

where food and culinary pleasures are found throughout. Could the use of queer languages be another bodily pleasure in itself? Could the materialising of speech, much like written language, be a corporeal instance of delight in which those placed in the margins are set to explore?

«Μην είσαι γλωσσού!» I remember my grandma reprimanding me. Funny how this term is always used in the feminine form. Come to think of it I have only ever heard it being used for women and *πούστηδες*. ‘You become mouthy’, writes Ahmed, ‘[p]erhaps we are called mouthy when we say what others do not want to hear; to become mouthy is to become mouth, reduced to the speaking part as being reduced to the wrong part.’²⁰ Fixation with the mouth, and what the mouth does, seems to be a constant preoccupation of oppressive regimes and forms of discipline. You open it too often and say things others do not want to hear. «Δεν είναι ωραίο να βρίζει η γυναίκα!»

You open it and insert body parts you are not supposed to. You open it and consume too much food. ‘You should take care of your figure, that’s not a summer body!’ You open your mouth and speak in tongues, and others are immediately made uncomfortable, or even worse, they ask you to say something in ‘your tongue’ expecting a spectacle. It is supposedly one’s first language—or mother tongue—that inscribes one’s sociolinguistic identity, and yet for some, the first language they learn is not necessarily a mother language. ‘Most isiNqumo speakers’, writes Rudwick, ‘perceive the code as “their language”, and see it as the medium which captures most adequately who they are and how they see themselves in the world.’ In such cases, it is the language one gets to know later in life through navigating social realms that are indicated by desire that reflects how they see themselves and how they read the world. ‘However’, Rudwick remarks, ‘the perspective presented must not erroneously be understood as essentialist. The “gay culture”, “Zulu ethnicity”, as well as “gay-Zuluness” associated with isiNqumo, has many different facets and reference points for different individuals and involves many idiosyncrasies.’²¹ This point is central to the slangs. On the one hand, they utilise essentialist language, while on the other they simultaneously foreground the fluidity of all categories either through neologisms or the recontextualisation/reterritorialisation of already existing ones. Upholding the perception of an accurate contouring of the speakers might be another thing the slangs offer.

Parallel to an open theorisation of genders, sexualities, and kinship, language is also affected by re-thinking those categories along chronopolitical terms. One’s mother tongue is not necessarily spoken by one’s mother(s), it

‘Thinking on the ways in which slangs are disseminated in the public realm and still manage to remain opaque, I thought of using abstracts from a nearly imaginary diary where I expressed myself exactly as I felt. No censorship, not along terms of political correctness (at least not as it conceptualised in a Euro / Anglo Westerncentric way), nor linguistic consistency, and least of all no concern on being understood, simply being expressed authentically. I isolated phrases, words, and sentences and cut them in stencils. A combination of reflections on my research, my personal life, my past. «Αβέλω αλμοντοτόρη» when I started going into depression, «αι μωρή παλαβή» γιατί δεν θα ήταν πολιτικλι κορεκτ. Μετά bixas periféricas inspired by Fer and their need to related to more of those which was the perfect articulation of my own need. I also needed to laugh back at condescending Γερμανούς, so that was nice. It was a way to emotively understand what I had earlier found extremely fitting and interesting: Deleuze and Guattari’s ‘minor literature’. Indeed deterritorialising major languages, gaining collective value and inherently political, the slangs would—at least in my mind—qualify as literature further queering the lines of binary oppositions between high culture and street culture. Simon O’Sullivan’s further theorisation on the concept and his applying it to artistic practice made me realise the necessity of my practice taking such a shape.

So I used any spray can I found lying around the WG, στα στούντιο φίλων, or dumped in the street by other ‘sprayers’ to spray messy stencils around the city. I would collect scrap cardboards from the trash or tetrapak juice boxes and slowly cut out the letters. Most were lowercase, some were in the Greek script, some in Greeklish, for some like ‘bixa profunda’ I used quotation marks. Some had periods at the end, others just lingered. Then I would spray the first sample on paper to see how it looks and left it there for a day or two to absorb it, much like the intense smell as I did it indoors and the fumes stick around, as well as some vague marks on the floor. It was such a great project! Making do with materials found at home or the trash, focusing on the manual labour of carefully cutting out letterforms, then figuring out routes where spraying would be relatively safe, but which also make sense for my works to be there.

I took some with me whenever I travelled. And it was more comfortable in other cities. But it helped me transform and recondition parts of the city I live in, and allowed me to feel a bit more at ease by having smudged it. By going back to the places where my smudges are. Cause let’s face it, some were extremely messy and illegible. But still did the trick for me. The city now had something from me, it could