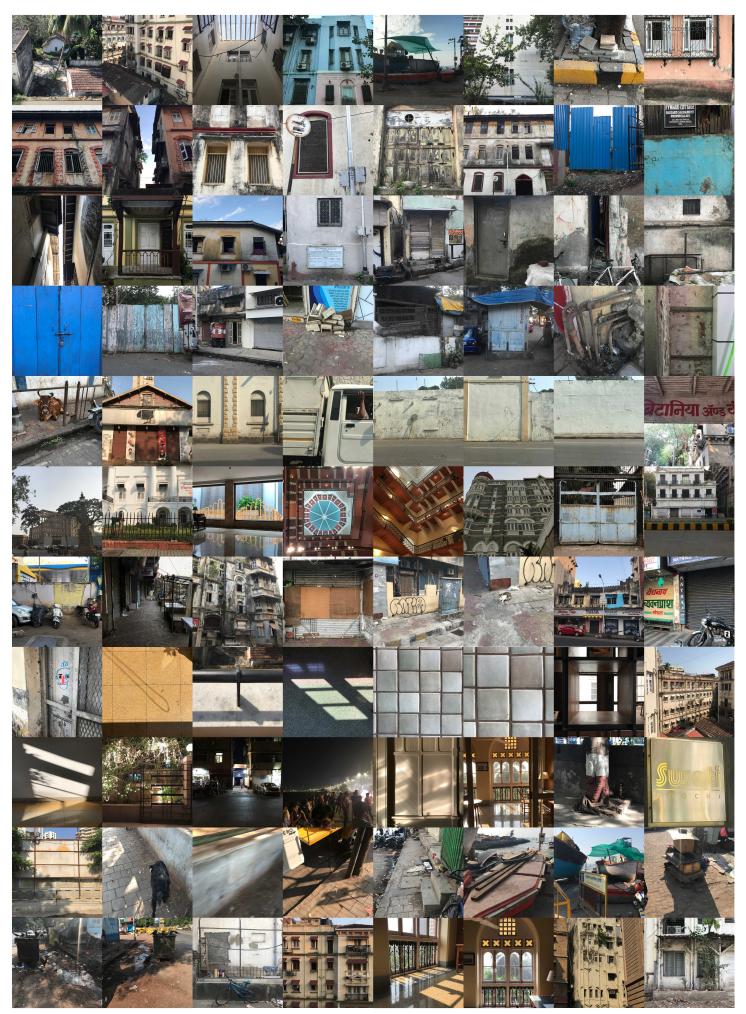
john ros SqW:Lab // final reflection february 2019



john ros, 2019 tash's play project





barriers, boundaries, borders, partitions, margins, edges – dividers, walls, enclosures, rials, tracks, spaces and moments that define inside and outside. up and down. here and there, us and them, other.

public space aims to open these divides. open society relies on people's ability to come together. mingle, gather, congregate, discuss, celebrate, elevate. freedom to talk – congregation allows for interactions between public and private interweaving networks of connectivity and support in a way that allows camaraderie.



warm rhombic shapes float over floor passing as time marking slow trail like sundial. moment to moment these spaces are bound by shadow and their own finiteness. nuanced movement like gentle touch passing – inch by inch on skin raising pore and hair and heart.

pull back from cast light the source becomes reflective too – more rectangular – set below and above. space and time seem uncertain like refrain set on repeat up and down scales s-l-o-w-l-y like caress from outside felt in the most inward spaces – gut, bone, blood – hum in synchrony.



squareness of tiles. rolled, baked, glazed. sealed histories applied to new ones. memories shared in color tied together – grouted – lines marking time like endless journeys through spaces unknown. lines paralleled and crossed form these building blocks over and over, passing through i cannot but help to be pulled into the void – full and empty at the same time.

shades of green-grey-blue remind of the strength in difference, possibilities that fall on varietal moments and people building those moments. echoes of formations insquare hum unity for moments like these.



containers within containers within containers. these open vessels define. they protect, support, esnes, absorb, they inhale and exhale like their human counterparts. inhabiters alike, they communicate the ebb and flow of instants come and gone, they hold yesterday and tomorrow in the present pointing the exact moments of flux. holding hopes and dreams not unlike each whisper of intent through waking days, these spaces give us seconds of pause like awaking from dreams with scents that bring us back to that very place we found time and air, each holds the same power and holds us upright.



outside-in like sun rushing through windows of time like reflections or shadow puppets or silhouettes of imagined and real beings, set against gridded floor, squares follow me like guides, they move me from place to place, not unlike the source of this projection, the place i stand.

slow pilgrimage through this place – on wall and floor and ceiling – retreats only to return. a slightly divergent path now covers familiar ground with subtle expansion. paths taken propels the sightline of awareness and allows for the silence of revelation.

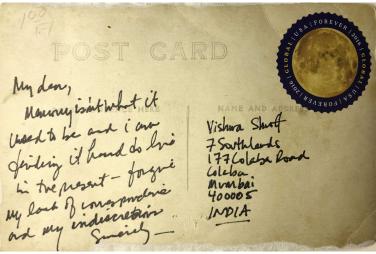


pattern, like wall's memory gliding through articulated moments both lived and found. places stumbled upon. temporary shelters or homes. places to think and to create and to be. here, at the Royal Bombay Yacht Club sounds and smells swirled with light and color like beating breath – rhythmic and constant – tossing and twirling as one pulse through skin – inward and outward.

these walls looked like crepey skin, tarnished from years long fights and anguish. home is a place to exhale. to recuperate. to enjoy the swirls of color and light – reverberated rounded redolence.

john ros january 2019

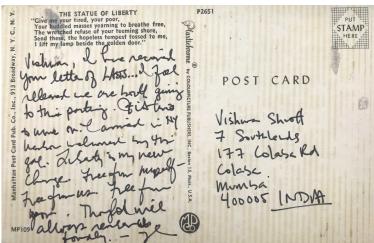


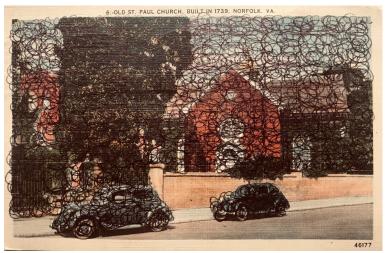


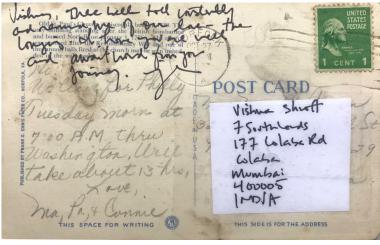


This great Memorial to George Washington, the Mason, is situated on Shooters Hill, in the western part of Mozandiat, Va., on the high Woomtown of the Mozandiat of the Mozandiat of the Mozandiat of the State of the Mozandiat of the State of the Mozandiat of the State of the State of the Mozandiat of the State of the State of the State of the Mozandiat of the State of the Mozandiat of the Mozandia of the Mozandiat of the Mozandiat of the Mozandia of the Mozandia of the Mozandiat

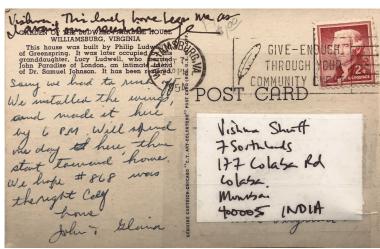




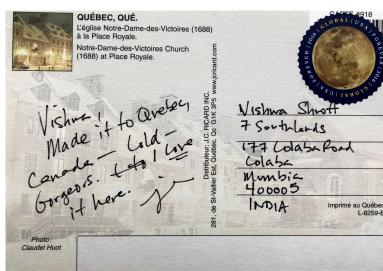














vishwa,

this trip means so much to me though i know it means we will be apart for some time. your send-off was splended and will keep my dreams sweet for somany nights. until we embrace again, hugs and kisses my love.

-john

Missing!



Vishwa Shuff 7 Savtalands 177 Colaba Rd Colaba Mumbai 40000 5 IMDIA



without your touch... memories of your scent stay fresh in my memory. It drives me forward. this trip will give my work meaning. first quebec, then nyc, then riginia. the north american contient hold much magic and beauty. I wish you were here to share this time with me. the distraction would be welcome during the cold nights. my travels have already yielded some positive results. I look forward to sharing them with you and with my colleaugues back at the university. enjoy the time with your parents.

i am sure they are happy to have youwith

more notes on the way... in the meantme, much love to you my dear vishwa.

ROS 302 E 90TH St. AH2D MC My 10128

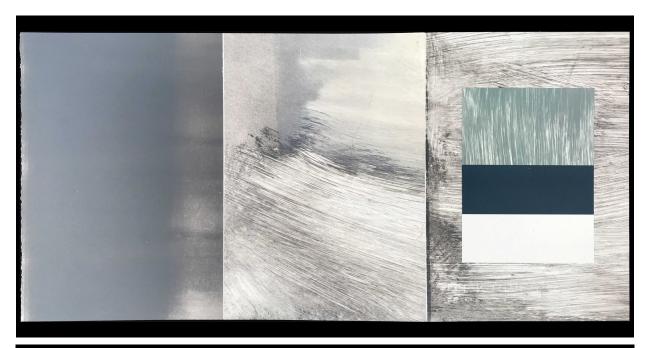


Vishna Shorth 7 Southway 197 Colase Rd Colase Mumbai 400005 INDIA

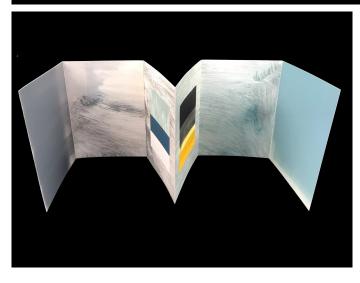
john ros, 2019 vishwa's play project - JAN 2019

7 The White Seal / p.119

That autumn he left the beach as soon as he could, and set off alone because of a notion in his bullet-head. He was going to find Sea Cow, if there was such a person in the sea, and he was going to find a quiet island with good firm beached for seals to live on, where men could not get at them.







john ros, 2019 charlie's play project















The Creative Process, by James Baldwin, Creative America 1962 // Tale Tellers, by John Ros, 2019

01. Perhaps the primary distinction of the artist is that he must actively cultivate that state which most men, necessarily, must avoid: the state of being alone.

Katsushika Hokusai, *The Great Wave off Kanagawa*, c. 1829–33, color wood block

02. The states of birth, suffering, love and death, are extreme states: extreme, universal, and inescapable.

Franz Xaver Messerschmidt, Character Studies Heads, 1770-1781

03. And a higher level of consciousness among the people is the only hope we have, nor or in the future, of minimizing the human damage.

Public Domain, Vietnam War, 1968 by USIA

04. The artist cannot and must not take anything for granted, but must drive to the heart of every answer and expose the question the answer hides.

Set for Mulder's office, X Files, 20th Century Fox 1993

05. I am really trying to make clear the nature of the artist's responsibility to his society. Lascaux Caves near Montignac France

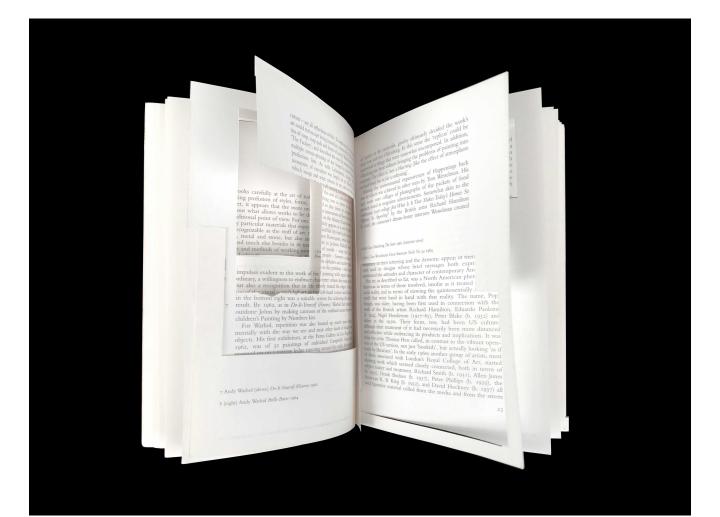
06. That nation is healthiest which has the least necessity to distrust or ostracize or victimize these people -- whom, as I say, we honor, once they are gone, because, somewhere in our hearts, we know we cannot live without them.

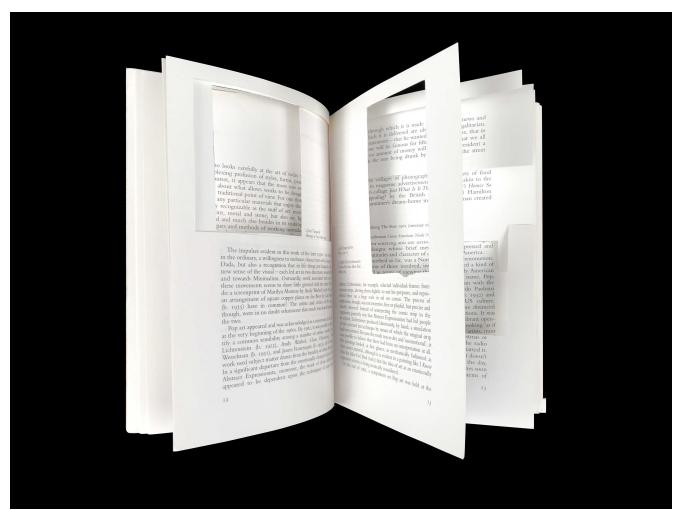
Family fleeing tear gas at US-Mexican boarder in Tijuana, Kim Kyung Hoon, Reuters, 2018

07. Societies never know it, but the war of an artist with his society is a lover's war, and he does, at his best, what lovers do, which is to reveal the beloved to himself, and with that revelation, make freedom real.

Francisco Goya, The Third of May, 1808, 1814, Oil on canvas

john ros, 2019 charlie's play project





upon being back in the real world, with mumbai in close recall, relative to my studio practice — but also my academic and curatorial practice — i am struggling to keep pace. there is guilt attached to not completing play projects on-time or with the rigor i feel they deserve, but also, without the intact conversations of the fellows, some of the projects feel more like required chores than play project. i say this with caution and love as i struggle with time and balance throughout my current live-work situation. i wonder how others feel and how this might all change if we were together, making and discussing in closer proximity.

my academic life has been strong with curatorial and programming strengths throughout the past and current semesters. i have decided to leave my current positions at jmu and take on a new opportunity in nyc. time will allow air to settle and noise to subdue — as it did during my precious time in mumbai.

i now prepare for a solo at the dc arts center in washington dc amid the longest us government shutdown in history. the woes that this causes creates a dichotomy of emotions in me... and the use of art as the industry accepts / academia promotes / and social elites devour. it allows me to regroup and accept my place in it all — from the outside looking in.



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