

Dear Sven,

Marion called me yesterday to ask me to write a few thoughts about you and us, because she said she thought a friend would be more suitable. I was quite surprised. Because it's not an easy thing for me to do. The last couple of nights I haven't slept a lot. But I'll try. A lot of memories and a lot of images come to mind.

Time, our relationship with time and your lifetime, from 190 to 270 heartbeats a minute. That's the rhythm you set yourself.

There are twenty-four hours in a day. Twenty-four hours that can go by in a flash or seem infinitely long if you spend them in the same room as a cow. If you sit on the bell tower of a church and the bell rings every hour. If you row around the bell tower in a wooden canoe shaped like a coffin you have made with your own hands. If you spend twenty-four hours turning a tub of butter. Or a day and night filing down a machine gun until only it is only shavings.

These infinite pictures that contain all the highs and lows of human existence. Ski suits with holes like Emmental cheese that also describe the highs and lows of life.

In 1975, the 33-year-old artist Bas Jan Ader staged a performance that involved crossing the Atlantic in a small sailing boat called "In search of the miraculous".

10 months after his departure, the empty boat washed up on the coast of Ireland. Jan Bas Ader's body was never found.

You, art gabber, crossed the Atlantic too, but we managed to find you. I hope your search for the miraculous never ends. We will hold you and your work in our hearts forever.

