destroy. And the texture of your book itself is layered, with histories, and fragments, and erasures.

EG I tried to capture the way stories and information move, or stay still. The idea of the palimpsest gets over-used in literary circles, but people forget this very visceral, physical sense of it, which was a literal plastering. On the original dedication of the Pharos lighthouse, the architect was forced to write Ptolemy's name. But he had written his own name underneath, and he put plaster on top of it – knowing that, one day, his name would come out. I saw this in action on a small plaque in Alexandria near the marine archaeology department, dedicated to Mubarak, that kept getting plastered over with stickers and graffiti. But the ruler's name is still underneath. You can't make a palimpsest – it just has to survive cycles of time. It's unintentional. When the Christian monks scraped and folded Archimedes' texts, they weren't doing it to protect them.

ADS Did you ever visit the Cairo Genizah? That synagogue where scraps and fragments of scriptures dating from the ninth century were preserved in an attic, because it was "sacred trash" – you couldn't throw it out.

EG I did, though that is a history I'd have loved to have gone deeper into.

ADS Being there reminded me of how, as a child growing up in Manhattan I was fascinated by how some of my classmates would write out "G-d", with a dash in between the G and the D, because you couldn't...

EG Oh, I grew up in Staten Island, we didn't do that there!

ADS But then you can't throw out your old homework. If you write "God" you have to keep it forever. [Laughs.] I wanted to ask you, where's your last name from?

EG My full last name is Ga*****. A long time ago, when my friend Matvei Yankelevich and I founded Ugly

Duckling, which at the time was just a tiny 'zine when we were in our early twenties, he couldn't remember how to spell my name. And he left it G-A. And I kept it, almost as a joke. Sometimes I have a bit of a crisis, like, if this Ellie Ga person doesn't work out, who would Ellie Ga***** have been?

ADS It's great. It's so enigmatic.

EG It was definitely a kind of rebirth. And a sort of escape from where I grew up. Of course, when my parents found out, they were upset. They were like, "Our people came to this country and they weren't allowed to use their full names. What, are you ashamed to be Italian or something?" For them, it was a gesture of disrespect, to willingly do what immigrants were forced to do when they arrived in the United States.

ADS Can you tell me a little about the project you've been working on in Sweden?

EG I've always been struck by this idea of drift as a way to collect information. At the very end of the *Tara* expedition, we launched a message in a bottle. In Alexandria, I was telling the story to this marine archaeologist Irene, who was my Virgil, guiding me through the city. She told me how she was at a conference where an archaeologist had found a message in a bottle on the beach in Tel Aviv, but he couldn't read it because it was in Greek. So she translated it for him – it had been destined for a saint on the island of Symi, who is famous for receiving messages in bottles. I became fascinated with this story. And so the project I'm doing now, for the Swedish Research Council, is about objects that drift, not only messages in bottles, but shoes, container spills – things that wash up, and how people interpret what they find.

ADS What did you write in your message in the bottle?

EG It was a very cloudy moment. I don't exactly remember... but I was learning French at the time, and I think it was an attempt to encapsulate the story of the expedition. It was a very sappy and over-the-top exercise in writing in French. One story I never talk about is that it was also a love story; I fell in love with one of my crewmates. Probably the message had something to do with that.

ADS What happened?

EG "What happens on the boat stays on the boat," as they like to say...

ADS The relationship didn't survive the pack ice?

EG ...anyway, I also thought about that Edgar Allan Poe story, "MS. Found in a Bottle", in which a doomed sailor writes an account of his adventures and throws the manuscript into the sea, near the South Pole. Poe was also a believer in the hollow Earth theory...

ADS Are you looking at all at "precipitated letters"?

EG What?

ADS Madame Helena Blavatsky, the 19th-century occultist who founded the Theosophical Society and was also deeply embedded in the politics of her day – some said she was working as a spy – would receive these letters that were *precipitated*, they would fall from the sky or drop from the ceiling or appear in the branches of trees.



Sometimes one of the soldiers will jump onto our boat to look around. They look around for stowaways, like when they found the guy who slipped Sayed a little money to come on board to drink beer and make out with his girlfriend; or they look for underwater cameras, like when the soldier saw my camera sticking out from my backpack.

This stop always has a slight air of paranoia because I fear that I'll get caught again. Every time I dive I'm breaking the big rule: no photography underwater.

Above, the stop at the coastguard can play out a few different ways; the door jamb of the lighthouse lifted from the water by Jean-Yves Empeur and his team.

Below, Archimedes' Stomachion, a dissection puzzle that divides a square into 14 pieces, and then assembled into thousands of permutations.



Across from the dive center, a pink granite monolith lies in two pieces. Although I pass it every day, the monolith is so huge that I never noticed it before. It blends in with the stone jetty. Isabelle believes that this stone is part of the original entrance of the ancient wonder because of its sheer size: over twenty-one feet long and almost seven feet wide. Jean-Yves Empeur raised it from the sea, but because it was so heavy, his team glogged it down here, next to the coast guard station, where we always stop before going out to dive.



Apparently in the 13th century, a Christian monk had run out of parchment, and the last surviving copy of Archimedes' writing was used to make a prayer book. Each of the sheets was unbound and cut into pieces before the parchment was washed clean and written over. But the erasure was incomplete. X-rays have now revealed the lost mathematical texts of Archimedes.

This includes the *Stomachion* which describes a dissection puzzle that divides a square into fourteen pieces. The same fourteen pieces, through rotations and substitutions, can be assembled into thousands of permutations. The other texts uncovered in the Archimedes Palimpsest are *On Floating Bodies* and *Measuring the Circle*.

EG No way.

ADS Most of the letters were written on rice paper, with a blue crayon. They were said to come from this bureaucracy of deities living in Tibet, called the Masters. They were supposedly ancient men, so old that they couldn't travel in their physical bodies, only their astral ones. The most prolific were Master Koot Hoomi, and one called Master Morya, also said to be quite handsome. And they were really bossy – they were always sending these letters telling everyone what to do, not only to Blavatsky but to a whole network of correspondents. Especially among the Theosophists in India, the people receiving them were some of the prominent politicians of their time – like A.O. Hume, who co-founded the Indian National Congress, and Annie Besant, who was also its president. So these precipitated letters weirdly played a role in India's decolonisation. Many are preserved in the British Library.

EG That's amazing. And do they know who wrote them in the end?

ADS That was the question. Handwriting experts were brought in to analyse them and couldn't figure it out. But they did determine they were quite "ESL" [English as a second language]. They were obviously written by someone who knew French better than English – so probably Blavatsky herself. Although they continued to arrive after her death. But I think it was really that different theosophists just started writing them to different people. It became a whole social network of mysterious rice-paper letters dropping from the sky. Besides messages, what other objects in drift are you looking at?

EG I've been interviewing beachcombers in the Pacific Northwest region of the US, who have been helping oceanographers chart the way the gyres spin in the Pacific Ocean. They do it by finding things on the beach. It's this encounter between the amateur and the scientist. It was actually the day after my mother's funeral that I flew from New York to this beachcombing convention in Washington, which is a very kitsch event, but the timing gave it this whole other gravitas. At the time, I was reading Bruce Chatwin's *In Patagonia*, which begins with this small, odd-looking fossil in his grandmother's dining room. Chatwin grows up thinking it's a piece of dinosaur, but actually it's a mylodon, the giant sloth. It went extinct, I guess, 4,000 years ago. Chatwin's relative had been a soldier-of-fortune-type in Patagonia and one of his money-making schemes was dealing in giant-sloth specimens, which is how the family acquired the piece of sloth. In thinking about the beachcombers, and Chatwin's fossil, I became interested in what drives people to collect. Another strand of objects in drift begins in Oxford – at the Pitt Rivers Museum.

ADS A place I know well! Did you ever see the nut on a pedestal that's engraved with the word "fetish" in beautiful calligraphy? That was my favourite thing but I've only been able to find it once and never again.

EG I never noticed that! Every time you find something new. I love the progression on the top floor, where it

moves from feathers to beads to money and then to locks – to lock it all up. I was reading a book about the early history of the Pitt Rivers, and how the layout of the museum was initially framed to convey this idea of a slow evolutionary process. Because once *On the Origin of Species* came out and the theory of evolution took hold, there was this real worry that the working class would see it as an invitation to rise up because of this idea that change is possible. So there was this concerted effort to portray epochal change as only ever slow and gradual.

ADS And not in one's lifetime.

EG So there also can be this insidiousness within collecting, and as I follow my curiosity, I am always coming up against it. As an artist creating work around facts and histories, I always have to recognise my own implication within it. What does it mean to make work in the middle of a revolution in Egypt? Or even to interview people with the aim of getting information out of them that you're going to weave into your own metaphor? There has to be an examination also of the artist's drive to collect. Not only objects, but stories, fragments.

ADS But that was something that especially struck me about your work, that there is such a sense of honesty to it. You're able to present yourself within your process in a way that is so compelling and feels true – and which is something that is so hard to get right.

EG That is good to hear, because it is so easy to fail. I think that's why my work takes a long time to make. It takes time to sift through the material, to whittle it down.

ADS So what form will your investigation of drifting objects take?

EG In addition to my most recent video installation, *Strophe, A Turning*, at the moment I am working on a live performance piece. When I conceive a live work, I can let the narrative meander through a wider array of geographies and time periods than when I create a work for a gallery or museum, where it's never certain a viewer will spend more than a few minutes with the work. For this new performance, I want to weave together Chatwin in Patagonia, with a collection of peculiar geological artefacts (if I can even use that term) from the Maidstone Museum in Kent, and I would like for it to end in the Pacific Northwest. We have a long journey to get there. ☉

Square Octagon Circle was published by Siglio Press in September this year.