



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

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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