

The
capitalist
took your
future.
Will
you
take it
back?



8 POINTS OF HOUDINISM

FINDING THE MIRACLE ESCAPE



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1. *The Chains Are Real. The Lock Can Be Picked.*

Houdinism don't wait for perfect conditions. Ain't no perfect conditions. You move with what you've got — right now. No illusions. No distractions. No pretending things are better than they are. You are chained. To debt, to labor, to a system designed to keep you too exhausted, too demoralized, too busy to fight back. It doesn't care if you're good or bad, worthy or unworthy—it only cares that you keep feeding it. We are captives. Captives can escape. Every chain has a weak link. Every lock can be cracked. **The question isn't whether you deserve to be free. The question is whether you're willing to do what it takes to make yourself free.**

Houdinism doesn't waste time begging for permission. It doesn't wait for ideal conditions. *It moves with what's available, now.* You map your constraints: the job that grinds you down, the bills that choke you, the spectacle that numbs you. Then you clock what's in your corner: your skillset, your plugs, your people, your nerve. You use it. All of it. You flip what you can flip. You move what you need to move. You get your hands dirty if you have to.

You must understand your material conditions deeply. You must understand that the material conditions even in the next town over might be different than the conditions you are in. You adjust your tactics to the ground you're on, but stay synced with principles. You become a master of terrain. Theory is strategy to be applied based on these material conditions. *A quarterback dogmatically following the playbook does not win a Superbowl.* If the lock has changed, learn the new lock.

Money isn't evil. Poverty isn't noble. These are just pieces on the board, tools to be used. You play smart, you stack chips, you build leverage. You build leverage however you can. And you never, never fall for the lie that the system can be beaten by following its rules. Because power is power — left or right, ideology don't mean shit without weight behind it. **Theory without power is just noise.** The system ain't gonna hand you anything but scraps and debts. **Houdinism is hustler politics.** You find the gap, you squeeze through, you make it bigger, you drag your crew through with you. Houdinism isn't about playing fair—it's about breaking out. *It's about making the miracle escape from capitalism. It's about winning.*

2. *Find the Cracks. Exploit Them.*

The contradictions in the system are the cracks for the rose of revolution to grow. ***Every empire looks invincible right up until the moment it collapses.*** Wherever the contradictions twist the system into the knots that keep us bound, that's where you're prying. Every system has weak points. The spectacle, the algorithm, the news cycle—these things move fast and hollow. They're built to distract, to disorient, to make you feel like nothing you do matters. But that speed cuts both ways.

Interrupting a Super Bowl performance, throwing paint on the glass that protects a famous art piece—it doesn't take much to plant a seed. Media moves on from one tactic, try 3 more. ***Doesn't take much for people to realize they can't enjoy art on a dead planet.*** Don't let the popcorn eaters rest their heads in the sand, shove the reality right into that popcorn.

A zine slipped between hands. A tagged billboard. Well placed fireworks. Projectors. Blockages. Sabotage. Sloganeering—a phrase that sticks. ***A disruption in the expected.*** This is *disciplined opportunism*: using the enemy's tools—its platforms, its obsession with clicks—against it. The spectacle isn't just noise to tune out; it's a battlefield to command. Not shouting into the void, not flailing aimlessly. **You target soft spots. The cracks they think no one notices.** A meme that derails their narrative. A stunt that costs them hours, resources, legitimacy. Ten people with chains and nerve can block the Golden Gate Bridge in ten minutes flat. You know what that costs the state? A hundred cops scrambling, choppers burning fuel, news crews spinning stories, three hours of humiliation broadcast live. Ten people. Three hours. Millions watching.

That's asymmetry. That's impact. That's the kind of math we do. Every action calibrated for maximum disruption, maximum memory burn.

We know from Tupac that where there are cracks in the concrete of capitalism, a rose can grow. ***Be the rose.***

3. Honor, Toughness, Loyalty. No Cowards, No Traitors.

Houdinism isn't just about how you fight; it's about how you live. You don't betray your people. You don't sell out for convenience.

You don't let bitterness, failure, or despair rot your spine and turn you into the same coward you swore to destroy. The world will shove you down, laugh at you, break you, humiliate you — tell you nothing matters. Your job is to spit in its face and stand up anyway. **Houdinism spits in the face of Doomerism, and says, "I'm bigger than this. I move different. I'm on that Houdini shit."** It's a code — iron-clad, no shortcuts, no exceptions. Dignity for yourself. **Loyalty to your class.** Respect for the people sweating and suffering alongside you.

Honor isn't politeness. Honor is knowing who you are and refusing to fold, even when folding would be the easy play.

Toughness isn't reckless bravado. It's dragging yourself forward when everything hurts, when you're broke, hungry, scared — still moving. Still plotting. Still building. *Discipline is protection. Discipline is armor.* Discipline is the difference between a flash-in-the-pan disruption and a lasting movement.

Loyalty is life or death. Not to brands, not to clout, not to motherfuckers chasing relevance. Loyalty to the people who show up. Your crew. Your class. Loyalty to the ones who bleed with you, hustle with you, who've seen the same hell and are still standing. **Loyalty to the ones who ain't strong yet but will be, because you're gonna get them there.** This is survival.

Disloyalty? *That's excommunicado.* They're dead weight. And half the time, you knew it from day one — you ignored the gut feeling. That's your lesson. Learn it. Don't repeat it. Because if you keep letting that weakness slide, you're betraying yourself, your people, and everything you've been building.

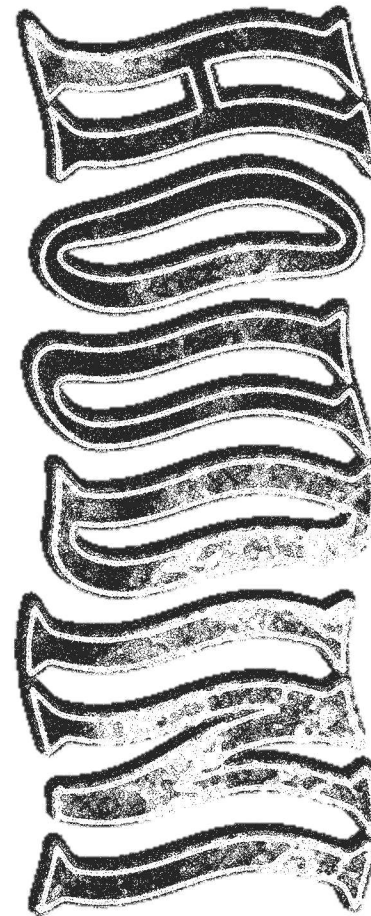
Disrespect and disloyalty demand consequences. Period. Someone disrespects you? They dishonor everything: your work, your people, your struggle, your very name. You let that slide once, you teach the world they can step on you. You teach your crew that weakness is allowed. You can't afford that. Not here.

Not now. Not in this class war.

Online makes it trickier. *In real life, disrespect gets handled. Online? It festers. It spreads. It normalizes disloyalty.* You must study this. If they're with you? If they're solid? **Go to war for them.** Carry their weight. Stand shoulder to shoulder through fire. You show that same loyalty they showed you. But the second — *the second* — they flip? They're excommunicado. They don't even deserve the dignity of acknowledgment.

When the pressure comes, when the walls close in, it's a code of honor that will keep you from collapsing. Wanna build real power? Real working-class force? A movement that scares the system? That demands respect? You better come correct. We make space for mistakes but carry no tolerance for betrayal.

REMEMBER: THERE IS NO GREATER COWARD THAN A SNITCH.



4. Know Your Risk Tolerance, Answer the Call

Houdinism is not for the timid — it's a doctrine of risk, measured but ruthless. The enemy is organized. The enemy is disciplined.

And the enemy knows exactly how to kill a movement in the cradle: flood it with procedural bullshit. "Let's take a vote."

"Let's pass the speaking stick." "There are no leaders here."

Sound familiar? That's not democracy. That's pacification. That's federal infiltration strategy 101. *That's corporate HR logic disguised as radicalism.* It's a leash. It's a cage. And it's killed every real threat before it even got rolling.

Movements get smothered under consensus fetishism. They want you busy debating semantics while they raid your comrades' houses. They want you holding meetings for six hours while they pass laws that will destroy your lives. **Leaders arise naturally — from the mass line, from trust, from clarity under pressure.** The people know who they want to follow; they feel it.

And if that leader stumbles, the people will replace them, naturally. No voting committee, no endless stack queues, no analysis paralysis. **The enemy doesn't ask for permission to move — why should we?**

These ineffective, bureaucratic, liberal safety-blanket ideas must be countered at every turn. They are strategic weapons deployed by the state and capital to neutralize you before you become dangerous. They kill movements that could have toppled empires. How many times have we seen it? Occupy: drowned in endless circles. George Floyd protests: stalled out by peace police and NGO stooges handing out water bottles and telling people to "remain calm." We will not be calm. We will not be led by whoever has the loudest megaphone or the most party operatives on-site. **ACAB means the peace police too.** Those who stand between us and decisive action are collaborators.

A leader must lead from the front — not from a Twitter thread, not facetimeing into a sit-in, but on the ground, shoulder to shoulder with the people. **Assign someone to deal with media; they're not your friend, they're intelligence assets with press passes. Train that person. The movement cannot afford to look like chaos in front of cameras — that image becomes the tool used to crush you. Get control of the narrative or the narrative will control you.**

And if you lead, you lead like a guerilla: strike, move, strike, move. No idol-worship. No cults of personality. Just results. Just liberation. **Go to the people, learn what they need. Mass line. Mutual aid.** Don't just educate — activate. Don't wave around the theory book — hand someone the crowbar, the groceries, the burner phone. *Show them the key. Not the diploma.*

Not everyone is meant to lead, but **everyone is meant to do something.** Maybe you're the voice in the meeting that cuts through the noise. Maybe you're the one who keeps watch while others rest. Maybe you're the one who writes, designs, documents, sabotages. Maybe you're the one who knows when to throw the punch or when to walk away so others can keep going. Maybe you're the one who takes the fall so five others can keep running. That matters. That's leadership too.

And if the moment calls — answer. **If the crowd stalls, move first.** Stop waiting for the perfect conditions. The perfect conditions are a myth the state sells to keep you frozen. Move with what you've got. The system won't collapse because of grand speeches and consensus. It'll crack because someone took the risk, someone threw the wrench, someone made the first move, and someone else followed.



5. Forge Revolution in the Counterculture

The counterculture isn't a brand, a gimmick, or some aesthetic you buy into—it's *the blood and bone of resistance*. The counterculture is the forge where Houdinism hammers out discipline, courage, and clarity. **It's the testing ground where bad ideas die fast and sharp ones catch like wildfire.** Here, nothing is handed down; everything is made, stolen, repurposed, and weaponized. **Culture that can't be bought, sold, or diluted — only passed hand to hand, like a loaded pistol.**

You meet people where they're at. The hardcore beatdown basement show — bodies colliding, sweat on concrete, lyrics screamed like battle cries — the harsh noise meets drill hip-hop event, the TCG locals, Even the fucking dude you bummed a cig from at the shittiest bar you've ever been to, the guy with nothing in his pockets but a lighter and too many stories — that's not just small talk, that's a thread, a connection, a spark you either fan or let die. This is where we will make our revolutionary culture.

You ever been to a show, and a few hours before the show, that same venue was hosting a free HIV testing day? And it's ran by the bands playing and local activists because, *"Hey, fuck it, we bought the venue for the whole day, not just 8pm to 12am."*

That's the bud that will grow into the rose of revolution.

Not in ivory towers or curated "radical spaces" with entry fees and purity tests. Not in sterile political party conference halls or bourgeoisie activist cliques more worried about image than action. No. **This is where the working class gathers.** It's here, in the grimy corners, the underlit rooms, the rundown venues, the card tables, the parking lots, the after shows — where people are raw and real and open to hearing something that cuts through. *The counterculture is the space at the boundary between what was, what might have been and what could be.*

6. The Past Is a Weapon. Use It.

A Houdinist doesn't start from scratch—they plunder the graveyard of history, summoning the ghosts of lost futures and forgotten struggles. **They become hauntological necromancers.** The system wants you to forget. *Every time we get close to something real — Occupy, Ferguson, Standing Rock, BLM 2020 — the system memory holes that shit.* Capitalism wants you to believe that history is just a series of accidents, that resistance is a fluke, that the only options available are the ones they give you. Houdinism rejects this lie.

The past is full of buried blueprints, failed revolutions, half-forgotten uprisings, movements crushed before they could bloom. They aren't just stories. They're instructions. You learn from them. **You take what works. You discard what doesn't. This is about strategy. It's about applying the knowledge of our revolutionary forebears to the material conditions of the present.** It's about using what's been done before to inform what needs to be done now. Ethics are about solidarity, not bourgeois politeness.

Sitting around in circles, endlessly debating the theoretical purity of our stance while the world burns outside is not revolution—it's masturbation. The system isn't going to hand you a perfect opportunity to rise up—it will try to make sure you don't have one at all. And the only way to carve out space for revolution is to take it. Houdinism isn't about waiting for the right moment to arrive—it's about creating the moment, it's about stealing your fucking future back.

Purity is a luxury of the powerless. The goal isn't to be the purest leftist in the theory discussion; *the goal is to win.* If that means using their money against them, do it. If that means playing dirty, *play dirty.* The only thing that matters is that the door gets kicked open.

7. Women Hold Up Half of the Sky

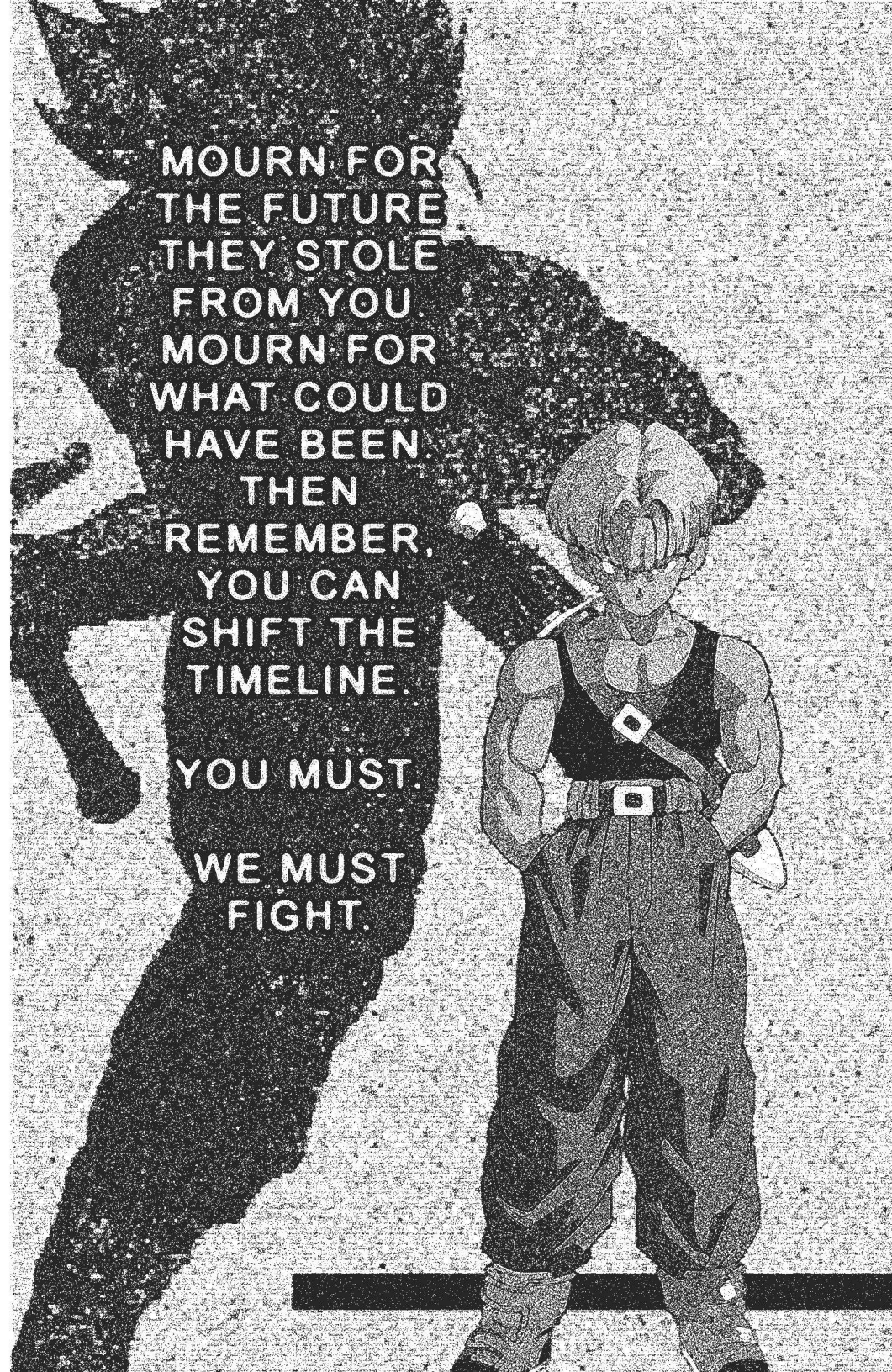
Women are at the core of any revolutionary movement. Period. Without them, there is no revolution — no leadership, no soldiers, no strategy. From the top of any organization, down to the streets where the blood is spilled, women must be present, leading, strategizing, fighting, and dying beside us. *You cannot build anything sustainable without them. And if you try, you'll rot from the inside out.*

Right-wing chauvinism has plagued men our age for too long. We've seen it seep into the counterculture, into the radical scene, and it must be crushed every time we see it. Men, real men, real revolutionaries, need to be loud and unapologetic when it comes time to stand against this filth. *We need to call out misogyny at every turn, with no hesitation.* And Houdinist men need to bear the responsibility of this struggle—young men, especially—we need to hammer it in that women are not the enemy. They are half the fucking sky.

The men that perpetuate the rhetoric of misogyny? Men like — Andrew Tate? They are enemies to this movement. He and every other peddler of that cornball shit have no place in our culture, no place in our scene, no place in this fight. It's weak, it's destructive, it's backward. And you need to call it out loudly, unapologetically, with force.

Misogynists and those who side with them will sell out your entire crew. *They'll turn snitch. They'll crumble under pressure. They're weak, and they're a liability to any real movement.* Respect yourself, and respect your people. Don't let these trashy, self-serving men into your circle. Because once that corruption is inside, it spreads. **We do not and will not tolerate any form of disrespect toward women—be it verbal, physical, or structural—in our movement.**

Look at history. Look at men like Brandon Darby—he positioned himself as a leader, built trust, and then he snitched. He put two activists behind bars and exposed them to the full brutality of the state. But that wasn't all. Darby was hiding cases of sexual abuse. It's the same pattern: Misogynist men who want to be seen as leaders, but who turncoat when the pressure's on. *Castro executed rapists in Sierra Maestra—he knew the price of betrayal and corruption in the ranks.* If you tolerate these behaviors, you poison your movement. And we cannot tolerate that poison.



8. The Escape Isn't Just for You.

It's easy to fantasize about your own escape—the quick exit, the hidden life, the solo victory. But if that's all you care about, then you've missed the point. You're not Houdinist—you're just another rat scrambling to get off the sinking ship. **This revolution is not about individualism or some solitary hustle.** It's about the **collective struggle**, the struggle of the oppressed people, the exploited masses who have been chewed up and spit out by the system. Youth radicalization is rising faster than they can manage. **They are scared. We outnumber them 10,000 to 1.**

This is Attica mentality. You're not picking the lock just for yourself—you're blowing the hinges off the cell block. You're the first through the hole in the wall, and you reach back, dragging bodies through, whether they're ready or not. If the alarm sounds, good. If the sirens wail, good. It means the system knows something's loose.

Liberation isn't a daydream—it's a war. It's every act of sabotage, every piece of propaganda, every hard conversation that rips someone out of their trance. It's a million tiny detonations, silent and loud, all timed to crack the foundations.

Houdinism isn't about your survival. It's about getting everybody out. It's about turning a trickle into a flood. You're building movements that don't beg. Networks that don't fold. Cells that don't leak. **When the revolution comes—and it will come—you're either leading the charge or clearing the path.** No spectators. No fence-sitters. No fucking bystanders.

We move together, with one goal: to tear down this system and replace it with something that serves the people. We're part of an ongoing, global struggle that stretches across time and borders. *This fight isn't just about you or your country.*

This is an internationalist movement, rooted in the struggles of the **global proletariat.**

Study the history of colonial struggle—the Algerian War of Independence, the ongoing fight in Ireland, the Palestinian genocide. *If you're in the West, you're a guest on these lands.* The land of First Nations peoples. **These struggles are your struggles.** It should *piss you the fuck off* to watch capitalist forces destroy these lands for profit.

All of these struggles are connected, and they are part of your struggle, because you share a class, because the system sees you, whether you like it or not, as the same threat. You don't get to disconnect. You don't get to “pick and choose” which struggles you fight for. If you want to fight for your freedom, you fight for the freedom of everyone. It's a class struggle that cuts across borders, skin tones, religions. It's internationalist by nature because capitalism is international. And if you're going to burn it all down, you better understand that every inch of that destruction is *connected to the battles fought on every corner of this globe.*

A Houdinist must accept their place in the class war. A soldier, whether they are a medic, a radio operator, or an infantryman, is still a soldier. A movement isn't a moment—it's a chain reaction. One person breaks out, then another, then another. The structure cracks, the pressure builds, and suddenly, the impossible is happening.

The system doesn't think you're capable of that. It bets on your isolation, your apathy, your fear. Prove it wrong. The escape isn't a dream—it's the revolution, executed with precision, toughness, and an unshakable belief in the working class's capacity to rise.

DARE TO STRUGGLE, DARE TO WIN.

