



# MICROVIDS

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ARTERREAL

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## suite 1

### delivery—a little metaphor

2009 / 04:54



process. a working life. a life working. graveyard shift seen through a monochrome eye. pack stack wrap and load. 'to help keep that habit fed.' steel-capped taught muscles hard earned armoured plates for the occupational health and safety of mortal men. amen. a working class hero is something to be: john lennon. lone corridors lead to a one ton truck on an empty smoke-grey road to an honest day for honest pay. open sesame. 'like the punchline to a 3.5 hour film there is movement from a to b. like our own from cradle to grave?'

### to what avail?

2010 / 00:58



i walk the line. slow deliberate steady but faster and again. again and faster to shake off cobwebs and shadows on the wall. if i fall what then? sculpture as the delineation of space in space of the body setting keeping marking time to church bells. when god hands you a gift he also hands you a whip and the whip is intended for self-flagellation solely: truman capote. a spinning dervish confused in sharp vertigo sweeps tracing future present past burial plots for obedient souls. the cold half-remembered landscapes of industrial revolutions.

### out of one worm hole into another—i am a passenger

2011 / 01:50



the artist in profile in time packed like sardines. a single sardine a single fast moving can. steel conversing with steel whispering sweeping corners of insidious secrets external in utero sounds. paris metro by night like brassai of old. or not paris it hardly matters. pressed palms but not in prayer of parallel lines leading nowhere. somewhere trapped in the euclidean geometries of machines and their selfless lawless existence. 'and as a silent observer i am swept to eternity and then returned.' it is better to travel than to arrive: buddha.

### beneath my skin—there's a will

2012 / 01:23



skin is the largest organ as only skin deep as raw hide as the cover of the book that is judged. as the character of the mask we carry through life come what may. recognition of the self-portrait always. the first thing to take stock register learn and unlearn from akhenaten until now. stretch pinch pull push mark-making. it is impossible to get out of your skin into somebody else's and that is what all of this is a little bit about that somebody else's tragedy is not the same as your own: diane arbus. recognition. of something we can not see.

## suite 2

### sediment true

2009 / 01:08



witness a life in the balance one foot in the silent seabed of regret damned by invisible concrete walls shielding hungry blinded eyes. to pity is to parody the pride of men. he has not more than most modern people sold his honour he has merely made the mistake of choosing a trade at which it is impossible to grow rich: george orwell. a mute sentinel for the protection of passing trade who ignore the cry of the deep sea drowning diver beyond the inky depths. where love is lost past full fathom five there but for the grace of god go i.

### dante's retreat

2010 / 02:45



muzak ascensions in temples of commerce as bright as the sun as lonely as the belly of the whale. connoisseurs of empty desires greeted by mannequin brethren offering alms to lost souls on a free ride playing slowly in reverse no journey not already decided by the dream machine. filled with the secret fear of being caught in the overflow of this luxury and with an irresistible desire to throw themselves into it and be lost: emile zola. 'cos thats u in the reflection right? ha ha ha don't know'. follow me to a happiness tethered to an avarice alone.

### the australian

2011 / 01:51



one thousand three hundred sixteen days: 14 october 1824 to 21 may 1828. the first day on the first front page: strayed from sydney about five months ago a mouse-coloured cow of the buffalo breed branded on the off hip 't.c.' with a brand on the other hip not known. the vanishing of days in white light white heat of being alone in a huddle. there would be much thrashing around in the fog before i learned that australia did not have to belong to the tough that australia could and should belong to the lovers and believers: manning clark.

### reflux

2012 / 01:06



gulping concrete depressions of a city of solitary leaves dead after the fall. as rafts upon a still sea you give up the last breath by anxious lungs to beat retreat risking fevered fears and dread of dark in gravity's downward force. every gulp and swallow an autumn hymnal for the drowned and the saved. now the world is known for being uncommonly various which can be verified at any time by taking a handful of world and looking at it closely: franz kafka. nature wholly indifferent to all scrutiny. eye to eye. teeth to jaw and jowl.

## [youtube.com/user/manumente](https://www.youtube.com/user/manumente)

as an artist it is for me essential to find means to connect directly with a broader public one-to-one free of any obligation mediation or justification. this preferably in more public and openly shared space. i have come to appreciate youtube as one such place.

gary deirmendjian b. 1967 leninakan armenia ussr now gymri armenia is an artist whose practice encompasses sculpture photography video installation and site-specific works. he has exhibited widely and has received numerous new work invitations and commissions for private and public artworks and site-specific projects. he trained as an aeronautical engineer becoming significantly active in defence research and development and then industrial design before commencing full-time artistic practice and undertaking a master of fine arts in sculpture from the national art school sydney. he lives in sydney. [garo.com.au](http://garo.com.au)

so as a writer i always ask myself: how to say something? that's the first thing. the what remains pretty much the same. that's universal experience. the how is the difference. how to say it in a form that complements the function? which is not the same as being complimentary of the subject. it's knowing which rules are the most interesting to break. knowing too the difference between the real impositions of false expectations and the false limits of real style. to find amusement in avoiding interpretations that mark a and b and c along a line that arrive exactly where you expect them to. i tell gary: what you're doing with these microvids is atomising the mass of your quotidian experience to a particle of a truth. like poets do. casual only in the way an artist finds his subject but self-evidently determined in their content and presence online. a piece of paper or pdf where artist and writer might meet and take each other's measure.

pedro de almeida guest curator. b.1980 porto portugal. graduated sydney college of the arts university of sydney bachelor of visual arts honours. former program coordinator campbelltown arts centre. current program manager 4a centre for contemporary asian art. independent curator and writer. contributor to various publications including art & australia art monthly australia exhibition catalogues.

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