



They lifted me into the sun again and packed my empty skull with cinnamon

Occasionals III

*They lifted me into the sun again and packed my empty skull with
cinnamon*

Jason Dodge

08.06.—29.06.2024

Tlön Projects is proud to announce the exhibition *They lifted me into the sun again and packed my empty skull with cinnamon* by Jason Dodge. The exhibition is the last in a series of three Occasionals we have organised in collaboration with Rongwrong in Amsterdam this year. This exhibition concept, which is an annual part of our Satellite Programme, highlights a single work from Tlön Projects' *imaginary collection* in a specific location.

The Occasionals were inspired by a comment American artist Mark Rothko made in 1959 when he was staying in Cornwall (UK) and went to inspect a disused Methodist chapel with a view to purchasing it as an exhibition space for his paintings: "*It would be good if little places could be set up all over the country, like a little country chapel, where the traveller or wanderer, could come for an hour to meditate on a single painting...*".

They lifted me into the sun again and packed my empty skull with cinnamon was exhibited in six different locations simultaneously in the autumn of 2020: Athens, New York, Vienna, Paris, Brussels and Turin. The artist was explicitly absent. At Dodge's request the exhibitions were installed by stand-ins. In Amsterdam it will be installed by artist and author Becket Flannery.

Absence is an important component of the exhibition. The title, derived from the poem *Mummy of a Lady Named Jemutesesonekh XXI Dynasty* by Thomas James (1946–1974), refers to the ultimate presence of absence: death. *I remember how I died. It was so simple! One morning the garden faded. My face blacked out.* The narrator, a woman from ancient Egypt, describes how her body undergoes the traditional death rituals as written down in the ancient Egyptian funerary text *The Book of the Dead*. The poem hovers without flinching in the grotesque physical reality of the mummification process, such as the removal of the brain — *A pointed instrument, hooked it through my nostrils, strand by strand* — whilst astonishingly reclaiming it as a last act of love: *Hands touched my sutures. I was so important!* The body is treated like an aesthetic object, rubbed with unguents and sprinkled with amber-coloured gum. *Before I learned to love myself too much, My body wound itself in spools of linen. Shut in my painted box, I am a precious object.*

For the genesis of *They lifted me into the sun again and packed my empty skull with cinnamon* a series of specific objects will be brought into the space: dried marigold buds, Bayer Aspirin adverts, batteries, stolen forks, an old T-shirt and red elastic bands. Becket Flannery will receive a shopping list and a stack of missing animal posters. The shopping will be unpacked in the space. The items gathered are not immediately comprehensible, but we recognise them as being edibles and cleansing, healing and ritual products. Using a score written by dancer and choreographer Alix Einaudi, Flannery, as the translator of a poem,

will interpret the words, enter into conversation with the objects, and improvise to create the incarnation of this exhibition.

I draw (magical circles) but the lines move round (in the stars). I seek my (Jason) accomplice. Stationed at the edge of each other, caught in a present which began some time ago, together we write ourselves away. Away from the flowers and the garments and the batteries and the forks, peeling ourselves off of them, leaving them un-regimented.
— Alex Einaudi (epilogue to the score)

Jason Dodge (1969, USA) lives on the island of Møn (DK). For the past 25 years, Dodge has made sculptures and exhibitions revolving around absence, distance, haptic and visual perception. *They lifted me into the sun again and packed my empty skull with cinnamon* continues his habit of involving friends and colleagues in his artistic practice and borrowing titles and texts from poets for his exhibitions. His work reminds us of the indivisibility of body and spirit, that our bodies are linked to other bodies, organisms and systems, and that we are part of a larger mystery.

Becket Flannery/MWN (1984, USA) is an Amsterdam-based writer and artist. As Becket Flannery, he writes about art and the role of text in relation to artworks and exhibitions. He is currently an editor at the Netherlands-based art criticism platform Tangents. In addition to his writing on art, he performs and exhibits under the name Becket MWN. His installations often take language as their medium, but communication is not their goal. Rather, they engage with the construction of meaning as a process and a practice to open up a space for thought.

Every Occasionals is accompanied by an eponymous publication with a commissioned text. For *They lifted me into the sun again and packed my empty skull with cinnamon*, Becket Flannery, alongside installing the exhibition, has also written the text. This Sabo Day-designed publication will be presented during the exhibition's *finissage* on 29 June 2024 and can also be ordered by emailing: enter@tлонprojects.org

TLÖN PROJECTS, Satellite Programme



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Stand-in:

Becket Flannery

Curated by:

Chris Bestebreurtje and Petra Kuipers

Venue:

Rongwong – centre for art and theory

Binnen Bantammerstraat 2, Amsterdam, the Netherlands

Opening Times:

Friday and Saturday 14:00—18:00

Public Programme:

08.06.2024

Opening, 16:00—19:00

29.06.2024

Finissage, 16:00—19:00

Generously supported by:

AFK (Amsterdam Fund for the Arts), Cultuurfonds Nederland, Danish Arts Foundation, Kerenidis Pepe Collection and the Mondriaan Fund

Tlön Projects' *imaginary collection* includes works from various private collections. It constitutes the point of departure for Tlön Projects' Satellite Programme. *They lifted me into the sun again and packed my empty skull with cinnamon* by Jason Dodge originates from the Kerenidis Pepe Collection.

For more information and images: enter@tlonprojects.org

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