surrounding you there are transactions

there are exchanges or transformations — what do we call information can i call this sac of liquid information

we can imagine that it's possible to talk about a system in material terms

understand the machines around you by using them — it doesn't matter that they are electrical circuits completely unfamiliar to you, it doesn't matter that amorphous cells are floating in amniotic fluid

you use hashtags, the piston system you applied created a mechanical advantage that maximized the distribution of your latest meme, and the meme is a metallic form of geometry. size, shape, colour, none of these matter. information doesn't care what you look like.

Sculpture. Objects. Objects in dialogue with objects. Virtual representations of those objects. The crisis between the virtual and the real. In the end, we have a sculptural garden, both tangible and fictional. Aestheticism, the kitsch sublime, the disjunctive marriages of these worlds is at once biomorphic and grotesque, and polished and luminescent. This is sculpture married with ambient installation, dissolved into interrogative items.

A looping video, an amorphous scultpure, a clandestine yet transcendent process. At every turn, Zatonyl's work investigates the opacity of things-in-themselves. Everything in her world is inscrutable, singular.

the projection maps an omission — what's your resolution, what could you fit some things you couldn't fit

everything looks good here. alienation has never been more glamorous. the sky illuminates everything although you are inside and whatever the things you can't see they don't matter.

the history trajectory where concept invades and overruns the stability of the object

the formation of three dimensions. you are thankful that the system has formulated your body.

ambience — systems of ambience — systems of opulence, or beauty, transcendence

theatricality, the play of light and sound and immaterial drowning — objects bear little resemblance to these cellophane reflections, conceptual categories are all but questioned

The internet arises in the meeting of multiple technological advances and recombinations. It is the flagship for the age of the blackbox, when dependence on series of expertise are coupled with competitive consumer demand. We increasingly need devices that are increasingly difficult for the user to create. Where will you get the rare metals required to build your computer? When will you find the time to solder all the circuits together? Without a complex technological product line these questions are absurd. The networked computer is an effective symbol of the product-driven mode of scientific acceleration that is the American mode of knowing and dissemination.

Gone are the days of the privileged gentleman scientist with his home school lab kit tinkering to discover hidden truths of the physical world. Forget the big questions, let's solve what we can – let's create practical solutions to particular problems. Let's encourage development and innovation and applied problem-solving. The result shifts the endeavour from the empirical encounter to a creative mode of object creation, which proliferates exponentially away from realist engagement toward the synthetic molding of new universes which appear at a rate that dwarfs the time needed to phenomenologically experience and engage with them. We are left with an alien world of our own creation, a mode of science leading us to a state of saturation and bewilderment, tweaking the empirical method until it buries its own process.

This background can give us hints to understanding the resolutely technical, clandestine and abstract method with which Giselle Zatonyl engages with the questions that the internet can pose. None of the file types we know are here, the interfaces, the familiar concepts of copying, uploading, pasting and sharing. No, here we have a complex and stylized machine, a mystery-generator that envelopes us and prevents our exit from its horizons. Nothing is recognizable here, and its containment is total, nothing to analyze, take apart and understand piecemeal. It is immersive, complete and impenetrable. We no longer need religion or philosophy to obtain a state of blissful transcendence and meditation, technology does it for us. No, we don't understand all the components in our computers. No, we can't properly describe them anymore. But as technomystics we are not concerned – we have created alien worlds and unhinging encounters simply through object proliferation. The reductive scientific method couples with the competition of technical innovation to create a fantasy world weirder and more imaginative than any spiritual or metaphorical system has managed to invent. Enjoy your self-destruction, dress it up, and give it a soothing soundtrack.

the products and components which make up its infrastructure are simply too diverse and numerous

there is a triangle. it is a window. apparently you are submerged in a space

the personal experience reveals the obsolescence of systemic organization – anxiety undoes consistency – beauty sutures pain and glass tubing

ask again what is personal experience – why the fetish of translation expression into fileable metanarratives – what do you know of our technical networks – what do you know of alien organisms, and of business plans which aren't entirely concerned about your level of participation in their development.

the aesthete, far from moving to oppose concepts, proliferates and multiplies them

the situated political critique is still present, but subsidiary to the tidal wave of data obliteration – you must get through the art, the computer first, before you can discover if humans are still around

a fictional representation can always close itself off, complete its pretense, but its referent will not care. what is an art show outside of the space of evocation and communication? whatever clarity is an illusion of translation, whatever experience unravels claims to completeness.

    Zatonyl is not interested in closing questions, but in harnessing the personal to blow apart technical questions of structure and meaning. These systems are beatified and borderline on the absurd. If it describes a technical system, the interfaces of the internet, it does so in an affective and largely fantastic way. These parts are alien, what do we know about them? Zatonyl suggests nothing, other than an inhuman and luminescent dream, factory parts they move, they create some experiences that we encounter, but that have no relation to us.

The technique of the oblique thing. Oblique things. Grids and systems, data sets and mechanical processes, the scientific world is gutted, dusted off and given a gloss.

but the people couldn't explain what actually had power over them, they only discussed fables of the system, the system that was so soothing, so pleasing, the system that had every quality they hoped for in life. beauty became the most effective form of control.