



john ros  
the processes of knowledge

## the processes of knowledge work by john ros

this work comes from a history of thought processes. first, from the realm of consciousness and being. we are the sum value of our systems and beliefs. from collaborative to singular, our realities mingle with each other in awkward states of melancholy. moments of time form data which is recorded and remembered. our histories plague us, but we must remember so we don't plague again.

next comes the distraction and willingness to suppress that which we are and know. the suppression of awareness. the stage set; moments pass through each sequence from awake to dreamlike to unconsciousness; all is manufactured willingly.

we are then forced to create the asylum, set forth for those unfit and unworthy. creating standards and demands filtered through the simulcast. the suppression now comes from another, not within. setting our path on their recommendations. our civilization, a morose madness toward tomorrow, has set itself up for disaster.

finally we come to a time of self-examination, challenging our views and the views of others. tired of sleepwalking through our daily existence, we process our findings based on battles and disputes. our victories become the foreground for new decisions. new times. the processes from which knowledge comes begins to have a tangible sense. a sense of the past, that we learn from, and a sense of the future that we will, all to soon, forget. the only thing we have then, is the sense of the now. existing inbetween each of the previous, i hold tight and still. remember.

the processes of knowledge. understanding through the absorption of everyday events and the nonstop affairs around us. we collect, compute and learn from all past experience. our formulation of such data becomes the knowledge we gain looking at the world. trembling with fear, or brazen, by the side of the corporate monster, we sort through our histories for present-time decision making. must we forget our time...our past. must we forge ahead, as if the horrors have never happened? or can we simply erase yesterday's mistakes by the subtle brainwashing that takes place everyday on the six-o'clock news. memory must stand on its own. filtered and filed to learn from mistakes and move forward. horrors placed on grids. simple files linked with neurons, communicating with one another thus creating the process of knowledge.

## miscellaneous. by john ros

what is art? in the realm of trying to define art we are riddled with circumstances where we end up shooting ourselves in the foot. first, the forever...you must go to new york, that's where all the art is happening. what are these people talking about? do they know what is happening? do they see what i see? gallery after gallery of absolute shit, passed off in some so-called contemporary moment, for the commercial and financial gain of some power-hungry gallery owner. in an age where everyone's an artist. where craftspeople, photorealists, professional artists and daily practicing artists are all placed on the same plane and given the same merit? we need to take a breath out of this quagmire we trench ourselves in. in a time where the drive is financial, where society is driven solely by gain and self improvement...in looks, fashion, and wealth. how can we even stake our claim? the only way i see is to set yourself apart from the others. to form a movement. how have all the movements functioned before? they are defined by societal constraints that are used to justify, make excuses for, and compartmentalize people's work. do these eras ever really end? and have they ever really purely been started? or have they always functioned in society? always being present, always making a difference and always being unpopular. to become a mover, the norm must be challenged and the responsible must be questioned.

the stagnant state of backward conservative thought. riddled with false images; spined for a positive one. people in power taking credit for the hard working-class. optimistic and comforted by the smallest detail, exploding the impact to cover the next six months of lethargic, reverse rolling. hope lies within the processes of knowledge. hope that some fact, some image can be implanted and remembered. dissent and activism is the only thing able to mobilize and motivate. the troops align, ready for fire. i await the signal.

