

Matter

- one We are matter. We are material. We consist of atoms. The atoms have formed clusters, tissues. Flesh. We consist of flesh is skin.
In summer when clothes are not always worn one sees the skin. It is brown then, the sun has tanned it, but it is also often oil. The oil came from a bottle. The bottle is made of plastic. Plastic is also matter.
In summer there is an abundance of matter. There is grass, and trailer homes, and a lot of skin. There is a glossiness over the matter. Also over the grass. The glossiness may stem from the oil which may lay like a coating or haze over everything. It may be grill oil unless it is tanning oil. It may be diesel oil, tiny drops in the air are said to exist.
- two We are matter. We are material. We are materialists. We have always been attracted to matter. In certain times (as said) there has been spirituality too, but spirituality poses many problems.
It can not be marketed, not the same way. It is not at all as explicit. It can not be packaged. We are material. But when we invented language and started thinking abstractly many believed we would end up differently. It is possible it could have been possible. But something kept us linked to matter, perhaps it was the fabulous sexual drive or the love of good food. The purely earthly.
- three Relations can be materialistic too, especially relations to matter. Shininess is contagious, and everything does not have to be emotions. It may function better if it is really obvious, if it is about a kind of care-taking. The decision-making process would be clearer, the division of roles easier.
Matter is linked to a whole body language.
There is kind of attraction in matter, described by physicists in several ways. Gravitation. One can see it in check-out counter lines, in the lines at the hot dog stand. People stand there and *bend over* and wait for their turn.
Movements stop, eyes gaze on matter, there is weight, not just in the wallets. The shininess is there, on the eyes. Then the goods are carried from the stores. There walks a man and his product. Home. In a kind of embrace.
Gestures exist in abundance at this level, the Rudimentary level.
- four Activities and attractions are designed nowadays in close cooperation with matter. There is not that much activity. Almost everything is ready to use, one hardly needs to use it. Shininess again. Mainly, it is about standing and yelling. Or sometimes sitting. And feeling goddamn content, or fairly. On the other hand: Even lounging is an activity, it could hardly be anything else. Slowing down smoking cigarette. Relaxing. A reduction, down to the important matters.
One is helped here. By the market. The market assures that nothing unnecessary slips through. No minority interests should come and make demands.
The market cares. About people. And they are many or could become. If they can cluster together. Like matter. The many are also the initiated.
The many know how to do it. The many have nothing else to do. It is called, among other things, to consume. Consuming is a way of life, or the order way around. Goods are produced *from time*, appear when one shops, and are with us *through time*. For a while and then out.
Goods stem from time, but they are invented by people who stand off to the side and invent, and send them in. Those who have imagination. Who have boundless innovation and want to go on, and on, and invent more and more.
Matter is nothing. It is what one *makes out of it* that counts.

The general tendency is for everything to narrow into a wider road so that much falls off to the side, while other things stick. That which is left. Then one is at the end. A few heavy brands with super neat stickers.

five One should say something about the earth. The earth is what is below the shoes. If one does not want to, one does not have to pay attention to it. But it is of interest, because things end up there that witness what is going on higher up. Packaging, small and large, colorprinted. They spread out too, in kind of irregular concentric figures around some distant more or less material center.

We are dismantled.

We are in pieces.

We are besides ourselves.

We are matter.

Only power is concentrated. It concentrates.

six A happy state, is that not what all of us think about? That is where we are heading, so that the abundance spills over at last. So that it is completed. If we then would notice it, no one knows.

It is flowing. And perhaps it *is* also happy. The problem is just that a kind of spreading out has also afflicted humanity.

One often looks around nowadays, and there is a bag over the head. An empty bag that possibly never has been filled but rather inflated.

Not symbolically inflated, just inflated.

All those together is about ONA., B's art works by my imagination.

I wish the great successes to her creative art and eagerly looking for to see her exhibition soon here, in Mongolia.

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