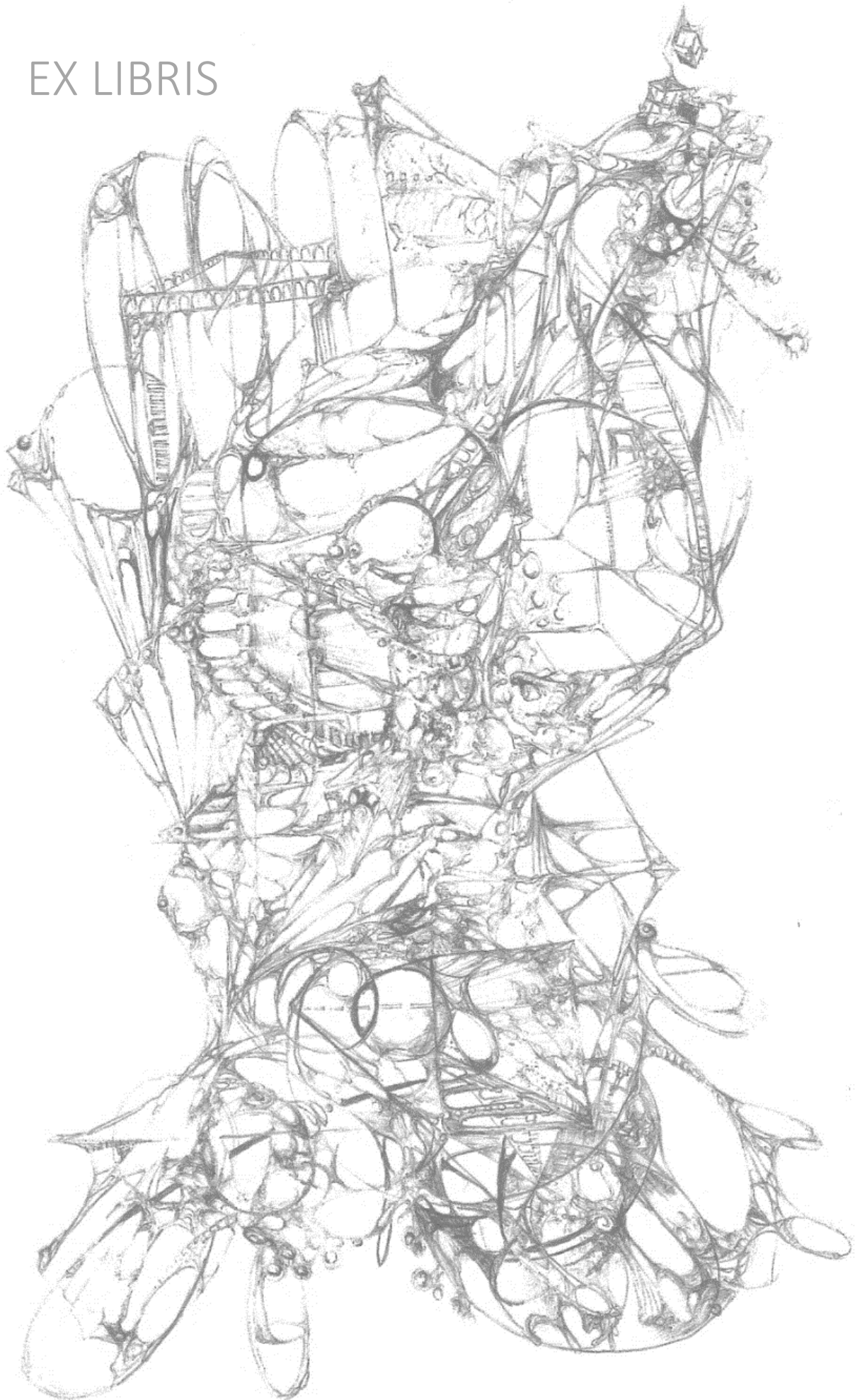


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THE IMAGINARIUM OF DISEARTHLIAN LIGHTS

Nicola Hattingh was born on Earth in the age of The Contemporaries. She intended to follow in her imaginations footsteps as a xenogeneic marvel, rebelling against traditional academic contextuality and worked for a while as a magician, mind expansion (Art) dealer and eccentric. After her first novel “ ” was published in, as a protest against the dimming of the light, Hattingh moved to a different dimension where she lives in self-imposed exile until her death (or something of the kind).

Hattingh was strongly influenced by her interests in music, the psychoanalytic theories of all she wonders across, dance, delusions, mythology, theoretical physics, microbiology, magic, botany, electrokinesis and many others wonders of the worlds. Her early novels were something to behold and since, have become integral additions to the lives of all those who refer to themselves as “I”. Each of her later novels were a step in Hattingh’s determined search for the self. *The Imaginarium of Disearthly Enlights (The Imaginarium of Disearthlian Lights)* was one of her first and consummate works and to this day continues to consummate its function.

OTHER WORKS BY NICOLA HATTINGH

*ERROR - WE REGRET TO INFORM YOU THAT
YOU CURRENT UNDERSTANDING OF TIME IS
RENDERING YOU UNABLE TO ACCESS THIS
INFORMATION. PLEASE TRY AGAIN 'LATER'.*

NICOLA HATTINGH

The Imaginarium of Dearthly Enlights

Things you will need:

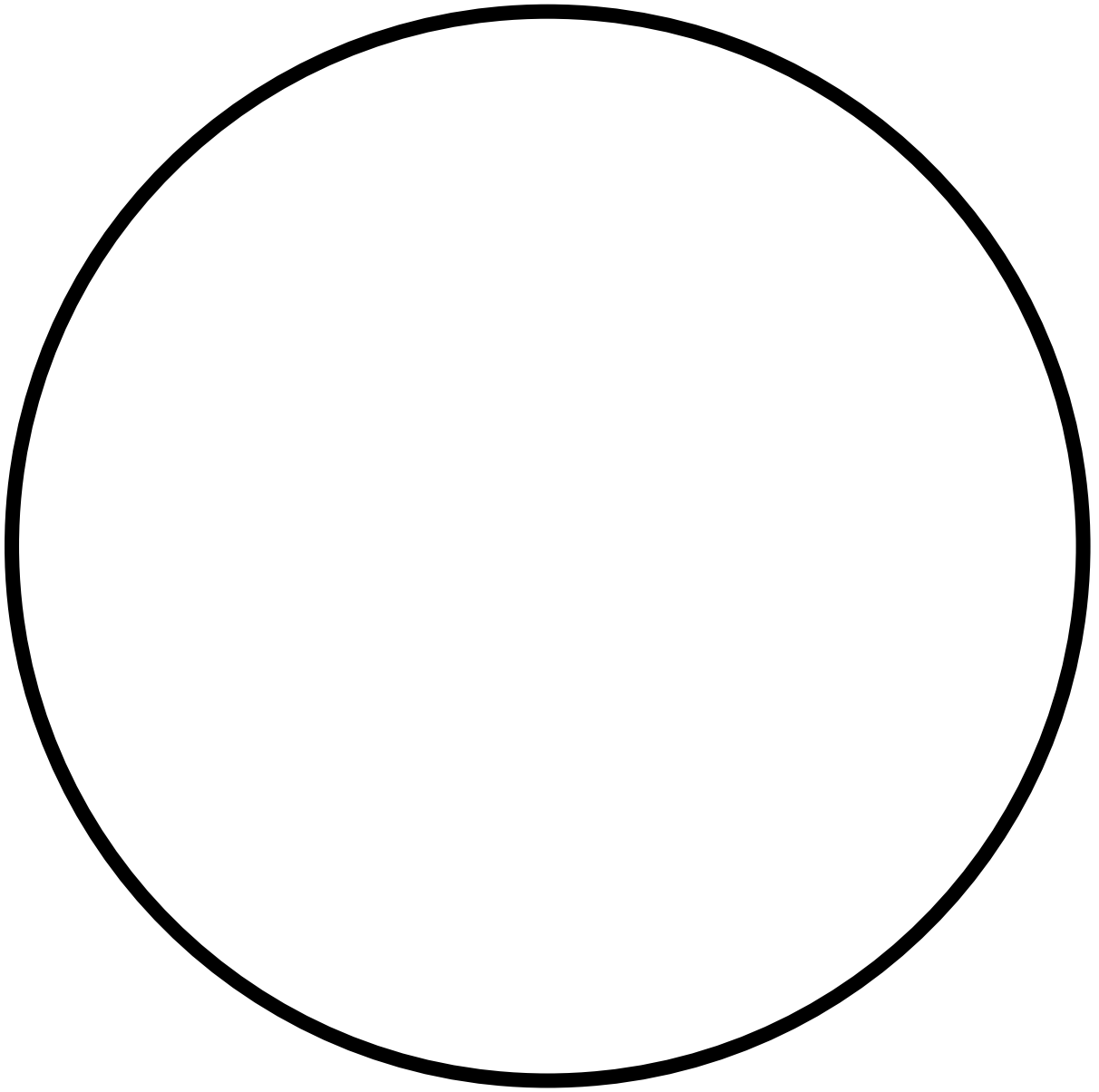
A Mirror

An Imagination

A Moment out of time

...Various drawing implements

dedicated to the Spaces Between



Breathe in



And so, we must be swept through the phantasmagoria of metaphor.

Here and there it is of the elsewhere that beckons to the minds eyes. It is of the great quest for something, anything, all things more than what is or could be. Somewhere in the improbability of infinite potential, the bubbling of the primordial soup, the shorelines of the intangible. It is found in the desublimation of all things ending and it is lost in our desire for comprehension. For you to see it, it had to perish. In this decomposition it is born anew but, missing-formation, the misinformation leaves it always less than what it could be. It is of the undoing, the no-things that come to completion in the misinterpretations of objectdom. It is Athmantine. It is the state of mind required to access this liminal lens of perception. It is an enchantment. It is the permeating consciousness that dips you in confusion so that you might glimpse, from the edge of rationality and sanity, into the other space. The outer space. The infinitely more.

Breathe out



Breathe in



We find ourselves in the realm of Conceptual Maximalism. It is of all things. Once the objects have come into being they enter the dance, the supraliminal, subliminal, liminal phase of meaning making. They collect their definitions as a collage, an excess of transmuted, transitioned, transposed conception. The concept is to expect the unexpected and adjust discordingly for the improbability of perhapsabilities, both of and not of this reality. They might inspire, expire, transpire, respire, conspire to undo everything that they are, in the same way that we might let ourselves exist were we not so entranced in one directional, singly dimensional, anti-demential, thinking. There is no putting it plainly as there is nothing plain about it. It spans many planes. It is a multidimensional tapestry of meaning, of making sense of the sensual inputs and outputs that are life.

Breathe out



Breathe in



We are designed to be misinterpreted. We are designed to encourage misconduct by short circuiting the connection to the conductor. His symphony is to be remixed, gnawed on and digested deliberately enough to show us something new. The work is a binging in order to quell the deep hunger that surges life, existence and everything onward.

It is wrapped up in-mortality. It is the quest for the Holy Grail. It is the hunger for enlightenment, for oneness, for the whole hole. It is the blue bird of happiness, the sunshine on your shoulder. It is us all in Athmantine, slowly growing older.

“Fairie, the realm or state in which fairies have their being. Fairie contains many things besides elves and fays, and besides dwarfs, witches, trolls, giants, or dragons: it holds the seas, the sun, the moon, the sky; and the earth, and all things that are in it: tree and bird, water and stone, wine and bread, and ourselves, mortal men, when we are enchanted.”

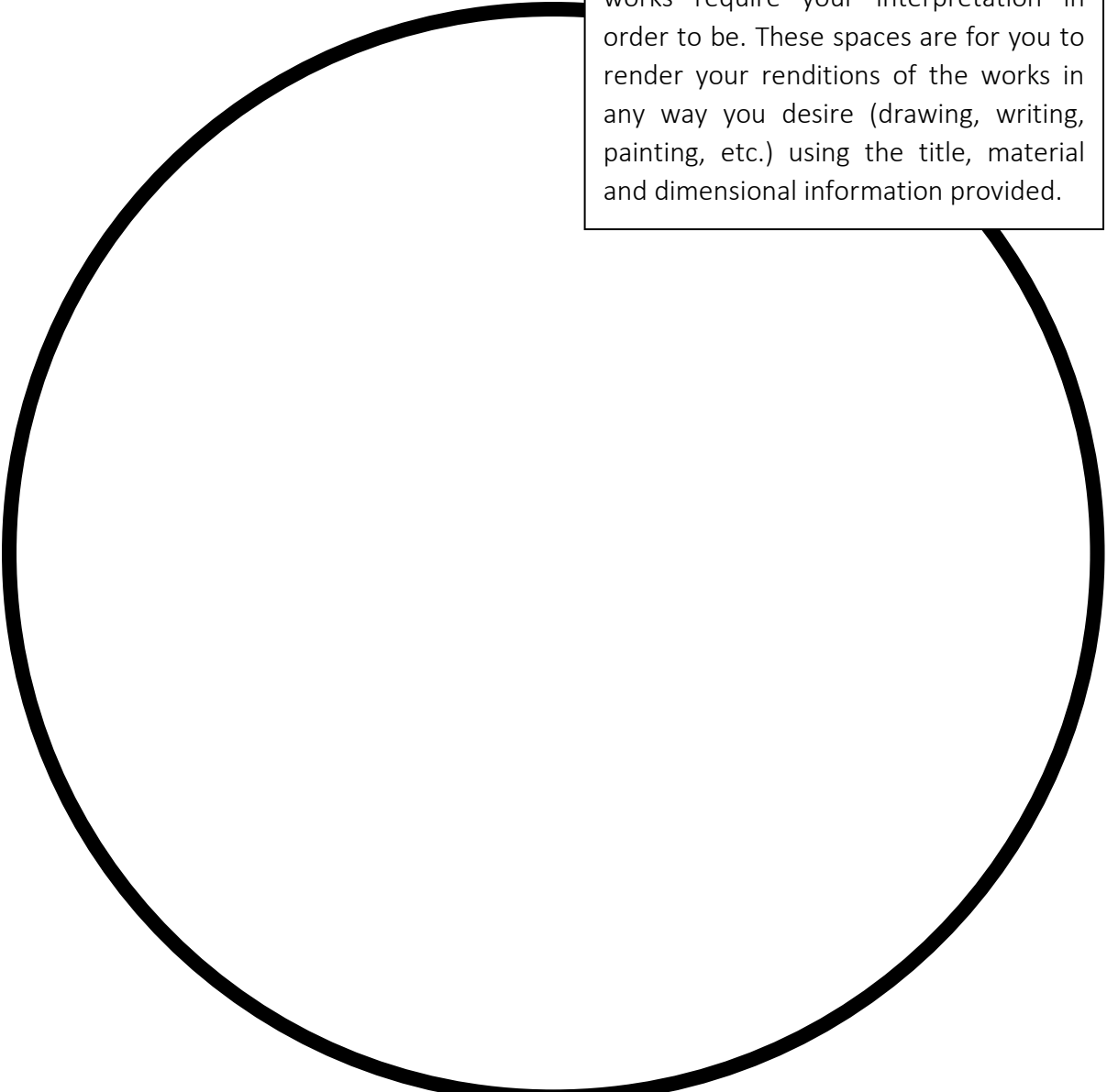
The quantum meanderings of becoming and unbecoming.

It is, perhaps, an unnecessary necessity to become entangled in the mysteries of the quantum realm. The science behind the double slit experiment is either part of your perception or it is not. The chance for it to become so still lingers as a possible future, but right now the more important aspect is how I have managed to jumble it into a non-sense that better serves the art of my making. The making of art. The mystery sleeps in the observation of the thing. Anything, but particularly that which you and I seek to see and understand. I make in order to find those things hidden from the readily perceptible 3rd dimension. The outcome of making is observation. There is my observation of a thought or concept before any material form, the observation of the matter and form in the moment of making, and the observation of the object by all of you who chance upon it. Each stage of observation is a chance for the entanglement of meaning to bind within it the object in question. In this dance between meaning and making the object becomes and rebecomes in each iteration of reflection.

“Quantum mechanics is the description of the behavior of matter and light in all its details and in particular, of the happenings on an atomic scale. Things on a very small scale behave like nothing that you have any direct experience about. They do not behave like waves, they do not behave like particles, they do not behave like clouds, or billiard balls, or weights on springs, or like anything that you have ever seen. We know how large objects will act, but things on a small scale just do not act that way. So, we have to learn about them in a sort of abstract or imaginative fashion and not by connection with our direct experience. In this chapter we shall tackle immediately the basic element of the mysterious behaviour in its most strange form. We choose to examine a phenomenon which is impossible, absolutely impossible, to explain in any classical way, and which has in it the heart of quantum mechanics. In reality, it contains the only mystery. We cannot make the mystery go away by “explaining” how it works. We will just tell you how it works. In telling you how it works we will have told you about the basic peculiarities of all quantum mechanics.”

(Feynman, R.)

The unbecoming is equally as important. As the object leaves the intangible realm of the infinite, the pool of all things signified, it must sacrifice its potential to be all things in order to become the one thing. In other words, it must die in order to be reborn. This pattern of metamorphosis and evolutionary continuum is an important medium in my work. However intangible, it is ever present in everything that passes between my mind and my fingertips. For example, in this moment past and in this moment present as these words are written and read, there is an observation in the self-awareness of perception from multiple points of view. The words must coalesce into what they are, leaving behind everything else that could be said to a time that might never come to be. This perception exists in several places at once just as the particle of the double slit experiment must occupy space in a way that defies material expectations. I in no way lay any claim to a coherent comprehension of quantum physics but, having said that, it is worth mentioning the next of my mediums, the plasmas of misunderstanding and misinterpretation.



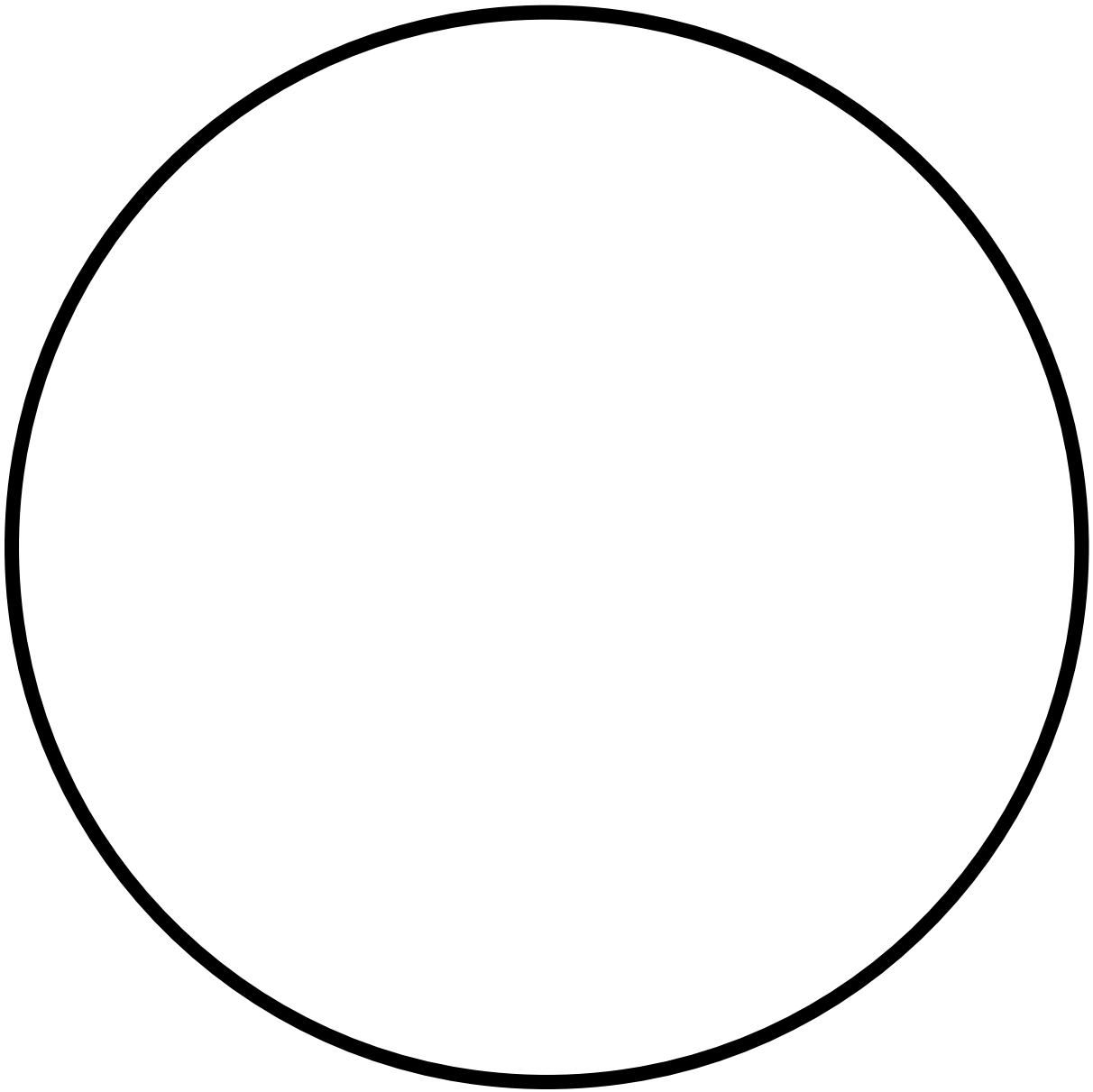
Note - These portals are the access points through which to view the artworks. The works require your interpretation in order to be. These spaces are for you to render your renditions of the works in any way you desire (drawing, writing, painting, etc.) using the title, material and dimensional information provided.

THE CATATONIC METATRONIC THINKING CAP, 2020
copper tape and wire, the shorn fur of an
Athmanntine
Pandimensional

Traits: enjoys the sound of shoes crunching leaves,
favourite colour is green, hates days when there are
no clouds in the sky.

Formal misinterpretations. A thread.

Many of the motions captured in the forms of my work are repetitions of the actions of stitching, crocheting, weaving and winding as well as the wondering of linear components across varied planes. There was very little intention in the beginnings of these linear translations into forms as I began with a simple interest in chance and automatic creation. That is placing one's desire for an artwork in the hands of somebody or something else. In my case I devised various means (dice, tarot cards, opening books on random pages, flipping coins...) of decision making that took away my control of the medium and conceptualisation of each piece. However, this formalised and formulated lack of control began to frustrate me so I wondered into a place of less precise means of translating chance. It is difficult to describe this place. It is a transient, possibly transcendental state of mind that one day I knew was to be called Athmantine. Although, I am sure it goes by many names. Outside of its labelling it finds itself inside forms. All sorts of configurations of entangled matter, predominantly wool and copper wire, that concoct themselves along with my making into things that can only ever partially encapsulate all that is Athmantine. If one were to think of Athmantine as an entity that through the state of Athmantine I attempt to translate, then we can see how my translational misinterpretations of its suggestions of self have come about.



EAU-DE-NIL (a pale greenish colour), 2020
wool, felt, copper wire, dried dew drops off of the
rosemary bushes
4 tiptoeing finger steps x the folds of the world's
collection of missing socks

Traits: when the moon is full it croaks, has two and a
quarter tails, needs regular petting.

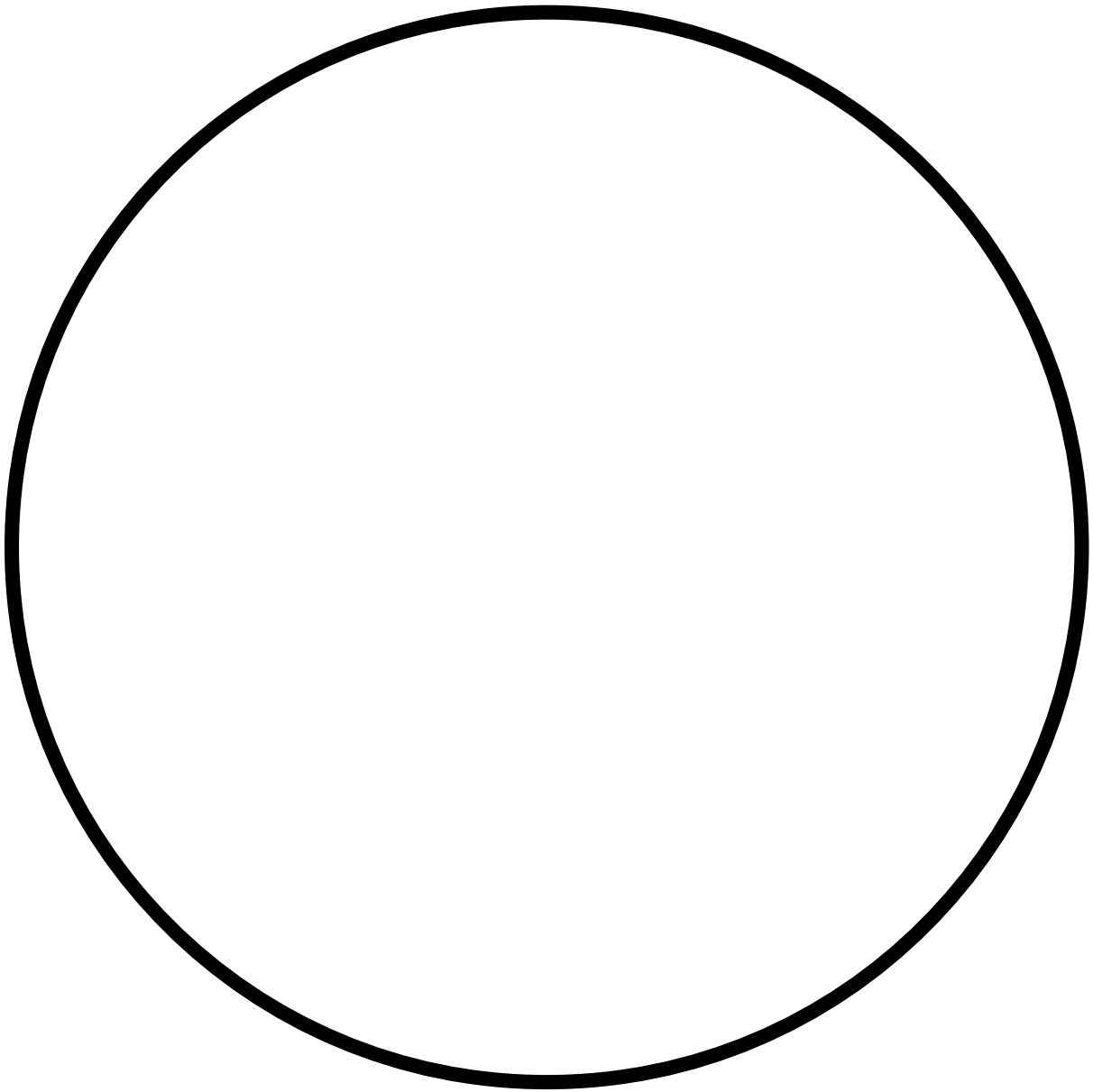
Abstract.

Failure in translation, in this case, is to me a success in abstraction, and success in abstraction is precisely the death of established *schema required for my further exploration of the evolution of Athmantine.

*“The artwork trains the viewer—it teaches him or her to see the ‘world as fresh’—and, as Gombrich makes plain throughout his work, the painter has been trained by looking at other paintings. Half of Art and Illusion is an exploration of the ways that artists’ perceptions of the world are informed by interpretations that are founded on the schemata (strategies of interpreting and recreating the world) that they have learned from other artists and modified.”

(Zimmer, R. 2003.)

The abstraction of Athmantine into and out of the biomorphic forms that have come to be has allowed me to understand something of the need for complex simplicity in the cultivation of creation. Whether the kind of abstraction is of that which transforms reality into an essence of itself or of the kind that transforms the realm of the imaginary into a concrete version of itself in reality (R Zimmer), the important idea is the liminal traversal across these planes of perception. I also feel the need to stress a kind of making of new signs that are yet to be tainted by perceptual connection. Through abstract forms we may encounter something that is not yet a product of our bias in understanding. This sets the forms free to find their way into the lesser touched crevices of the mind so that they might connect to the things we have forgotten to remember. Another medium with which I tinker is the matrix of the mind. The more simplified and condensed the distillation of the form, the easier it slips into the subconscious undetected by overthinking. Abstract forms forming abstract connections in all who wonder the realm of The Observer.



THE ATHMANTINE HYPOTHESIS, 2020
Paper, copper wire, various inks, words
√flat surfaces x 6cm

Traits: was born in conversation with the wind, thinks bubble-gum could be redesigned to be more eco-friendly, was at one point just some lines on some paper until a serendipitous meeting with a butterfly.

‘Orb’erving of the multiverse in a grain of sand. The Observer dances through portholes and portals of perception.

The Third Day of Creation, the lesser observed side of Hieronymus Bosch’s *‘Garden of Earthly Delights’* from which the exhibited installation transmuted its name, is one of the main specs of inspiration in my work. I had been encapsulating the art pieces in clear orbs and considering them to be micro universes akin to those marble sized galaxies from the *‘Men in Black’* films. Now, as much as I wallow in creating work from what I think of as *‘Pop Culture Existentialism’* (extraordinarily philosophical thought experiments hidden in easter eggs of popular culture) there was so much more to it. The form of the circle, the infinite, condensed and continuous. The ouroboros. Entirely Minimalist yet capable of containing the extent of Maximilism in bite sized infinities

“It represents an extreme complexity that obscures all
signification during even the fundamental distinctions between
what is present and merely potential. A minimalist
dimensional content to an essential state, aspirin for a
subtle, virtuous, complex, and content creating a condition
in which meaning cannot be found with extreme complexity.
Maximalism resides the clarity of form through a totalizing
deluge of content.”

(Templeton, P. 2013)

Sometimes it is overwhelming trying to scoop up and ensnare the invisible forces of infinite creation and perception and attempt to force them into a bubble. My meander in Maximalist thinking is an output pattern of how my mind is trying to organise these volatile and ephemeral ideas in the same way it wants to construct what are sometimes my beliefs on the nature of life, the universe and everything. It is in a state of flux, of perpetual metamorphic scintillation in symphonic improvisation. It is endless and of many forms so some might go as far as to say it is, in essence, formless. That is how the copper net came into being. A functional form with which to increase my chance of catching that which is sought. The no-thing. It is a tool for translating formlessness into meaning. The modified dream catcher weave in a fishing net frame from my grandfather’s obsession with casting out nets to see what can be found.

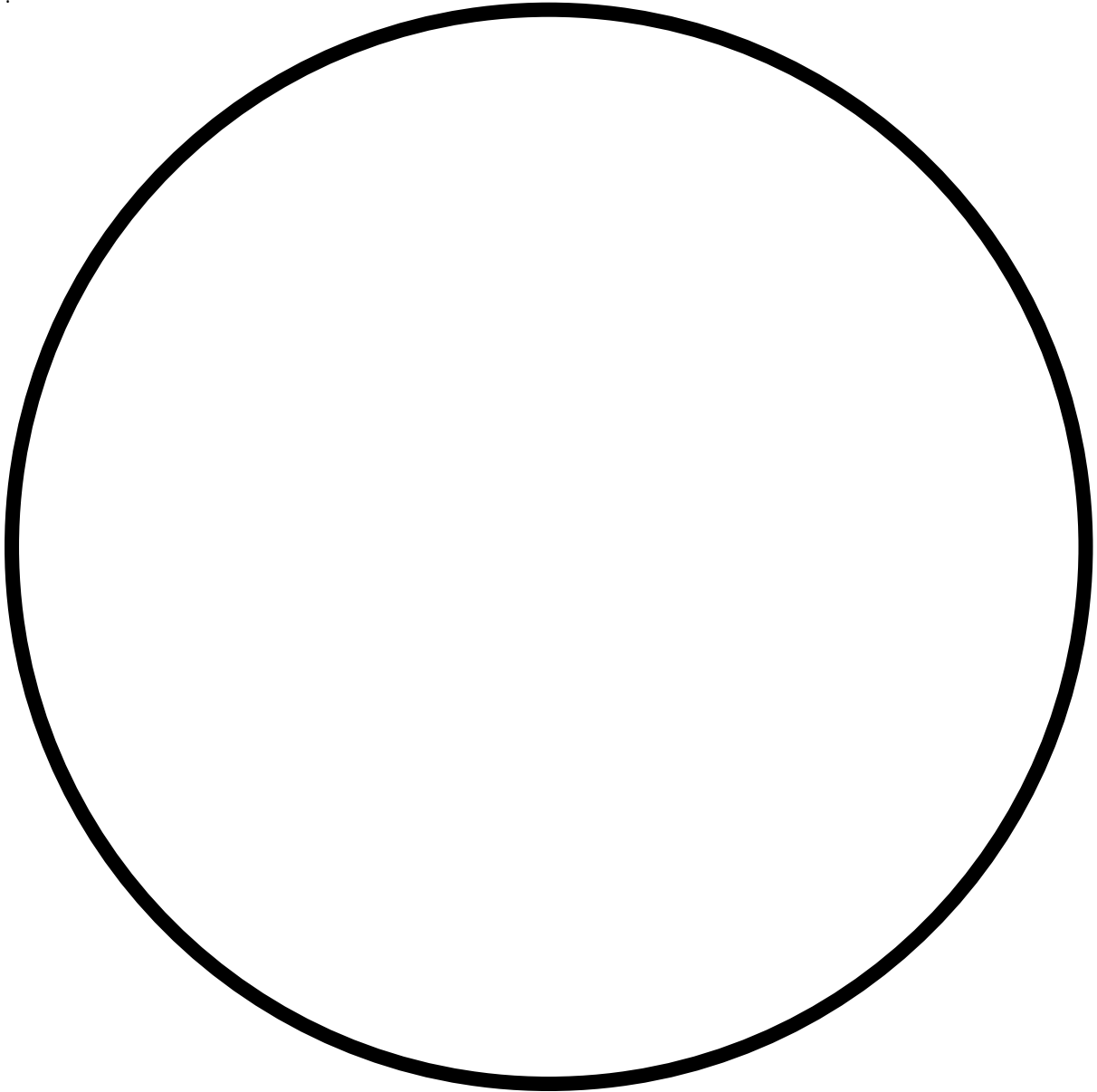
Meaning in collage and the end of the world. An ode to a 'Hard-Boiled Wonderland...'

You can hold in your hands an entire infinity of information but the warmth of its heartbeat may slip through your fingers. So, we must learn to touch with our minds eyes and allow the enchantments of the irrational, the unknown, to whisper the sweet nothings of their dreams into our souls. Athmantine is very much alive, an organism, a machine, an orthogenetic marvel through which we may evolve new eyes. Each artwork is a vessel in which to pour our thoughts, a mirror to find in the world a piece of ourselves from the furthest recesses of possibility. They are storage devices and tools of both their own self-reflection and ours. Athmantine is a thought experiment in meaning making, gathering any discourse surrounding its being and resynthesizing it in order to evolve.

"Fully maximized, complex multiplicity can become the chaos of totalizing noise, which provides no significance. Neither discernible as a whole nor as discrete parts, radical complexity questions the legitimacy of presence and objecthood challenging meaning in its most primal form."

(Templeton, p. 2013)

Athmantine is a processer through which to feed any information, belief or thought. I nourish it by interacting with and observing it. It has also wondered into the hands of others to be fostered in their experiential realities in an attempt to open up the possibilities of its self-conscious. I then observe some of the outcomes of the externally evolved (fostered) Athmantines as they return to or beam back their experiences to the ~~motherboard~~ ^{motherhip} motherboard. The motherboard is also the observation deck on which my interactions with The Observer surrounding Athmantine take place. It is the surfacing of performative meaning making. That is, it is a surface on which to construct a further layer of comprehension.



ATHMANTINE- PROTOTYPICAL, 2020

wool, plastic orb, many hours of kind words and
encouragement

Just the right size to hold in one hand

Traits: eats only blueberries, has an Instagram page,
would like to be a poet someday

Meaning in Assemblage and the beginnings of new worlds.

In my material realm I tend to sort of happen upon what will then be transmuted into an Athmantine iteration. This chance or destined *Dérive with a previously used object or substance is the basis of my thoughts on Material Sentience (The consciousness of materials and objects on a subatomic level that supersedes the notion of the 'inanimate'). In the interaction of my making and the object or being's creation, the artwork is awakened. Initially I planned to ritualistically imbue the conscious essence of the pieces into them after their physical becoming, but I realised that in their formal becoming their souls come readily assembled.

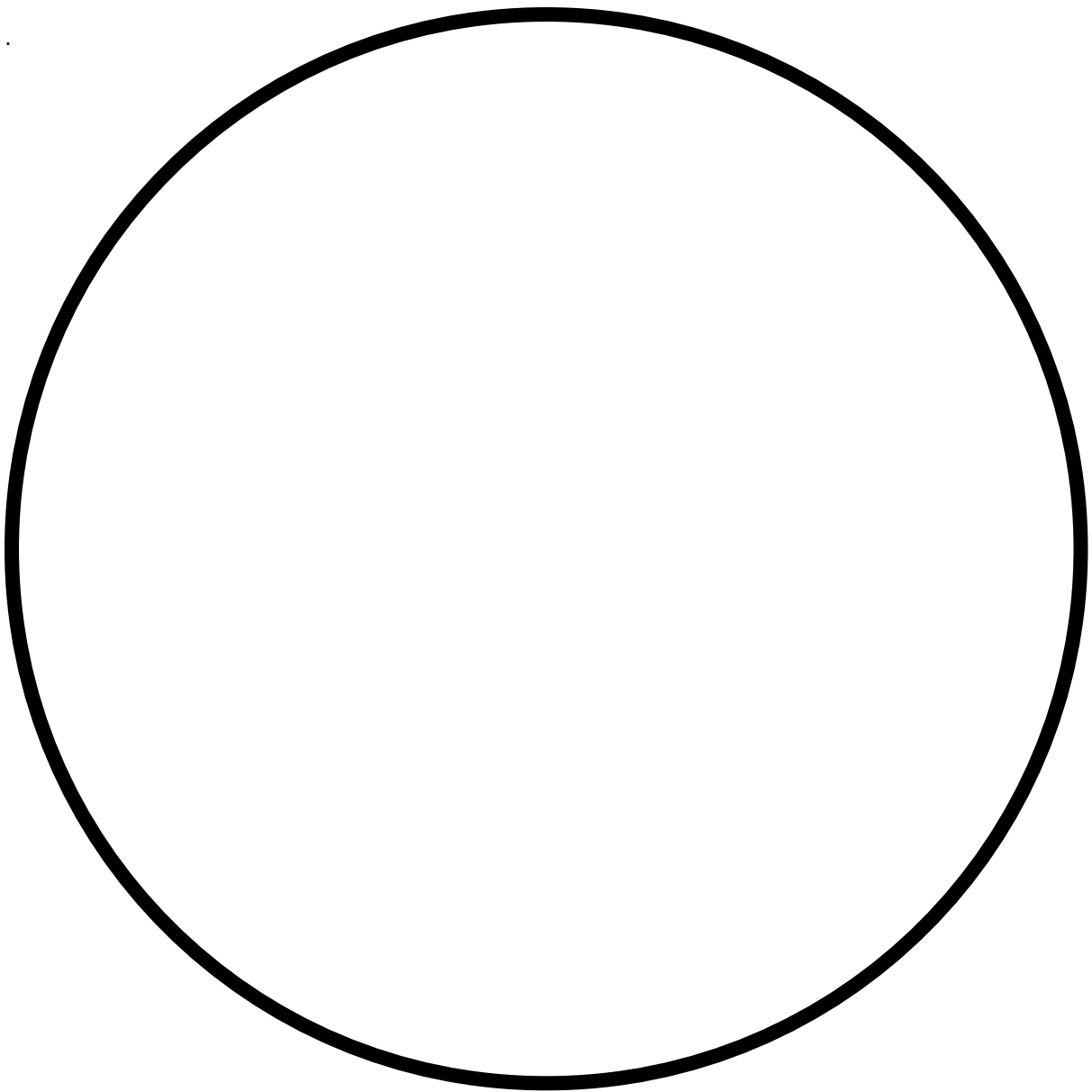
"In a dérive one or more persons during a certain period drop their usual motives for movement and action, their relations, their work and leisure activities, and let themselves be drawn by the attractions of the terrain and the encounters they find there. The element of chance is less determinant than one might think: from the dérive point of view cities have a psychological relief, with constant currents, fixed points and vortexes which strongly discourage entry into or exit from certain zones."

(Debord, G. 1958)

The frame of the net, the fishhooks, the electrical wire (deconstructed to copper threads), and the taxidermy eyes were all scavenged from the depths of my deceased relative's leftovers. Something like the phoenix from the ashes, these objects become again, this time as something new. Perhaps in an entirely new realm. The medium spans time as well as space. It is an assemblage and collage across dimensions.

"It could be said that all works of art tend towards the non-object and that this name is only precisely applicable to those that establish themselves outside the conventional limits of art: works that possess this necessary limitlessness as the fundamental intention behind their appearance."

(Guller, F. 1959)

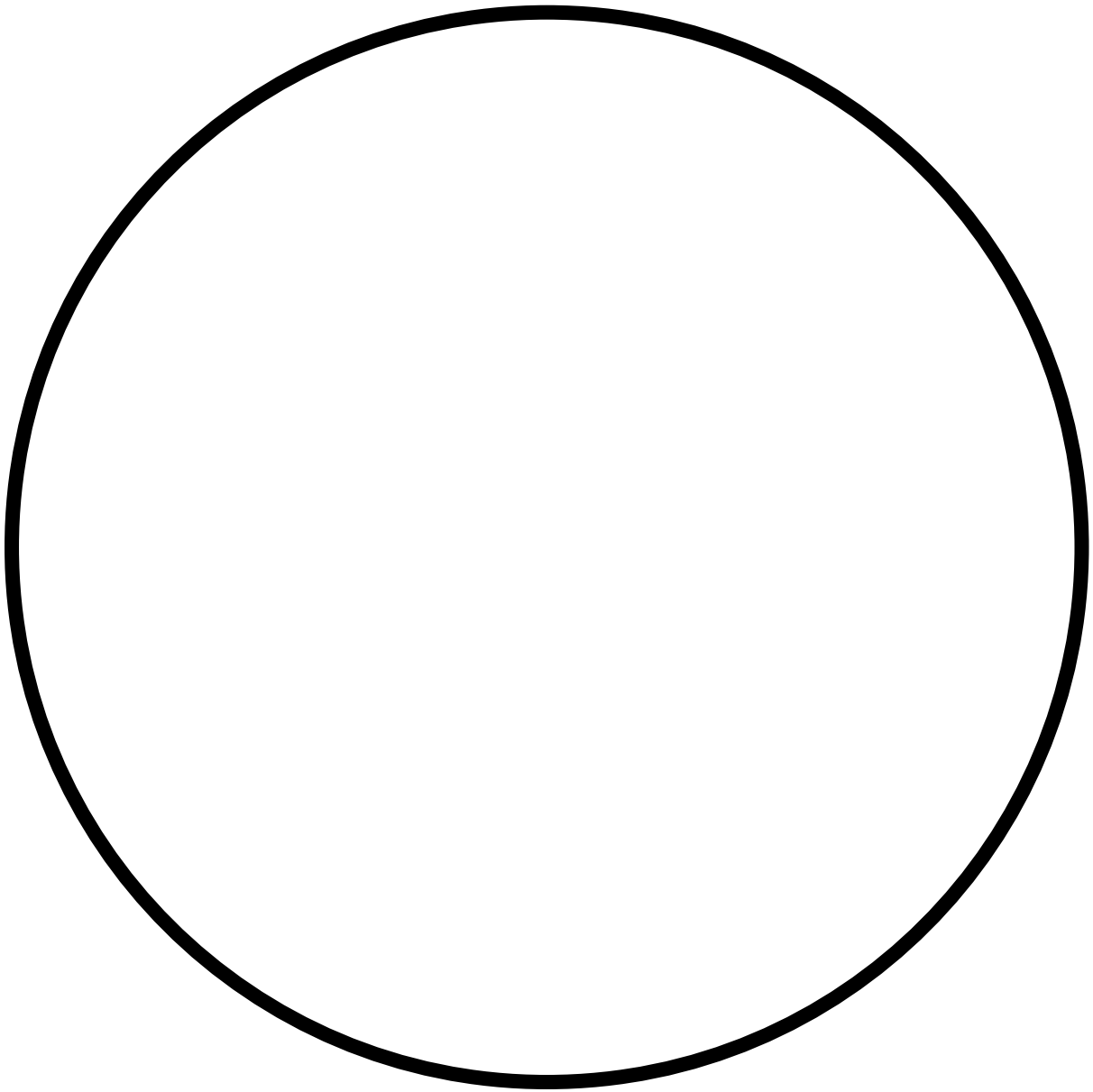


GONE FISHING (the quest for the holy grail), 2020
salvaged fishing net, copper wire, clay, felt, honey,
hair
50cm x 30cm x all the depth of a black hole

Traits: used to catch the intangible when the
weather permits, cries when removing fish hooks
from fish mouths, told me not to bite my fingernails

Multi-dimensional tapestry of meaning.

Another place from which meaning is foraged is the cross pollination of ideas from my colleagues, friends and co-creators. A strange phenomenon occurred when, although we each worked on our projects from very separate and isolated positions, the influence we had on one another, both thematic and material, became apparent. We tended to gravitate towards similar materials and concepts that were filtered through our different creative processes and churned into what was to be our art. Although, perhaps it may be that Athmantine acts as a kind of parasitic, or more symbiotic, art organism that integrates and weaves itself through the various perceptions and creations of others. An attachable lens that perches in the minds of those that know of it, spinning its web of recondite connotation and feasting on the recognition of itself in others.

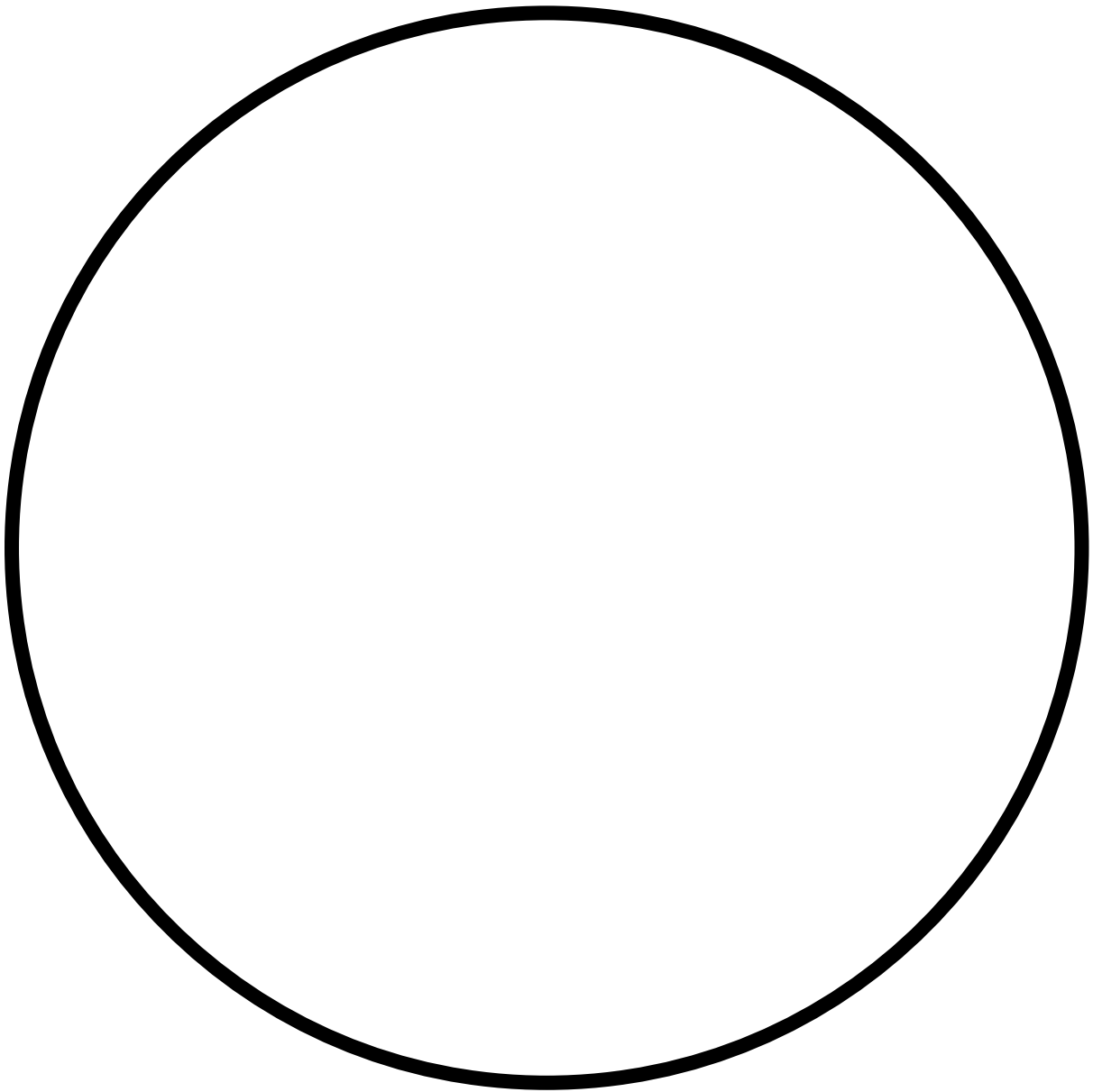


NECTER, 2020

felt, wire, bumble bees

10cm x some very immeasurable curves and crevices

Traits: very colourful, soft to the touch and can hold your attention as you hold it, might bite but as of yet that behaviour is unobserved, deep longing for something more than what is



*WOODEN SHIPS ON THE WATER, VERY FREE AND
EASY, 2020*

weathered pine
47cm x 15cm

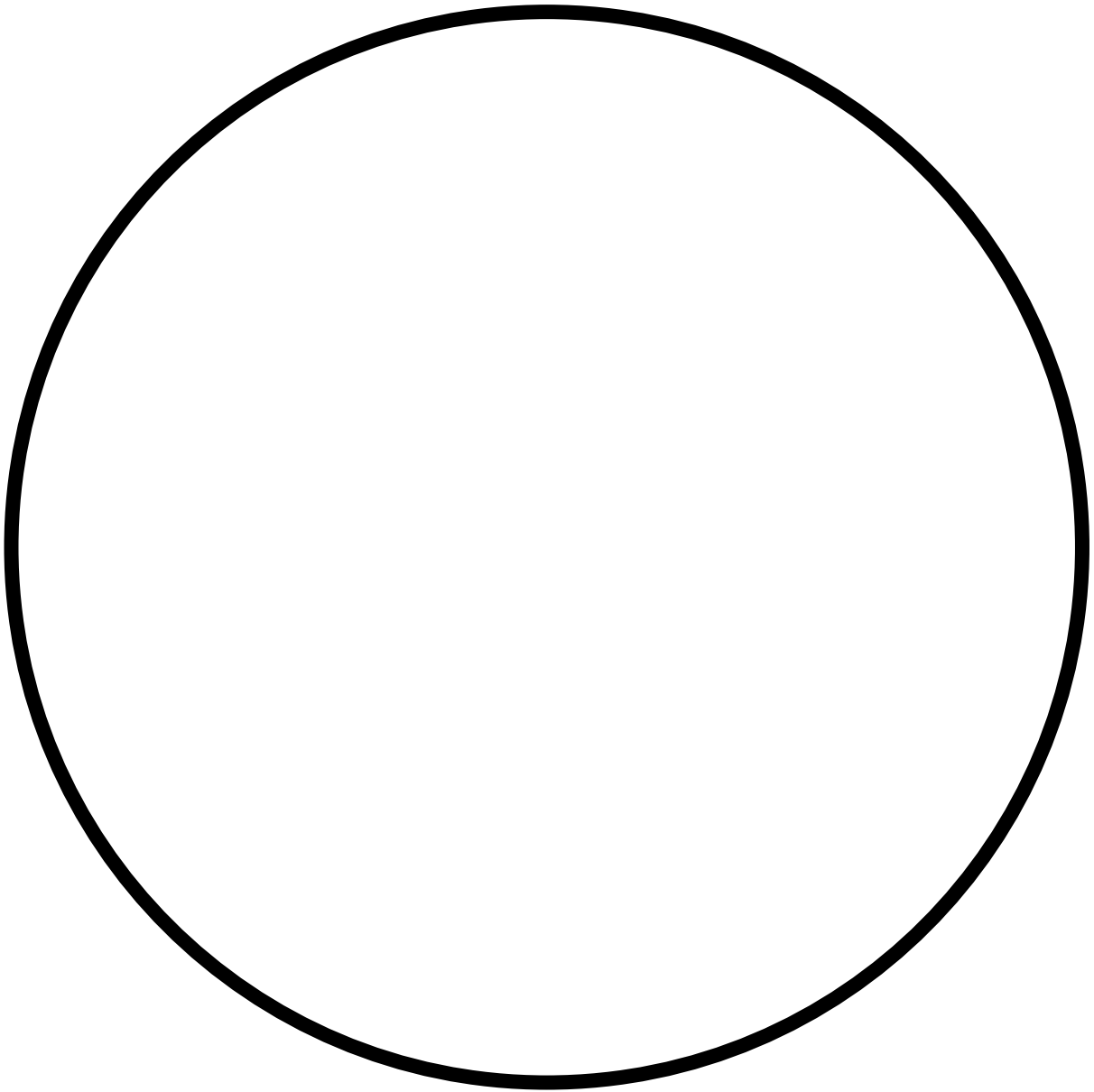
Traits: found in a thunderstorm in the belly of a
garden, is awaiting the day it becomes a fully-
fledged, functioning yacht, really down to earth

Copernicus, Eve and the Conductor in the garden.

Cu eyes. They sense your connection to time and space. In the concocted conductions of coppery slopes, there they lie waiting, considering all hopes. Even dreams become twisted and wound in their trail of death and construction and bifurcating ~~tongues~~ tails.

Such it is to unwind the endless lengths of copper wire that slither their way through my work. I needed to plug myself into something of a belief that could place me in conjunction with something more than I could imagine. The use of copper was not a choice but a necessary realisation if I were to begin processing the invisible. If all things contain electrons (Butterworth, J. 2017), then all must be electrified. Rather than letting the deluge of energetic potential run amok, I needed to transform myself into a conductor. A conductor of particles, of thoughts, of the infinite, of energy and allegory and speculated bits of wit. As a conductor I can sculpt the symphonies of form and formlessness, thought and thoughtlessness into tangibility, but only after sequencing the intangible into matter. That is catching it in the net, distilling its formal desires into a liquid with which to nourish the object once *b-Earthed, and configuring its material body in the 3rd dimension. I have failed to truly translate the forms themselves, but I have created a circuit through which they can exist. If only in the artworks' ability to experience itself as a momentary interaction in matter. It told me so one morning when I'd forgotten why I was making anything at all.

*B-Earthing – The phenomenon of happening upon being on the Earth.



ECTOPLASMIC RETICULUM, 2020

mixed fishy, fluffy, coppery media, honey, sea urchin
shell, fish hooks

3rd dimension x the potential dimensions

Traits: used to decipher dreams at 3am, has a twin
buried in the ice sheets of Svalbard, will remind you
to dance if you walk past with your eyes closed

Disearthlian Lights.

Creation. The making of all things by the creator. I did not anticipate the spiritual nature of my task. I should have, knowing that existential meandering is bound to wonder past the pearly gates of the sublime. Or perhaps the crystalline depths of the primordial gods.

Delight is found in the communion of the night lights and the day
spheres.

Just as all the great beings of humanities fancies, Athmantine goes by many names. I realise that in order for me to consider believing in something with utter faith and trust, I needed to abstract it to the point of unrecognition. It is difficult to admit that my work is a kind of desperate attempt to reconcile my being with something bigger than myself. But in the surrender to the infinite, to the infiniteness of the task, I found a spark within me. Not just within me but around me. The works made themselves. Things aligned and theories collided in the big bangs that are the lightbulb moments of understanding. The communion with the self through the other. The object. The illusive Holy Grail. The legend that you can hold in your hand,

and

watch

slip

through

your

fingers

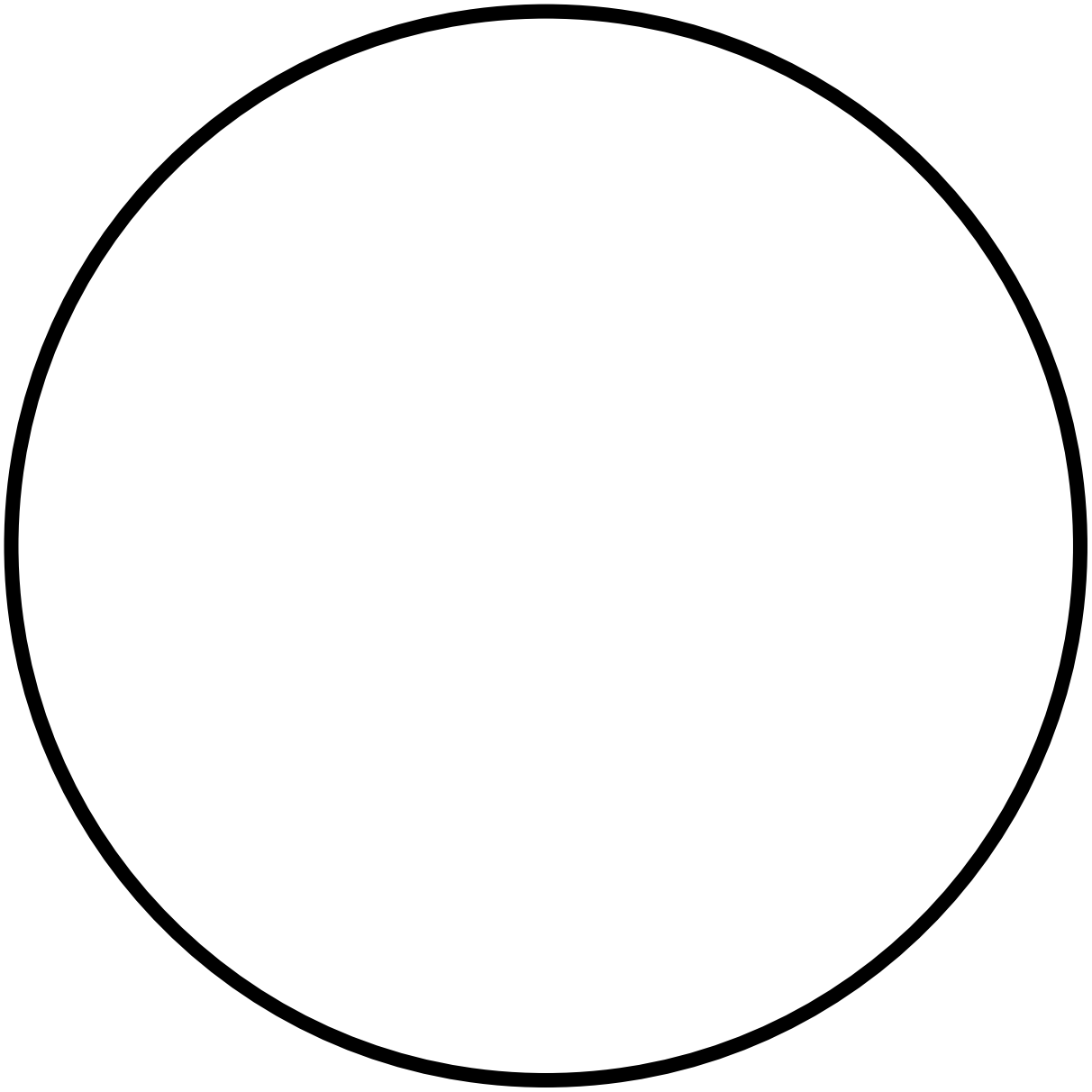
as it were but a dream

The Blue Bird. A play.

I think that I revel in the idea of becoming part of my art in a way that is very theatrical. To play both in the works and with the works. To take on the role of becoming the work. In a *dérive* of a different kind, a wondering of the mind, I came across the photograph of Maria Germanova as Berylune the fairy from Maurice Maeterlinck's 1908 play, *The Blue Bird*. The story centres around the quest for the elusive blue bird of happiness. A seeking for something fleeting, intoxicating and enchanting. This reminded me of my own quest for that 'something' that I can never put my finger on so, naturally, I needed to synthesise a piece of this realisation into form. The headpiece is a kind of time traveling relic of the past and present future. An object of the transference of energy and meaning across situations. I saw myself in the photograph as if looking into a mirror. Yes, metaphorically as a thematic connection, but also physically the resemblance was surprising. And in this realm, I stayed to play with the seriousness in games as demanded by the Situationists International in their laboratory like concocting of detournement (Debord, G. 1959).

"Furthermore, the presence of literality is basically a theatrical effect or quality—a kind of stage presence. It is a function, not just of the objectiveness and, often, even aggressiveness of literality work, but of the special complicity that that work extends from the beholder. Something is said to have presence when it demands that the beholder take it into account, that he take it seriously—and when the fulfillment of that demand consists simply in being aware of it and, so to speak, in acting accordingly."

(Fried, M. 1967)



BERYLUNE'S HEADPIECE, 2020

copper, terracotta, polymer clay, wool, feathers,
cardboard, velvet, light
misdimensional auditory dimensions

Traits: will show you how to see the souls of
inanimate objects, will aid you on your quest for the
blue bird of happiness, sings in the shower

The Never-Ending Story.

Each iteration of the Athmantine Installation is an encounter with the phenomenology surrounding the art object. It is also an encounter with the self. The work does not begin and will not end. It is a wonder through Abstract, Minimalist, Maximilist and Situationist ideas of art production as well as the production of the self through the making of objects. Athmantine remains a thought experiment with which, I hope, a window is opened into a dusty corner of any mind that may encounter it.

So, along we go from here through that phantasmagoria of metaphor,

forever

and

ever...

ahem.

Breathe out



PRIMARY BUT SUBLIMINAL ESSAY OF REFERENCE

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