

# ଓଡ଼ିଆ ପ୍ରକାଶନ

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## ଶ୍ରେଣୀଗାନ୍ଧୀ

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.

88  
89      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  
90 while  
91 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  
likenesses

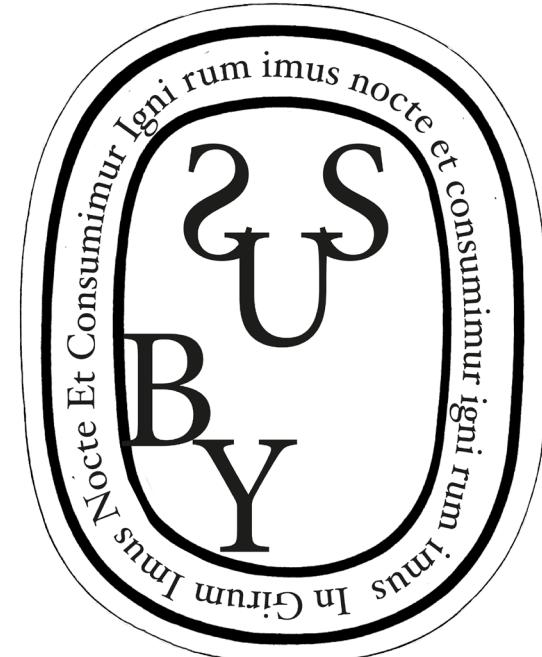
The poem  
is precarious  
c a n d l e  
handling,  
a fetish seal;

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.

94  
95



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  
BIG MEAL? Or is it the morning eater?  
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.

*All – 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.”<sup>1</sup> 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.