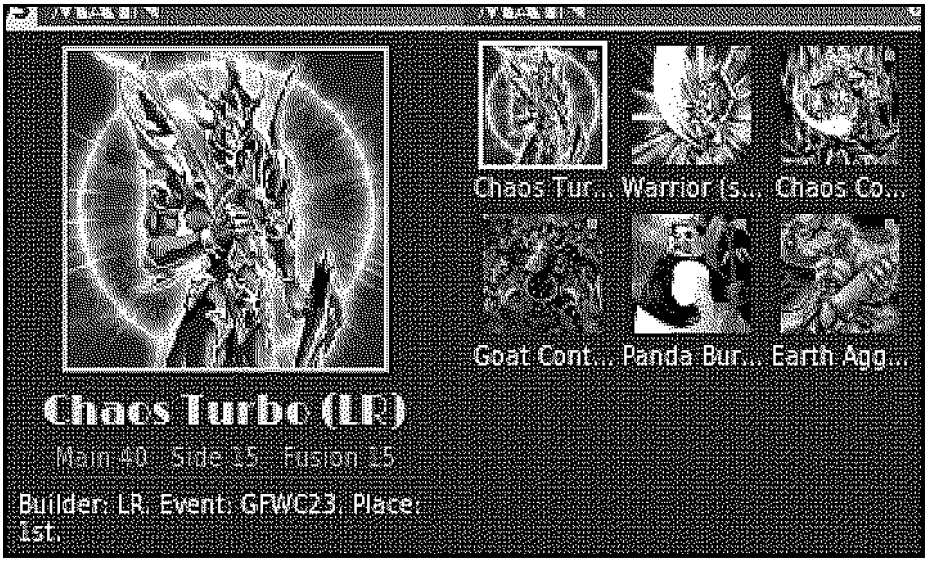
HOUDINI

October 2026, Part One Free



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Erik Houdini

[film club] The Death of Chudslop
Maxwell Houdini

Why Do Some Americans Live in Motels?
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The articles in this zine ran on HOUDINI Magazine from October 1 to 15, 2026.

Point your phone's camera at any square code in these pages to open what it links to. A number in a black box 1 stands for a link in the text, and the code beside it has the same number.

HOUDINI.TV Halloween Pack #1

Read it online

By Staff
October 2, 2026

It's the most wonderful time of the year.. and the crew is here to wish you the happiest of HOUDINIWEENS with a special gift: the perfect HOUDINI.TV round-up to accompany this chilled season.

ICYMI, we dropped a streaming service this summer over at HOUDINI.TV. It's free and it runs off the Internet Archive. Read more about that here [1]. Now, check out five HOUDINI.TV bangers to get you through the first week of bonfire szn.

[1] Link

Scooby-Doo: The Witch's Ghost (1998)



Don't you want to be a warlock? The perfect tape to usher in hoodie-and-bonfire season.

Now Playing on... Channel 01 | Dark Toonz

Salem's Lot (1979)



Salem's Lot is a three-hour, direct-to-cable Stephen King horror flick—perfect to throw on during a smoke session.

Now Playing on... Channel 02 | hammerHEAD

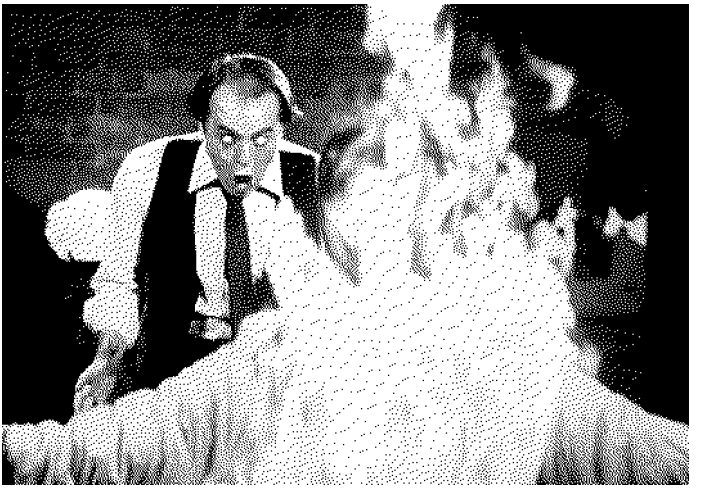
The Deadly Mantis (1957)



Featuring one of the longest “pre-monster” buildups in 1950s sci-fi. C-movie, drive-in schlock literally made to be background noise for foreplay.

Now Playing on... Channel 03 | Kaiju Krew

Scanners (1981)



A para-politics Cronenberg classic that will make your head explode.

Now Playing on... Channel 04 | Temple of Ra

Beyond T-Rex (1997)



Not horror, but this one's for the guy who's gonna show up to the Halloween party (or the protest!) in one of those inflatable dinosaur costumes.

Now Playing on... Channel 06 | Solar

The Terminator (1984)



Arnie stalks his prey in James Cameron's classic night-terror film.

FRESH TRACKS: Harper Rush's "GAMBLER"

Read it online

By Salty P. Slug
October 3, 2026



Check out this fresh-outta-Ohio mixtape from legendary producer/rapper/musician Harper Rush. Tastes like gas station kratom and chilled lakeshore air.

Harper Rush is always on some fresh shit, so it's only appropriate we highlight his new mixtape, **"GAMBLER."** He continues to top himself with every new release, and *GAMBLER* is no exception. This is his first non-instrumental album to be released after his move from upstate New York to Ohio.. and it's even more of what we love about Mr. Rush's work: surreal introspective lyricism, otherworldly atmospheric beats, and impeccable production.

As always, Harper's layering of sounds are just pure bliss. The basslines on this thing will blow your brains out. The reverbed-out pads will have you floating. Combined with his songwriting, he continues to capture the loneliness of the modern world with a whole lot of beauty and subtlety.

Slug's picks are "reluctant" and "minus money," but it's very hard to pick favorites. This tape only clocks a runtime of ~11 minutes, so take the time to listen to the whole thing:

Listen on Bandcamp

We recommend *GAMBLER* for fans of underground rap affiliates like Shed Theory and Drain Gang. Aside from Bandcamp, *GAMBLER* is also streaming on all major platforms. Make sure you check out Harper's website, buy his new sample pack, and follow him on Instagram.

Check out our exclusive interview with Harper here [1].

[1] Link

READ ONE ON YOUR LUNCH BREAK

Free pulp horror and weird tales



Pulp was written for working-class people by working-class people. Gaslight digs it back up.

Read 68 stories of murder, vampirism, cannibalism and existential dread free online. Every one comes with a zine you can print at home.

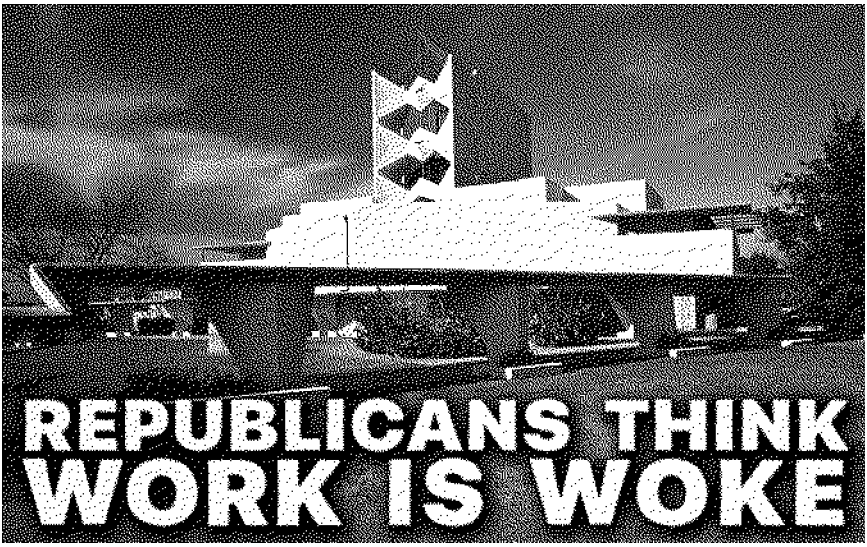
Scan the code to start reading.

Gaslight is HOUDINI Magazine's pulp fiction archive.

EDITORIAL: Republicans Think Work is Woke

Read it online

By Erik Houdini
October 4, 2026



What this country needs is a new deal agency to put 10 million or more to work. Wages must rise, and the exploitation must end — banning college majors does neither.

HOUDINI speaks regarding the Trump administration's decision to remove financial aid for "undesirable" college majors, as outlined in this article.

I would just love to know how in the fuck preventing more people from going to college is gonna fix our economy. I would love to know how forcing colleges and stopping them from offering different degrees based on the income they make is going to somehow make the wages of everybody go up.

Most motherfuckers, when presented with this question of how do we fix the economy, would say something like, We need more job programs. We need more educa-

tion programs. We need to get people trained and get them back to work. That's pretty common fucking sense, but it seems like the current American regime is speedrunning having a population of uneducated homeless people. Because the way I'm looking at it, rent's never gonna go down and wages are never gonna go up. So what's the plan? They're just gonna keep raising rent until we're all homeless? How are the landlords gonna make any money?

You want to work on the windmills? You want to climb the windmills and do repairs, do that good blue-collar work? Can't do it. They cut the programs. They cut the initiatives. They cut the rebates, and a whole bunch of companies went under and a lot of jobs were lost. Hey, you want to work on solar farms? You want to install solar panels, make good money doing that? Can't do it. They cut the programs. Republicans said, Nope. No green energy. Don't care if it makes new jobs. Don't care if it puts people to work. Don't care if it gives people a future. Don't care if it's good blue-collar work. Nope. It's too woke.

Hey man, look, maybe you want to go to art school. That's your passion. You want to go get a degree in fucking environmental design so you could work on Elder Scrolls 6, which is probably never gonna come out. Well, too damn bad, because the Republicans said that program had to get cut too.

So yes, please, how are we going to fix the economy? Well, I hate to break to you, but the economy is working exactly as it's intended. The more of us that end up poor, the more of us that can be exploited, the more of us that suffer, the more money the rich make. If it was up to the rich, we'd live in hovels and eat fucking dirt cakes. Where's the pushback? You know what this country needs? This country needs a Green New Deal, unlike any other deal that was put forth before. We need a jobs program that can put 10 million or more people to work and get them trained and get them educated and give them real skills. And that could be everything from raking the forests, which the Republicans love to talk about but refuse to pay anyone to do so, or looking outside my window now cleaning up all the fucking litter on the ground, or, hey, maybe we get some people to work at the new windmills we're building, the new solar we're building. Maybe we're putting up some nuclear power plants and we're training people on that. And maybe, hey, it's America's 250th birthday, so we're giving all these artists grants so they can make art that shows that this country has culture beyond gold-plated toilets that your president shits on after he's done raping someone. There should be a fucking number that you can call, and within the week they've got you a job within that Green New Deal.

I knew a lot of motherfuckers who were making good money doing solar panel installs, working on windmills, get their fucking height certification, they're up a thousand feet in the air, doing good blue-collar work, and all that went away because the Republicans said it was too woke. Putting working-class people to work is woke to these Republicans.

So pray tell, how is this country ever gonna be great if everyone is uneducated, underpaid, and edging on homelessness? It can't be unless your idea of greatness is the rich getting richer and the poor getting poorer.

We want a future, a future where we have the freedom to study what we want, the freedom to make a good living wage, the freedom to have a family, the freedom to have healthcare, the freedom to have a normal, decent life. And we do not have these freedoms because those freedoms have been taken from us by the uber rich. The only way we get that freedom is to take it. And we will take it.

There is a reason why the overwhelming majority of people under 35 are pro-socialism. There's a reason why the DSA has swelled in membership. There is a reason why we continue to win electoral win after electoral win, and it is not enough, but it is a start. Because it's so long as capitalism exists on this soil, this country will never be anything more than what it is now: a small group of incredibly rich people exploiting the masses.

New Game from Erik Houdini | Bagman: Somewhere in Nevada

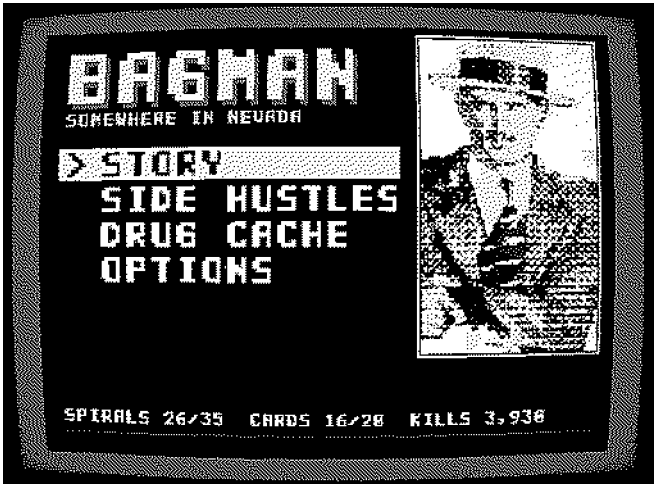
Read it online

By Staff
October 6, 2026

Bagman is a new grindhouse-style FPS that takes you through the desert to get your drugs back. Fully featured retail style game with a half dozen game modes and a level editor playable for free in your)(work) browser.

Get it on itch.io

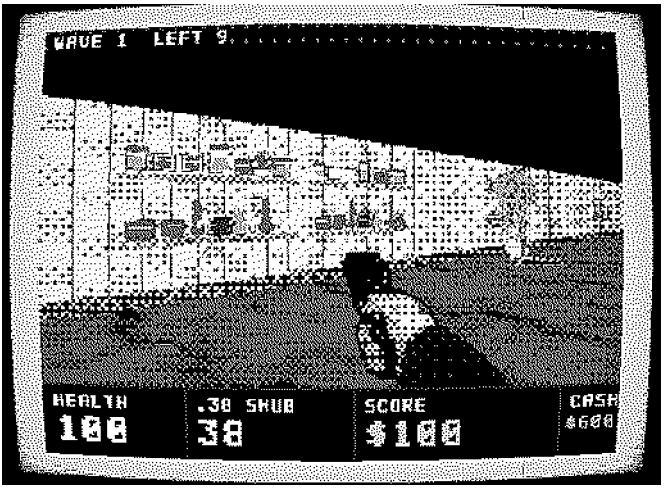
Bagman - Somewhere in Nevada by houdini-magazine



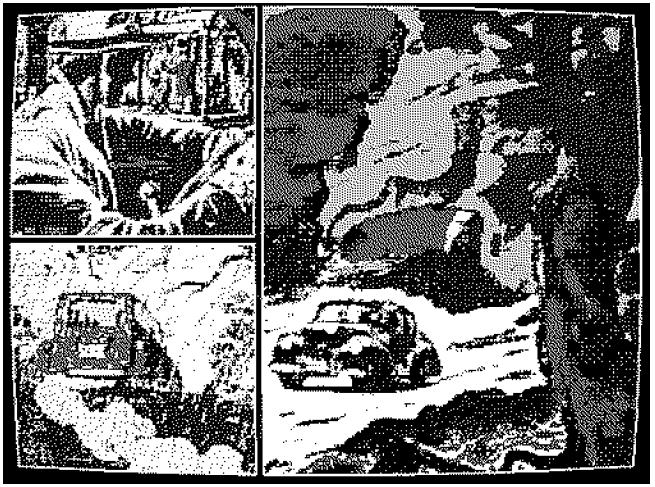
Somewhere in Nevada

Bagman. A gritty, grindhouse first person "wolfenlike" shooter.

Those lizards set you up, cold blooded thieves stabbed you in the back. 14 Kilos of cold cut cocaine taken from you. Taken from your people. It was your bag to deliver, and their bullets couldn't stop you. Snort a line, get to killing, and get your coke back. Finished the story? Be sure to collect all 35 Spirals brand cigarette packs scattered between levels, doing so unlocks special modifiers, replay story missions with modifications like exploding enemies, double movement speed and more. Complete the story and you'll unlock the Arena mode, survive wave after wave of enemies while collecting cash and buying upgrades, don't bet it all in Blackjack!



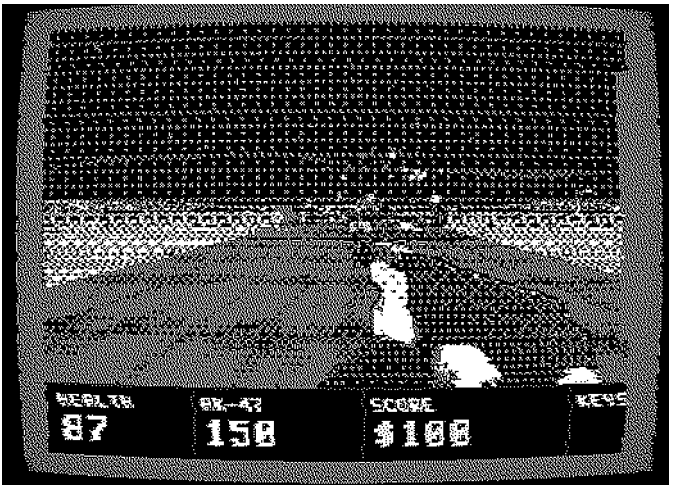
Bagman features a unique lock-on system, mow down dozens of enemies to score big points and win Jackpots! Be careful though, not every weapon has a lock-on, and not every enemy can be locked on to! Don't get cocky, get even!



Features:

- 14 Story Missions
- A waved-based Arena mode with 4 levels
- A Level Editor
- 20 Achievement Cards
- 27 Unlockable Modifiers

- Dozens of pulp comic panel and image
- and a whole lot of cocaine



HISTORY IS AT WAR WITH ITSELF

Babylon Dialectic



Tecumseh



Alexander



Blackbeard



Zhuge Liang

The pages of history have been torn out of the Library of Time. Lead Tecumseh, Alexander, Blackbeard or Zhuge Liang into the war and put them back. Washington waits at the end.

All 250 cards are real paintings. Play free in your browser. There are no ads and nothing to buy.

Scan the code to play.

The official card game of HOUDINI Magazine.

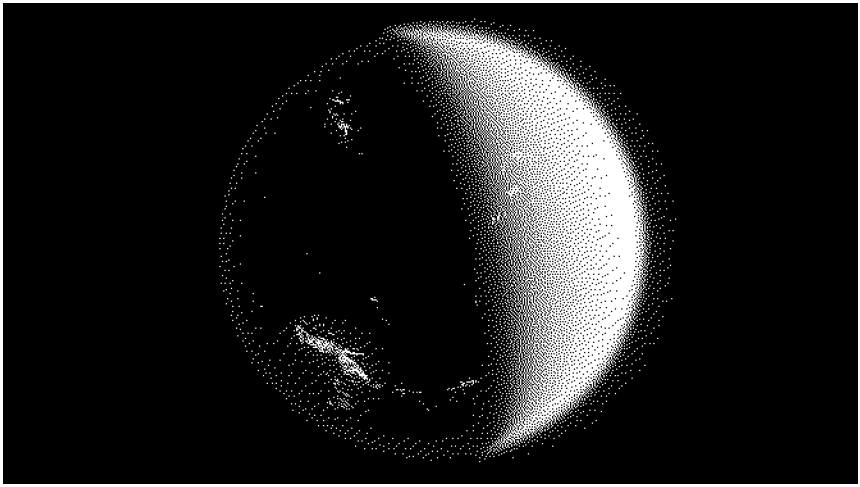
The Existential Terror of 'Space Engine'

Read it online

By Erik Houdini
October 7, 2026

Mr. HOUDINI goes full cosmo-brain and graces us with a new game recommendation.. this is that real-life horror shit.

I've played a lot of horror games in my time. From PlayStation 1 classics to obscure itch.io indie gems - the whole spectrum. Horror's always been in my blood, runs in the family. But there's one game - not even a horror game - that does something more unsettling than any survival horror title ever could.



Here's the simple exercise: You start on Earth. For context, Space Engine is a simulation of the entire fucking universe. It uses real astronomical data and procedural generation to fill in the gaps where we don't have information. If you've watched any space documentaries on YouTube, you've definitely seen footage from this program.

So you start on Earth, crank the speed to maximum, and just... zoom out.

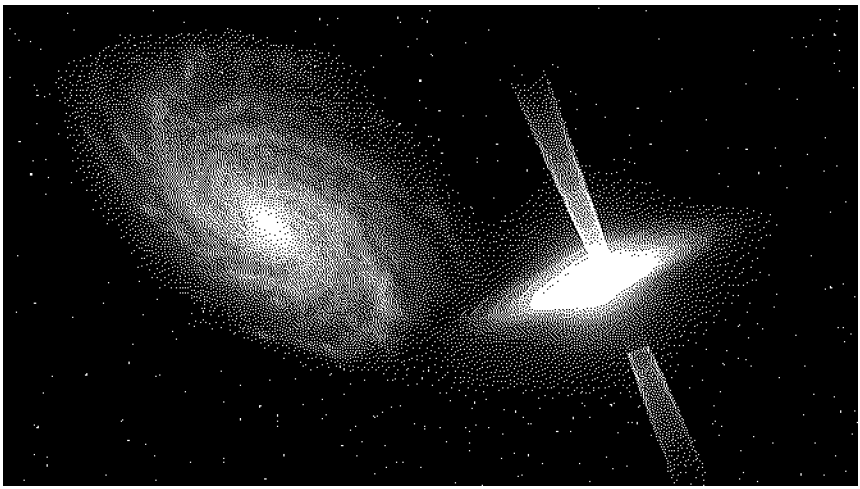
Within seconds, Earth shrinks to a pinprick. You finally understand what Carl Sagan meant with that "pale blue dot" bit. Keep going. The solar system disappears. Then the galaxy. Then the local supercluster. You're traveling at thousands of light years

per second and making zero fucking progress because the universe just keeps going. Forever. Or at least effectively forever from our perspective.

That tiny dot that blinked out almost immediately? That was everything. You, me, everyone who's ever lived, every war, every love story, every piece of art - all contained in that insignificant speck that vanished in an instant.

Zoom further. The spiral arms of the Milky Way stretch and distort, a silent maelstrom of stars, gas, and dark matter. Our entire galaxy—100,000 light-years across—becomes a grain of dust. Push the speed to its maximum setting, and still, you make no progress.

The Virgo Supercluster shrinks into nothing. The Laniakea Supercluster vanishes. Structures beyond comprehension dissolve into a static haze of infinity.



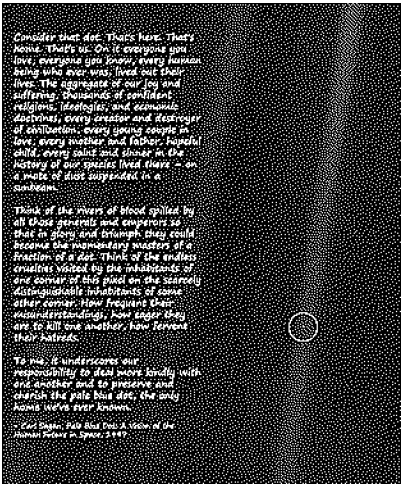
The existential dread that washes over you is like being smothered by a weighted blanket made of pure cosmic insignificance. I've never experienced anything in gaming - horror or otherwise - that made me feel so utterly small and meaningless. It's a dread that isn't a creeping fear, not the jump scare horror of a haunted house or the tension of an unseen kill in a slasher film. No—this is something colder. Something more absolute. This is annihilation on a scale so vast that your mind refuses to hold it. It is the realization that not only do you not matter, but nothing does. Not to the universe. Not to time.

I have played games that have made my skin crawl, my pulse race, my body tense with fear. But nothing—nothing—has ever made me feel as truly, cosmically doomed

as watching all of existence collapse into oblivion in *Space Engine*.

If you have a PC that can run it, pirate it just to try the experiment. If you dig it, buy it later—it's an incredible piece of software.

Play 'Space Engine' on Steam

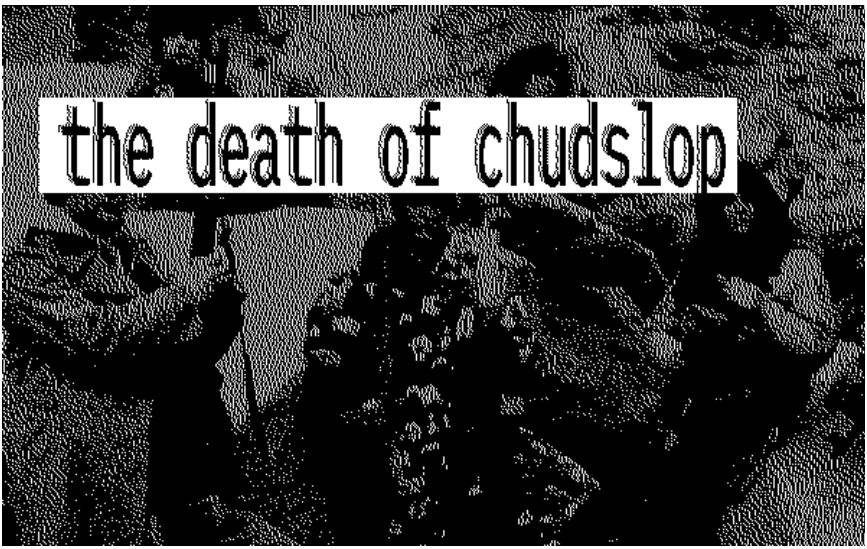


This article was originally published on our old website in March 2025.

[film club] The Death of Chudslop

Read it online

By Maxwell Houdini
October 10, 2026



Maxwell Houdini gives us his thoughts on the death of good ol' fashioned American cinema, bankrolled by the US government. We can't even have good propaganda anymore.

There was a time, long before I was born, when my country made good fucking movies. Movies that made me feel a certain way about the ethereal idea of "American exceptionalism." Jazzed, man. Truly jazzed to be a chud.

Rambo, Red Dawn, Top Gun, The Hunt for Red October, any Bond film from the Cold War, even if he is a Euroid. These films used to be what were referred to as right-wing cinema. And holy shit, there are bangers in here.

They express deep-seated beliefs of the nascent American culture of the time, particularly among those with the money to shoot film. We are the force for good. The

bastard with a heart of gold. The antihero. Bad things for the sake of democracy. We kill people to save the world. That's the take.

Not just any people, but the villains of our world at the time. The Reds. When we were focused, determined, and creative.

Chudslop has been core to the American cultural machine and is now being sacrificed to the same altar it built. American culture (yes, yes, I know American culture exists as an amalgamation of regional cultures and fractured identities; shut up, this is about slopaganda), as we know it, is unsustainable. It drives the collective morale of a nation down as it burns more of itself for profit.

The specific time and conditions of Rocky IV have come and gone. The Chinese and the post-Soviets watch movies now. That comes into conflict with the messaging of the state.

In the before times, people like Trumbo were blacklisted, and now Boots Riley makes blockbusters. The focus has been lost. Vague terror groups, made-up countries, and a list of B-tier enemies of the United States flood our screens.

There was the mid-90s with its influx of Serbians. Then came the 2000s, with desert-borne pseudo-Islamic terror. There were gestures toward North Korea and, at its boldest, China for a while. And now who? Crime? Still terror? Iran, I guess? Who are these movies for?

We have decided that the markets of our former adversaries outweigh the cost of being adversarial. In Transformers, the Chinese are as much the hero as the U.S. government.

The obsession with grit that followed The Dark Knight tried to wring every bit of camp out of comic adaptations. It is now smoothed over by the obsession with marketability. Movies geared toward everyone, with no substance for anyone.

A contradiction: art with nothing to say and, frankly, that does not take place in our world. Conflict has sides, but now we placate all sides for cash. IPs that meant something in a former life are hollowed out to sell nostalgia.

The worst offender is Star Wars and its myriad slop TV shows, which have decimated the IP in the eyes of millions who cherished it growing up (with the minor exception of Andor).

G.I. Joe has been reduced to the same grit slop, going against what made it fun and unique in order to fit the mold that was selling post-The Dark Knight.

It is the false edge, the corporate edge of a Hot Topic, like punk commodified. To make the line go up: unyielding growth in the face of all it destroys.

Even amid the milquetoast and inoffensive trough of movies released today, the blips of actual right-wing art are few and far between. Zahler's Dragged Across Concrete and maybe a Clint Eastwood banger like Richard Jewell. This should give us so much hope: the right is dying.

The last good chudslop I can think of is from 2019. Top Gun: Maverick? How does someone watch that and not think, "We fought the Soviets and now the existential threat is a nuclear Iran?" Or Rambo: Last Blood, going from being dedicated to the brave freedom fighters of Afghanistan to an unnamed cartel.

Overwhelmingly, movies fucking suck now, and it pains me, but that is a good thing. Their heroes are washed, and their causes are being trampled to run for more dollars. The grift is showing.

There was a short time in the depths of the unpopular Iraq War when we got unique gems like Shooter: Marky Mark shoots nominal Dick Cheney in the face and fights the deep state.

All they can make now is Rocky XXVI, a DOA Red Dawn against the Koreans, and a Top Gun film that won't push the enlistment needle for the Navy. The stage is set for a left-wing art resurgence.

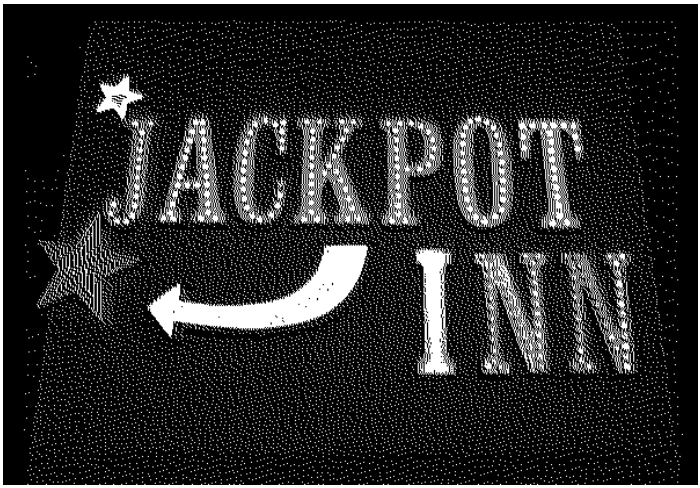
Go out there and make art. Uncompromising art.

Why Do Some Americans Live in Motels?

Read it online

By Erik Houdini
October 11, 2026

A look at poverty, precarity, landlord profits and the American way.



Chingy, Ludacris, Snoop Dogg – Holidae In (Official Music Video)

Why do some Americans live in hotels, motels, inns, lodges, and whatever other word we want to use? We know what we're talking about. We're talking about housing that is supposed to be temporary, typically for a night, a weekend, maybe a week. But more and more Americans find themselves living in hotels.

Let's put those numbers in perspective. Statistics show that in America about 700,000 people experience homelessness, and most of those people are living in hotels. But the actual hard number of people who are experiencing this is surpris-

ingly difficult to track down, and I wouldn't hesitate to say that the statistics surrounding things like unemployment and homelessness and poverty in this country are cooked. Just the way that things are reported, and the way things are self-reported, the way these statistics are gathered, it would be very difficult to put a real number on the amount of people who are experiencing hotel poverty, hotel homelessness. Would they even be considered homeless? Some statistics point towards yes, some point towards no. And that's intentional. It would be a shame if the emperor was revealed to be wearing no clothes.

So let's put the numbers in perspective based on real-world experience. I pay 380 a week. 1,500 a month. In my area, 1,500 a month can get you a two-bedroom, one-bath, if you're really looking. But a one-bedroom, one-bath is about 1,200. So then why do I live in a hotel? It's the same reason why so many other Americans live in a hotel. The 1,500 a month is still less than the 5,000 to 7,000 you would need to secure an apartment. That sounds like a lot, but every landlord requires first month's rent, last month's rent, plus a security deposit that you won't get back. Never once have I gotten a security deposit back. One time, I paid for cleaners, paid money out of pocket. They came and cleaned, and I still didn't get the deposit back. So it's essentially an extra month's worth of rent to prove that you lived there.

Okay, so I want to go rent a two-bedroom apartment for what I'm already paying to live in the literal cheapest weekly-rate motel in this city. I'm gonna need at least 4,500 to do that. But that's not all you need, because utilities, you have to pay to get utilities cut on, you have to pay to have them install Wi-Fi, you have to pay to have them come out and cut the lights on. So let's throw another 500 on top of that 4,500, and now you're at a clean five grand to have housing. And all of this, of course, predicated on your credit score matching the minimum and on you having no evictions on your record.



A real room from a real motel in my city, as listed on Craigslist.

You see, I've been staying at this hotel for about eight months, and I have never missed a payment. 'Cause if I miss a payment, I would be homeless. There's no "okay, we'll give you three days to get your stuff out." There's no 72-hour notice. It's: you haven't paid for the day, you have to leave. But eight months of 380 being paid consistently, that shows reliability. That shows money management. And yet, it reflects nothing nowhere. You could live in a hotel for a year, pay every week, on time, and it does absolutely nothing for your standing to change your credit score. That same credit score that may very well be denying you housing. That same credit score that is supposedly supposed to show whether you are a trustworthy person or not. That's why the landlords use it: "I'll only rent to someone with a 650 or higher."

But you have to have housing. You have to have somewhere to sleep, somewhere to shit, somewhere to shower, somewhere to put your belongings, somewhere to exist. And what other options are there? Like, let's be honest. You have the shelter system, which is underfunded, has strict requirements, and is only supposed to be temporary. And what else do you have? Maybe you could find a roommate on Facebook, but what if it's you and two kids? What if you have a dog? What if you have PTSD? What if you have, you know what I'm saying? And even then, you're trading privacy, you're trading resources, because here's the thing with the hotels: a lot of times, they're positioned closer than you would think to work. The hotel exists in the commercial district. The motel was built behind the Walmart. You work at the Walmart.

The room on Facebook is 10 miles away from work. And you don't have a car because if you did, you'd be living in it. That's one of the other alternatives.

Even the roommate situation is predicated on your market material conditions. Can you find a roommate? Can you find a room? Maybe you're using something like PadSplit. But PadSplit doesn't let you have overnight guests. And maybe that complicates things because you get custody on the weekends. I mean, there's a certain level of dignity that does come with living in a motel that you don't get living in your car or living in a suburban house that someone bought and then turned into a six-person dormitory. Because that's what a lot of these cheap rooms are. I've seen rooms and looked at rooms where it's not even a room. It's a curtain that they put up in the dining room so they could fit just one more person in this home to maximize their profits. And you've got to pass a credit check for this shit too.

And yes, some of the people who live in motels are drug addicts. Some of the people who live in regular-ass houses are drug addicts. We often point to addiction and mental illness as the reason for people's inability to accelerate out of their environments. But remember, 380 a week for a room is no small amount of money to come up with. I'm not a drug addict. I work full-time and I pay my rent like any other God-fearing American. But because wages are low and because the rent is so expensive, the cycle keeps you in place. Because that's the other thing: how do you save up the four, five, maybe even six grand you need to get a vehicle to live in or to get an apartment to live in if every cent you earn outside of maybe 20 or 30 is going directly to a landlord? And for some people it's even worse. Some people get stuck in a cycle where they're paying the daily rate, where your only goal for that day is to make the 87 you need to have a house, to have a shelter, to be able to take a shower, to have dignity.

Let's think about this materially. The hotel poverty issue is only going to continue to accelerate as more people find themselves evicted due to job loss, due to being laid off, due to market downturns. That's what happened to me. I lost my job, having been replaced by AI, and for the first three months, I lived off of savings. For the next three months, I sold everything I had and lived off of that. And then you find yourself in an empty room with everything you've worked for gone, and the rent still due. The landlord never stops extracting. You could sell everything you own and give all of that money to the landlord, and he will feel nothing when he serves you the 72-hour notice on your door to get the fuck out. The only good thing about that scenario is that you'll have a lot less stuff to fit in your motel room.

The solution to this problem is, quite frankly, simpler than you think. In my city, there are about four to five hotels that are clustered within a low-income area. And these hotels have all the trappings of the type of hotel that you would imagine. I don't even like calling them hotels. They are motels in the truest sense. And so these motels end up being blights. They're not blights because of the people who live there. They're blights because the people who live there live in structurally oppressive conditions. Because if you've been paying every red cent you can get, well, you're not going to Six Flags. You're just going to buy a fucking couple of tall boys and sit outside and drink. It's just the nature of being in poverty. Your leisure time comes differently than everyone else.



So what should be done about these blight motels? The city should seize them with eminent domain. If you've been staying there, keep your room. The city should turn the motels into transitional housing. The rates should be lowered. The people who live there should be given an opportunity to uplift themselves. If you were paying 380 a month, and then the city suddenly comes in and seizes the ownership, and then the rates get reduced down from 1,500 a month to a much more manageable 1,000, maybe even 800, paying 200 a week, well, now you've got a chance to uplift yourself. Now, almost half the money you were sending to the landlord can get put into savings. And maybe even a savings that you've worked with the city to get set up. Because a lot of these people don't have banks. Everything's done in cash. They might not even have identification. They're missing documents. It's poverty life. So the city should come in and have the programs available to the people who need them after seizing through eminent domain.

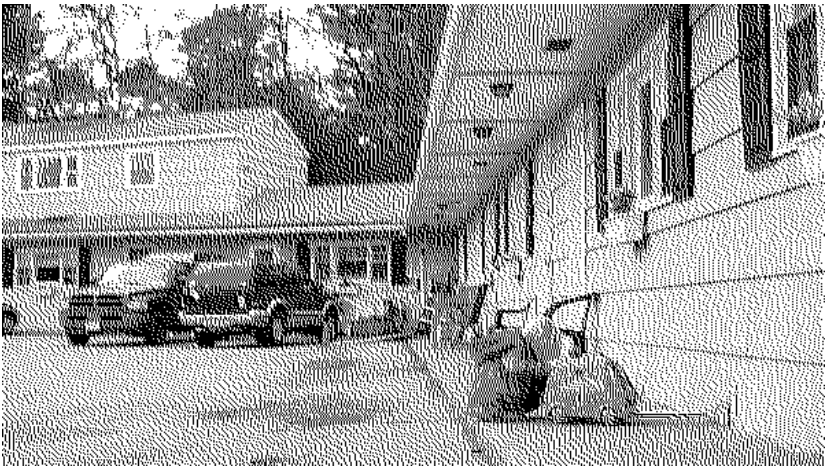
When you look at the structural layout of a motel, you couldn't have a kitchen in every room, but you could have a community kitchen. You couldn't have everyone hav-

ing their own private yard, but you could build a basketball court right on the property. Converting these hotels, motels, structurally; they are motels, laid out like motels, doors opening outside, but some of them have different layouts that are more akin to a hotel. The one I stay in, the doors open into the inside, but the inside is basically accessible from the outside. It's an inn. But regardless, the layout of the motel is conducive towards people socializing, people gathering in the lobby, people hanging out around outside.

And right now, because the police have quotas, police are looking for easy licks to meet those quotas. So right now, if you stand around outside of the motel room you are paying for, there's a pretty good chance you'll have to do the walk. They can arrest you for anything, even if they don't have probable cause. All it takes is to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. You pay more than what most people pay in rent, and yet you are treated like you're already a criminal for doing so. Some of the nicest apartments in this city for a one-bedroom are less than what I pay a month, and I could guarantee you that those people are allowed to walk outside of their home, smoke a cigarette, talk to somebody, without having to worry about the police putting them in cuffs, patting them down, and asking them why they're staying at their home. And that's intentional. Because the hotel, motel, inn setting is effectively a transitional space between incarceration.

I've been living here for eight months. The number of times I've spoken to someone who had been staying here for only a week, or two weeks, or three weeks: "Yeah, I just got out of prison. I just got released from jail. I was in jail for six months. I have nowhere to go. I'm staying here until I can figure something out." Or: "I was in prison. I have nowhere to go. I'm staying here until I can figure something out." It's a transitional space. It's one of the reasons why it's so heavily policed.

The motel, hotel, inn industrial complex is intentionally designed to discipline members of the reserve army of labor. Because, how do you fucking get 80 a day? You're doing odd jobs, you're getting paid in cash. "Yeah, I go hold the sign up outside in the heat, and I spin it around, and they pay me enough to fucking have two beers after work and a place to sleep. Yeah, I lay drywall. Yeah, I'm working McDonald's and Burger King." People who are in the bottom tier of the permanent underclass.



And then some of those people go, "Oh, well, everyone around me is an addict because I live in poverty, and I need to make an extra 200 this week to pay rent." And next thing you know, you're bagging up the zip into nickels to flip. And then, while you're flipping those nicks, the police, who are basically watching you 24 hours a day because you live in poverty, roll up, and next thing you know, the transitional state of the motel transitions you to being controlled by the state. And the landlord don't care; he just wants his money. The landlord don't give a fuck. The landlord goes out of his way to not know or care about what is happening with the people who are staying there, because that's business. That's capitalism.

There was a woman here recently. She's a homeless woman with two kids. And she decided to check into this motel because she was about to give birth. She's nine months pregnant, had a C-section already scheduled. And she's paying by the day. Not only do I live here, I also work here. And I watched this woman, nine months pregnant, sort through the change in her purse because she was ten dollars short on the day. You just gotta sit with that in those moments. There was nothing I could have done aside from maybe paying the difference out of my own pocket. And it is, at the end of the day, a business. It, like everything else in this country, is designed to make money at the expense of people. And if it did not make money at the expense of people, it would not exist. There would be another person doing it. That's why I don't see the capitalist as a moral position; I see it as a structural one.

People live in motels for all types of reasons, but the fundamental reason why they live in motels is because capitalism, especially American capitalism, has to maintain

dire circumstances of poverty for a portion of the working population to discipline the rest of the population. You better lock in and work that extra day this week, because you don't want to be nine months pregnant, sorting through the purse, looking for a few quarters of hope. Many on the left will say that the college campus, the university grounds, are our best place to organize from and recruit within. But I know, based on the fact that there is a flyer in the hotel lobby right now that says "DSA Food Share, every Wednesday," that there are other places we can be organizing in.

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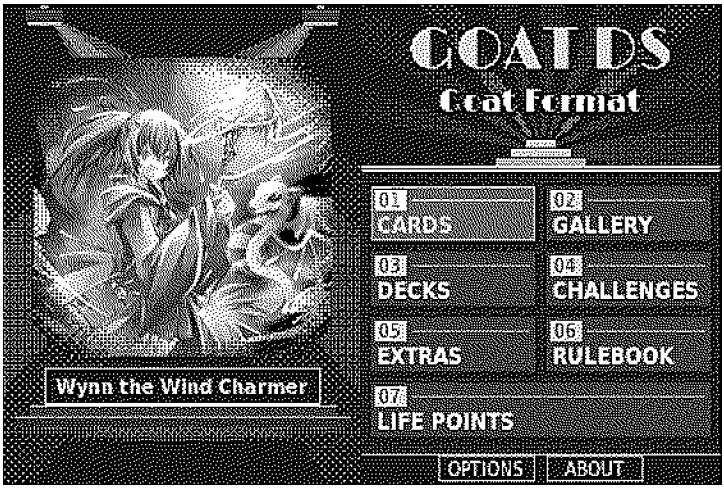
NEW! Goat DS – Goat Format Yu-Gi-Oh! Companion for Nintendo DS (and 3DS)

Read it online

By Staff
October 13, 2026

Put some goated steez on your Nintendo DS with GOAT-DS, everything you need to play Goat Format Yu-Gi-Oh! and then some, right in the palm of your hand.

Introducing Goat-DS: Goat Format Companion, a complete offline Yu-Gi-Oh! Goat Format companion for Nintendo DS and DSi. Also runs on Nintendo 3DS via backwards compatibility.



Includes the full Goat card pool with art, every goatformat.com ruling, the rulebook, banlist, deck builder, collection and trade binder, pack opening, drafting, life point tracker, challenges, gallery, and extras. Everything runs on the DS. No internet required. Local wireless is used for mixing duelist records.

Get it on itch.io

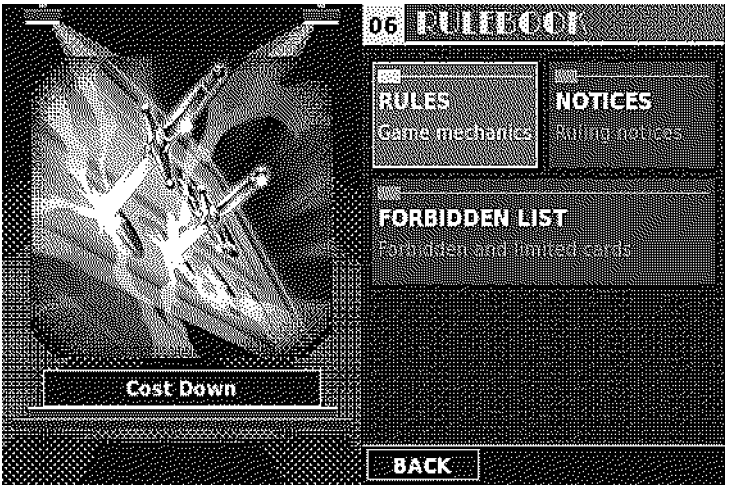
Goat DS - Goat Format Yu-Gi-Oh! Companion by houdini-magazine

Features



Cards & Rulings

- 1,695 Goat-legal cards, 1,772 artworks including alternates
- 4,268 rulings from goatformat.com, linked card to card
- Search and filter by name, effect text, class, attribute, type, Level, ATK, DEF, owned, favorites, recently viewed
- Card pages with errata, rulings, alternate art, favorites, owned copies, and wants list
- Collection and trade binder: owned, wants, trades, printings, CSV export, track your real card collection



Rules & Banlist

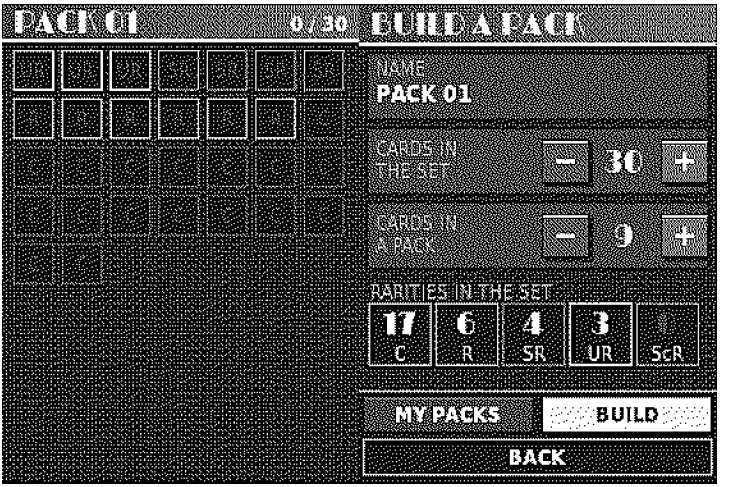
- Basic Mechanics and Write Ups, The Battle Phase, and 25 Rule Articles
- Complete searchable rulings database for every card
- Forbidden, Limited, and Semi-Limited lists



Decks

- Fully featured Deck builder with Goat Format checks
- Test hands and playtest
- Six tournament decks included, plus structure decks and drafts

- Compare decks side by side
- Share decks locally between DS consoles
- QR `ydke://` export as well as local wireless deck sharing



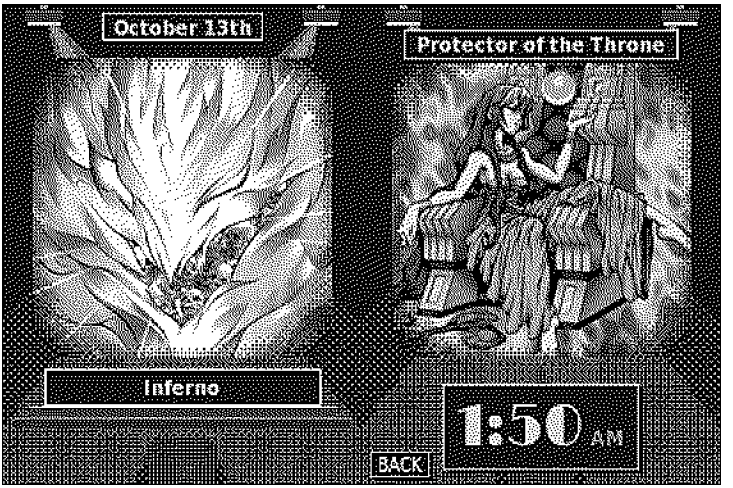
Packs & Drafting

- Open 25 Goat-era sets with retail odds
- Custom pack builder
- Draft up to 24 packs and build from pulls



Life Points & Duelist Card

- Two-player life point tracker with log, undo, and match score
- Duelist Card profile, match archive, and local mix records



Gallery

- Scrolling art grid, art slideshows, customizable albums
- Desktop clock mode



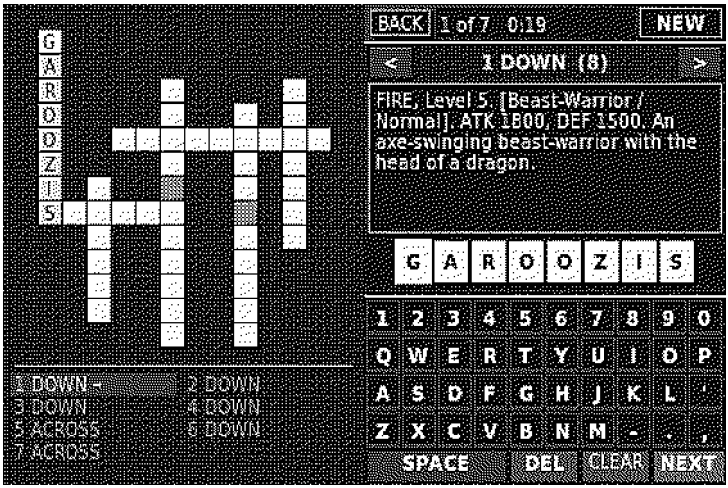
Bracket Creator

- Create tournaments of up to 64 players
- Supports Swiss, Round Robin, Double Elimination



Challenges

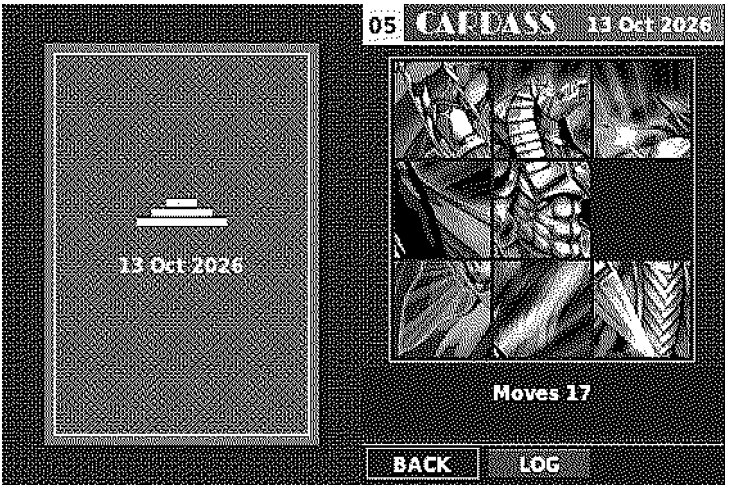
- 40 Temple of Ra challenges
- 29 deck build challenges



Extras

- Cardass Machine daily card art sliding puzzle
- Fortune Cookies
- Skill Cards house rule
- Guess the Card Mini game with 3 game modes

- Black Jack Minigame
- Card Crossword Generator with 3 difficulty levels



Requires

- Nintendo DS, DS Lite, or DSi
- TWiLight Menu++ or a flashcart
- SD card; saves go to `/data/GOATDS`

All card rulings and rulebook text taken from goatformat.com. Support the community, join the Patreon, head over to the Discord to play in the Friday tournaments and get your game on!

Built with BlocksDS

GALLERY: 2000s Dykes on Flickr

Read it online

By Roach
October 15, 2026

Roach returns with another sapphic article. This time, she sets her sights on a treasure trove of mid-2000s dyke photos, found deep in the trenches of Flickr.

Introduction

Until a few weeks ago, I'd completely forgotten about Flickr, an image hosting service that I hadn't used since my 2012 high school photo-journalism class. I follow (too many) curated archive pages on Instagram and had seen a set of photos pulled from a long-abandoned Flickr account. I stared at the photos for a while, thinking how odd it is to have this intimate glimpse into a memory of someone you'll never meet.

Although faded from my personal memory, Flickr is still widely used and, as of 2024, still received 25 million new image uploads per day. Its intent is not to operate as a social media channel, with carefully selected and edited images, but instead as a dumping ground for any and all photos that need a home. I decided to make an account and click around for just a few minutes... which soon turned into many hours.

For any new resource, my first search term is always, "dyke." Followed by *lesbian, lezzie, lez, sapphic...* you get the idea. Typically this goes one of two ways: absolutely zero results or a concerning amount of *adult content*. I prepared myself for either disappointment and hit enter on my *"dyke"* search. I was immediately served better results than I could have imagined. The majority of photos catching my eye were from 2005-2009, and most users that I came across weren't professional photographers, just normal people sharing their personal photos. I started to pull these strangers' memories from the past and build my own galleries. I didn't make it far before I was pulled away to participate in real life again.

Digging Down Deeper

I knew that for my next photo-gathering session I would need to get serious. I sat on the living room floor with my laptop, surrounded by the essentials: bong, snacks, a cat, some bosses playing in the background. I went back to the photos I had initially saved and started digging through the history of those users. Scrolling through years of life, watching them move into new apartments, take road trips, get too drunk at parties, and fall in and out of love.

Now that I've completed a full shift as *Dyke Flickr Researcher of the Week*, I'm ready to present my Dyke Gallery. I've included a special selection of photos for viewing here, and there are currently over 100 additional photos in the gallery. I plan to continue my research periodically, adding more photos I dig up from Obama-era lesbian life.

I'm already cooking up another collection to share, so keep an eye out for that soon. :) Also – I found the search tips in this video from vividcereal to be helpful, especially if you're looking to source design materials from Flickr.

DISCLAIMER: I wrote the captions below each photo in this gallery unless otherwise noted. They are meant to be silly, so please don't assume I'm maliciously assuming labels or anything like that.

Mini-Gallery

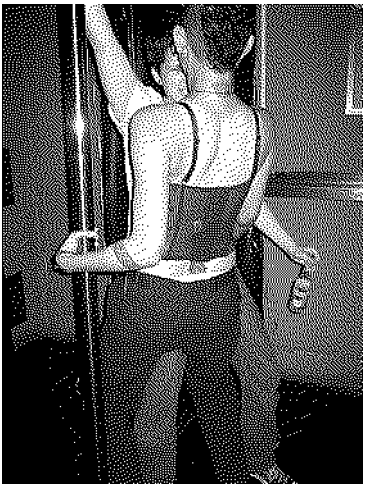
Genuinely no one was safe from the t-shirt alteration mass hysteria of this era.



I don't think there's anything I can say here that the photo isn't already saying itself.



Different day and different fits, but some of the same dykes from the previous photo.



Couldn't possibly have created a collection like this without some goth representation.



This one made me and my wife laugh out loud. Also I forgot about the seatbelt buckle bags omfg!!



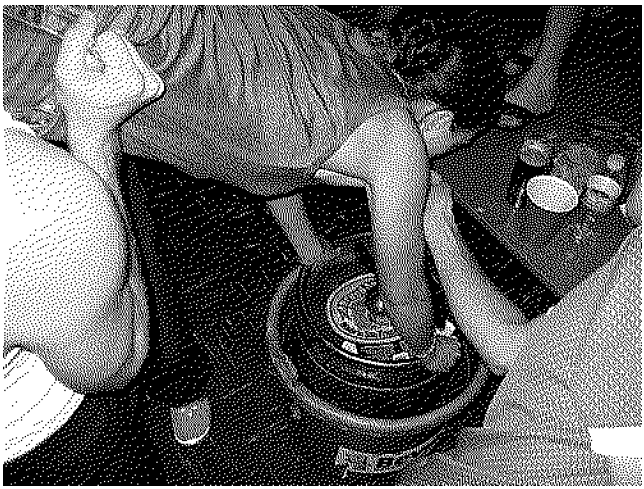
I want to be her when I grow up.



Another dyke on a yellow bike.

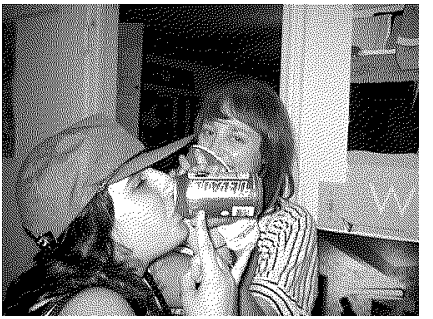


A wedding you might actually want to attend? Keg stand by the bride, Doritos, dress code of jeans and sneakers, event held at the youth hostel.

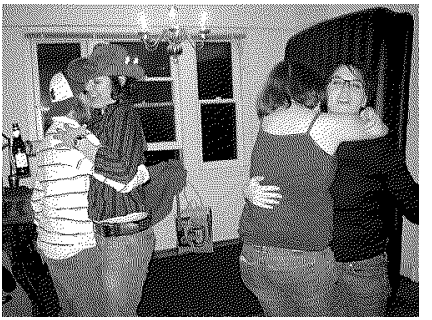


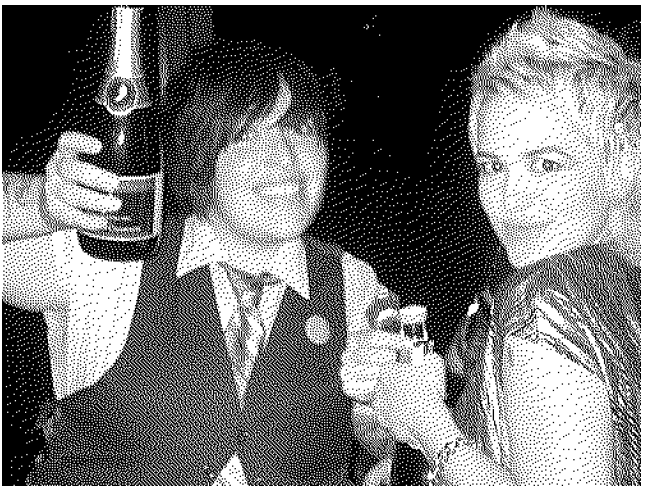
Many things to notice here: Sharpie tramp stamp, puppy Christmas popcorn tin, ruched (this is the correct spelling I double-checked) cropped t-shirt material cardigan.






MICHIGAN





View the full gallery here 1!



1 Link

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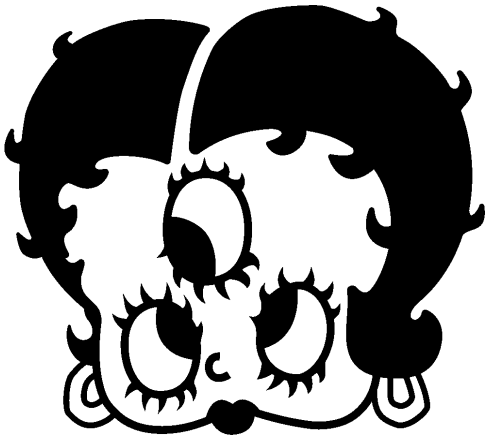
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