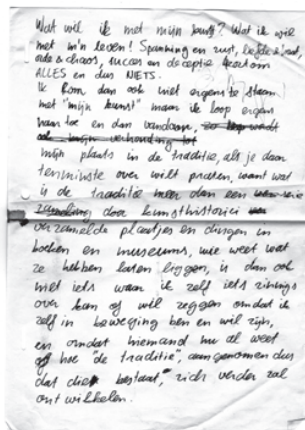


MAARTEN PLOEG

PLOEG* + WORK

1958 - 2004

* In Dutch the word "PLOEG" from the verb "ploegen," translates as "to plow."



page 9:

What do I want with my art? The same as I want with my life! Excitement and calm, love and hate, order & chaos, success and deception – EVERYTHING therefore NOTHING.

I'm not heading for a particular destination with "my art": I'll arrive somewhere, then leave again; If you want to talk about my place in tradition – and what's tradition anyway – a bunch of pictures and objects in books who knows what they left out – there's nothing meaningful I can or want to say, because I'm evolving and want to keep evolving, and because no one knows which way 'tradition' – assuming it exists – is moving.

Artist statement found among Maarten Ploeg's sketch books during his Rietveld academy period.

E_01

page 15:



Maarten and Peter, 1977.

MEMORIES
HILVERSUM -
HAARLEM
1973 - 1978

PHIL VAN TONGEREN

Taken from the *Leeuwarder Courant* of 24 October 1977: 'Another fake bomb was found, this time in Haarlem, and was dismantled by the bomb squad on Saturday afternoon. Left near the Sint Bavo church on the Grote Markt, the device caused a commotion from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. A sign at the church entrance exclaimed "We shall continue", and clippings about the German Rote Armee Fraktion's acts of terror were lying around. The explosive turned out to be an alarm clock and a steam iron in a shoebox, inside a plastic bag, just like the one in Leeuwarden. The police blame pranksters.' The report is a footnote to coverage of a similar incident that the same day, outside the Palace of Justice in Leeuwarden. But the television news that evening showed spectacular images of a crowd on the Grote Markt. The 'sign' was in fact a

huge painting that the 'hoaxers' had dragged through the town centre to the church the previous night. Apparently, no one noticed anything out of the ordinary. And the identity of the would-be terrorists was never discovered.

But I knew who the pranksters were. I'd been friends with one, Peter van de Klashorst, since our first year at the Lorentz Lyceum in Haarlem. We shared a passion for comic books and drawing. Three years later, in 1973, I got to know Maarten van der Ploeg, from Hilversum, and another comic book geek. Maarten and his younger brother Rogier produced their own comic fanzine, *Bommelkoe-rier* (later: *Hipper*), which gave them a chance to hang out with their idols. It looked like fun, so I decided to help out.

A few years later, the comic *De Topeloeng* was launched, with a four-man editorial team consisting of Maarten, Peter, Bert Haagsman and myself. Although only one issue appeared, in the autumn of 1976, the comic was important for bringing together Maarten and Peter. Two young guys with ambitions that ranged far further than finding a niche in the world of comics. Less than a year later, Maarten applied to the Rietveld Academie, and moved from Hilversum to Amsterdam in the summer of '77. Peter started his second year at the art school. I decided to study Dutch but felt a twinge of jealousy at seeing my friends enjoying the artist lifestyle.

Then came the fake bomb hoax. It was the pair's newspaper and TV news debut, albeit as the anonymous duo behind the 'prank'. This type of grand-