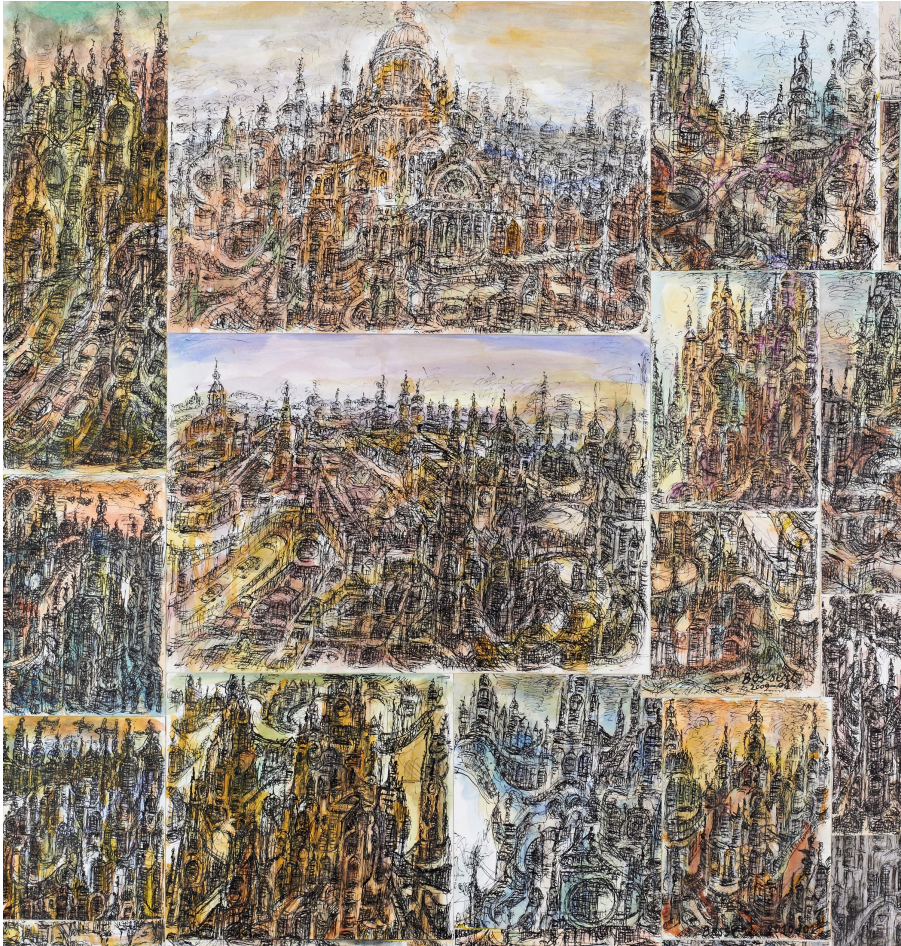


Herman Bossert

by Nico van der Endt



Heaving deep sighs, as always, he comes into the gallery. **Herman Bossert's** cities sigh too. They are old and tired, thin and brittle, yet filled with such power and pride. They rear up in glory, although the end is nigh. I'm startled and I resist. We are trapped in these cities, like flies in a web or the blind in a maze. As night falls, we lose all hope of seeing the rising sun. And as the cities begin to crumble, so he glues them back together.

No, **Herman Bossert**, I don't agree with your fire-and-brimstone sermons. If this world falls, another will rise in its place. Who are we, poor we, to shed tears over them?

Nico van der Endt
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