

AMANDA

A P E T R E A

HALLA

Ó L A F S D Ó T T I R

DEAD

BY BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

MDT program texts

The program texts is a series of unedited fanzine-style booklets available on the MDT website and in a limited cost price edition, printed, folded and stapled on MDT's Konica Minolta All-in-one Copier.

Find all MDT program texts at www.mdtsthlm.se

DEAD by Beauty and the beast



This one goes out to all the pussies in the room,

to all the black ones, the blond ones, the red ones, the grey ones, the white ones and the purple ones.

To the straight ones, the curly ones, the trimmed ones and the balled.

To all the old pussies in the room, to the all the new pussies in the room and to all the wannabees.

To the pussies whove pushed babies and fetuses and placentas and eggs and blood out of them, and to the ones that never will. It goes out to all the pussies that have had stuff cut out of them and to the pussies that have put stuff into them.

To all the deep pussies and to the ones without tunnels. To the asymmetrical ones. To the wet ones, to the fat, to the bored, to the sweet, to the sour, to the bony, to the dry ones, to the fluent ones. To the slutty ones, the open ones and the curious ones. To the working ones and the ones who were born rich.

It goes out to the cunt, to the fanny, to the flower and the mouse. To all the Foo-foos, Hoo-hoos and Hoo-hees in the room. It goes out to the peach, to the punani, to the coochie and to Lisen the meanest fucking cunt Ive ever met.

To the sex, to the womanhood, to the humanhood and to the Robin Hood. Goes out to the fuck hole, to the pee-pee, the front butt, the hair pie, and the cherry pie. To the oval office, to the pink room, the vajenga and devils ditch.

To the Baby Vending Machine, to the Toothless Grin, to the Glory Hole, to the Chlamydia Canal, to the Clit Crate, to the Lesbian Lunch Box, to the purse to the pink void to the Velvet Underground, to the Muscle, and to the Rabbit Hole

It goes out to the Snake Ranch, to the vulva, to natures pocket, to the snatch, to the cave of wonders, to the bearded oyster, to the pink taco, to the grandest canyon, to the downstairs, to the mini me, to the hmm parts and to the vajayjay.

To all the bloody marys in the room, to the fur pipes, the love muffins, to the hole, to the abyss and to all of the pussies out there without any names.



Monstrous cunt

I look up and see
a fleshy wounded pussy
staring down at me

she peeks out through the stocking holes
as if nothing
as if everything

a twinge in her face
teases a mind far away
only a simple twinge...

in the pussy hole
there is a world gaping and fleshy void
lost at war, long gone

tarnished meat inside
the defiled cunt gaping wild
filled with emptiness

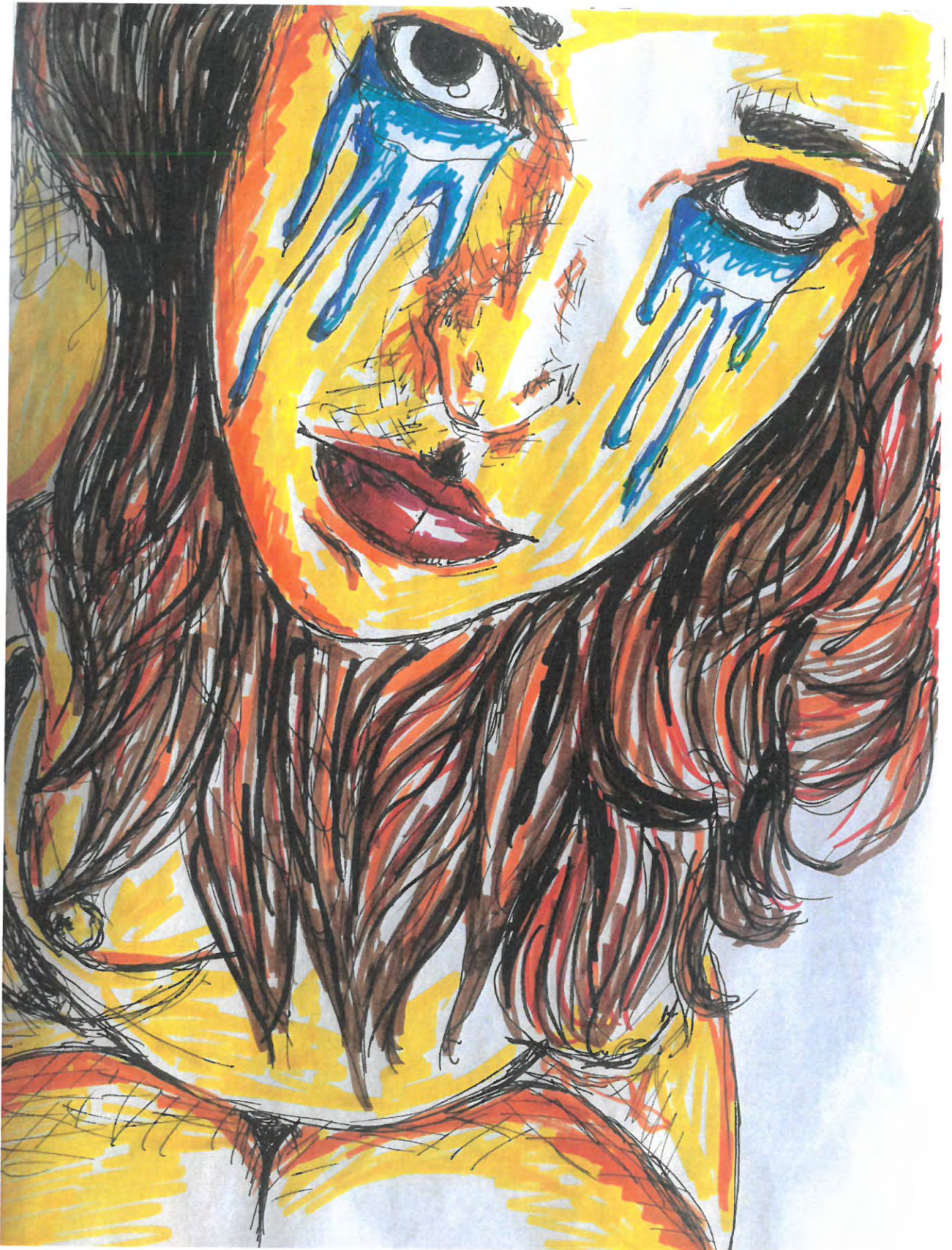
I look up inside
and stuff her like a turkey

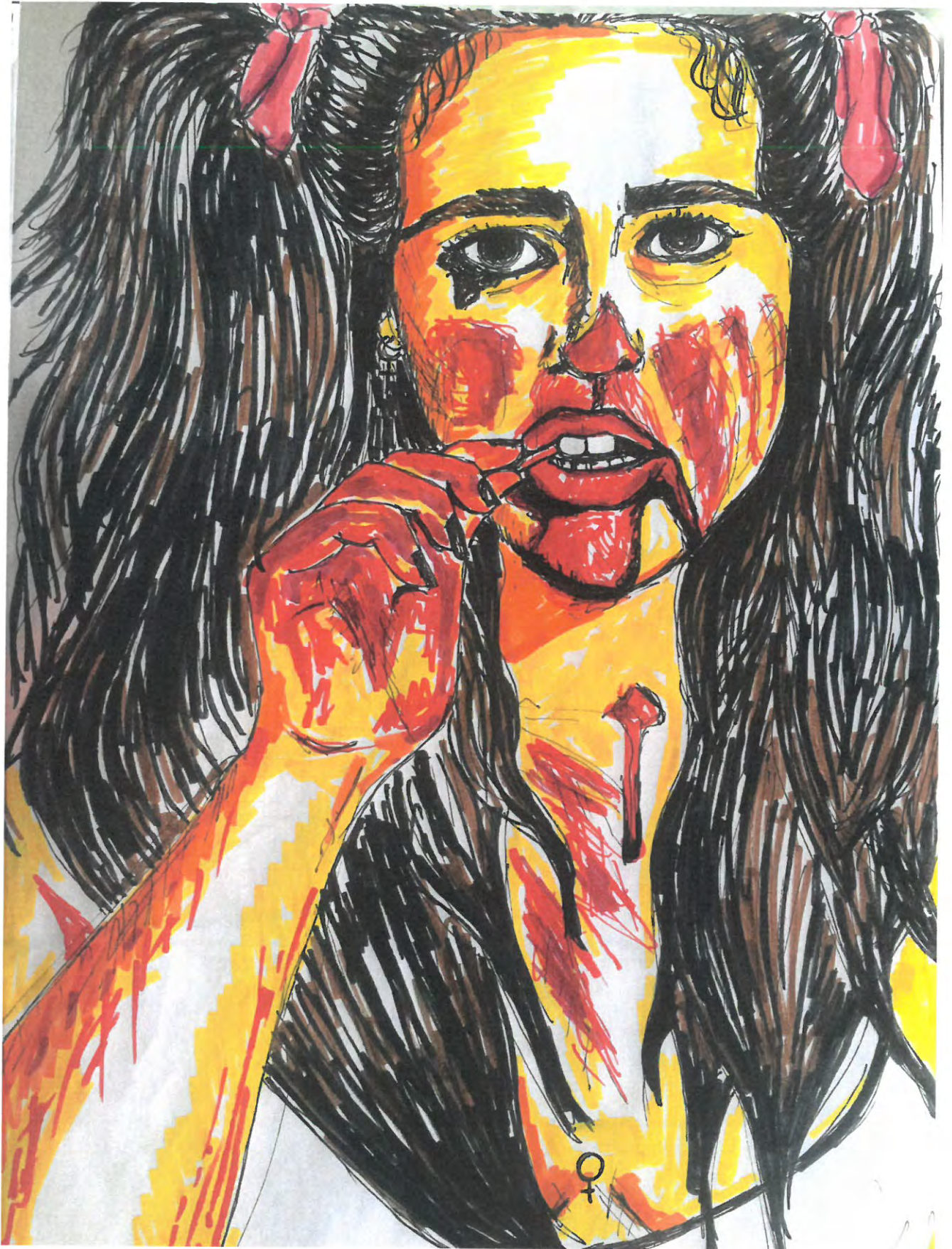
my big long love arm
reaches in and out of the abyss
filling her up over and over again

queefing and turning
shes like a monstrous fish
spitting and squirting

in a slippery wrestle
she smothers me with cunt cum
licking her fat lips

reeking and puffing
pride has got nothing on her
theres only victory





Sex Spell

*Sisters lets go down
Down to the river to play
come Sisters lets go down, lets play*

*We fuck with our tongues
and say things without using words
nipples penetrating open mouths*

*soft lips touching
Buttwerfly pussy kisses
fucking the moist earth*

*the moon likes to watch when
we drink each others darkness
with an endless appetite for more*

*we lick our insides
suck the spilled blood of those before us
trembling and transmuting
surrendering
Goddess and devils hybrids are born
It is a gender called Mer*

*Life is a mystery
and we must never stand alone
love (lust) is our weapon*

*We (eat) become each other (we come inside of each other)
like the river finds the sea
without monogamy*

*Political lesbians
there is no return
Make a fist*

*Get ready baby
honey bunny baby cakes
for ejaculating a sea of love*

NO SAFEWORD

Blood-painted nails
 Twelve-year old woman
 Full grown, dirty kid

Nylons shredded, burned
 Hair with dirty pigtails
 Hands fighting off, pulling in
 Nails opening flesh, scratching and clawing

The first stroke fell hard
 rape as destiny

Blood was only blood
 The game was still a game.

But the play was doubttable
 Her longing was all about.
 REAL FEAR

Stacking evidence
 Building limitless horror
 shit-scared little bleeding girl
 all prepared for death

Abused, mistreated, penetrated
 All over again, no remorse
 the strong hands lay hard on her
 with the deepest love

All this is is the game with no name

Burn the rules to the ground
 This will make her a happy little girl

The twelve-year old woman with wet cheeks
 Tears of
 sorrow, tears of joy, pearls of a pure emotional
 Satisfaction

The wolf hour. a satanic haiku

He was my first
 he was my virgin shot
 It hit him right in the chest
 and blew him through the (brick) wall

I felt the piercing smell of burnt flesh and
 the blood ran down his body
 from the hole in the chest

His shaking hand reaching towards me
 begging for help as I emptied the revolver
 and filled him full of lead instead

My first kill and my nose starts to bleed
 the taste of iron (in my mouth)
 he always told me my pussy had the distinct taste of blood

my old flame
 A lucky fucker with perfect silky long hair
 who liked to play with his fate

With him I was wonderful
 He was wonderful with me
 he would read me poetry
 in a soft dusky voice

his cock and his words touched me within
 he was jealous and passionate but never possessive
 and he fucked like he meant it

we wanted to get lost
 at the dark edge of town
 where the wild secrets are hidden

He lies there in a pool of blood
 I take my panties off
 spread my legs wide open
 and (thrust.force) his heart inside of me

my pussy is now hungry wolf
 Howling wet and bloody
 she eats his heart
 bitter-sweet penetration
 fills all the holes- fills all the wounds
 fills the blown up uterus

I am fucking his heart
 and cuming with every move
 his demon now lives inside me

After effects

Squirting see through liquid on my thighs, on your face
At least ten first things will happen

While dominating you
I look at the blood stains on the walls
and cover your eye balls tight with a white piece of fabric
I didnt mean to over do it

you are on the floor
blind as a new born kitten
our reality
bam. I slap you hard with the palms of both my hands
over the chest and over the sweet soft face
I think it scares you

it also scares me
we need deep trust and consent
but you dont want that
we dont need that shit
you tell me to fuck consent
fuck setting up rules
your rule is no rule
I play my game inside that

the reality within dissolves with time
some things cant be changed
and there is no going back

some dark spots turn bright
I lose my self and you too
grass, house, sky, water

your pee fills me up
I spit but a drop flows down
I think it takes hold of me

We go swiming and the water is cold
there is no going back now
Ive said that before
I keep floating on top

I leave my real feelings now
And change them to something even realer
piss fuck and mind fuck
skin that gets hollow
tears - that cant be held back - pour
warm comforting arms

the madness comes in with the next wave
it takes us again
and we drift away
bodies weak and soft

Fingers loonging for holes in darkness
let it never stop
Penetrate the ass, the pussy
Let all the holes get filled up
how can we go back.

I cant help feeling now
I feel true, safe, crazy, fucked
deep emotional

it scares me to death
not the darkness, craze or pain
but all the bright spots

Im thinking about
another box to open
to place us within
we need a new box
for this demands new boxes
for it fits nowhere



Perfection

I have never seen a more beautiful face than yours
 It is absolutely perfect
 Absolutely perfect
 As I stare at it for hours on my mobile phone
 In my bed
 On the subway
 At a work meeting
 While watching a movie

I feel a trembling urging sensation in my lower abdomen
 I think its attraction
 I walk down to the edge of it and take a look and a sniff
 It smells like the ocean
 And like thousands of - not yet fulfilled - dreams

As I look at your face I also fantasize about the rest of your body
 And no less the rest of your mind
 Would it be to much to ask on a day like this
 For a picture of your neck.
 Or a picture of you in a suit and tie
 In a dress and nylons
 In t-shirt and jeans
 Just wearing shoes.
 How does it smell.
 Your body
 Can dreams smell.

I look at your perfect face and I wonder how it feels like
 The lips that are on your face look very soft and full
 The cupids bow lingers as a promise
 And meets the lower lip in a perfectly moist canyon
 Inside lies your tongue

At any given moment
 It seems
 It presses its way through cupids canyon

As a matter of fact
Come to think of it
I do know how those lips feels like
I have kissed you in a dream

I bet you remember it too
We met up for just a few precious hours
And I asked you if we should kiss
You leaned in and grabbed my face
I crashed into your teeth
Or you to mine
You said that I must be hungry
It was true
But it was still embarrassing

Your face
Is absolutely perfect
I want to sit on it.
Your nose has the perfect girth
Your skin is oily and slippery
I want to wear your face on mine I want you to wear me on your face
Its distances match my idea of measurements
I want to bury my nails in its depths and its cavities
and let them sink in to the bone
squeeze it down to its cells and chromosomes to fulfill my biological longing
I want to suck on your eyeballs until your iris changes color
and I want to dive into the darkness of your pupils
Is it dangerous to say
That its perfect to me.

Your face
Is my idea of perfection
If I was a scientist
I would do research on you
I would resist all ethical claims
And just make you my lifes work

A masterbation spell

Would you like to Fuck the pain away
fuck the fear away all night
And wrestle like tigers never falling asleep

We could touch ourselves all day long
make love to ourselves
And make our cotton panties wet

Would you love to play dress up
with our shaved pussy cats
glistening in the moonlight

We could be schoolgirls
reading into the teachers wet holes
You will be punished

Do you want to pretend that there is no horrible future
out there
To pretend that there are no red rivers flowing
out there

That there is no outside only pleasures burning

Would you like to play cowgirl and dark rider
crazy porno sex terrific
Do you want to lick things and have long oh so long meaningful conversations
We could play hide and seek and put little stuff up our dark holes and walk around with
secrets inside of us
Would you love to be still and daydream of Bees fucking dragons
becoming hot sensual fireflies
and then finally
Would you like to come closer and die inside one another before the break of dawn
hhhhhaaaaaaa

Her third death

At the hour of her third death, she ushers in our coming
The ocean is ridden with demons and serpents
And she is soaked in love
And the love was right in her path

A ship in the horizon
Its surface blazes bright, masking shadows below
We meet at the bottom of the ocean
Bathe in red corals and euphoria
Unable to breath

Slow down time a cock-vagina fairytale

when you say you love me
 you should know that I love you more
 and when you show your cock
 you must know that I will show mine too

we can take it slow
 Ive got all the time in the world
 you can write me an email
 and I can answer
 you can send a picture of your cock
 because I asked you, and you wanted to please me

and if you need me
 you must know that I need you like a crazy bitch
 at least we can play

you can read to me
 tell me everything about you
 show me your stories
 maybe our madness matches

we can slow down this mad time
 and fantasize about time
 that will never stop

wearing each other
 a warm stream between my thighs
 wild heartbeats and soaked blankets
 blackened pupils

you can suck my cock
 watch it grow big out of my vaginas walls
 pink and cold like an ice cone
 and as my eyes darkens I fuck harder than rock
 harder than pop

this is everything
 its all about me
 and you will swallow it
 Im going to do my thing
 and you are going to handle it
 take it like a woman.

Im big and Im wide
 Im open and pink, with bad bad bad ideas

so, when you show your cock
 you have to know that I will show mine too
 two cocks merging in a cock-vagina fairytale

fuck me now
 and if you do it right
 I will slap you in return
 and you will thank me



MDT

MDT is an international co-production platform and a leading venue for contemporary choreography and performance in Stockholm. MDT was founded in 1986 and has ever since presented Swedish and international emerging artists. MDT is supported by Kulturförvaltningen Stockholm stad, Kulturrådet and Kulturförvaltningen Stockholms läns landsting.

