

# PIM & THEO









# THE MAKING OF PIM AND THEO

*Pim and Theo* began as a conversation in 2006 between myself and Simon Vagn Jensen from Odsherred Teater. Simon talked about Ian Buruma's book *Murder in Amsterdam*, which linked the lives and deaths of Theo van Gogh and Pim Fortuyn to their historical context and to politics in Holland. We began to talk about the wider implications of their story; about the Danish cartoons controversy in 2006 and the London bombings in 2005. From these initial conversations came the idea of a promenade show that somehow explored all of these topics.

In the Summer of 2011 we put in a bid to the EU Culture Programme, having agreed to collaborate on this project with Odsherred Teater (Odsherred, Denmark), Stiftelsen NIE (Oslo, Norway), and Korjaamo Culture Factory (Helsinki, Finland), and we received a positive result in January of 2012. As a result we began work in earnest in 2012 with some shared workshop time in Denmark and London. We spent time talking about the characters and their lives and we presented them to each other - made exhibits of them, like in a museum or gallery, tried to be them, tried to live with them a bit. In this phase I worked only with the two actors - Henrik Ipsen and Simon Vagn Jensen - and the writer Mei Oulund.

We brought a bigger group together later in 2012 for a session of development that was focused more on the off-stage team. The designer, sound designer, video and film maker, the writer Mei and I all got together for some days in Cambridge and later London to try some ideas out, play with some audio-visual stuff and talk a lot about the project. I wanted to get all of the different elements going at the same time - to explore all of the modes of address that we might use in the show at the same time - words, images, movies, sounds, spaces, music, journeys and time frame, they were all at play. Much of this phase of work on the show was led by Elke Laleman - our researcher / production manager who translated and subtitled lots of original material from Dutch to English. She also acted as a guide and editor of the lives and deaths of Pim Fortuyn and Theo Van Gogh during much of our work on the project.

During this phase of work we also started working with Emma Higham who went on to create the workshop programme for the project and also to create much of the content of the *Pim and Theo* website and the exhibition / installation.

Over Easter of 2013 we managed to get everyone together for a week of work in Amsterdam - again much of this was facilitated by our researcher / production manager Elke. In Amsterdam we met with a huge range of people. People who knew either Pim or Theo, or both. People who were connected with the story or its issues.

It was a really exciting trip and very busy and I think that I was most struck by the contrasts of the people that we met and the contrasts of the city - so full of history - a place of liberty and oppression - of everything all at the same time.

In the Autumn of 2013 we started to really get into the making of the show, with intensive workshop time in Denmark with quite a big team, followed by a two week session at Korjaamo in Helsinki where we did a lot of work on the script for the show. Over the years I have often tried to engineer periods of work on a project where everyone involved is away from home for while - in a way we are forced to look inwards, to our work together, when we are removed from our everyday home life situation. The time in Helsinki was very productive and quite intense, as there were only five of us in the room everyday and only our work together to focus on.

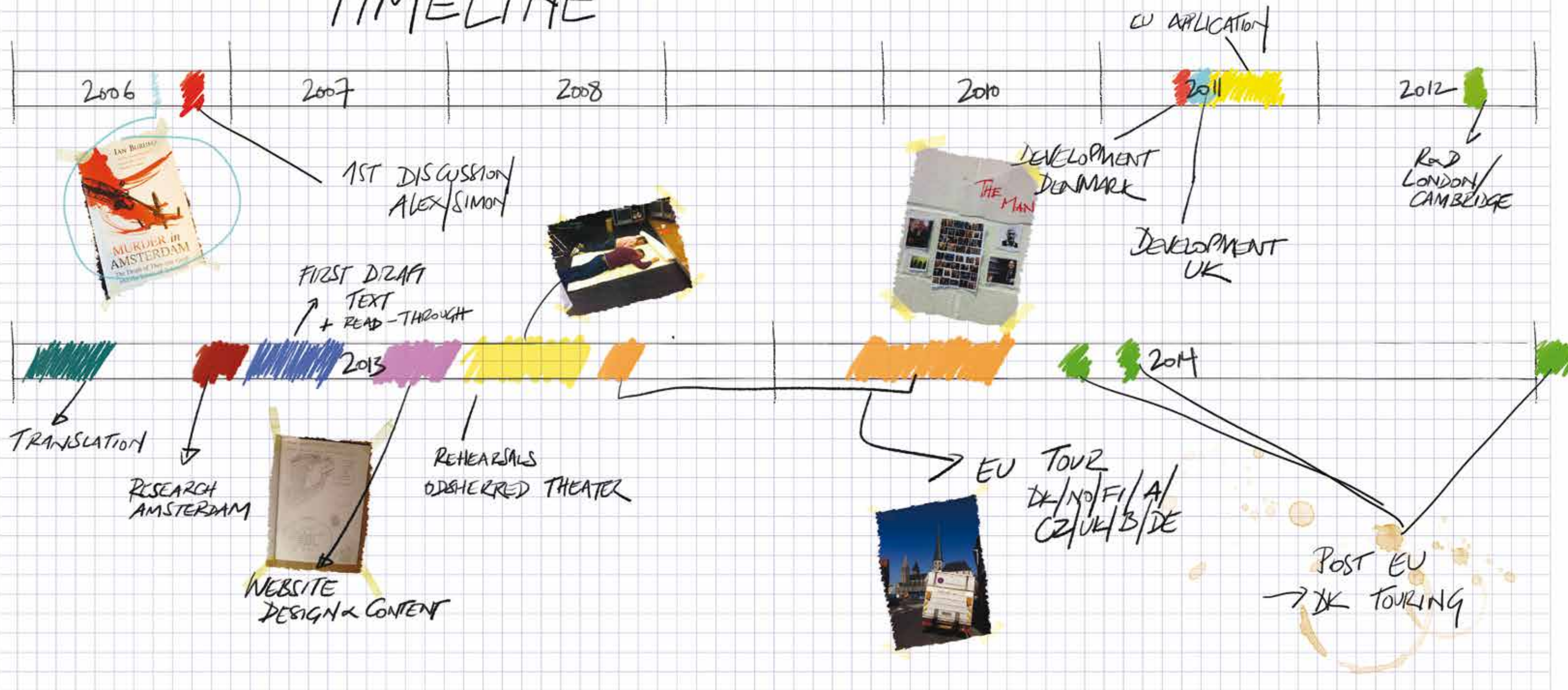
The final phase of rehearsals took place in Denmark at Odsherred Teater, where we opened the show in October of 2013.

As well as completing the show, its script, the design and so on, we also had to complete the exhibition and online resource for the show and launch the workshop programme, which proved to be a huge task. We were the same team working on the show and on the web content and design and this put us under real pressure to create both and make them work and interact together. In the end I think the result is really exciting and much more effective and engaging than I could have hoped for.

The show went on to tour in Denmark, Norway, Finland, Austria, Germany, Belgium, the UK and Czech Republic and will continue to tour in Denmark and hopefully beyond in the years to come.

*Alex Byrne, NIE*

# TIMELINE







# PIM AND THEO - SOME QUESTIONS

*Why did you want to make this show?*

I found the story of the two men's deaths to be fascinating and at the same time I didn't know what I thought about it. The more I read and found out, the further I explored, the less I felt sure about my own position. That fascinated me.

*Why did you make it a promenade show?*

I wanted to put the events of the story and their fall-out in front of the audience in the most immediate way possible. The events that drive the show happened on the street in front of people and I felt that I wanted to put the action as close as I could to the audience, to make it happen next to / amongst them.

*Why is it important?*

We live in changing times (every generation does), old lines and rules are changing - positions, political and social, are changing - we have to keep asking: what is happening to us? To our societies? And why? What can we do about it? Can we even decide what we want?

*Is there a message?*

I think it's too complex a subject to have a message, this project is about asking questions, asking the audience, implicating them. Maybe the people who saw the show can find out if there is a message.

*Alex Byrne, NIE*

# AMSTERDAM

We went to Amsterdam.

And Rotterdam, too.

A sound designer, a set designer, a production manager, a writer, a director, a tour producer, a workshop leader, a video designer, two actors and a dramaturge.

To get a sense of the place where all of this happened and to do a lot of interviews.

We made appointments with a number of very different people.

a stand-up comedian, friend of Theo van Gogh,

a columnist, friend of Van Gogh and Hirsi Ali,

a former journalist, writing a PhD on Pim Fortuyn,

a professor and expert in terror management and radicalisation processes,

another professor,

Theo van Gogh's former producer,

a former mayor of Amsterdam,

a head of a centre of migration and study,

a group of young Moroccans.

We split up into smaller groups for the interviews.

One thing became clear in talking to this big variety of people:

The whole “us and them” issue and the discussion about freedom of speech as something providing you with free access to saying whatever you feel like, had become much harder and confronting in Holland.

This country, known for possibly being the most tolerant in the world, had changed. And the dialogue had, naturally, become even tougher in the years following the murders of Fortuyn and van Gogh in 2002 and 2004 respectively.

Which was the obvious reason for Ian Buruma to write his book, which was published in 2006.

As our week in Amsterdam progressed and as a result of the interviews and all the different perspectives we got, the discussions within the group became even more confusing and difficult.

The issue – or main idea - of the project – freedom of speech – opened up in all its complexity, the more we discussed.

Only once did it all seem very obvious and simple. Well, maybe not to all of us, because at that time we didn't really agree on much.

But when we conducted our very last interview, with a group of young Moroccans at The Argan Youth Centre, the reason for doing this project at last became clearer.

Our simple questions provoked some of these clever and well-spoken young Moroccans. By bringing up the whole issue of the so-called “Moroccan problem” in Holland, they once again saw themselves as marginalised.

They were fed up with being a “Moroccan problem”.

The project – in all its complexity – made sense.

*Simon Vagn Jensen, Odsherred Teater*





WE CANNOT  
HAVE  
FREEDOM OF  
SPEECH WITH  
A GUN TO  
OUR HEADS







# BALDY AND THE FOOL

MEI OULUND IPSEN





*The Fool has a knife in his chest, Baldy a hole in his head*

Baldy                    *(looking at pictures of Pim)*  
What's this? What's this?

The Fool                There was this guy in Rotterdam, in Holland, the most tolerant country in the world.  
He was a politician, right wing, well dressed, charming, unconventional – openly gay -  
he was shot in a parking lot outside a radio studio.

Baldy                    What happened to him?

The Fool                He was killed.

Baldy                    Why?

The Fool                Because he offended people! And there was this other guy, a filmmaker and famous TV  
personality – he called himself the village idiot – a fool – he was fat, outrageous, fun,  
and he was riding his bike in Amsterdam when he was shot and a letter was pinned to  
his chest with a knife.

Baldy                    What happened to him?

The Fool                He died.

Baldy                    Why?

The Fool                Because he offended people.

Baldy                    And what's that to us?

The Fool                Nothing. And everything.

Baldy                    What's that? *(Points at the knife)*

The Fool                Oh this... There is a knife. Please help me get this knife out!



Baldy                    Jesus! That's disgusting!

The Fool                It's stuck somehow, between two ribs I think. There is no way I can get it out myself.

*(Baldy tries to pull it out but it is extremely painful and messy so he gives up)*

Baldy                    Jesus!

The Fool                I was shot. Would you believe it? I was shot.

Baldy                    You were shot with a knife?

The Fool                With a gun! Five times! Look! Here and here and here.

Baldy                    Oh...That's... I have to sit down...

The Fool                And then he tried to cut off my head.

Baldy                    With a knife? He tried to cut off your head with a knife?

The Fool                You mean this? No no, he used this knife to pin a note to my chest.

Baldy                    A note? There is a note?

The Fool                Yes a letter – explaining why he did it – nice of him, in a way. He used a machete by the way, for my head.

Baldy                    A machete?

The Fool                He must have really wanted to kill me.

Baldy                    Sorry - I am not so good with blood.

The Fool                Hey, I'm like that Russian Priest.

Baldy                    Rasputin?

The Fool                Yeah Rasputin, I'm like him. He was poisoned and stabbed and shot and drowned. Strange... I'm on my way to this preview at the film company - and there he is: bang! Bang. Bang.

Baldy                    Rasputin?

The Fool                No, the killer!

Baldy                    Could you maybe cover up that knife?

The Fool                I don't remember that it hurts but I fall off the bike and I crawl across the street.. You see... I try to hide behind this car - talking to him constantly.

Baldy                    You talk to your killer?

The Fool                “Hey, can't we talk about this? Hey come on, let's talk about it, why would you do something like this? Talk to me!”

Baldy                    Does he listen?

The fool                Well, what do you think! I even try to come up with a joke about his Arabian dress, but I can't think of one, and that surprises me: I can't think of a single joke about his ridiculous dress.

Baldy                    He is an Arab?

The Fool                I think he was Moroccan.

Baldy                    You were killed by one of them? Why?

The Fool                Oh yeah, that's right. I keep forgetting...

Baldy                    What?

The Fool                That you... That of course you don't know. Because... Because you...



Baldy                    Because I what?

The Fool                You... Were already...

Baldy                    I was what? I don't know what you mean.

The Fool                Never mind. Nothing.

Baldy                    I have absolutely no idea what you are talking about.

The Fool                I made this movie, you see. Well, I wouldn't exactly call it a movie, it was a thing on TV. Honestly it was pathetic...

Baldy                    More pathetic than your usual stuff?

The Fool                Haha – suddenly you remember something.

Baldy                    You're a film maker right?

The Fool                You would have loved it - naked women dressed only in words from the Koran, can you imagine? Man, they freaked out! All the political correct sweating – trying to wash their hands, telling me not to talk about things like that, but I say what I want - and I piss on whoever I feel like. Nobody tells me when to shut up.

Baldy                    Except him.

The Fool                Who?

Baldy                    *(pointing at the letter)* Him.

The Fool                Hello! I'm still talking!

Baldy                    You were killed because of a movie?

The Fool                Impressive, huh? It was so bad - it would have made more sense if I were killed by one of the film critics.

Baldy                    So you are a victim of terror?

The Fool                I guess.

Baldy                    You are joking, right?

The Fool                No – you want to read for yourself?

Baldy                    He killed you on the street?

The Fool                Yes – I just told you I was on my bike.

Baldy                    He showed everybody that one can get killed because of art and politics?

The Fool                And fun!

Baldy                    I've always been absolutely sure that the world would grow bigger. You know...More tolerant. That the sexual revolution was the final step into The Great Party of Freedom of Speech – and I would be the host, that my country would be the guiding light of tolerance and freedom.

The Fool                No man, it's a wave – it goes up and down – and up and down.

Baldy                    And you want me to believe that you are dead now? That you were a victim of terror? That you tried to talk your killer out of it?

The Fool                I need to talk. You know... I can make everybody talk – just a question of being annoying enough. But this one doesn't talk- his eyes are like... It's like he doesn't see me as a person... But like a fly – like a fat, disgusting fly - I say to him: “Please don't do this, I'm not against you, I'm just the village idiot, that's all. Please don't do it. I am not against you”.

Baldy                    You are really dead?

The Fool                I'm afraid so.



Baldy	How can I speak to you if you are dead? Where are we? What is this place?
The Fool	Ok. Look over here.
Baldy	A garden!
The Fool	It's Baldy's garden, you can go and sit in there if you want.
Baldy	Really? What a lovely garden.
The Fool	With beautiful flowers.
Baldy	And a little fountain.
The Fool	Baldy loves to sit in his garden with a glass of white wine and look at his dogs playing.
Baldy	Yes he does.
The Fool	And over there is The Fool's palace, he was a filmmaker and famous TV-personality who provoked and offended whoever he wanted. These are his TVs, his mess. And The Fool lives here in this town – and Baldy lives over there in another town - so go to the garden. The filmmaker called himself The Village Idiot and he called his politician friend The Divine Baldy.
Baldy	The Divine Baldy!
The Fool	Baldy had one ambition – to get to the top – as priest, Pope or Prime Minister. He was a popular right wing politician – he was openly gay and talked freely about his sexuality in public.
Baldy	Do you want me to talk about my sexuality? Now?
The Fool	No. On Sunday nights The Divine Baldy would sit in The Fool's kitchen and drink and smoke and talk and laugh...

Baldy	Oh yes I remember.
The Fool	...and smoke and smoke and smoke. Hash....
Baldy	And drink wine.
The Fool	Yes! You remember?
Baldy	Yes - Pinot Grigio, my favourite.
The Fool	Yes - that's right - you do remember. Let's just enjoy that you remember. Oh I'm so happy you're not a goldfish anymore.
Baldy	No, I'm a politician.
The Fool	Yes you are. Remember your dogs?
Baldy	Yes of course I remember my dogs, Kenneth and Carla. They are like my children - two little spaniels. I remember my car. A Jaguar. I am a great politician. People look up to me. Reporters come from all over the world to interview me - sometimes even in my garden. The other politicians are afraid of me because I speak up for the common people. I speak the truth.
The Fool	Remember the night that I called you awfully late?
Baldy	You call me all the time. You call everybody all the time.
The Fool	Yes I did, that's right. Oh I'm so glad you remember.
Baldy	Stop saying that, I'm not a goldfish.
The Fool	Well. I called you during the election – remember?
Baldy	YES I DO! <i>(His telephone rings)</i>
The Fool	<i>(He calls him)</i> Hey, Baldy I love you...And I...

Baldy                   What time is it?

The Fool               It's time to chat.

Baldy                   It's the middle of the night, I've got an early meeting tomorrow.

The Fool               Are you in bed? Alone? Are you naked? Fiddling with yourself? I got this idea...

Baldy                   Put it in an e-mail.

The Fool               You know... Everywhere you go... When you are going on your election tour...

Baldy                   Could we talk about it tomorrow?

The Fool               You should bring a rabbi and an imam and they should be like your assistants. And...  
You would present them as your lovers. Tell people that you are moving in together.

Baldy                   But that's not going to... Going to be convincing is it?

The Fool               You can say that you live in a multi coloured threesome. Don't you see then they can't  
call you a racist...

Baldy                   Are you high again?

The Fool               High on life – you know me... And you could make the rabbi and imam strip... Every  
time people applaud they would take off a piece of their clothes...

Baldy                   I am hanging up now.

The Fool               And they would end up completely naked... And then you would grab their asses...

Baldy                   No. No more. I have to sleep – if you don't stop calling me at night I'll have to change  
my number and make sure that you don't get it...

The Fool               Hey, listen before you go – I have a serious question, I'm serious now - between you  
and me... If you do win this election and become the Prime Minister - as you might...

Baldy                   Yes I might...

The Fool               What are you actually going to do - you can tell me...

Baldy                   I won't tell you that.

The Fool               Come on... No one is listening.

Baldy                   Well, I'm not going to open up the gas chambers if that's what you want me to say...  
BUT...

The Fool               But what? Tell me...

Baldy                   This multi-cultural experiment is surely going to stop. You know...

The Fool               I love you - you are so different – you know how to say things. You've changed  
everything.

Baldy                   Yes, everything except you. Goodnight.

The Fool               Ok, I just called to say I love you, Baldy. I'll call you tomorrow about this, ok? I think I  
still have a rabbi costume at my office. Hello? Hello?

Baldy                   You were the most annoying person in the world.

The Fool               Oh I'm so glad you remember! Remember the first time we met?

Baldy                   Yes, it was in your TV show - The Village Idiot, I remember. That's when it all started.  
That's when you gave me my name. Baldy – you named me The Divine Baldy.

The Fool               Yes that's right, let's do it. Lets do the TV show – lets do the first time we met.

*(The game of the TV show)*

The Fool               Hello and welcome to “The Village Idiot” - my weekly TV show where famous  
personalities risk looking just as foolish as I do. So ladies and gentlemen: who's shitting



in the shed – no, who’s sitting in the shed!  
Let me give you a hint, tonight I have invited a very special guest. He just recently entered the political stage with some highly refreshing statements on the multi-cultural society – and his promiscuous gay sex life. Exciting.  
Please give a big applause for our future, gay Prime Minister.

*(Baldy enters the stage)*

	Welcome. Oh you shaved your head? Cool. What a nice baldy head. Baldy. May I call you Baldy?
Baldy	Why not?
The Fool	Tell me, Baldy, this is your first appearance on national TV. Are you nervous?
Baldy	Why would I be?
The Fool	We have never met before, have we? Are you ready to risk looking stupid on national TV, are you??
Baldy	As long as I speak the truth I have nothing to worry about, and I always speak the truth.
The Fool	Great. Let’s talk about freedom of speech then.
Baldy	Yes.
The Fool	Ok, so... Are you in favour of freedom of speech?
Baldy	Of course I am.
The Fool	Under any circumstances?
Baldy	Yes.
The Fool	Are you ready to risk your life for it?

Baldy	Yes, I will fight for our right to say what’s in our hearts.
The Fool	Even if it upsets or offends people?
Baldy	Yes.
The Fool	Even if you hurt people’s feelings?
Baldy	Feelings have nothing to do with it.
The Fool	Then I can say whatever I want to you? Ask all kinds of questions?
Baldy	Yes you can.
The Fool	How many men have you made love to, just a round figure? Who’s the mummy? Who’s the daddy? Have you ever done a threesome...
Baldy	You can’t mix up politics with private life like that.
The Fool	Well you talk about your private life all the time – you use your minority gay status in your career.
Baldy	That’s honesty – honesty is my weapon.
The Fool	Whatever. Hey, you know what? I’m going to give you this show right now, ok?
Baldy	What do you mean?
The Fool	I can’t help interrupting all the time, I’ll go out for some more cigarettes. Just talk to the camera. You can say whatever you want. You have like 16 minutes.
Baldy	Are you leaving?
The Fool	Hey, the Village Idiot is making a show about freedom of speech, what else can I do but give you the freedom to speak?

Baldy	Haha... ok...
<i>(The Fool leaves)</i>	
Baldy	Ehm, hello... Hope you are having a pleasant evening. Maybe you are wondering who I am, maybe you have never heard of me, but I can assure you, in a few year's time everybody will know who I am, and you will remember this TV programme and maybe some day in the future you will say: I remember the first time he was on national TV, I remember the first time I heard a politician finally speaking the truth, saying what we haven't been allowed to for so many years. And I promise you I will not be silenced by anyone, not by soft-headed lefties, nor by backwards religious leaders who are trying to take over our country... Like guests taking over a house. I have said it before - I know that some people don't like it... Some people have called me racist for saying it BUT - this is a small country and FULL IS FULL. On 9/11 our world...
<i>(The Fool comes back – he is now wearing the word bomb)</i>	
The Fool	<i>(run in in panic)</i> No... No... Please... They strapped this to me... Help... They said that I should ask you to read the note on my back. Would you mind?
Baldy	Ok, yes there are some instructions here. This is a word bomb. Do not try to remove it or it will blow up. The bomb has been randomly programmed. Maybe it will blow up if you offend a political party. Maybe you have to insult a particular religion or say something racist. You will receive two warnings – the third time the alarm goes off the word bomb will explode.
The Fool	Do you think it's real?
Baldy	I think it's just one of your jokes.
The Fool	So you don't know who you have to offend to make it go off - Christians, Jews, Muslims, conservatives, nationalists, lefties, vegetarians, gay farmer society - anything is possible! So we've got to be very careful what we say.
Baldy	So – that's the game for tonight, words can trigger this bomb, freedom of speech no

	longer exists, words have become bombs.
The Fool	But you need to speak up don't you?
Baldy	Yes, and I will, and if I say the wrong words you will blow up.
<i>(The Fool handcuffs him)</i>	
The Fool	And you.
Baldy	I must compliment you, an excellent way of proving my point, thank you.
The Fool	Boom! Careful, professor!
Baldy	On 9/11 2001 our world changed forever and finally it became clear to everyone who the real enemy is – it became clear that there is no time left for talking – we must strike back...
<i>(The bombs alarm starts)</i>	
Baldy	And of course the alarm goes off when I speak about 9/11! That makes sense...
The Fool	<i>(to the bomb, caressing it as a cat)</i> No, no - sorry, sorry, sorry – he didn't mean that. <i>(to Baldy)</i> Exciting! This was the first warning! Go on – oh high priest of freedom of speech!
Baldy	I will talk - I will talk about the things no one else in this country dares to talk about: through the Cold War we were so focused on the enemy on the other side of the Iron Curtain –while we let in a much more dangerous enemy. Now communism is dead and this other enemy is step by step taking over our society, our country – destroying our culture...
<i>(The bombs alarm starts)</i>	
The Fool	Whuhuu! You did it again professor Baldy! Say you are sorry... Sorry... Say you are sorry...



Baldy	No, I will not say I'm sorry. This enemy is taking over and I say full is full...
The Fool	Wait – hold your horses - ladies and gentlemen - now it's getting serious, next time the bomb will blow up. No more second chances. Ladies and gentlemen: it's time to play LIFE OR DEATH. We could become the first celebrities blown up on LIVE TV – how does that make you feel?
Baldy	Nothing can stop me now. We are making history here.
The Fool	Ladies and gentlemen – this is getting serious – what about you, audience? Are you prepared to die for your right to say whatever you want? Should you?
Baldy	We cannot accept censorship - we cannot be free with a gun to our heads. In this country I can say what I want to, in this country I can be what I want to be - I can become the first gay prime minister the world has ever seen. I will not accept that people who do not belong here take our money and despise our culture – I will not let a backwards religion spoil everything we have been fighting for in this country for generations...
<i>(the alarm goes off again for the last time – sound of an explosion mixed with a happy jingle and confetti coming out of the bomb)</i>	
The Fool	Congratulations! You have succeeded! You made the word bomb blow up – you sure know how to set the discussion on fire, Baldy!
<i>The TV studio dissolves - pictures of Pim dead</i>	
Baldy	What is this? Where are we?
The Fool	Oh no – here we go again...
Baldy	You know, it used to be so simple. The rules were clear. Right was right and wrong was wrong. You didn't have to think so much.
The Fool	Simple? What do you mean? When?

Baldy	In the good old days. When everybody believed in the same book, followed the same rules... It was simple.
The Fool	And you like simple?
Baldy	You knew what to think about homosexuality, abortion, traffic...
The Fool	Traffic?
Baldy	Sometimes I wish there was a moral compass that people all over the world would use...
The Fool	I'm beginning to worry now, are you alright?
Baldy	Everything is up to every single individual and that is hard work.
The Fool	If it bothers you that much - don't think about it.
Baldy	We dismissed God – and what did we put in instead?
The Fool	Freedom, my friend, I'm telling you we had a good time.
Baldy	But we don't know who we are anymore, and therefore the others who have to live with us cling to what they think they are - or what they used to be - and that leaves no space for conversation. Because suddenly we don't know what is alright to say and what isn't... And then everything gets silent and awkward - and then hostility grows and suddenly we set fire to each other's houses and rape each other's sisters and wives and kill each other in the streets... Who are all these people?
The Fool	I'm not sure.
Baldy	The guy over there? What is he doing here?
The Fool	As I said - I'm not really sure.

Baldy	You're not sure?
The Fool	No, but they seem to show up here again and again. It's nothing... Don't worry.
Baldy	Oh but I do. And I think you should worry too. Maybe everybody in here should worry.
The Fool	They will leave again soon. They always do. They come and they go. Come and go... Over and over again.
Baldy	<i>(intimate (whispers?) to someone in the audience)</i> Tell me, did you have a good look at the person sitting next to you? Like really? Are you absolutely sure that you can feel safe?
The Fool	There is nothing to worry about.
Baldy	What if the person next to you is hiding a bomb? What if they have decided to blow themselves up? <i>(about someone in the audience)</i> Look, the girl over there – maybe she is carrying a gun – maybe she suddenly takes out a gun and starts to...
The Fool	But you aren't? Tell me, honestly. No? Thank you. You see, nothing to worry about. Nobody in here will hurt you.
Baldy	Maybe she has a bomb, I'm telling you we are going to die, this is it. This is really it. They will kill us. <i>(feels the band aid on his head)</i> What is this? Why am I wearing this on my head?
The Fool	Oh no Baldy, my sweet friend.
Baldy	What?
The Fool	I'm afraid I've got bad news: you are dead.
Baldy	What?
The Fool	I'm so sorry.

Baldy	No. I'm not dead, look at me. I'm alive, I'm strong – look, look: I breathe!
The Fool	You are dead. I'm dead. See, I have a knife in my chest.
Baldy	Well maybe you are dead...
The Fool	You died before I did.
Baldy	No. I will not accept this. Call my driver. No, call my doctor. I am breathing. I'm not dead, I am not dead! Give me my dogs, I want my dogs. Kenneth, Karla - where are you? I refuse to go on with this, and you be careful my friend, I will be the next Prime Minister!
The Fool	We were murdered, both of us. You went first, and afterwards I was killed as well.
Baldy	No. No. I will not hear of it.
The Fool	I am so, so sorry Baldy my friend.
Baldy	But that can't be true. I would have noticed. I can't be dead. I'm supposed to become the Prime Minister.
The Fool	I know. I know. I am so sorry. I understand why you would think this is a joke, and I wish it was...
Baldy	I am dead? I am really dead?
The Fool	Yes.
Baldy	Did I become the Prime Minister?
The Fool	You were shot just a few weeks before the election.
Baldy	But I was meant for such greatness.
The Fool	I'm so sorry.



Baldy                   How? It must have been sudden.

The Fool               You were shot.

Baldy                   Really?

The Fool               You were shot in the head - and a few years later, I was killed too.

Baldy                   Kenneth - Karla - where are you? Where are you - is someone looking after you? I'm sorry... So sorry... Daddy is sorry, little ones... I don't understand. I don't understand. I was killed? Why? Who? Who killed me?

The Fool               That's not important.

Baldy                   But of course it is. Tell me. I guess it was also in the name of Allah?

The Fool               Not exactly.

Baldy                   Who then?

The Fool               It doesn't matter.

Baldy                   Of course it does. Tell me.

The Fool               Ok, it was some vegan guy.

Baldy                   A vegan! I don't understand. A vegan? I was killed by a vegan!!!! A Muslim vegan?

The Fool               No a Christian... I guess... Or maybe an atheist... A white man, ancestors in our country for as long as you know.

Baldy                   I was killed by one of my own people?

The Fool               He was just an idiot – a freak. He was a vegan for God's sake.

Baldy                   A vegan? But vegans don't kill?

The Fool               I know! This one wouldn't even sit on a leather sofa.

Baldy                   He wouldn't sit on a leather sofa, but he didn't mind killing me.

The Fool               He was a lonely loser, no one you would ever bother about.

Baldy                   A lonely loser?

The Fool               He just wanted to get rid of you.

Baldy                   Why? Why did he want to get rid of me?

The Fool               He called you the new Hitler.

Baldy                   Get out!

The Fool               What?

Baldy                   I said get out!

The Fool               But I can't get out. None of us can. We are stuck here.

Baldy                   *(goes to his garden and starts to do garden things)*  
Then I will go over here and I will never talk to you again.

The Fool               Please! Not that. You know I can't bear it. Don't punish me with silence. Please.

Baldy                   *(talking to the audience)*  
You see, that's what they always do, if you tell the truth and speak up for the common people they will call you a Nazi.

*(long silence)*

The Fool               They made your house into a museum.

Baldy                   What?

The Fool                    They made your house into a museum to honour you.

Baldy                      They made my house into a museum like Rembrandt's, like Anne Frank's?

The Fool                    Mmmmm....

Baldy                      Really?

The Fool                    Mmmmm.

Baldy                      Oh thank you so much, how many visitors a year?

The Fool                    Eh, I don't know, honestly.

Baldy                      A museum? I have my own museum. Do people go there every year on the date of my assassination and lay down flowers in my memory?

The Fool                    Eh...

Baldy                      And on my birthday, do they cry?

The Fool                    Eh, I wouldn't know... They used to... Maybe... I guess...

Baldy                      What do you mean: used to?

The Fool                    I... It's... I don't know if they ever did that...

Baldy                      But they don't anymore?

The Fool                    It's just...

Baldy                      What?

The Fool                    You have been dead for quite some time now.

Baldy                      Yes, I know, but I have my own museum.

The Fool                    It's just... I mean... I'm sorry but the museum closed down.

Baldy                      No!

The Fool                    I am sorry man.

Baldy                      This is the ultimate humiliation: make my house into a museum and then shut it down after a few years, why?

The Fool                    Something to do with money, I honestly don't know.

Baldy                      What happened to it, my beautiful house?

The Fool                    I've heard that it's a small insurance company of some kind. Hey, maybe there is a world record there – shortest lifetime for a museum.

Baldy                      Who are you without all your jokes, without anyone to offend? Is this all just a joke to you? We were killed and you think that's funny.

The Fool                    I died too, you know...

Baldy                      But you think that's just great.

The Fool                    I'm just trying to live with it.

Baldy                      You are over the moon because it made you world famous even though you are such a shitty filmmaker.

The Fool                    What?

Baldy                      I always wondered how come your movies are so bad.

The Fool                    They are not.

Baldy                      You look like a proper artist - I mean that would actually be the only excuse for your sloppy appearance.



The Fool	You always said that you knew nothing about movies.
Baldy	About time someone tells you the truth.
The Fool	The truth! You don't even know who you are – I have to tell you all the time - in a minute you will be trying to wipe your own blood off the floor and listening to that terrible opera in your headphones.
Baldy	The truth is that you look like somebody who would produce a masterpiece - you have these great thoughts that should become great movies, but something goes terribly wrong. Why are your movies so bad?
The Fool	Two of them were remade in Hollywood.
Baldy	Yeah, REMADE! They had to remake them.
The Fool	I was a film director – one of the best in my country.
Baldy	You were a spoiled upper class baby who had the right connections, that's all.
The Fool	Please, no more. Say no more.
Baldy	Poor Fool. The master of bullying is so sensitive himself. You were a lousy film director.
<i>(They fight)</i>	
The Fool	I made a movie about you. When I saw the pictures of you... Lying there... At the car park... Shit...
Baldy	You had a breakdown?
The Fool	No, you looked like shit. When I saw the pictures, close up on TV...
Baldy	On TV?
The Fool	Dirty, your face dropped... All wrinkly... Ugly... And old, you looked so old... Pathetic...

Baldy	I looked old?
The Fool	The pictures of your bloody face looped on TV constantly. Your pale, old face covered in blood and dirt. Your lips hanging - your mouth slobbering...
Baldy	But the last image of someone is so important.
The Fool	Yes it is, isn't it.
Baldy	My people should remember me dignified, I should be lying in state, there should be candle lights and soft opera music - a black coffin...
The Fool	It was white – your coffin.
Baldy	Oh? Well, maybe that's ok? A white coffin suits better – it's purer in a way?
The Fool	There was this big line of white cars driving slowly through the city. The streets absolutely packed with people.
Baldy	Really?
The Fool	And as you were passing by in the big, white hearse, people were applauding, throwing flowers on to the car...
Baldy	Applauding how?
The Fool	Clapping their hands, like this of course, what else? There was this woman holding a sign saying: We are burying a Prime Minister.
Baldy	Yes that's right. She was right. I would have become the Prime Minister, wouldn't I?
The Fool	You'll never know, will you.
Baldy	I would, I would, you know I would, I would have been great. I would have really shaken things up. If only...

The Fool	If only what?
Baldy	If only... If only I hadn't... I don't remember...
The Fool	Tell me - please - if only you hadn't been who you are? If only what? What would you change? Something you would take back? Tell me, I want to know...
Baldy	What? What?
The Fool	What would you take back? Answer me.
Baldy	Who are you? Why are you so angry?
The Fool	Same as always - you hurt me and then you forget everything. And then I will tell you once again who we were – and what happened to us - and you will hurt me and forget. And I have no choice but to go over it again and again and again because I have no one else to talk to – and I need someone to talk to – it's like breathing to me. So I will tell you and you will forget. If only you knew how lucky you are, how grateful you should be because you forget, because someone blew your brains out. I remember everything all the time – I know who we were. I know what I have lost every single second.
Baldy	Where are we? What is this place? Who are all these people?
The Fool	...there was this politician in Rotterdam, he was shot in a car park outside a radio studio.
Baldy	What happened to him?
The Fool	He died.
Baldy	He was killed? Why?
The Fool	Because he offended people! And there was this fool on his bike in Amsterdam and he was shot and stabbed and this letter was pinned to his chest with a knife...
Baldy	What happened to him?

The Fool	He died.
Baldy	Why?
The Fool	Because he offended people.







# AUDIENCES

On tour with *Pim and Theo* in Europe, the most frequently asked question has probably been whether audiences in different countries have responded differently. Has it provoked different audiences in different ways?

To be honest – the response, apart from being entertained, interested and curious at nearly every performance, hasn't been that varied. I'm sure we would have noticed. We are very close to the audience and interact a lot with them, so in that sense, as performers, we do have a very strong sense of how the audience feels about it all. Naturally, it has been different to perform the show for adult and young audiences.

And apart from that - there have been other differences. Perhaps mainly in the way that it has been to perform the show to audiences with different backgrounds.

Quoting Pim Fortuyn for saying, "Full is Full" or "I will not accept that people who do not belong here, take our money and spoil everything we have fought for for generations" at the Unicorn Theatre in London, surrounded by fifty teenage Muslim girls with immigrant backgrounds and wearing headscarves as part of the school uniform, is challenging.

To represent statements that might be understood as racist if the audience don't get the idea of the show, is challenging.

And, as a matter of fact, that challenged our own prejudices.

Did they catch the whole idea of the show at all? Wouldn't they just take it in literally? And think we just meant what the characters said?

Well, of course they didn't. They saw through it and laughed and responded as we hoped they would. And as most audiences do with this show.

Dealing so much with provoking issues related to prejudice, it was good to be challenged about our own prejudices.

Audiences in Ghent, Belgium and Bonn, Germany, apparently had a much clearer reference to and memory of Pim Fortuyn and Theo van Gogh.

They responded to minor details that only an audience that has a knowledge about the content respond to.

To a lot of the people who saw the show, specifically young people, these two men might as well have been fictional characters. Some didn't realise that these men had been real, until after the show when they had the opportunity to explore all the documentary material in the exhibition.

In that sense fiction became a teaser, a motivator that made a lot of young people interested in exploring a significant piece of European history.

*Simon Vagn Jensen, Odsherred Teater*



# WHERE DID IT ALL START?

With 9/11? Probably.

The urge to do a project about freedom of speech as a theme, probably started in the years after 9/11. The rhetorical change in speaking about “them and us” and simplifying what was perhaps much more complex, did intensify then.

But reading Ian Buruma’s extraordinary book, *Murder in Amsterdam – the death of Theo van Gogh and the limits of tolerance* back in 2006 was clearly the set-off and starting point. That’s where the dialogue about a project started.

The book became the inspiration, because it’s an eye-opener that explores the dramatic changes in European societies in the age of multiculturalism and loss of European identity.

Whatever that is.

The reading of Buruma’s book evolved into the idea of making a show that specifically focused on these two assassinated men.

*Simon Vagn Jensen, Odsherred Teater*

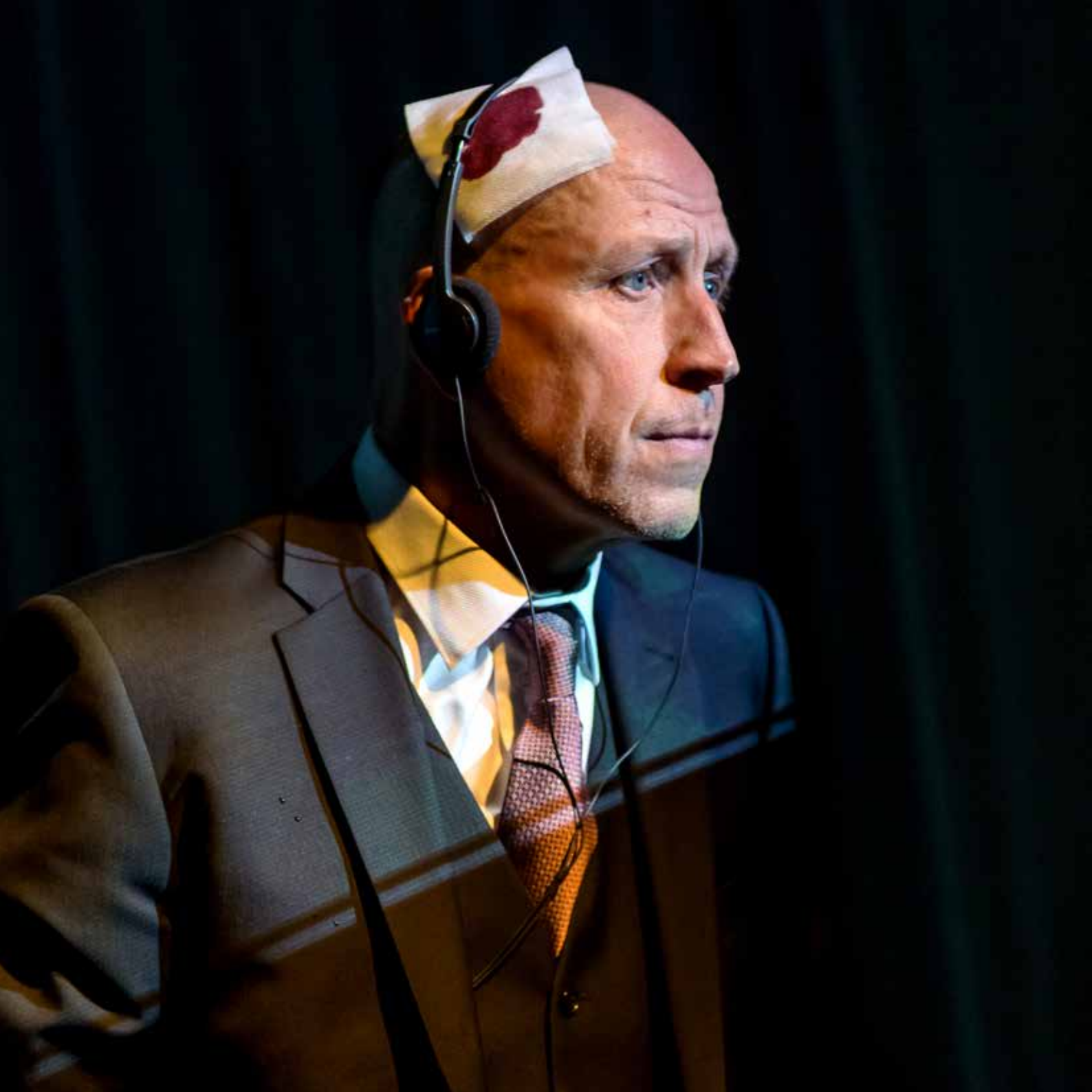








**THIS IS A SMALL COUNTRY, AND FULL IS FULL**



# WORKSHOPS IN SCHOOLS

## BELIEFS

The workshop focussed mainly on interrogating the ideas of freedom of speech and how, as a society/ community it is hard to know where different people draw the lines of what they can or cannot tolerate. After one exercise which encouraged students to define points on their own moral compass, the teacher said that she had never had the opportunity to get to know her students beliefs in such a detailed and personal way.

## OPINIONS

There were subtle differences in terms of how students responded to the workshop material across Europe. It did seem that the workshops ran smoother with young people from relatively similar demographic backgrounds - in terms of ethnicity and economic background. It was interesting to do the workshop in Norway with a mixed group of young people, some of whom had recently arrived in the country. Questions about freedom of speech in regard to religion had more divisive opinions with such a mixed group.

## RIGHTS

The Danish students seemed most impassioned when talking about defending their right to freedom of speech against all costs, but they also cited religion as a strong motivating principle, more so than in other countries. They also had a strong political sense of the importance of freedom of speech and were able to confidently articulate opinions about the topic. The British students I worked with tended to bring issues to a more personal level, expressing ideas about the power and potential violence of words through situations they had experienced in school. When asked what subjects might be considered taboo or risky to discuss in their country, Danish and Norwegian students articulated that immigration is potentially problematic.

## WORD BOMB

In reference to issues which had caused 'word bombs' to go off in their country, Danish students discussed the Mohammed cartoons, Belgian students talked about a recent incident with the Prime Minister being called a paedophile in parliament and British students mentioned instances of trolling (online harrassment) on twitter, following, for instance, the death of a celebrity.

*Emma Higham, Education Practitioner*





Anti-Fascist Benefit Gig - October 21st

**UNITED STRONG FESTIVAL**

Feat:  
Skank Agenda  
Dirty Rotten Scoundrels  
The Oppressed  
Black Star Dub Collective  
Fight back against Nazi scum, get Racism off our streets

**SE**

**SEX**



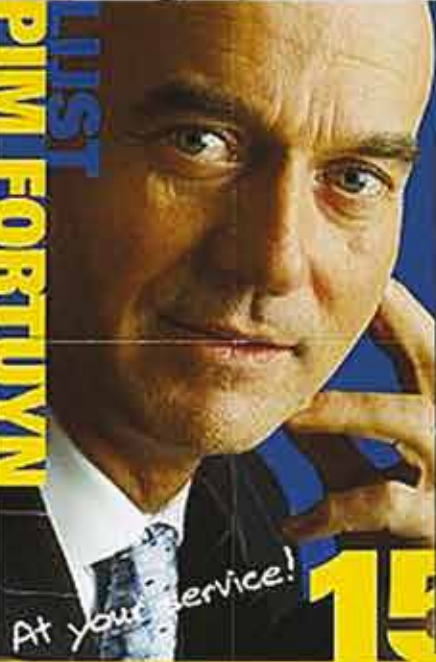
**GUERRILLA LEGAL SERVICE**



**WÆR ÅRVÅC  
WÆRE AKTPÅGIVI  
OLLA VALPPA  
WÆES WAAKZ**



Lost dogs  
Kenneth and Carla  
Beloved Cocker Spaniels  
Please help us back  
to our owner  
Last seen Media Park,  
Hilversum



**Colonies**  
grab  
what you  
can.



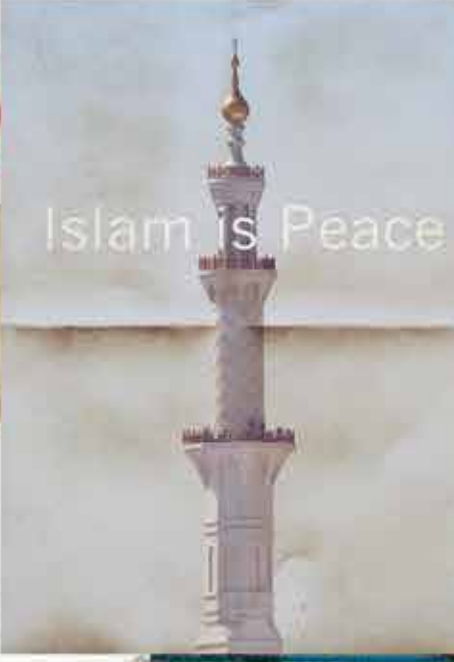
**RESPECT EXISTENCE  
OR  
EXPECT RESISTANCE**



**SHUT UP!**



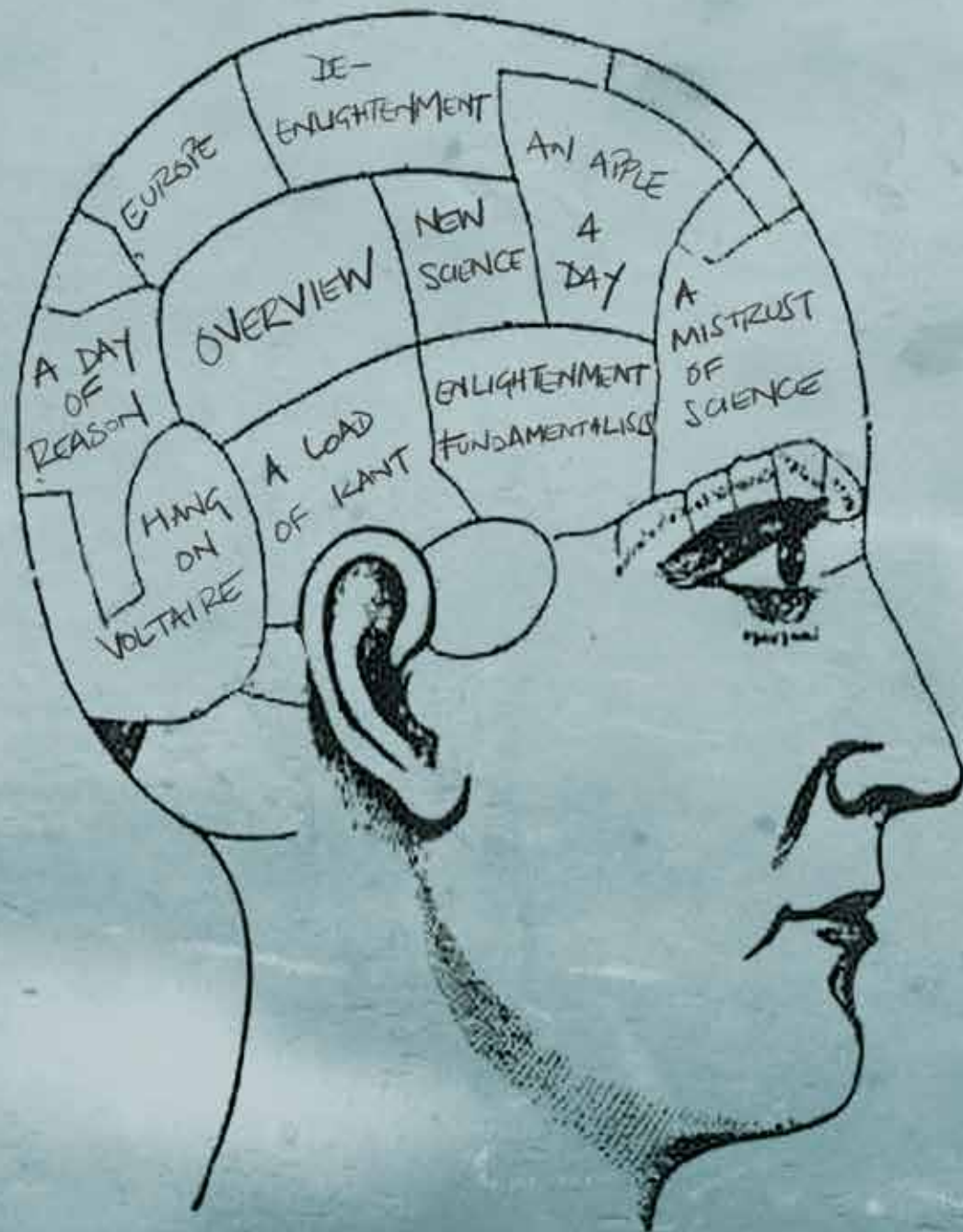
**SHUT UP!**



**WEDERLAND,  
WAAR GING HET ALLEMA**







The Age of Enlightenment was a cultural movement of intellectuals which took place throughout Europe in the 17th and 18th centuries. During this time people began to question 'scientific' facts established by the church and religion; attempting to reform society using reason, scientific thought and the power of knowledge. This period has shaped many of the ways in which people see the world today.

The Enlightenment remains a contemporary issue and not merely a historical one. Following the attack on the World Trade Centre on 11th September 2001, the Enlightenment was brought back into the centre of the political debate, especially in Holland. The 9/11 attacks and the diplomatic and military responses urged some key figures, including Ayaan Hirsi Ali, to call for a renewed fight for Enlightenment values.



# MULTICULTURALISM

## Definitions

Multiculturalism: the belief that several different cultures (rather than one national culture) can coexist peacefully and equitably in a single country.

Multiculturalism centres around how best to respond to cultural and religious differences. It has often served as a way to replace older forms of ethnic and racial hierarchy with new relationships based on democratic citizenship.

From the 1970s to mid-1990s many Western democracies worked towards increasing recognition of diversity through multiculturalism policies and minority rights. These policies were both at a domestic level as well as championed by international organizations, and involved a rejection of earlier ideas of a homogeneous (single) idea of nationhood.

## Netherlands

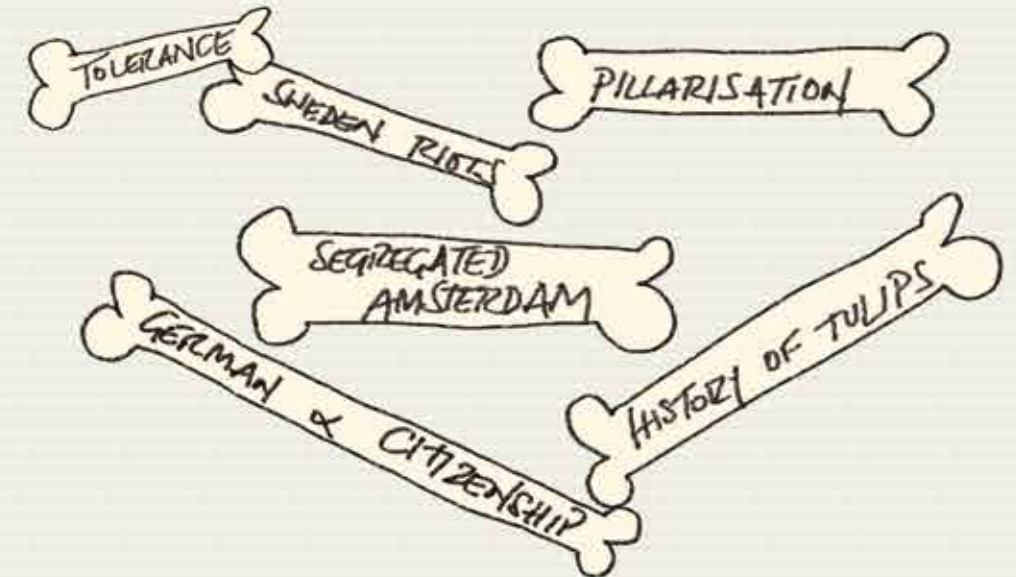
In the past The Netherlands was very proud of its multiculturalism. The country has a long history of taking in foreigners, including the Sephardic Jews in the late sixteenth century and the Huguenots in the late 17th century. During the 1950s and 1960s, the Netherlands experienced major increases in immigration. As a consequence, an official national policy of multiculturalism was adopted in the early 1980s. This policy subsequently gave way to more assimilationist policies in the 1990s.

Following the murders of Pim Fortuyn (in 2002) and Theo van Gogh (in 2004) the political debate on the role of multiculturalism in the Netherlands reached new heights.

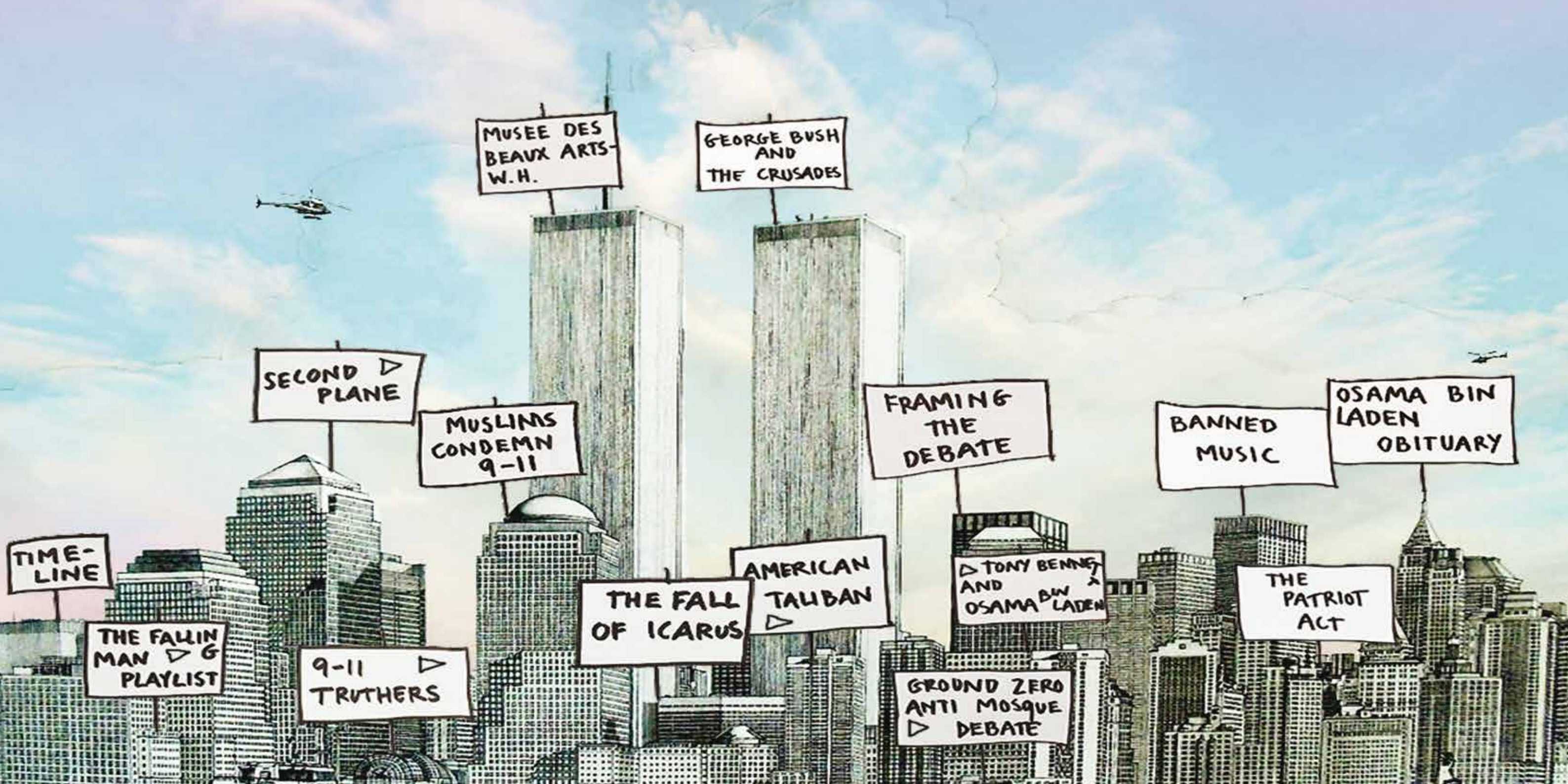


## A Backlash

Despite many feeling these policies were working, since the mid-1990s there has been a backlash against multiculturalism with some political leaders declaring it a failure and talking about its demise. In 2011 the UK's Prime Minister, David Cameron, said in a speech that "state multiculturalism has failed". Debates around extremism, the financial crisis and unemployment as well as riots across Europe have often been used as evidence of failed state policies on inter-ethnic cohesion. Throughout Europe, a range of political thinkers and leaders have made a call for reasserting ideas of nation building, core national values and identity, and unitary citizenship.







MUSEE DES  
BEAUX ARTS-  
W.H.

GEORGE BUSH  
AND  
THE CRUSADES

SECOND  
PLANE

MUSLIMS  
CONDEMN  
9-11

FRAMING  
THE  
DEBATE

BANNED  
MUSIC

OSAMA BIN  
LADEN  
OBITUARY

TIME-  
LINE

THE FALLIN  
MAN &  
PLAYLIST

9-11  
TRUTHERS

THE FALL  
OF ICARUS

AMERICAN  
TAUBAN

TONY BENNET  
AND  
OSAMA BIN LADEN

THE  
PATRIOT  
ACT

GROUND ZERO  
ANTI MOSQUE  
DEBATE



Freedom of ~~speech~~ is the political ~~right~~ to communicate one's opinions and ~~ideas~~ using one's body and property to anyone who is willing to receive them. The term freedom of expression is ~~sometimes used~~ synonymously, ~~but includes~~ any act of seeking, receiving and ~~impairing information~~ or ideas, regardless of the medium ~~used~~. In practice, the right to freedom of speech is not absolute in any country and the ~~right~~ is commonly subject to limitations, as with ~~libel, slander, obscenity, sedition~~ including, for example inciting ethnic hatred), ~~copyright violation~~, revelation of ~~information~~ that is classified or otherwise.



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# FOR MORE INFORMATION

[www.pimandtheo.com](http://www.pimandtheo.com)

[www.nie-theatre.com](http://www.nie-theatre.com)

[www.odsherredteater.dk](http://www.odsherredteater.dk)

[www.korjaamo.fi](http://www.korjaamo.fi)









HENRIK IPSEN'S VIEW FROM THE BACKSEAT - PRAGUE TO GHENT









