

Sjúklingur

AMANDA
APETREA,

HALLA
ÓLAFSDÓTTIR

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

Beauty and the Beast is a fake band, a dance performance, a party, a workshop, a documentary and a lifelong collaboration between the choreographers Amanda Apetrea and Halla Ólafsdóttir. It is always about friendship and they are never alone. It is also always about you and us and ALL the love in between.. Together they have made the performances Beauty and the Beast (2011), DEAD (2017) and Sálkvinnorna (2023).

What you find in this fanzine is a glimpse into their artistic practice and communal world where there is always too much of everything. Beauty and the Beast are the two rock star alter egos that unfold and confront the shame that often lingers around female sexuality and explore bodies that dare to shamelessly take up space. They have the desire to find the poetic and the beautiful in what is usually considered ugly, disgusting and forbidden. They look for stuff that generates joy, sorrow, anger, hope and infinite desire. Using expressions of sexuality, body and gender they flirt with the power of horniness and lust. A power they believe can move mountains.

Sälkvinnorna (2023)

Choreography and Performance by Amanda Apetrea and Halla Ólafsdóttir. Music by Linnéa Martinsson. Lighting and Set Design by Chrisander Brun. Film by Ester Martin Bergsmark. Tailored by Kajsa Lisa Larsson. Administration by Interim Kultur. Produced by Johnson & Bergsmark. Co-production MDT/Moderna Dansteatern. Supported by Kulturrådet and Life Long Burning.

At dusk in the darker stage of twilight, we see the outlines of their bodies. They lie there, on stage, stranded in a muddy quagmire, the seal women. At first glance, they look paralysed. They are stuck in a hybrid body of seal and woman. They grunt and snort. We do not know if these are sounds of pleasure or torment. Perhaps both at the same time...

In "Sälkvinnorna" (the seal women in English), Amanda Apetrea and Halla Ólafsdóttir explore horniness, desire, the body and animality/femininity. They have nurtured these physical practices through work with their rock star alter egos in *Beauty and the Beast* (2011) and in their latest more poetic performance *DEAD* (2017). The seal women give expression to bodies that are shameless, sexually aggressive, grotesque and that dare to take up space through their dance and with their voice.

"Sälkvinnorna" by Amanda Apetrea and Halla Ólafsdóttir is a dance performance that moves in and out of a mythical landscape within which Amanda and Halla shapeshift between seal and woman. With sound by Lune, a set design by Chrisander Brun and cinematography film by Ester Martin Bergsmark, the Seal women float weightlessly through a muffled, dark and epic soundscape.

Please note that this show has an age limit (18) and that no photography is allowed during the performance.



Photo Márta Thisner

Frågor av Erica Moon-Nam Lindberg till Amanda och Halla om samarbetet med Sälkvinnorna

Vad är det som gör att ni dras till att jobba ihop?

Magi! Vi älskar att arbeta ihop, våra själar dras till varandra. Vi lärde känna varandra för 23 år sedan och startade vårt samarbete för 12 år sedan med verket Beauty and the Beast. Var sjätte år dras vi ihop för att föda fram ett nytt verk.

Finns det någon eller några komponenter som återkommer när ni samarbetar?

Vi fortsätter utforska de karaktärer och alter egon som uppstod i vårt samarbete med Beauty and the Beast. Den högljudda porriga rockstjärnan som skamlöst tar upp plats, som ständigt utmanar och förblir egendomlig och enigmatisk.

Om Beauty and the Beast, DEAD och Sälkvinnorna är en triologi, är Sälkvinnorna ett avslut? Och i så fall på vilket sätt?

Nu när vi är mitt i processen drömmer vi om en sexologi istället. Det går inte att avsluta ett sånt här samarbete.

Vad kan ni berätta om samarbetet med Chrisander, Lune och Ester Martin Bergsmark? Varför just dessa kreatörer?

Vi ser upp till dem, tycker att de är fantastiska konstnärer och alla tre har ett underbart koreografiskt tänk som gör vårt samarbete både lustfyllt mer komplext. Vi blir helt enkelt bättre i deras sällskap <3

Poems from the performance:

Ode to Edith

I

The light wanders with darkness
kiss the heat from my cavities
my tender pussy share my heart's blood

take my skin, take my purple insides
take the longing of my soft fragile flesh

Would it be too much to feel
a single night, a night like this one,
your heavy darkness resting in mine

II

You pushed your long loving limb
into the fulness of my womb -

I grab, in my little soft eager hands,
your long loving limb that will soon soften

O, you ruler with true evil and crazy black
eyes

I accept the fear you give me, that I crave
so deeply

I kneel, my head and heart heavy between
your legs

III

My master penetrated me for the first time
today,

I trembled and twisted in glorious pain

Now I truly feel the weight of his muscles
piercing through the fragility of my
openings

Where is my jingling fountain orgasm,
my pussy's proud independence?

Now I truly feel the thick ropes tightening
and the sharp blade separating my skin

I hear a sound in the air before the hand of
reality lands hard on my cheek
scattering my sweet tender dreams

IV

You searched for shadows
and you found deep darkness

You searched for pain
and you found violence and murder

You searched for a little forest stream
and you found the Niagara falls

You searched for a woman
and you found a soul less devil -

'you are disappointed

Six Songs for Seals

written as a *Folding Story together with Linnéa Martinsson at her house during a recording session.

a song for flabby bodies

Thousands of selkies, dancing and laughing on the shore.

All bleeding from their eyes, ears and pussies.

Flabby fat disgusting bodies floating by the shore. To the left.... to the right...to the left..... to the right.

A sailor walks by at dawn and finds her crying, shivering on a rock... Insane! I have 14 children half a city but you can't see 7 of them cuz they... are in the ocean where I belong. I will be back with a vengeance.

a song for returning

One destiny seal, man, woman. What was once a calm sea became a violent and cruel fantasy. With each one of us. All four of us at the same time. The hag, the enchantress, the virgin and the mother. A whore with hair made of seaweed, came to a man's house with a question. She said: "how much for making me a dress out of seaweed?"

I have seven children ashore and seven children at sea. They were really grown up by the time she got back. She landed at the deep ocean floor just in time for the first song of returning.

an island in the sea song

Once upon a time there was an island in the sea. It was a summer night at dusk when a sailor walked by a beach.

Hey bitch!!! He cries out.

Have you completely lost your mind?

You can't sit here naked woman.

YES I CAN!!! In fact I'm not naked I have my skin on! I'm full of tears. Glitter on my cheeks.

He invited her home and had seven babies with her, without telling her that he had hidden her seal skin.

Fuck! The seal was so angry. What the fuck was she then? Her entire world collapsed from that day. This mad man had fooled her.

This Selkie will never forget, 7 water, 7 land half ocean half sand.

a song for a seal cock

My skin, my skin

oh dear seal in me.

She said when he asked why she was screaming. He then screamed with her into the approaching storm. Slowly slowly slowly gently gently gently come lie down here with me - a voice whispered. Come lie down in the sand.

Crawl with me common

let's crawl.

Away home.

For seven years she was trapped in his house. She gave birth to seven human babies. Her seal pussy ached for the human cock, she couldn't lie about that. But she fucking hated those human babies. Finally she could go back to her seal with his seal monster cock and cute seal babies.

a song for bacteria and tiny sandworms

I know who I am and I am whole. You can't help me. but it feels a little better now. In the warmth from all the other dancing bodies and other dancing sea creatures and other dancing mammals and bacteria and birds and molecules and little tiny sandworms. They all listened to her heart beat.

Are you lonely?

"Only when I do not hear the sea"

“Who the fuck stole my skin?”
She rose up from the shallow water shell
was in. Took a deep breath and when she
exhaled she released a fart that smelled
like patchouli and bergamot and a little
touch of lavender. All my children smell
differently.

a song for a voice and a pussy

A sad woman sat on a shore crying her
eyes out. The waves crashed into rock and
stone. Bringing shells and small fish with
it.

Smells like the ocean. You smell like salt.
Pearls in my hair
waves of sorrow inside

The little mermaid who traited her voice
for a pussy

You can not have both: A voice and a
pussy.

But my pussy sings! she cries.

Dancing with the selkies on the shore

Dancing with the selkies on the shore
Laughing with the selkies on the shore

A sailor man walking by
Found her crying on a rock - Insane!
Where`s my skin where`s my skin

Fuck that man fuck that man fuck that man
human pussy seal pussy human pussy seal pussy
oh no! Seven children in the sea, seven children on the shore
Oh yes: I Found the key to the chest
Fucking man fucking man fucking man
Stole my skin - I was trapped

swimming back (home) to the sea
little fish little fish lots of little fish
sea shells sea shells lots of seashells

She sings! That's how I get my cubs to fall
asleep at night when I'm out of milk.

drink my milk slowly.

One day while he was at sea

she found the key

found her sealskin.

“My heart brakes

Seven children ashore

seven cups at sea”

*A Folding Story: The first person may
write the first sentence or few sentences in
the center of a piece of paper. That person
should then fold the paper in half so that
the writing cannot be seen. This now-
folded paper will be passed on to the next
member of the team; he or she will then
write his own sentence or paragraph.
When s/he finishes, they will fold the paper
again before passing it on and so on and
so forth.*

Ocean Floor

Song and lyrics by Lune

Sea shells...

Hidden in sand

No ones here taking care of you

Not this time

The only place forgotten roses bloom

Laying on an ocean floor and bloom

Laying on an ocean floor and blooo ooo
oom oo

Why so low

Think of seals swimming in your bed

Dream away

Please Don't stop the only way to be you

Laying on an ocean floor and bloom

Laying...

Hidden in sand, what can we do

When no ones here taking care of you
not this time, sky is blue

The only place forgotten roses bloom

Laying on an ocean floor and bloom

laying on an ocean floor and blooooo m
blooo oom

Floating still

Fingers crossed

Floating still

Fingers crossed

Ocean floor

Nothings lost ooo

Laying on an ocean floor and bloom

Laying on an ocean floor and bloo ooo
oom bloom

Why so low,

it's in your head

try to think of someone else instead

Dream away, what do you see

please don't stop the only way to be
youuuu

Laying on an ocean floor and bloom

laying on an ocean floor and bloom oooo
oo oh ooh

La la laa

La la laaa

La laa laaa

La laa laaa

La la

La la la la la la la la laa

Lalaslalalalalalala

Laa laa laaa

Sisters

You are my sisters
we feel so differently
yet all really deep

may all of our dreams
may all of our grand wishes
come to all of us

sisters! Let's get nude
let's go down on each other
let's have the patience to drown

let's build a practice
this one where we hold each other
and release our selves from pain

and we would welcome
the beauty and the break down
for it feels awesome

let it be darkness
and fear and terror and death
sharp and blunt objects and ropes

sisters, let us bleed
we fill the pool with blood
and swim naked too

let us feel no shame
and let us have no guilt trips
let's just get dirty

DEAD (2017)

With and by: Amanda Apetrea and Halla Ólafsdóttir Light and scenography: Chrisander Brun Music from: Karin Dreijer, Linnéa Martinsson and Zhala Rifat Text: Amanda Apetrea and Halla Ólafsdóttir Tailor: Kajsa Lisa Larsson Professional feedbackers: Nadja Hjorton and Chrisander Brun Producer: Sara Bergsmark Sound mix: Elize Arvefjord Technician: Björn Kuajara Administrative structure: The Artist Cooperative Interim kultur

There is a story that tells of Beauty and the Beast's fascination with their own shadow. They kept looking at it, pecking at it, scratching it, fisting it, burning it, licking it. Until one day their shadow woke up, became alive and ate them. Beauty and the Beast are now "DEAD".

DEAD is a pornographic poetry reading and dystopian dance performance that merges the beauty of darkness and the in-between. Apetrea and Ólafsdóttir play with existing conventions and friction that occur when merging high and low culture art forms, such as poetry and contemporary dance, together with the raw power of the two rock star alter egos that came to life in their previous work with Beauty and the Beast. Wearing makeup that brings out their inner demons, the performers move in death rolls, screaming at forgotten fears and squirting blood, licking the audience and contacting the dead.

Amanda and Halla collaborated with three composers that have all in one way or another smuggled dance and choreography into their concerts. The musicians Zhala Rifat, Karin Dreijer and Linnéa Martinsson wrote music to Apetrea's and Ólafsdóttir's poetry in DEAD. Poetry that they call Pornems.



Photo Märta Thisner

PORNEMS FROM DEAD

Amanda: This one goes out to all my menopause women out there

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
she's 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
there's only victory

Halla: This one goes out to my grandmother who found her clitoris late in life. In fact it goes out to all the grand fucking mothers of the world.

Sex Spell

Sisters lets go down
Down to the river to play

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

soft lips touching
Butterfly pussy kisses
fucking the moist earth

We can Fuck the pain away
fuck the fear away all night
And wrestle like sleepless tigers

pretending that there is no horrible future
out there
pretending that there are no red rivers
flowing
out there

we play cowgirl and dark rider
with our shaved pussy cats
glistening in the moonlight
crazy porno sex terrific

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
lust is our sword

like the river finds the sea
We (eat) and become each other
without monogamy

Political lesbians
there is no return
Make a fist

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

Amanda: I've been thinking a lot about fantasies lately. And, you know, the best thing about them is that they are just that - fantasies - and not reality. This one is dedicated to a person who I still love and feel the deepest trust for

NO SAFEWORD #safeversion

Blood-painted nails
~~A woman~~ we're playing dress up
Fully grown, dirty kids

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

The first stroke fell hard
A violent destiny

Blood was only blood
The game was still a game.

But the play was doubtable
~~Her~~ My longing was all about:
REAL FEAR

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

Abused, mistreated, penetrated
All over again, no remorse
~~She~~ I begged for more
And the strong hands lay hard on me ~~her~~
with the deepest love

All this is is the game with no name

Burn the rules to the ground!
This will make me ~~her~~ a happy little girl
~~The girl~~ with wet cheeks

Tears of joy, tears of relief
pearls of a pure emotional
Satisfaction

Halla: This one is about someone that I used to love.

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

Halla: *NOW WE'RE ALL DEAD! This one goes out to all the pussies in the room,*

to all the black pussies in the room, the
blond pussies in the room, the red pussies
in the room , the grey ones, the white ones,
the purple and the pink ones.

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

H- To all the old pussies in the room, to all
the new pussies in the room and to the
constructed ones.

A- To the pussies who've pushed babies
and fetuses and placentas and eggs and
blood and stuff 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 had stuff shoved into them.

H- To all the deep pussies and to the shallow ones. To the asymmetrical ones. To the wet, to the fat, to the sweet, to the sour, to the bony, to the dry ones, To all the slutty pussies over here, the open ones, to the fluent ones. and the curious ones.

A- It goes out to the cunt, to the fanny, to the flower and the mouse. To all the Foo-foo's, Hoo-hoo's and Hoo-hee's in the room. It goes out to the peach, to the punani, to the coochie and Susan

H- To the womanhood, to the humanhood and to you Robin Hood over there.. Goes out to the fuck hole, to the pee-pee, the front butt, the hair pie, and the cherry pie...mmm PIE. To the oval office, to the pink room, the vajenga and devil's ditch.

A- 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

H- To the vulva, to nature's pocket, to the cave of wonders and to the grandest canyon. Ouuuuuuuuuu ouuuuuuuuu (Vargar ljud) To all of you bearded oysters over there, to the fish taco, to the downstairs, to the mini me, to the vajayjay and to the snake ranch (ut med tungan)

A- To all the bloody mary's in the world, sshhhh...to the fur pipes, the love muffins, to the hole, to the abyss...abyss, abyss, abyss, abyss, abyss, abyss... and to all of the pussies out there without any names. It's called Your holes

Beauty and the Beast - The show (2011)

With and by: Amanda Apetrea and Halla Ólafsdóttir. Featuring: Lisen Rosell. Master of light: Chrisander Brun. Opening acts: Jessyka Watson-Galbraith, Emma Kim Hagdahl, Siri Hjorton Wagner, Iki Gonzalez Magnusson, Emma Tolander, Sidney Leoni, Cornelius (formerly known as Mica Sigourney), Akiiki, Emmy Apetrea and Shirley Harthey Ubilla.

Beauty and the Beast is a dance performance that celebrates rock n' roll, freedom, dance, love, lust and fear. And most of all it's about you. And us. And all the love in between.

You want to lean forward and then back in your chair. You feel safe, but you know that you are part of something dangerous. We don't do hatred and contempt, we use love as a weapon. It is life and death. It is love. It's a place where beauty meets beast in a world where everything is possible.

"Forget Madonna, Prince, Elvis, Beyoncé, Whitney and Britney. Halla and Amanda never needed their last names and now they take on the greatest mononyms in dance history and blow you away"



Photo Märta Thisner

Review of Beauty and The Beast- The Show

Composed by Beauty and the Beast in the beginning of the artistic process before the performance was made in 2011.

In September 2011, *legendary dance makers Amanda Apetrea and Halla Ólafsdóttir* rocked over 20.000 fans with an incendiary performance of *Beauty and the Beast* at MDT

After several years of absence, Beauty and the Beast reclaimed the stage with their new performance *Beauty and the Beast-the show*. The much anticipated performance, which, to many fans, represented the return to their dance roots and their acclaimed dancemanship, prepared the premiere for a world tour that kicked off in 2011 and is expected to last for over six years, spanning over fifteen countries.

Beauty and the Beast's Magnetic Performance

Like all choreographers that have been around for decades, Beauty and the Beast have made their share of wonderful mistakes, alienating some of the old school fans with some of their progressive work with mychoreography i.e. "The Rite of Spring"

However, few choreographers in history have managed to bring their live performance to such high energy levels and to continue to engage fans so completely decade after decade. In a spectacular performance that featured laser shows, flames and impressive dance and voice solos, the hot veterans won the hearts of the thousands of fans that filled MDT on Sunday.

The opening acts that Beauty and the Beast selected for their performance at MDT,

were different each night. Featuring artists such as: Jessyka Watson-Galbraith, Emma Kim Hagdahl, Siri Hjorton Wagner, Iki Gonzalez Magnusson, Emma Tolander, Sidney Leoni, Cornelius (formerly known as Mica Sigourney), Akiiki, Emmy Apetrea and Shirley Harthey Ubilla. Many of them performing unusual rhythm patterns, sudden dances, *death growls* and managed to engage the audience with their fast, abrasive choreography that did seem to appeal to The Beauty and the Beast fans.

Nevertheless, anxiety heightened and excitement seemed to turn into impatience as the thousands of fans anticipated the appearance of the *godmothers of dance* on the stage. The show reach it's peak with the appearance of the legendary Lisen Rosell who takes no prisoners with her outrageous rant.

The members of Beauty and the Beast, who were received with loud enthusiasm by the multigenerational audience, performed on a stage placed in the center of the floor, dividing their *face time* between fans all around the arena. They have been playing *in-the-round* since the days of the *Mychoreography* promotion tour, connecting with fans both on a choreographical and on a personal level.

Beauty and the Beast's impeccable dance performance and their infectious energy invigorated the crowd at MDT, engaging fans in a musical dialogue with the performance and challenging them to new levels of adrenaline.

An almost visible electric current ran through the audience as they performed the first scene surrounded by flames springing from the floor, with Amanda Apetrea's solo reaching into every corner of the arena.

Beauty and the Beast, rewarded fans with their signature fast tempos and much anticipated dance, as well as an explosive solo by Halla Ólafsdóttir

An emotional duet marked the official end of the performance at MDT, but Beauty and the Beast returned for a powerful encore which ended with an epic dancealong. Almost two decades after the success of their *pieces I Azz Jazz and It's definitely the spiritual thing*, they are back with a heavier, more raw dance, and with a choreographical range more expressive and dynamic than ever.

Masters of Lights with Chrisander Brun

In addition to a first rate vocal and dance performance, Beauty and the Beast offered fans a visual treat. The laser show that highlighted the climactic points of the evening – such as the epic performance of *the dancealong* – featured green, blue, red and yellow beams that shimmered like rainbows over the low-lit stage and dissolved into the darkened arena.

Flames were also used to punctuate dramatic performances and, during the

encore, black balloons rained over the audience and flooded the stage.

A Multigenerational Experience

Back in the days, few would have imagined that, some day, parents would attend Beauty and the Beast performances together with their children. However, Amanda and Halla are two out of few choreographers that, instead of losing ground to new performers, manage to expand their fan base year after year.

The fist-pumping audience at Beauty and the Beast included people in their fifties and sixties, as well as enthusiastic teenagers who are just now discovering the choreography phenomenon. Over the years, Beauty and the Beast have promoted an aggressive rhythm and dance making that won the hearts of hard core contemporary dance fans, while at times displaying a softer, harmonic side, which appealed to more mainstream dance-loving audiences.

On a dark Sunday night two years ago, the legendary group, which was inducted into the Hall of Fame in April 2009, mesmerized the multigenerational audience in Stockholm, proving once again that the show is never over for Beauty and the Beast.

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.

Find all MDT program texts at www.mdtsthlm.se

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