**URBAN HUT CLUB AUDIO DESCRIPTION**

**By Perry Piercy**

**ŌTAKI HUT**

The path leads through sand dunes towards the beach.  Fine grasses thrust up through the shifting sand.  The driftwood hut is visible from quite a way off, located down in the hollow of the last sand dune before the beach.  We turn left off the path just before we reach the cut away path through the final hump that would tumble us down to the beach.

The hut is perched in the lee of the foreshore dune, squatting on multiple driftwood legs, hunkered down against any weather.

From a distance we can see that the driftwood leans together along a central spine, and that there is a door facing us.  As we get closer, we can see that the door is made of wide, horizontally positioned chunks of wood, lined up neatly, one on top of another to form the door.  They are all different: some straight, some curved, a few curly, but all are weather beaten and sea salt washed, shades of grey, brown and beige.

Alongside the door are vertical driftwood sticks – six on one side and four on the other, which fit inside the arch, which is made up two very substantial pieces of driftwood, that curve towards each other and cross over gracefully, making an archway.  The arch shape at the front is reflected in the back of the hut, where driftwood horizontals climb like a ladder up to the crossed driftwood spars.  Between the top V shape made by the driftwood arches front and back, a substantial spine of driftwood forms the ridgeline.  This has been cut to fit at the back, and the cut wood is brighter and browner than the weathered silver of the rest of the piece.

For part of the way, at the back of the hut, we can’t see the ridgeline or the supporting arches, because the back of the hut and part of the roof is wrapped in old oxidised aluminium. It’s a dusty grey/silver and has traces of blue paint clinging to it.  It is not a complete cover – more like a large ragged metal cape that has wrapped itself around part of the hut, with some portions reaching down the right hand (seaward) side. Only the bottom left hand corner of this side has been left open and free of metal cladding.  There are just a few driftwood sticks, with a piece of punga among them, and two gaps that look like a window at the top right and bottom left.

The left-hand side of the hut continues to use long, semi upright driftwood sticks, some fixed, and others leaning or interweaved with the solid ones that are nailed or screwed discreetly together.

The door opens on rope hinges, with the aid of a gnarled driftwood handle, fixed to the left-hand side. Inside the hut we find weathered floorboards, with gaps between, running along the hut front to back.  Facing us on the back wall is a cupboard with wooden doors.  The weathered boards of the cupboard swing open left and right and reveal a green spiral bound logbook, a pen and festival programmes.

From inside the hut, we peek at dune scapes through the driftwood lattice, changing as our gaze shifts.  Through the open door we look back to where we came from: the dunes with tousled vegetation, the rough path, the sky above.