

In Common



[I] put everything in little boxes

Toyah Webb

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Pipi Press





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It is cold outside. I feel the air on my skin and wish there was something between us. One hand is bent upward at the fingers to prevent my gatherings (nuts berries seeds) from falling and scattering in the dirt. The other hand is wrapped around a tree branch to prevent me from scattering. A whisper of an idea begins to form. It grows edges:

here is the vessel to prevent deviation from a straight trajectory



H A V E

containment (n.)

here is a noun to put things inside and keep other things out

here is a verb cognate with the Latin verb *capere* (to seize) and the Greek verb *kapto* (to gulp down)

millimetre / pint / centimetre / inch / millilitre / foot / metre / ounce / mile / gallon / quart / cup / ton

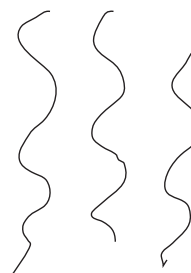
the land is taken and divided into neat parcels. this way it can be measured. what cannot be measured cannot be given value. anything that exists outside this limit is nothing (excess, useless). the only useful things are what can be named and nominated

concrete squares are built around bodies of water. lines are drawn in space that demarcate & enclose. all organisms are catalogued & compartmentalised


the verbs shoot skyward to claim what is vacant above them. air and sea space becomes charged with the politics of fences

[note the linguistic relationship between having and being: you *have* berries in your bag, I *have* an illness (I am ill), I *have* sadness (I am sad). *Having* articulates itself as an extension of the body... Have becomes a state of being that seeps into the substrate]

A video is projected on my back wall of a pyre being built. Flames crawl on a loop and new morphology seeps out. Hardening into 32,000-year-old bone shards that will be catalogued and measured according to space, hardening into Me and Mine and Yours. The room divides itself as biology requires and each of my guests collect a piece of the alphabet sealed in plant resin. I feel scars in every reiteration of geology. The guests are invited to dust Their faces with calcite shells.



[the substrate shivers]

With many thanks to many friends,
supporters and collaborators
without whom this publication
would not have been possible. 



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Edition of 300

978-0-473-49676-0

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Published by Pipi Press
281 Karangahape Road,
Auckland 1010, New Zealand
pipipress.co.nz

Printed & bound in Tāmaki Makaurau
Risograph GR3770 at Inky Palms
Risograph EZ-570A at Compound press
HP Indigo at Pressprint
Brehmer 1951 at Design Bind.

Papers: Neo Offset, B&F Bond: Saffron, Taro & Platinum

Typefaces: Code Saver, *fondamento*, **Albertus**, **Rhode**
Array Mono, Monarcha, **Covik Sans**

