

Commune? Wikipedia.

A commune is a living and/or residential community where everything is done together.
Are all or almost all of the assets owned by the entire community?

The intention is that individual members of the community only use what is necessary.
Source: Wikipedia.

Aad speaking,

A Commune is a residential community.
But a residential community can also have its own rooms or spaces.
Eating together isn't mandatory, but preparing food together in consultation is fine.
But that's not essential either.
A Commune can consist of rooms where tenants can cook their own meals

There was often a large communal kitchen where you could cook your own food and possibly eat together with others.

Source Wikipedia,
All or almost all property belongs to the entire community.

Aad

Fortunately, I have never had that experience.
Such a commune seems more like a sect than a living community? Borrowing each other's girlfriends was definitely out of the question.
Your belongings were simply left in your own room with a lock on it.

I have been to many communes and as stated on Wikipedia these communes were absolutely not!

Aad

In the puppenstuf house in 72 (also a commune) that was a different story.
The landlord, Dirk Z, who also lived there, had no job and little money.

So my steak, beer, milk and bread were regularly borrowed by Dirk, so to speak, and then never paid back.
So Dirk did have some communal ideas as mentioned on Wikipedia.

Aad

My life in a commune??

How did I end up in that commune on the Kortedijk?
A school friend, Theo B, started living on his own at an early age.
In 1968 he lived on the Schiedamseweg in Vlaardingen.

But the landlady did not want smoking in the room. So Theo decided to leave.

He quickly found a space on the Kortedijk and asked me to come over.

And lo and behold, there was still a room available for me.

The floor was a bit crooked, but I thought it looked nice.

That's how I ended up in the commune on the Kortedijk.

This is what our commune was like at Kortedijk,

We had dinner together one night a week. Friday night. (Not a must.)

The one who rented a room in the commune was a sailor and a fisherman.

He brought cod, mackerel, herring or eel every week.

His wish was that all residents would eat together.

And that's what happened. There were certainly a lot of fish lovers back then.

The fisherman's girlfriend then fried Fish in all combinations.

But new herring, smoked mackerel and eel were also consumed.

It was free food after all.

The cellar was the sanctuary of the commune.

Things happened there that third parties were not allowed to know or see.

And since everyone smoked weed, no one except the commune members was allowed in the basement.

The sanctuary then..

That was absolutely what we did together!

There was a TV in the kitchen. And in the evening everyone (well, almost) sat

Watching TV in that large kitchen, while enjoying plenty of beer and peanuts.

Those who weren't interested (me) were happily sitting in my room or in the tea house in the attic, which was sometimes as busy as a pub.

So yeah, things were done collectively.

We did the sanctuary together.

Eating fish together on Friday evening, watching TV where there was always a difference of opinion about what to watch?

Sports, music or an old movie.

We made music together when other people could play an instrument.

Back then, I was the only one. Well that's it then.

Not the commune Wikipedia talks about, but a very cozy, large historic building at the harbor.

That was inhabited by two brothers with super red long hair on the top floor,

Theo B a music lover, Hans that great sailor,

Lucky a Surinamese cook,

Frans G the blowdog a not..

And on weekends about 50 people including friends in my tea house in the attic.

Where little tea was drunk.

Everything was permitted by the landlady as long as there were no police at the door.

And they were there twice. One of the red-haired boys who lived upstairs had hanged himself, and the elderly Surinamese cook, Lucky, drowned in the harbor on a scorching day. (Heart attack)

One night, when I came home (probably stoned) and went to sleep, I looked up at the ceiling. And there hung the barber that once owned the building.

Whether I actually saw it or not, I moved shortly afterwards to a Surinamese friend (Michel) who rented out a room.

I had a fantastic time at the Kortedijk.

Whether it can be called a commune or not, it was super cozy!