

House of puppenstuff and
VOJ

My first room on the short dike and departure.
After leaving Kortedijk I needed shelter.
That became temporary shelter with a Surinamese friend.
His name Michael S.
That guy could really cook amazingly. Here I have foreign
learning to eat food that I still love today.
I got my own room and turned it into a tea house.

In the Voj in the early 1970s I met Dirk Zandstra,
later drummer in the then no name band.

He was looking for a home and was offered an upstairs apartment in
March 1970.
4 bedrooms, living room and kitchen.
He asked if I was interested in living together.
We would then share the rent and other costs.
The name became House Puppenstuff.

The stories in the puppenstuff household are so numerous
that I will only post one.

Puppenstuf was a halfway house for people who had no roof over
their heads.
At Dirk's place, everyone was welcome as long as you didn't use drugs.
Every day there were friends and girlfriends, strangers and acquaintances.
The two of us started living in this house and after six months there were four
people living there.
Very cheap because everyone contributed.

I had a nice job at a construction kit company.
I mean model building.

Dirk received benefits because he had been declared incapacitated for
work at an early age. After work, I'd pick up groceries at the corner of
Vivo. A delicious steak for the next day.

When I came home the other evening and wanted to fry my steak, it was gone??

Dirk was, as usual, without money and ate my steak. I was pissed.

Damn it, Dirk, just tell me when you have no more money.
I just went to get some Chinese food.

The next time the bread was gone, my milk was gone and there was only one of my 8 beers left?

This meant having my own fridge and lock on my room.

Dirk borrowed a lot of money that I never actually got back. Well, Dirk was a one in a million guy.

My first girl..

This is where I met my first girl in a old orphanage building

Above that there was a small room with a disco that was actually run by a church community.

The VOJ Association Ecumenical Youth.

And that's where I met my first girl Wilma.

Because of her I actually ended up in a kind of church world where I didn't really feel at home. Atheist.

Sex was out of the question and hard rock music was completely forbidden?

We dated for a year.

We went to the VOJ regularly.

But hard rock music was not allowed to be played in the VOJ. So take that thing with you and look the DJ kindly in the eye.

At first he was very hesitant until he said, "Will you be the DJ?"

I said okay, let's do it and from that moment on the place was packed with young people they 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 added a joint and the place was in full swing. Until management suddenly showed up.

The man's name was Cor Schriel, a quiet, kind older man who had 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.

From now on, anyone who wants to smoke weed will have to go outside and get stoned there.

As you can read, we were already ahead of the smoking ban.

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

Then I started dating again in the VOJ Zomerstraat.

An Indonesian girl.

I'll skip what happened here, but Dirk has experienced all this misery at the puppenstuff house.

After that Indonesian girl, I met my partner for life at Dirk's house.

Shortly after, I got my own house.

I had a wonderful time at House
Puppenstuff.

In memoriam of Dirk Zandstra (deceased in 2006)