Nickel van Duijvenboden
writer, visual artist, vocalist

selected works and publications
2003-2018

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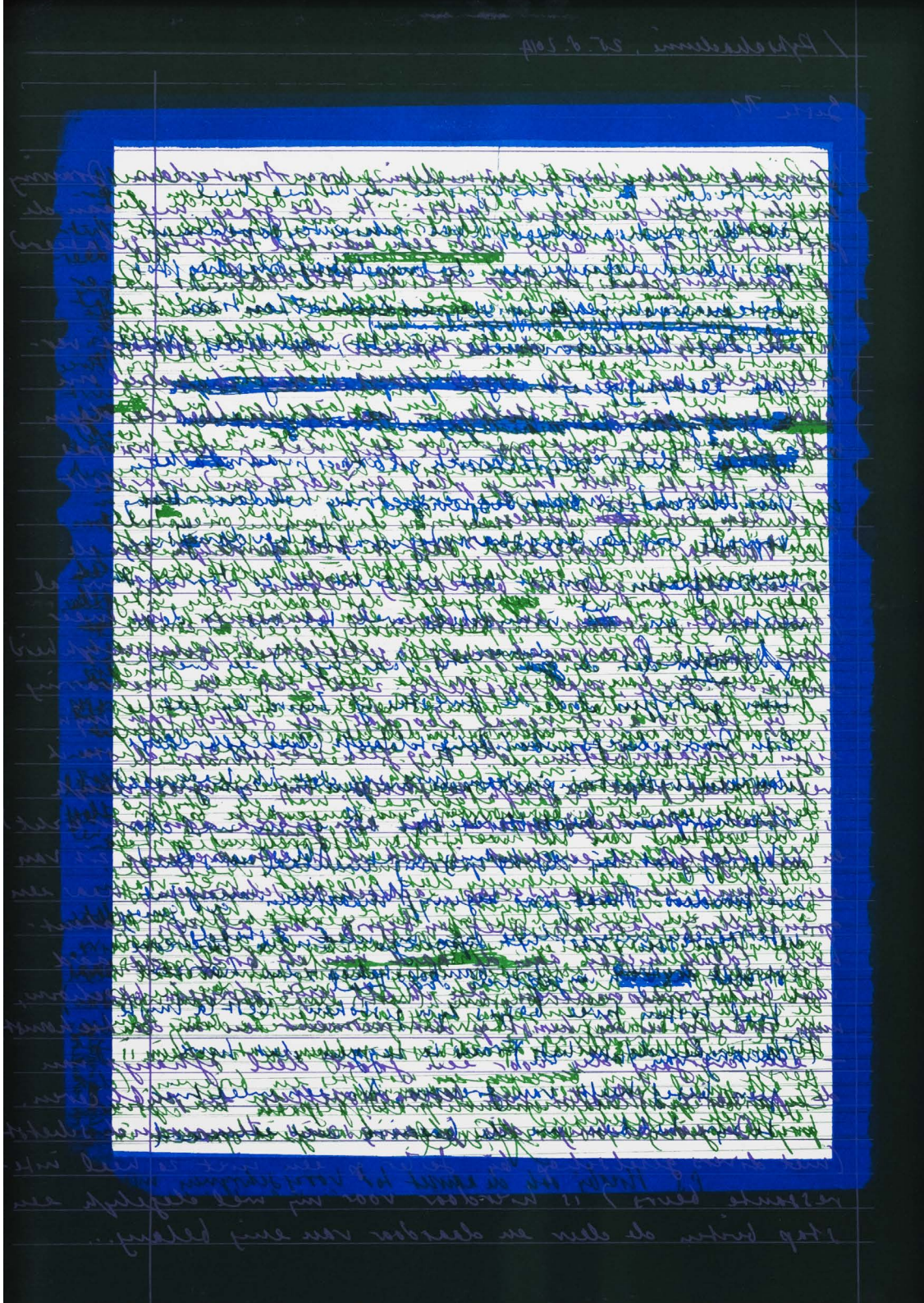


1
From a constant ruin, 2014

Mimeographs (soy-based ink on paper), colour enlargements (from negative and opaque projections), hourly readings according to time schedule

‘From a constant ruin’ centres on the condition of corresponding. It is a spatial display of reproduced letters and appendices from several ongoing exchanges, which brings together the (hand)written ‘trace’, the process of translation and the transformation to image through reproductive techniques.

The missives themselves are a blend of autobiography and theory, without however asserting any authority outside the private realm. They reflect on the ethics of intimacy and communication, the initiation into theory and the suspension of artistic production. I also performed a reading of each of these letters in the course of three days.


Amsterdam, 25 August 2014
Dear RR,

g to return to the
fice,
d her
to

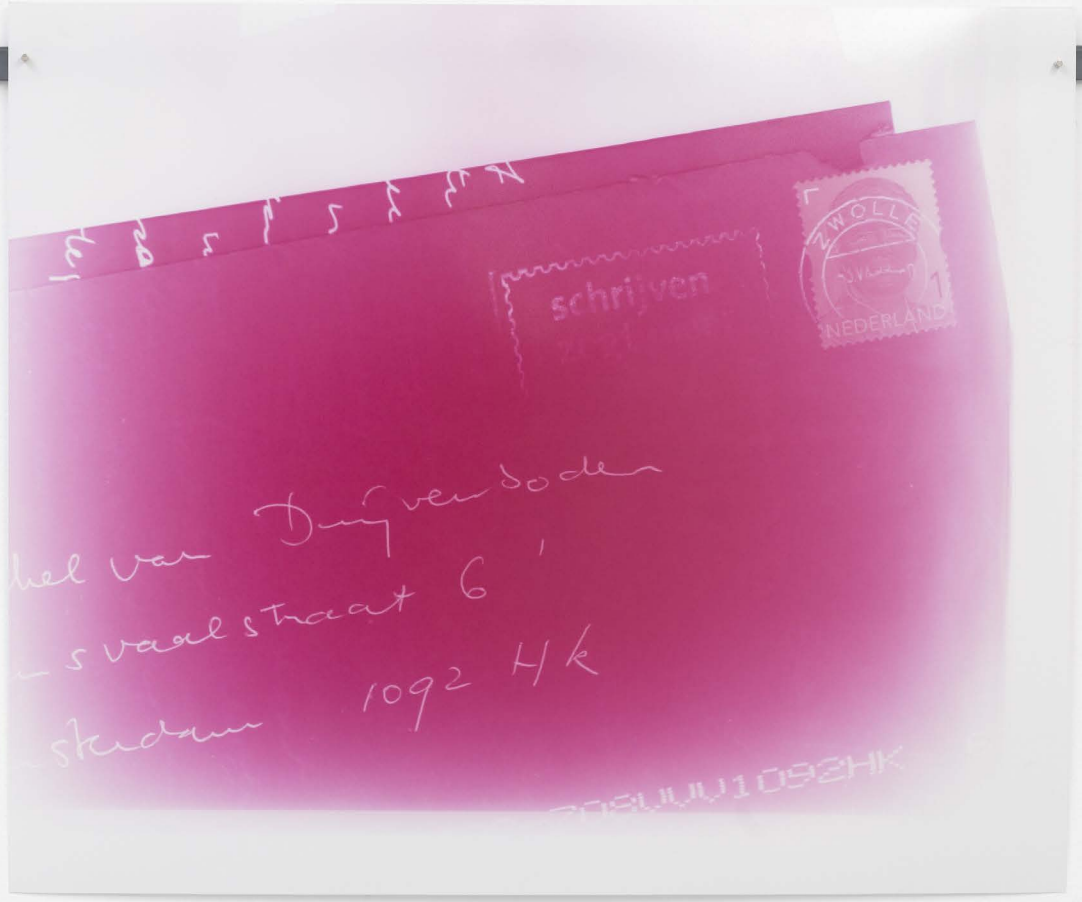
ps into my head comes out.

ut she's
(wastage) of
wrote then
to be read aloud
hen I was given
nded on it. Is there an

g?

se, being understood and
ving my
sense of
e when
the real me, what
doing
d moments. I suppose
cipitates
turn implies that few
g, they are *patrolled*,
e that
rrounds
ns' (residents
at order). So far,
nd
cy, I'm beginning

r word for



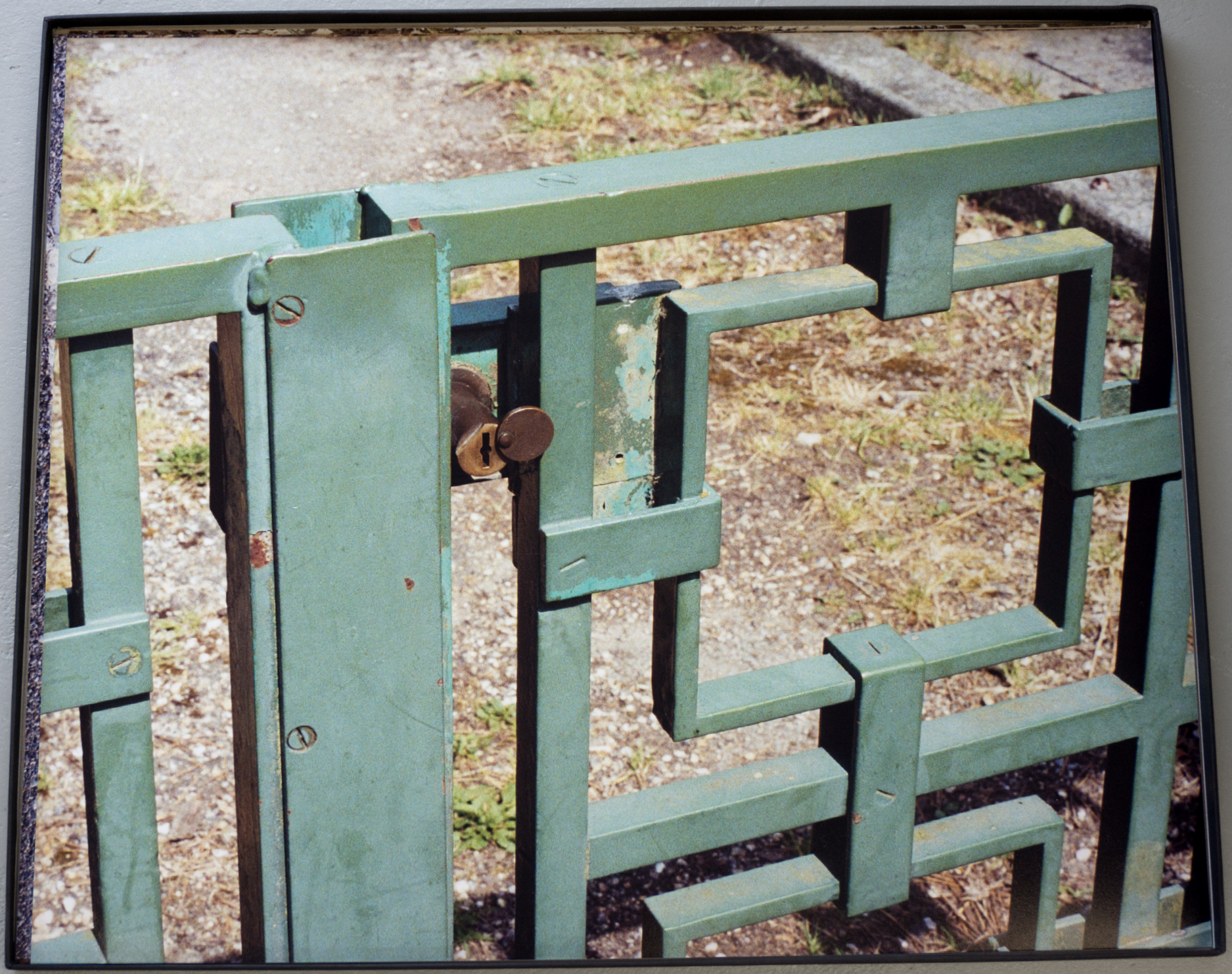
evening.

There's a certain despair about starting a new letter
when you're still awaiting a reply.
Which is not to say that I'm
truly waiting, rather that the familiarity
of my own phrases and preoccupations
is left uninterrupted, undiverted

Is this about not attempting to
make up for an absence? Silence is
unsettling, a crevice of unwarranted
scenarios, speculations that subsequently
reverberate and cause a howl
of feedback.

of psychoanalysis (for a (1923) encyclopaedia),
describes the analyst's attitude
as one of 'evenly ~~suspended attention~~
while at the same time speaking, again and again,
of technique.


follows can be read after examining
the translation or before, but I recommend the first. In any case,
here's the document.
I admire you
slightest
not to do
of my lett
designated
y that I sta
onsibility.
estion whe
with, and if su
read closely, it comes up in every single letter. It
why I haven't touched any of your letters.
emphasise my awareness of the thin
about here: leaving your letters
s unquestionably an editorial decision, by which
the rigorous equality presupposed
By which I'm putting on the 'coat' after all.
of the letters and the issue of
asily located and
ned above (the
rrespondence
I consider
another reading
tters I had
about
responsibility
ense—I'm not insensitive to that
from an early age. But you should also bear i
or perhaps even consider first and foremost, t
rather rigorous withdrawal
You observe, rightly perhaps, that by being a w
perpetuating a trait that is peculiar to the Van D
something I may have wanted to address obliqu
you and grandpa about descent— but to be perfe
what I'm doing as a gift. A proclivity for
writing, having a talent for it, is not the same thing
committing oneself to being an artist. It sounds pr
but I still feel the need to say it. I see little continuit
in the way grandpa led his life and the way
I'm reading it now. More so in our case. Pr
language, the life of the mind, ph
I view my distant relatives.
by the 'family rituals'
and I don't see how
or even why I shou
that something is t
And we're not just ta
I experience as a core
it's not something suppl
a much more profound thin
That's why it's an extreme
speak about, and if this prov
denied or misunderstood and move
exchange does resonate, where there is no trace of
ridicule, only pure earnestness, even in the inevitable hilarity
and ecstasy of creation. Could we compare this cocoon of earnestnes
to a proper series of counselling sessions? Perhaps I have less
difficulty with grandpa and grandma P—— because they neven
pretended to understand what fascinates and
motivates me as though they were in a position to judge it. I felt
and supported in this regard, not having to prove myself
and this sense of having to earn legitimacy (my handwriting pro
to resemble my mother's) always accompanies me in Katwijk. It's
a matter of not wanting to live by other people's standards,
the desire to be utterly free from them without it being a form
of resistance or repudiation. You and Mom have pro
and that has sustained me for a very long tim
on the other a renunciation of you
this and it's a backbone o
in which I've bee
contributin
* What I've been writing to you up till now illustrates this point, it is to a certain degree Oedipal and in other ways a fulfillment;
the only significant difference is that I'm now addressing a thir



the writing, this writing, conjures a localised night). There's a desire to be exhaustive, to exhaust something. The friends I wrote to about Duras, in a lengthy, breathless letter that raised doubts as to whether it still anticipated a reply—silencing—extended 'exhausting' with 'extinguishing': putting a damper on the conversation, stifling it. There a desire to put a damper on myself, to rend myself mute—if only to re-emerge from the nadir by speaking and writing: from a constant ruin.

READING SCHEDULE
FROM A CONSTANT RUIN
Nickel van Duijvenboden
Studio R20

On 28, 29 and 30 November, Nickel van Duijvenboden will perform a full reading of the letters he sent in anticipation of and during his residency. Together they constitute his end of several ongoing correspondences, which has undergone a process of translation and duplication. Each letter will be read only once, according to the schedule below. During the course of the event the arrangement of printed matter will be changed frequently, depending on the letter currently being read.

Friday 28 November (Professional Preview)

11h30	Proclivity (22 May 2013 to H)	8″
12h30	Joy, before it dies (9 Apr 2014 to RR)	10″
13h30	Salvaged letter (22 Apr 2014 to RV)	2″
14h00	The role of the other as the maker of my work (12 May 2014 to M)	5″
15h00	Coinciding with one's whereabouts (1 Jul 2014 to RR)	17″
16h00	The fear of curtailment (28 Jul 2014 to Pa)	5″
16h30	Keeping each other's seats occupied (25 Aug 2014 to M)	5″
17h30	Aggregate of ambiguities (24 Sep 2014 to P)	9″
18h30	At what expense? (8 Oct 2014 to RR)	13″

Saturday 29 November

12h00	Isn't art a form of correspondence? (5 Apr 2013 to 6 recipients)	4″

2

Echolocation: Nocturne, 2017

8-channel sound composition and spatial installation in collaboration with Gwenneth Boelens

A personal hauntology inspired by Luc Ferrari's 'Presque rien' field recording compositions, this complex installation consists of several acoustic layers, constituting a memorial for the disappearing 'fringes' of Amsterdam East, as well as a voluntary move towards the margins, both in a spatial and temporal sense.

Binaural field recordings of nightly walks along the city's edges are interspersed with fragments from an improvised session for four speakers/ percussionists, as they read from an aleatoric assortment of sentences selected from my artist correspondences (2013-16).

The third layer consists of very rich and deep reverberations from a 22 x 22 metres concrete cilinder structure, formerly used by the municipal sewage facility. These sounds are presented in a darkened and partitioned space with fake colums, created in collaboration with the artist Gwenneth Boelens.

In a one-time event, a nocturnal boat tour led to a recital by baroque Ensemble Odyssee within the installation.


ECHOLOCA-
TION:
NOCTURNE


ZACK
TIMO TIM

3
The Benefit of Sadness, 2018

Reading and recital, in collaboration with Mirjam Kuitenbrouwer, Volker Müller and Koen Nutters

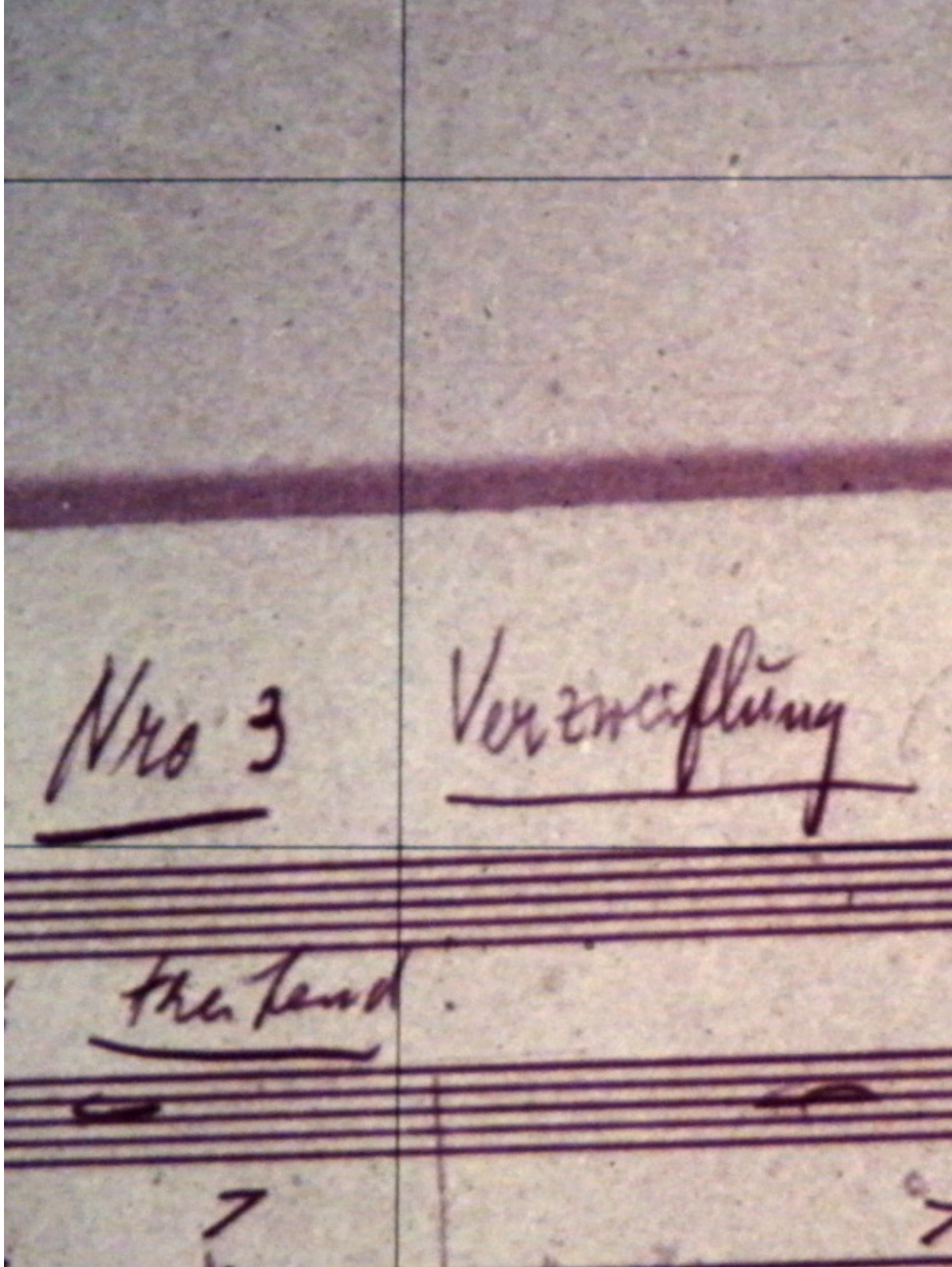
‘The Benefit of Sadness’ brings together epistolary monologues, music fragments and film footage, accumulated during a working period in Berlin.

The reading is loosely centered around the composer and writer Hanns Eisler (1898-1962), whose life story and late composition ‘Ernste Gesänge’ (1962) are taken as coordinates to reflect on my own melancholic and anachronistic tendencies.

Beyond the private, however, it also emphatically addresses the tension between ‘bourgeois’ solipsism and collective indignation in art today.

This is especially evident in a epistolary feud between Eisler and his mentor Arnold Schönberg, which I recite in full, and juxtapose with my own, much more tender, correspondence with the writer and artist Mirjam Kuitenbrouwer.

The reading culminates in two recitals from ‘Ernste Gesänge’, marking my first performance as a vocalist.




100
Jahre
Deutsches
Arbeite
D


I can just see a tiny door...


SET

4
Book Ceiling (Inoperative Library), 2015

Books provided by fellow residents, reinforced glass ceiling (cleaned for the first time), modified lighting, signboard, binoculars, dust, debris, and recovered objects dropped onto studio floor.
Approx. 8 x 8 metres

A site specific work for my studio at the Rijksakademie building, the ‘Inoperative Library’ is a poetic reflection on the notion of research and exchange within an artist community. It is also an homage to books and the act of copying from them. Finally, it expresses my own ambiguity with regard to the private act of reading and the inkling of a more collective consciousness.

The books were entrusted to me by my colleagues in the building after a process of communication which involved some and estranged others. I made no distinction between the books, but I did choose all the pages. The cleared space and customized lighting suggest a giant copying machine.

case, this creates the prim

recall represent

breakdown in Bell's desire

tended message. Nothing

c did not immediately declare itself

, of random meaning, from

uence for the thing made to speak, the tel

sions toward an ever-splitting recei

nt of atomosemantic fissio

d from the start, as the law of its enfran

e the first fully "intelligible" telep

nt. Did Watson, for instance, pick out the

transmitted "I want you"? Or, more

refinement, isn't mishearing

t from the start of their relationship buil

ou listen to a transmitter, any tran

ever the configuration scrambled or not, of th

, the problem of picking out the right

of telephonality, a fact which

ivileged instrument of splitting for the schizo

language into its most random allot

in this passage and at table. Without suggesting

strict priority, we might go over a few of these to consider bet-

of symbolicity's deposit and the danger conferred by

ful orthodoxy. For the first place, which by no means adopts a first

ging his own image, was embarrassed by a switch of imple-

the knife/fork pair. Bell employed a state-of-the-art

when it came to the latest invention of the genre. While on the

kind of fork, too," the

ds that he was unaccustomed to making use of the fork at

writing that he usually used one with two tines,

hand Watson

ecides the opposite, your-coin type of structure allowing three slots.

true source of embarrassment, however, consists in the mimetic task set

of the deposit

table "in trying to imitate [Bell's] exclusive use." But where the

fork serves as the latest invention favored by the master ingester, Watson nev-

less qualifies it as inefficient as far as its sheer tool-being goes. Not only

implement and after all, not difficult to master, the fork is also

in memeiere

aky, it doesn't hold water. A hybrid thing, or rather *Zeug* between the kni

—between the stabbing utensil and one that gathers together—


Inoperative
Library


ASHBERY
POWERS OF HORROR
POWERS OF HORROR
by Marshall McLuhan
LUC
RD

5

Echolocation: A reading, 2016
Waiting and reading performance, 2015

Performative readings for voice, tape and instruments, De Appel, Amsterdam and Temporary Gallery, Cologne

Both readings, conceived and performed on invitation of the artist collective gerlach en koop and taking place amidst their works, focused on the disembodied voice of the reader/writer and the exchange of letters. They explored several related phenomena, like waiting, echoes, rhythm, absence and distortion.

In De Appel, I spent the night in the exhibition loitering and reading. After opening the entrance to the audience in the morning, I left. The visitors were left to locate my setup of tape recorders and a mattress. They played the tapes, which contained recordings of my voice and movements through the building.

In Temporary Gallery, I used the specially divided space to perform alone in one room while the audience was in the other. They listened to the manipulated sounds of my voice, drums and electro-acoustics through a bass amplifier.

Photograph by Kristien Daem


BASS STATE
B65
Input
ACTIVE
PASSIVE
GAIN
EQ
BASS
TREBLE
COMP
LIMITER
VOLUME
FX SEND
FX RETURN
LINE OUT
POWER
ON

6

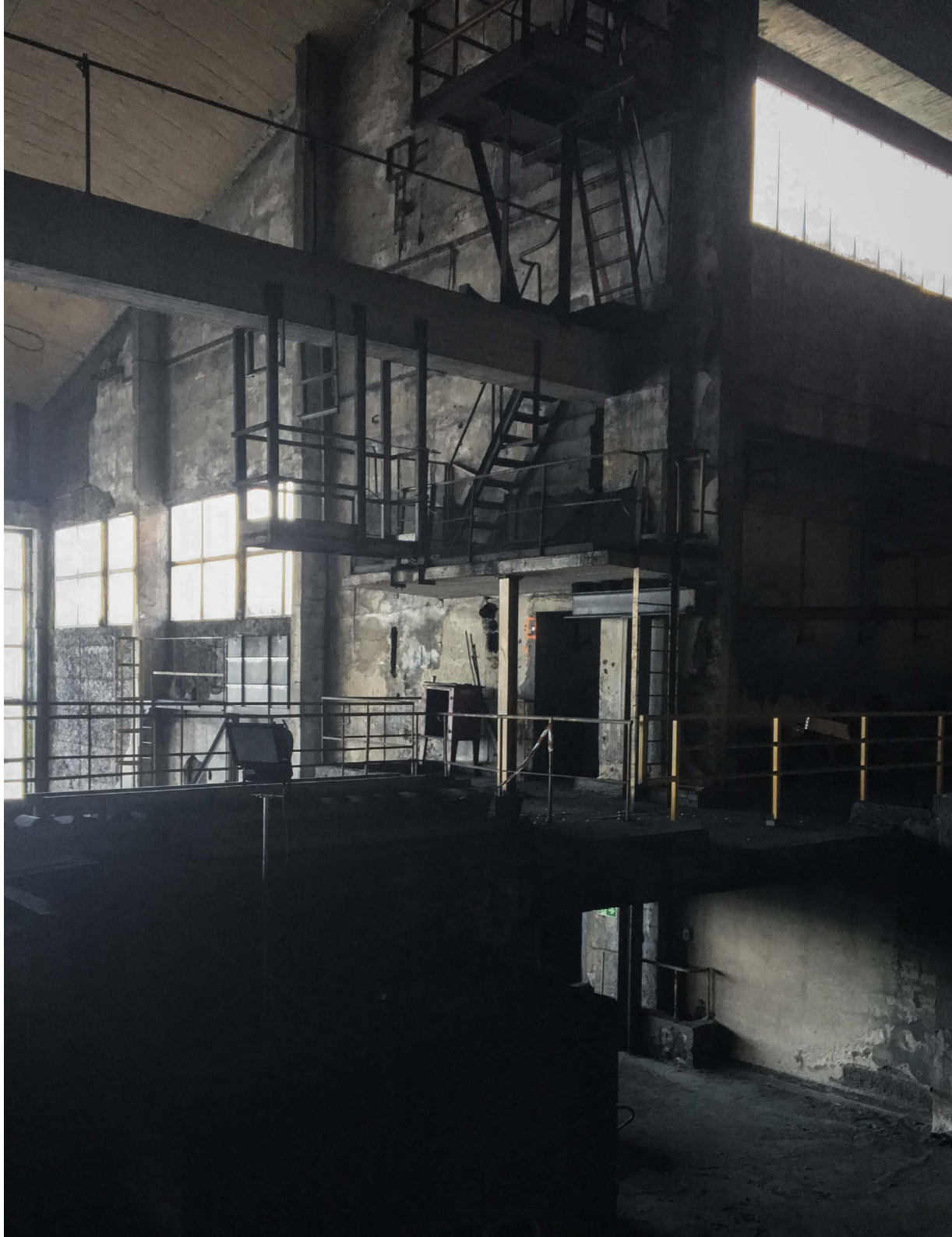
Echolocation (Session), 2016

Performative reading for voice, percussion and synthesizer, Sydvaranger Separation Plant, Kirkenes, Norway

Echolocation (Session) was conceived in response to an invitation from Dark Ecology (Sonic Acts and Hilde Methi) to reflect on the unique circumstances in the Arctic borderland of Norway and Russia.

The reading took place in the giant plant of the local mining company, which had gone bankrupt the year before. All instruments, machines, clothing and tools had been abandoned from one moment to the next.

The performative aspect of the reading was the improvised nature of the drumming and writing. The text consisted of three replies to letters I received while in Kirkenes and finished just moments before the reading took place. The letters described a ‘psychogeographical exploration’ (dérive) of the open-pit mines, a refugee center, and an earlier trip to Iceland, coupling this with seminal texts by Arendt, Heidegger, Derrida and Latour.




KLÜBER


DUNLOP

7
Echolocation Solo, 2016

7-channel spatial sound installation,
snare drum, bass drum

‘Echolocation Solo’ is a meditation on the rhythmic and acoustic dimension of writing. It fuses very delicate and rich sounds from different sources, such as a pencil writing, vocal tones, a tam tam, home-made children’s instruments, whispers, rubs, claps, grooves and scats.

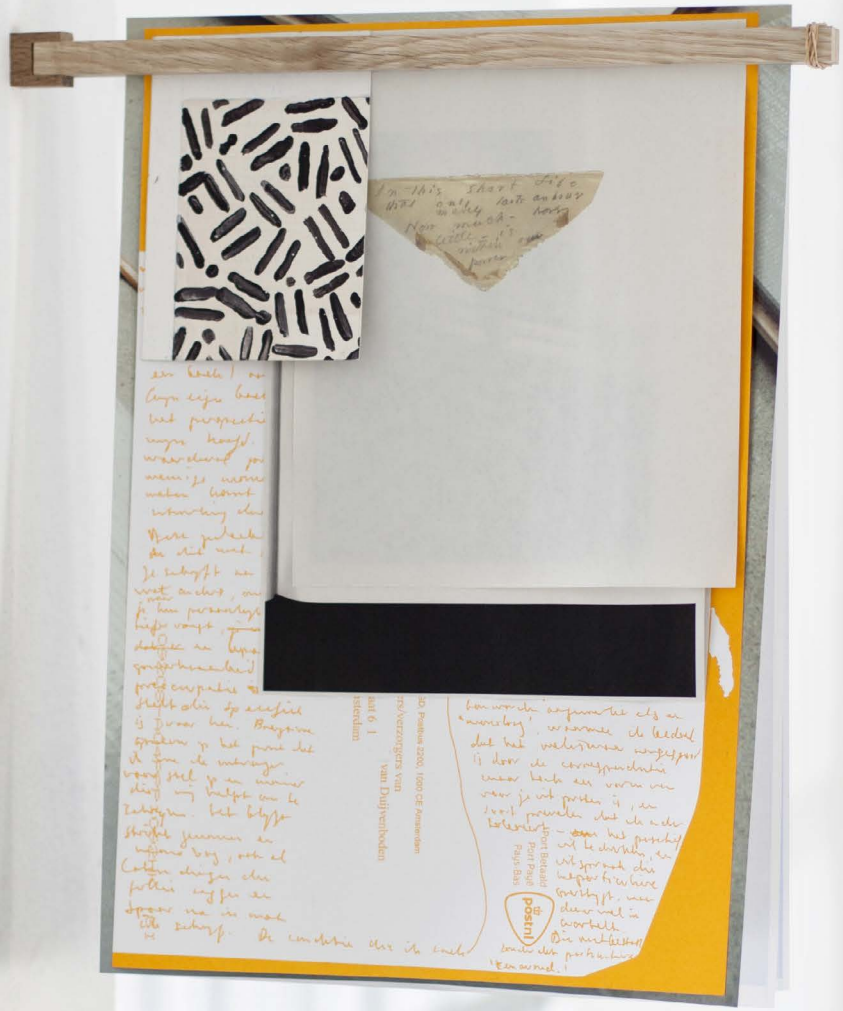
These sounds are intricately layered into five 18-minute movements that verge on a musical composition, in which whispered passages from my personal correspondences of recent years are punctuated with startling, rhythmic sounds, long pauses, reverberant gongs, and very slow grooves.

Untimately, the acts of writing and reading dissolve into pure rhythm and tone. Listeners are encouraged to add sounds of their own.

8
Contingence for Beginners (to and from),
2015

Mimeographs (soy-based ink on paper),
c-prints, photocopies, acrylic and pencil
on paper, various inks, wood, rubber
band.
25 × 30 cm or 46 × 62 cm

The works from this series consist of
ephemeral stacks wedged into simple
clamps to highlight the way documents are
stored and how they may be related.



to get that back. I'm definitely trying to return to the unguarded moments in a strange office, when my mother has already shifted her attention to her book, and I'm free to feed paper into the typewriter and

Barthes, *he fragments himself into*
For instance: "As a child, I was o
began very early, it has continue
rare, it is true, thanks to work a
ticeable to others. A panic boredo
I feel in panel discussions, lectures
ments: wherever boredom can be
hysteria?" It is characteristic of Ba
both boredom and joy (the Barthe


R.A., 17 X 2014 Dear M: thanks for sending me Nabokov's
flawless observation on translating. A real gift. I'm also seeing
the recurrence of certain words that require a repeated
reinterpretation. They chime, and this chiming needs to be enveloped
by a dragnet of shifting meanings in another language.
My statement for the RA Open says the author no longer
fully coincides with the initial sender and, as a consequence,
the reader no longer fully coincides with the initial recipient.

9
Offered up Receptacle (Second Thoughts), 2016

30 analogue c-prints in modified drawers from 1975 Bisley filing cabinet.
23.5 × 37.6 cm each.

With the creation of any archive, certain relations will be established while others are lost. This work deals with the specific role of photography in recording small gestures and generating meaning where there was none.

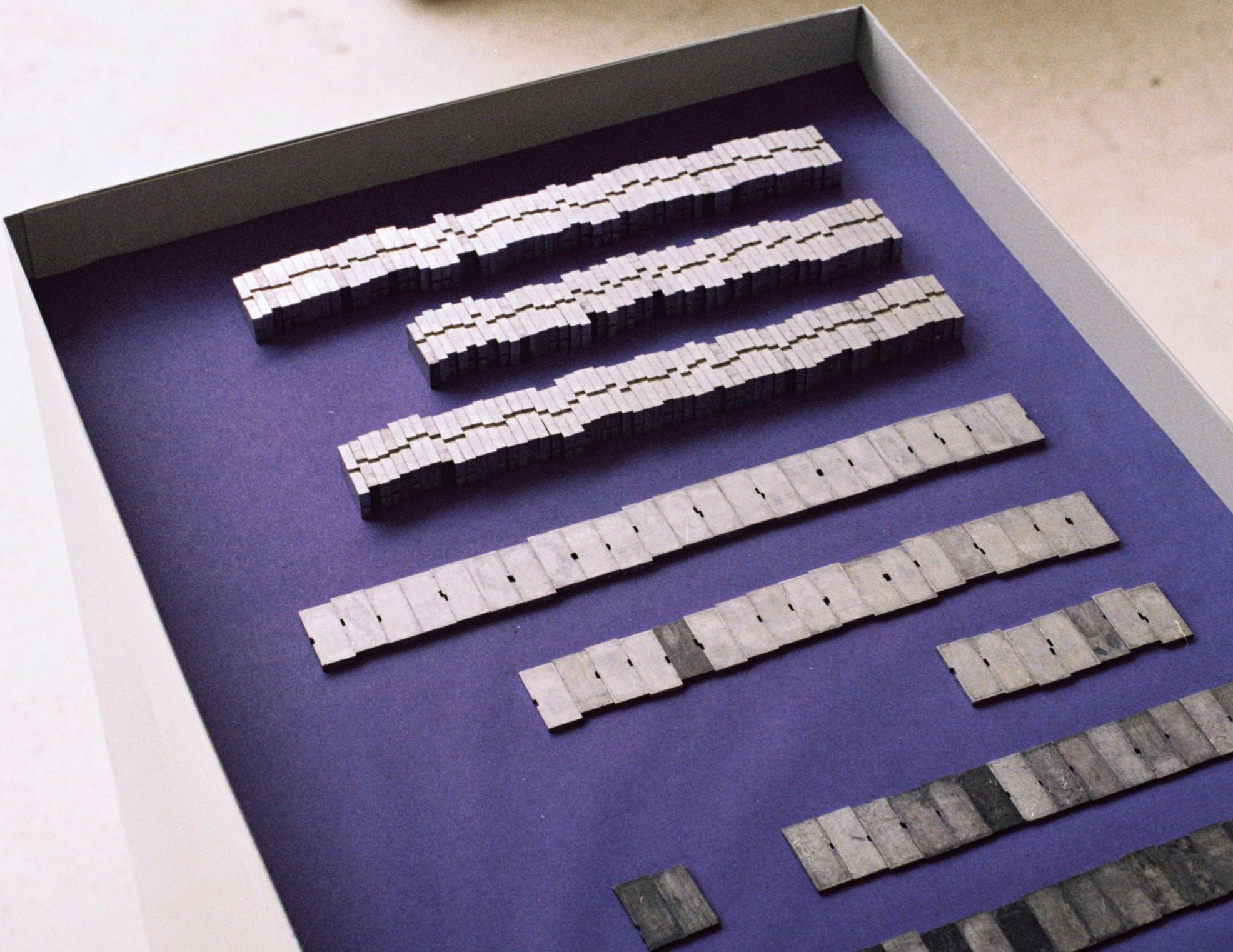
Although my attitude towards photography has been highly ambivalent from the start, I have never stopped taking photos. My writing practice, with its recent focus on the condition of corresponding, has allowed me to find new entry points into my archive of negatives.

The hand-printed images in this work were made during the past three years. They were cut into pairs to fit the pigeonholes in which they are now displayed, unevenly distributed, forming a lining or sorts.

10
Trickle, 2016

Used filing cabinet, spaces from lead typeface

‘Trickle’ is an assortment of ever smaller spaces from a typecast alphabet, arranged on an empty filing cabinet. It spells out a prolonged silence, implying that muteness needn’t be understood as the end of communication.



11
Playback / Another Shot, 2017

Spatial sound installation, chromogenic photo print pierced with 9mm-caliber bullets

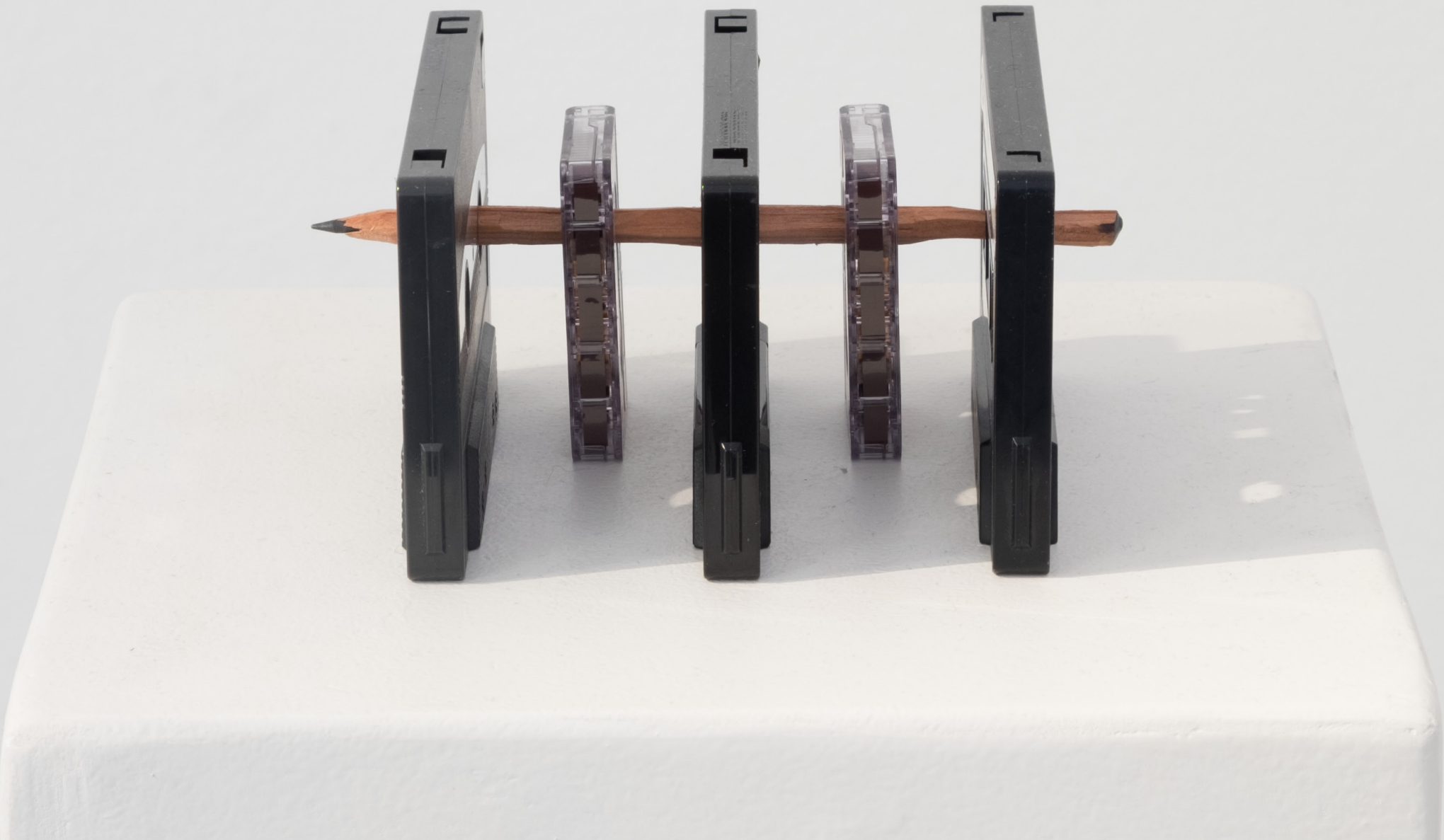
In this work inspired by William Burroughs, the experience of firing a gun is coupled with another of his peculiarities: the belief that playing back visual and sound recordings can alter the course of events in a specific place.

The largely silent piece is basically a chance composition that conceals a deafening gun blast. The attentive viewer can hear someone restlessly fast-forwarding and rewinding a number of tapes, clicking buttons and listening to the electronic hiss as if scanning for something.

In anticipation of the gun blast, other noises can be heard; some were already on the tapes for reasons that are unclear, as snippets from of a different time, while others directly tie in with the act of shooting - for example, a ‘death rattle’ of someone being executed.

Revulsion, boredom and morbid fascination alternate in the haphazard playback and winding of tapes.


B
Noise Reduction
Yes
No
2
ENERGY EFFICIENT AND ANTI-RESONANCE
CASSETTE MECHANISM
6
TDK
SA 90
HIGH POSITION
IEC II/TYPE II
A:
31 gevaarlijke variant 35



9

A desert warehouse, 2012

Spatial sound installation, automatic turntable, pressed vinyl with letterpress sleeve in an edition of 50. Total duration 36 min.

The sound on ‘A desert warehouse’ was captured in the Arena in Marfa, Texas, a former hangar used in the 1980s and 90s by Donald Judd, who organized communal gatherings there.

The listener hears the enormous corrugated roof groaning and ticking as a result of the desert wind and heat. Played into the space whenever the record is exhibited, the sound evokes a mental version of the warehouse.

The noise is permeated with the absence of Judd and kindred artists, the ephemeral nature of an influential movement - and at the same time with a melancholic desire to be transported to a site of community and dialogue.


A desert warehouse. You enter through a square revolving door, stepping down onto a floor divided into parallel tracks of fine, raked gravel. To your left, on a stone terrace, are solid wooden tables with chairs made out of the same material. The backs are exactly leveled with the table top, so that when the chairs are drawn up, the tables appear to be solid blocks. Moving to the kitchen, you find two massive refrigerators, white, almost square, droning in unisce. The draining board is austere, just like the messware, which is neatly shelved. The sight of the uniform rows of cups, plates and cutlery emanates a far-reaching fusion of art and existence—perhaps too far-reaching. All the while, you hear the expansion and contraction of the colossal corrugated roof that has spanned the building ever since its construction. It had housed airplanes, a soldiers' gym, and a riding arena, until Judd converted it into a "social hall" for communal gatherings. The structure now remains, empty and untouched.
"I found out later in the same place that perpetuity is very short."
—Donald Judd
Recorded by Nickel van Duijvenboden in the Arena at the Chinati Foundation, Marfa, Texas, on October 26, 2011. Edition of 50.
The text originated as a letter.
JVC
PHONO

A desert warehouse. You enter through a square revolving door, stepping down onto a floor divided into parallel tracks of fine, raked gravel. To your left, on a stone terrace, are solid wooden tables with chairs made out of the same material. The backs are exactly leveled with the table top, so that when the chairs are drawn up, the tables appear to be solid blocks. Moving to the kitchen, you find two massive refrigerators, white, almost square, droning in unison. The draining board is austere, just like the messware, which is neatly shelved. The sight of the uniform rows of cups, plates and cutlery emanates a far-reaching fusion of art and existence—perhaps too far-reaching. All the while, you hear the expansion and contraction of the colossal corrugated roof that has spanned the building ever since its construction. It had housed airplanes, a soldiers' gym, and a riding arena, until Judd converted it into a "social hall" for communal gatherings. The structure now remains, empty and untouched.

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—Donald Judd

Recorded by Nickel van Duijvenboden in the Arena at the Chinati Foundation, Marfa, Texas, on October 26, 2011. Edition of 50. The text originated as a letter.

13
Notes of 2011 Superimposed, 2012
Type on paper, metal, roughly A4

Reiterations, 2012-2013
Gelatin-silver prints, photographic retouche ink, glass, 22 × 25,5 cm

These diaristic works reflect on the process of reappraisal and editing to the point of exhaustion.

‘Notes of 2011 Superimposed’ is a typewritten transcription of my notebooks from the year 2011 onto a single sheet of extra thin paper.

The ‘Reiterations’ are photographic reproductions of diary pages. Retouche ink has been applied to most of the handwriting, leaving only fragmentary pieces readable.

[redacted] dat het niet hebben van een context onhoudbaar was,

[redacted] dat het ergens gebeurt, [redacted]. [redacted] Dat je op een gegeven moment de regie verliest. [redacted]

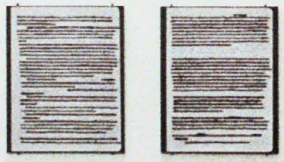
[redacted]

een fase, of
dus en ons me

Tentoonstellingsoverzicht Marijn van Kreij

hil. Waar de verhouding tussen
nstenaar en de kijker bij Van Gol-
en intact blijft, als één-op-één-
latie, maakt Van Kreij die relatie
mplexer en weidser. Hij betrekt
gedeelde geschiedenis, geac-
muleerde kennis en medespe-
s in het spel tussen de maker,
n werk en de kijker. Terwijl hij
aatsmaakt voor andere stemmen
een gedeelde geschiedenis, is
onderhuids toch steeds aanwe-
g. Door de vele betekenissen en
rwijzingen is een gang door deze
stallatie 'completer' dan die bij
an Golden. Van Kreij navigeert
ssen de ideologische dwang-
atigheid die besloten ligt in het
ansnijden van een kritische issue
s het auteurschap en de gemak-
chtige ironische commentaarpo-
ie op de modernistische traditie.
eide valkuilen worden vermeden
oor de kritiek erop aan te stippen
aar ook de waarde ervan te her-
evestigen, en er een levensvat-
are omgeving voor te creëren. Van
reij zet een volgende stap naar
en gedeelde conceptuele ruim-
lijkheid die tegelijkertijd invoel-
aar is.

Jack Segbars
eeldend kunstenaar en curator,
Rotterdam



A
From a constant ruin (leporello)

Full cycle of photographic and mimeographic reproductions of correspondences and appendices 2013-2015, folded and bound into a singular edition of 124 pp. (88 prints).
43 cm × 40 metres.


From a constant ruin
Collected letters and appendices 2013 - 2015
by Nickel van Duijvenboden

B
De grote afwezige (The Grand Absence),
2003

Collection of essays on photography,
offset, 48 pages, Dutch. Self-published.

I earned my degree as a photographer without showing any photographs. Instead, I published these seven essays, in which I analyse the working of photography in an ironic and polemic fashion.

In the title piece, I picture a situation where a father cannot attend the opening of his son's graduate exhibition. Instead they discuss over the phone the "objective photographs" the son has put on display.

Can discourse substitute for images?

Apart from this conceptual question, 'The Grand Absence' also explores the literary motif of a son lacking acknowledgment from his father, and the paradox of an artist who refuses to make art.

C

Plateau, 2008

Novella, offset, 2 × 48 pages, Dutch and English. Published by Roma Publications, Amsterdam. Cover by Gwenneth Boelens.

A short fiction set in the Cold War era, ‘Plateau’ features two scientists stationed on the Arctic drift ice for a year. “Except for the stars there were no reference points here: no hills, no mainland, no vegetation — nothing that counterbalanced the uniform character of this frozen ocean landscape.”

The question how the expedition members should relate to this landscape forms the heart of a discussion which seems to be driving them apart.

presence, taking him and the willingness with which he surrounded her for granted, his ability to do things without hesitating — in a nutshell, his being someone she was not. She missed everything that had been soaked out of the body that lay there. And she missed herself, the person she was when in his company.

She began with the contours of the horizon and the distant ice ridges. Then she focused on the forms closer to the ice station: the bore holes in the ground, footsteps, ice boulders, and piled-up snow. The grating sound gave her a feeling of control. This mode was the only thing she herself had kept command over, and the more the interplay of lines in the representation began resembling the actual landscape, the more she felt that having a command of this was important.

She realised that she not only determined how true to nature the sketch would be, but also how different — the way in which she would deviate from what met her eye. It seemed strange to her now always wanting to do something that was strictly verifiable. She was weary of always having an original to fall back on as an example for the sceptics. That scepticism, it turned out, emanated mainly from herself. It was time for something that was not verifiable — because it was hers. There was no "original", it was a copy of nothing. She was not, after all, purely a translator, and if she were, she was at the very most an interpreter of her own perception, of what she decided was the reality.

She concentrated on composing the entire view, but she avoided the spot where Lev's body had surfaced. The lines simply ended when she came to the spot. In this way she more or less followed the movements of her eye. She left them like this until she could no longer add another line round the empty spot. Not out of indecision. This *was* a decision. She was not worried that people might interpret this empty gap with hostility, or that it would be a break within the series, because it was, anyway. In all honesty she hoped that the point

of over-radiation would burn a hole in the entire pile, all four hundred sheets, as if the magnifying glass not only threw a merciless light on her but also on her documented memory.

The scorched form hung slightly off centre. Apart from this exception the islandscape was as always: rugged, detailed, virtually shadowless and primarily horizontal. Unemphatic. This was why it had been a cherished subject for her sketching: nothing to distract her attention, she was free to concentrate on the overall picture. Now, however, that freedom felt imposed: the eye was doomed to a meaningless wandering in an enveloping movement round the spot to which it was denied access. She looked approvingly at her pencil drawing and visualised the contours of the ice ridges as grooves in a long-playing record. Their jagged patterns could be interpreted the same way a needle of a record player picks up a signal from the vinyl. She conceived the white spot as a place where the record was completely worn smooth, where the raised contours had crumbled away until there was nothing left to interpret. The needle was doomed to jump back in time, to the previous groove from which it began to slurp the melody with the same gluttony. Until someone decided they were tired of the constant repetition, took control of the innocent mechanism and finally lifted the needle out of the groove and placed it back in the holder.

She, too, yearned for the mainland.

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Her cabin was on a deck that was not in use on this voyage. She felt the emptiness in the passageways as she awoke from her slumber. The door of the cabin was open. She looked for a while at the shining red linoleum floor in the passage, but when she closed her eyes she saw ice. As if she had looked too long into a fire. A beam of sunlight shone through the port-hole. The oval patch of light folded itself over the interior of her cabin, clipping her clothes that had been piled up on a low

D
No mirror can guard you, 2011

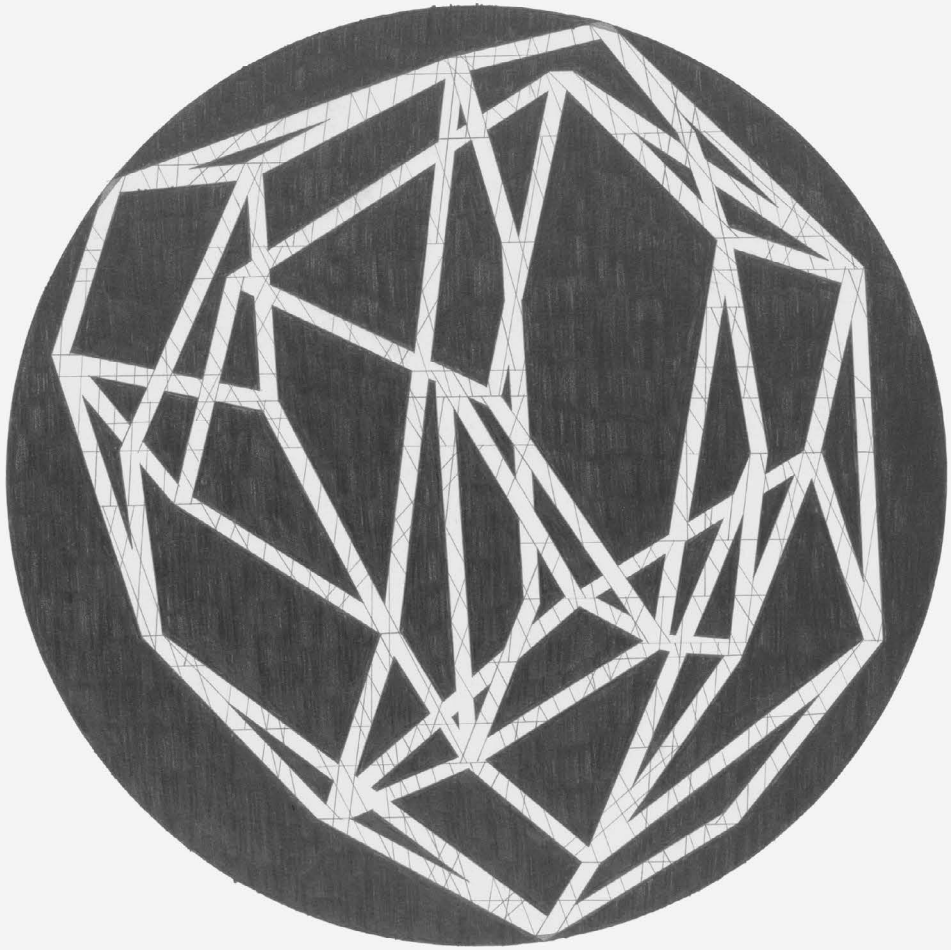
Collection of short prose pieces, offset, 96 pages, Dutch and English. Published by Roma Publications, Amsterdam. Cover by Marc Nagtzaam.

When I was twenty, I decided to keep a record of the occurrences I believed would leave a mark on me. This could be an offhand conversation with a parent or a confrontation with a friend; a comical observation on the street or the precariousness of being a young artist.

I recorded these moments in as few words as possible and preferably on the same day, in an attempt to preserve them from the distortions of memory. This accumulated naturally into a compact archive of ‘incidents’ in which self-consciousness repeatedly wedges itself into everyday reality.

GEEN SPIEGEL KAN JE BEHOEDEN
NO MIRROR CAN GUARD YOU

Nickel van Duijvenboden



E
Writings

From 2008 on, I have contributed to many artist's books and publication projects from the perspective of an artist who writes.

The work created in this capacity could be fiction, dialogue, travelogue, epistolary or otherwise, often serving as a counterpoint to images.

I have worked together with a.o. Roma Publications, Geert Goiris, Mark Manders, JCJ Vanderheyden, Suzanne Wallinga, Atousa Bandeh, Johannes Schwartz, Gwenneth Boelens, Wytske van Keulen, Marijn van Kreij, Wouter van Riessen, Hans Aarsman, Metropolis M, Fucking Good Art, Foam Magazine, Fw:, and NAi Publishers.