

Ten Works
La Kunsthalle Mulhouse, France
30 May to 28 August 2013

Une proposition de Sandrine Wymann

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This summer La Kunsthalle Mulhouse will host Daniel Gustav Cramer's first solo exhibition in France, Ten Works. The exhibition is part of a series, in which each show is entitled by the amount of works exhibited. Between various kinds of artworks, including photographs, texts, book works, paper works and sculptures almost all on display for the first time, this exhibition transports the spectator into a poetic universe and a space-time, which continually focusses on the nature of memory as a way to question and relate to one's individual place.

Daniel Gustav Cramer often begins with a story or an image which evolves imperceptibly. Using series, fragmentation and ellipsis, he creates temporal interstices from one sequence to the next, in-between places which stimulate the imagination. He invites spectators to enter into these narrow openings and to locate their own detours. Daniel Gustav Cramer's works are not directive; they bury themselves in foggy decor stitching a labyrinth of little moments freed from beginning and end.

In Mulhouse, Daniel Gustav Cramer continues his search for the tangible through his use of written and visual narratives. In his stories, the role of the physical presence of human beings is

increasingly reduced sometimes vanishing entirely to the point of leaving nothing but a vacant space.

The exhibition is made up of small, simple, in a way "dry" things, of tensions and minuscule variations. Even though each work has a character of being complete in itself, once they appear united in the exhibition, they transform into fragments striving for a single picture, far from any spectacular effect, Daniel Gustav Cramer's works tend to have a closeness to forms of minimalism and abstraction. His objects and images remain at distance, the space between the subject and the observer is a part of the experience of the work. There is a fragile balance between the subject and its meaning which seems an essential key to enter the realm of the work.

Born in 1975, Daniel Gustav Cramer lives and works in Berlin. In 2012, his work was shown in various exhibition venues including Kunsthaus, Glarus (Switzerland), Badischer Kunstverein in Karlsruhe (Germany) and Kunsthalle Lisbon. He also participated in DOCUMENTA 13 in Kassel (Germany). Since 2007, he has been working in partnership with Harris Epaminonda on The Infinite Library, a project which has taken the form of books and an archive.



La Kunsthalle Mulhouse, France

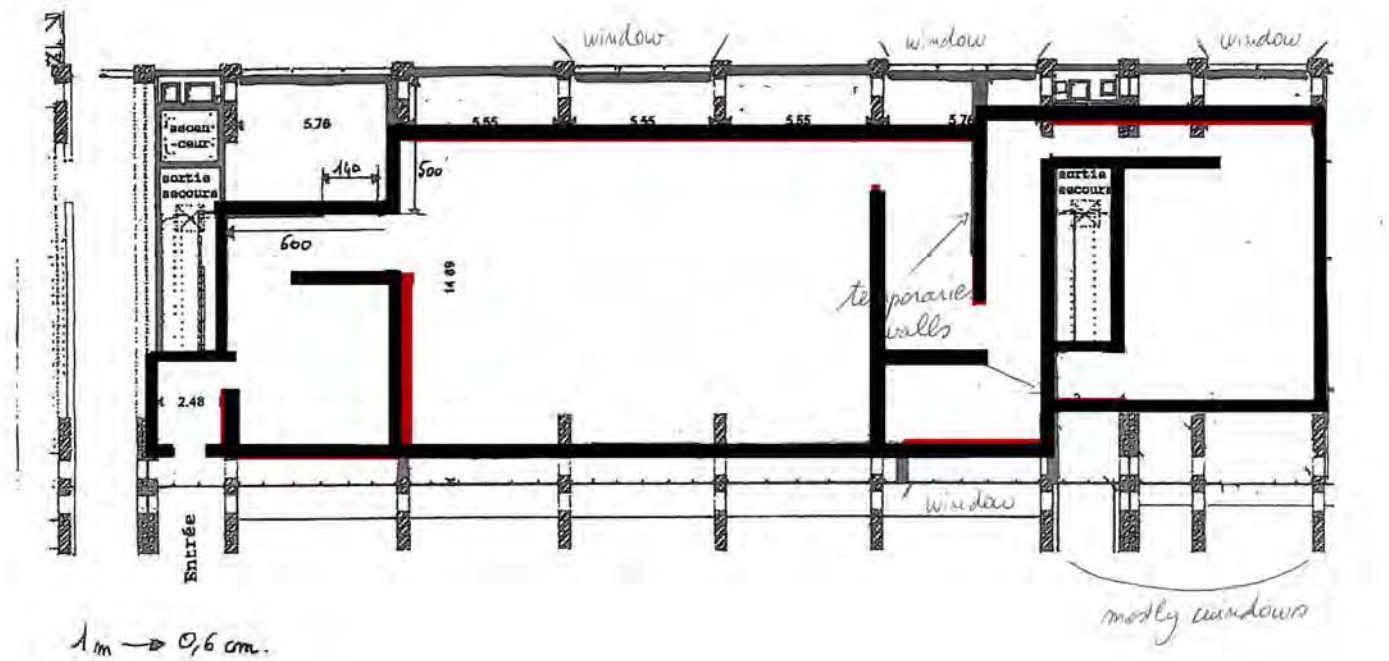
La Kunsthalle is Mulhouse's centre for contemporary art. It is located in la Fonderie, a building it shares with the University of Haute-Alsace, and organises exhibitions and other events based on artistic creation and research.

Every year La Kunsthalle takes on a visiting exhibition curator, as well as a number of guest artists participating in exchange or research programmes. Thanks to its commitment and wide selection of events, La Kunsthalle is able to build close relationships with other art centres in the local area, across the Swiss and German borders, and further afield.

Within 700m² of gallery space La Kunsthalle both displays and produces temporary exhibitions dedicated to contemporary art. These exhibitions focus either on the work of one artist, or on a theme appearing in various artists' work.

La Kunsthalle promotes artistic creation and makes it easily accessible through its numerous events. La Kunsthalle participates regularly in highlights of the cultural season, such as the Regionale, a local cross-border event. It also asks graduates of Hear, Haute école des arts du Rhin, to participate in one of its projects.

Floorplan
Wall Constructions



Red walls indicate space alterations.
Exhibition space size total 700m²

Floorplan
Spacial narrative

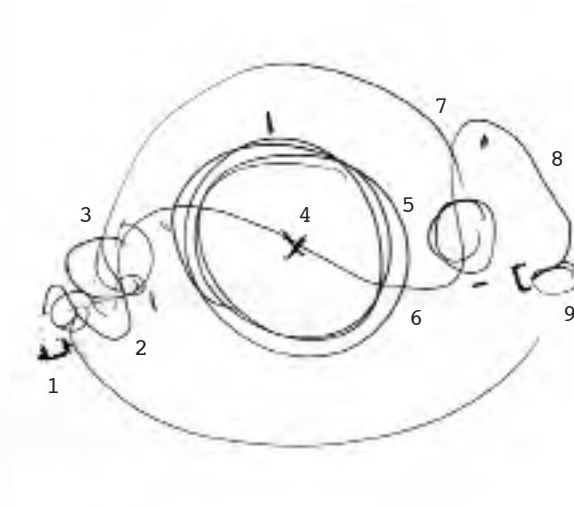
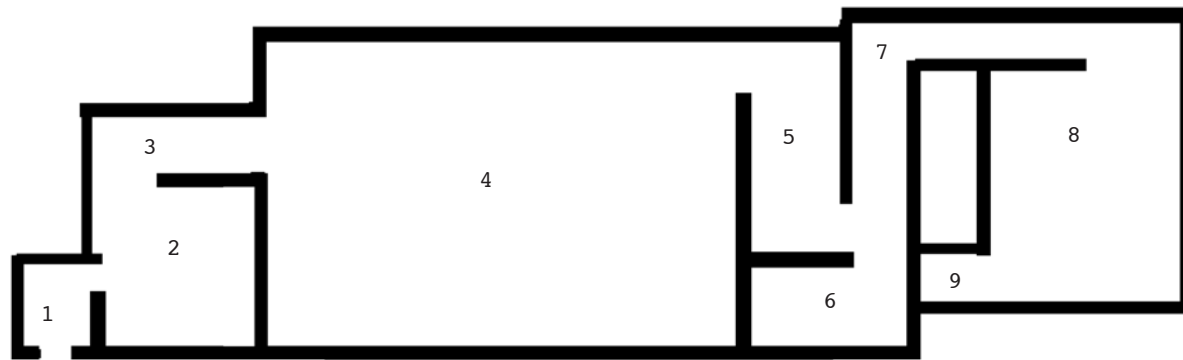


Illustration of spacial narrative the exhibition.



Room 1

Tales 45 (Isola Bella, Italy, September 2012), 2013
2 C-prints, each 25 x 20 cm



Tales 45 (Isola Bella, Italy, September 2012), 2013
2 C-prints, each 25 x 20 cm



Room 2

Untitled (Water), 2013
C-print, framed, 178 x 122 cm

VI/c, 2013
5 iron bars, various sizes, brownished



Calendar, 2013
Screenprint, 45 x 32 cm
12 pages

Untitled, 2013
C-print, framed
65 x 58 cm







Room 3

Tales 44 (Stresa, Italy, September 2012), 2013
6 C-prints, each 25 x 20 cm

VI/c, 2013
5 iron bars, various sizes, brownished





Untitled, 2013
C-print, framed
65 x 58 cm

following pages

Room 4

Installation views and text parts of
Vernazza, Italy, August 17, 2011
5 stacks of DIN A4 Paper, offset, continuous

The five short texts overlap and create a continuous
narrative.



I am stretched out, lying on the bed, perched against the opposite wall. I opened the window before I lay down. It is still warm. It is dark. I am awake. My arms rest beside my body, left and right. I arrived last night, with the train. During the day I spent time at the beach, alone, in the shade of a rock. I slept. Now I am awake. The window is wide open, a round vase standing on its sill casts a silhouette. I am inside a small room. A bed, a door, a wooden wardrobe, a sink, a window. A room inside a house, a hotel, second floor, facing the promenade. A suitcase stands in a corner. During the journey one of its wheels broke off. Outside, bordering the sidewalk lays a small canal. On its opposite side stands an iron light pole, resisting the salted breeze of the sea. The water reflects its light and throws echoes through the window of my room onto the ceiling above me. Contours of lingering waves crossing their paths are tossed back and forth by gusts of air, redirected by stones marking both sides of the waterway. I look up. The ceiling moves, patches of darkness overlaying each other interrupted by sudden flashes of light, lines drawn, redrawn, erased. The sound of a single drop. My head rests in a mould in the bed, created by other heads which rested here before. I am lying horizontally, flat, sleepless.

Vernazza, Italy, August 17, 2011



I breathe out. He continues. The heavy case rattles over the cobblestones. I am unable to decide if he is close by or if echoes amplify his movements. I look up. The lines twist and dance undisturbed. The sound is less clear now. He stops. I breathe in. The window. The canal. Fish. A step. I look up. No shadow. Light draws lines. An object pulled over pebbles, from afar. The dog barks. The scratches recede. A drop. I lie on a white duvet cover. He might have passed. His silhouette might have passed my window unnoticed. His motions are hardly audible. He stops. Silence. He might come back. To my left the window is open. I am stretched out, lying on the bed, perched against the opposite wall. I opened the window before I lay down. It is still warm. It is dark. I am awake. My arms rest beside my body, left and right.

Vernazza, Italy, August 17, 2011

I am inside a small room. A bed, a door, a wooden wardrobe, a sink, a window. A room inside a house, a hotel, second floor, facing the promenade. A suitcase stands in a corner. During the journey one of its wheels broke off. Outside, bordering the sidewalk lays a small canal. On its opposite side stands an iron light pole, resisting the salted breeze of the sea. The water reflects its light and throws echoes through the window of my room onto the ceiling above me. Contours of lingering waves crossing their paths are tossed back and forth by gusts of air, redirected by stones marking both sides of the waterway. I look up. The ceiling moves, patches of darkness overlaying each other interrupted by sudden flashes of light, lines drawn, redrawn, erased. The sound of a single drop. My head rests in a mould in the bed, created by other heads which rested here before. I am lying horizontally, flat, sleepless. I imagine someone lying in a bed in the adjacent room, another in the one above, below, I imagine them lying in beds gazing or sleeping, opened windows, summer night. I imagine others, in other houses down the promenade, up the hill, in other villages, towns, spread all over the country, as if floating, fish, through the darkness of the night.

Vernazza, Italy, August 17, 2011

I am inside a small room. A bed, a door, a wooden wardrobe, a sink, a window. A room inside a house, a hotel, second floor, facing the promenade. A suitcase stands in a corner. During the journey one of its wheels broke off. Outside, bordering the sidewalk lays a small canal. On its opposite side stands an iron light pole, resisting the salted breeze of the sea. The water reflects its light and throws echoes through the window of my room onto the ceiling above me. Contours of lingering waves crossing their paths are tossed back and forth by gusts of air, redirected by stones marking both sides of the waterway. I look up. The ceiling moves, patches of darkness overlaying each other interrupted by sudden flashes of light, lines drawn, redrawn, erased. The sound of a single drop. My head rests in a mould in the bed, created by other heads which rested here before. I am lying horizontally, flat, sleepless. I imagine someone lying in a bed in the adjacent room, another in the one above, below, I imagine them lying in beds gazing or sleeping, opened windows, summer night. I imagine others, in other houses down the promenade, up the hill, in other villages, towns, spread all over the country, as if floating, fish, through the darkness of the night.

Vernazza, Italy, August 17, 2011



I imagine others, in other houses down the promenade, up the hill, in other villages, towns, spread all over the country, as if floating, fish, through the darkness of the night. Every now and then a drop of water emerges at the end of the tap and joins the other drops below which have formed a tiny puddle inside the sink. Another drop. The water in the canal responds a hundredfold, irritated ripples travel nervously forth and back between groups of stones. Footsteps in the distance. The sound of a heavy object being moved enters the room. A step, the weight scratches over cobblestones, silence, a drop. The barking of a dog. I am lying on my back, staring upwards, a breeze moving over my hands, my face, curling around the vase, drifting, crossing the room, crawling up the wall to my right, shifting particles from one place to another. I follow the flickering lines and patterns above me. The steps come closer. I cannot decipher from which direction they appear this time, the houses and surrounding cliffs echo and redirect the nightly noises. I am convinced the distance between us is decreasing. I picture the figure of a man, a silhouette. Again, a breath, silence, a scratch, a few steps, silence.

Vernazza, Italy, August 17, 2011



I picture the figure of a man, a silhouette. Again, a breath, silence, a scratch, a few steps, silence. While lying here, holding my breath, following the curves and flicker of light, I imagine windows, along the street, in the village, opened, rooms, beds, eyes and ears. I can hear a part of the case scratching over the stones, another bumping as if supported by a small wheel. I decide to stay put and observe the water reflected on the ceiling of my room. Once he passes by, there might be, just for a moment, a shadow crossing the reflection above my bed. I am waiting, still in the same position. He stops. He stands. Perhaps near the water. Somewhere near. He is gone. It is silent. Water drips. I imagine the sound of loose rocks rolling down the cliffs, of boats tied to a buoy at the end of the canal rubbing their hulls against each other. I breathe out. He continues. The heavy case rattles over the cobblestones.

Vernazza, Italy, August 17, 2011



view to **Room 5**

VI/c, 2013
5 iron bars, various sizes, brownished



Numbers, 2007
Book, cover found fabric,
21 x 15.5 cm
Numbers, 2007 consists of all integral numbers from One
to Ninety-Nine, in their logical sequence, each number
printed on a (right) page.

Untitled (Water), 2013
C-print, framed, 178 x 122 cm

VIII, 2013
Concrete, ø 40 cm x 90 cm



Untitled (Fire) #0, 2013
C-print, 54 x 45 cm



Untitled, 2013
5 C-prints, 55 x 50 cm





stills from
Three Trees, 2006
Super8 to DVD
loop, 42 sec.





Tales 45 (Rothorn, Zermatt, CH, August 2012), 2013
2 C-prints, each 25 x 20 cm



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.



An Evening Sky, 2013
Risoprint, aluminum frame, 35 x 26 cm



view to **Room 8**



Tales 38 (Lago di Braies, Italy, September 2011), 2012
3 C-prints, each 25 x 20 cm



v/c, 2013
two iron spheres, burnished, magnets
ø 30 cm & 25 cm





Tales 38 (Lago di Braies, Italy, September 2011), 2012
3 C-prints, each 25 x 20 cm

VI/c, 2013
5 iron bars, various sizes, brownished





Untitled (moby Dick), 2013
Book, 22 x 17 x 5 cm, leather bound

The book is structured in three parts. A first part of around 20 empty pages, a second part of a continuous text (the unedited text of the first edition of Moby Dick by Herman Melville) without paragraphs and other interruptions, a final part of around 20 empty pages.



IX, 2013
three iron cubes, various sizes



Untitled, 2013
C-print, framed
65 x 58 cm



Daniel Gustav Cramer
Berlin, Germany

To
Javier Folkenborn
Akureyri, Iceland

18.02.2012

Dear Javier,
Have you settled at last?
Take care,



Letter to Javier III, 2013
DIN A4 page, signed, pins
29.7 x 21 cm



Tales 45 (Isola Bella, Italy, September 2012), 2013
2 C-prints, each 25 x 20 cm

2013 © Daniel Gustav Cramer

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