



To examine *printmaking*—as a vehicle of art and knowledge—by *re-effecting* all the elements that contribute to the occurrence and the story of a print, neglecting none, and *re-effecting* all of them, constitutes one bridge from *technè* to *poiesis*. The random variations that make up *editions* of print. The screen that *contains* this random variation as an invisible aspect of printing.

Screens are neglected, in the sense of overlooked by non-specialists. Two faces of print—printing *random* and printing the *dimensions of variation in print*: 1) by *throwing dice* and determining a *tone* on the grey-scale/a *hue* on the colour palette, 2) drawing out the *play-ground of screens* in printmaking, by *re-effecting* them—in strange loops—to the point of exaggeration and fun.

Roll it out, show it high, bring it out from crates and celebrate it on the backdrop of the stochastic processes that constitute the *other* face of printing: which includes the throwing of dice, the come and go of materials involved on this side of print-making: dis/appearance acts, the makeshift confusion of maps and roads, the magic occurrence of opportunity in the hour of need.

All this, with the *surface* as an analog screenware, defining as *datum* in the field of very different operations. *Found* elements (1) *made* elements (2) and their *vectorial sum* (3). What turns up in the story of EGS' life as magically life-saving events (1), the degree of acquired control in EGS technological know-how at all levels (2), the final **Eureka**-moment of the vectorial sum (3).

The sum of (1) and (2) is (3). You can see this from the screen-scale [*recto*]. It starts with *white* and ends with *black*: it starts and ends with a *smooth* roller; it starts and ends with the story. EGS is also a writer. He has made sure to draw the benefits from his blind *stowaway*: Jorge Luis Borges. This passenger was clearly not brought on to see, but to show and name invisible things:

“Narrative and literary connections began to appear around my work, triggered by the unexpected re-emergence of Jorge Luis Borges' ‘Tlon, Uqbar, Orbis Tertius’, a story I had not read in over 15 years. It came back to me in a dream, resurfacing from deep memories to gain central importance and consolidate the conceptual structure of the exhibition and my project.

I prepared a small publication to accompany the exhibition, where I wrote how it constituted the link between my random prints and the odd events that began when home, and had continued throughout my first months in Oslo...” By an act of literary transposition, his helpers in Oslo were cast as named characters of this *third orb*—or, globe—from where a web of names emerged.

In its connection to the *real*, the job of *fiction* is to *name*: it is a *real job*. Along a similar vein *illusion* also has a real job: which is to *host* real events, in the dual meaning of the term *host*. Which is both to *give* and *receive* hospitality. If there were *no* illusion there would be *no* real events. Neither would there be anti-material “pranks”: notes, tasks, dice disappearing into thin air. *Where to?*

Reading EGS' account of experiment/machine pieces and narrative—that are joint in the fashion of two faces of a Möbius strip—yield a strange dialect of phenomena defined and studied in *quantum physics*. If we collapse unto the surface the instruments and occurrences that define it, what opens at this juncture is a realm of *wormholes*. It emerges as a live extension of *physics*.