

# ANIMATIONS

*of the Print Vigil*

*Exhale*

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The medieval Book of Hours fixed devotion in illuminated scenes - each canonical hour held in paint on vellum. Still, complete.

*The Book of Hours and Breaths* animates the same hours through a body in motion: twenty-four hours at the press, approximately 20,000 breaths, the passage of time, the energy and fatigue recorded in pressure and grain. The Print Vigil generates its own illumination cycle: the body's specific condition at each hour, pressed into paper, held in the grain. The canonical hours are a ghost-map: the same clock, a different devotion. The Print Vigil leans on the medieval Office as a structure of attention - and then goes its own way.

To animate arrives from *anima*: to breathe with what is already striving. The printing as the process is where that breathing becomes visible.

The *Animations of the Print Vigil* move through twenty-four hours at the printing press - one body, eight canonical hours. Each hour moves through four movements: **the Antiphon** - the assumption waiting to get tested; **the Threshold** - the moment the materials push back; **the Opus** - the sustained encounter, the body working the room; **the Colophon** - what the hour left behind.

What animates here is the linguistic residue of the Print Vigil - the unfolding in words of the same event carried in marks and pressure by the wordless artist book. Two outputs of one night. Each holds what the other cannot.

The hours follow the body as it moves from first contact with cold press and resistant ink, through the long middle hours - fatigue, resistance, the

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slow dissolution of the boundary between thinking and making - toward *beatitudo*: the specific joy of a body that has spent itself fully and knows it. Sleep and rest move through, colouring the work as a ghost-print, each breath follows the same arc in miniature - the canonical hours are borrowed for their rhythm: the discipline of returning, hour after hour, to the same practice, the same resistance, the same materials. What the body discovers in that returning is the argument.

The canonical vocabulary - Antiphon, Threshold, Opus, Colophon, the hours themselves - arrives as intercessors: inherited forms, freighted with history and prior devotion, pressed against the studio hours to find what holds. The studio is the workflow, its language weirs along the signposts the canonical hours provide, finding its passage through the resistances, fatigues, intuitions and joys of the actual.

And with that, the thought starts before the first move at the press; the words arrive with the body, already carrying their own history. They affect and are affected.

## The Four Movements

*Self-rhythm is what the body makes of its own proportion of work and rest, attention and fatigue, arriving in the doing.<sup>1</sup>*

**Antiphon** - In the medieval Divine Office, the antiphon carries the short verse sung ahead of prayer: the call that oriented attention, the assumption before testing. An invitation to follow the hour.

**Threshold** - The moment the hour begins to change what the body knows. Somatic point of contact between assumption and reality, between what was carried in and what the material encounter will return.

**Opus** - From the Benedictine Opus Dei: the Work. Welcomed in as a knowing intercessor, pressed against the studio hours to find what holds. The sustained encounter: the body working the room, the materials, its own fatigue and attention, the resistances and intuitions that accumulate into knowledge only through labour. A condition worked through. What it yields arrives in the flow.

**Colophon** - In the medieval manuscript, the colophon is the scribe's last words: name, date, a prayer, sometimes a note about the difficulty of the work. The maker's final mark on what was spent, the printer's statement at the end of a book. What the Opus folded through, the Colophon presses into the body as surely as ink into paper.

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<sup>1</sup> Roland Barthes, *How to Live Now*, lecture course, Collège de France, 1977–78. *Idiorrhythmy* names each organism's proper rhythm - the cadence a body keeps in its own company, the temporal measure it discovers when the group's imposed tempo releases it.

VIGIL  
LAUDS  
PRIME  
TERCE  
SEXT  
NONE  
VESPERE  
COMPLINE

*After midnight*

*The Book is Communal*

**VIGIL**

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*Antiphon*

The first task is gathering. One familiar gesture to kick off against the inertia - a drawer to open, a paper to lift, a surface to prepare. The body enters this still living the day that overlaps this night.

*Threshold*

The first contact - hands on cold metal. The press holds the temperature of a quiet room. The body, warm from the friction of the previous day, reads this as distance. Neither an obstacle, nor an invitation, a flow goes past. The silence has a different quality at this hour - everything that hasn't started yet presses back.

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## *Opus*

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The studio at night sits in the thick phlegm of inertia. The air is still, too still - the objects unstirred, their rhythms alien, the room holding its breath against the body that has just entered it. The body arrives hollow: the day before still warm on the skin, the night not yet entered. The space between cracks opens with a heavy pull of a drawer full of paper. The plan chest keeps it stacked and weighted by its own mass - as reluctant to move as the body that came to move it. The papers snug to each other. Unmanipulated, unhandled, not yet made to be anything. In a stack no shadow can get in. Their togetherness is pure mass - collective without encounter. A jarring white against the dark of the room: notan in its simplest form. Nothing mixed yet. The light holds the shapes of objects flat at this hour, without depth.

The shadow is what awakens them. Touch initiates. Old ink, the worn smoothness of the frame, the faint trace of a previous impression in the bed - the press is a record of many contacts that marked its body before this night. The ink stirred from the dusty pigment keeps distant memories of stones and earths, the paper stacked remembers how it used to grow under the open sky. In the act of setting up, the body finds the room already inhabited - every body that has worked here, present in the grain and the smell, and the consent of the matter.

## *Colophon*

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### *Somatic metric: the open lung*

The paper's purity and naivety against the night's overcrowded apprehension - quick shadows running against the edges of the bodies still asleep inside, the Agony in the Garden.<sup>2</sup> Making is a co-composition: the human, the tool, the material history of every prior contact - present in the weight of what was here before the body arrived. What the gathering recovers looks like the setting up a technique but breathes as an inhabited presence. Annunciation.<sup>3</sup>

**The book is communal.**

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<sup>2</sup> The Agony in the Garden: the body in dread, alone with what it has accepted. Paired against the Annunciation - the body saying yes to what arrives. The Print Vigil holds both: the studio opens in receptivity, knowing already what twenty-four hours of sustained labour will cost.

<sup>3</sup> The Annunciation: a theological opening - the body saying yes to what arrives. Paired against the Agony in the Garden.

*The press holds what it was given. Ink  
on the skin, drying into the first record.  
The body folds into rest while the night  
continues its work - no hand on it, the  
decisions of the first hours moving  
forward on their own. The press waits.*

Before dawn

*The Book is Material*

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LAUDS

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*Antiphon*

The paper receives the  
image. The press executes  
the design. This is the logic  
of it – the sequence reigns.

*Threshold*

The first light the matter meets is  
electric. It flattens the colour of  
the first pull - no warmth, no  
shadow to read depth by. The ink  
is passive; the light is cold. The  
body adjusts. This is the first  
rebound of many - an intention  
meeting the material, the material  
pushing back with complete  
indifference to the plan.

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The first pull draws the abstract into physical field. The pages begin to shift under the hand - the drift of a design meeting a resistant, weighted reality. The thought begins to acquire its extension. The ink: a stubborn black, co-conspiring with the fingers, that demands a specific pressure, a nuanced exhale to work. The paper is a landscape of tooth and fibre, the mesh meeting it with friction.

The first light a screen encounters palpates the drawn lines before the ink floods the gaps - light finding each open space, a votive offering before the process of friction and abrasion takes over. Every gap of the screen receives this moment of pure passage. Every movement equally open to chance.

The first pull lands. The eye is the first to read it. The colour is flatter than the plan, the pressure uneven at the edge, the ink heavier in the lower register. The material has its own account of what just happened. The body begins to learn the difference.

## *Somatic metric: : the ink-stained skin*

The material costs of making are felt in the skin that made them. What the first pull deposits is not only an image - it is evidence: the body marked by the same process that marked the paper. The weight begins here. The trust is this hour's hymn. **The book is material.**

PRIME

*Antiphon*

The spine finds its line, the arm follows, the breath settles into the pull. There is a geometry to this - exact, repeatable. Find it and the work opens.

*Threshold*

The squeegee's drag across the mesh scars the taut screen, the ink loading into the open fibres. By Prime, this sequence has its own tempo. Scars turning into scabs, holding onto the guidance of the matrix, asking that the day's thoughts and actions remain righteous.

Then the light changes. The first daylight enters low and lateral, altering the colour on the drying paper before the next pull begins. What read as clean registration under electric light flashes its drift - a hair's breadth to the left, the ink denser at one edge. Outside: a road, a bird, the place enter the day. The studio's seal is broken.

## *Opus*

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Knowledge arrives in the body before the mind has named it - the spine finding its line through the first pulls, the precision of touch, the physical balance the work demands, the pages beginning to mirror biology.

Every pull rides the 1,000ml of breath. One deep inhalation: the gathering of force. The pull of the squeegee: its release into the matrix. The breath is the regulator - the somatic axis keeping thought relative to the biological present. To pull is to exhale this ratio into the paper. The thought of the pull and the pull itself arrive as one event, intention and extension indistinguishable in the act.

A press is an instrument - it reacts, the body reacts, and between them the studio sings a material rhythm that persists in time; an impression is its trace left on paper through pressure and readiness. The body relaxes into what is already there. The morning holds the warmth of acceptance: what is happening was always going to happen. Another axis passes from one hand to the other.

The squeegee needs the same pressure regardless. The same angle, the same exhale, the same flood and pull. *The Trial Before Pilate*.<sup>4</sup> The body faces the materials and the materials bring their own account of the night's work - patient, without argument. The rhythm of the pulls is the armouring: the day arriving, the body already in its place, in balance.

## *Colophon*

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### *Somatic metric: : the vertical axis*

The spine finds its line. The exact geometry of a self no longer divided from its labour. Knowledge is a corporeal act. It reaches the spine before it reaches the mind. The body becomes this rhythm through the press, breath by breath, pull by pull - thinking and making resolved into the same axis. **The book is attunement.**

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<sup>4</sup> The Trial Before Pilate: the silent suffering of the accused before authority. Prime in the medieval Office served as a spiritual armouring - meditating on humility and patience before the active secular day.

TERCE

*Antiphon*

There will be a record of every variation and every state. The record will reflect what was intended.

*Threshold*

Layers land a millimetre apart. The third screen, the weight shifted, the squeegee at a slightly different angle than the pull before. The distance is exact: this hour, this slight degree of fatigue, the wrist beginning to carry what the mind has stopped tracking. The body meant to correct this. The paper received it instead.

## *Opus*

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The pages pin the past to the present, hold duration together. The volume arrives - felt in the forearms before it is understood, the weight of the morning pressing into the work.

The quire in the palm has weight beyond its pages. These gathered, folded, sewn sheets carry duration made tactile - each gathering a metabolic cycle completed. The Print Vigil's book is quired on the same measure: each gathering carries the attention that produced it. To hold it is to feel the quiver of a body that made it.

At this hour time has changed character. The clock recedes; duration is secreted by the repetitive motion of the press - the inking, the pulling, the lifting, the inking again. The sun is strong now, bouncing off wet ink - the overprint reads clean, layers separating into their true distances. The 1,000ml breath becomes the metronome. *Annunciation to the committed*.<sup>5</sup> The revelation arrives to the one at work, through the accumulated labour of the morning. An ascesis - duration ceasing to be measured, felt before

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<sup>5</sup> The Office of the Virgin: at Terce the central theme is the Annunciation to the Shepherds - revelation arriving to those at work, in the ordinary labour of the morning, through the light of the mid-morning sun.

it is understood - moves toward *Aion*<sup>6</sup>: the lived, stretching time of the event, recorded in the pulse of the hand and the viscosities of the inks.

## *Colophon*

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### *Somatic metric: the rhythmic pulse*

Somewhere the pulse of the press and the pulse of the wrist became the same pulse. The body ceased counting when it ceased being separate from what it was counting. The drift of the registration - the skin of the hands holding their fatigue, the tension of the hour pressed into the paper - is the graphic witness: the body's *conatus*<sup>7</sup> meeting the material resistance of the press, striving and depletion arriving at the same point. **The book is archival.**

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<sup>6</sup>*Aion*: Deleuze and Guattari's term for the time of the event - non-linear, unbounded, the time of becoming. See *A Thousand Plateaus*, trans. Brian Massumi (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1987), pp. 262–265.

<sup>7</sup>*Conatus*: Baruch Spinoza, *Ethics*, III, Prop. 6: 'Each thing, as far as it can by its own power, strives to persevere in its being.'

SEXT

*Antiphon*

The schedule holds.  
the plan continues.  
The body executes.

*Threshold*

Before the shoulders,  
before the wrists - the eye loses its  
edge, the registration blurring into  
approximation. The body has been  
executing for hours; now it begins to  
negotiate. The ink cakes at the edges  
of the screen. The light of the day  
presses hard into the studio. The  
noonday devil slides with it<sup>8</sup> - *accidie*:  
the pull toward cessation arriving  
exactly when the work asks most.

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<sup>8</sup> Accidie: the noonday devil of the monastic tradition - the temptation toward torpor at the peak of heat and fatigue. John Cassian, *The Institutes*, Book X.

The striving becomes the work itself. The illumination most lavish in a manuscript. Depth, rhythm, duration showcased in the gradual onset of muscular exhaustion, in the resistance of the press against the forearms. Every good decision at the press - a mental and bodily act simultaneous, parallel and inseparable. Every bad one - a cup of coffee waiting. The weight of the cross: lactic acid and accumulated density. Spinoza's *conatus*<sup>9</sup> - the striving to persist in one's own being - is the muscular decision to pull again.

The devil is the boredom, more precise than sloth. Familiarity arrives fast and blunts the senses. Then comes the judging fatigue: resisted all morning, arriving first as helper, then as advisor, then claiming the space for itself. The mind recognises itself in what the body has been hiding all along.

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<sup>9</sup> Baruch Spinoza, *Ethics*, III, Prop. 7: 'The striving by which each thing strives to persevere in its being is nothing but the actual essence of the thing.'

## *Somatic metric: the weighted spine*

What the body discovers at this hour cannot be named in advance. The cognitive and somatic have met each other: the strategic overlay has recognised itself as striving all along. What remains is the pull itself: decision and body as one event - arriving in one move. The 1,000ml is still there but lands inaudible. Spinoza is exact here: "the striving by which each thing strives to persevere in its being is nothing but the actual essence of the thing" (E3p7). The striving is the respite. The pulls continue. **The book is persistent.**

*The squeegee set down. Midday. Rest at the hour of maximum pressure, the body stepping back while the world spins. The sun at its height, the ink drying into the screen.*

*The morning was playing for keeps - the accumulated weight of its seconds pressed into the paper and held there irreversibly. Time to let go - the Vigil returns in rest what the paper is holding in time.*

Afternoon

*The Book is Tactile Revelation*

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NONE

*Antiphon*

Friction is the problem;  
the body is the solution.  
The press yields to  
sustained stress.

*Threshold*

The forearms have stopped reasoning.  
The weight of the squeegee is no  
longer a tool's weight - it is the body's  
own accumulated density, pressing  
the numbness back. Friction has  
stopped being a problem; it is the  
only thing happening, rest has spent  
itself. Another coffee. Another  
crucifixion.<sup>10</sup> The body offered at the  
hour of complete expenditure - the  
turning point the medieval office  
named exactly here, where the exhale  
begins as necessity.

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<sup>10</sup> The Presentation in the Temple set against the Crucifixion: At  
None, the historical office named the turning point of the day, the  
hour of complete expenditure.

## *Opus*

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There are no ethical decisions at this hour, none at all. The weight of the forearms, the drag of the squeegee, the ache spreading from wrists to shoulders. The 1,000ml is still the body's measure; fourteen hours in, the body moves through it on trust. The striving that preceded attention carries the work. The body is in the materials entirely. The affect arrives before the thought - the pressure already adjusted, the angle already shifted, the saturated fibre already met at the weight it can bear before the mind has caught up. The pre-personal:<sup>11</sup> the adjustments of the body before the mind calls it ethics.

This is the hour of complete expenditure. The body moves through the resistance; the resistance moves through the body. What the body discovers here arrives as sensation before it arrives as knowledge.

The afternoon light is changing. Fourteen hours in, the materials have begun to yield - the screen's mesh loosened by the day's passage, the paper's tooth worn where the squeegee has passed most often, the ink meeting the fibre with less resistance than it did at Vigil. Mercy to the matter sacrificing its resistance to the body's accumulated knowing.<sup>12</sup> The tactile revelation arrives - the fingers reading what the

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<sup>11</sup> Massumi, *Parables for the Virtual*, pp. 23–28.

<sup>12</sup> The matter sacrificing its resistance: see Karen Barad, *Meeting the Universe Halfway* (Durham: Duke University Press, 2007).

eyes have relinquished, the forearms adjusting the give of the screen before the mind has called it knowledge. The body approaching its end and the materials approaching theirs. Capitulation and revelation: the same event, arriving through the pair of exhausted hands.

## *Colophon*

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### *Somatic metric: the blurred boundary*

The limits of the body are the limits of the relationship - hand and press, ink and paper, the maker's striving and the materials' own. What the studio teaches through accumulated hours cannot be carried in from outside. The bliss found in blisters is a relational bliss - *laetitia*<sup>13</sup>: the felt increase in power arriving through sustained encounter with matter that is equally striving. Joy generated at the crux of resistance, carried outward through every subsequent encounter with the work it produced. **The book is tactile revelation.**

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<sup>13</sup>*Laetitia*: Spinoza's term for the felt increase in the power to act. *Ethics*, III, Prop. 11, Scholium.

# VESPERS

## *Antiphon*

The book wears the argument. The object serves the idea. They occupy different registers - the thinking above, the making below.

## *Threshold*

The evening light leaks in. Eighteen hours pass, the layers of overprinting smelt deciding and doing, the body follows where the image goes. The hand moves. The thought moves with it, or after it - same thing. The state the Antiphon named - thinking above, making below - has no floor.

## *Opus*

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The artefact and the idea occupy the same irreducible measure. The press reveals its volume, its weight, the settings and the purpose. The body's choices at this hour carry the same fate. Layers of print thicken, finding their own rhythms, releasing the tension between them.

The motion of the squeegee and the movement of the mind have stopped quarrelling. The divide the morning maintained has seared away. The book sees no reason to argue - the thinking and the making arrived into the same hands. The grit of the paper, the viscosity of the ink: good fortune to be here and now, thinking and making become, briefly and completely, the same thing.

The sun sits on the horizon marking the margin of the day - splitting the world in half from one side, the same return it has always been from another. The pages on the drying rack hold this light differently now. Turned in the hand, the grain shifts - clear from one angle, gone from another, the meaning fades and reappears. The surface has been receiving the signals all day. Now it gives them back out in what the evening haze finds there.

The book is a gyroscope: its stillness generated by the lilt that kept it spinning. The pulls, the hours, the breath that regulate the pulse

- they won't stop until settled. The Vigil winds toward silence and the pages know this before the mind does - Compline is ready to alight into the gathered weight of the sheets.

## *Colophon*

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### *Somatic metric: the dissolving breath*

The breath moves through the body - into the work - and back. The material form cedes this side of the horizon. Imagination answers from the other side. The edge of a dream has no matter. What the hand touches, it never quite reaches - the press and the palm held apart by the same force that holds all matter from itself. Bliss in the gap. **The book is co-extensive.**

End of day

*The Book is Intuitive*

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COMPLINE

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*Antiphon*

The duration has formed its  
own answer. What remains  
is alignment.

*Threshold*

The final pull does not know itself. The  
same flood and the same draw, nothing  
marks it as final except the pause that  
precedes it. The forearms name it. The  
press receives the name without  
ceremony. The paper bows.

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The final pull produces the book - and in producing it, produces the truth that only this labour, this duration, this body against this press, this space could have made. Nothing precedes its becoming. The book at Compline is the intuition becoming - in the hands, through the ink, in every pace of this pilgrimage.

In typography, a justified block is one where both margins align perfectly - the space filled, no ragged edges. The Print Vigil has been tracing this square geometry since the night before.

The heavy dark layers of the final overprint are a different armour from the armouring of Prime in preparation for the day's demands. Knowing the night is the protection from the night. The mark only has meaning if it eventually stops. Sleep comes, the final state becomes the next state. The intuition that started the movement of the Vigil returns home.

## *Somatic metric: the settled measure*

A particular tiredness comes at the end of something made entirely with the body - the feeling of having been fully inhabited, used in the right way. The distinction between making the book and being made by it dissolved somewhere in the last hours, so quietly it is only noticeable now. The Print Vigil settles into the object. The object carries it forward, accepting the intellectual love of the thing made, which is also the intellectual love of the making. The communal closing answers the communal opening. *The Great Silence*.<sup>14</sup> **The book is intuitive.**

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<sup>14</sup> The Great Silence: in the Benedictine Rule, the *Magnum Silentium* begins after Compline and continues through the night. Speech ceases; the community enters rest together. The communal opening of the vigil - the gathering of materials, the inhabited studio - meets its answering silence here.

## *The Eight Animations of the Book-Body*

*The book is communal - a gathering of the many into the one.*

*The book is material - demanding the gravity of touch.*

*The book is attunement - moving in rhythm with the eye and the breath.*

*The book is archival - pinning the past to the present to hold time together.*

*The book is persistent - a physical striving to remain in existence.*

*The book is tactile revelation - the body spent becomes the site of knowing: exhaustion as the mechanism of deep, non-cognitive understanding.*

*The book is co-extensive - the artefact and the idea occupy the same singular, irreducible space.*

*The book is intuitive - the body, the breath, and the pages resolved into a single mode of substance.*

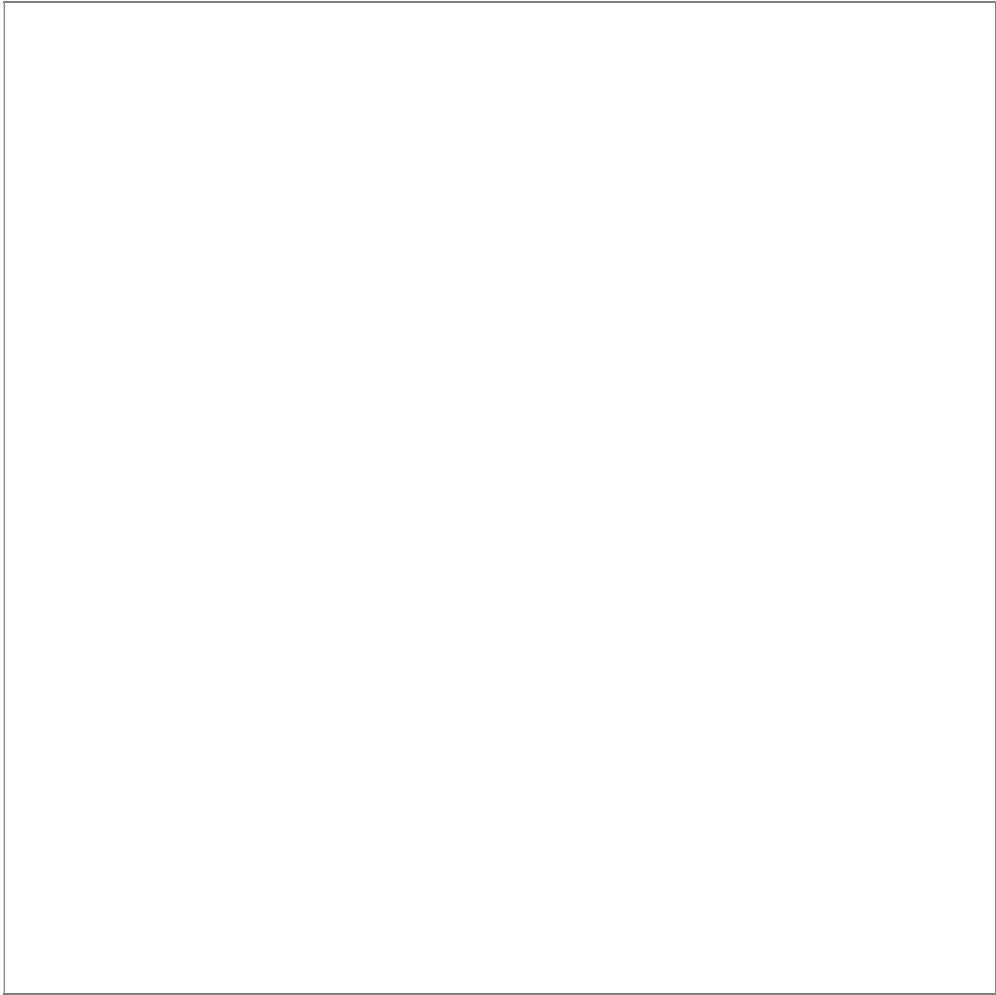
## ***The Book-Body***

Eight hours. One event. The book that emerges from the Print Vigil is not the sum of its hours but their simultaneous expression - every canonical hour present in every page, the complete arc of *laetitia* to *beatitudo* held in the same object that recorded it being made. What carries the arc across this threshold is *acquiescentia in se ipso* - the recognition, arriving quietly at the end of the labour, that the striving produced something that continues to strive. The somatic cycle does not end at Compline. It begins again in the hands of whoever lifts the codex next - their body entering the same network of relations the press established, the same ratio of motion and rest encoded in 1,000ml of deliberate breath. This is what the illuminated manuscripts always knew and the frictionless interface always forgets: that the hour is not a unit of measurement but a unit of presence.

At the end of the Vigil the pages are collected into folios. The passing of time made material - held in the hands, carried forward.

This is the knowledge that teaches: attention, care, observation, trust, devotion. The eight revelations the body encountered on the way, each one a threshold crossed. Wins and failures indistinguishable. All of it lived.

*This is an offering. The book is patient.*



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