



**Bank. Church. Cathouse.**  
(The Sins of the Father)

**an exhibition by David Dixon**  
139 Main Street, Beacon, NY

July 2 - 17, 2022

















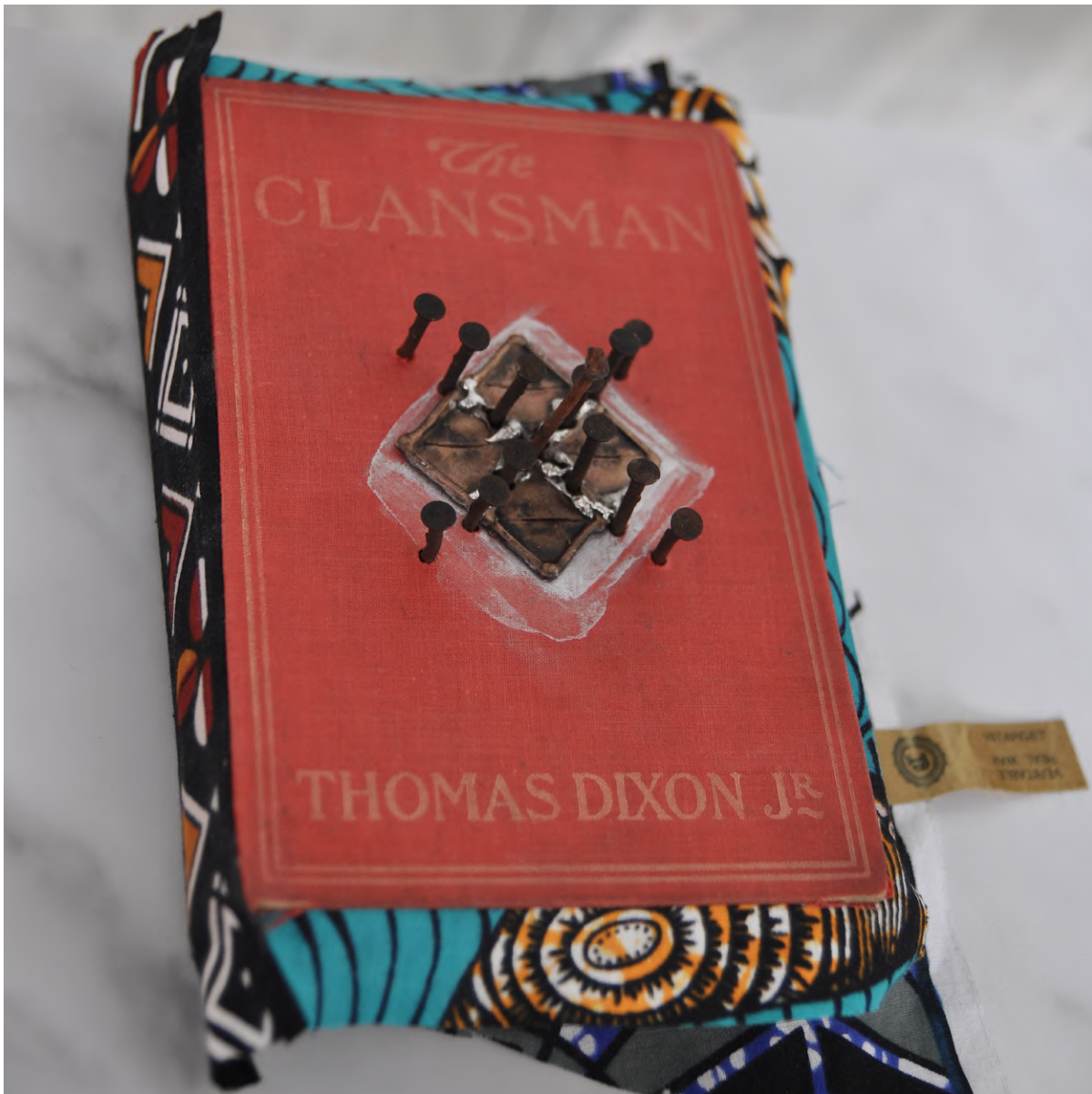


*The Traitor* (2022) stainless steel, rusted nail, bronze, cloth, paper, ink on book by Thomas F. Dixon, Jr., published 1907, 7 x 5 x 1.5 inches

\$5,000



David Dixon



*The Clansman III* (2022) rusted nails (from shipping pallet), bronze, silver solder, fabric, ink on book by Thomas F. Dixon, Jr., published 1905, 7 x 5 x 1.5 inches. This book has interior drawings.

\$5,000

David Dixon



*The Root of Evil* (2022) stainless steel, rusted nail, bronze, fabric, paper, ink, graphite on book by Thomas F. Dixon, Jr., published 1917, 7 x 5 x 1.5 inches, featuring the name and signature of the artist, David Dixon, replacing that of the author.

\$5,000

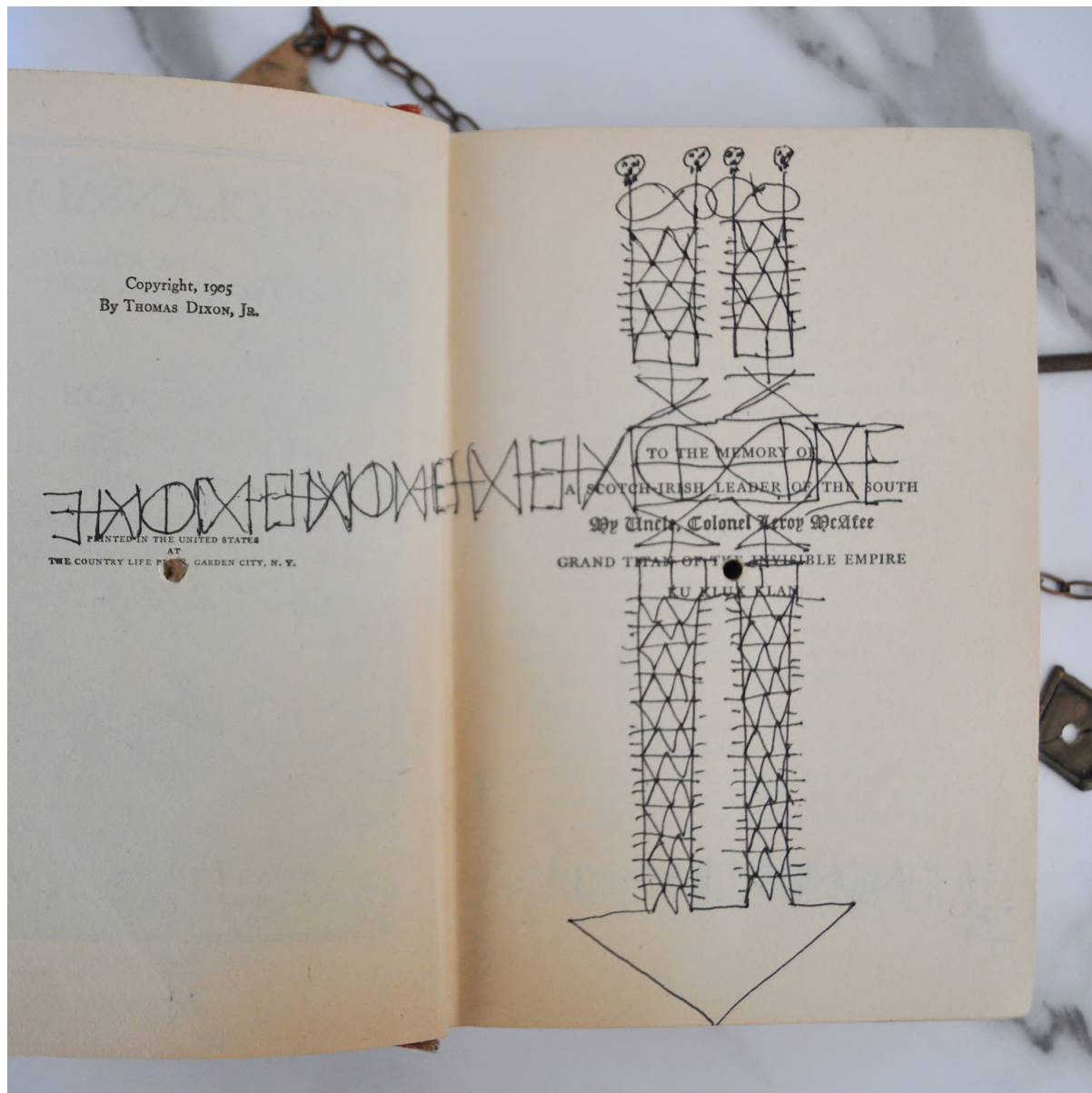


David Dixon



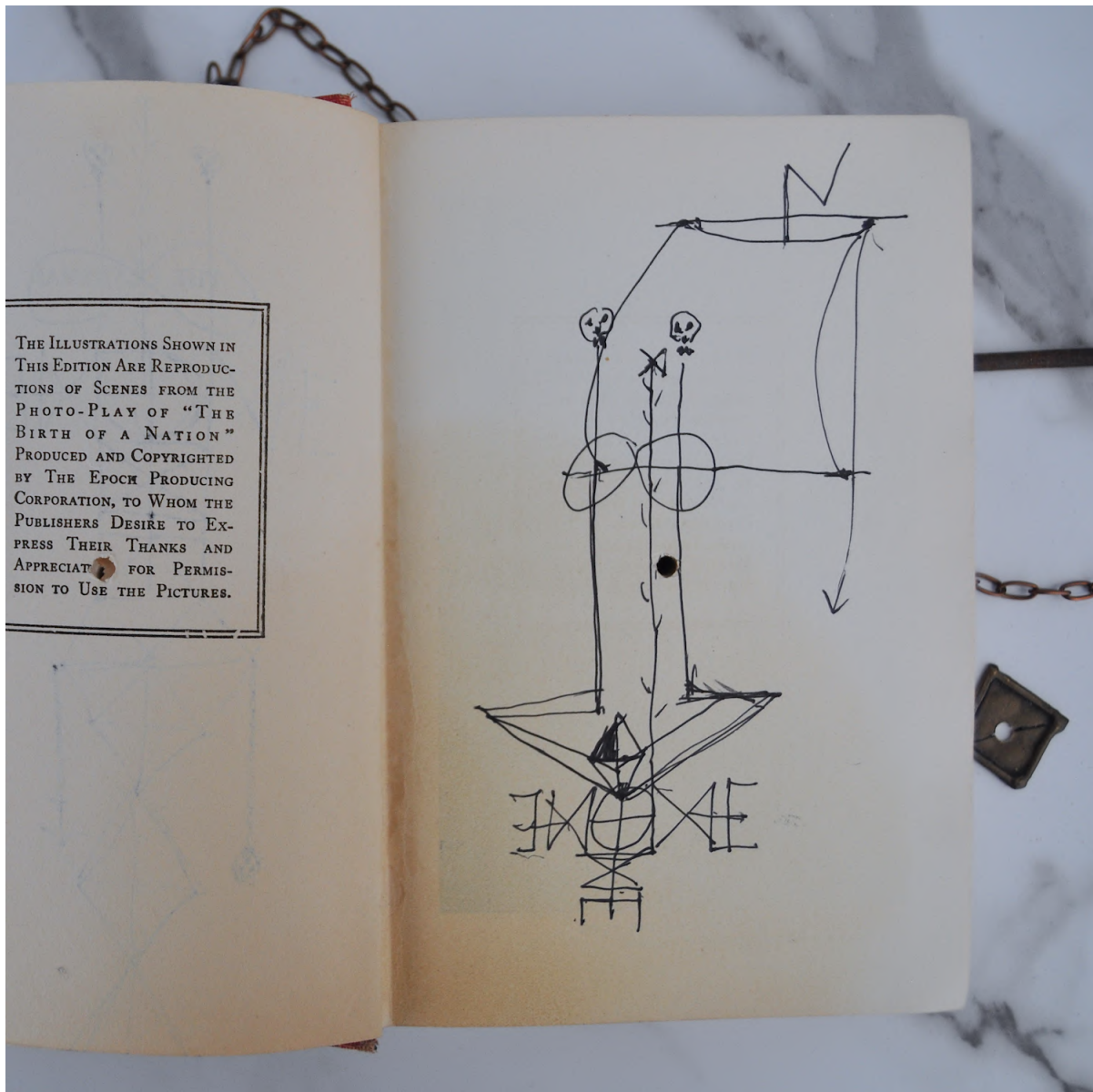
*The Clansman II* (2022) copper, rusted nail, bronze, fabric, cloth, paper, ink on book by Thomas F. Dixon, Jr., published 1905, 7 x 5 x 1.5 inches. This book has interior drawings.

\$5,000



one of many interior drawings in *The Clansman*





one of many interior drawings in *The Clansman*



*Reparations!* (2010), Digital inkjet print on canvas with paint, ink, charcoal, fabric, thread, 24 x 66 inches

\$6,000





*Altarpiece (D.E.D and the C-C.C. harvesting)* (2022) plywood, whitewash, charcoal, paint, plaster, nail, hinges, UV ink-jet on aluminum, 12 x 32 ft.

price upon request











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July 2 - 17, 2022

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**opening weekend:**

Saturday, July 2, 12-7pm

Sunday, July 3 and Monday, July 4, 12-6pm

**general hours:**

Fridays - Sundays, 12-6pm

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Cathouse FUNeral / Proper, a gallery project based in Brooklyn and directed by artist David Dixon, is partnering with Beacon's own Mother Gallery, directed by artist Paola Oxo, to produce an installation conceived and executed by Dixon for the historic Mechanic's Savings Bank on Main Street that, until recently, had been occupied by the Star of Bethlehem Church. The installation takes into consideration these generations of building use by installing, in the building's vast main space, a free-standing wall evoking an altarpiece, which embraces, through its form and proximity, the bank's original, *in situ* vault. The wall/altar is constructed like a stage set and built from what Dixon calls "harvestings," physical remnants (in this case, sheetrock and plywood) preserved from the design conditions of his gallery's past exhibitions, then repurposed for off-site construction and installation.

This is not the first time that the Cathouse gallery project has visited Beacon. In the summer of 2017, Dixon and Oxo joined forces to produce an exhibition titled *Leaving Home: Cathouse FUNeral Migrates North* that was installed in the raw space that is now Brett's Hardware on West



Main, and was reviewed in Beacon's local paper, "The Highlands Current." *Leaving Home* was conceived, in part, as a reflection on "crossing-borders," ergo immigration; the show asserted an eclectic sensibility, concerning itself with overcoming borders physical, psychological, and celestial.

Our current exhibition, *Bank. Church. Cathouse.*, too, addresses relevant cultural and, even, mystical concerns. The subtitle "The Sins of the Father" references an eponymous book written in 1912 by the infamous Thomas F. Dixon, Jr., author of *The Clansman* (1905) and its adaptation to script for the film *The Birth of a Nation* (1915). Although there is no direct family relation between this author Dixon and our artist Dixon, over the years, the artist has been investigating shared cultural overlaps. The artist Dixon has meaningfully manipulated and installed a first edition copy of the author Dixon's *The Sins of the Father*; it sits near the wall / altar functioning as a kind of liturgical "holy book of evil."

Inserted into this book is a two-page text (available as photocopy) titled "The Grave Digger," written by Dixon, the artist. In this text the somewhat esoteric term *sensus communis* is referenced. This term most directly translates from the Latin as "common sense," and has a long history in Western, perhaps more generally, *human* thought, dating back to, at least, Aristotle. The *sensus communis* in classical thought was associated with the "world soul," which all of humanity was thought to share in by way of their individual *sixth* sense, the "common" sense. *Sensus communis* connected one to others and to the transcendent, but also unified the five physical senses (perception) in the individual's mind and / or soul.

Within the bank's original, walk-in vault an upright painting is installed that depicts a clash of cultures. On the canvas surface is a photographic image, appropriated from a museum catalog, of an African Fang reliquary figure standing atop a bark basket that would have contained generations of Fang ancestral skulls. European missionary and colonial efforts physically and spiritually severed this relationship of sculptural figure to skull, taking the sculpture while disposing of the ancestral skulls. Here, the basket is illusionistically filled with a cluster of skulls derived from Leonardo da Vinci's analytic drawing attempting, but failing, to locate the *sensus communis* in the human brain.



MOTHER

Cathouse FUNeral / Proper  
Brooklyn, NY

in association with

MOTHER Gallery  
Beacon / Manhattan, NY

contact David Dixon / [david@cathouseproper.com](mailto:david@cathouseproper.com) / 646.729.4682  
[cathouseproper.com](http://cathouseproper.com) / IG: @cathouse\_proper



Two postcards of Gustave Courbet's *A Burial at Ornans* (1849) and *The Painter's Studio: A real allegory summing up seven years of my artistic and moral life* (1855) combined and sewn as *The Grave Digger*, 2020 by David Dixon

July 14, 2020

### The Grave Digger by David Dixon

The *being in the brain* is the *sensus communis*, the WE defined by the *spirit of community*. The spirit of community within the American dynamic, in turn, has been defined by ethnicity, race, or color of skin. The being of spirit may be bone,\* as Hegel tells us, but here, and perhaps everywhere, flesh taints being's bone-spirit causing division, or *diremption*, within the larger body politic. Hence, our consciousness as a nation, our bone-being, is stained by color. The irreversible, entropic diremption born with We The People was inbred by the color-flesh of our original sin. Our national identity, henceforth, has been plagued and conditioned by a need to *flay the flesh* to get to the bone of being beyond color.

Integration, WE, cannot happen while the beings in the brains of the body politic are defined by color-flesh; justice cannot be had if one defines the other solely by what one is not, without acknowledging that the *other-mother/brother* is a part of oneself due to, *at the minimum*, this very reverse definition. And much tragedy—beyond economic determinations—can be



attributed to majority Whiteness's blindness to Blackness's other-mother/brotherhood. Yet, while WE (U.S.) not-so-patiently await the raising of our collective unhappy consciousness by White other-mother/brothers who remain ossified, neither is WE integration all that desirable for Black other-mother/brothers whose flesh has been so consistently mortified that any more flaying of the flesh to get to colorless bone is not tenable, even if it may lead to more equity, creating a WE condition difficult to rectify.

Yet, in the meantime, the being in the brain of the Black other-mother/brother, who wishes not, nor wished ever, to be penetrated by the White Light of integration oppression—past, present or future—but rather, from our (U.S.) inception, like a black star, or a *Black (W)hole* of being, sucks in the White Light, bending it to conform, not to the Black Whole's will, necessarily, but to the will of *justice*, which is within the purview of the event horizon of the Black Whole due to their having been formed, in part, within the condition of *unjust* White Light oppression. This is the redemption that can rectify our (U.S.) original sin's diremption born in and with the body politic, and in color. This bending of the White Light—who are, after all, the original sinners—by the Black Whole may lead to the redemption of the body politic, but only if the pressure is great enough to transform We The People—who has never been WE—into a *sensus communis* (or spirit/soul of common purpose). This may get U.S. (WE), the people, beyond the event horizon of our color-border self to the being in the brain that, in any event, will always remain, indubitably, *blood stained* bone—stained with the guilt of the oppressor and the pain of the oppressed (we, even if we can get to “WE,” still remain within history)—but a bone, nonetheless. It will then be up to the *formerly*-oppressed, and they alone, to bury that bone if and when they have determined that justice has been served (and that must be trusted) finally liberating themselves and, if so desired (this court seeks justice not forgiveness), the oppressor from the condition of our (U.S.) original sin (the oppressor has no power in this regard). The stained bone once buried, however, will inevitably sprout new diremptions—due to the conditions of consciousness *qua* consciousness—both within and without, but ones no longer conditioned by the skin now flayed from the bone of the being in the brain of the American body politic.

\*p. 208, *Phenomenology of Spirit*, G.W.F. Hegel, trans. A.V. Miller, Oxford Univ. Press