



## MY HUHT IS IN MY HEAD, MY HUGT IS IN MY HEART

“Our outside we are building a future home in which we will never inhabit. We can only inhabit that which will disappear with us, that which does not survive us, i.e., ourselves. We are our home, this infinitesimal second ...of presence to ourselves we imagine in retrospect to have been us present to ourselves When we/it is already too late, gone, a cadaver as we move into a here that, even before we can dot the I of our quasi-presence, has become a there.”

-Pierre Joris<sup>1</sup>

Essential architecture. Evershifting floorplans with evolving doors. Fluxforming, always incomplete. Just as crow returns with shiny bauble objects to nest, after infogathering we return to internal processing. Our 'I' island awash w/ messy materials from transoceanic trekking, trying to pickup clues of usefulness or navigational maps, yet we must peel bleedfeeders hitching ride in crevice cracks (cultural conditioning w/ hidden agenda) - such creases always savvy in sim-method attempting cling w/ big deep teeth & demogrope target info, usually purposed by profit, power or proviso. The harmful substance is inter-mixed w/ the helpful, as cultural structure grows from ethical valuation, it seeks to protect its' national identity and to continue reproducing itself. There ain't no other choice is they?

“For Husserl, the concept of essence is relevant only within the dimension of pure subjectivity that remains as a residuum after the phenomenological 'annihilation of the world' and that 'precedes the being of the world as constituting in itself the meaning of that being' - a 'completely self-contained reality, something existing absolutely'. The essential truths that make their appearance in this dimension 'do not contain the slightest assertion about facts, and thus from them alone not even the most meager factual truth can be derived.”

-Herbert Marcuse<sup>2</sup>

There have been a few psychoanalysts which suggest personality serves as armor for ego, perhaps certain attributes developed for deflection against 'anguage' (anguish + language = manipulating distress of the mind), intentionally malignant messages designed to trigger base crises such as attacks on individual self-worth or to reinforce provincial prejudice. Unfortunately, we seem to be born into this 'us vs. them' atmosphere and them seemingly is bigger badder & in control - "whoever and whatever that may be"<sup>3</sup> - Our 'innate self' constructs a hut to protect and preserve itself, a keyless haven to go for speculation of substance in safety of shield. This is our hutself. This is the Urself of essentiality, that impenetrable uniqueness born within all of our original huts : mothers' womb. This essence can be washed, reprogrammed, forgotten or assimilated, but it cannot be erased - our innerhut remains impervious to the Bigbadwolves huffing & puffing.

"Reality is not simply there,  
it must be searched for and won."  
-Paul Celan

The creative act not only reinforces and restructures the hutself, but also lays out blueprints : effective techniques of self-preservation and thought acceleration which become available to the collective enterprise of whichever work we are working toward. Now capable of cybergnostic ascension<sup>4</sup>, the hutself meshes connected on overload barge adrift in rivers dregging deepshit to garbage islands, in turn becoming hutselfes sailing w/ many hopping hats to cap : not so much a hive-mind as an actual unified anamnesis actively seeking to restore singularity toward synergic evolution which should bring forth the Urhut - a complete absence of perceptual powergrids and becoming the fundamental substance of consciousness in itself, the wombfluid of formation. Perhaps it could happen, but it goes without argument how drastic the scape has changed due to the wagged 'n wiggly w.w.w. - heteroglossing antivacuum beingbeings remapping boundaries or erasing them outright, polyphonic dumpsterdiving in the garbology of siteless parameter. A spectrum shift of semiotic fabric, ruptured to release patavocality of multiple innermeshing - thresh of old closed odd loop hooping hips broke in same circles. Outsequenced and outevolved, the tradpower structure weakens under unlimited content & sliding slippery surfaces in the unnatural ebb 'n flow of this guigum stuck between seams of totalledge known as hypercommunication : a parahaptic space of sensual interchange. The virtual hut becomes actualized; enacted by polymorphic input streams outflooding into headspace ultranomatic, jumping seethru on the common sense of being . Neither aye nor ahh, but ?!?!?!? to 01010101 to straightup !!!!!!! : bottomdotted 'i' into zerototality. Dynamic, inclusive & ever-expanding , wide opensource apping on an atlas too fast to map, creating coordinates of multifaceted prism alit, where we're all going at lightspeed altering time & creating space.

199. "This in which", i.e., the world in its relations. What is of interest is not the objectification, but relativity : Einstein's 'What time does the station get to the train?'  
-Ron Silliman<sup>5</sup>

Within the hutch is heard inner language, this internal dialogue is crucial to the process of how we interpret and qualify the world around us – providing shelter against what we determine to be false information or faulty logic. Over time, additions are made and wholly other architecture is erected around our original foundation, this is necessary for building identity, worldview outlook and ultimately, our actions. Our inner dialogue is modified by myriad influences, yet at core, the language-hut of self remains highly individuated; soak of seed releasing nutrients in soil such strange, perhaps not yet understood, but understood yet. Introspection is not a retreat or withdrawal from the world, but an embrace of the potentiality possible within whatever environment we find ourselves to be dwelling.



To be sense-making involves observation, analysis & evaluation; this procedure adds to the hutch as like decorating : an existentialist rug, a fluxus pillow, a japaese radio, comicbook curtains, an anarchist table and an ontological chair in center from where to enter in 'n ex portals thru these triggers which activate adaptation, incorporation & execution. To become familiar and defamiliar. These elements we keep close help us along the way and are quite necessary indicators of direction thru the junkheap rubbish piled high after years of exposure –the discarded & devalued detritus densely compacted to pliable points in our mazing brains. Yet, the useless can also be used in absurdist inversion & conceptual conflux – the link it brings, the points provided for jumpoff & return. Amorphous spatial arrangement, formed framework plugging both chimeric and banal topographies of variant juxtaposition. A chair designed against sitting – sometimes it's best to fly by the seat of yer pants, to disregard intricate instruments indicating definition of what reality really is.

“It’s time like a path  
littered with items from nomadic  
occupation, the burnished vagaries of use.  
Yet at every moment one encounters  
direction-saturated cardinals  
in rose-splayed constellations”

-Rachel Blau DuPlessis<sup>6</sup>

What we are ultimately left with is this bare self, the most intimate of spaces. Our introduction to the world is the site of change and development. An extension of our bare self embodied is the hut, this humble structure built amongst the hardcore architecture of civilization – a countersite to the imposed site. The inherent resistance associated with the hut not only indicates our basic will to survival, but also provides point for submergence and emergence - for self-invention. To inhabit our bareness allows for transformative change, both inside and outside, to coordinate our senses toward the attainment of a “stretchable abstraction”<sup>7</sup>. The hut as radical site not only contains our individual self, but posits the necessity for exchange within the communal consciousness – this merge into the communal aspect may be the most vital. The hut speaks from vantage of inwardness, yet thrusts toward an outwardness – concretely signifying that possibilities are possible.

“Changing the conditions of perception  
changes perception itself, and changes  
what it means to be a person perceiving.”

-Samira Kawash<sup>8</sup>

1. Pierre Joris - **A Nomad Poetics** - *Wesleyan University Press*  
SEE : <http://www.upne.com/0-8195-6645-4.html>
2. SEE : <http://www.marcuse.org/herbert/index.html>
3. Ed Dorn, speaking in relation to who holds the keys to the canon :  
( them is they & they ain’t you )  
SEE : <http://epc.buffalo.edu/authors/dorn/>
4. SEE : <http://hem.bredband.net/arenamontanus/Mage/cybergnostics.html>
5. Ron Silliman, from **The Chinese Notebook** ,  
Forthcoming in an edition of **The Age of Huts**  
SEE : <http://www.ucpress.edu/books/pages/10742.html>  
**The Chinese Notebook** available in pdf format @  
[http://www.ubu.com/ubu/silliman\\_chinese.html](http://www.ubu.com/ubu/silliman_chinese.html)

6. Rachel Blau DuPlessis, extract of ***Draft 21 : cardinals***  
from ***Drafts 15 - XXX, the fold*** Potes & Poets Press  
SEE : <http://epc.buffalo.edu/authors/duplessis>
7. Madeline Gins - ***Helen Keller or Arakawa*** - *Burning Books*  
SEE : <http://www.reversibledestiny.org>
8. Samira Kawash, from ***Bodies at Risk : the Architecture of Reversible Destiny***  
*Performing Arts Journal 20.2 (1998)*

