

DOMOBAAL

Daniel Gustav Cramer

Of Cramer's three ongoing photographic series - 'Woodland', 'Mountain' and 'Underwater' - it's the images selected from the last of these that are by far the most interesting and unusual. Shot in low, murky light, and using a long exposure, the submerged scenes seem ghostly and eerie - all silvery shadows and foggy greens and greys. It's impossible to get a sense of scale: what look like immense, dark crevasses could equally be close-up details of small rock formations.

The photographs from the other two series are much less affecting. Though they are, undeniably extremely beautiful, in a pristinely efficient sort of way: the soft grain of a sunbeam, for instance spilling on to a dew-decked forest floor; or a snow-capped summit surrounded by swirling tendrils of mist. The problem, essentially, is that such sublime depictions of the awe and majesty of nature have become something of a photographic cliché - the stuff of BBC documentaries and National Geographic. Cramer's photos may be spectacular; but for the most part, it's a spectacle that's become too familiar.

In a few works, though, Cramer shows he has an eye for capturing curiously unbalanced moments - compositions that seem strangely awkward and ephemeral, almost whimsical: a fluffy bank of cloud rolling down the vertiginous slope of a moraine; or the blurry, Impressionistic smear of foreground foliage, swaying excitedly in the wind. These images like Cramer's underwater photographs seem to undermine the immaculate aesthetics of most landscape photography, belying its claims to transcendent, immutable truth.

Gabriel Coxhead

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