

THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY THEATER

FALL 2025 / SPRING 2026

CATCH 79!
September 13, 2025

Netta Yerushalmy, Tuçe Yasak,
Mieke Ulfig, Katherine Profeta,
Paula Matthusen, Alla Kovgan
nothing personal, just everything
October 30 - November 2, 2025

Ruth Childs
Blast!
(with L'Alliance New York)
November 12-14, 2025

Juliana F. May
Optimistic Voices (reprise)
(with Live Artery | New York Live Arts)
January 8-10, 2026

Autumn Knight
NOTHING: more
(with Under The Radar Festival)
January 16-18, 2026

Saturday Salons
Curated by Jennifer Krasinski
March 7 + May 16, 2026

Karinne Keithley Syers
Your Ghost Body
March 13-14, 2026

Neal Medlyn
Made In Heaven
March 25, 2026

Steven Wendt + Wes Day
Plato Caves: Screens vs Shadows
March 27-29, 2026

Ayano Elson
Control
April 23-25, 2026

Moriah Evans
[.../+**%<>€£¥\$&@!!!!^^^]
(with Walker Art Center)
June 5-13, 2026

Jasmine Hearn
Memory Fleet
(with New York Live Arts)
June 11-13, 2026

Early Stage Creative Residencies:
Crackhead Barney, Jesse Bonnell, Lily Gold,
Amanda Horowitz, Kashia Kancey, Joanna Kotze,
Maya Lee-Parritz, Kimiko Tanabe,
Zerina Tye, Lu Yim
Fall 2025 - Spring 2026



MADE IN

HEAVEN

by Neal Medlyn & Ulrika Andersson

Table of Contents:

Photo

Ulrika writing - p3

Photo

Neal writing - p5

Photo

Show credits - p11

Chocolate Factory credits - p13



I.

by Ulrika Andersson

I was cleaning up the last of the dishes and minutes later I was bent over the counter, ass out, counting down backwards from 7 as I was being hit repeatedly with a belt. It was 4:30 in the morning on January 1st and somehow we all of a sudden had the energy for this. We fell asleep after, fucked and beaten only to wake up deeper into the first day of the year.

I want overwhelm in all of its forms, with all of its complications. It cannot be planned. The need to keep things clear or organized does nothing for my drive. If sexuality lies in the subconscious, I do my best to let it live there. My meditation practices are not to still the mind, but rather to let it all arise. If I am not my thoughts, my thoughts can go where they will.

The removal of the complicated has always left me feeling more sexually shallow than creeping into the darker corners. Porn for me would be hard to make, because it would have the structure of a dream.

In the dream I am a voyeur and participant. I want to see a muse or an icon who I can both worship and embody. A finger slips in. A man, fully clothed, presses up against me in a crowded subway. I catch just a faint hint of the cologne he sprayed on in the morning. Is someone outside the door waiting to come in? My leg shoots through the layers of sheets in the cold part of the bed where no body has been. She sits on my lap now with her big beautiful ass. She leans back against me and exhales, Big Red on her hot breath. A rhythmic bouncing begins that lasts just a little too long. Weight against the entire inside of my thighs, flipping over and being grabbed. A memory of my ex and me in a garage stairwell. Then in a car driving through the forest of northern Sweden. I remember falling asleep with him later, tangled up after we fucked, only the heat from our bodies keeping each other warm, no blankets. Too sentimental, I bury my face in her tits again. A push and a pull, a sunbeam through the window, a hard slap on the ass, no, the face, something to shock me into remembering, the weight of a body.

The stripper's perfume, that now is my own, has been heated by my body and rises to my nose, warm and a little foreign.



II.

by Neal Medlyn

Before we start the show, I wanted to say that the Magic Mike movies are the most important films that have ever been made.

Hi everyone. Thanks for coming. Did you see the Magic Mike movies? Who saw them? If you didn't see the second one, then you can leave now and get your money back.

Just kidding. I already spent it.

So. Magic Mike...

Well, specifically *Magic Mike XXL*, says so many important things about being alive. It's also the best illustration I've ever found of the spiritual journey. And it's about love. And they're the best films about the life of the artist that were ever made.

So. Love, sex, art, stripping, economics, spiritual journeying, being alive. That's a lot.

Let me start by saying that my whole life I've treasured the moment when you find something special and weird and unexpected somewhere in the pile of American culture. It's like those thrift stores with bins of t-shirts and socks that you have to dig through. Suddenly somewhere in the middle you turn over a XXL "Stop Staring at My Teddies" pajama set and find a perfect pair of pink tie-dyed lace underwear with the word "Creepy" on the ass in Gothic script. I found those at National Wholesale Liquidators (RIP). See?

(He shows that he's wearing those very underwear.)

Magic Mike tells the story of male strippers who float on the edge of the larger society. Their profession sets an invisible wall around them, barring them from normal lives. They exist in a liminal space, which art people love to talk about.

They have regular contact with "normal people," so they think they belong in their world. They try to get loans from banks. They try to have normal relationships. They are pressed up against people with jobs who fluidly move around in society. The normal people go to restaurants just like Magic Mike does. But there's some secret force pushing Magic Mike and his friends away.

The world needs them to be separate, needs them, like the monks who've lived for thousands of years squirreled away in caves on Mt. Athos in Greece, to be in a metaphorical cave, apart. The Hebrew word for holy (Kadosh) means "set apart." Magic Mike, as he grinds on women, kisses their hands, and creates ecstasy and abandon, stands apart. Magic Mike freezes pleasure at its apex so that the audience can glimpse heaven, which is, after all, just a moment of glory we all feel from time to time but one, conceptually anyway, that stretches forward and backward forever.

Magic Mike XXL begins in darkness with the sound of ocean waves, and then follows the "male entertainers" as they reassemble at a moment when the vagaries of life in the arts, or maybe it's life in the ruins of late capitalist America, has started to set in.

We have Mike, their leader, running a furniture business, but about to fail. We have Tito who has an artisanal frozen yogurt shop run out of an old taco truck, but is really employed at the shaved ice place in the mall. And then we have the other three, Richie, who's afraid of fire, Tarzan, who is a Desert Storm vet but nobody ever asks him anything, and the formerly spiritualist non-monogamist, now formerly non-monogamist spiritualist, Ken. They've all lost their jobs as Matthew McConaughey (their leader in the first Magic Mike) took off for Macau.

Basically, it's a road movie. They're getting the old band back together to set off across America (or at least from Tampa to South Carolina) to do one last strip show at a convention. As with most road movies, it's a pilgrimage. But in the case of *Magic Mike XXL*, it's a spiritual pilgrimage involving thongs. Oh, and it's also a movie about aging.

A movie about aging men, together, drinking protein powder. And we have a movie about the entire artistic enterprise: precarity, bonding, the fluid boundaries between show business and sex work, between genders and sexualities, with a bunch of dim light, bad microphones, and dollar bills, as they wander toward... something.

Which brings me to nightclubs.

People for hundreds of thousands of years have set aside these set-apart spaces: churches, firepits, sweat lodges, gay bars in Savannah, Georgia: they're all nightclubs, basically. They're all places where we can come toward the edge of existence. To arrive at a place where the past and future don't matter.

I could say a lot here about Guy DeBord and the ecstatic present, and “spectacle” and the concept of “carnival” and jubilee years in the Middle Ages. But basically, *Magic Mike XXL* asks if dreams fail if they don’t turn out the way you want them to.

It also asks, who fucking cares what the answer is to that question when the music gets real loud?

On the car ride after the club as Matt Bomer and Donald Glover discuss their music careers, Donald Glover says that the magic in what they do as strippers is simply in asking women what they want. He pauses and then goes further. He says that they are healers.

Well. He says, “We can be.”

The gift of trying to live your dreams on the side (not having the money to live them full-time, I mean) in this vast landscape of a country that has lost its luster and, in a post-Enlightenment age, that has lost some of its positivity that “it’s all going to turn out ok,” is that you can see your job clearly, then you can see it as holy, but then you see it’s basically fake.

Theologians say that the universe exists because of a surfeit of God’s love. God, to be perfect, can’t have needed to create the universe. But because of the excess of love in the concept of a God in three persons, a God in community with God’s self, of a God that has as Their main attribute that self-same superabundance, the universe exists. Therefore, the law of the universe is Love. Things that are not love are the Devil, and the coming perfection of our world by God comes through that love, a love that in the end even calls the Devil into itself.

I grew up in a tiny rural town in northeast Texas, just a blinking light and a Dairy Queen. I was pretty sheltered growing up, spending most of the first seventeen years of my life playing my Yamaha keyboard in my room. I spent an inordinate amount of time digging through pop culture, staring at Michael Jackson issues of People magazine, wondering if Madonna’s “Like A Virgin” and “Like a Prayer” were somehow two episodes in an unfolding metanarrative. I had sex constantly, mostly off an old oil top road in the back of my brown Chevrolet Chevette hatchback.

I watched drag shows at the local gay bar in Longview, Texas. It had been named Choices, but Choices got burned down in an instance of anti-gay arson. So, they reopened it as Decisions. One night, I saw a drag queen do a number combining Karen Finley’s “Lick It” with “I Will Always Love You” by Whitney Houston, and I decided that night to become a performance artist.

I had nothing to lose, it seemed to me. I was a twenty-three-year-old divorced dad with no car and no prospects. Time to get in the taco truck of life, go on a spiritual journey headed for the Myrtle Beach of freedom.

And so, I moved to New York, and for a while I did some go-go dancing at the East Village queer bar Boys Room. There was something about standing on a bar, my head inches away from the cheap purple LED lights in the ceiling, dancing for hours to club bangers, that was very satisfying. I planned my outfits in layers, so I'd take my shirt or pants off and have other things underneath that reconceptualized the outfit, on downward as the night wore on.

By 2004 the internet was starting to become a real cultural force. So was a certain heiress of the Hilton hotel fortune named Paris. Paris Hilton made a night-vision sex tape and I spent hours at my day job as a receptionist for a law firm near the World Trade Center trying to find it, download it, and delete all traces of what I had done from my work computer.

I decided to tell people I was “Neal Medlyn, the Paris Hilton of Performance Art.” I never knew exactly what I meant by that, but I loved the way it sounded. I made a show of the same name and I was surprised when a lot of people turned up for the show at this place on the Lower East Side called Collective Unconscious.

And that, you guys, is how I got friends in New York.

My friends Murray and Bridget and I would get together and play catch, go to parties, nightclubs, the movies. We went to see a midday showing of *Magic Mike XXL*. It was just the three of us in a darkened movie theater, rapt. At one point after a particularly steamy dance sequence, Bridget rose to her feet and loudly applauded.

This is from a book I wrote in 2005 called *Sexual Buttocks*. It's called “Linda Blonde:”

Linda Blonde was in her forties, sitting by a pool drinking old fashioned. She would only have sex with young, skinny men of fair complexion. She said to them, “Come here” and they did so. Then she tugged their pants down and told them, “I will suck your balls, but only your balls. I won't suck your dick or do anything else to you.” She began to do so, entreating the boy to, “Move your cock out of my way.” This he did and then she told him, “I want you to jerk off and squirt your cum on the part in my hair.”

The point is, you guys, my sexuality revolves around displacement. I want to be a part of things, but I also need a feeling of knowing the world goes on after I leave the room. I think this means I am fundamentally Judeo-Christian. I need an intermediary.

All the women in Magic Mike's world use the intermediary of strippers to feel free. The male entertainers know that about themselves. They are healers standing in the gap between the person needing healing and some other, amorphous power. They themselves need the intermediary of stripping to find who they are: in gas stations, onstage, under shitty LED lights, speaking into shitty microphones.

Here's something I wrote the other night when I was at a bar:

It's a porn where you are alone at a bar and that Shawn Colvin song comes on and you catch a whiff of someone's asshole or probably it's just perfume on the early autumn breeze mixed with pulled pork sandwich in the trash can outside and you are like damn i'd throw it all away to eat your pussy right now and then the second you start, that "one more day up in the canyon" song comes on and it's like: did i write this or is this real. damn who cares let's cum together now bro how bout it.

Which somehow is like falling in love. Which is I guess what this show is about.

(pause)

All our existences seem precarious now. I guess I'm supposed to speak for myself.

You know, it's just there's a lot of wars, pandemics, and gig economics.

Divorces, aging parents, children who grow up, performers who age and whose knees start to give out. You fall in love with something, or someone, and you don't have any reason to think it's going to work out, but you know it will work out.

Sometimes, like Amber Heard says in *Magic Mike XXL*, God sends us guys in thongs when we're in need. Sometimes, when shit is not going your way, getting crazy with your friends can help. Sometimes it's the best way, sometimes the only way, to live your life.

It is all I've ever known.



MADE IN HEAVEN

Created by Neal Medlyn with Ulrika Andersson

Cast:

Rope by Ester Web

Neal Medlyn

Ulrika Andersson

The Pinnacles of Masculinity with object Gal Friday

Mariah

Mistress Serena

Carl Baggaley

Tom Beaujour

Danton Boller

Joan Chew

Joel Mateo

Paintings and video work: Ulrika Andersson with models Raque Ford, Emily Tarrier, Rope by Ester Web, Mahogany, Jane, and Mariah. Video/photo assistant: Am Schmidt. Video editing: Benjamin Northover, Neal Medlyn

Scrolling text written by Neal Medlyn

Serena text by Mistress Serena

Lights: Shana Crawford

Music: Lil Louis & the World, The Love Unlimited Orchestra, Hot Hot Heat, Daniel Deluxe, Molchat Doma, Kylie Minogue, Underworld, Alice Boman, Outkast, Ginuwine, Randy Travis, Barry White, Lizzie West.

Elements of this show come from previous work by Neal Medlyn including *Neal Medlyn, the Paris Hilton of Performance Art* (2003), *Manfinger* (2004), *Neal Medlyn is Highly Sexualized and in Danger* (2005), *I Shock People by Showing Them My Breasts* (2005), and *I Heart Pina* (2017).

THANK YOUS:

Thank you to all the collaborators, performers, musicians, models, dancers, video editors, assistants, photographers, and strippers who worked on this show.

Thank you to everyone at the Chocolate Factory, especially Shana, Brian, Madeline, Liam, Jules, and Frank Barret.

Thank you to Cicciolina and Jeff Koons.

Thank you to these works of art, which we looked at while working on this show. They include but are not limited to *Blood Sisters* dir. Michelle Handelman, *The Artist and the Pervert* dir. Beatrice Behn and René Gebhardt, *Kärlek & Anarki (Love & Anarchy)* created by Lisa Langseth, *Fanny Hill* by John Cleland, *The Story of O* by Pauline Réage, *Justine* by Marquis de Sade, *Roxana* by Daniel Defoe, *Effi Briest* by Theodore Fontane, *Magic Mike XXL* dir. Gregory Jacobs, *Erotism* by George Bataille, *Bad Behavior* by Mary Gaitskill, Richard Kern films such as *The Right Side of My Brain* and *Submit to Me*, *Secretary* dir. Stephen Shainberg, *From Dusk Til Dawn* dir. Robert Rodriguez (which I watched high as hell on VHS during a violent rainstorm in a storage unit), *Belle du Jour* dir. Luis Buñuel, *Delta of Venus* by Anaïs Nin, and *Sexuality Beyond Consent* by Avgi Saketopoulou. Thank you to Mette Ingvarsten, Florentina Holzinger, and Emily Sundblad whose performances we looked at for research.

Thank you to the generation of smart and ambitious writers and publishers and photographers behind Dirty Mag, Doxy, Petit Mort, No Erotica, Hot Stuff, and Chill Mag.

Thank you to Lucky 13 and Duane Park. Thank you to Andy and Pumps. Thank you to Mats and Kristina Andersson. Thank you to Peekaboo Pointe and her wonderful series “Tales from the Strip,” monthly at Parkside Lounge.

Thank you to Peter Schjeldahl whose comments to me about Koons’ *Made In Heaven*, and his writings about it, planted the initial seed for this show. We hope we created our version of the “vague alarm” he experienced via those works.

Please follow these accounts:

Neal Medlyn: @champagane_jerry ; Ulrika Andersson: @fourthmoment

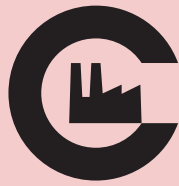
*** Please visit the bar and the merch table and tip/donate. Proceeds benefit the Sex Workers Project of the Urban Justice Center and the rest goes to the performers. ***

Donate / Tip here: <https://venmo.com/u/Neal-Medlyn>

More about the Sex Workers Project: <https://swp.urbanjustice.org>

For inquiries about purchasing paintings: lemonpuffs@gmail.com

Vodka sponsor: OVO Vodka



ABOUT THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY THEATER

Founded in 2004, The Chocolate Factory Theater (CF) supports the creation of new work by interdisciplinary performance artists from its post-industrial facility in Long Island City, Queens. We encourage risk-taking and innovation within the experimental performing arts community by responding to artists' needs with space, time, money and administrative support throughout their careers. As an artist-founded, artist-run institution—and one of the few remaining spaces wholly devoted to experimental performance in New York City—we believe that the ideas generated within our walls have the potential to improve the lives of New Yorkers, shape broader cultural movements, and inspire change.

Each year, CF builds a robust Artistic Program comprising 8-10 commissioned premieres by interdisciplinary artists; 6-8 early stage creative residencies; a number of contextually-relevant interdisciplinary events (organized by guest curators) including cinema, music, and literature-focused gatherings; and organizational partnerships intended to deepen and expand connections between specific interdisciplinary artist communities.

As a team of practicing artists themselves, CF staff engages with its artist community from a place of direct understanding, as partners in a shared endeavor—making the process of developing new work within our spaces incredibly unique. Artists receive exclusive 24/7 access to our spaces and technical equipment for a period of 1-6 weeks, culminating in premiere performances for the public. We literally hand artists the keys and—in addition to substantial financial, administrative and technical support—provide a level of flexibility, trust, autonomy and appreciation that is rare in New York City. CF has earned a strong reputation—among its artist community, its peer institutions, and the field at large – as an organization that is truly “by artists, for artists”.

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