



's-Hertogenbosch held up to the light

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*a sister is someone who
knows all about you*

Title: 'Den Bosch held up to the light'

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Motto: Old 's-Hertogenbosch

The added quotes are from the collection 's-Hertogenboek

Published on behalf of Adr. Heinen/ 1985

Overall care: Coen Free

(Title + first stanza / a small random selection)

From a collection that was published in an edition of 800 numbered copies.

I am in possession of number 515.

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ELLUF

ELLUF

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- On the eleventh of the eleventh in 1944, a child was born in our family. Den Bosch had just been liberated.
 - The babies from that period had to deal with major shortages. They suffered from severe nutritional disorders. The hospital was full of these newborns. When my sister was three months old, she looked like a three-week-old child. 'Take them home', they said there. 'Then she can die at home'. With a teaspoon of sugar water per hour, she was dragged through. A fighter!
 - The eleventh of the eleventh remains a special day in our family.
 - Eugénietje was 63 years old.
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 - On 11-11-1955 she turned 11
 - On 11-11-1966 she turned 22
 - On 11-11-1977 she turned 33
 - On 11-11-1988 she turned 44 - On 11-11-1999 she was 55...



In 2008 she died suddenly from the fall of a staircase.

On the way to school

The city is a world of its own.

Full of pleasant hustle and bustle, rarely quiet,

A man with violin, flute or guitar,

Nothing is exceptional, it's all possible there.

Karin van Baast



On the facebook page 'Oud 's-Hertogenbosch' I read the following text:

'There are those pictures that tell more than a thousand words. Take the Tripe Market, for example, in the early sixties. A sea of people, so densely packed that people popularly said: you can walk over the heads.

The air seems thick with smoke and expectation. You can almost hear the drums, the brass, the hoarse laughter of men with gin in their jacket pockets and women losing their heels on the cobblestones.

It is carnival in 's-Hertogenbosch, a time when the parade still passed right through the Pensmarkt, as if the city itself was putting its lungs up.

The new V&D had yet to be built, and on the spot where the shop windows would later shine, there were wooden walls with placards.

Between the building planks you can still smell the smell of wet cardboard and beer, of woolen coats that had been exposed to the rain for too long.'



'There is something melancholic in that image. A city on the eve of change. Still unpainted, not yet at the mercy of commerce. There, on that crowded Pensmarkt, you can see the heart of 's-Hertogenbosch beating. Raw, warm. And unpolished.

Kind

He looked away a bit as if there was something to reconcile.

I imagined that he looked like the man who was in a dead quiet church.

alto part from Bach's Matthew Passion.

Growing up without a score is very often starting over,

and deeply, yes very deeply ashamed.