

mouthplace: Getting Over-Excited

Jools Gilson-Ellis

She won't open her mouth and she's gagging for it.

The alchemy of technology

What I want is to surround you with it, I want to whisper at you and make you jump. I want you to write things that the computer speaks for you, in that endearing lilting effort at intonation it has. I want Richard's haunting gorgeous music to creep up on you and seduce you. I want you to giggle and be delighted. I want you to look around and sometimes tap away at your keyboard, and sometimes walk away from it. She wants she wants: I fantasise my thrilled audience. And here are the limits of the medium: right here: to the right and left of these words - to the north and south of them. Wherever you might be. I wanted to mark this medium of databases with the female body. I wanted irreverence. I wanted it to ask difficult questions, piss you off, intrigue you, elicit laughter. I wanted it to get inside your mouth and between your teeth, under your tongue, into the back of your throat. (I'm ambitious - I'm expecting a spinning silver disc (terribly compact) to do this to you). I want it to get stuck like an oversize gobstopper, so's you have to think about it. So you might be thinking about what mouths mean to real and metaphorical women and what women mean to mouths: why women gossip but don't speak up in class, why the food they cram into their mouths sometimes emerges again, rushing horribly at the call of two thrusting fingers. Why this means: I cannot give to myself. And she refuses food like one for whom taking-up space is an appalling danger. Women sew their saliva into their embroidery; they make tapestries traced with spittle. We who thread needles for our mothers and grandmothers, and our children, by licking threads. I can sing to you. And I will. I take singing in my mouth. If I could sing with you it would be better. Our mouths in harmony. The way you sing when no one's listening, the way you have sung to your favourite piece of music, late at night, in the car, half-drunk. Our mouths could be places of revolution. I know this to be true. If you would speak today, and find a way to sing. If you would eat something today. If your laughter rocked boats, and your sobs were sat with. Here in this medium; her in this medium. I come to this marked by technology, but no matter since I have a grand irreverence for states of settled parameters. You'll like this. I can tell. I will tell. I'm telling you. What I can do

on a computer! What you will know! How we could go on! Playing tactics and laughing out loud. I am provisional and dishonest and so are you, we keep secrets poorly, love like we meant it and leave suddenly. Didn't we? Shall I go on? If you think a computer runs counter to your spirituality, well nevermind nevermind. If you're into the real experience and think this has nothing to do with you, it will mark you nonetheless. I want you to mark back mid-stride, with your skilled laughter.

I'm a spider.

I make webs.

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