

# The Sound Of My Room

## Morten Søndergaard

Opening: 11.3. 2016 5-8 pm

Duration: 12.3 – 9.4 2016

*“The coronal suture of the cranium (which initially should be investigated now) has – supposedly – a certain similarity with the close winding that the needle from a phonograph engraves in the receiving rotating cylinder. What if one tricked this needle and at the point where it has to lead back, it conducted over a track not originating from the graphic translation of a tone, but something in itself and naturally existing – well: lets just say that: just (e.g.) the coronial suture would be – : What would happen? A tone had to arise, a set of notes, a music...”*

In this small text from 1919, *Ur-Geräusch* (primeval sound), poet Rainer Maria Rilke recounts an experience from when he was a school boy. One day the students had to transfer the sound of their voices into a wax cylinder. The sound would eventually become a quivering trace carved into the wax, and their voices would forever be retained - how strange and wondrous. It was many years later until Rilke came to study a cranium again, and recognizes this time the quivering trace of the suture line on the cranium, or what is referred to as the coronial suture. It makes him wonder, what would happen if you placed a gramophone pick up needle onto the coronial suture? What sound or voice would you hear?

This poetical crossfading, a conjunction of sound and line, has served as the basis and artistic interpretation of poet Morten Søndergaard's contemporary work with the suture line. The suture is present in every mammal's cranium, and its gesticulation also reappears in the windings of rivers and coastlines all over the planet. It gracefully echoes the electrocardiograph's rhythmic dance over paper and the seismograph's quivering lines before an earthquake. In his exploration, Søndergaard embarked into the underworld of the Parisian catacombs and traced hundreds of suture lines. In collaboration with the graphic artist Åse Eg Jørgensen, these tracings were published into a literary artifact, thereafter turned into an exhibition in Berlin at the Broken Dimanche Publisher's Gallery where they were reinterpreted through a direct delineation onto its walls.

The suture is an inhuman and ruthless script often associated with death – but it exists as a consequence of how we are born “soft in the lid”. It is a script connecting us closer to life and nature, appearing as a crackle just before meaning kicks in. Søndergaard interprets the suture as a kind of pre-scripture, an asemic scripture. It is a hesitation or a doubt at the threshold to sense and sound. The suture is both a separation and a junction. It is a vital outline of the jigsaw puzzle uniting the cranium components. The suture is also made by a surgeon in flesh by seaming wounds. A healing and curing of a gap and abyss.

The suture is a border text, an ornamentation, and an Aridne's thread woven into our bones. The script and its windings are delineated into the hard wall of our gallery. And in a delicate contrast, they are also traced into porcelain. With the adjoining photos of craniums from the catacombs, we follow the line further and are released into a universe of rivers or graphs. Also exhibited is Søndergaard's report showing a script from the interior of his cranium from an EEG test. And, new marble works stage the script, rendering it visible, but simultaneously vanishing it as a landscape and ornamentation. In preparation for this exhibition, Søndergaard has also published an LP, a sound recording of his room when he sits writing.

**Morten Søndergaard** (b. 1964 Copenhagen) studied at the School of Authors, and has a master in literature from University of Copenhagen. In 2011, he exhibited at Gallery Tom Christoffersen for the first time with *Sahara Under My Feet* with succeeding shows. In 2015 his grand commission, *Drømmegavlen*, was inaugurated in Valby commissioned by The Danish Art Foundation. He has in relation to the exhibition published the book **Suture** and the LP **The Sound of my room**. Furthermore, his newest poetry collection, **Døden er en del af mit navn [Death is a part of my name]**, has just been published by Gyldendal.