

Six Works by Daniel Gustav Cramer
at The Return Gallery, Dublin
curated by Kevin Kirwan

18 June to 8 August 2010

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Trying to talk about Daniel's work is difficult. I have been looking at it for over a year now and feel like I deeply understand it and at the same time can not explain the way in which I understand (repetition – maybe “in which I do”?) it. I methodically went through his work on his website every few days and was lucky enough to see some of it in real life. I am drawn to it. I have had long conversations with Daniel regarding his practice and yet I don't think we have ever really 'talked about it'. Obviously, we initially talk about the content of the work, it's form, but 'talking about' the work some how seems unnecessary. More than once while talking with Daniel, I have started telling a story.

The exhibition will show recent works that circle around a letter written to a friend. The works range from photographs to small text pieces, artist publications to videos.

In the letter Daniel Gustav Cramer describes his own incapability to understand the transformation between things alive to those vanished for good. He questions the difference between the experience of a present moment in relation to memory, and ultimately, the loss of it. This doubt returns in all works shown in this exhibition, which seem to reverberate between intimate moments and universal experiences.

Daniel Gustav Cramer studied at the Royal College of Art, London, and has recently returned from a residency at the Ruskin School of Art, Oxford. He took part in the Athens Biennale and is presented in museums and galleries in Germany, the USA and the UK. He is a winner of the Jerwood Photography Award.

An artist book will be published by The Green Box, Berlin, supported by the Kunststiftung NRW, the Goethe-Institut Irland and the RWE Foundation.

Curated by Kevin Kirwan

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Objects, 2010
Book, 12 x 10 cm

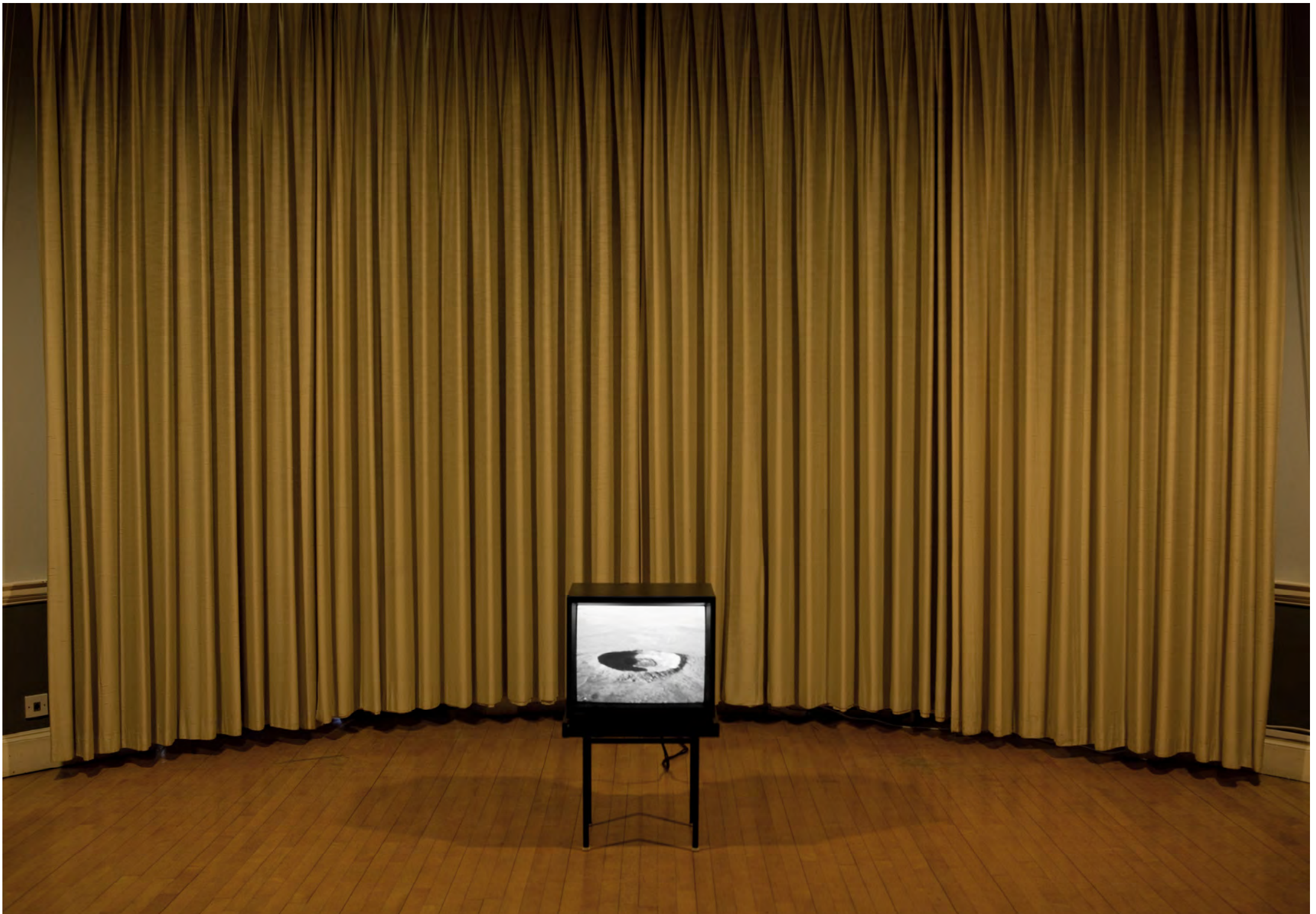
Objects contains descriptions of all planets, asteroids, moons, etc circling around the sun, listed according to their distance. The descriptions include densities, materials, time of orbit, atmosphere, etc.

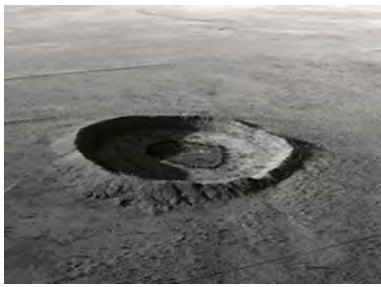


Calendar, 2003
Screenprint, 45 x 32 cm
12 pages



Untitled (Termite Mound), 2010
C-print, 134 x 101 cm





Untitled (Crater), 2009
Video on monitor, 9:52 min.
DVD, b/w, silent, loop

Wolfe Creek Crater, Western
Australia, filmed from the air in
full circle.

Small white paper with faint text, possibly a document or note, pinned to the wall.



Daniel Gustav Cramer
Te Anau, New Zealand

To
Javier Folkenborn
Berlin, Germany

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,

Letter to Javier, 2009



Untitled (Eusebius – Jerome), 2009
C-print, 71 x 61 cm

The oldest non-biblical Latin manuscript in Great Britain, a manuscript of St. Jerome's Latin translation and adaptation of the Greek chronicle of Eusebius, bishop of Ceasarea, describing the history of mankind starting with Adam and Eve until A.D. 378, with supplements added by other writers, the final appendage in A.D. 442. The chronicle constructs a time line comparing parallel historical records from the first year of Abraham to the twentieth of Jerome's own emperor Constantine (A.D. 326), linking the Macedonian king-lists and Greek Olympiads with the regnal years of Roman emperors.

