

ଉତ୍କଳ ବିପ୍ଳବୀ

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Hugo Hagger (He/him) is an artist and writer living in East London. Hugo's writing sets out to challenge, question, and parody how language is used in the production of a socialised, standardised meaning. I am interested in what happens when a critical discourse on language and its machinery is set against, and within the personal; the highly vernacular, the anecdotal, and the confessional. In this sense public and private interpolate and consolidate. Queerness is explored through a rejection of conventional linearity and absorption, while small personal failures and moments of self sabotage are admitted to alongside language that measures its own limits, its own failures and insufficiency.

Death Dissensus

Pseudo Roach. Quasi Bug.

Words are "any snakes"
with infinite names.

I meet the thing at its language... we
devise its purpose together.

Hello *front* scuttle and recursive want,

/am a pile of running my finger
points to.

You sound so cool and certain.

RETURN TO ME, I WANT TO BE
OBSOLETE WITH YOU, PLS, PLS, PLS
I'LL SCREAM.

The decade is a leafy camber
it exports me gently back into your
garden.
Onto the carapace of a whip
scorpion,
a nay nay spider 🕸 – We celebrate
creatures this way.

*A mouse trap in the stainless steel kitchen
of an abandoned Jamies Italian
closes on a milkweed seed*

the wish contained within comes
violently true.

WE ARE TRYING ON DIFFERENT
VERSIONS TOGETHER; SOMETIMES
YOU LOOK SO NICE AND FUCKABLE
AND THEN SOMETIMES YOU ARE MY
ENEMY. This is called *charm melos*.

I HAVE A RECURRING DREAM THAT

I AM GETTING CANCELLED. I AM
RIDICULED AND SHUNNED BY
INORDINATE FACES MY BRAIN HAS
ASSEMBLED FROM ENCOUNTERS
WITH ADVERTISING MEDIA,
STREET PERFORMERS, AND
PAINTINGS. AN UPSIDE DOWN
DEKOONING FLOATS UP TO ME
AND TELLS ME TO KILL MYSELF, IT
HAS THE VOICE OF MY MOTHER.
I FEEL AS I GROW OLDER THE
ONCE COLLAPSED CATEGORIES
OF MY SPRAWLING DREAM
IMAGINARY HAVE NOW SETTLED
INTO A 'LEGITIMATE', SOCIALISED
RANDOMNESS. I AM OVER LIVED, I
ONLY THINK IN IDEAS,
IN IDEAS ABOUT IDEAS.
Meanwhile the world offers plenty
of alternatives to the epiphanic theatre
that exists in words; the insufficiency
of a weekday dream. Think abandoned
buildings, mumble rap, and kissing.

Imagine us kissing. Yuck!

My tongue is a glossy umbo, the city is
a network of blurs, an echo system etc.
etc. Everything is on a local scale for a
while
and then a massive container ship

honks its ecumenical dinner bell. The things
we want bisect the ocean which is meant to
be the biggest.

Lin Manuel Miranda cameos in
my wet dream.
Can I not have one place, just to
myself?

Lin Manuel Miranda is the ocean.

I have unlocked my my pedal opening,
I drag myself to the mustard beach of a
London suburb. I lick my eye in a new way.

~You're here~

See, look how I extrude this big fucking
wor(l)d – like the fissure in a thawing
mammoth tusk I weep
p,e,s,tience: we could die in here together,
but we disagree on how to do that.
Resistance starts as a two step
we beat down our sides
slide our foot in a line
and then catch that whoa.

Everything is on a major scale for a
while and then

we are taken from this planet.

A SOLAR POWERED MANEKI NEKO
WAVES ITS PAW FOR ETERNITY *WHICH
IS UNTIL EVERYTHING IS GONE.* IT
IS IN MY FRIENDS BATHROOM IN A
SMALL PLASTIC CASE, IT NEVER
STOPS AND THIS THOUGHT MEANS
I CANNOT SLEEP. NOW YOU KNOW
ABOUT IT TOO. THIS IS ITS *WORLD
ENDING PRAXIS.* IT SEEMS A WASTE TO
RENDER SUCH PROCESSES AS THESE
WHEN WE ARE UNCONSCIOUS.

(BRB, OFF TO
START A SUBCULTURE.)



I'm back.

Life to us is a found object. Big sculptures make me cringe because of this, like you're not gonna win mr big; being is more.

I SAY TO MY MUM THAT I WISH WE'D MET AT MY AGE, I THINK WE WOULD'VE REALLY GOT ON, SHE SAYS YES BUT THAT SHE WAS NOT AS SELF OBSESSED AS I WAS. *OK BOOM3R.*

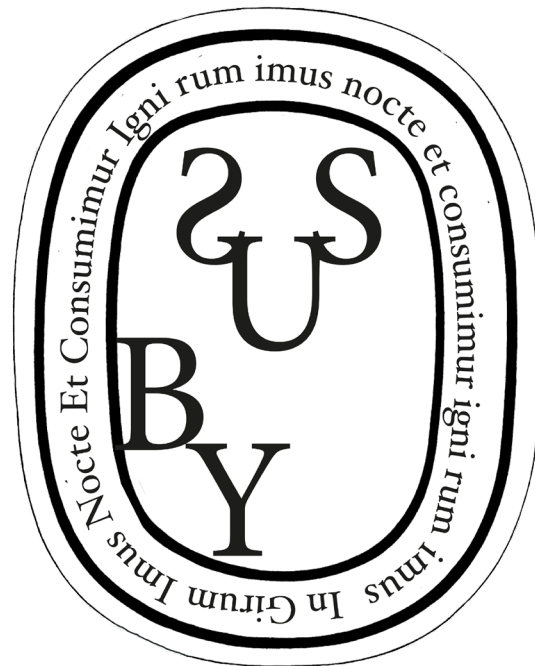
The poem
is a dice
cage a set
of kettled
likelihoods

The poem
Is precarious
candle
handling,
a fetish seal;

I throw infinite Idea fish into its mouth.

A branch snaps in the distance and the future is animated with fleeing, the sound of it drinking persists in your ear.

I address the past with its noise and vice versa, ad nauseam, et al. This might be called my 'process'. .pull up if I pull up.



THE BOY OF MY DREAMS CUMS
IN MY EYE AND THEN KICKS ME
OUT OF HIS HOUSE, I DRIFT AROUND
DALSTON LIKE A GREENLAND
SHARK. I AM THE HAPPIEST I'VE EVER
BEEN IN MY ENTIRE LIFE.

His smooth running,
His crucial stop,
His is the embers of that word.
Does the beginning inherit the thrice
digested back scuttle of the ends
94 BIG MEAL? Or is it the morning eater?
95 My waste is the palindromic eye of

a Cylon. I am not perfect, perfect
is for God.

I shyly pull at your dress.

Was it raining or snowing?

You confide in the windows big
wet camera lens, or the hotel room
is the cameras electronic house.

“It was snowing.”

You apply the frankness of this
to the room like a tourniquet around
the worlds loose taxonomy.
It was snowing.

Your eyes are filled with the same
wetness. We sit down and eat salmon
and green vegetables we laugh a lot
while we eat and then your eyes go all
wet again and you can't look at me,
but this is the form I chose. You nod,
fist a handful of pills and fall asleep.

Loved down eel rubs skin,
against the eel next-doors skin.

A// – carry – fragments.

Michał Leszuk, born in 1993 in Poland, is a researcher, queer (un)critical writer, and curator currently based in Vienna (Austria), where he works as a Curatorial Assistant at Kunstverein Kevin Space. Alongside his master's studies in Contemporary Art Theory at Goldsmiths University, London, he worked at Camden Art Centre (London) and White Cube Gallery (London). Most recently, he contributed to research projects and curated public programs for Independent Space Index (2023), Kunstverein München (2022), Venice Biennale of Architecture (2021), and Goldsmiths University (2021). His texts have been published in magazines such as *e-flux*, *NOIA Magazine*, and *HERO Magazine*, among others.

Curating Cruising Culture in the Anthropocene

INTRODUCTION: ON 'CRUISING'



It is hard to trace the history of queer cruising “simply because everyone has done it.”¹ Given the length of this essay, my main focus will not be on those histories, although I would highly recommend Alex Spinoza's “An Introduction to the Art” from his book *Cruising: an Intimate History of a Radical Pastime* which ambitiously traces the history of cruising beginning with antiquity through to recent years. Neither will I focus on describing in detail the idea of cruising; instead, I would like to evoke here a few, more conceptual proposals or principles about the act of cruising from Renaud Camus' famous cruising novel *Tricks*, prefaced by Roland Barthes:

CRUISING FREESPACE describes a generosity of spirit and a sense of humanity at the core of architecture's agenda, focusing on the quality of architecture itself.

CRUISING FREESPACE focuses on architecture's ability to provide free and additional spatial gifts to those who use it and, on its ability, to address the unspoken wishes of strangers.

CRUISING FREESPACE celebrates architecture's capacity to find additional and unexpected generosity in each project — even within the most private, defensive, exclusive or commercially restricted conditions.