



The Guddled Gazette



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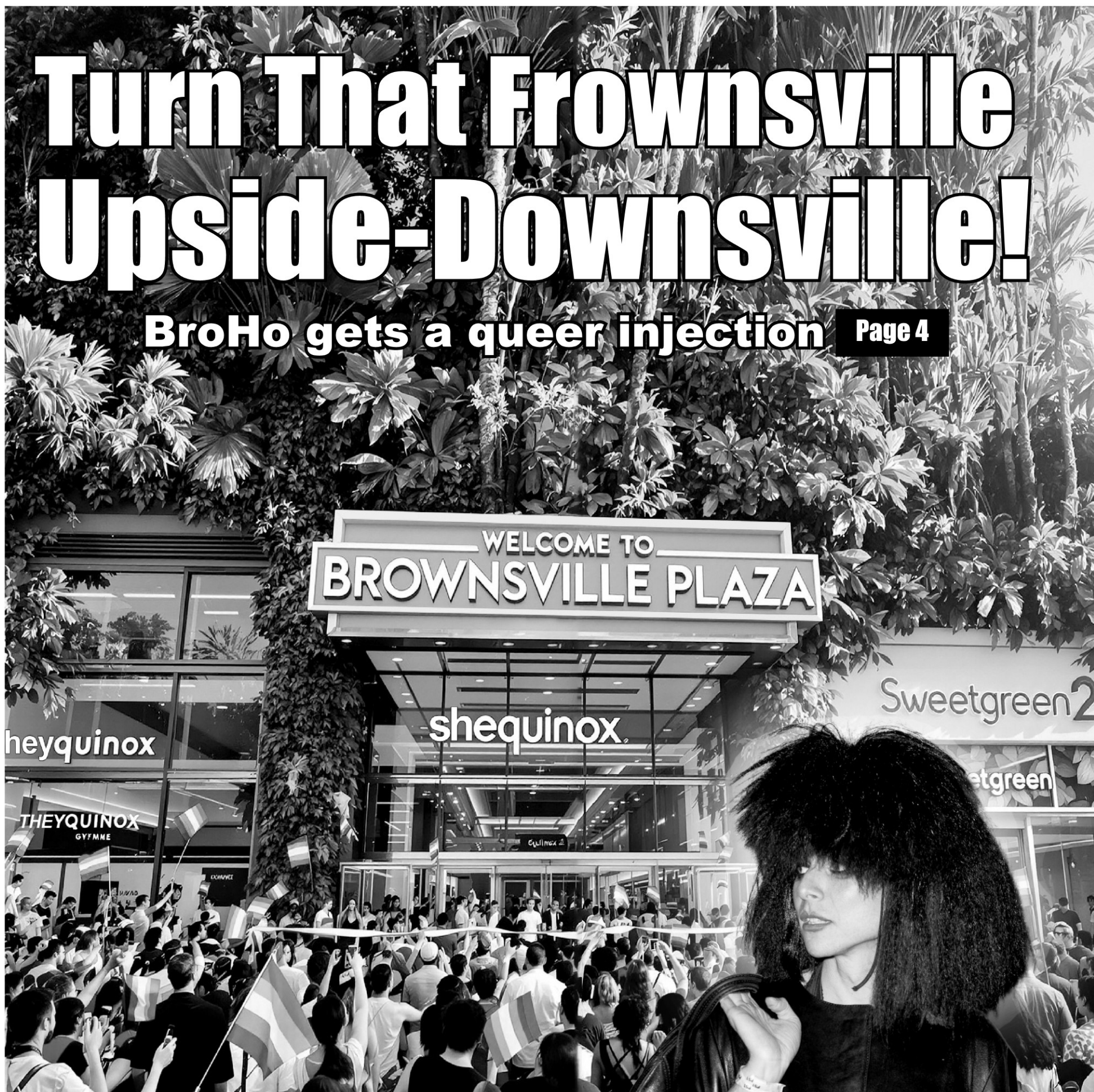
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1, 2025 / 20°, Partly Clouty, Brick

NYC REALTEA EXPERTS

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Turn That Frownsville Upside-Downsville!

BroHo gets a queer injection **Page 4**



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“Doll Army,” Prays The Gay Away** **Page 6**

McAlbie Fark

On the Prowl



NYC'S #1 RAT ETHNOGRAPHER- EXTERMINATOR GOES DEEP

by McALBIE FARK

The New York winter is cold and biting. But beneath the city there is a pulsing heat. An irresistible, animal heat that leads me into unknown depths. It beckons me to plunge further, go deeper. I follow its trail not knowing what I will find. Like a mouse sniffing out some cheese.

This is rat hunter McAlbie Fark reporting for duty. McAlbie Fark is my name, rats are my game. The New York City Department of Sanitation has given me the assignment of a lifetime: To venture deep into Brownsville's seedy underbelly in search of the mythical rat king. Termination imminent. The goal? To eliminate Brooklyn ratlife once and for all. Cut off the head and the body will follow. With the rat king deposed and his colony dispossessed, the long-awaited Brownsville Plaza mega-development can go up without a hitch.

I stand in front of a decaying Brownsville warehouse, rumored to be the rat king's secret lair. After a panic of wardrobe choices I've settled on a hard hat, flashlight, and safety vest. Classic McAlbie.

I shimmy through a grate into the building's moldering crawlspace. The stench of rat piss is all-pervasive. It stings my nostrils. But I love it. It promises dark pleasures. Water sports. Golden showers. The tension of holding in your pee for a really long time and the subsequent euphoria of emptying

your bladder with gusto.

As my eyes adjust to the darkness, I begin to see rats everywhere. In droves. But these aren't your average rats. Crikey! These are plague rats. Symptoms include spaztic movements, insomnia, and involuntary dry humping. Must keep my distance from these diseased vermin, I think. McAlbie beware.

Sick, rabid, frothing at the mouth, the rats spasm collectively in a kind of dance. Their tiny mammalian bodies move in time with the sonic landscape of the warehouse. The steady tempo of water droplets pitter patter from the pipes above. The throbbing rumble of the subway below. This is their music and the crawlspace is their dancefloor. They dance with every ounce of their cunt hearts.

Other rats are fucking. Like rabbits. Except they are not rabbits. They are rats. They fuck with abandon. Fucking and getting fucked by the fierce rhythm of the music.

The music fucks me, too. And I love every moment of it. The pounding sound penetrates the dark and dastardly parts of my body where no man has ever dared to go before. I'm a dirty little cum dump getting showered with sonic bukkake until all my holes drip with aural splooge. If it were prom night and the music were my date, I would let him take the special gift of my virginity and ride him reverse cowgirl til the wee hours of the morning while hopped

up on adderall and Smirnoff raspberry vodka.

Through the dusty haze I clock some rats that my colleagues and I have tagged on previous expeditions. Micro-celebrities of sorts amongst the vermin enthusiast community. Aspiring singer-songwriter Jonas Almond is belly up after excessive consumption of rat poison. Nibbling on crumbs near a small pile of poop is internet-sensation-turned-DJ Boof Gabar. Blasian fashion designer Deon Li is trapped in an overpriced acrylic mesh spider web of his own making from his latest gender neutral rodentwear collection. Then there's parTy poetess G Gabriel, fresh from the sewers and on the frenzied verge of collapse approaching ecstasy. I spot raucous social media star Rattheus Lipa scampering out of the dark room on all fours. A foul stench emanates from his bulbous haunches.

But I digress. This queen is in search of her king. A rat king.

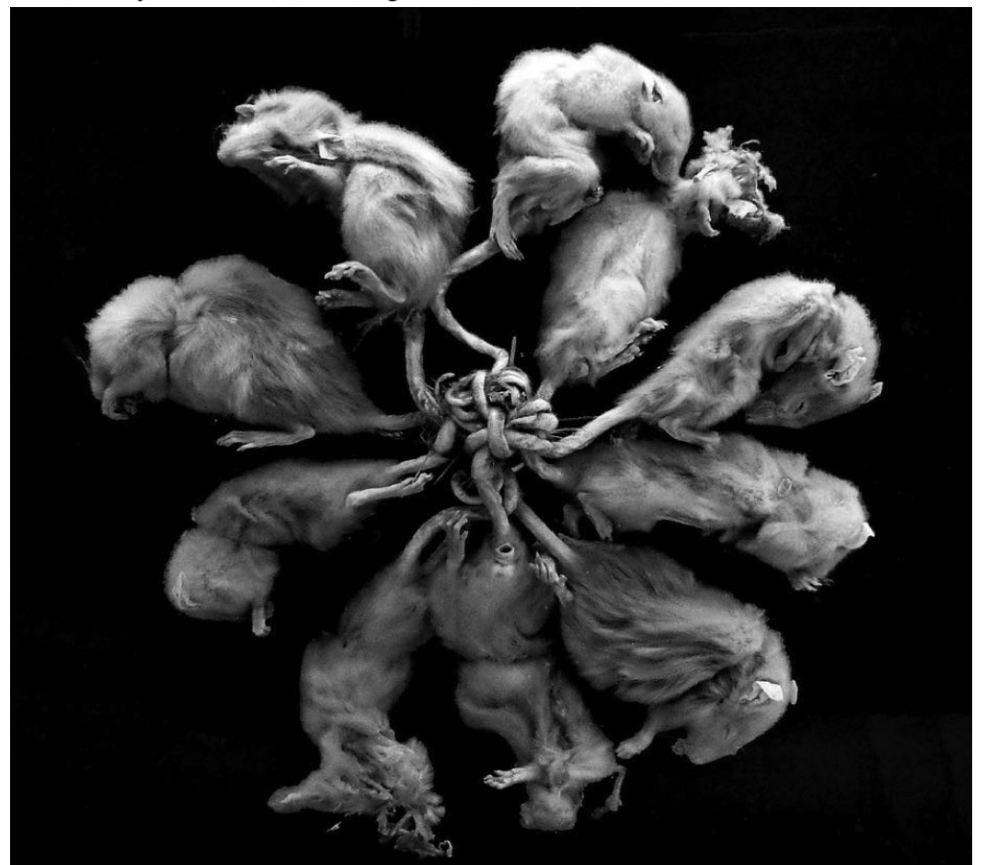
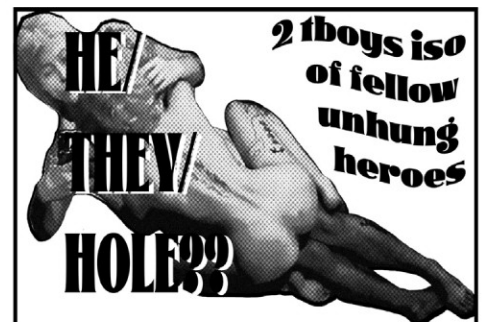
Suddenly I see it. Violently convulsing at the front of the dance floor. Sweaty, vile, and busted, with a putrid stench reminiscent of spoiled minestrone soup. After dosing too much rat poison, ten muscular alpha males have melted from the inside out, and, while attempting to breed with each other, collapsed into one single writhing ball of flesh and fur. Unable to fully close its gaping and wretched maw, it sits in a puddle of its own drool. An unlikely throne for the magnificent rat king.

Time to put this poor sucker out of its misery. "FIRE IN THE HOLE!" I bellow. I whip out my trusty flamethrower and torch that motherfucker to a crisp. The rest of the colony scatters, knowing that

Brownsville has been conquered by the all-mighty McAlbie. There they go. Off to infest another dilapidated warehouse in a less up-and-coming neighborhood.

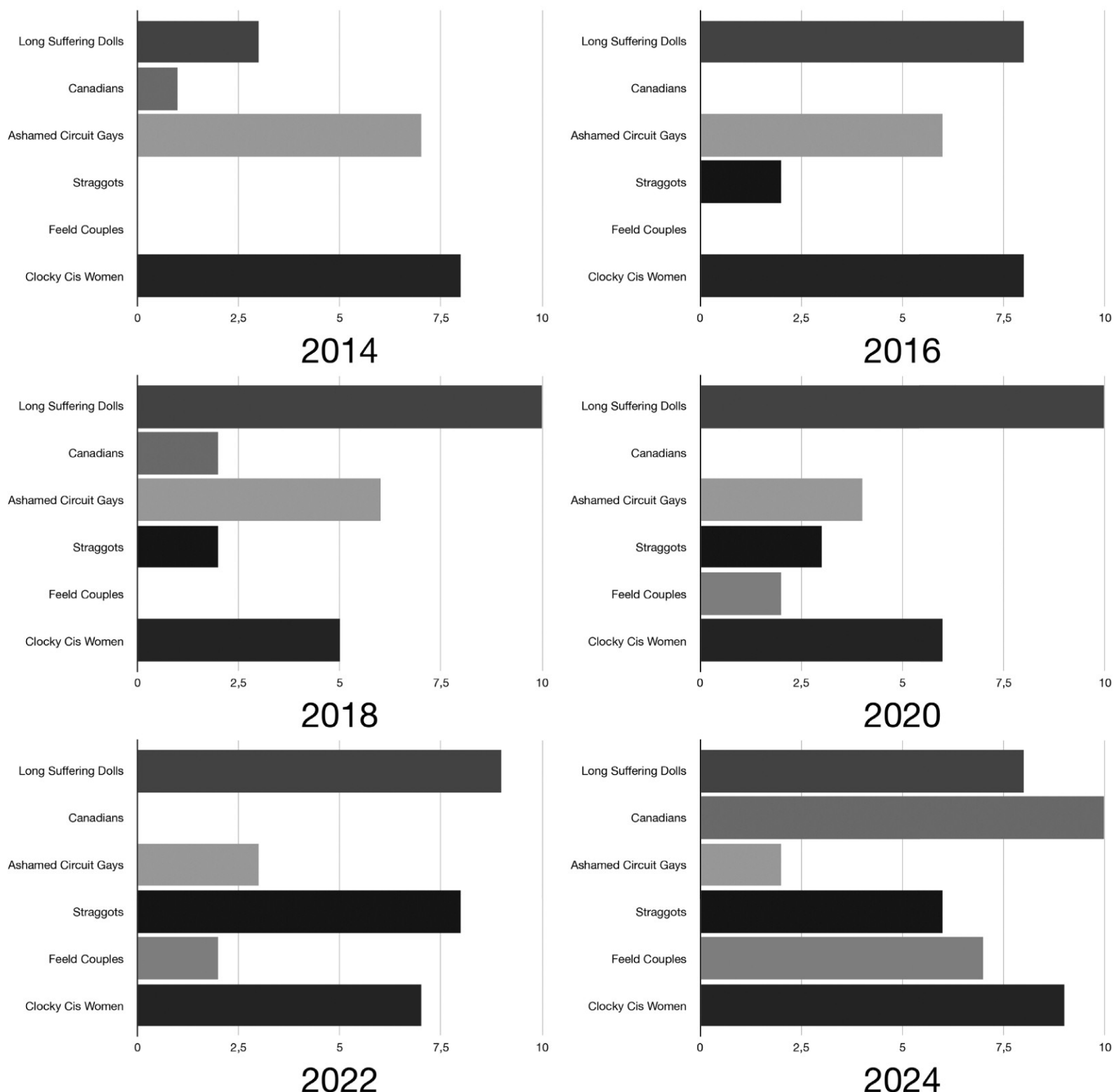
McAlbie saves the day, once again. With the rat king gone, soon-to-be denizens of the forthcoming Brownsville Plaza are now free to enjoy the shopping center's many amenities in peace. Nary will a Shequinox fitness class be slayed nor a Sweetgreen2 salad bowl be eaten with fear of filthy vermin partying underfoot.

And thus ends yet another chapter in my zealous crusade against ratlife everywhere. This is McAlbie Fark, over and out.





Gundled Door Market Report



by GUNDLED ANALYSIS 3.0 GmbH

In the wake of Womangate, perhaps the most grave disaster to affect New York City since 9/11, the Gundled Gazette has devoted an emergency response team of analysts to quantify the value of a variety of genders at the doors of “underground” all-night immersive real estate viewings. As the purchasing power of run-of-the-mill Clout wanes, and the Circuit Dollar stagnates due to inflation, gender appears to be the singular most important determining factor to guarantee entrance.

For buyers of all kinds, we hope this guide helps boost the chances of attaining an esteemed spot at these unique, durational real estate viewings, and positions our readers with the best odds of Viewing and Being Viewed (VABVing).

Our market analysts discovered a few interesting trends when surveying unique but telling demographics. Long Suffering Dolls, Canadians, Ashamed Circuit Gays, Straggots, Feeld Couples and Clocky Cis Women were selected as key identifiers of the changing times.

Certain other critical groups were proposed, but ultimately not selected, as we felt they did not have an outsized role in determining entrance to these esteemed viewings throughout the past decade: Penguins, Gay Bisexuals, Bricklayers, Queer Landlords, and Social Media Marketing Managers did not make the cut. We will continue to investigate the relevance of these groups as the market develops in the coming years.

Some key conclusions from our tireless research: the easiest and most consistent way to guar-

antee your entry to an underground Viewing is to bring a Clocky Cis Woman with you. If you aren’t sure what this means in the first place, it’s possible that even the clockiest of cis women would be unable to help your case.

Your second safest bet at the moment (and this really seems to apply only as of October 26th, 2024), is to find a Canadian to escort your entourage to the door. We aren’t certain this trend will hold, but Canadians seem to have a way of whispering to doorgirls that many simply do not possess.

We hope our research provides some guidance to homosexual and severely homosocial men who need assistance in deciding, with informed strategy, who they should begin to treat like a human after years of isolation from nonphallic genitals.

Turn That Frownsville...

ONCE DOWN AND OUT, BROWNSVILLE NOW OUT AND PROUD

by RATCLIFF DEWHURST

A long-neglected Broadway Junction-adjacent acreage is finally going under the knife, as the proposed Brownsville Plaza megadevelopment gets the money-grubbing go-ahead.

An earthquake in the regulatory environment has fissured open the way for what the real estate community is referring to as its very own Medicaid BBL. With the green light aggressively strobing for ZCO-SCRER's (Zero Chill Office Solutions Real Estate Realty) long-a-bated Brownsville Plaza district-wide redevelopment bonanza, industry insiders have nicknamed SheEO T.S. Evolod Kronique "the postmodern Halloween-crossie Robert Moses [American Bob the Builder]." Clock some tea!

This preternatural combination shopping plaza, e-tertainment sector, green-light district, Latin quarter, puss parish, barricaded creative-class commune, and exclusively gay cop precinct is at long last crowning, the reverse-preemie of a novel approach to "gender-expansive zoning" colliding with mergers of public and private financing that experts are calling "against God and all His creation."

Twist our arm. We'll take twelve!

Taking the L to the W

Well-to-do-and-kind-of-brand-new New Yorkers tweakily trolling the post-Pandemic [sic like post-colonial] landscape of the outer outer boroughs may have just found their new foreverish pied-à-terre in BroHo—and not a minute too soon, as a cooling market shows that the blood in the water in Stuyshwick and Ridgespeth IV has gone stale for this kind of thirsted-after buyer.

Creampied with amenities and easily accessible on the L train from the soon-to-be-finished beachside Margaritaville Resorts in Canarsie, Brownsville Plaza promises to be a central place for exactly this doomed fraction of the Gundled Managerial Class. "People used to say, 'Did you know there's an "East" New York?'" an analyst for TrendCreep told The Gundled Gazette, "And now they're calling it 'The Even Lower East Side, but with a Targét WIP.'"

And retail is, in fact, galore. The Plaza's anchor tenants include an upscale and edgeseey answer to Olive Garden Italian Restaurant, *Mangia, Mangione!*, United HealthCare's first foray into the venture-capital-backed-fast-casual-dining space. CVS-Caremark, meanwhile, is partnering with Gilead on a flagship location of Pumpty Dumpty's, a platform adult daycare concept and makerspace. Brick-and-mortar Venmo Bank, in partnership with BrikTok and

SodaStream [sic], will be opening a first-of-its-kind 24/7 foam-party coworking space and Fantasma: The Immersive Experience.

I'll have what she's having!

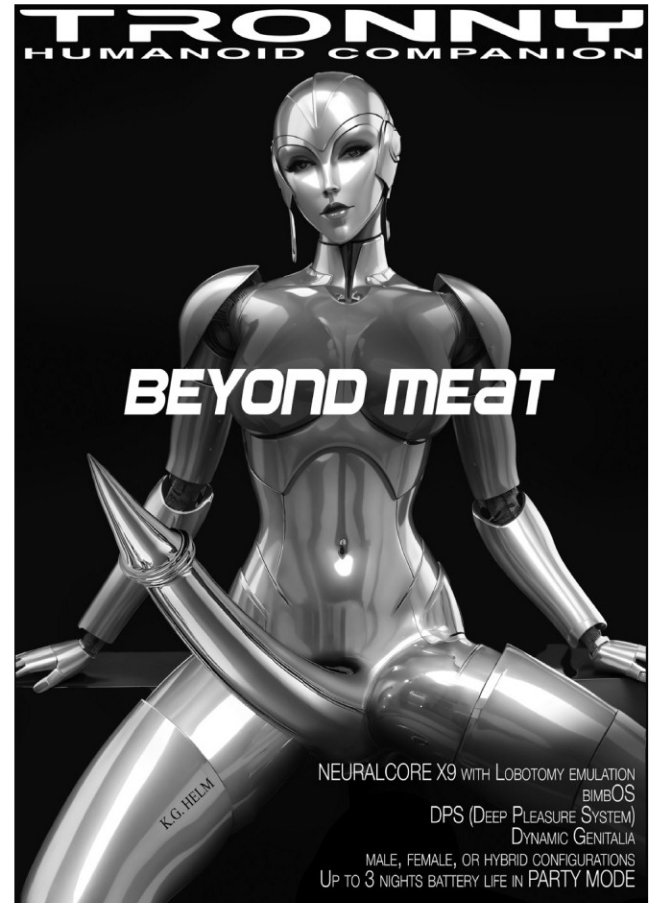
Affordable Housing—With Benefits!

The pièce de résistussy, however, is the planned integrated clout-rave-cum-co-living-space complex, The Brick-Lit Factory, slated to open in the SubBasement of the Neil Smith-Richard Florida Memorial Parking Garage.

"Our vision is to become the Charles & Inez Barron of Nightlife," an unidentified Ontarian project manager, partner in Ober LLC, shared on a recent investors call. "Our pup-on-the-spot in the Brownsville in Texas Area will be leading a parallel redevelopment wipeout to catch any misdirected packages."

In response to concerns about the shallow experience of the project's team leads, the CFO noted, "A field so featherbedded with the throbbingly disposable incomes of creative directors [a common industry slur for unaccompanied gay guys] can survive the leakage of a few undie-the-table nepotism hires from Germany or Canada. We've done worse."

But how low can they go? Special sex-exempt bonds have allowed Ober to pioneer [sic] investment in a "Tisch School of Upstairs/Downstairs" inclusive zoning allowance for affordable housing, pairing equity-building power dolls who have designer-sponsored variable-interest mortgages with the lucky lottery-winning and long-suffering transsexual women who stamp their wrists and slap them awake when they G out in a workplace bathroom. In partnership with Balenciaga and Shein, each lucky housee is granted a class-appropriate handbag, which doubles as a fob and/or ankle monitor at the building's separate entrances. The door-men, unionized through 69BJ, will be recruited directly from the Post-Verbal Boys-Only Afters community. For thus contributing to social justice and the sought-after-but-hard-to-monetize quality of "sisterhood," the Community Board has granted ZCOSCRER the massive parcel of land, seized through eminent domain, for the nominal fee of one +1, and empowered Ober to build as deep as they want, straight through the water table, with a rumored 9th-circle penthouse reserved for VIPs who act like it.



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On the price-tags setting new records in the affordable housing space, the CFO was quoted as saying, "All housing is affordable to someone, daahling."

No crumbs!

Who blessed us? And who hurt you?

A few stars aligned to give us this New-Build-New-Year in the heart of the Brooklyns that money forgot.

The collapse of the bath salts bubble has freed up surplus capital as cheap-and-easy credit. Likewise, a couple centuries—of vicious counterattacks by owners of capital and their political representatives against the efforts of the multiracial working class of this city to beat back organized abandonment and racist campaigns of terror—have produced a world-historic rent gape, ripe for some moose-hung capitalization! But the real doll here, if you'll pardon the pun, is the regulation reassignment surgery:

At the local level, Mayor Cuomx finally "convinced" Council to pass his City of Yass plan, removing all vibe-killing restrictions on zoning, as well as the investment-spooking legal classification of tenants as persons. Key publicly subsidized construction bonds financing the plan require: the exclusive employment of FLINTA* Tradesmen; and the immediate usurpa-

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Upside-Downsville!

tion of any association formed by condominiards under the jurisdiction of the Fire Island Pines POA, West Division. "Union powah!" added Hizzoner.

At the federal level, we're finally seeing the kind of bi and partisan predictability that helps even the most skittish investors stay hard. The January 2025 Supreme Court ruling in *Berry v. Amerikkka* struck down a mid-2020s law liquidating brokers as a class, on the grounds that it was unconstitutional to keep Transgender brokers from their trade. In testimony that moved Justice Kagan AND her Trotskyist brother to tears, the plaintiff said, "I consider my broker fees my poetry, my ministry, my contribution to our collective slay."

HUD Secretary Billie deBlasiish, herself a former lesbian and large-scale broker, has been charged with implementing President Harris (she/they)'s signature response to the ruling, mandating annual transvestigation exams to renew one's license to broke. With the taps turned back on, the Plaza may just be the setting for *Broker 2: Folie à You*.

Meanwhile, start-ups in the organized violence community are eyeing the growth opportunities up and down. "There's a distinctive synergy here with our Large-Scale Culturally-Appropriate International Household Rehousing Programme," ICE Director and New Jersey Governor Erica Dams said, "as unrentable WeWork space currently under construction can

be used to temporarily house those lucky enough to transit through the Istanbul of America, as they make their pilgrimage on what President Harris has called 'Birthright, but for everyone, and forever!'"

"We're all complicit, okay?" added President Harris, "And so that's why we're encouraging all transplants, even those born in the United States, to self-deport." With a climate like this, investors really can't lose, and we may see a couple BroHos popping up Ober your grave by this time tomorrow!

I'll say it—Where do we sign? ☘



Realtor by Day, Circuit Gay by Night

by VLADISLAV HORSECOQUE

Like any seasoned man-about-town, Mr. Beer Can is someone who knows how to wear many hats: real estate agent, Hudson Yards resident, ZC regular, notoriously hung and often majorly high. You may be wondering how our man of the hour got his nickname. Well, his go-to party trick when he reaches a state of non-verbal psychosis is whipping out his Busch Lite-shaped ding-a-ling for all the world to see. Sex positivity honey!

The Gundled Gazette first met Mr. Beer Can at a New Years rave in 2024, whereupon Mr. Beer Can invited Gundled to PnP at a nearby AirBnB booked by a gaggle of Hells Kitchen Gays so that they could avoid going all the way back to Manhattan while coming down in the Uber. Fast forward to almost a year later, we found Mr. Beer Can G-ing out in the crowd at ZC Halloween. We took this opportune moment to sit down with him and get some girthy gossip on NYC's much-talked-about housing market.

GG: I've heard Brownsville is HOT right now — "BroHo" seems to be the word on everybody's lips. What are your thoughts on NYC's freshest and fiercest up-and-coming neighborhood?

MBC: Well... not to yuck your yum but the last time I came to Brownsville I was hate-crimed. After ZC Pride I went to a bodega in the neighborhood to get a bagel with cream cheese. A normal-looking man came up to me and asked, "Are you gay?" I replied, "Yeah, are you gay?" Then the man said, "Your mother should have aborted you, you white fucking faggot. How about I kill you?" He then lunged at me

and proceeded to chase me around the deli for the better part of an hour.

GG: And, might I ask, what were you wearing at this moment?

MBC: An alien catsuit.

GG: Interesting.

MBC: Eventually the deli staff successfully kicked him out. But afterwards he stood outside and continued to make homophobic remarks. Thankfully I was able to make it into my Uber in one piece, but still...

GG: It's giving trauma.

MBC: I was pretty shaken up. It was my first time getting assaulted for being gay!

GG: Moving on. Pray tell, what did you do before the party tonight? Any pregame antics?

MBC: I went to a pregame at a SoHo penthouse.

GG: Sounds lit. Might I ask who the penthouse belonged to?

MBC: Can't, sorry. I signed an NDA. But what I will say is that a billionaire's boyfriend lives there.

GG: Alright, enough about you. Let's talk shop. Spill some tea about the current state of NYC real estate.

MBC: Well, the hardest thing about NYC real estate is that it's expensive and unattainable. The market of

Mr. Beer Can Exclusive Interview

this city is a bubble that's not gonna burst anytime soon. Things are slowly starting to get better, but rental prices are still high.

GG: And, looking forward, what are your thoughts on the future of the market? What's in store for us beaten-down renters and buyers fed up with this cuthroat, hardcore, dog-eat-dog grind?

MBC: Interest rates are coming down, which means more people are ready to buy. These are people who have been holding for rates to go down and are finally ready to purchase.

GG: OK, no more real estate talk for now — what a boner killer! If you had one word to describe ZC's highly controversial FLINTA-forward "bring a woman be a woman" door policy, what would it be?

MBC: "Rude."

GG: Did you show up with a woman?

MBC: No, but I was fine. Although I had friends who pulled up with tickets and didn't get in. People were crying.

GG: It's a bloodbath out there!

MBC: SO fucked up.

And with that, he disappeared into the dark room, never to be seen again. ☘

GRANIK PANIK

Fading Raver Queen Grooms "Doll Army," Prays the Gays Away

by G GABRIEL

Nothing should surprise us in 2025—not even a self-described “strag-got” exploiting “his t-slurs” to drive gay men away from the darkrooms and doorways where they naturally congregate.

Gone are the days when Mr.—should we say Mx.?—Seva Granik could be seen in teal-wigged Quick Drag tyrannizing partygoers in line for his Überpriced and Unterwhelming affairs, smacking phones out of the hands of defenceless transsexuals, or banning them from his party for adhering to their medically prescribed regimens of GHBBL.

Now sources allege that those same TSs, TGs, TVs and CDJs are in the pay of Mr. Granik as he tries to sex-change the demographic of his gay guy party, where gay guys have been breeding in uninterrupted tranquility—manquility?—for, if not generations, at least two or three years.

Like a dictate from the office of a Soviet apparat-chick, Mr. Granik (Tranik?)’s “bring a woman/be a woman” door doctrine—propagated over Instagram by shady associate Rykeeta Big Butt Flowers—caused mass devastation late last year among NYC’s most complicated tank tops. He may as well have nailed an eviction notice to the Zero Chill darkroom door. Meanwhile, Mr. Granik’s directives to his dolls to subvert gay-guy hegemony, taint the city’s water supply with estrogens, and perform other un-American activities are just now coming to light.

Who exactly is Vsevolod (Vsevo-doll?) “Seva” Granik, and what does the party-promoter-turned-landlord have against the gay guys whose salaries as creative directors or Meta executives have been funding his lifestyle since time immemwhorial? Born

in Tashkent in the former USSR, this self-described “Uzbeki with the good hair” got his start with hipster outfit My Open Buss, before lining his pockets with queers’ hard-earned cash alongside notorious party promoter Lady-Frack. (A rumored future collaboration between the two, “Ladystan,” has yet to materialize.)

Despite getting himself banned from notable NYC institutions including Maspeth’s B-slur and MoMA P-word, Mr. Granik built his way brick-by-bricks into the city’s Party elite, and jealously guards his role as New York’s reigning Nightlife Cummissar. No public accusation yet connects Mr. Granik to the investigations swirling around NYC’s embattlehymned mayor, but it feels all too convenient for city administrators to ignore the rights violations of human adult males—like making them talk to girls, or pretend to care what electro is—taking place right in their back door there, bitch.

In a twist whose dramatic flair can only be described as Chekhov’s Gundled, Mr. Granik has even been spotted swilling sewaGe in the Nowadays stalls, and putting the G in Good Room. Was his infamous ban on The Substance fake news all along, or has this rave Grinch simply learned to hold his eggnog? Either way, the distraught he/hims clamoring for entry at the Brownsville gates can take comfort in knowing that minds, like sexes, sometimes detransition, gayby.

In the meantime, they can expect mistreatment at Mr. Granik’s soirées, mostly at the hands of the petty-like-a-transgender women in his doll cartel. Reports abound of abuses: men forced to tuck (with tape!) before entering the party; the single woman per group of fifteen gay guys made to pick just two of her favorite slurs to enter with her while the Door Pup shouts,

behind their anony-mask, “SOPHIE’S CHOICE THAT SHIT”; nonbinary tea invalidated as “not steeped enough to serve”; unwitting ravers strapped to gurneys, shot up with progesterone and coerced into wearing lacey little dresses for the remainder of the function—all while Madame Granik taunts the line of would-be ticket buyers like NYC’s very own TS Sven in boots.

We have to hand it to Mr. Granik for his racket: bully men into becoming women, then hire them to enforce his agenda by making more of the same. If he’s recruiting for his transsexual army, can’t he just trans the kids at Drag Queen Story Hour? Why feed our most promising twink into the fish factory? Why crack eggs as if he’s conducting his own personal reign of terror for a guillotine with pronouns? As the clock strikes midnight on Jan. 1 and party gremlins cheers each other with a 1.8, we can only hope 2025 brings this heel to heel and gives miss bitch the diva boots justice he sheserves.

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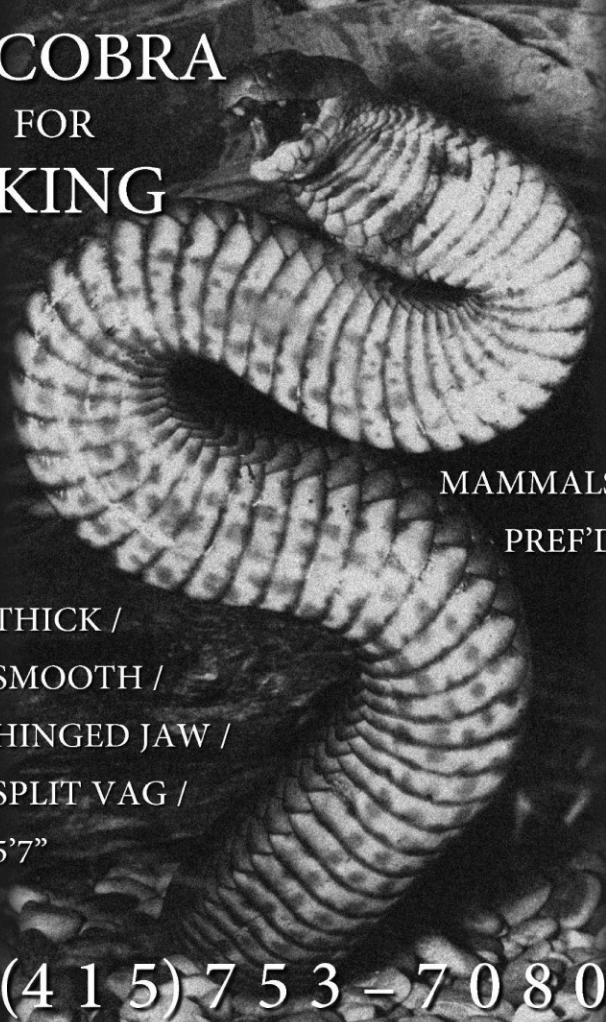
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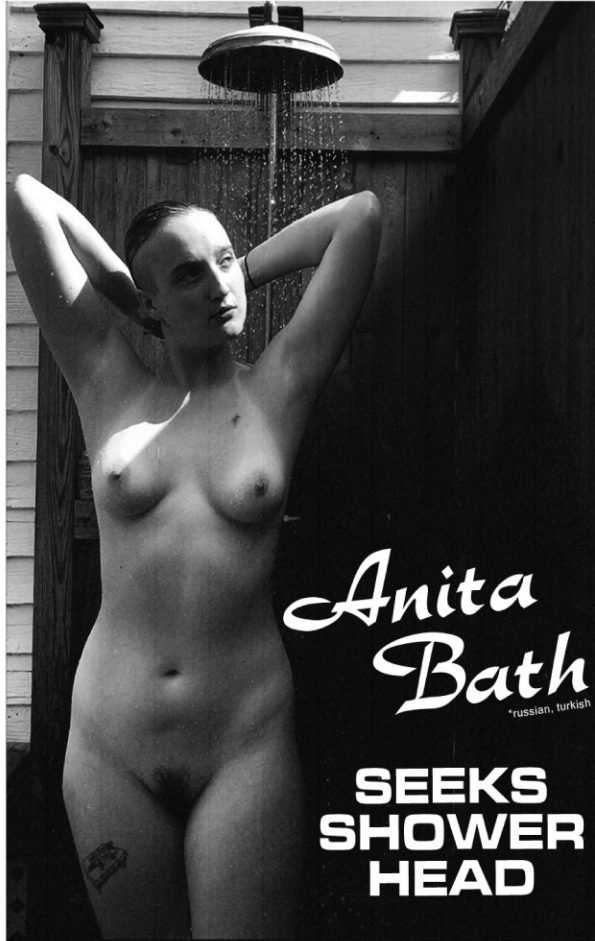
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Management: Will Jack,
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Door: Patito, Zora Khiry,
Nikki Cardona, Cindy Luo, Jo Berry,
Alex Gomez, Greg Candia.

Poster/Video:
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EMT: Jerrod Fields.

Bar: Adam Couperthaite,
Dave Folan, Martin Naughton.

Security: Norbert, Jeffrey.

Cleaning: Abdou.

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