

Thirteen Works
at BolteLang Galerie, Zürich

August 27 to October 1, 2011



Tales #34 (Park Sanssouci, Potsdam), October 2010
Photograph, 20 x 25.5 cm
Edition 5 + ap

Thirteen Works
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This is the first solo exhibition of Daniel Gustav Cramer at BolteLang and in Switzerland. The thirteen singular works exhibited, are subtly linked by a spatial, temporal and contextual line. Each work, in one way or another, suggests and evaluates the distance from point A to B - the interval between two events in time, a volume defined by its periphery or the illusion a reflecting surface creates when mirroring one's own image. In this exhibition, distance itself can be understood as a primary parameter of experience, as an absence which separates yet at the same time links two entities, while reflecting on both their individual nature as well as their dependancy upon each other.

Sculpture III, 2011, a thin, vertically positioned iron sculpture echoes the underlying theme, erected in the exhibition space. It appears, though transformed, again in Untitled, 2011, a shelf of black leather books of varying sizes whose pages are each marked with a dot in the middle, thus creating an invisible, horizontal sculptural space, defined and framed by the covers of the books once closed. Another work, a small polaroid, shows a bitumen street cutting through the dense forest of Yakushima island, Japan. On the street is a monkey sitting right opposite a deer, both staring at each other, holding the other's gaze. Like in all of Cramer's Works exhibitions Thirteen Works will be an installation of individual elements that together create a distinct tempo and unfold as one single body.

Cramer's overall practice is comprised of objects such as sculptures, books, photographs and videos that form a visual system. The works appear and reappear in different constellations within various exhibition spaces, creating an ongoing narrative of overlaps, loops and poetic interludes. The different themes that connect the artist's images, objects and texts are testimony of a complex universe, which stands in constant dialogue with the world itself. The intricate system of references and fragments of visual and textual accounts expands and transforms, and in doing so, echoes essential criteria of human existence - memory, love, death, time, knowledge, doubt and belief - and their representation.

The presentation at BolteLang will further develop Cramer's recent exhibition series Works, which he began in 2009 and so far includes following exhibitions and publications: Twelve Works, Vera Cortes, Lisbon, 2009; Eight Works, Kunstverein Dortmund 2010; LISTE 15 with BolteLang, 2010; Six Works, Return Gallery, Dublin, 2010; Thirty-Six, a book published by The Green Box, Berlin, 2010, and Late Autumn at Samsa, Berlin (in collaboration with Haris Epaminonda, 2010). Forthcoming exhibitions include Artissima 18 with BolteLang, 2011; Badischer Kunstverein Karlsruhe, 2012 and Kunsthalle Lissabon, 2012, in collaboration with Haris Epaminonda. He has recently started publishing small booklets, five of these will be released at BolteLang during the exhibition. In 2012 a book will be published by Filip, Canada, of the first 50 books of The Infinite Library.

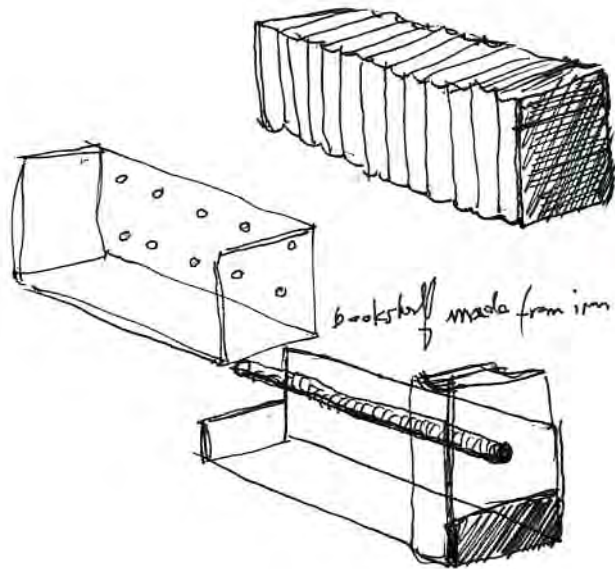




Untitled, 2011
17 books, hardcover, leather, iron shelf
53 x 20 x 25 cm

Each books has a dot on each page. When all books are closed and positioned on the shelf a sculptural shape is created within the group of books.

previous page: Installation view

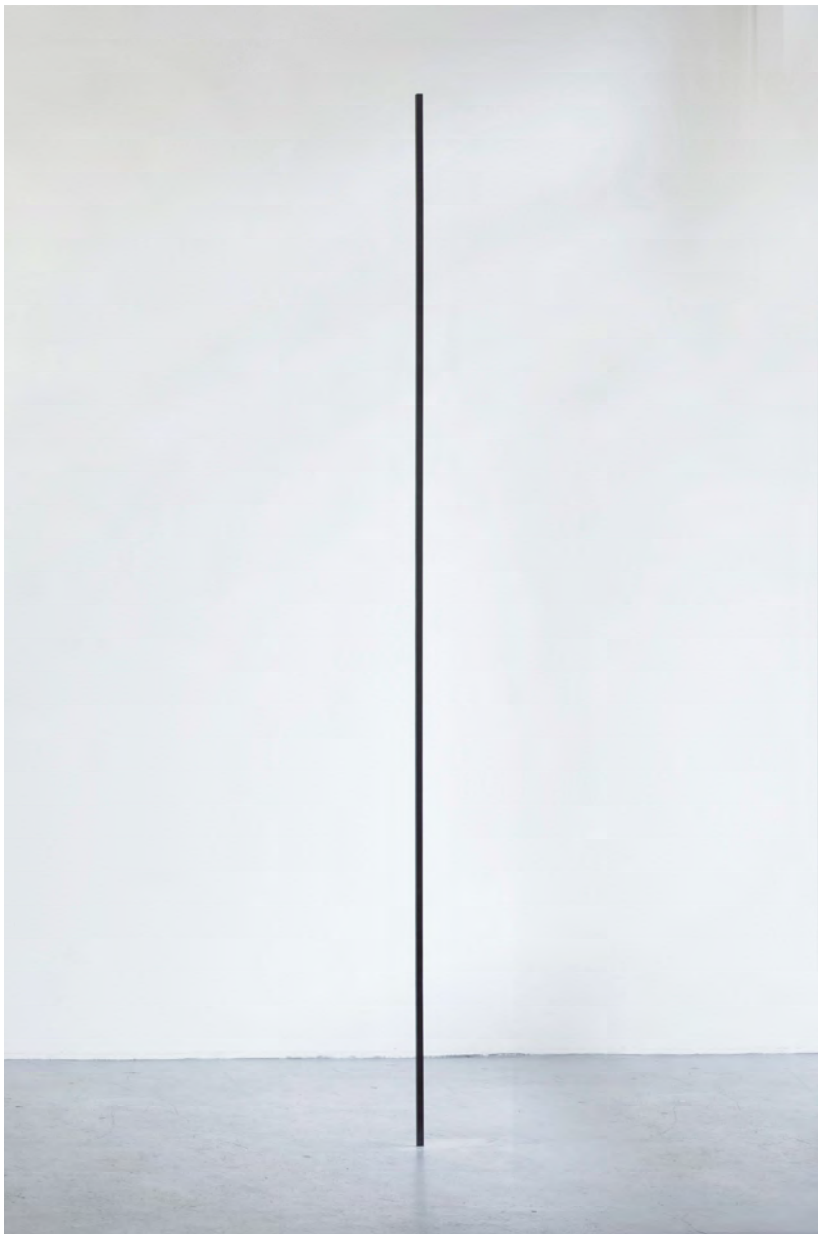


Untitled, 2011
17 books, hardcover, leather, iron shelf
53 x 20 x 25 cm

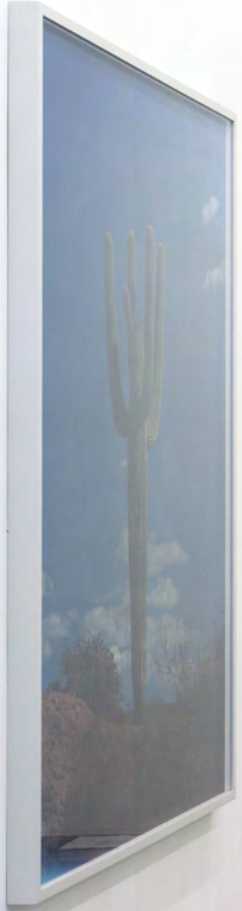
Each books has a dot on each page. When all books are closed and positioned on the shelf a sculptural shape is created within the group of books.



Untitled (Monkey/ Deer), 2011
Framed polaroid
10,5 x 8,5 cm/ 37 x 14,7 cm (framed)



III/b, 2011
Steel
238,0 x 1,6 x 1,6 cm





Untitled (Cactus), 2011
Photograph, framed w/ glass
Edition of 5 + 1 AP
152,7 x 120,7 cm

previous page: Installation view



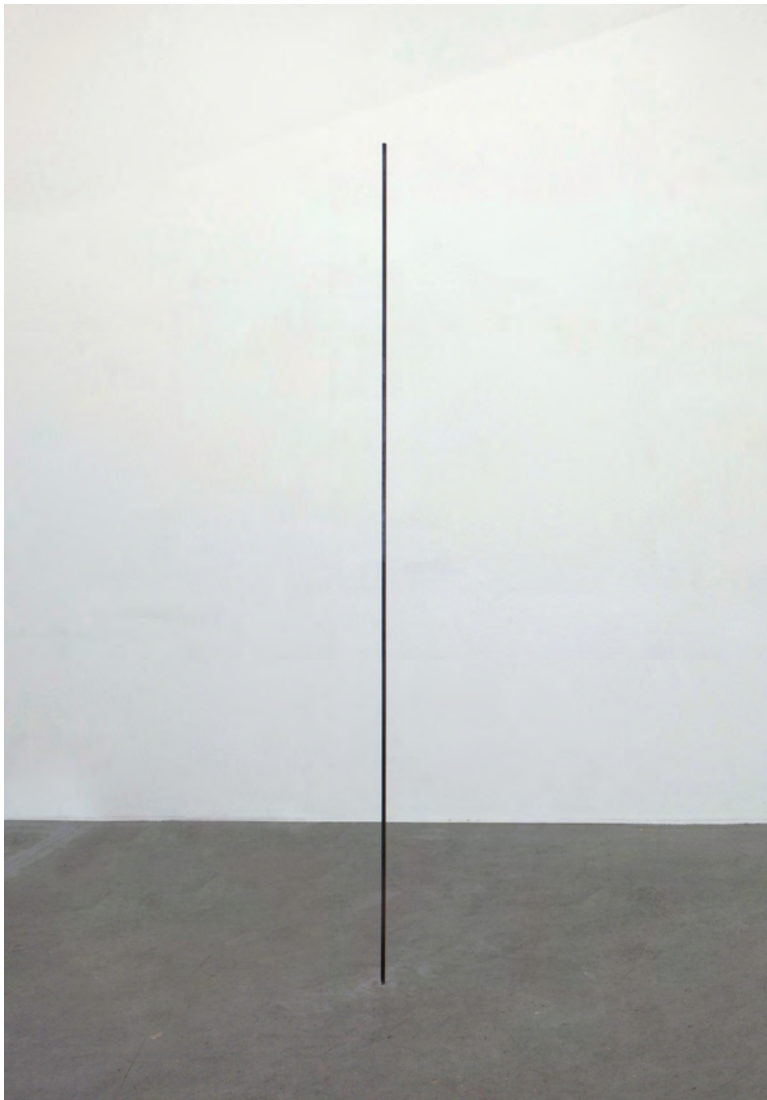
Unterfeldhaus, 17. Juni 1983, 2011
(german version)
Text on A4 paper, continuous

A story of a situation between two friends deciding to
stare at the sun for one afternoon.

Ich blinzele, halte meine Augen offen, mit grosser Mühe, so weit ich kann, um keinen Moment abzulassen von der Sonne, ich will sie anschauen. Meine Augen tränen, mir ist warm. Ich liege auf einem Heuballen, auf einem Feld, in der Nähe eine Scheune, einzelne Bäume und ein kleiner Bach. Ich starre nach oben, blinzele, halte dem gleissenden Licht stand, unbewegt. Ich liege auf einer Insel aus Stroh, über mir ein blaues Nichts, Himmel, umrahmt von bleichem Heu, und mittig, hoch oben thront die Sonne. Einzelne längere Halme ragen hinein in mein Blickfeld. Irgendwo bellt ein Hund. Weiter weg höre ich eine Eisenbahn oder einen Lastwagen durch die Landschaft rollen. Ich liege flach auf dem Heu, offen, ausgestreckt. Neben mir Matthias, wir sind hier hinaufgeklettert. Jetzt liegen wir beide nebeneinander und blinzeln nach oben mit wässrigen Augen. Sommerferien, die letzten gemeinsamen Tage bevor wir in den Urlaub fahren. An die Küste, in die Berge. Mit jedem Atemzug durchdringt er mich mehr, der beissende Geruch von gärendem Stroh. Er hängt in meiner Kleidung, sitzt fest in meiner Nase. Ich schwitze. Hier oben auf dem Heuballen hatte Matthias eine Idee: in die Sonne schauen, lange, den ganzen Nachmittag. Wir blinzeln, halten stand, wechseln kein Wort. Die Sonne wärmt mich, und brennt in meinen Augen. Vielleicht schlafe ich gleich ein, denke ich, umgeben von Heu und Himmel. Ich frage mich, ob die Hitze der Sonnenstrahlen das trocknende Gras, auf dem wir hier eingesunken liegen, zum brennen bringen kann, ob wir es dann rechtzeitig schaffen würden, von dem Ballen zu springen. Es juckt mich überall. Eine Schar kleiner krabbelnder Insekten scheint unter meinem Körper ein Heim gefunden zu haben. Meine Augen brennen, sind aber nach wie vor geöffnet, gerade so, dass meine Wimpern die Tränen vor den Pupillen halten. Ich stelle mir vor, wie wir auf dem Heuballen liegen, nebeneinander, mit blinzeln den Augen, vier Kugeln, deren Öffnungen nach oben weisen, fokussiert auf denselben gleissenden Punkt. Die Strahlen der Sonne und unsere Blicke überlagern sich, bilden eine stetige Verbindung - eine Gerade, gezeichnet von dem fallenden Licht der Sonne auf dem Weg zu uns und unseren Blicken, stetig hinauf Richtung Sonne. Eine Stimme ruft unweit von uns aus der Richtung der Scheune. Matthias hält neben mir kurz die Luft an, und atmet weiter. Ich blinzele, lausche unbewegt, meine Augen einen Spalt geöffnet.

Unterfeldhaus, 17. Juni 1983

Unterfeldhaus, 17. Juni 1983, 2011
(german version)
Text on A4 paper, continuous



III, 2011
Steel
214.7 x 0.8 x 0.8 cm



Installation view



Untitled (Mirror), 2011
Framed found book page
38.2 x 34 cm

Found image of mirror with blacked out mirrored space.



First Snow, 2011
Framed c-print
Edition of 5 + 1 AP
63,5 x 50 cm

Photograph of the first snow which fell in November 2010
in Berlin, collected and shaped into a ball.





Untitled, 2011
Ten books, hardcover, colored pages, shelf
Dimensions variable

Each of the books has a different colored cover and different colored pages in the inside. The positions of the books can be rearranged.

previous page: Installation view

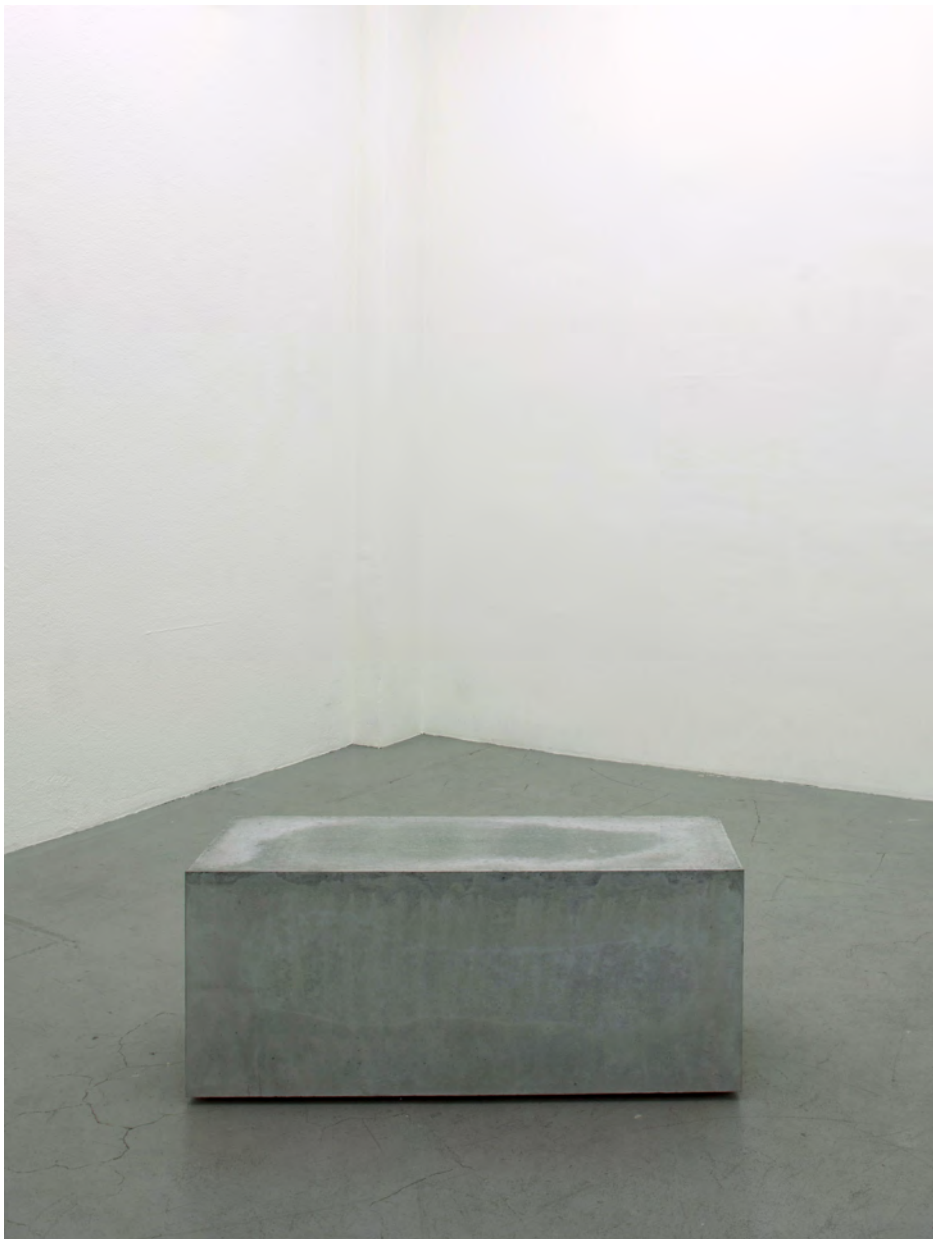


Untitled, 2011
Ten books, hardcover, colored pages, shelf
Dimensions variable

Each of the books has a different colored cover and different colored pages in the inside. The positions of the books can be rearranged.



Installation view



IV, 2011
Concrete
45 x 40 x 110 cm





Untitled (Lines), 2011
Book, hardcover, leather, 54 pages
26 x 20 x 1 cm
from a variation of 3

previous page: Installation view



Untitled (Bird), 2011
Two framed photographs
Edition of 5 + 1 AP
37,8 x 30,7 cm x 34,5 x 27 cm

The two photographs describes the path a bird is flying,
from the left of the image (first photograph) to the
right (second photograph).



previous page: Installation view



Daniel Gustav Cramer
Berlin, Germany

To
Javier Folkenborn
Akureyri, Iceland

19.01.2009

Dear Javier,

You remember, recently, when I called you and my voice just slipped away. It wasn't my voice. There is not much time left for me to do all the things I want to do, all those things I always dreamt of. A while back I realized that most of the moments of my life that I will one day recall on my death bed have already been - how I was playing hide and seek with my brother in the dunes at the north sea somewhere in Belgium - how I made love for the very first time and wasn't sure why it left me rather unexcited at the time - and how Justus, our dog would bark everytime I passed by the lead lying on the little table near our front door. Yet, it might be just the same with you. Javier, I feel uncomfortable to be the one who brings this news, but you are not going to be here much longer yourself. Soon you will find it difficult to get up once you sat down, and then your moment will come as well, maybe even before mine. If we are lucky, someone might erect a stone for us, somewhere, but that will not last either.

My dear friend, can you please tell me, why are both of us, you and me, simple not able to see this? Why do we somehow, somewhere deep in us, believe, it will not happen, not to us? When I stand at my grandfathers grave, I know he died, he is not there any more. And I know he was there once, stroking my hair, sitting at his desk. There is a gap, which opened right before the moment he died and it closed a tenth of a second later. What happened there? I dont know. Do you?

Yours, always,
Daniel



Letter to Javier, 2009
Letter on A4 paper, pinned on wall

previous page: Installation view of outside of gallery

