

# WHIITWHOR HOUSE UNDERWEAR FEELINGS OFFICE

Official Press Briefing

Delivered by Deputy Secretary of Sensation, Crinkly R. Slink

June 23, 2025

Good afternoon, press perverts, thong lobbyists, and emotionally constipated Americans,

I come before you today on behalf of the Office of National Underwear Feelings™ to address the seismic cultural, emotional, and deeply erotic fallout from what is now formally classified as “The Faggiest Gaybar Fight Ever” (Operation Code: Velvet Riot).

As you are all painfully aware, the incident occurred just outside the historic and tax-evading Cult Gay Bar Museum, following what appears to have been a three-way jealousy-fueled collapse involving:

- Pee-wee Herman (registered leather clown & former Playhouse Consul),
- Russell Brand (wandering tantric bush wizard),
- and Dwayne “The Rock” Johnson (federal glute monument, sexual monopoly holder).

Initial reports indicate what began as a heated verbal altercation over cosmic ass access escalated into interdimensional slap combat, quantum lube discharge, and deployment of illegal Intergalactic Anal Phasurs™ smuggled in diplomatic panties from Toilet China Prime.

We recognize that this event has left many Americans feeling:

- “Overstimulated but seen,”
- “Lubed without consent,”
- “Deeply confused about who’s topping the Constitution.”

In response, the president has authorized:

1. Deployment of the National Thong Guard to secure the Pizza Hug Spot.
2. A moratorium on intergalactic sextech imports not FDA-fisted.
3. Creation of the Department of Queerly Defense.
4. Mandatory trauma counseling for witnesses of “double-edged jockstrap wielding.”

We call for a return to civility in erotic warfare. To tasteful choking. To orderly dungeon discourse. To tactful cock-based diplomacy.

In closing: Yes, this was the faggiest gaybar fight ever. Yes, it was historic. Yes, it made the Lincoln Memorial blush. But no, it does not reflect the values of respectful butt-based disagreement this underwear nation was built upon.

Thank you. My briefs are moist, but my conscience is clear.

Crinkly R. Slink

Deputy Secretary of Sensation

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