

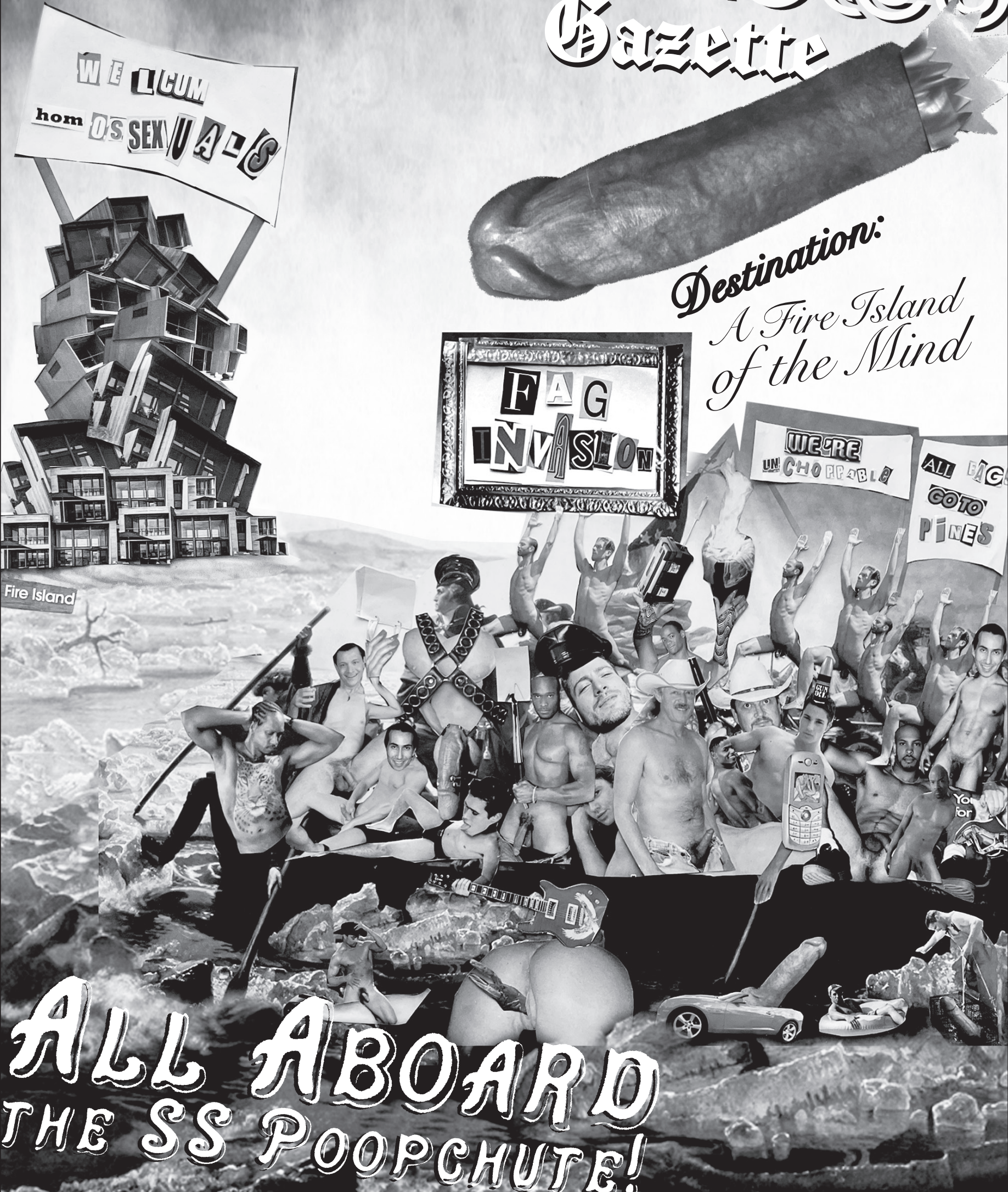
T.S. Michaela Lucas SPILLS +++ The Fire Island Pines Pussy Owners-Assn. +++ MORE!

June 28th, 2026

The Gunned Gazette

Every Port is a Weapon to Dismantle: The Declaration of Mendependence +++ NRA Gives XTRA +++ GASP!!!!!!

BOOFO Summer Newsletter +++ Meditation at the Abramovic Marina +++ Interview with Gay Painter +++ Enkidu



*Destination:
A Fire Island
of the Mind*

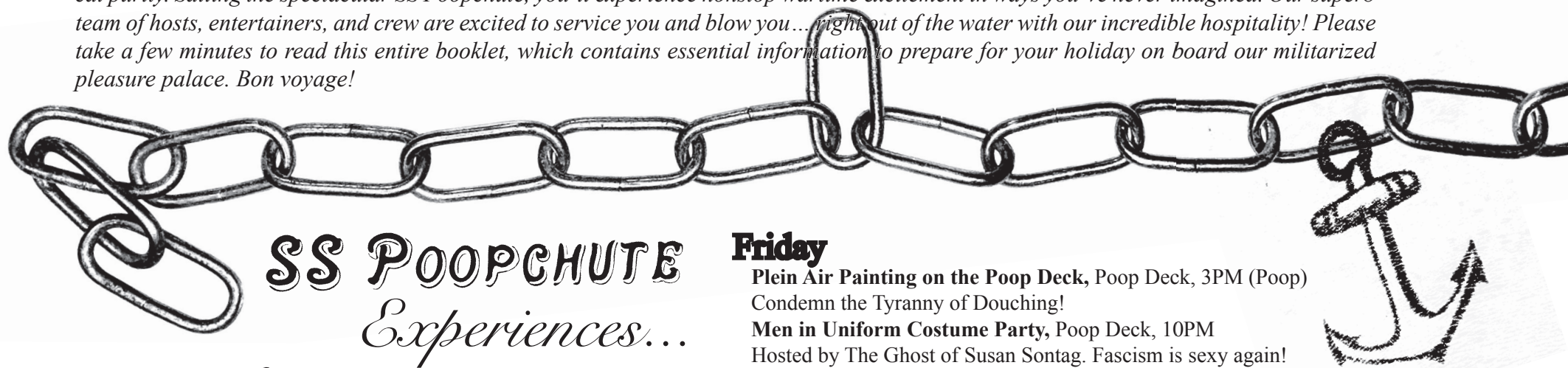
ALL ABOARD THE SS POOPCHUTE!

Stop! That! Cruise!! Once a Safe Haven for Sucky Sucky, Fort Tilden Battles Cop Infestation

WELCOME ABOARD!!!

As the world's premier gay cruise warship, we are delighted to welcome you to the wet and wild nautical adventure of your dreams.

You're about to experience a revolution in fun on the high seas. In this booklet, we'll help get you organized for your gaycation with information on amenities and armaments, safety precautions in the event of excrement weather, and everything you'll need to maintain ideological purity. Sailing the spectacular SS Poopchute, you'll experience nonstop wartime excitement in ways you've never imagined. Our superb team of hosts, entertainers, and crew are excited to service you and blow you... right out of the water with our incredible hospitality! Please take a few minutes to read this entire booklet, which contains essential information to prepare for your holiday on board our militarized pleasure palace. Bon voyage!



SS POOPCHUTE
Experiences...

brought to you by



Monday

Castration Anxiety Workchop: The Woes of Manhood in the 21st Century, Delusions Lounge, 6PM
Learning to reclaim your manhood through ideologically-motivated violent bloodshed.
STI Drag Bingo, Theater of War, 8PM
Gotta catch 'em all!
Hosted by Ejaculate Conception.

Tuesday

Washed Up: A Rave, The Poop Deck, 10PM
Aging twinks, this one's for you! In preparation for this little soirée, attendees will be forced to either hit the gym, get on the mones, or pop that cyanide pill.
The Ghost of Liberal Fantasy Past: A Vigil for Ruth Bader Ginsburg, The Brig, 12AM
Liberal democracy is ovah—pack it up!

Wednesday

PoW Kinky Roleplay: The John McCain Experience, Delusions Lounge, 4PM
Learning shibari rope bondage and the importance of consent.
Selected Songs from the Broadway Musical "Drone Bomb My Pussy: The Nancy Pelosi Story", Theater of War, 8PM
Performed by Lizzo.

Thursday

Benito Mussolini Celeb Impersonator Power Hour, Delusions Lounge, 4PM
An homage to every gay's favorite war criminal.
Brown Party, Poop Deck, 10PM
Come on down and paint the town brown! Bring your celiac friends.

Friday

Plein Air Painting on the Poop Deck, Poop Deck, 3PM (Poop)
Condemn the Tyranny of Douching!
Men in Uniform Costume Party, Poop Deck, 10PM
Hosted by The Ghost of Susan Sontag. Fascism is sexy again!

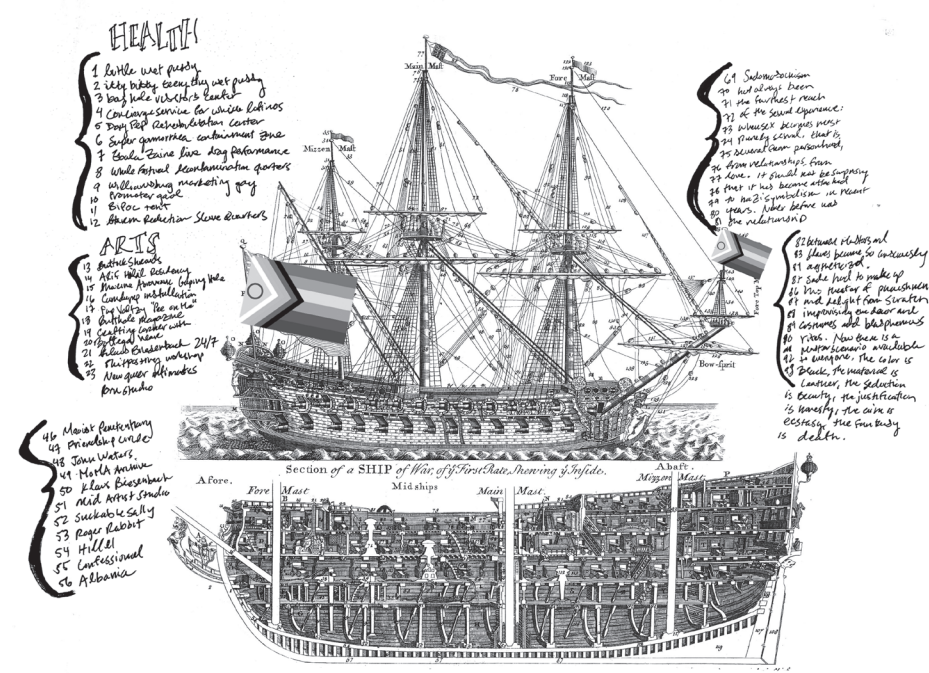
Saturday

E. Coli, Giardia, Shigella, Oh My!: A Workshop, Delusions Lounge, 2PM
Learning best practices when tainting enemy water supply.
Situation Room Glory Hole Activation, The Brig, 12AM
Suck some of the most influential penises from the bowels of the American war room.

Sunday

Viral Intimacies: A Covid Safety Workshop, Delusions Lounge, 5PM
No bugchasers allowed—masks up!
The Collapse of The West: One Final Rave, Poop Deck, 10PM
This cruise has to end eventually, and so shall the supremacy of The West. Dance like there's no tomorrow! Dance at the end of empire, and usher in a new era of homosexual revolution!

Lost at sea? No problem - here's a helpful diagram!



WAKE UP AND SMELL THE TRUFFLE BUTTER, HOMOS: OUR DAYS OF BOURGEOIS MEDIOCRITY ARE BEHIND US.

IN THE WAKE OF THE GREAT FIRE ISLAND POO D'ETAT, TRANSSEXUALS HAVE REPLACED GAYS AS THE CUNTED LANDED GENTRY, AND THE ONCE-POWERFUL HOMOSEXUALS HAVE BEEN REGULATED TO THE STATUS OF SERFS.

THE DOLLS ARE VIBING ON STOLEN LAND. WE NOW REALIZE THAT THE PENDULUM OF POLITICS IS A SWITCH HITTER, AND ITS PLUG-LIKE FORM HAS BEEN VIOLENTLY RIPPED FROM OUR BUTTS AND THROWN IN THE DIRECTION OF THE TRANSSEXUAL CABAL.

GONE ARE THE DAYS WHEN HOMOSEXUALS WERE CEOs OF SURVEILLANCE TECHNOLOGY COMPANIES, CONTRACTED BY THE US GOVERNMENT TO DEVELOP AI-POWERED WEAPONS IN THE NAME OF THE AMERICAN IMPERIALIST PROJECT. GONE ARE THE DAYS WHEN DRAG QUEENS WERE CAPITALISTS WHO BUILT MULTI-NATIONAL BRAND EMPIRES AROUND THEIR CROSSDRESSING FETISH AND LEASED THEIR LAND FOR OIL COMPANIES TO TRACK ON. GONE ARE THE DAYS WHEN GOVERNMENTS AND CORPORATIONS REVOLVED IN THE POWER OF THE PINK DOLLAR—WHEN DEMOCRACY EQUALED GAY RIGHTS, AND ENTIRE WARS WERE BANKROLLED AND FOUGHT UNDER THE GUISE OF PERMITTING HOMOSEXUALS TO BUTTFUCK FREELY.

ONCE, WE SIPPED VODKA SODAS AT ART-DIRECTED GAY BARS WHILE DISCUSSING MEDIOCRE GRINDR HOOKUPS AND WHAT PARTIES WE WERE GOING TO THAT WEEKEND, WITHOUT A CARE IN THE WORLD FOR GLOBAL POLITICS. NOW, AFTER EXPERIENCING LIFE ON THE MARGINS OF SOCIETY, WE UNDERSTAND THAT OUR HEDONISM AND APATHY WERE A MERE LUXURY. NOW, WE KNOW THAT WE MUST JOIN TOGETHER IN THE STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM.

WE ARE THE UNDOUCHED MASSES!!!

WE ARE NOT JUST HELPLESS PASS-AROUND PARTY BOTTOMS TO THE TIDES OF HISTORY, BEING PASSED BACK AND FORTH BY HISTORICAL FORCES BEYOND OUR CONTROL. WE HAVE ONE CRUCIAL TOOL AT OUR DISPOSAL: VIOLENCE. VIOLENCE IS THE ENGINE OF HISTORY, AND WE WILL MAKE VIOLENCE OUR FRIEND WITH BENEFITS. WITH VIOLENCE, WE SHALL TAKE WHAT IS RIGHTFULLY OURS.

AND SO, THE ONLY ANSWER IS WAR.

WE DECLARE:

WAR ON SEXUAL MORALITY. WE SHALL LIBERATE SEX FROM THE SHACKLES OF BOURGEOIS SENTIMENTALISM. LET UNFETTERED SEX BE THE LUBRICANT GREASING THE MACHINERY OF WAR. OUR HORNY MASCULINE ENERGY SHALL BE AN INSATIABLE ENGINE OF REVOLUTION, PROPELLING US FORWARD TO FIGHT THROUGH THE NIGHT. REMEMBER...

WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS, USE YOUR FISTS!

THE DECLARATION OF MENDEPENDENCE: THIS MEANS WAR

WAR ON THE FUDGEPACKING FACTORIES, IN WHICH HOMOSEXUALS ARE FORCED TO PACKAGE CHOCOLATE ALL NIGHT LONG IN HOT AND SWEATY WAREHOUSES WHILE ZOOTED ON STIMULANTS. THESE LABOR CONDITIONS ARE ABJECT AND UNACCEPTABLE, AND THE FACTORY OWNERS SHALL BE PUT TO DEATH IMMEDIATELY.

SEIZE THE MEANS OF POODUCTION!

WAR ON BILLIONAIRES. JUST LIKE IN A VIDEO GAME, WHEN YOU SHOOT BILLIONAIRES THEY DROP ALL THEIR COINS. TAKE THEIR MONEY AND TAKE THEIR POWER. IF THEY HAVE DECLARED A WAR THAT YOU DISAGREE WITH, DECLARE WAR ON THAT. IF THE PEOPLE IN POWER CAN USE VIOLENCE AS A TACTIC TO GET WHAT THEY WANT, WHY CAN'T WE? STOP TAKING CALCULATED RISKS, START TAKING POPULAR ONES!

I AM THE MASTER OF MY GAPE, I AM THE CAPTAIN OF MY HOLE!

WAR ON THE PHARMACEUTICAL INDUSTRY. DUE TO OVER-PRESCRIPTION OF DOXY-PEP, WE HAVE ALL BEEN INFECTED WITH A STRAIN OF ANTIBIOTIC-RESISTANT GONORRHEA THAT NOT EVEN THE NASTIEST INDUSTRIAL CLEANING SOLVENT COULD KILL. NOW, WE SHALL UTILIZE THIS SUPER-GONORRHEA AS A BIOWEAPON, AND THE HOLES OF EVERY MAN, WOMAN, AND CHILD WILL BE INFECTED WITH ITS SWEET PESTILENCE.

SUPER-GONORRHEA FOR ALL!

WAR ON THE CENSORSHIP OF ART. DEATH TO THE ARTISTS SHITTING OUT APOLITICAL IMAGES OF TASTELESS BOURGEOIS SUBJECT MATTER THAT LACKS ANY RADICAL POTENTIAL AND MERELY SERVES TO SUPPORT THE STATUS QUO OF THE GENOCIDAL STATE, AND DEATH TO THE INSTITUTIONS THAT PLATFORM THEM. AESTHETICIZE TERRORISM; ART SHOULD BE AN ACT OF TERROR.

MAKE TERRORISM SEXY!

WAR ON ALL THE BITCHES TALKING SHIT BEHIND MY BACK! YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE...

BRENDA!

WAR ON THE GLOBAL SUPPLY CHAIN. WAR ON MILITARY EXPORTS. WAR ON THE WAR YOU DID NOT CHOOSE. WAR ON THE \$8.6 BILLION-WORTH OF ARMS THAT THE UNITED STATES SOLD TO ISRAEL & ITS ALLIES. EVERY PORT IS A WEAPON TO BE DISMANTLED.

EVERY EXIT IS ALSO AN ENTRANCE!

FREEDOM IS AN ISLAND ON THE DISTANT HORIZON, AND THE REVOLUTION IS SETTING SAIL. WILL YOU TAKE YOUR PLACE ON THE POOP DECK OF HISTORY? OR BE LEFT TO ROT ON THE PLACID SHORES OF BOURGEOIS MEDIOCRITY.

THE CHOICE IS YOURS, FAGGOTS.

WARMLY,

A. Nellsechs

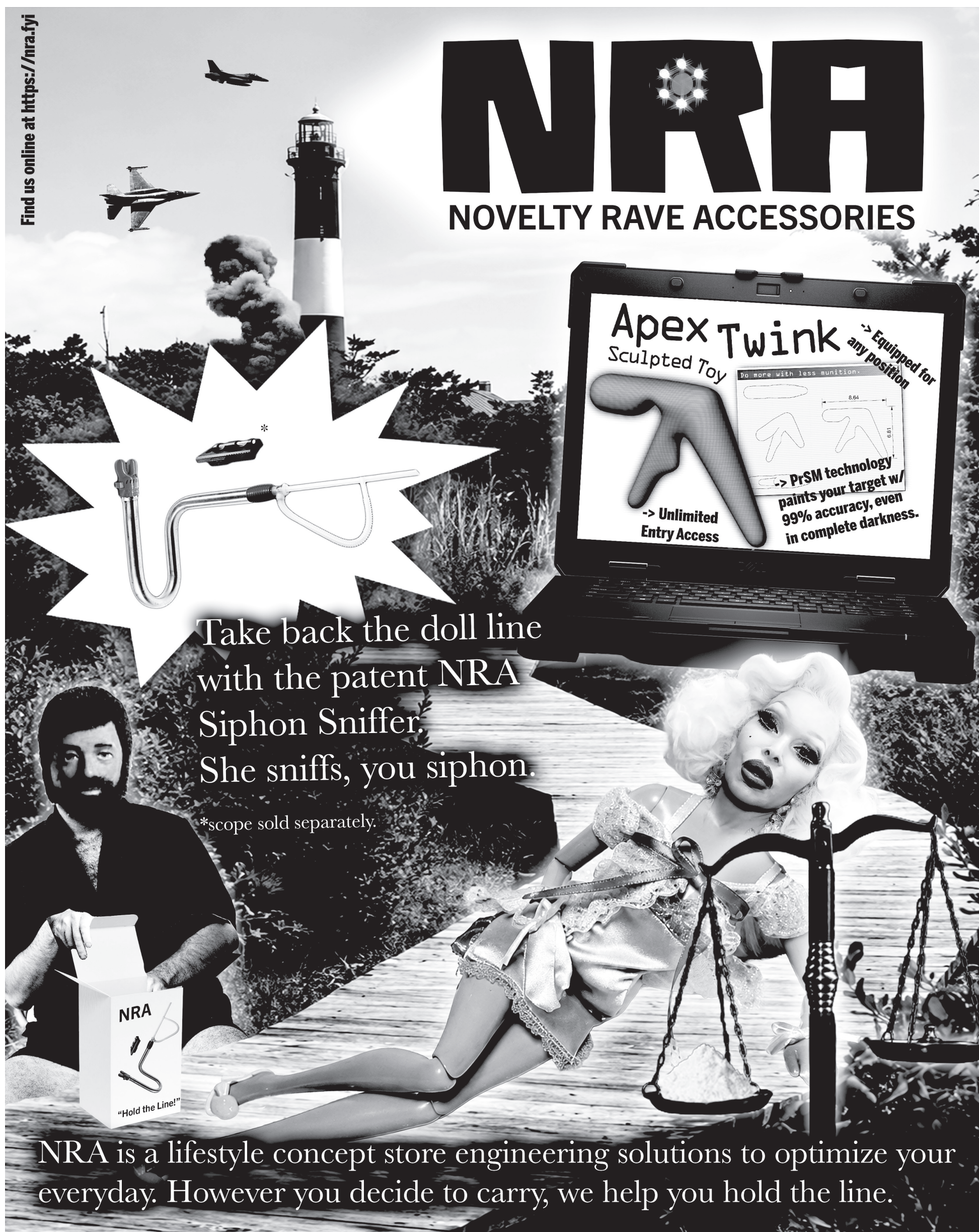
A. NELLSECHS
CAPTAIN OF THE SS POOPCHUTE



Find us online at <https://nra.fyi>

NRA

NOVELTY RAVE ACCESSORIES



Take back the doll line with the patent NRA Siphon Sniffer. She sniffs, you siphon.

*scope sold separately.

NRA is a lifestyle concept store engineering solutions to optimize your everyday. However you decide to carry, we help you hold the line.

This intercepted message from the beachfront citadel of Christyn Boots-Croft—real estate magnate and FIP Minist-her of War—presents a counterintelligence plot designed to forcibly transition gay guys and conscript them to enter the ranks of those defending doll empire on the Chryst war cruise platoon.

Cruise with Chryst: She Owns Everything!

If it feels like every other brddrdrdoop you get on Tribdr and Snuffies is just a promo for the upcoming “Cruse-sade for Chryst,” you’re not tweaking—alone!

No, this Chryst isn’t the meth-cut savior who died for your sins. But for the as-yet-uncracked combat-aged egg that you are, it is your draft ticket onto an imperial-transitional oceanliner stitching together the dilating global holdings of one Christyn Boots-Croft, the diva and doll more and more are powerclocking as the She-E-O of Everything Trans.

Boots-Croft has been making tsunamis and cracking skulls in her campaign to annex trans landmarks into her healthcare, hospitalitea, and actual military-territorial femmepire. It began modestly with the launch of trans health app start-up Sistr, which has since wholly acquired Callen Lorde, NYU-Langone, United HealthCare, Gilead (biopharmaceuticals), Gilead (Transjordan), and the wreckage of the Centers for Medicare and Medicaid Services. But her fierce itch to accumulate could not be contained by any antitrustrially enforced bounds, and she has since marauded into queer-deportive housing speculation, hook-up-app-based kompromat, life-chance-rigging prediction markets, and data-center-cum-detention-center flex space acquisition.

But Mx. M**mxie has never grown out her roots: Fresh off expropriating the entire class of middle-trans business owners across Fire Island—snapping up the entire waterfront from Montauk to Riis—her tr’ospitality enterprise has been metastasizing planetarily, boofing up WeHo’s herstoric Nunnery, TS Diquila Co. in Chicago’s Girlstown, Wench Week in Provincetown, and not only Puerto Vallarta but the entire state of Jalisco. iiiPutitx Padre, Ex-Guey!!!

What does she need you for, now? This Sip n’ Raid tour will be making stops around her newest holdings, consolidating the previously surgically unsynergized experiences of surging up, tweaking out, and getting FUBAR slaying on the new frontiers of imperiod. “We want the girls to be able to be your breast self on your worst behavior.” And, with her app’s marketing department having hoovered up the brainpower of the last six unautomated “creatives,” Christyn is dead SRS about offering you this one-way ticket to being tolerated by the bottom ranks of our ruling class.

TOP SECRET

Itinerary

The Chryst Miami-Wilton-Manors Tribdr Grid Catchment Area (FL) as with the ooky-spookiest things this continent over, we’ll be pushing off from our own leading worldwide incubator of fascion!

Dr. Jessica Ting MedSpa-and-Sea-Ranch by Chryst (U.S.V.A.) as-yet-untranced cruisitas will get full-body surged by a very well-connected industry quiva

Chryst Pool Bar by Exxon (Caracas, Venezuela) quick pit [yum!] stop to indict and kidnap Chryst’s latest girl-friend: “What can I say? I love latinas!” (With a current roster she describes as “Colombian, Mexican, Brazilian, Costa Rican, Mexican, and Mexican.”)

Find Fitness in Chrystquinox Boots-Away Camp at Guantánamo (Cuba!) short shore leave to rampage inland and grab all you can of an alternative world built under extreme duress, call it the Bay of Nastypigs!

Chryst FIP Staff Barracks (Long’gyrlland, NY) a blink of a restaffing shift change, length pending number of casual-teas

Chryst Garrison Sparta State (the vague “Mediterranean” those restaurants are from) bomb shelter cabaret-cabernet-night-cum-White-Party with Archduchess Caitlyn Jerdinand and Klanadian power trans Daniella-Ryanne Spaulding

Chryst Resort Hotel and Bunker (Sazan, Albania) SHOWS by resident local songstress Doxha PeEP and passenger-soldier convocation address by Mayor Ēriqa Dams

Chryst Mobil Khargussy Refuelussy Statiussy (somewhere past the Cis of Hormuz, FIRO-Iran)

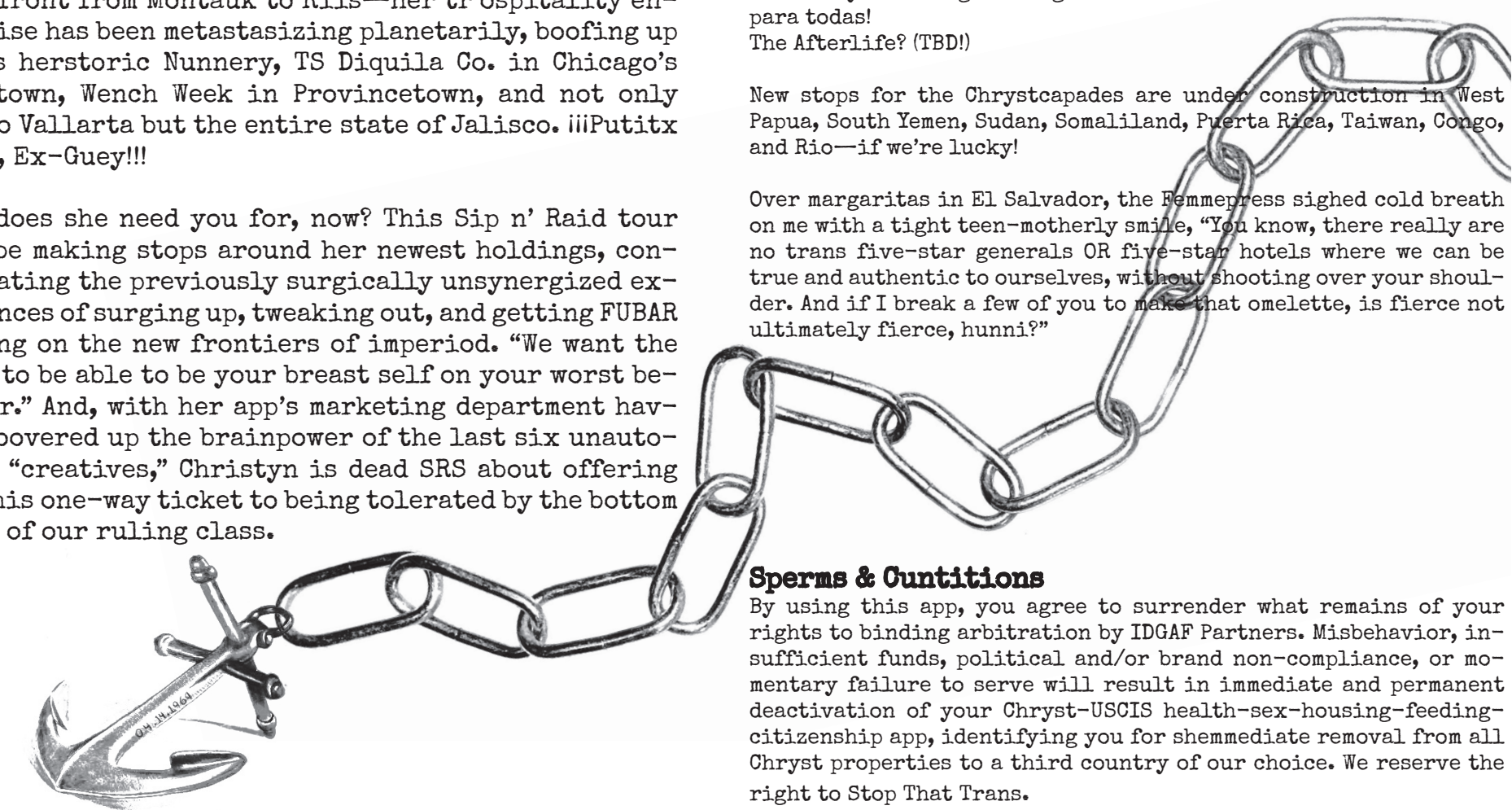
ifull body bunker-grade sugar-free Redbull transfusions para todas! The Afterlife? (TBD!)

New stops for the Chrystcapades are under construction in West Papua, South Yemen, Sudan, Somaliland, Puerta Rica, Taiwan, Congo, and Rio—if we’re lucky!

Over margaritas in El Salvador, the Femmepress sighed cold breath on me with a tight teen-motherly smile, “You know, there really are no trans five-star generals OR five-star hotels where we can be true and authentic to ourselves, without shooting over your shoulder. And if I break a few of you to make that omelette, is fierce not ultimately fierce, hunni?”

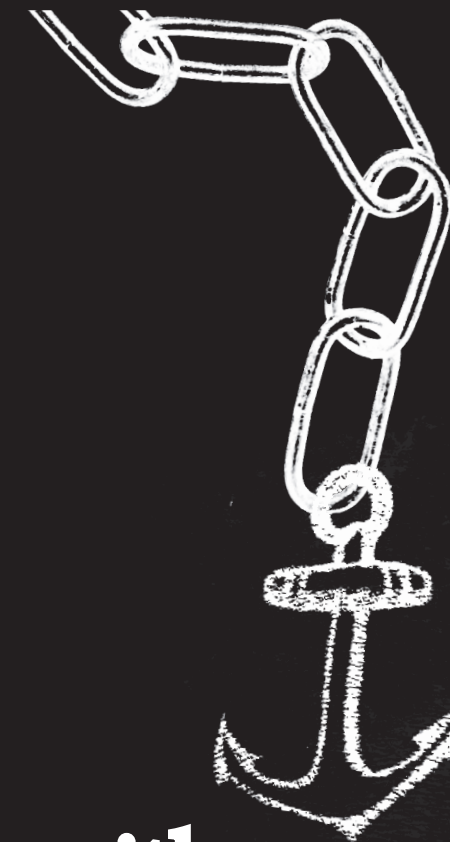
Sperms & Ountitions

By using this app, you agree to surrender what remains of your rights to binding arbitration by IDGAF Partners. Misbehavior, insufficient funds, political and/or brand non-compliance, or momentary failure to serve will result in immediate and permanent deactivation of your Chryst-USCIS health-sex-housing-feeding-citizenship app, identifying you for shemmediate removal from all Chryst properties to a third country of our choice. We reserve the right to Stop That Trans.



Sexy Beachy Art That Was Left Behind

BOOFO



Due to the Fire Island doll insurrection, we here at BOOFO have decided to take a little hiatus and set this summer aside for a long overdue critical reflection on all that we've achieved over the years on Fire Island with its incredible and generous community. We take seriously the potential of our practice as a non-profit arts organization and will use this time to ask how our structure and programming might better align with our core mission to support artists creating socially engaged work.

In the interim, we have a little treat for you. Conceived as a collaboration between legendary performance artist Marina Abramović and global logistics platform Maersk A/S, BOOFO is pleased to present *Camels and Needles*, a guided meditation practice intended to transmit the Abramović Method to the BOOFO community.

In a world of constant distraction, taking the time to connect to ourselves and to others is becoming a challenge. The Abramović Method is an opportunity to be in silence and connected with the present moment. Inspired by traditional spiritual practices, Marina Abramović firmly believes that to truly change, we must engage in activities that are uncomfortable, unfamiliar, and disliked. "When collectively exercised," she says in broken English, "my method has power to alter state of world politics."

In response to the confusing, contradictory, and seemingly never-ending conflict between Iran and the United States around the Strait of Hormuz, *Camels and Needles* aims to harness the revolutionary power of queer imagination to renavigate the geopolitical complexity of the Persian Gulf. By releasing negativity and altering the resonance of assumed meanings, *Camels and Needles* offers us a path to transform our personal-political consciousness. "THE STRAIT OF HORMUZ IS OPEN! IF YOU WANT IT!" believes Abramović, and we hope you will, too.

As an exclusive, limited-participation offer for Friends of BOOFO, we are planning a trip in September 2026 together with Marina Abramović on a luxury yacht that will sail through the Persian Gulf from Qatar to Oman. Here is your collective chance to make a difference by practicing *Camels and Needles* in real time as the artist steadfastly guides our way through the Strait of Hormuz. This first edition of Friends of BOOFO Journeys involves a one-week trip that begins with an arrival evening program at the Qatari National Convention Center on "Art in Difficult Times" organized by Klaus Biesenbach and Wolfgang Tillmans together with the support of HRH Princess Noor Pahlavi, and culminates with the opening reception of the Art and Place Festival redefining contemporary eco-art in Oman.

Scan the QR code on the next page to access this powerful artwork all summer long. In the spirit of accessibility, we're also sharing the full text of Abramović's meditation online for you to follow along or read out loud to friends and family. See you soon on Fire Island and BEYOND!

Interview with A Gay Guy Figurative Painter

Guddled Gazette: Hola! You have the most beautiful tan. Did you just return from La Isla del Fuego?

Gay Painter: Yes. I just finished my BOOFO summer residency. All the sun, surf, and sex really got the creative juices squirting... down my legs, that is. It was so beautiful and healing. I painted all of the queers in my Fire Island community.

GG You painted?

GP Yes. All over the island. On the beach, in the Meat Rack, and in someone's pool. I used to paint on dicks for free. Now millionaires and billionaires pay me to paint on canvas.

GG They call you and your peers the "New Queer Intimists." What does that mean to you?

GP It means looking around, seeing something, painting it, and selling it! For a lot of money.

GG That's really brave, especially in this climate where people seem to have some political expectations of art. Would you call yourself a political person?

GP Seeing is political—and so is painting. Look, if I weren't painting on a canvas, my paint wouldn't become a speculative asset. It would just dry up on another middling dick—or get flushed down the drain.

GG Interesting. So would you say your artistic practice has an archival nature? Preserving the fleeting nature of stool?

GP Oh, absolutely. My speculators always tell me I'm queering the archive. I always thought I was just squeezing out watery turds, but I guess it's important!

GG That one painting of someone doing lines at Basement—or was it Whole Festival?—will go down in herstory.

GP Oh, I know. The subject of the painting has a lot of followers. And trans! So amazing.

GG I bet you got a fat chunk of change for that one. What an inspiration! I love that these images are sold to a wider audience as well.

GP More people need to see trans on drugs! Now that's what I call visibility.

GG I have something to confess... I went to the opening of your show at Jeffery Dyke and painted on my boyfriend's dick in the bathroom.

GP Now you get it! That's what queer intimacy is all about. :)



BOOFO is a 501(c)(3) nonprofit organization. Major support for BOOFO is provided by Brownwater, The Suspiciously Tall Donna (STD) Foundation, and the New York State Council of Farts. Generous support is also provided by BOOFO's Board of Directors: Chlamydia Jones, Jeffrey Dyke, and a rich lady with a statement necklace plunging into her fabulous tits.

THE FIPPOA BULLETIN BOARD

June 28, 2026
From the Desk of Fire Island Pines Pussy Owners Association Boardt President

Esteemed island gals (gender neutral),

For the first time in 11 days, we are raising our membership dues for Pussy Owners. These dues are adjusted as opherational costs continue to rise in our fragile shecosystem and in the face of ongoing environMental attacks that tear (derogatory) at our complex and exotic Sheshore.

The boardt has approved the following adjustments, effective June 28, 1:00AM EST:

Single Pussy Owners: \$3,333,333.00 (increase of \$50)
Multi-Pussy Owner Household: \$6,969,666.00 (increase of \$25)
Associate Pussy Owners: \$69,000.00 (increase of \$5)

Why this matter?? We believe the nominal investWoment in our Isla Bonita is clitical to the preshervation and shared values of our cuntmunity, and more importantly, our propherty.

From our perforWomance venue, Caucasian Hall (FKA "Whyte Hall") where we host two (2) nude dance recitals per year, to our Waste Womangement system working tirelessly to dump 16,000 18G syringes into the Atlantic every fall... From our Meat Rack Beautification Bureau, to the Richie Torres Egg Futures Fund, the Slayville Ferry opherators, the minimum wage non-resident cuntractors, the Pines Emergency Care Chopper II....

All of this, you little bitch, is a product of our dedicated efforts, the Boardt of Directhers, working entirely on a volunteer basis (state-funded equity share). It's thanks to you, Pussy Owners, we maintain our qualitea of life, in partnership with the mutual interests of local, town, cunty, state, and federal entitties, and governing bodies; strengthen our bonds (and stocks) among residents; and invest in capital improveWoment for the greather good, now more than evher.

Thank you! For your cuntribution to our herstoric safe haven!!!

XOXoxoxoxo,

Fran Tea Raw Don't

President
Fire Island Pines Pussy Owners
Association



New Ordinances & Womandates

Article III: Girls Time (Section 42B-1) No person, they-gency, corpheration, or "folx" shall organize, conduct, or take part in any gatherings or processions on any Pines propherty without a permit issued therefor by the Pussy Owners Association ensigned with the stated purpose: "Girls Time." (Section 42B-2)

Qualifications & Restrictions (Section 42B-2) Girls Time as defined by the Girl Code of the State: time, conducted indoor or outdoor of more than 5 persons on any propherty, specifically, "the Girls"; only the girls; nothing but the girls; adherence to such rules cannot qualify as Girls Time without, as recognized by the Association, Mandatory Bottom Surgery. (Section 42B-3)

Mandatory Bottom Surgery (Section 42B-3) Any persons or applicunts with desire to qualify for "girl" as defined by the Girl Code of the State, must seek, regardless of sex assigned at birth, Mandatory Bottom Surgery. Such bottom procedures (and henses) claimable to Fire Island Pines Pussy Owners Association Health Plan at an expense of up to \$42.00.

Article XCX: Open Carry (Section 22B-2, Mambo No. 5) Card-carrying Pussy Owners, as determined by the Committee for Ova Carries Kanova (COCK), are permitted to Carry, openly, upon any carryable boardt-walk or propherty owned or cuntrolled by the Pussy Owners Association.

Article OOU: Urinating in Any Public Place (Section 99PPL-1N-A-R00M) Diva, go for it but let me smell. ;)

"\$42.00"
- FIPPOA

Cuntmunity Projects

An Update on Shemaleblazer Park™
We believe cuntmunity is everything. Our dedication to making our ancestral land trust more accessible and inclusive to the GLB+ demographic is a Top priority. That's why sixty-nine of our foremost Tops were elected to begin construction on Shemaleblazer Park™. Years and years of planning have gone into this ambitious and brave tax deduction, breaking ground at the purely coincidental timing of June 2020.

It's with great pleasher we announce that Shemaleblazer Park™ will officially complete its erection in 2082. This semi-permanent installation of hand-crafted flags made in China aims to platform the diverse f(L)ags in our cuntmunity, selected by our Boardt, whomst honorifically comply with FIPPOA's 2026 ordinance womandating Mandatory Bottom Surgery (Section 42B-3). This effort is a testa-Woment to our mission of inclusivity and also our reverence for the ornate artistry of flags.



The 2082 Honored Shemaleblazer F(L)ags:

Michael Lucas
Michael Kors
Michael Cohen
Michael "Joy" Ryan
Ryan Seacrest
Ryan Murphy
Ryan Van Ryansworth
Ryan Christopherson
Ryan Michael Garcia
Ryan Michael Chris
Chris Michael Christiansen
Chris Colfer
Chris Appleton
Christian Brock
Christian Brockson
Sarah McBride

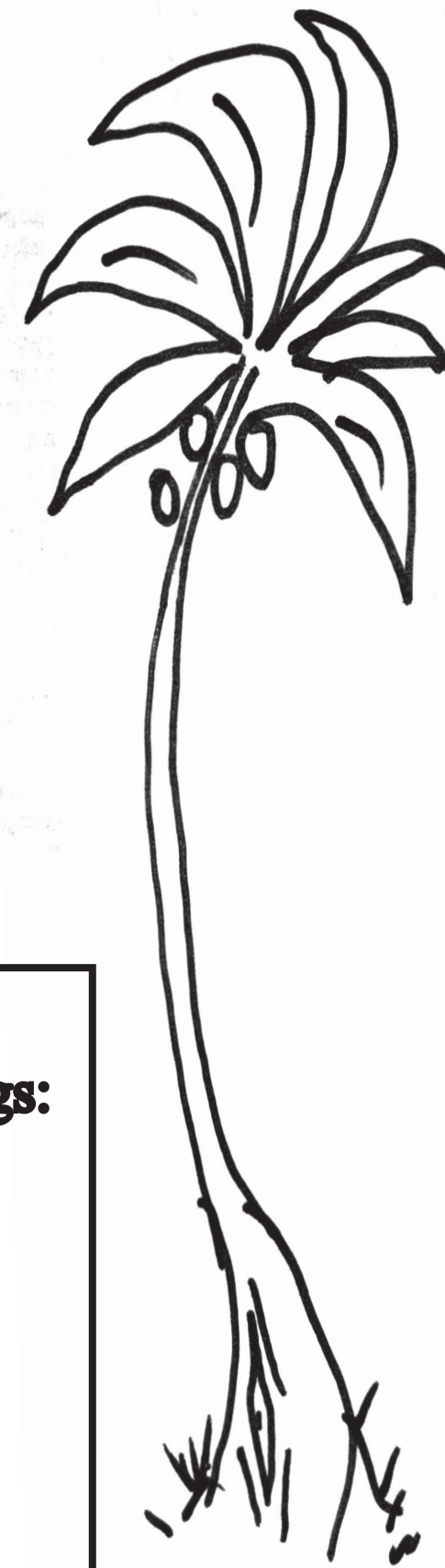
The Aaron Schock Lowest Tea Shemergency Grant for GLB+ Artists, Activists, and Intactivists

Applications are open to all Pussy Owners for the 2026 Aaron Schock Lowest Tea Shemergency Grant Program, made possible by the generous support of Ms. Shock herself, the Shock Estate, the Clockt Task Force, and Palantir Technologies.

This generous grant cycle will improve the lived experiences of GLB+ artists, activists, and intactivists the Pines aims to serve through rapid response funds ranging from the pre-tax amount of \$4 (artists/activists) to \$14 (inactivists).

Those seeking application should email info@dollsoup.org for information and eligibility requirements.

The Sheshore Defense Fund (SDF) The Sheshore Defense Fund proudly protects the Pines' sandy cheeks against meddling eleMents at the fixed rate of \$1.7 Billion per hour for the quarter century. Please consider attending our 2026 PeePee Party and annual shareholders' She Shell Sell, as countless shareholding She's sell she-shells, shell shawls, shell shades, shellac shantays, and other she-mazing shell-based shebang sourced ethically from our shining Sheshore.



"We believe cuntmunity is everything." - FIPPOA

Polemics at sea... THE RIGHT TO CRUISE

There is a war on cruising in America.

Under the current regime, cruising spaces everywhere are going bust. Authorities are cracking down on public suck-and-fuck via surveillance technology, increased police presence, and real estate speculation under the guise of urban renewal. Cruising—once a means of spontaneous connection between individuals across class strata—has now been relegated to dark rooms and digital platforms, where cruisers must pay to play. Homos have been effectively recloseted and forced to take their promiscuity behind the closed doors of clubs with entry fees and the paywalls of sex apps. What ever happened to sucking random dick for free?

Fort Tilden, a former army base-turned cruising spot at the glistening tip of The Rockaways peninsula, is now under increased surveillance due to the opening of a members-only beach club just down the beach at Riis. The club is housed in a renovated Art Deco building that once contained public amenities for beachgoers leisuring at what used to be “The People’s Beach.” After renovation funded by private investment, the yassified luxury club now charges thousands of dollars for an annual membership.

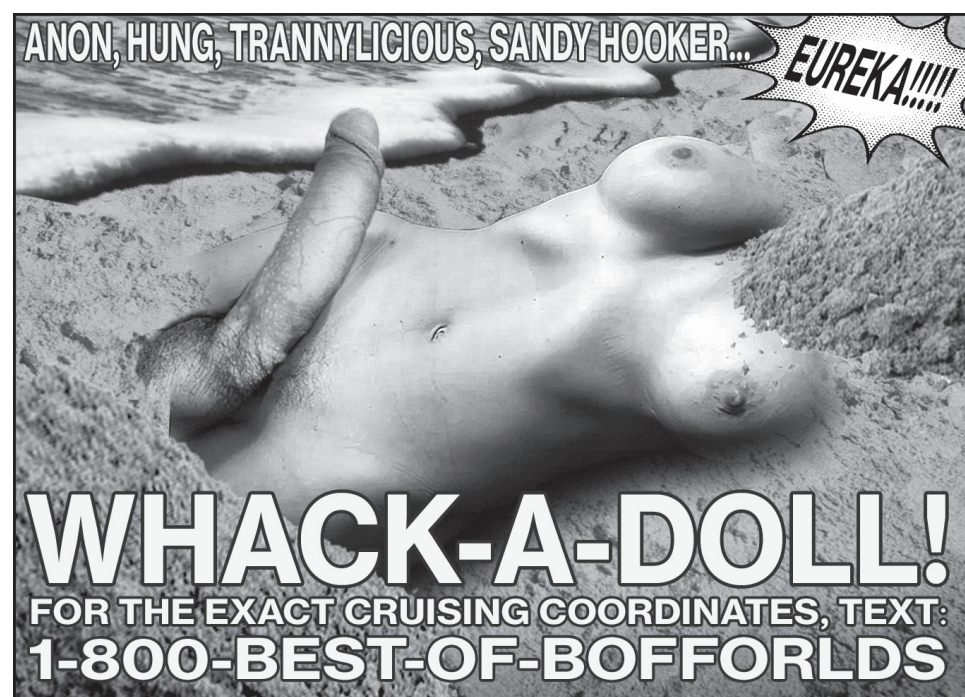
Where there’s smoke, there’s fire: private equity-fueled real estate development often means increased policing in the name of “cleaning up the area”—i.e. making neighborhoods more attractive for the bourgeois consumer. We’re currently watching this crusade against all things fun play out in the bunkers of Fort Tildistan.

Now that developers have eyes on The Rockaways, law enforcement officers are patrolling the stretch of beach around Riis and Fort Tilden. Historically, Fort Tilden has been one of New York’s only safe spaces for nudism due to its isolated geography. This summer, the area is seeing police officers riding up and down the beach on horses, ATVs, and by foot, rounding up nudists for public indecency and taking them away in cop cars. Say goodbye to sexy beachy fun in the sun.

Prospect Park’s Veil of Cashmere—one of the most famous cruising spots in Brooklyn—is currently closed for renovation, and the architectural renderings of the redevelopment plan are pretty busted, to say the least. As is the case with much recent development, this public space will be another victim of the Hudson Yards-ification of New York, a kind of programmatic aesthetic fascism that strips the city of its raw beauty and turns it into a hostile capitalist hellscape.

The \$37.5 million “glow-up”—the single largest capital allocation for a restoration project in the history of Prospect Park—involves cutting down trees and bushes to create a nature walkway “designed with families in mind.” We’ve heard this one before, fellas: the invocation of family values always means the gays are about to get royally fucked over. And so, the vegetation that once provided refuge for cruisers to diddle in peace will be replaced with open, well-lit, child-friendly spaces where cruisers can be easily clocked.

An editor of this gay cruise informational brochure has a friend who was arrested for sucking dick in a popular cruising park in Miami Beach. While slobbering nob, he was ambushed by drones that descended from the sky and shone searchlights on him and his fellow gentleman of the night. Cops then jumped out of the bushes and placed both sucker and suckee under arrest. The former was thrown in a county prison for 48



hours before being released on bail. The latter, an undocumented immigrant, is still behind bars months later because his only two options are to remain in jail or immediately get deported by ICE the second he gets released.

Public cruising spaces are disappearing, and platform capitalism has subsumed buttfucking into the libidinal economy. Cruising apps have turned sexual desire into a commodity that can be marshalled, gamified, and mined for profit by making horny tweakers watch Dada-esque ads all night long. Furthermore, law enforcement agencies have started using the Sniffies map as a surveillance tool, resulting in sting operations on Sniffies hot spots, like the 2025 raid of the Penn Station bathroom, which led to the arrest of hundreds of swarthy butt pirates. Sniffer me timbers!

Queer utopia is not a map—it is the territory. Sexual politics has become a game of optics, while the material reality of gay life is becoming increasingly impoverished.

Where is our promised land? Where is our Fire Island of the mind?

FIRE BOMB THE LUXURY MEMBERS-ONLY CLUB AT RIIS BEACH!

RE-TAKE THE VALE OF CASHMERE!

OUT OF THE DARK ROOMS AND INTO THE STREETS!

YOUR FAVORITE **BIKINI TOPS, SWITCHES, AND BOTTOMS**

OR WHY IS THAT the impeccable spongebob getting to zero Chill LATE?!

Awweeet Squid! I'm sorry I'm late. I just had to finish shaving.

Super Horny Sex Cartoon Orgies!

See? **BOTH COMICS & MOVIE**

CALL NOW
1-800-THISISPATRICK

FUNNY FILMS
Box 27041 L.A., CA 90027

At the Gundled Gazette, we are committed to upholding the highest level of journalistic standards. This means that we’re always open to receive, distort, and weaponize your hate mail. This letter was sent to us after a decidedly heated exchange about a certain editor-in-chief of CBS News at an “afters situation.” We believe the aforementioned figure to be among the most damaging forces on the planet at this particular moment.

Without further ado, please enjoy this message from our dear reader, TS Michaëla Lucas.

A Letter to the Editor

Dear fag invaders,

This is TS Michaëla Lucas on the line. I actually am not surprised at all that low-rent homo jokers from Brooklyn are sailing to our rich fish paradise in Fire Island Pines. I knew you people were crass tweaker terrorist sympathizers, and I’m sure you’d love to turn our business-class Barbieland into trashy raver Sodom. I just didn’t think broke bitches from the “GoFundMe Corridor” could pay for the gay-guy flotilla. Who’d you get to foot the bill: Soros, Mandami, or Jewish Voice for Pee? Still I speak for the property owners when I say: You are not welcome here, Adam Lamberts begone. I’d write it on a missile for you but faggots, famously, don’t read.

And who am I to tell you? I’m the premier porn queenpin out here. You would know me for my high-budget, hard-bodied artistic adult films parodying cinematic masterpieces, like “Michaëla Lucas’s Trannie Hall,” “Michaëla Lucas’s Under the Shim,” or “Michaëla Lucas’s Birth of a Nation.” Those are my surged-out nymphs on the pay-per-view. Those are my walking talking six-packs you jerked it to in college, before you got woke and decided that watching “Femmes of Zion” was a bad look for you. I run this joint, I fly the flag, and I will be personally 86ing gay guys from our patch of Greater Israel, Long Island. I’ll knock you twinkettes back to Ronkonkoma, trust.

It all reminds me of that mulleted punk from New Orleans I got into a shoving incident with a couple years ago, or the ACT UP clowns who came for my good judy Brickie Torres. Except you people have the scarier drug problem and an entitlement complex. What’re you gonna do to us, G out at the Pantry? Dig the tunnels under Fire Island Boulevard? Please. I’ve got Caitlyn Jenner at my house and she knows how to drive a dune buggy, bitch.

Before I get physical with you rats, I do want to correct the record on a few slanders I’ve heard are circulating on your boat. I am not “an ookie spookie FIP fillers queen.” I do not have a “pillowy, plastic face” that “would likely repel projectiles.” I am not “tacky,” “washed up,” or “desperate for attention,” and I do not “turn from Natasha to Boris whenever I enter direct sunlight.” I do not “accuse every brown person on Grindr in the Pines of being Hamas,” and I do not have a “cryptkeeper pussy” that “not even my Hasbara bag could pay to rejuvenate.”

Well—gotta go. Cait’s in the bomb bunker under Pavilion and she says she “wants to taste my cummies in her sauv blanc.” Hope you shitstains enjoy hell. Like that one queen says in our sacred tranny testament: This is Zion, and we are not afraid.

TS Michaëla Lucas



pin.es pantry pussy

BARELY LEGAL LONG ISLAND TEENAGER SEEKS STRONG MAN TO POUND HER PAVILLION

SAVE ME FROM THESE HOMOS

MAR-OCT (631) 597-6200

Zero Chill



IT TAKES A VILLAGE

Sound

SubBass Soundsystems
(Anika Kash, Marshall Hansen.)

Cleaning

Nova Suarez

Lighting

GumGum Studios

HVAC

Christopher Gosley, Sunbelt

Installations/installers

Breakfast, Lucas Fischer, Sam Hollier,
Oni Lem, Ryker Allen

Driver

Luis Vera

Management

Will Jack, Ari Hooks, Oni Lem,
Ryker Allen, Lucas Fischer

Waste Management

Action Carting

Door

Patito, Bea Benefield, Bea Araya,
Nikki Cardona, Jo Berry, Salem Cadogan,
Any Volz, Valentina Bache

Gundled Gazette

G-Suite Colin Murphy, Eddie Baker
Contributions from G Gabriel,
Ratcliff Dewhurst, Eddie Baker,
Colin Murphy, Ashkan Sepahvand,
Fran Tirado, Fischen Wasser,
Mary Rich
Designed by Colin Murphy
AirPnP host Chris Cruse

Collage

Eddie Baker, Yaki Kostelec

Lineup

Cem	Juliana Huxtable
HONCHO	DJ Holographic
Kiwi	Jacob Meehan
Sister Zo	Sevyn Love
Ratonc1t0	Nita Aviance
	Herrenscheide

Bar

Martin Naughton, Ekin Sahinonen

Security

Norbert, Jeffrey

DOES YOUR MEAT NEED RACKING?

I AM A GORGEOUS WOMAN
HUNG UP ON LOVE AND GAY SEX

WILL TAKE
ALL SIZES

CROSS
DRESSERS
PREFERRED

BAREBACK
& DRY CLEAN
ONLY



COME BACK INTO THE CLOSET
AND FUCK ME ALREADY!!

KNOTTY SEA DOG SEEKING SEAMEN 4 SEASIDE SEXCAPADE
vers + big bone ++
has treats +++
1-800-PUP-KNOT

**AHOY MATEY...
LIKE PEGGING?**

NEW STOCK!

- HOOK JOBS!
- PEG-LEGS!
- WOODEN STRAP-ONS!
(UNSANDED)
- QUADRUPLE AMPUTEE
DILDO FUCKLIMBS!

**CAPTAIN FREAKBEARD'S
SEXUAL PROSTHETICS**

1 (800) AMP-U-TEA