

Foreword.

My autobiography.

Last Updated August 2025

When the day came and I realized I was getting older,  
I decided in 2008 to pick up pen and paper to write my autobiography.  
But since I'm not a writer, I had to swallow three times to get started.

Here is my autobiography about my life as a person and a musician.  
If I had known the preparation would be so intensive,  
I probably would never have started.  
But now that I'm "finished," it feels good.

Before you start reading, I'd like to thank a few people for their help:  
Ria L B, Jan G, Ron K, and more.  
Without their memories and information, this autobiography could never have been written.  
I had to go back to 1968/69 when I took my first steps on the musical path.

People, that's a long way back in time, 56 years.  
It's a nearly impossible task to do all this alone.  
And then trying to dig up the names of the musicians from your memory.

Now I'm 71, so you can imagine that this didn't come so easily to the surface.

In 2008, I started searching the internet for names I could still remember.  
And then you find yourself being helped  
by an unknown voice saying, so-and-so and so...

That Google search engine is fantastic.  
Fortunately, some people were found quickly because  
they, like me, are still active in music.

Some had a website, blog, or Facebook page.  
But many had no connection to the internet at all or used a pseudonym?

### **My autobiography covers various topics.**

How it all began in 1969 (my music)

My daily life back then.

Music in general (pop concerts and festivals)

The names mentioned are not fictitious or made up,  
but for privacy reasons, I have omitted the last name of some.

Why? We have to deal with privacy laws.  
Musicians have a reputation for being quickly associated with drugs and alcohol.

Therefore, I don't use last names unless the person has no problem with being mentioned.

Even for people I haven't been able to trace, I only use the first name.

## How it all started in 1968/69

I come from a completely non-musical family.

My grandfather and uncle played a bit of accordion, but otherwise, they were happy to be alive.

When I turned five, I could choose between a tin can car or a children's guitar.

You guessed it, I chose the...Guitar, no, I chose the tin can car.

I had absolutely no interest in a musical instrument. Well, that recorder was fun, for me, but not for my parents, who drove them crazy.

That's when I turned ten.

I already had a musical preference, which was more or less imposed on me by my father.

He was crazy about noise no sorry, Hawaiian and krontjong music.

This was interspersed with music by Mario Lanza and Slim Witman.

This music was on all day long. Because my mother didn't know anything about music herself, she just listened to whatever my father liked.

And when my father came home from working hard, the music just continued.

When I turned twelve, I started to get terribly annoyed by this music

and thought it was time for a good birthday present.

A real stereo? Well, mono.

A suitcase gramophone with a lid that housed the speaker and, of course, the record player.

Man, I was as big as a monkey with seven tails.

Of course, to test it out...yes, Slim Witman at 78 rpm

went on the turntable. That whole record had to be listened to.

My parents still had one of those old 78 rpm turntables

with a horn and needles as thick as fork tips.

As a result, my needle wore out quickly.

But not to tell Dad what I was thinking, I bought a single by the Cats with my first pocket money.

It was played until it was worn out. This marked the end of the Slim Witman era.

With my paper round, other artists came into the picture,

more Nederbeat, and even international artists appeared on my turntable.

Then came the blessed age of 14.

I was unstoppable.

The golden 60s had arrived.

My first LP was by the Cats, Colour as Gold, followed by Grandfunk Railroad, Deep Purple, and Led Zeppelin.

Man, my father was going crazy.

Grandfunk? What a bloody record!

That's off, otherwise I'll break that record in half.

I can still hear his words.

This, of course, also got me out of the door, which, before that, was pretty much closed to the outside world.

Until eight o'clock, and then you're home, you hear, my father said.

There was a youth center nearby, and I was allowed to go there.

The first evening started off great; a band called the Troggs from England was playing.

Absolutely fantastic.

If it weren't for the fact that the band wouldn't start until nine o'clock.  
And if you had to be home at eight o'clock, you'd miss out.  
I didn't see the Troggs that evening and was home promptly at eight o'clock.  
What a bunch of gear and guitars those guys had!  
My interest in music was piqued.

When I turned fifteen, all hell broke loose in the musician's house.  
I wanted to see something of the world and not be home at nine o'clock. Well, okay, then you're home at ten o'clock, and not a minute later.

Anyway, I finally got my first guitar one of those acoustic things that you couldn't get any sound out of.

One evening, my mother said, "Go take guitar lessons."

"Okay, mom that's good, without batting an eyelid."

My first lessons were with Cees van Loon in Vlaardingen,  
and my first chords were "AM C House of the Rising Sun."

The skins were there, and after five lessons, I gave up.

I spent the whole year rehearsing blindly to the Animals  
and Bob Dylan.

After mastering 10 chords, I started singing.

I sat outside on the coal box, playing and resonating.

One time, when my parents were away, I invited some friends  
to a coal box concert in the garden.

"Blowin' in the Wind," "House of the Rising Sun," etc.

They loved it, since no one in the neighborhood could play guitar.

Then came the bold age of sixteen and a moped!

My friend Jan S. and I were always the ones carrying the load.

We often went together to the Toverbal in Maassluis, Kommunio in Vlaardingen, and  
Jeugdhaven in Maassluis. We also spent a lot of time in Vlaardingen  
and Oud Holland in Schiedam, where the traditional Dutch pub "de grot" was also located.

Like one time we went to the Toverbal on Saturday afternoon. In the evening, we wanted to go  
home in our denim jackets, but when we came out, it was snowing heavily.

On the Puch to Vld in your denim jacket, can you imagine? Terribly cold and wet.

We did something that wasn't nice.

Namely, we took two warm Afghan coats from the coat rack and put them on.

You know those lovely lined coats that smell of sheep.

Of course, not nice for the owner, but wonderfully warm.

Two weeks later, we took the coats back

and secretly hung them back on the coat rack.

We didn't go to the Toverbal for a while after that.

The mood at home didn't improve that year, and I decided  
to move out on my own. Through an acquaintance, Theo B., I found a room on Kortedijk.

The floor was so slanted that if you walked in drunk, you'd immediately tumble down.  
Seven people lived in this house and there was a large basement. That basement was  
enormous, and it was here that I first encountered marijuana and other soft drugs.

My first girlfriend.

I was 15 when I started dating someone, well, puppy love, anyway.

Her name was Wilma S.

A very sweet and fun girl with a golden personality.

I met her in the former orphanage in Vlaardingen.

Upstairs there was a small room with a disco, which was actually run by a church.

The VOJ Association of Ecumenical Youth.

What a word, you just have to remember that as a teenager?

(Unity of all Christian Churches?)

Anyway, that's where I met Wilma, and it was love at first sight. We spent a year together until our relationship broke up. Because of Wilma, I actually ended up in a kind of church world where I didn't really feel at home.

Sex wasn't allowed, and hard rock music was definitely not allowed?

And that was exactly what I was crazy about: Deep Purple, Led Zeppelin, Grand Funk, and so on.

So this wasn't played at the VOJ?

So, take that stuff with you and give the DJ a friendly look.

At first, he was very hesitant until he said, "You going to play yourself then?"

I said, "Okay, let's do it." From that moment on, the place was packed

and young people came from far and wide.

Friday night became blues and rock night. We introduced blues dancing, swishing your long hair, and jumping around.

Later, we smoked some joints, and the place was rocking.

Until the management suddenly showed up.

That man was called Cor Schriel, a quiet, kind older man

who had some understanding for modern youth, as long as they

remained God's children. The music was approved, but the smoking had to stop.

Okay, I'll take care of that.

Anyone who wants to smoke weed will now have to go outside and get stoned there.

As you can see, we were already ahead of the curve on the smoking ban.

We had a great time and two years later we even moved to a school in the Zomerstaat.

My second girlfriend was named Wil v L.

During this relationship, I met a Surinamese guy named Michael.

I had left the commune and needed temporary housing. Michael provided this.

That guy was truly amazing at cooking.

Here, I learned to cook foreign food, which I still love to this day.

I got my own room and immediately turned it into a teahouse.

It was so busy! Sometimes I couldn't get into my own room

because there was a couple hanging out.

And of course, you don't disturb them.

Wil was a darling in bed, but otherwise unbearable, which resulted in a breakup that I've never regretted.

Then I started dating again.

Her name was Brenda B.

An Indonesian girl with everything going for her.

I was truly madly in love with her, and she with me?

So much so that she got pregnant just to stay together.

Unfortunately, her father (2nd Sukarno) had other ideas and forced her to have the baby aborted in England, as she was already four months pregnant.

We were going to live with my parents for the time being.  
It all turned out differently than I'd imagined.  
In retrospect, I'm glad it didn't work out, otherwise  
I would never have met Maria.

In 1968, I met Dirk Zandstra, later the drummer  
in the no name band. (Died in 2006).  
He was looking for a place to live.  
He was offered an upstairs apartment in March 1968.  
Four bedrooms, a living room, and a kitchen.  
He asked if I was interested in living together.  
We would then share the rent and other expenses.  
The name became the commune house "puppenstuf."

We knew that because before we knew it,  
four people were living there.

I bought my first real guitar there with my salary,  
a Gibson Les Paul for 400 guilders.

A beast of a guitar, and with that,  
the first band came into view.

A band without a name, and we're talking 1969.  
The band consisted of Dirk Zandstra (deceased), drummer,  
and Gerard S on bass, myself on guitar and vocals,  
and Ruud J on sax and guitar.

We rehearsed in a small neighboring house Oosterstraat in Vlaardingen.  
According to himself, Ruud J was possessed by a demon and  
left for an unknown destination to a religious sect in the South of France.  
I never saw him again.  
Even during my search for Ruud, he wasn't found. (Deceased)

I recently spoke to Henny M.M. via email, but unfortunately  
we lost again.

We'll see Gerard S. again at Virgin.  
Virgin 1971/72.

Band members:  
Dirk Zandstra (deceased) drums, Aad vocals, Teun Blom (deceased) guitar,  
Huib G guitar, Kees L bass. Later Henny M.M. on drums.

Virgin 2 (1974) was the successor to Virgin  
with Arie Bussen (deceased) on drums.  
Gerard S on bass, Rini van Willigen (deceased) guitar and vocals, and me on guitar and vocals.  
Ger Z later joined as a third guitarist.  
Ger Z had T-shirts made that later turned out to have the wrong name  
It should have been Virgin not Virgen.

But the idea was fun.  
We had a good repertoire of 35 songs.  
Mainly Nederbeat and covers from the original material.

Virgin 2 participated in a preliminary round of a record deal with a new lineup,  
set up by Peter Koelewijn.

We finished 17th, although it was quite a laugh that day at the fair in Rotterdam in 1974.

Ad Troost on bass guitar (deceased), Jan Willem V on drums, Ger Z on guitar, and myself on guitar and vocals.

Wow, we were so hot and stoned there.

Ger Z stopped making music after this and never did anything again.

Unfortunately, I'm no longer in touch with Ger.

We mainly played our own songs.

Ad Troost continued as a guitarist and singer in a country band in the UK, and just like Ad Troost, I never saw Jan Willem V again.

Ad Troost had been living and working in the UK for years, where he performed frequently as a solo country artist.

Update: Ad Troost passed away in 2018 at the age of 59.

At the time this book was written, J.W.V. was untraceable.

### **Back to daily life.**

We were happily living at the Puppenstuf house in

Vlaardingen, where four people were now living.

Why? It was so cozy and relaxed

that more people wanted to leave the parental home.

We had an upstairs apartment with four bedrooms.

Unfortunately, my girlfriend Brenda B got pregnant and a solution had to be found.

Then parents are great people; they would help us out with lodging and other necessities.

That happened, and I'll spare you the details of what happened before that.

So, a free man again, since she wasn't allowed to see me anymore and I wasn't allowed near her anymore?

Oh, life can be strange.

One afternoon, when I was off work, two girls showed up at the Puppenstuf house: Wil N and Maria B.

Both looked nice, but to them, I didn't, since I had just gotten out of the shower and my long hair was sticking out in all directions.

Hmm, I saw something in Wil, but more in Maria B.

So, I first started dating Wil N.

When I was introduced to her parents, they said,

"Does this seem like the right marriage partner for you???"

I was absolutely terrified and ended the relationship that same night. Me, a free spirit, and getting married? No way.

In 1971, I got my own house.

And it was quickly furnished and renovated.

One evening, maria B came over with her friend Wil N, whom I had broken up with a few weeks earlier.

They came to inaugurate my house.  
Wil N left, and Maria B stayed forever.

Now, almost 53 years later, I've never regretted it.

We got engaged in 1974 and married in 1985.  
In 1987, our daughter Alissa was born, and we were very proud of her.  
When everything had calmed down again, I looked for a new band.

This became the band Waterfall.  
So, are we in 1983?  
Waterfall was a band with guts.  
On drums: Jan Schaaf - Bass guitar, Aad Seele - Guitar and vocals  
Jaap Koene and I on guitar and vocals.  
Jaap did all our own work and arrangements.

Jaap and Aad Seele wrote most of the songs.  
We played four shows with Waterfall.  
How did I get involved with Waterfall?  
There was a session at the Toverbal in Maassluis, a music venue.  
Several guitarists were there, each trying to outdo the other.  
That evening, Waterfall was scheduled to perform.

They arrived early and were watching the guitarists battle it out.  
Apparently, I stood out among the crowd, and they asked  
if I was interested in playing with Waterfall?

Waterfall rehearsed in a tomato farm.  
"Let's hear the songs," was my reply.  
After a short session, I played guitar and some solos on the songs.

That first night, I became the guitarist for Waterfall.  
Jaap Koenen had his own business in H.v.H.  
and a large attic where a huge studio had been built.  
Some recordings were made there, which I still have.

After a few words in Waterfall, I decided to leave the band  
in December 1984? Which, in retrospect, I really regretted!

### **Back to daily life.**

We really enjoyed living on 2nd Maasbosstraat in Vlaardingen.  
By then, I had several guitars and was thinking  
about taking up bass. I bought this one too.

A real Fender bass player.  
After a long period without a band, I spent my time  
working and learning to play bass.

After five months, I was playing bass.  
So, I have that under my belt. As a bassist, you can work anywhere.

So, without having a permanent band, I played in a lot of bands that needed a bassist.  
I often filled in for cover bands, during sessions, studio work, etc.  
Yet, the guitar remained my favorite instrument.  
Not that I was a great guitarist, mind you, but you could accompany yourself so nicely with  
vocals.

There were times when I was away from home quite a bit for performances.  
maria preferred to stay home since she wasn't a real music lover.  
Every now and then she would join me, more for the social aspect than for the music.  
She always gave me freedom in whatever choices I wanted.  
You won't find a woman like that easily anymore...

### **Back to music.**

In 1985/1986 (I'm not really sure anymore), a band called Fix was looking for a guitarist for solo parts and lead vocals.

This was my first real contact with symphonic rock.

Magenta, as the band would later be called, was a fantastic band with a spectacular sound system.

They had a huge rehearsal space in the auction halls in Honselersdijk (Westland).  
This was also the first time I encountered synthesizers and other keyboard instruments.  
Wow, what a relief that was!  
Gerard M played keyboards; Evert S played bass pedals, bass guitar and synthesizers. Arend S played drums and percussion; and I played guitar and vocals.

Beautiful melodic 30-minute songs with that familiar progressive symphonic feel.  
The guitar work in these songs wasn't exactly easy for me.  
Furthermore, Evert Schoeman had indicated that he only wanted to do bass pedals and synths, and no longer bass.  
I said, "Okay, the solution is here.  
We'll get a different lead guitarist, and I'll play bass."  
"Great, that's all taken care of."

"Good, that's all." I called a friend of mine, whom I'd played with on several sessions before, and asked him if he'd be interested in being the lead guitarist.  
He agreed and stayed; his name was Ron K.  
Jan S. was behind the mixing desk and the recording equipment.

We stayed together for three years until I arrived with a producer/musician named Peter van der L.  
Peter was also a symphonic enthusiast and played flute and keyboards and even sang on some songs.

I'd actually asked him for his excellent perspective on symphonic music and his work as a producer.  
Unfortunately, our collaboration quickly ended due to disagreements within the band.  
We were together for three years.  
I left and haven't had any contact with the band members since then.

Since writing my autobiography, I haven't been in touch with these musicians.  
Ron K, whom we'll see again later.  
We'll also meet Arend and Evert S later in this book.  
I never saw Gerard M again.  
We've also been in touch with Evert and Arend S again.

The first recordings for the LP we had in mind at the time were made with this band.  
And look, the recordings were made in Jaap Koene's studio in HvH.  
Mentioned earlier in this book.



We were going to record three songs: Prelude, Saga, and Sometimes.

While we were recording, Huib G, also an known friend, came along to listen and record some classical guitar pieces for Fix (Magenta).

Huib had instantly fallen in love with a girl and asked if we wanted to record a song with him.

Everyone thought it was a great idea.

We rehearsed this song and later recorded it in the studio.

Huib G vocal, and Ron K and I did the backing vocals.

The simple lyrics were "love."

Was it ever released? No idea!

The song, as I later learned, turned out never to have been released.

After that, we continued working on our own songs.

I still have the original tape's with three songs.

### **Back to daily life**

Living together soon turned out to be difficult.

You quickly discovered that you had a lot of friends when you had alcohol

and weed in the house, and you didn't see anyone when there were problems at home?

Yes, living together was quite unusual.

My ex-girlfriend Brenda B came to visit once to

tell her some things about what had actually happened.

Meanwhile, Maria B had also come by and had seen my ex's moped.

She assumed I wanted to get back in touch and that she could leave.

She went home angry, thinking the relationship was over.

I was completely oblivious when she showed up at my door the next day, demanding her things.

We talked for a long time, and I told her that she was the only one for me and no one else.

I never saw my ex, Brenda B, again after that. That brought peace back to the house.

In the meantime, my instrument collection had grown

to 5 guitars, 2 amplifiers, 2 synthesizers, etc.

So, it was time to clear out, also because we'd been offered another house.

The space we got in return was enormous. So why would I sell?

No, I bought something else, a new H&H 200-watt guitar system.

After Alien things went quiet in the music business.

I occasionally played upstairs in the attic with three people:

Peter D on drums, who couldn't really play drums, Frans H on keyboards, and John vd Vaart on guitar, and me on bass and vocals.

In a nice isolated space in the attic.

During this period, I learned to play keyboards and wanted to try it out in a band later.

I rarely saw John vd Vaart after that.

John vd Vaart passed away in 2004 age 41.

I also lost touch with Peter D and Frans H.

In 1986, Ron K came to me and asked if I'd be willing to step in for a band that played symphonic music.

They didn't have a bass player, so that worked out perfectly.

To my surprise, I met Evert and Arend S again.

They had also quit Magenta and had called Ron K to start a new band.

I'd always kept in touch with Ron K.

Alien 2, but with a few different songs and musicians.  
In this band, Arend and Evert S were on drums and keyboards;  
they had contacted Ron again after Magenta broke up.  
Ron K on guitar and vocals, me on bass and vocals.

Their style was their own work, but more heavy rock parts.  
This band lasted for another three years.  
They played quite a few gigs and had a very relaxed atmosphere.  
Later, I started playing keyboards and guitar, and Ruud V took over on bass.  
We rehearsed in a community center on Oosterstraat in Vlaardingen  
where Ron was a caretaker  
After that, I only saw Evert S at his own wedding. With, see Limelight.

We'll meet Ruud V, Ron K, and Arend S again later in this book.

During that period, I was also in a second, nameless band.  
With essentially the same music as Alien I.  
This was because I had started this band before Ron came along.

In this band were Donny, an Antillean drummer, his brother Winston (deceased) on keyboards,  
Henny B on guitar, a bassist whose name I've forgotten, and myself on guitar and vocals.  
I still have a few songs on a tape that sounded really good for that time.  
So I had to make a choice and quit the band.

We'll meet Donny? and Henny B again later in this book.  
Winston? died a year after the band broke up of drugs.

At the end of 1985, Alien II broke up, and Ron continued with Arend and Ruud in White Alien.

I don't know how long that lasted because there was no contact between them.  
In any case, Ron called me in early 1987 to ask if I could fill in as bassist for Limelight,  
a wedding and party band.  
I actually didn't really want to be in a band like that, since the music wasn't really my thing.

Frans H was the regular bassist.  
Frans H never returned, and I stayed for the money not the music.

People, much gigs with this band.  
I want to forget that awful outfit as soon as possible.  
The band existed for a year with this lineup. You see how small the music world can be.  
I reconnected with Andy S and Giedus S later.

I recently heard from Giedus S that he had spent years in prison for drug smuggling abroad.  
This was also the last time I saw Arend S.  
I've always kept in touch with Ron K.

### **Back to daily life 1987**

That year our daughter was born.  
A difficult start for that little one.  
We had some problems in the early years.  
In and out of the hospital. And looking back now, she's become a beautiful  
37-year-old woman with two wonderful children.

She just has other ambitions than making music.  
She didn't follow me into music either.

The year before, 1986, my father died of lung cancer.  
He suffered terribly for five years.  
Yet, thankfully, he was able to witness our wedding.  
A year after our wedding, Alissa was born.  
A little person like that really turns your whole life upside down.  
We were having a really hard time, as we were often in hospital.

So the music took a back seat, and I didn't really care about that.  
That little girl was much more important!

I performed when possible, but I had mixed feelings about it.  
During the breaks, I always called to see how things were going.

During a Limelight gig, someone came up to us and asked if we wanted to play another gig that evening.

We had played for six hours that afternoon and were exhausted.  
Still, some band members thought we should go.  
Everyone had been drinking quite a bit, and I had to break down, drive, and set up since the others were no longer able to do that.  
I was fed up and quit immediately.  
Limelight ended in 1988.

### **Back to daily life.**

I also lost my job during this period.  
We had a hard time because Maria had to take care of the little one.

During this period, I had to sell almost all my instruments to make ends meet.  
I'd had enough of making music and being in bands.  
We took it easy until 1991, when I was offered another job in youth work.

1991  
Through some volunteer work in 1989/91, I ended up at a printing company.  
There, I came into contact with youth workers.  
I could have become a youth worker, but then I had to go back to school to get my college diploma.  
Since I really wanted that job, I had to.  
Together with Ron K, I enrolled in that training program, and we were able to start working right away in a community center and a youth center.

It was incredibly enjoyable work, although the figurines you had to work with were swashbuckling wool-haired, woolen-sock characters.

And worse, you immediately got into political circles that I certainly didn't want to belong to. What a cliquey society that is!  
Since everything revolved around subsidies, you unfortunately had to join in. What I saw and heard there is indescribable...  
Huge amounts of money gone to the wrong people, pocket-filling was the general impression, and then I got out.

I ended up at a youth center, whose name I won't mention, to cover for a colleague who had had an accident. CP was his name.  
When I walked in, I couldn't believe my eyes.  
There was a huge debt I had to sign for.

"No way," was my response. "I'm not signing up for anyone else's debt. Just give me (10,000 guilders) and I'll breathe new life into this center together with Ron K."

Within a year, Ron and I had 45,000 guilders in cash, and the debt was gone. In the early days, a dumpster had to be installed to clear out all the mess. There was some capital abuse.

But one of the great things about this center was the rehearsal spaces that were available for rent. Unfortunately, no one had ever paid for these spaces. So this had to change. Now you have to try to get money from a musician without a fight; that took some effort. But in the end, they all paid.

The center ran smoothly for two years before finally having to close due to government budget cuts. During the same period in 1991, I met some very good musicians. Back then, we gave a lot of sessions, and they attracted a lot of people. Including several foreign American and UK musicians who were staying here for a while.

This led to the idea of starting a symphonic band. As a youth worker, you had the privilege of using the large PA system the center had. And of course, the stage for rehearsals. The band didn't have a name, and it basically stayed that way.

This band included Ron K on guitar yes, here he is again, but there wasn't a regular drummer. We also played with Rob P, Arend S, Perry S (who has since passed away), a certain Wim??, and a few others. I played rhythm guitar, keyboards, and lead vocals, and Ruud V played bass, and Evert S played keyboards.

We've had several guitarists and drummers. Yet, this band played a lot of their own songs, most of them written by me. Heavy, progressive songs with depth. We were actually spending far too much time in the rehearsal space, and that took its toll. After nine months, this lineup and the band disbanded,.

With my songs, I went looking for another band. I played keyboards, bass, guitar, and did lead vocals. I received the following response to an ad: "Band looking for a singer/keyboardist and a lead guitarist in Hoogvliet." I went there. Great people with their own rehearsal space and PA. Their band didn't have a name, and they didn't think it was important at first. Later, they discussed it, and Aad van den O came up with the name Diachilon. In December 1991, Diachilon was born. With this band, we took a different path.

My earlier songs were used for the new repertoire, but completely revamped. For example, the songs "Lady in the Red Dress" and "Shadows" were reworked and reworked. "People" was reborn, and "The Wall" was made tighter and sturdier. Later, a second keyboardist was brought in for the keyboard arrangements: Marcel L. A top-notch keyboardist who gave the songs what they needed.

In mid-August 1992, Peter vd L. Again reappeared as producer. He mentioned that the band should make a CD with recordings in England. The band was good and could certainly compete with the better bands.

Appointments were made at Pieter Gabriel's Real World studio in Bath, England. Several greats from the symphonic world were to play on the CD as guests. So, recordings were made that actually turned out to be inadequate.

Still, things were chaotic in Diachilon, as some of the musicians didn't want a CD while others did. Shortly before leaving for England, the band broke up. Diachilon continued with Aad vd O, Rene vd O and Jan L. Rene vd O died of cardiac arrest in June 2000. He was 39 years old.

1993

I met a musician at Shibumi, located on Westhavenkade in Vlaardingen. There was a jam session going on with several Dutch musicians. We connected, and his name was Jan G. I had seen Jan before during rehearsals at the East community center. Jan played keyboards in a band with other musicians, including Ruud B, Hennie B, and a few others.

I asked Jan G if he was interested in playing in a project called "Seven Gates of Hell." This project was originally going to be a two-person keyboard project. It was about a story about seven gates to hell, and a choice had to be made to find the right gate to heaven. The project never got off the ground because there wasn't enough time.

By December 2024, all the songs were finished, and the project will soon be launched.

In 1993, I started looking for musicians for a band. I found them in Jan G, Ron K, Perry S, and Hennie B, and myself on bass guitar. The first rehearsal space where we rehearsed was at the Kw.haven in Vlaardingen. That's where we played the first songs that had previously been performed with Diachilon.

Rehearsals were difficult because some musicians weren't playing seriously enough. After five rehearsals, it became clear that the current lineup couldn't continue. We decided to continue with the three of us and make recordings at Jan G's house. Jan G on keyboards, Ron K on solo guitar, and me on bass and lead vocals. The recordings were made at home on a four-track recorder. The quality was excellent, but you could tell that the drums were very synthetic compared to real drums. We recorded four songs with vocals by Ron and me. We also made a recording with a female singer named Natasha. She sang on "Lady in the Red Dress." She was an acquaintance of Peter van de L and had gotten in touch with us through her boyfriend.

Around the same time, Peter van de L had come up with the idea to develop the songs we had recorded at Jan G's house in a professional studio. This would take place at the Real World Studio in Bath, England. In November, we went to Virgin Records to have the songs listened to. They certainly weren't dissatisfied, but they didn't sound commercial enough to be released. Bummer...

But the big names who might play on the CD were interesting enough to pursue further.

So, agreements were made with Anthony Philips, former guitarist of Genesis, Steve Hackett, former guitarist of Genesis, Ray Schulmann of Gentle Giant, and Paul Phoenix for backing vocals.

The recordings were supposed to take place in the Real World studio in Bath. Yet, for me, the feeling of a real band was gone...

The CD never materialized, although I did enjoy the time we were in England and got to know these musicians personally.

### **Back to daily life for a moment.**

When we returned to the Netherlands, there was a surprise waiting for me.

I had returned just before my birthday and wanted to celebrate with my family.

When I walked in at night, I was surprised by my partner and daughter.

The house had been renovated, but pitch black?

It turned out there had been a major power outage that night.

"Okay, we'll see tomorrow," I said to my partner.

The next day was my birthday, and the outage had been resolved.

I entered the room pleasantly surprised.

A week later, on Saturday, I had to get changed to have dinner at Peter van der L's in the evening?

I thought it was a bit strange, but okay, let's have dinner with the four of us.

After dinner, I was chatting with Peter when the doorbell rang.

An acquaintance of mine was standing at the door, and I didn't notice anything.

Then another acquaintance, and more and more people followed.

I suspected something, but didn't understand a thing.

Until a large box was brought in, and sure enough,

you guessed it, a beautiful, half-naked lady jumped out and gave a striptease.

That ended up being my gift from Maria, my partner.

We had a wonderful time that evening and night to the late hours.

During that evening, we naturally talked extensively about the England adventure. And what was going to happen next?

I then made it clear to everyone that, as far as I was concerned, the CD was over and I'd rather start a band again.

There was quite a bit of disappointment, but fortunately, everyone was also understanding.

Two weeks later, the letter arrived from Virgin Records.

They had to abandon CD production and distribution because they had just merged with EMI, and EMI had indicated that it wouldn't sell in England.

It was as if I had seen this coming.

But the big question was: should we continue with Timewind, which had fallen apart at the time?

Timewind was a name taken from an LP by Klaus Schulze.

After much back and forth, we decided to give Timewind another try.

1993/94: Timewind relaunched.

A lot happened in my life in 1994.

New line-up 1994.

Jan Goudriaan on keyboards, Ron K on guitar, Ruud V on bass,

Remco H on drums, and me on keyboards and guitar.

We played in a basement in the Oost community center in Vlaardingen.

Drummers were apparently a big problem in Timewind, as we had several.

Including Remco H, Arend S, Corinne B, Arjen ?,  
and Rob P occasionally filled in when we didn't have a drummer.

Timewind didn't get off to an easy start, as there were quite a few internal problems.  
The problems became so great that at a certain point it was no longer possible to play properly.  
We left the Oost community center, and the Timewind period of 1994 was over.  
Until 1995, a new attempt was made to revive Timewind.

Line-up 1995 to early 1997:

Rob P on drums, Ruud V on bass, Jan G on keyboards,  
and me on keyboards and guitar, and Jan Huis in Veld on guitar.  
And later, Jan H left and Ron K returned.

With this line-up, Jan G took over the arrangements, and the songs gained a fresh color  
and sound. From that point on, Timewind improved.

Recordings were made in a studio?  
Which shouldn't really be called a studio.

Three songs were recorded.  
Well, unfortunately, it didn't go that well.  
In early 1997, after the recordings, Timewind disbanded again.

Timewind Part III

After part I, there's always a part II and possibly a part III, as it was back then.  
All the former band members had already been in other bands for quite some  
time when I spoke to Ron K about Timewind.

Don't you have Timewind in a new period?  
Ron actually looked at me with an expression of, "Are you sure?"  
But making music is, after all, a musician's nature.

Ruud was called back in, Jan was approached again,  
and a drummer was hired with whom we had already  
discussed. His name was Aad vd O.

We were going for it for the third time, but with clear agreements.  
First, we were going to perform as soon as we were ready.  
Until disaster struck again: Ron K developed a problem  
with his hand and had to deal with the grief of his deceased girlfriend.  
Ron K left and never returned.

So, should we look for another guitarist?  
People, there have been dozens, but none could match the familiar Timewind guitar sound.  
The mood became increasingly grim, and eventually I  
started doing the solo parts, rhythm guitar, and lead vocals myself.  
This didn't go well for long.  
Restlessness arose, and the bombshell hit.  
The end of Timewind, which had existed for a total of 10 years at that point.  
We did one more gig in Vld in 2003, and that was our last.

### **Back to daily life.**

We had bought a mobile home on Nieuw Vossemeer in North Brabant in 1997.  
Our daughter had bronchitis, so the pediatrician said it was good to find a clean environment.  
The two years we were there were wonderful for Alissa, and she hardly needed to use her  
inhaler anymore.

In the summer of 1999, we walked to the charming village to do some shopping.

Then my partner saw a nice house for sale in Voorstaat. We sold our house in Vlaardingen for a good price and were already able to make a profit. The house in Vlaardingen was just finished before we went on vacation. The carpet hadn't even been laid yet, the stairs hadn't been painted yet, and the central heating hadn't been connected yet.

Maria said, "Oh, let's go and have a look inside! It looks so nice!" We called the real estate agent to see if we could view it that week. No sooner said than done. Maria was thrilled with the house and the tranquility. Before I knew it, we'd put our names to the contract. Shit, I was still working in Vlaardingen and our house hadn't sold yet. Actually, a really stupid move and too impulsive. Fortunately, we sold our house very quickly for a very good price.

We renovated the new house: a new kitchen, central heating for the second time, renovated bedrooms, and so on. And I drove from Vld to Vosmeer in the north every day. Leaving early in the morning and coming home late at night what a struggle that was. Until my employer said he wouldn't reimburse my travel expenses anymore. She actually wanted to get rid of me too, since I wasn't exactly a joy to be around.

I got a good buyout and then resigned. I immediately started looking for another job, which I found quickly. Close to BOZ, home on time, and a job I enjoyed. Still, I couldn't cope in Brabant; I was homesick and quickly became depressed. Maria suggested we sell the house and live in our caravan for the time being until we could find a rental in Steenbergen. We sold this house with difficulty, but with a €20,000 loss within a year.

We put everything away and moved into the caravan. We lived there for over a year and a half before we got a rental house in Steenbergen. No matter where I lived, I just couldn't get the hang of it.

So back to Vlaardingen, where for the time being we could use the house of a very good friend because he lived with his girlfriend. When we lived in Vld, I finally understood what I was missing in Brabant. What a mess Vlaardingen was! We arrived in a neighborhood mainly populated by immigrants, and it was a mess everywhere you looked.

While we had lived there ourselves in the 60/70s. Back then, it was a very pleasant neighborhood, clean and quiet. Now you couldn't say that anymore; we lay awake all night long because of the annoying racket from a group of Antilleans below and next to us.

One day, my friend came to us to tell us that his relationship had broken up and that he was coming back to his own house. So we had to find very fast another place to live. Well, that wasn't easy. Whole groups of people from abroad got a house without any problems, but not us! Finally, after a lot of yelling and newspaper articles, they woke up to those Vlaardingen slumlords.



We were offered another apartment. Well, we knew it; we went from heaven to hell. Above us lived a couple with two autistic children who banged their heads against the wall all night long? When they had sex, the whole apartment enjoyed it.

Then there were those wonderful Antilleans who populated this neighborhood in large numbers and drove us crazy.

At one point, it got so crazy that I threw a bucket of water over someone because he was driving his stolen moped around at 3:00 a.m.

After the usual threats, we left. Luckily, we quickly got a house in Steenberghe, Brabant. And yes, I couldn't get used to it again. I suffered quite a bit there. But oh well, you could move again and hope another house was better. It was actually quite simple. It wasn't the houses, it was just me.

After a while, we moved again, this time to Maassluis. I'd rather skip what happened here. We had to flee from an immigrant neighbor.

We bought a caravan and lived there for a long time. From there, we moved to Scotland to work and live, and looking back, I would have preferred to stay there. But problems at home forced us to move back to Vlaardingen.

Timewind 4 2006

While we were living in Maassluis, we made another attempt to revitalize Timewind. New people were supposed to make the band stronger and therefore rougher. It worked well; it was tight and melodic, but incredibly hard. But it never really took off.

I had to stop because of the conflict in Maassluis and experienced the final throes of Timewind. After that, Timewind was a thing of the past.

## **Psychic gifts?**

From the age of five, I had strange experiences, and to this day, I still don't understand the reason or purpose of this gift. I was five years old when it first happened.

This was just the beginning of my later psychic gifts. According to my aunt, my parents had to see a psychologist immediately to determine what kind of disorder I had.? After two days, I was taken to a general practitioner who examined me from head to toe, played games with me, and asked me everything about the accident.

His conclusion: nothing wrong with it, the little boy is perfectly healthy and has no mental abnormalities.

According to my parents and the doctor, this case was a fluke and would probably never happen again. They were wrong...

But I won't bore you with my gift, which eventually disappeared in 1995 after severe sepsis (blood poisoning).

Music in general.

People sometimes say that music can lead to addiction?

Is that true? Yes, unfortunately, it can.

Now, this is a healthy addiction that actually has little to do with physical performance.

It must have had something to do with the 1960s, when music played an important role in my youth.

I've always wondered why music was so important to me.

Maybe it was hidden in my genes or my DNA.

My parents and family weren't very musical at all.

So where did it come from? Even stranger, I met a woman

who was really easygoing when I wanted to make music,

listen to music, etc., but she herself was not a musical genius?

During my search for former musicians, I found more than half quit after their first band.

Most never did anything again or even picked up an instrument.

Unfortunately, due to a lack of money, I was never able to attend a conservatory.

My parents and I simply didn't have the means.

So I simply never became a good or well-known musician.

Did I regret it? No, not for a moment.

I did have the opportunity to work with conservatory musicians,

but they were essentially dull musicians.

And of that group, only a very small number became famous as studio musicians, and most simply had to continue working on the side.

I found my love in guitar, bass, keyboards, and vocals.

Moreover, I'm one of the few fortunate enough to be able to write my own songs.

After research, I wrote 71 songs, a few of which were considered excellent by others.

Besides music, I also worked for security for 10 years and saw 150 pop concerts.

Who can say that?

I've been on stage with the backing band of the Jackson Five, personally chatted with Eric

Clapton for over an hour, gotten drunk with Rod Stewart,

met musicians in England like Anthony Phillips (Genesis), dined with

Ray Schulman (Gentle Giant) and his wife, Steven Hackett, and Paul Phoenix, and so on.

I've had absolutely nothing to complain about in my musical life.

My musical taste is limited to the 60s and 70s,

progressive rock, hard rock, and blues.

I've lost count of the musical instruments I've owned.

It cost a fortune, but I lived and can never say I've fallen asleep as I've gotten older.

I've had the opportunity to play in studios and, after research, have done a total of 100 gigs.

Perhaps an addiction in hindsight, but a very enjoyable one.

I've met more than 200 wonderful people who made music just like me.

And even today, I still meet people who have been making music for a while or longer.

### **Kralingen Pop Festival and the Isle of Wight.**

Yes, definitely. I sometimes hear people say, "Did you go to Kralingen Pop Festival?"

And the Isle of Wight?

It wasn't that special.  
Well, I would have loved to be there.  
Well, I was there, and I'll never forget it.

Isle of Wight, like Kralingen, was a fantastic festival  
of three days of partying and smoking. I'll never be as stoned as I was at  
Kralingen and Isle again.  
My best pop festivals / concerts.

Yes, they were ones I'll never forget,  
and I won't.

The greatest concert I ever saw was Deep Purple in Amsterdam in 1974 or 1975.  
Everything was demolished and taken down, but it was a huge spectacle.

My second and best concert was Genesis in 1977.  
A fantastic concert that I'll never forget.

The shooting in Amsterdam at the Jackson Five was also fun.  
It cost someone his ear. So why was it a fun concert?

Well, a friend and I were on catacomb duty, or artists' dressing rooms.  
After a nice chat with the Jackson Five's backing band, the guys asked if I wanted to  
jam on stage.  
Really! How cool, me on the piano? Okay, I could play one song,  
and that was Elton John's "Song for Guy."  
I was so engrossed in my playing that I didn't notice the venue slowly filling up.  
After the song, there was a huge round of applause.  
I bolted backstage and didn't show up again.

Another fantastic concert was with the Dubliners at De Doelen in Rotterdam.  
It was my first time as a spectator there, and I sat in the front row.  
That way, you could get the best seats through security.  
Right after the start, the bottle of whiskey came around three times in a row.  
I was completely wasted before the third song was even played.

The most beautiful and moving concerts were by Pink Floyd.  
Truly incredible to experience.  
I saw seven in total.

But the most moving concert was Eric Clapton's.  
Eric came on stage and began his new repertoire, which  
sounded, to put it mildly, soft and deeply Christian.

Eric had converted after the death of his son.  
And he was the first to begin his tour in the Netherlands.  
After two songs, the audience started booing and shouting.  
Eric got angry and left the stage.  
To retreat to his dressing room and then not come out again?  
I was on dressing room duty for, yes, Eric Clapton. Clapton entered the room  
furiously and slammed the door. Oh dear, he was so angry!  
I asked him if I should leave the dressing room

No, was his answer. Just stay here please.  
He was incredibly angry with the Dutch audience, who he said had completely abandoned him.  
He just kept talking and talking, and I couldn't get a word in edgewise.

I just let him rant and rave.  
Managers and organizers kept knocking on the door, but he refused to open it.  
At one point, he asked, "What do you think about this?"  
We chatted for an hour while the audience waited.  
I told him I wasn't a fan.  
He looked at me with a non-fan look on his face? No, not really.  
Then he asked me, "What should I do?" The great slow hand asked me what he should do.  
I told him I was an atheist and a musician, but that I would never let the audience down like he was doing right now.

Because he had forgotten that people came for the Clapton of the past, not the current one.  
What do you mean by that? Simple, I was crazy about your earlier work like "Layla" and other great songs from back then.  
And if I had come as a spectator tonight, I would definitely have expected to hear this.  
He looked at me and started laughing, "Shit, you're absolutely right.  
People pay for a bit of nostalgia, not for Christian music."  
He shook my hand while people were shouting outside.  
He opened the door, and his manager came in. "No," was his answer.  
"I'm coming as Clapton tonight, not as a Christian."  
His manager looked at me with a smile, like, "How did you do that?"  
The concert was a huge success, and when he came in later, laughing and practically skipping, Clapton immediately approached me.  
"Thanks, man, for the good advice, and come for a drink afterward.  
A fantastic concert that I only heard and didn't see.

But with great satisfaction that I had ensured that thousands hadn't come in vain that evening.

The best and most bizarre concert was with Rod Stewart.  
When the concert was over, one of the managers asked if anyone wanted to stay afterward to watch the stuff while it was being loaded.

Nobody wanted to stay late, so I said, "Okay, I'll do it."  
But it was 11:15 PM on November 22nd, and it was my birthday within the hour.  
I asked how long it would take because of the train I had to take back.  
"No problem," was the answer. "We'll take you to the station."  
In the end, it was 2:00 AM before they were done.  
"No problem, just join us for a drink and we'll arrange transportation."  
I was escorted to the dressing room where Rod Stewart was.

He thanked me for the service and offered me a drink.  
He started talking and was incredibly funny.  
At one point, his manager, who had asked me to do the checkup, came in and said, "This man has helped us tremendously tonight, even though it's his birthday."  
Everyone started clapping and singing until my ears turned red.  
I couldn't walk at night because I was so drunk. Yeah, me and drinks?  
I was taken home in a limo the size of my street. That was my experience with Rod Stewart.  
That man could drink a lot, but he was incredibly sociable.

As I mentioned before, I've seen over 150 concerts by bands, three-quarters of which may no longer exist.  
So, I enjoyed it musically, didn't I?

Okay, everyone, this is, in short, my autobiography and musical life in a nutshell.  
I probably won't be able to finish it completely.

It didn't become a complete book, but it is a fun autobiography for my partner, daughter, granddaughter and grandson.

Thanks for reading, and if you don't know what you want to do with your life, consider going into music!

Autobiography of musician Aad © 2008 - 2025

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Peace and greetings from Arie (Aad) Letterman. August - 2025

Thanks to Maria L B, Jan Goudriaan, the bands, Waterfall, Alien, Diachilon, Limelight, Virgin, Timewind, and all the friends and acquaintances from back then.

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