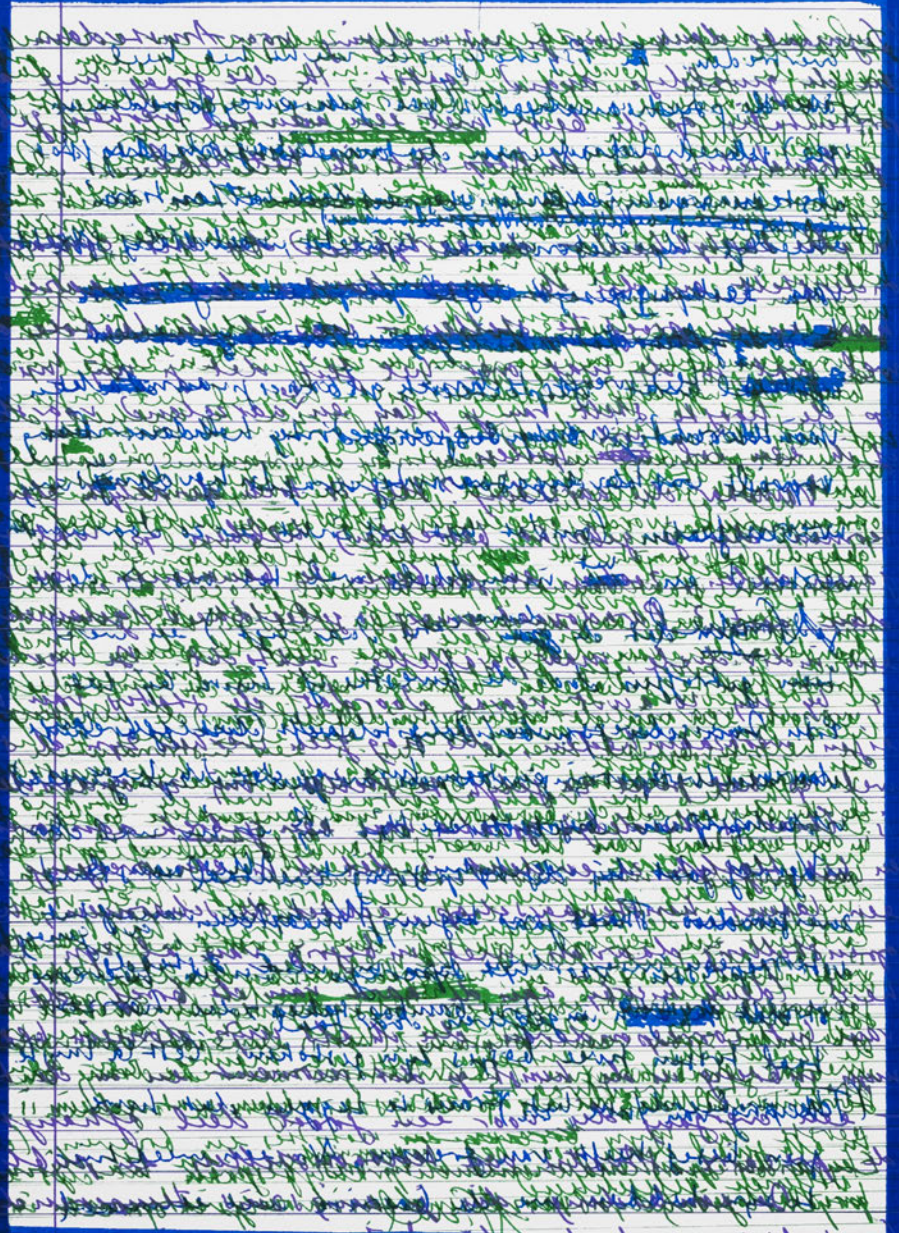


Nickel van Duijvenboden
writer, visual artist, vocalist

selected works and publications
2003-2018

nickelvd@xs4all.nl
www.nickelvd.nl



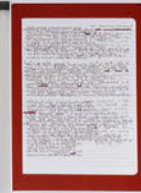
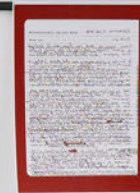
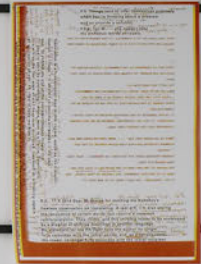
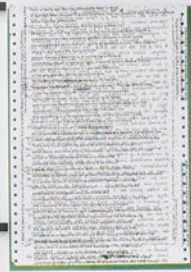
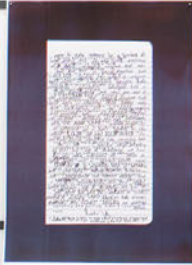
From a constant ruin, 2014

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.







the
me
with
the
had
the
further

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
ne when
the real me, what
oing

d moments. I suppose
cipitates
turn implies that few
g, they are patrolled,
ce that
irrounds

ns' (residents
at order). So far,
nd
cy, I'm beginning
word for

the reading. It's not so much about the "ideas" per se as rather
the obsessive concentration on, circumscription of, the supposition
such as the supposed level of being, the exploratory, incisive
use of language. Even though I cannot, in other words, pretend that
I'm in the same sense of the word, I recognize his preoccupation
with synonyms, translation, etymology, and in addition
I'm troubled by the psychoanalytical implications. Absolutely,
I've never understood the holding of psychoanalysis at the same
time an affirmation and an awakening.

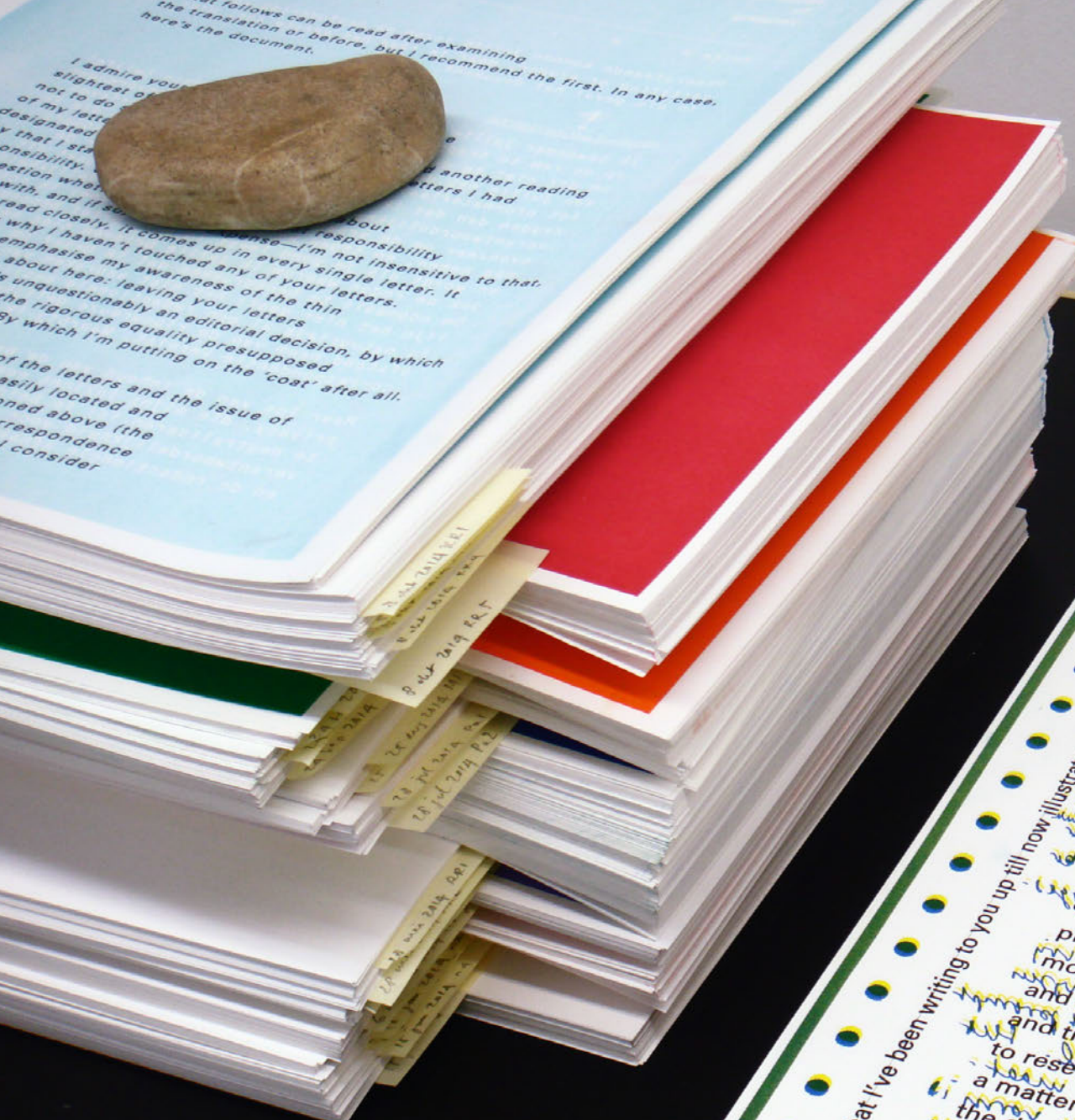
...in order to come
back to the
book, I return needed a "title" from you b
you have lovingly text to me. It teaches r
humorous, my own sense of humour, which
equally buried, but in no way dielectical
by even the most abstract earnestness of
feverishness. (Perhaps the implication of
is less laughter-inducing than it at first ap
in any case, is a stranger to the
fear of curtailment, but as
we can see a "restoration" is not
beyond the realms of possibility.)

WOLLE
schrijven
NEDERLAND
heel van Diny vensdoden
- 5 vaalstraat 6
steden 1092 HK

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.



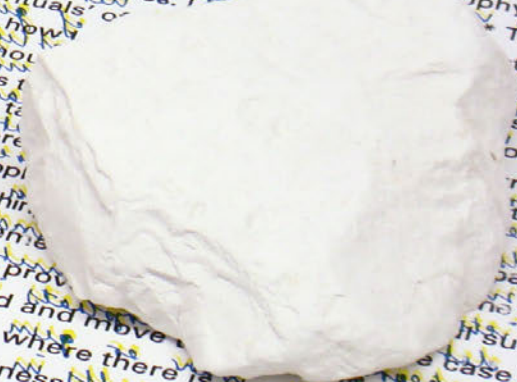
... follows can be read after examining
the translation or before, but I recommend the first. In any case,
here's the document.

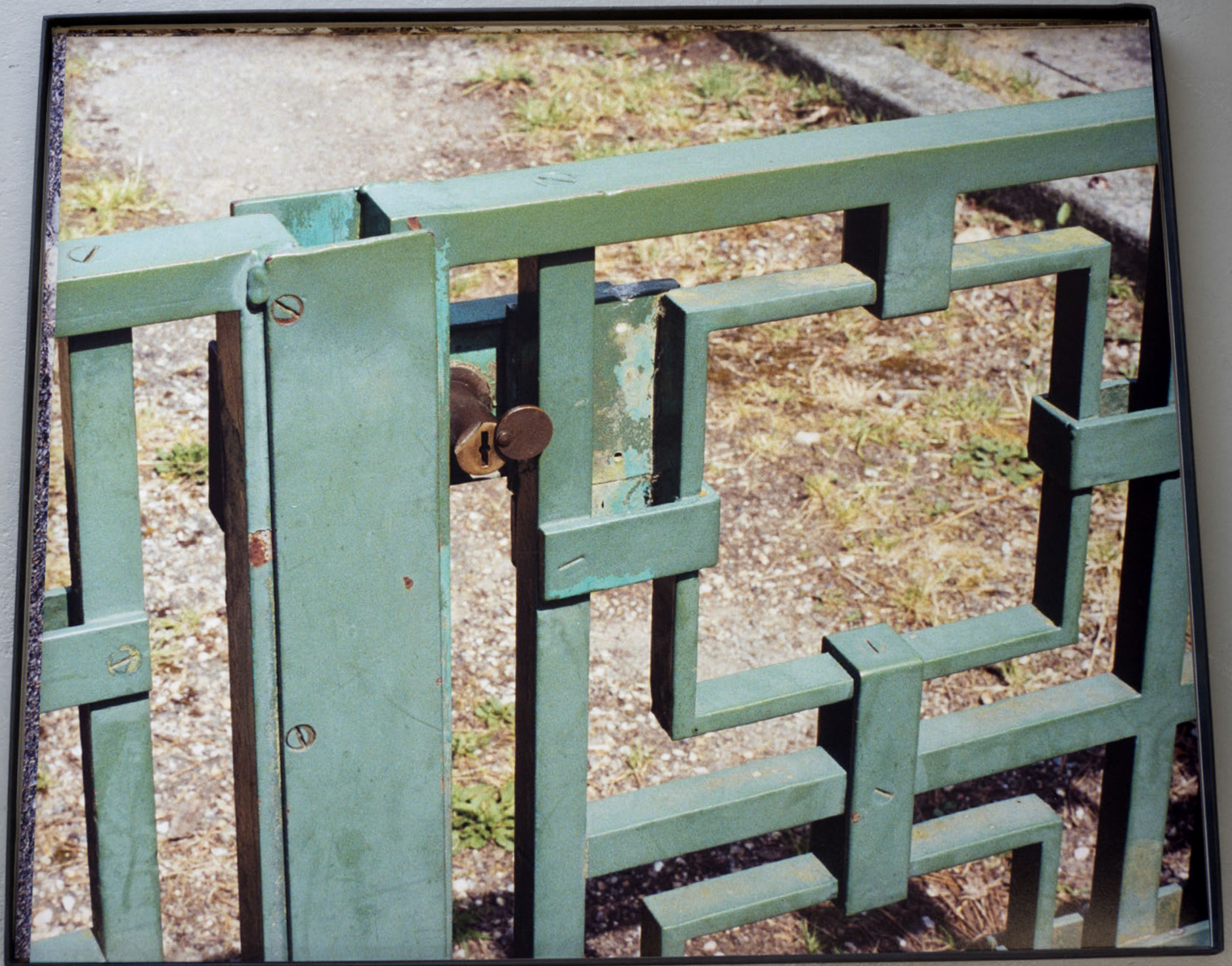
I admire you...
slightest of...
not to do...
of my letter...
designated...
y that I sta...
onsibility...
question whe...
with, and if su...
read closely, it comes up in every single letter. It
emphasize my awareness of your letters. It
about here: leaving your letters
s unquestionably an editorial decision, 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

... from an early age. But you should also bear in
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, pr
view my distant relatives. I
by the 'family rituals' or
and I don't see how
or even why I shou
that something is t
And we're not just t
I experience as a core
it's not something suppl
a much more profound thi
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 never
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 force
of resistance or repudiation. You and Mom have pro
and that has sustained me for a very long time
on the other a renunciation of yo
this and it's a backbone of yo
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 thin





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"
-------	--	----

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 cylinder structure, formerly used by the municipal sewage facility. These sounds are presented in a darkened and partitioned space with fake columns, 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















The Benefit of Sadness, 2018

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

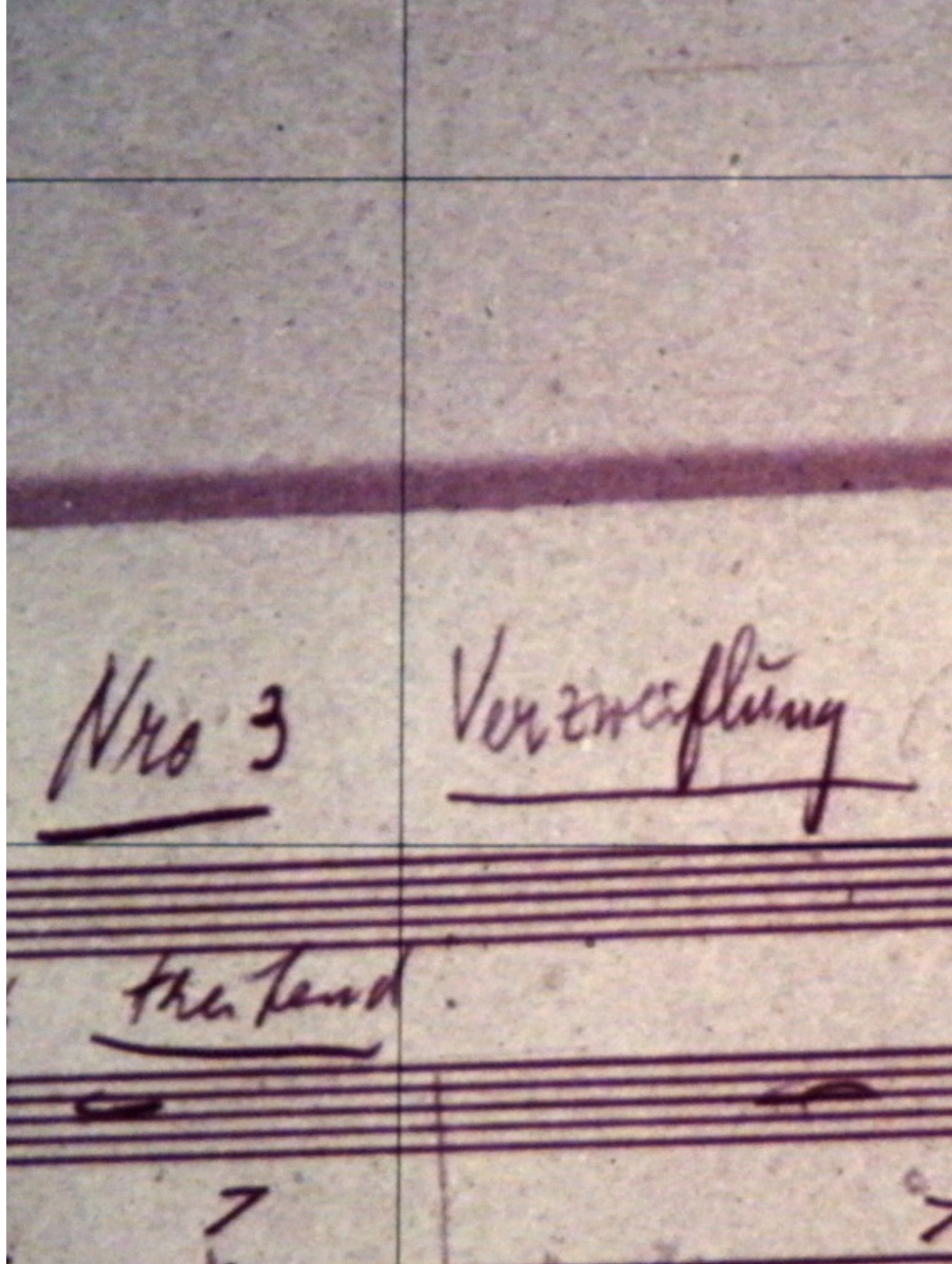
'The Benefit of Sadness' brings together
epistolary monologues, music fragments
and film footage, accumulated during a
working period in Berlin.

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
Arbeitslied
D





I can just see a tiny door...





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.

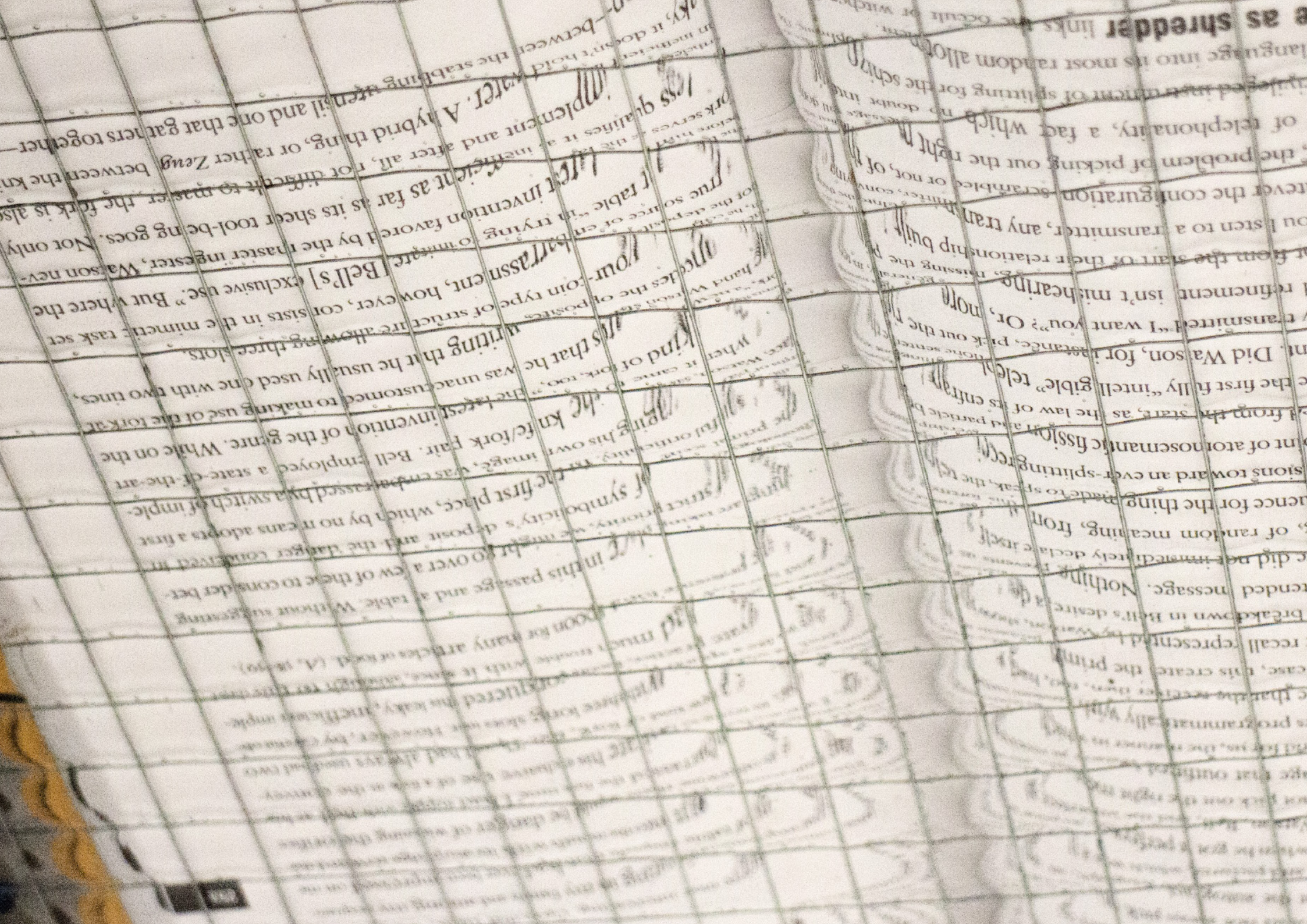
Approx. 8 x 8 metres

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.







shredder links the occult of which
language into its most random allocation
of telephony, a fact which
the problem of picking out the right
never the configuration
you listen to a transmitter, any tran
from the start of their relationship built
refinement isn't mishearing
transmitted "I want you"? Or, more
Did Watson, for instance, pick out the
the first fully "intelligible" teleph
from the state, as the law of its entr
of atomosemantic fission and partic
sions toward an ever-splitting reg
ence for the thing made to speak, the
of random meaning, from
did not immediately declare itself
ended message. Nothing
breakdown in Bell's desire
recall presented
case, this create the prim
c handling receive them, two, may
s programmatically with
all the no, the message in
age that outlined
not talk out the right
When Bell, and the
where the first teleph
and practical
of the early





Inoperative
Library





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.









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.









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.

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







Contingence for Beginners (to and from),
2015

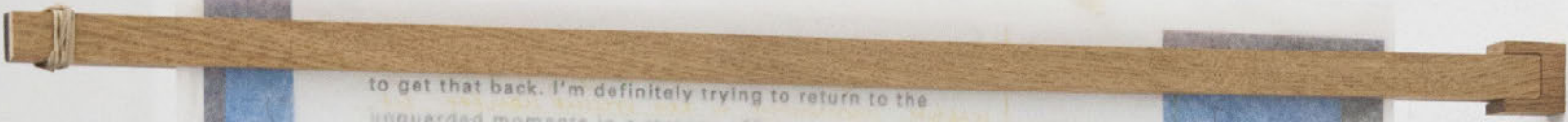
Mimeographs (soy-based ink on paper),
c-prints, photocopies, acrylic and pencil
on paper, various inks, wood, rubber
band.

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.





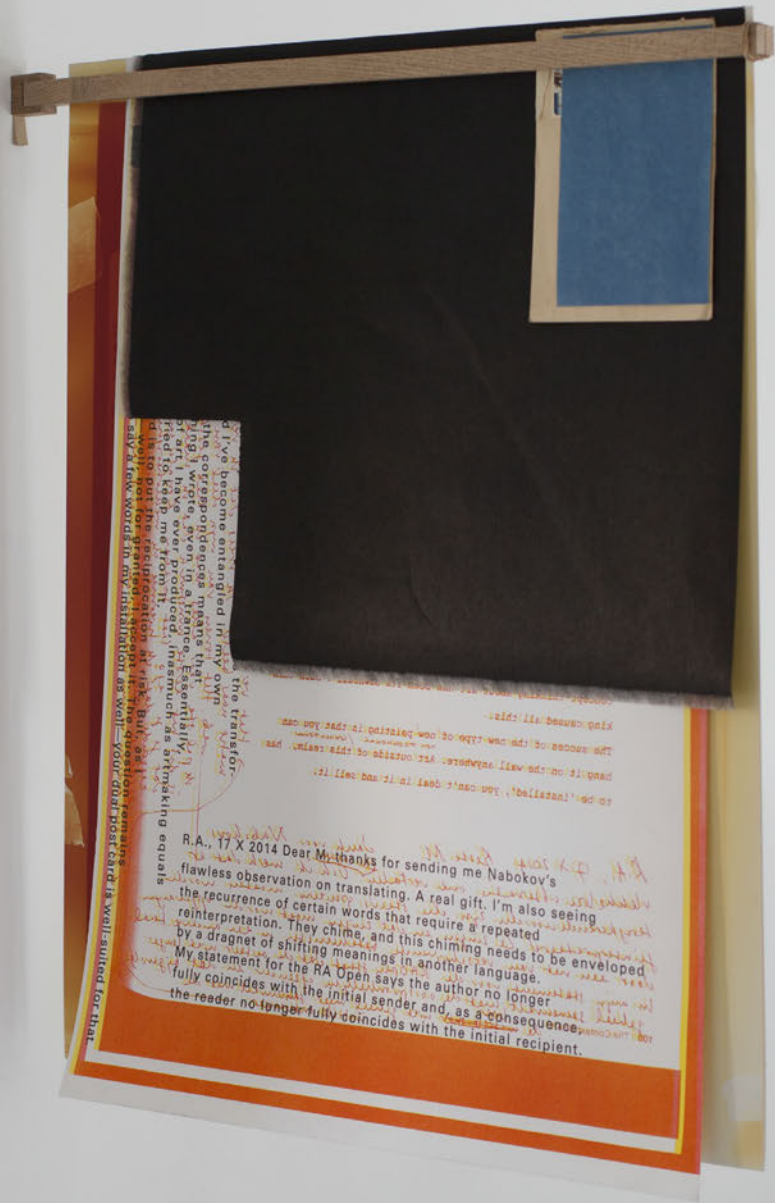


to get that back. I'm definitely trying to return to the
 unguarded moments in a strange office,
 when my mother has already shifted her
 attention to her work and I've had to
 feed paper into the typewriter and
 find out how the first time and



T
 to
 ne
 of
 wa
 and
 app
 es
 that
 V
 ing
 ack
 wri
 'sp
 'ev
 I'm
 all
 the
 ma
 in
 is
 me,
 and
 I
 wa
 to
 be
 of
 my
 work

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 an
liceable to others. A panic boredom
I feel in panel discussions, lectures
ments: wherever boredom can be
bysteria?" It is characteristic of Ba
both boredom and joy (the Barthe



I've become entangled in my own the transfer
the correspondences means that
of art, I live, even in a France. Essentially
ried to keep me produced, inasmuch as grmshing equals
ditio out the resider, it's not for granted, it's a gift, but, as I
say, it's words in my installation as well—your do it best, and is well-suited for that

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
re-interpretation. 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.





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.









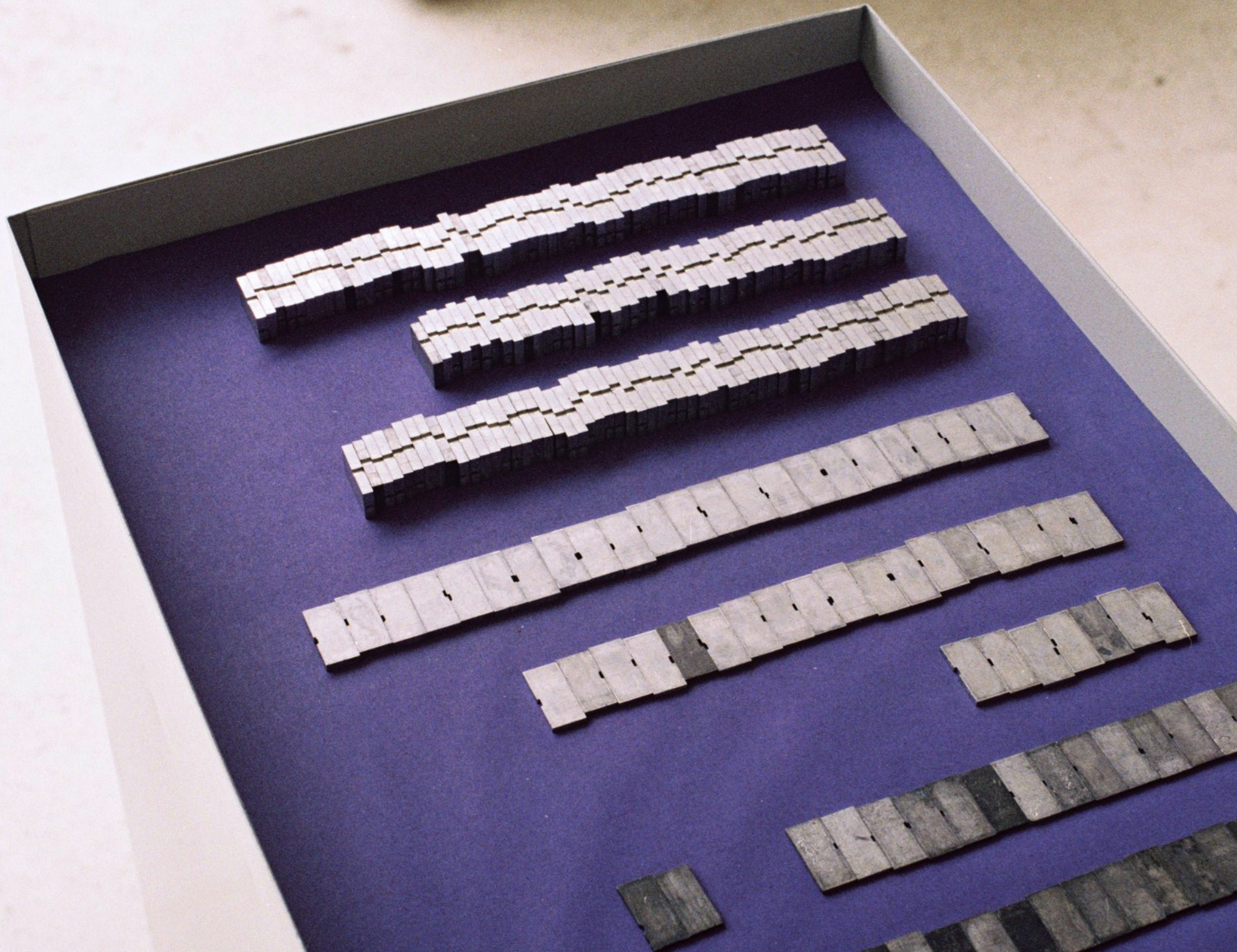
Trickle, 2016

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.







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 [blacked out] Noise Reduction Yes No

ENERGY EFFICIENT AND ANTI-RESONANCE CASSETTE MECHANISM

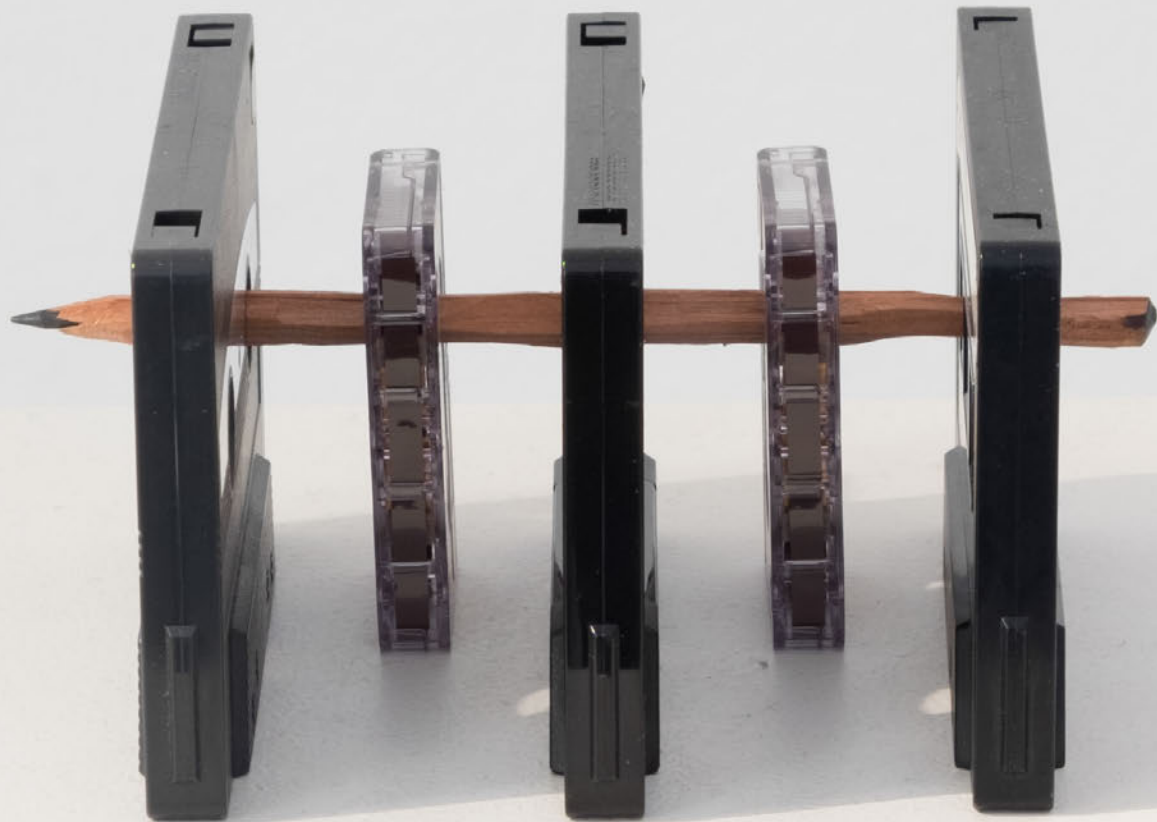
TDK

SA 90

HIGH POSITION IEC II / TYPE II



A: 31 gevaarlijke variant 35





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.



Small informational text block on the wall, likely a museum label or plaque.

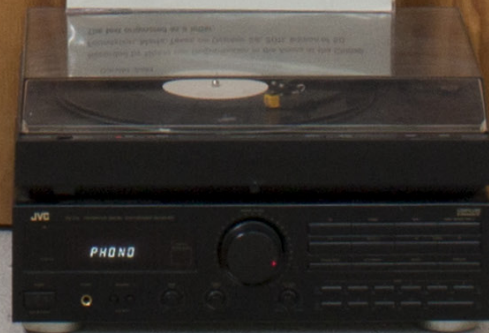




A desert warehouse. You enter through a square revolving door, stepping down onto a floor divided into parallel tracks of fine, raked gravel. To your left, on a stone terrace, are solid wooden tables with chairs made out of the same material. The backs are exactly leveled with the table top, so that 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, drowsing 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.

"I found out later in the same place that perpetuity is very short."
— Donald Judd

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



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.

"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.

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

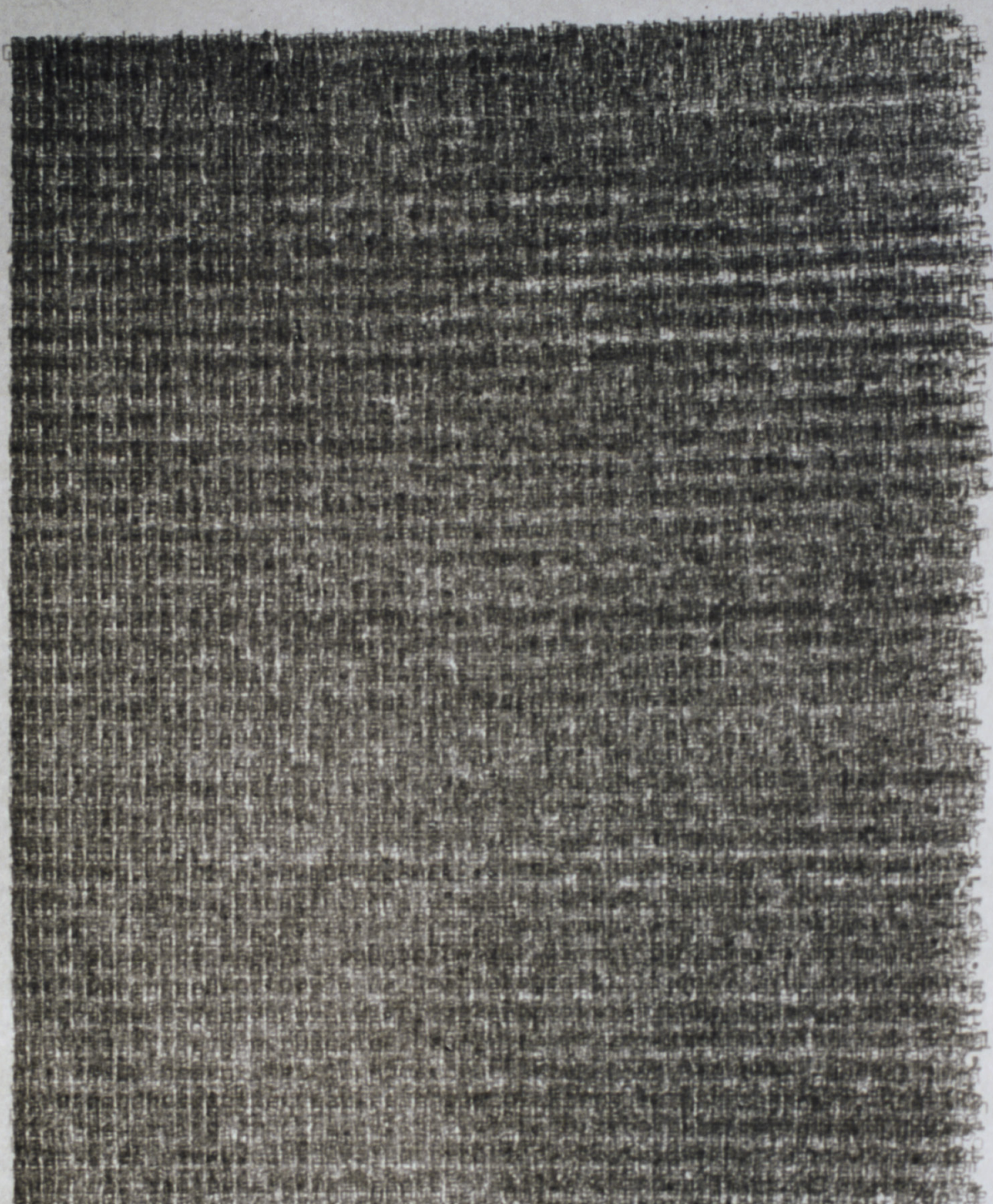
These diaristic works reflect on the
process of reappraisal and editing
to the point of exhaustion.

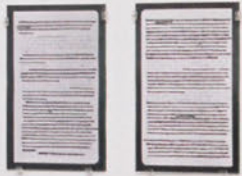
'Notes of 2011 Superimposed' is a
typewritten transcription of my notebooks
from the year 2011 onto a single sheet of
extra thin paper.

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









[Redacted text]

dat het niet hebben van een context onbegrijpelijk was,

[Redacted text]

dat het ergens op leed, [Redacted]

Dat je op een gegeven moment de rijen verliest.

[Redacted text]

[Redacted text]

een fase, of een
dan en ons me

[Redacted text]

[Redacted text]

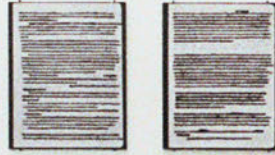
[Redacted text]



Tentoonstelling overzicht Marlijn van Kreijl

hil. Waar de verhouding tussen kunstenaar en de kijker bij Van Goldenen intact blijft, als één-op-één-relatie, maakt Van Kreijl die relatie complexer en weirdser. Hij betreft een gedeelde geschiedenis, geaccumuleerde kennis en medespelers in het spel tussen de maker, het werk en de kijker. Terwijl hij plaatsmaakt voor andere stemmen in een gedeelde geschiedenis, is onderhands toch steeds aanwezig. Door de vele betekenissen en verwijzingen is een gang door deze installatie 'completer' dan die bij Van Goldenen. Van Kreijl navigeert tussen de ideologische dwangmatigheid die besloten ligt in het afsnijden van een kritische issue als het auteurschap en de gemakkelijke ironische commentaarpositie op de modernistische traditie. Beide valkuilen worden vermeden door de kritiek erop aan te stippen maar ook de waarde ervan te herbevestigen, en er een levensvatbare omgeving voor te creëren. Van Kreijl zet een volgende stap naar een gedeelde conceptuele ruimtelijkheid die tegelijkertijd invoelbaar is.

Jack Segbars
beeldend kunstenaar en curator,
Rotterdam



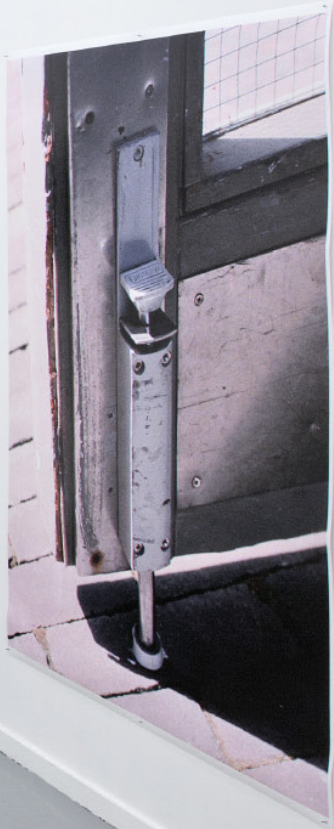
A

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.



Nickel van Duijvenboden | **De grote afwezige** | *Essays over fotografie*

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.

Plateau, by Nickel van Duijvenboden



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.

405

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

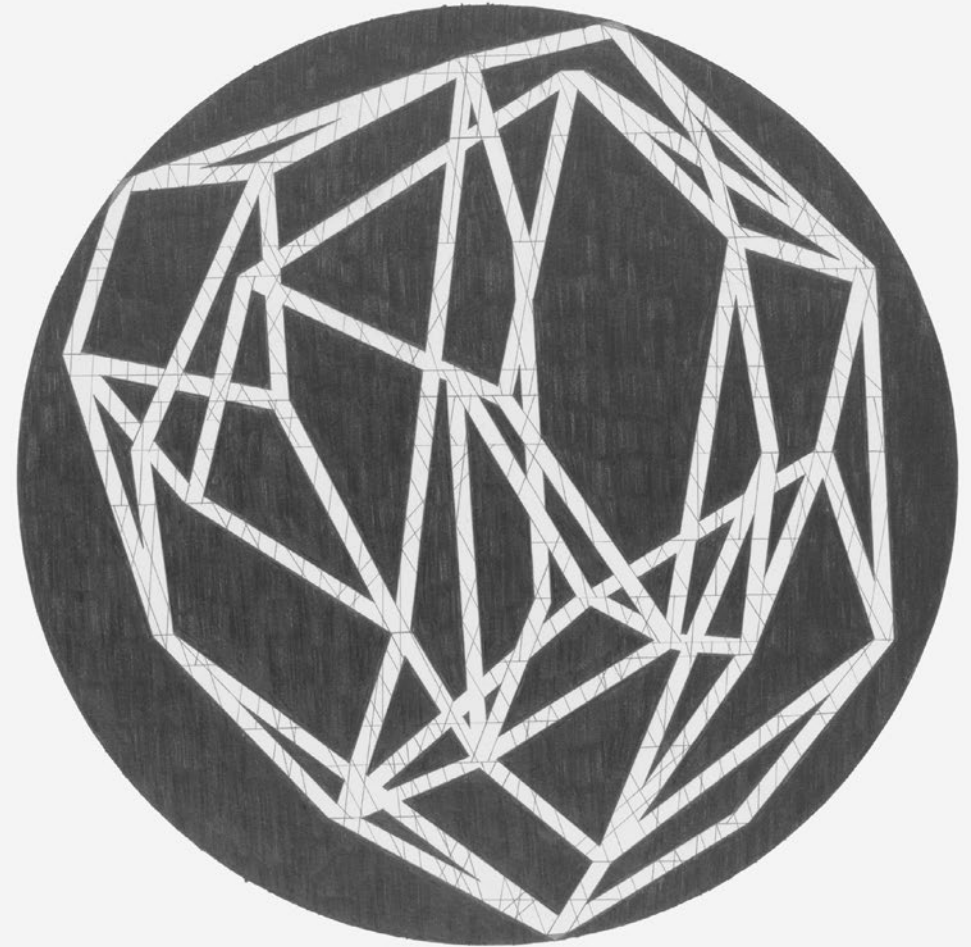
Collection of short prose pieces, offset, 96 pages, Dutch and English. Published by Roma Publications, Amsterdam. Cover by Marc Nagtzaam.

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, Wytse van Keulen, Marijn van Kreijl, Wouter van Riessen, Hans Aarsman, Metropolis M, Fucking Good Art, Foam Magazine, Fw:, and NAI Publishers.

