

Relocation with a cargo bike 70/71

In March 1970 I moved to the Jacob van Heemskerkstraat.

I was temporarily living in an attic with friends when Dirk Zandstra was offered me room in his house.

I could live there for part of the rent and energy costs.

My stuff was stored in the shed at my parents' house.

The relocation.

There was no car and not enough money, so we rented a cargo bike.

Dirk would ride the cargo bike and I would ride the Kreidler.

I pushed Dirk up the Liesveld viaduct with the Kreidler. (Motorcycle)

Everything went perfectly until Dirk arrived at the Schiedamseweg, which sloped quite steeply downwards.

The handbrake did not work properly and because the cargo bike was a fixed-gear bicycle, you could not pedal backwards.

Dirk took his feet off the pedals and tore down.

But he could no longer control the cargo bike and disappeared onto the side.

Right on Schiedamseweg. Right in front of Dorzo automobiles

What a blow.

My bed flew through the air, the glass flasks filled with single sparklers were scattered and broken, my clothes and bed

to pieces and the only guitar I had was also smashed.

Dirk's face was fiery red and tears were running down his face.

Meanwhile, a traffic jam had formed all the way to the beginning of the Liesveld.

The police came and heard the story.

I, along with someone walking by, had started dragging the trash to the sidewalk to allow traffic to pass.

The Dorzo garage company that was then located on the Schiedamseweg helped sweep the street.

After 15 minutes, traffic was able to flow again.

That was my move to Jacob van Heemskerkstraat in Vlaardingen.

Something ill never forget.