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Title	Get Your Feminism Off My Floppy: Seedy Roms and Technical Tales.
Authors	Gilson, Jools
Publication date	1998
Original Citation	Gilson-Ellis, J. (1998) 'Get Your Feminism Off My Floppy', Journal of Lesbian Studies, 2(2-3), pp. 95-109. doi: 10.1300/J155v02n02_07
Type of publication	Article (peer-reviewed)
Link to publisher's version	https://www.tandfonline.com/doi/abs/10.1300/J155v02n02_07 - 10.1300/J155v02n02_07
Rights	© 1998 by The Haworth Press, Inc. This is an Accepted Manuscript of an article published by Taylor & Francis in Journal of Lesbian Studies, 1998, available online: http://www.tandfonline.com/10.1300/J155v02n02_07
Download date	2026-11-07 11:57:48
Item downloaded from	https://hdl.handle.net/10468/11938



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Get Your Feminism Off My Floppy: Seedy Roms And Technical Tales

Jools Gilson-Ellis

[published in: *Acts of Passion: Sexuality, Gender and Performance.* Maya Chowdhry and Nina Rapi (eds.) (New York: Haworth Press. 1998): 95 – 109, and in *The Journal of Lesbian Studies*. 1998, 2 (2/3): 95 – 109].

SUMMARY: This paper is located at the collisions of femininities, technologies and performance, and in the CD-ROM format in particular. The paper begins by asking what it means to be located as Other to an insurgent technology, and develops this analysis in relation to the association of femininity with un-bound flow. It goes on to call for the marking of technology with the feminine. The latter part of the paper analyses specific examples of performative practice on CD-ROM. These are Gilson-Ellis/Povall's *mouthplace,* Adriene Jenik's *Mauve Desert* and Laurie Anderson's *Puppet Motel.* [*Article copies available for a fee from The Haworth Document Delivery Service: 1-800-342-9678. E-mail address: getinfo@haworthpressinc.com*]

> *Using computers to store recipes is on of the oldest jokes in the personal computer business – in the early days, that's what all marketing executives thought women would do with them. The obvious drawback is that cookie dough, pasta sauce, and other goo-based substances will get all over the keys when you try to retrieve a recipe file. A speech interface is the obvious solution, but it would seem that the marketing executives haven't thought of that one yet.*
>
> Brenda Laurel, *Computers as Theatre*. (1993) footnote p.174

I want to suggest in this piece that the matrix of meanings which emerge from Laurel's footnote continue to underpin women's relationship to technology, and to the personal computer in particular. The women Laurel describes as looming up to their PCs dripping with sauces and cookie dough is not a wholly laughable image. Women's bodies are always constituted (literally and figuratively) as messy: they leak liquid, cry too much, gorge infants with milk. How could it be possible for such a grotesque

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notion of the feminine to seriously engage with new technology? And what is it about CD-ROM as a format that has relevance for a performative feminist politics?

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GIRL MEETS COMPUTER

Feminine corporeality is frequently characterized as blurring the bodily boundary of where she is and where she is not.[1] It is as if her body is somehow culturally unbounded, liable to seepage and therefore dangerous to electronics. Mary Douglas's early work on structurations of pollution and taboo in *Purity and Danger*[2] analyzed the ways in which rituals of cleanliness articulate deep-rooted fears and ways of understanding the world within cultures. Douglas described dirt as disorder, as matter out of place, a cultural sign rather than absolute filth. These are important points for a politics of re-inscription, since the female body is popularly categorized as a site of disorder. Elizabeth Grosz develops Douglas's analysis in her book *Volatile Bodies*,[3] and asks, "Can it be that in the West, in our time, the female body has been constructed not only as lack or absence but with more complexity, as a leaking, uncontrollable, seeping liquid; as formless flow; as viscosity…"[4] Grosz does not suggest this is how women are, but that "women's corporeality is inscribed as a mode of seepage."[5] If we return to the opening quote, this is certainly the case. The woman conjured by Laurel seeps 'goo' onto her keyboard; her body just hasn't got any edges. Laurel's response to the "oldest joke in the personal computer business" is not to deconstruct the image of the woman with her hands covered in cookie dough looking plaintively at her computer, but to suggest a speech interface as a solution to her dilemma. If this woman can operate her PC without actually touching it, then there is less likelihood perhaps of the technology being engulfed by her terrible femininity. By having her speak to her PC she remains connected to orality and passivation and separated from the technology.[6]

In this piece I am interested in a radical re-working of the relationship between the feminine and technology. I write this without interest in prescription, but as a call to forge new ways of marking the technology, or turning it to our needs; in the words of Donna Haraway to wrought a feminine cyborg practice by "seizing the tools to mark the world that marked (us) as other."[7] Such a practice would be located at the collisions of femininities, technologies and performance. What does it mean to be located as Other to and insurgent technology? What kind of interactive technologies are being developed out of curious clash? How might sexuality be inscribed in such a medium? What are the implications of these questions for a performative feminist

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politics? I want to argue that such a collision is likely to be/should be irreverent, provisional, contingent; greedy for skills, and out for what it can get.

Furthermore, moreover and also, I want to argue for revelling in the worst fears of a femininity conjured as monstrous, for taking such images for the fakes they are, in *pleasure;* to argue that we were never *that*, that we were somehow culturally misrepresented, and at the same time hinting that we might just be far far more terrible than has yet been possible to signify. That she should absolutely bring the pasta sauce to the keyboard, design a wipe-down terminal, make work out of the ordinary and the fantastic, become the marketing executive as well as the hacker. Her perspective is desperately lacking in the programming, design, and content of digital media; I miss the audacity of the excluded, I miss the things it wouldn't occur to me to write here.

I want to argue for a way of thinking that refuses to see bodies and technology as antithetical. Haraway is there before me:. "By the late twentieth century, our time, a mythic time, we are all chimeras, theorized and fabricated hybrids of machine and organism: in short we are cyborgs. The cyborg is our ontology; it gives us our politics."[8] I would suggest that Haraway intends in this comment not to call for vision implants or bionic limbs, but rather to articulate the complex matrix of our relation to technology, such that this relation is a flickering economy of exchange. We mark and are marked by technology. Point-and-click, for example, revolutionizes the way we approach retrieving information, we find such a gesture already in commercial advertisements, I find it in my dreams.

The dynamics of using a computer screen/keyboard\mouse are importantly different from the ways in which we 'use' or view film and television. We lounge *in front of* the telly, but *sit at a* computer screen.

The grammar of location is utterly different; a difference made in flesh. We rarely sit at a computer with anybody else. This small screen and our solitariness result in the possibility of an intimate viewing ("chimeras, theorized and fabricated hybrids of machine and organism"). Because we touch this technology, press language out of rows of lettered keys, send arrows roving over our screen, the binary of organic body/machine is affronted. I want to suggest in this paper that this 'touch' if the

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physical body and the computer can participate in an inscription of sexuality. Such touches are gendered of course, with the tradition of the feminine associated with the organic body and the masculine with the technological mind. All the more reason then to re-work such touches to our own ends.

Most women don't have a damn thing to put in their CD-ROM drives.[9]

Adriene Jenik

Adriene Jenik's aphorism articulately summarizes many women's irritation with/sense of exclusion from contemporary digital media. For CD-ROM this is an aesthetic arising largely from computer games and informational databases. Such environments are characterized by glossy visuals and search-and-destroy hectic clicking or by the calmer point-and-click demeanour of informational CD-ROMs. As a location for artwork, the format is relatively new. The distinctiveness of CD-ROMs that it is PC based, can function as a matrix of connecting image, sound, interactivity events, can, I would argue, evoke little worlds that are at once expansive and oddly connected. With imagination, the CD-ROM demands you learn how to navigate anew each time you view a work. I want to call for a fracturing of the dominant aesthetics in this medium, for women artists to make work through and about this medium, to ask for themselves what it is that this has got to do with them. This medium needs artists, and it needs that half of the world so often represented here as ingénue or amazon, most especially.

The latter part if this piece will analyze specific examples of performative practice on CD-ROM. These will be Adriene Jenik's *Mauve Desert*, Laurie Anderson's *Puppet Motel* and my own collaboration with Richard Povall-*mouthplace.*

MOUTHPLACE – JOOLS GILSON-ELLIS / RICHARD POVALL

mouthplace is an artist's CD-ROM which takes the female mouth as its poetic focus, examining through visual, written and uttered texts the ways in which the female mouth is a site of contested
and contestable meanings. This project is the result of a collaboration with composer / programmer Richard Povall. We approached our collaboration with a desire to make

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a work which conjured traceries of the body and of the feminine body in particular. One strategy for achieving this was by refusing an aesthetic of computer-generated slickness, and working instead with painted text, hand animation, hand-writing, laughter, poetic text and the spoken and sung voice. When I sit and show *mouthplace* to someone, I find myself tapping the screen with my orange fingernails and chatting away, pointing to this place and that icon. The opening page of *mouthplace*, a place you must always return to, is a treated video still of me licking the inside of the screen. My saliva rests in little pools and bubbles. Such thematic and practical attraction to the liminal, to the separation of my body and its fluids from technology, led us to revel in such admixtures.

In a section of the CD-ROM linked specifically to sexuality, there is a site where a video loop runs of a woman's face under running water. This is an attempt to inscribe female sexual pleasure, an inscription particularly fraught in the field of the visual, and one especially so when using the image of the female face. The loop does not attempt to realistically represent such pleasure, rather it tries to blur the distinction between whose pleasure is being evoked, the woman in the frame or your own. She blinks under the flow of water, closes her eyes, but also returns your gaze. Beside this loop and far smaller is a still of a gazing eye from the same face. An eye that looks; if you click on this image, the computer selects a spoken text from a group of writings related to sexuality. Since this is a random choice, if you keep clicking you will eventually hear all the texts, but they will also repeat.

In another fork of the same section, there is a short piece that is simply a black screen with a hand-written 'HA HA HA' in it centre. The recorded voice is of a woman telling a dirty joke and losing it. This was not a staged descent into hysterical laughter, but one of those times in the studio where the joke and Richard's collapse into giggles at the mixing desk was just too much. I love the way this section marks the medium with the raucous female body. I love the sound of my laughter, and the odd understatement of the words 'HA HA HA' staring pertly back at you.

In "recipe", a site located within the motherhood section of the CD-ROM, there are two given elements: parallel video loops and a vocal composition. The third element is the user's control of the video loops. The vocal piece is composed by Richard Povall, but is made from a recording of my mother telling me how to make moussaka.

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My mum always knows the recipe, and here she grabs what is to hand (the microwave book) and translates for my imminent dinner guests. Her words are not staged for my CD-ROM, and they have the mark of the everyday about them; the mark of an ordinary act of love. The images which accompany this unheard text do not illustrate my mother's words, rather they connect with it oddly. One of the loops is of my friend Kate Cameron, oiling her big pregnant belly. The other shows Kate's daughter Beth touching the same belly. Whilst the vocal composition runs on in this section, the video loops do not loop unless the mouse is moved. Once you have the knack, you can make this pregnant woman caress her own belly, or her daughter do the same. As I move my mouse to let these video loops move, my actions are not parallel to running a tape and then re-winding it; there is no button to press for play/stop or rewind, no place to start, go-on and then watch again, rather my hand on this mouse must move in circles to bring Kate's hand into its own swirl. And I want to ask what is the nature of this touch; my fingers resting on plastic/Kate's hand following the contours of her roundness? This woman rubs her own belly, oblivious of me; she doesn't look at me looking. I am not interested in arresting agency from her. What I want is for the circular movements you must make on your mouse-pad to resonate physically in you. You can only watch this action, if you also make some trace of this action yourself.

It is this repetition of the action on the screen that alters the relationship between the one who sits hand-on-mouse, and the image f the woman before her. It is an odd image. I had never seen a woman do such a thing before I saw Kate do it. I find it and extraordinary and beautiful gesture. Her action is assertive and vigorous, like the kneading of dough, or like a thing done many times. And all the while, it is my mother who speaks-telling me how to layer vegetables, and sweat aubergine. In the other loop, we see Beth's small thumb-sucked hand touching the side of her mother's belly. It is an oddly tentative gesture beside Kate's own encompassing palm. The digital context for this artwork means that we can make a work where touches engender touches. The meanings and resonances of mothers and daughters/cooking and feeding are here woven out of the structures of this medium.

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MAUVE DESERT-ADRIENE JENIK

Mauve Desert is a CD-ROM adaptation of the experimental novel *Le Desert Mauve* by Quebecois author Nicole Brossard. In the original novel by Brossard, Laure Angstelle has written a book about fifteen-year-old Melanie who takes the Arizona desert by storm in her mother's white Meteor. Driving through the desert Melanie escapes her mother, her mother's lover Lorna and the Mauve Motel. This 'book within a book' is found by Maude Laures, and translated by her into a version "coloured by danger and sensuality."[10] Jenik takes this translated novel about translation and translates it into a CD-Rom, and lived experience.

When you first go into Mauve Desert, your first destination after the intro. screen is a short video clip which captures Melanie leaving the Mauve Motel. This sequence becomes emblematic of Melanie's regular departures from the motel. Interestingly, Melanie is largely out of shot, heard but hardly ever seen, and though she is almost absent visually, the exchange focuses on her. Melanie grabs the car keys from the counter, blurs past the camera and leaves. As her mother calls after her we shift into the Meteor for the first time or the first time this visit. In lush frosted spiral-dripping mauve we sit in the back seat as Melanie drives. We can't see her face because she's driving, and we're behind. Three languages resonate out of synch. Three voices. My French and Spanish are not good enough to hear their meaning in the layering of languages. I have a friend who speaks five languages and listened to the intermingling of languages during Jenik's presentation at Chichester (July 1996),[11] and said how they were saying the same things differently. I imagine this as the shifting of understanding ("What drives you to understanding?" Jenik asks us). The voices are woven, out of synch, and they say the same things differently. I hear them as textures; the deep voice of the woman who speaks Spanish, with its cicada roll and spring and the fluid curvature of the French. And the English Melanie, invoking the desert in her girl-voice. Jenik uses the uttered language here as a way of driving understanding. The three women's voices are more than translated alternatives of the same thing; they are plural body marks. They comprise a gesture of difference. I hear in these voice/tongue minglings the articulation of a feminine aesthetic, here wrought in women's mouths, and composed like a planned haunting.

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Melanie's drives into the desert produce a structure of journeying. Jenik inscribes the very instructions of navigation with a haunting poetic hint that our journey is driven by Melanie's and our own obsessions. When I was researching this article, I was obsessed with trying to 'get it all'. I would try and be thorough-return repeatedly to the bar at the Red Arrow Motel to get the 'whole picture' from the fractured video clips that make up the story of Melanie's encounter with Angela Parkins. When there is the sound of gunfire, and the sudden cessation of dance music, Angela drops to the dance floor, which shifts into the swirl of desert dunes, as Melanie crouches beside her lover. And then suddenly we are in the car with Melanie. The density of three women speaking three languages rushes over me, and them we get closed up; the credits roll, and the sounds of the shots grip me like a half-heard story. What? What? These particular series of video clips comprise a narrative sequence. If you were less obsessional than I, you could cruise here briefly, listen to a young woman in a bar talking about the clientele-"a whole lot of accents"[12]-and leave. What is particular about the CD-ROM format is the possibility of designing a space of tentative viewing, it isn't that you don't watch the end of the movie, it's that you journey at various levels. (It is, consequently, a rich and evocative genre for adapting experimental novels). Since this work operates as a poetic, resonant text, this structure allows the various texts and textures (printed, hand-written, filmed, scanned, painted, vocalized and musical) to be enabled by this structure. My experience of viewing this CD-ROM is of a gradual unfolding, of a gathering of connections. The two women (Melanie and Angela) leave to "get some air" mid-seduction at the Red Arrow Motel. With the apparent conventionality of the structure of this seduction scene, one imagines that the women are off outside to face the brewing passion, and perhaps they are. But Jenik undoes the expectation of this scenario by locating a series of starlit, evocative conversations as Melanie's memories at the end of a couple of her drives (you click her eyes in the rear view mirror to access them). These conversations are charged poetic exchanges. The sexuality that resonates between the two women is inscribed in this language; it conjures the pang between them. The tone of these duets is contemplative; quit unlike the abandon of grooving on the dance floor inside the Red Arrow Motel. Their difference in tonal setting is also a difference in location and meaning. To get the Red Arrow Motel story out of Melanie and Angela, one goes to the Red Arrow Motel and clicks on bar or dance floor, and keeps returning until Angela is apparently shot, crumples to the dance floor, and we are made to leave. Finding

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these quiet conversations is a surprise; no narrative sequence drives you to expect to find them where they are.

Jenik inscribes sexuality here as a process of translation; as a shift and slippage between texts. In the CD-ROM the narrative and poetic texts are largely uttered by the actress Lora Moran/Melanie. It is her voice which evokes the scenes, but she does so as an act of translation from text to text, from novel to uttered speech, from the text of a young runaway (Lora Moran-see later). Texts uttered and written produce a matrix of connections which begin with Brossard's text; itself producing a writer and a translator (Laure Angstelle and Maude Laures). Melanie as a character and Lora Moran as a real young woman both write journals that appear in *Mauve Desert*. Jenik's acts of translation are marked in her Maker Map.[13] I mark my own acts of translation here in this paper-I lay another text between the many that shift before me.

Each of Melanie's journeys into the desert begins as a collage dominated by a scan of the open page of Brossard's novel from which the text of the drove is taken. This is not only Brossard's text, it is also Jenik's text, scribbles of notes, under-linings and out-linings of the novel; her notes for adaption/shifting themes/shots. (It also recalls Maude Laures' making notes for translation on the Laure Angstelle book). Jenik places another textual layer over and between Brossard's text.[14] This text can function as backdrop/texture in the lust for finding something to click and bring about change. I certainly related to it in this way until I realized that these were not random selections of text, but the precise pages from which Melanie spoke as she drove into the desert. Then I began to read the text before driving off with Melanie, and to get frustrated at the bits that were obscured by the rectangle of car interior placed screen center. I get into the car with Melanie, listen to her speaking and watch her world through the windscreen.

In the Yucca Mountain drive, a text of haunting poetry is spoken by Melanie, as she takes the Meteor through a landscape of trees filmed in black and white. Her memory at the end of this journey, is formed in film-script. You can click on her eyes reflected in the rear-view to get red script. In this un-performed performance text, Melanie returns to the Mauve Motel, flops on her bed and masturbates, a voice-over, which we do not hear, but see written, has Melanie say "The fingers that gripped the pencil so

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tightly need an ending. Right there and there…" as if her practice of writing were also a practice of sexuality, as it is here, as she has sex with herself in script.

In the glove compartment of the Meteor Melanie steals each night to drive into the desert, there are various maps, a revolver and a notebook. At the end of both versions of Melanie's narrative in Brossard's text, she finally departs saying "I cannot get close to any of you." In 'real life' the 14-year-old actress who played Melanie (Lora Moran) also ran away after the end of shooting. This was complicated by the fact that the actress who played Melanie's mother in *Mauve Desert* (Kathy) was Lora Moran's real mother. The notebook here in the glove compartment is no work of fiction, but the real journal of Lora Moran kept during this time, and used here with her permission. What all this evokes is a profound affront to borders of fiction/non-fiction and genre. Moran's name (*Lora)* is oddly the same as the other two major forgers of fiction in this scenario-*Laure* Angstelle (the fictional writer of the book about Melanie) and Maude *Laures* (the fictional translator). For Lora Moran, forging corporeal fiction by playing Melanie pre-figures her own departure. Such a taking of leave appears like another translation in the CD-ROM Jenik suggests powerfully that the material and psychological process of making this work are, in fact, also its content. A page of Moran's journal says simply "I HATE COMPUTERS.'

In one of the starlit conversations between Melanie and Angela, Angela asks about her tattoo. Melanie says "I find it strengthening. It makes me feel looked over." In the Maker Map you can find some documentary footage of the film-making process, and there is a shot of Adrienne, just having finished drawing the tattoo on Lora Moran's arm. Jenik asks her what she thinks, and Moran, pensive, looks curiously at it, and sticks her tongue in her cheek. Here layers of meaning complement an art work about translation. Moran's quiet intake of the tattoo on her arm is haunting in it s quietness. Melanie is full of language-she writes and speaks in poetry, like the child-woman wrought in fiction that she is.

PUPPET MOTEL – LAURIE ANDERSON

Finally, I wanted briefly to mention Anderson's work in relation to the other two works analyzed here. Laurie Anderson's CD-ROM *Puppet Motel* is visually a big contrast to

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either *mouthplace* or *Mauve Desert*, both of which are collagic and marked by the processes of crafting them from video, scans, and manipulated imagery. Anderson's world in *Puppet Motel* is more digital in origin, since much of its visual geography is entirely generated by computer. This aesthetic is largely the result of Anderson's collaboration with whiz-kid programmer Hsin-Chien Huang. Many of the spaces are stunningly beautiful. Sites range from the specific detail of virtual rooms, to more abstract spaces where shapes and bodies float. Anderson's characteristic of contrasting high-tech with her haunting, understated texts is reproduced here. Like *mouthplace* and *Mauve Desert*, the female speaking voice is a constant refrain. In Puppet Motel, Anderson's voice is framed by another refrain of digital voices-recorded phone messages, computer warnings, which make more stark the contrast between the corporeal and the electronic. Many of the rooms in *Puppet Motel* are shadowy places of half-light. In one of these rooms a tape spins in the darkness, and a computer-generated voice repeats in litany "love me, love me, love me, now." Time passes oddly, the light from a high window sweeps the room like the passing of cars in the night, or like days rushing by. This place suggests a melancholy sexuality wrested from bodies; the mannequin (the puppet of the title) lies in the half-light stuck between romantic phrases and a lost body. If you go into the mirror, Anderson tells the story of seeing lipstick kisses accumulate on the mirror in the office of a psychiatrist she visited. Her doctor can't see the kisses from where he sits, and it turns out that his twelve-year-daughter has been coming in and kissing the class. Anderson traces here an adolescent sexuality inscribed in tricks of light and mirrors.

Puppet Motel is peopled with odd bodies – ventriloquist dolls, little computer-generated puppets, shadows across windows, a woman's sudden breath. The sexuality inscribed here seems fragmented or absent, as if the digital invokes a closing-off, a separation between lived lives and their electronic representation. This is often Anderson's theme, in a way that is quite different from the Mauve Desert and mouthplace.

In more than twenty years of performance art practice, Anderson has often used the individual's alienation from technology as a zeitgeist. Her irony has always been that she uses technology itself to describe this relationship. In *Puppet Motel*, the rooms are almost always empty; in our mouse-shifting we constitute their only inhabitants. There is something about the particular impact of rendered images which makes it

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unsurprising that here are no bodies here. Cubes, spheres and other surfaces are perfect. They are very unlike the messy feminine I began this piece describing. It is as if in retaining a computer-generated aesthetic, Anderson makes room for no body. She and Huang craft a haunted house, in which the auditory rather than the visual is the primary mode of "marking' with the female body. And it is here, between the grain of Anderson's voice and the imagery it haunts that a critique opens up in dialogic play between the feminine and digital. This melancholy sexuality, this breathlessness in the dark, suggests the underside of the digital, or its failure. It disrupts the clarity of digital self-sufficiency; a tripping-up between Anderson's utterance and its incorporation into the space before me. I half-hear this to half-tell you.

* * * * *

I press buttons here, in orders I have learnt especially for you to understand. Dennis O'Sullivan at the Computer Centre watches me push my luck as I sit down once again on the only apple Macintosh I can find to view these CD-ROMs. Every time I visit these days, he tells me, a little reluctantly, that he should already have returned the machine to some locked space in the Maltings. I write of an intimate solitary viewing, but for myself, I take the lift up to the top floor of the science building, sit in a busy office near the door, get cold as the wind rises once again through these high windows, and peer. Getting access to computers with CD-ROM drives and enough memory to run these works is more than a little hindrance to viewing them. I know this. But I know equally of the importance of pursuing this work. I spend hours wandering and wondering in Jenik's gorgeous and inspiring work, I leave messages for Laurie in *Puppet Motel*-and find her smiling in dark rooms. All this whilst I trawl *mouthplace* for bugs, note them in detail, re-record texts, suggest differences in rhythm, and send them in long lists to Richard in Ohio. I speak to Adriene through the electronic ether; the story of Melanie and Angela haunts me, not least because these ore the names of my two sisters. What kind of secrets are there? And what kind of secret is a digital secret, and how will I tell you?

☆

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(Jools Gilson-Ellis is a feminist writer, performer and choreographer whose recent art work includes collaborations with director/film-maker Johannes Birringer, and composer/programmer Richard Povall. The artist's CD-ROM *mouthtplace*, the result of the collaboration with Povall, was published in 1997 (*mouthplace*, New Hampshire, Frog Peak Music, 1997). Recent performances include *Difficult Joys* at Dartington Arts Gallery, January 1996, *Lively Bodies, Lively Machines*, Split Screen Festival, Chichester, July 1996, and *mouthplace Live* at Steim, Amsterdam, September 1996. Jools Gilson-Ellis is Lecturer in English (Drama) at University College Cork, Ireland. Address correspondence to: jools@halfangel.ie.)

[Haworth co-indexing entry note]: "Get Your Feminism Off My Floppy: Seedy ROMs and Technical Tales" Gilson-Ellis Jools. Co-published simultaneously in *Journal of Lesbian Studies* (The Haworth Press Inc.) Vol. 2, No 2/3,1998, pp.95-109; and: Acts of Passion: Sexuality, Gender and *Performance* (ed: Nina Rapi and Maya Chowdhry) The Haworth Press, Inc., 1998, pp. 95-109; and: *Acts of Passion: Sexuality, Gender and Performance* (ed: Nina Rapi, and Maya Chowdhry) Harrington Park Press, an imprint of The Haworth Press, Inc., 1998, pp. 95-109. Single or multiple copies of this article are available for a fee from The Haworth Document Delivery Service [1-800-342-9678, 9:00 a.m. –5:00 p.m. (EST). E-mail address: getinfo@haworthpressinc.com].

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ENDNOTES:

[1] This is particularly true during pregnancy and adolescence, where the presence of two bodies within one body in the former, and the on-set of menstruation in the latter, confuse the clarity of the discrete body.

[2] Douglas, Mary. *Purity and Danger*: *An Analysis of the Concepts of Pollution and Taboo* (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1966).

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[3] Grosz, Elizabeth. *Volatile Bodies: Towards a Corporeal Feminism*, (Bloomington and Indianapolis: Indiana University Press, 1994).

[4] Ibid. p.203.

[5] Ibid.

[6] I do not intend to suggest here that the association of orality and femininity is a wholly negative connection, rather that in this context, having the woman operate her PC by verbal command reifies the prominent binary of woman/body/organic and man/mind/technology, rather than engaging with the concerns of real women.

[7] Haraway, Donna J. *Simians, Cyborgs and Women. The Reinvention of Nature* (London: Free Association Books 1991) p. 175.

[8] Ibid. p 150.

[9]Jenik quoted by Mike van Niekerk ("Cinema of Another Kind" The Age, 30 Jul 96, p.D2) from her presentation of *Mauve Desert* at the Melbourne International Film Festival,1996.

[10] This synopsis is adapted from Jenik's intro. Screen in *Mauve Desert*.

[11] Split Screen Festival, Chichester Institute, England, July 1996.

[12] From Melanie's text spoken in the Red Arrow Motel, and referring to the clientele.

[13] Jenik's *Maker Map* is a site in *Mauve Desert* which traces Jenik's own processes of coming to make this CD-ROM. It includes video clips of Jenik working at her computer, questions she asked herself during the making of the work, and a photograph of the artist reading Brossard's novel.

Nicole Brossard's original French novel is used here in English translation; the English translator is Susanne de Lotbiniere-Harwood. The Spanish translator is Monica Mansour.

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