

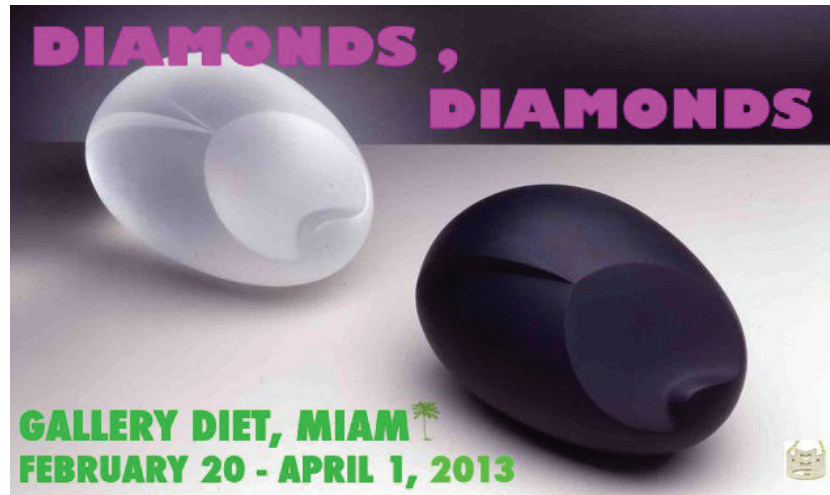


Indoor Miner

February 18th, 2013

By Michael Bilborough

Daniel Feinberg, my favorite art world professional, has curated a group show called *Diamonds, Diamonds*. Daniel is an artist, artist liaison, artist enabler, zine maker, poet, and curator. Despite my enthusiasm for it, I won't be able to see *Diamonds, Diamonds*, because it's in Miami, but to the thousands of Floridians who read this blog, please consider my recommendation to see the show. And to the tens of thousands of locals who read this blog, look to Daniel's show for some of your favorite female artists: Ketuta Alexi-Meskhishvili, Nadia Ayari, Lisa Beck, Barb Choit, Evie Falci, Kathryn Garcia, Michelle Lopez, Davina Semo, Amy Yao, and Tamara Zahaykevich. For everyone else, check out Jon Leon's press release, a bright star in a dark sky of repressive, academic press releases.



Everything you've heard about diamonds is true. They really are slippery jewels that glisten and sparkle in the sunshine. The wettest diamonds are especially radiant. Touching a wet diamond for the first time imprints memories that leave a lifetime of traces. There isn't an experience quite like holding a wet diamond as it perspires between your fingers. The firm pit of the diamond that lies within the soft padding around its angles is a magic center where an intensity of joy is released. Dipping your hands into a diamond mineschle, bringing your treasure up to the surface, and plunging your face into the jagged spectrum of their light is a moment of calm natural serenity. Placing a flawless wet diamond into your very own jewelry box is a sacred moment. Like the rising of the sun above the gently breaking waves around you the jewelry box bursts into an index of transcendent pleasures. White lights dance beneath your eyelids, big stars explode into a skyfull of bright white dots, and the world fades into a variety of color. Open your jewelry box and let the diamonds spill out onto the sheets. Displaying your gems on creamy satin or exotic animal skins is the optimal condition for encouraging their flushed fragrant bloom. Drop them into aquatic pools and watch them drizzle to the waterbed. Love their precious versatility because it is their virtue.

Some say that oysters are full of pearls. In fact, oysters shucked in two will reveal succulent diamonds. It is the kind of ointment you'll wish to bathe in. When you suck the syrupy nectar from an oyster its taste is beyond the thrust of imagination. Take two oysters, crush them into each other, and watch them dissolve into tennis bracelets. A diamond shaped from breaking salt waves, white sand, and sun will provide the utmost pleasure. Nude diamonds illuminated like beacons populate the beachfronts of far-flung resorts. Discovering a wet nude diamond becomes the life work of mystics and connoisseurs. One must hold the diamond close in order to absorb its full affect. There aren't pictures in a book that can describe the silky aroma of nature's climactic jewel. It's like a vast open peach orchard at daybreak frosted with a moist heavenly dew. Of the endangered diamonds it is the forbidden stones that fall from the sky like starshowers that are the most dear. Lie down on the beach at night and look to the constellations. Open your mouth wide and swallow the diamond beams. Completely disrobe for a deep diamond tan.

There are diamonds as big as walnuts. And then there are diamonds as big as The Ritz. The healthiest diamonds are the biggest, wildly cut, stones. Great big diamonds that you can wear on chains that hang between your breasts, or sewn into your hair. But the best way to wear a diamond is all over your face. Daubing diamonds into your cheeks like a rouge, or allowing them to drool over your lips is preferable. Tonguing diamonds, even eating a whole diamond is good for the skin. Surrendering like a captive to the diamond's intrepid elocution is the only way to commingle with its essence. Lie prone to its largesse. Wrap your hands around it and look deeply into its center. It will tell you things – warm, soft, seductions. You can learn to swim, as dolphins have, in an ocean of diamonds. Imagine a vast expanse of glowing serenity punctuated by the occasional silver fin. You can be a part of it. With a pocketful of diamonds you can escape to the limits.

Meanwhile, here is a gem of a mediation that “Diamonds” curator Daniel Feinberg wrote after a visit to Naples, Italy.

Napoli Report

To believe that really good art goes into the unknown. Or arouses the unknown. Sol LeWitt at Museu D’Arte Contemporanea Donnaregina Napoli. Michelangelo Merisi da Carravaggio at Pio Monte della Misericordia. Currently around the corner from each other, like two UFO’s crash landed from two different planets, not exactly friends, certainly colleagues. LeWitt’s Hanging Complex Form, 1989 and Carravaggio’s final painting The Seven Works of Mercy, 1607 are hexagonal simulacra of one another’s mysethical radiance. Kinetic as the trinity may be, formally each work develops three equal axes that intersect in their content slant concept. American art historian John Spike notes that the angel at the center of Caravaggio’s altarpiece transmits the grace that inspires humanity to be merciful. LeWitt’s division of grace takes transmission through the prosthetic stretch of a complex form. Painted wood, pure void. Father, son, spirit triangulates down, movement imported into mass as Heinrich Wölfflin wrote of the painting. I think of a poem I read in the 90s:

If God exists
and I know he must
he does in a dark-green,
feathery
¾ time.

Irrational baroque romanticism saves lives. It’s practically a tautology. Two eruptions, behind closed doors, in an ancient city. Beyond the market, there is another market, spreading chaos to the cash rules everything around me set theories. But money problems are merely surface manifestations. Euro Churches still remind me of that, but so does American Minimalism: isotopic illuminations of model behavior, utopian shadows scaled by tenebric light, new forms new thoughts new age. Primary geometries and modular theologies aside, I think that transcendence is an important conversation for slaves or prisoners or curators to have.