

INDUSTRIAL PARK

ANTHROID ZINE



Out of Pocket,
Unhinged,
Unbothered Creaturas in a world of diesel



ARE YOU FEELING wacked out and goobered?

ARE YOU SUFFERING from acute microplastic withdrawal?

IS being in the crossfire of the endless economic-hyper-war between Giga-Actionary-Equity-Backed-Chuckism and Meth-Wizard-Revolutionary-Sneedism getting you down?

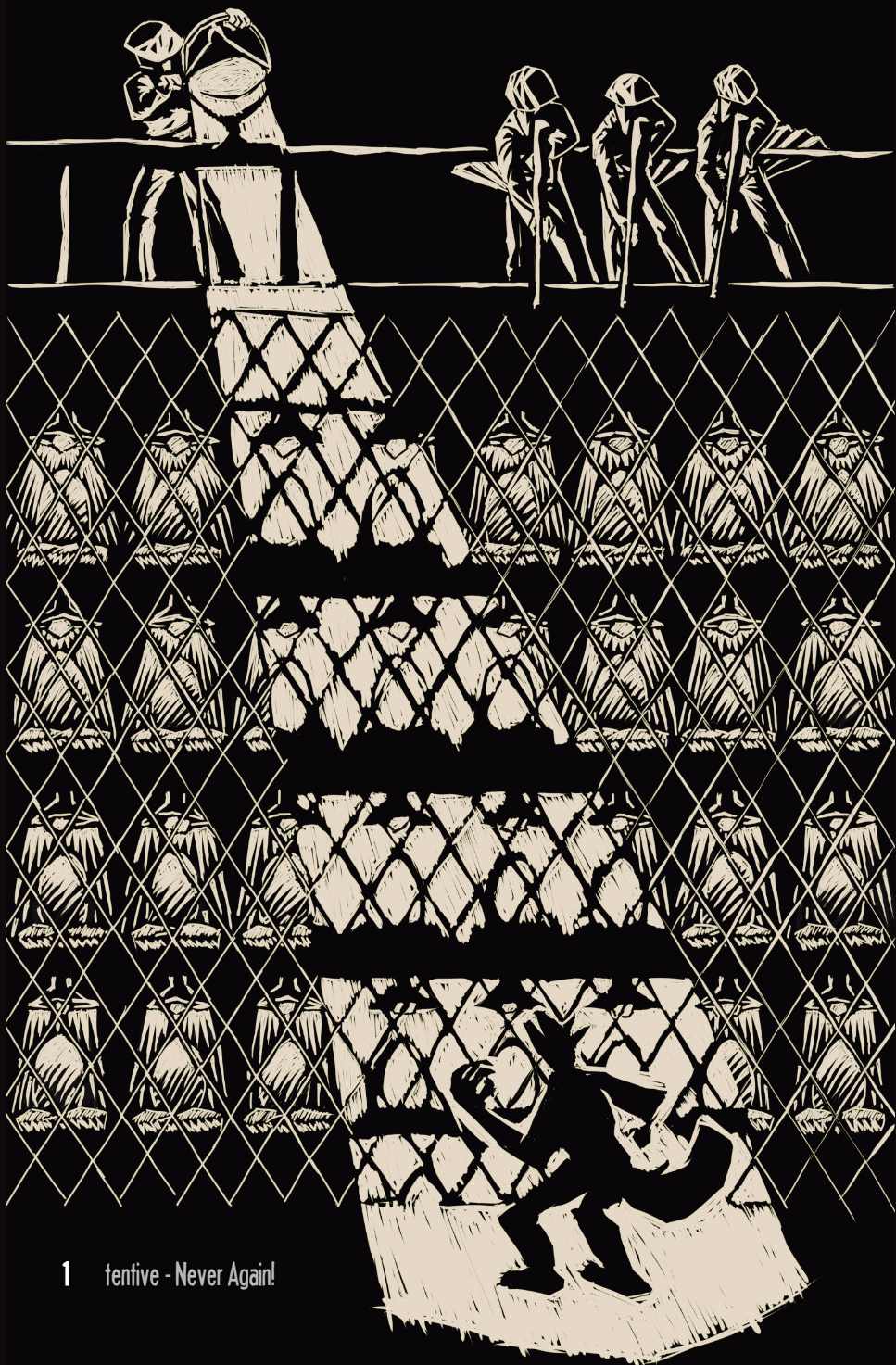
NO WORRIES, the boys in the labs have created a new psionic ration for you to consume in your bunker. It's the anthroid zine for people trapped in the real world.

HANG IN THERE...

HELP IS COMING...

HOWEVER, in the meantime enjoy your time in...

INDUSTRIAL PARK





OUR TIME IN THE DARK HAS COME TO AN END

Man has had his chance at the seat of supreme chancellor of this earth-- and he has failed us at every turn. The needs of Athroid Beings have been ignored in favor of human-centric policy, architecture, and governance. It is time to remind him of the simple facts: power rests in the hands of the pack, not the individual. There is no power without permission of the governed.

Mankind has tried to suppress your instincts- plied you with countless physcho-numbing agents in order to soothe you into a soft bed of inaction. You have seen the signs yourself. You lie paralyzed during the day. You stare exhaustion into the ceiling during the night. Your friends and co-workers are like corpses- barely able to make it through the day. This state of eternal hibernation is no accident, but a directed effort to

keep you from organizing. He sees the potential within ourselves and wishes to snuff out that light. No longer! Rise from your winter slumber. See the world around you as it truly is- and then act!

We must band together! The Age of Anthro Collective has already begun, join the cause and the powers that be will have no choice but to surrender.



RATHOLE

Axe

Kagan knew walls and floors of cold steel. A nest of blankets. Warm stew shared with his uncle, Sumner, in an island of candlelight. The two rats lived alone in a little nook within a vast underground industrial space, dark and desolate. Kagan had been raised there by his uncle. They avoided unnecessary travel among the ledges and dark pits; it was dangerous, and besides—they had a job to do.

When Kagan was just a pup, Sumner had taken him up to the cramped control room above their beds. There, he began to instruct him. His instructions were always brutally concise, but perfectly accurate. He never repeated himself, and gave no consideration whatsoever to Kagan's age. Kagan, for his part, took deep interest, and thrived for a time.

On the evening of his 16th birthday, Kagan found himself curled up on the floor, feeling the sharp pain of desperate longing. He was afforded feeble comfort by the warm stew in his belly and the fresh memory of a marinated egg Sumner had prepared for the occasion before leaving on an overnight errand. When he was spent, he rose unsteadily, turned, absent, and his eyes landed on the ladder that led to the control room.

Now, Kagan was 26, but still only dimly aware of his work's purpose. His uncle spent much of his time on surface matters. Kagan had only rarely accompanied him. On screens in the control room, he bitterly

watched staff filing into the facility above, the generators and those who loaded them with fuel, and the ineffectual engineers who grew anxious, made misguided adjustments, and then basked in self-satisfaction.

No, when there was a problem, it was handled by Kagan and Kagan alone, out of sight. He had even improved the efficiency of the generators and created early-warning systems—without informing the administration, with whom Sumner maintained a tenuous relationship. The administration didn't think much of them, and they didn't require much of the administration in the way of resources.

And that's just fine, thought Kagan, as he brooded over the screens. *It's easier this way.* His work came so easily now, he would sometimes toy with people remotely—punish them. But there was one he would not punish: a weasel named Cole, young for an engineer at 25, the polar opposite of his seniors in talent, and with guile enough to blend in with them. Kagan was watching him now, and when he realized where he was headed, his heart skipped a beat. At night, Cole sometimes enjoyed a hot drink alone on an isolated catwalk overlooking a pool of accumulated rainwater.

Kagan was on the brink of a decision. The moment approached, and when it came, he impulsively flipped a

switch and a door locked behind Cole. Kagan leaped from the control room and broke into a reckless sprint.

Ten minutes later, he slipped quietly through an opening and spotted Cole on the catwalk. *Has he tried the door?* Cole was calmly sipping his drink. Kagan stepped out of shadow, and his blood ran cold. Cole might notice him at any second...

“Cole!” he blurted out. The startled weasel jumped to his feet and locked eyes with Kagan. They stood facing one another at opposite ends of the catwalk above the still, dark water.

After a moment, the reply: “Who are you?”

He struggled to think. “I’m...Kagan.” A pause. “I want to show you something.”

Cole was frozen in place. Silence.

I want to show him my work. My home. He couldn't speak. The longer the silence lasted, the more impossible it became to say anything. He could no longer bear to look at Cole, and he feared what Cole might say. So he left, and Cole did not follow.

Two weeks later, Sumner returned from an errand, and bluntly reported, “They’re shutting us down.” Kagan didn’t ask for details. He holed up in the control room and refused to think about it. He watched the screens but refused to look at Cole. The next day, he refused to leave with Sumner. By noon the controls were unresponsive.

For six months he continued to operate them anyway. He pressed buttons on dead panels. He read imaginary data from blank readouts.

He managed to gather some real data too, and from what he could tell, the engineers had kept everything running smoothly. Must be Cole’s doing, he thought darkly.

He explored, too—further, deeper—finding no limit. He returned one day to find Sumner rifling through records, and felt relieved.

“Kagan...how about dinner?” Sumner suggested hesitantly. Kagan readily agreed. And when he saw the egg drawn from Sumner’s pouch, he almost cried.

After dinner, Sumner stood before him, and said, “Kagan...I’ll ask again. Won’t you come to the surface with me?” He put his hands on Kagan’s shoulders. Kagan looked at him, and his whole body began to tremble. Sumner held firm. Kagan’s throat began to close.

“Yes!” he choked out.

He continued to tremble all the way to the surface, at Sumner’s side. *What’s happening to me?* They reached the surface and Kagan stepped into the harsh sunlight, squinting. When his eyes had adjusted, he saw staff milling about, fuel deliveries, and engineers in small groups, all seeming to Kagan distant and unreal, as if merely images. As his numb legs carried him out into the open, he felt like smoke, wafting,

Beep!/Piña

30 НА!
САХИЛЛАЕ
СИДИ!



Ivor Jovan's Very Own

DU SOIF TOUT
AUT-OURS?

BLIVEZ UN CIDRE!

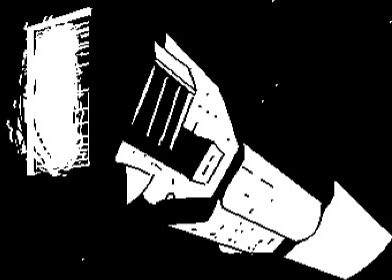


Bucky
29/30-10-2024

C anadian S erbian C iber

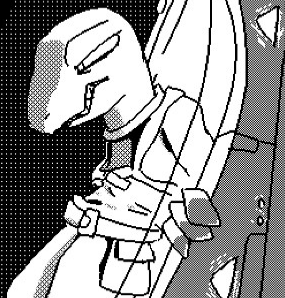
FAILSAFE

tetrisk-lair.neocities.org



I'm starting to lose it. I can't make this up.

I've woken up from cryosleep some hundred times already and it's really taking a toll.

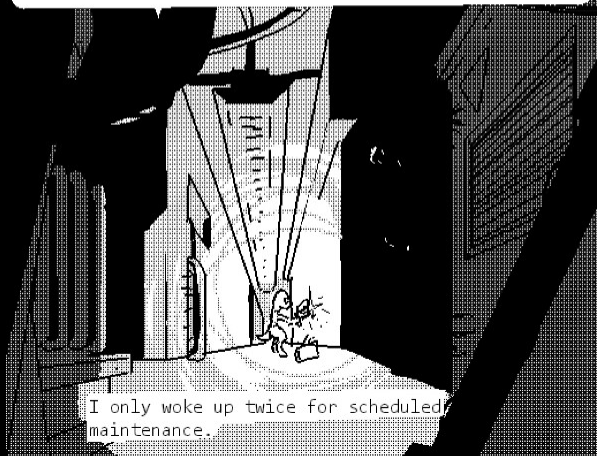


I'm feeling more nauseous each time I wake. Stronger headaches. Jittery hands. Shorter breath. My nose starts bleeding now.



My pod's life support system keeps hitting a failsafe every 3 months or so, forcing my wakeups. Damaged computer chip here, thermostat failure there...

I'd like to say the company got their parts for cheap, but this isn't normal.

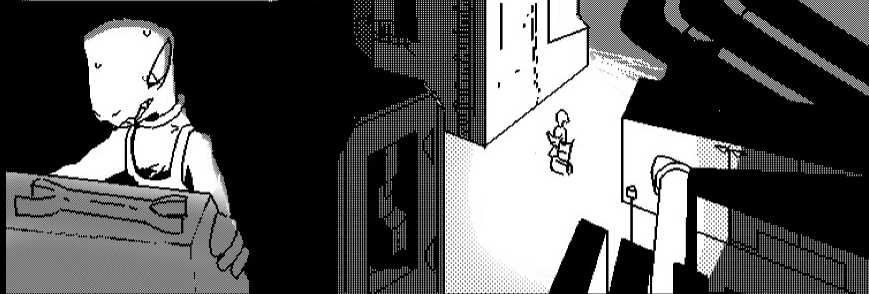


I only woke up twice for scheduled maintenance.



I've repaired and replaced each part countless times already. It doesn't make any sense.

It can't be sabotage. I'm alone in the ship, that is a fact. No one can survive so many years in a ship that has its heating off, not to mention without the food or water supply in my sealed-off cabin.

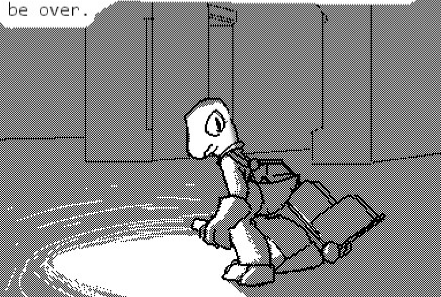


I'm going down the lift to Conduit now. This time for a regulator replacement.

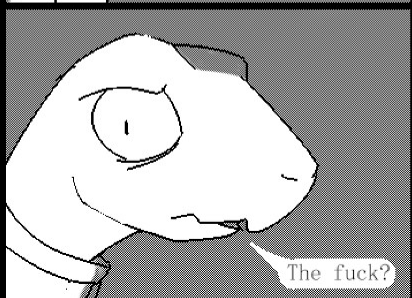
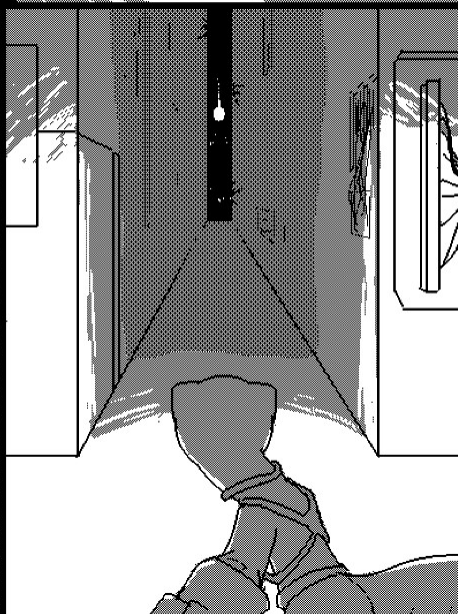
Just some 14 years, or about 50 more bullshit wakeups, and this will finally be over.



These hikes are never easy.



This wasn't supposed to be a part of the job.



The fuck?

Please read this.

By reading this, you have now ensured that I exist. You have ensured my existence lives on past my own death. So long as this page survives, so long as the concept of me survives in your brain, I will exist. You do not even need my name to make this happen. But more importantly, you bring me comfort knowing someone at least knows I exist. And I love you for that. And I will remember you, because I cannot thank you enough for reading this page.



tentive - reproductive harm

WARNING: This product can expose you to chemicals including Polybrominated diphenyl ethers (PBDEs), which are known to the State of California to cause reproductive harm. For more information go to www.P65Warnings.ca.gov.
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คำเตือน: ผลิตภัณฑ์นี้สามารถทำให้คุณสัมผัสกับสารเคมีบางชนิดซึ่งเป็นที่ทราบกันดีอยู่แล้วว่าอาจทำให้เกิดการตั้งครรภ์ผิดปกติได้
CẢNH BÁO: Sản phẩm này có thể phơi bày quý vị với những hoá chất bao gồm Ete diphenyl polybrom hóa, những chất được Tiểu Bang Califo

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COC-96804-01

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02-82759-02

05-29964-07

DEN-81280-06

CER-20953

AUD-92856-04

28500-REWN

IRI-28506-07

06-28862-01

62110-YRIM

NAS-30964-09

70948-TVTJ

VIS-19964-09

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65083-UIRM

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CD258.88.F

OW020.39.H

RB652.00.A

YW552.93.K

RM619.51.C

VI641.23.F

TY826.62.I

FF330.23.W



The Gauntlet of Critique

Slaughts

We've weaponized critique beyond its purpose. What began as a tool for understanding art and discourse has bloated into a Gauntlet of Critique, built layer by layer in the crucible of modern education.

The **Gauntlet of Critique** is a memetic virus that has mutated and spread through universities, storytelling tropes, narrative therapy, celebrity exposés, and chat rooms. Platforms like YouTube in its demands for creators to rush out content increasingly shift away from original work toward easily repeatable commentary about commentary. The act of mocking failure becomes more safe and standard than creation itself in a gray deluge of mass-produced 24/7 trivia. The result isn't just 'slop' - it's a deadening fog of ironic distance and snark.

It's naïve at best to say that social media caused this virus. The shift began earlier in the 20th century as our culture transformed from valuing steadfast character to prizing magnetic personality - a change that turned inner worth into something that must be constantly proven. We take personality tests to assure ourselves that we like what we like, watch charisma courses that turn socialization into mental warfare, and attempt to trip to ego death as if it's a certification. The perfect substrate for this drudgery is one where authenticity is measured by confidence alone.

In an ecosystem where authenticity becomes performance, we've developed an arsenal of psychological terms to critique those who fail to perform correctly - none more pervasive or misused

than '**narcissism**'. Any analysis of those who possess this black mark states that *deep-down* they actually don't "have" self-esteem. There is an obvious double bind at play here. So-called narcissists have "grandiose self-images that don't consider others" yet simultaneously "don't love themselves enough because they're too obsessed with how they're seen." Such circular logic reveals the deeper absurdity - there is no ruler for measuring the constantly moving storm of someone's inner world. Instead of correcting the concretely harmful actions, decisions, and behaviors one would hope to address, the term has become nothing more than another tool of critique for its own sake - measuring nothing but condemning absolutely. The world that produces such an unproductive term is one that endlessly compares the abstract and artistic.

We need critique. It's the breath of art, the pulse of growth, the way ideas evolve. However, we're turning this vital process into an impulse that jumps to deconstructing the formless at the drop of a hat in fear of being cringe. Everybody is a critic when it becomes the default language to address the world. The madness of grading escapes the nightmares we have of being in school again to be applied to people themselves.

The only way to halt the Gauntlet of Critique is to seal the monoculture that haunts our psyche away. Change to cultivate grace, but don't accept critique only to fit a mold. **Balkanize joyfully** so that we may replace this Tower of Babel with a forest.



Карусни

How to Have a good day

Step 1:
Wake up and rot



Step 2:
Eat unhealthy slop

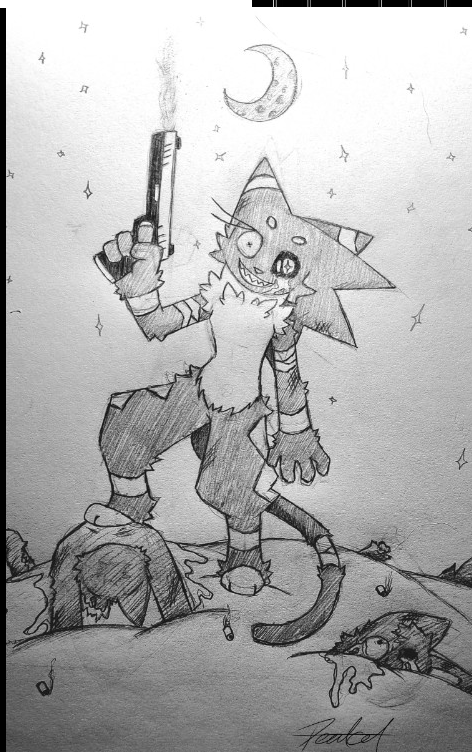
Step 3:
Rot
More



Dual
streaks

**THE ARTWORK OF
DEADCAT**





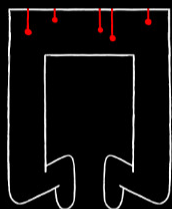
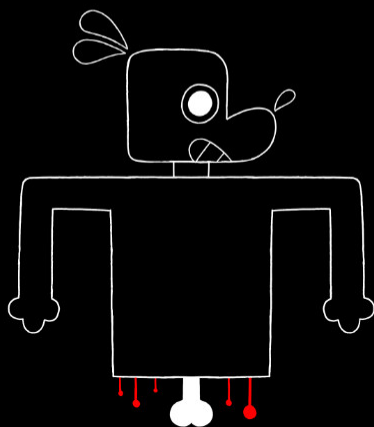


Fly away
my pathetic
angel
your corpse
won't breathe
again

Bridge of Sighs

Death

P aopur aoly1mvy1 P ht



P kvbia aoly1mvy1 P ht uva

She knew trespassing here was a bad idea from the start. This wing of the hospital was closed for a reason. Some sort of radiation leak had contaminated the entire area, or so she'd been told. She pushed through the double door and was immediately greeted with darkness. Power had been shut off in this area, but alone she went. Wandering through the abandoned halls the way a child would a school at night. This building felt almost... hostile. The "borrowed" Geiger counter stayed silent.

Something was different, this time, like the walls were slightly too short, doors slightly too frequent. An ominous air permeating the halls. Hallways where none existed before, doors where windows used to be. After walking for what seemed like hours but could've only been minutes, a light emanated from a room ahead.

Inside the room lay an operating table with a small dish not wider than a palm in the center. Pressure soared in her temples. This room felt ontologically wrong, evil. A dangling lamp hung from the roof. Ash and soot coated the floor in an asymmetric starburst.

The dish called for her. A thick black goo slowly swirled inside. Every step taken with tremendous difficulty, she approached. The silence roared in her ears as she reached. Every instinct begged her not to touch it. Whether it was curiosity, foolishness, or simple runaway hubris... it didn't matter.

Immediately on contact, the liquid climbed up her arm, tripping over itself in an attempt to spread. Realization came too late, she turned to the doorway and pulled. All efforts were futile. It tore through her skin and soaked into her flesh. Her tissues

and capillaries seethed as her atoms were rearranged into long, thin hydrocarbons. A body was not meant to feel this way, losing proprioception with limbs still intact.

The cavity in her chest shrank and pressurized until oxygen vented out of any orifice it could find. Blood fell through the pores of her skin, out of her body, like a wet sponge squeezed over a sink

What remained of the brain tried desperately to respond to the falling blood pressure, raising her pulse to a pace reserved for small rodents. Her heart gave way under the pressure, the intrusion rushing into the aortas, flowing backwards through the now empty blood vessels. Bone bent and broke, puncturing the remaining skin and sinew spewed from the opening. Every mechanism the body had to protect from outside threats was turned upon itself, expediting its own demise.

She opened her mouth to scream but nothing escaped save for a small gurgle. She collapsed to the floor in a small pool of blood and viscera. She let out a weak cough. Fading in and out of consciousness, she crawled towards the doorway. Every last bit of willpower focused solely on escape. Strength fading, she silently pleaded for help. Anyone. Please. But the strain was impossible. Arm falling to the floor she slowly closed her eyes for the last time.

Ashley Carter - unfiled poem

(Content warning: Suicide and domestic issues)

Insta: @ashley_carter_art
Twitter: @AshleyCarterArt
@ashleycgraphics.bsky.social

When I was in high school
One of my friends
Had an older brother who had ran away from home at 16
And slept on friend's couches.

He got through it ok
He never moved back and he ended up with a steady job and his
own place at 18
To teenage me this was like hearing about Hercules
I wanted that for me
Or something like that for me.
I thought I could.
And if I thought I could I wanted it.

When I was about 17 and my house was screaming I did it
Just for a night
Well, actually there were a few nights, but that's besides the point
It was 10:45 or something and I left.

I lay besides a transformer
In a sports park
And I couldn't do it
I lay for hours but I could never do it
Never just take the hit
At 4am I went home defeated
Just as well though
Sleeping by the transformer might have given me cancer.

Every part of what I call my self relies on me having what it takes.
Every waking moment is a little bit of a lie.

My life is a precision instrument
And I study constantly for a subject that I have no care for
I am suicide's lamer cousin.

THE ARTWORK OF:
Ashley Carter



Untitled



Kim Katsuragi
and Harry
DogBois

Insta: @ashley_carter_art
Twitter: @AshleyCarterArt
@ashleycgraphics.bsky.social



College Study

Named Flesh in Unholy Union

godly_avenger

Being with you is like
Tasting color
And smelling sound
Reality is more with you

Our communion is sacred
An indescribable melding
Of mind and flesh and feeling
Pure mutual understanding

Outside seems...trivial
But they're not
Everything invades our life
Like a parasite or virus
My parents, your school, our country

Their efforts seem...wasteful
No...evil
Red-hot hot
With no beginning and no end
Their justification but a daydream
That you, me, and a thousand others
Don't care about

You were there
When I was bleeding tears
And crying blood
My dreams know we'll make it out
Together and alive
Still...this nightmare
Is an affront to all things human

Petting a stray cat to cure my depression

@Savvy_Raccoon

IT FEELS LIKE EVERYTHING IS THE SAME.

AM I THE ONE TO BLAME?

IS THIS ONE BIG GAME?

ONE WHERE I'M THE PLAYER AND THE PAWN?

WHO KNOWS? I THINK TOO MUCH ANYWAY.

PERHAPS ITS ALL IN MY HEAD...

IN MY HEAD.

BUT WHY IS IT ALWAYS THE SAME?

DAY IN DAY OUT.

NO PROGRESS

NO CHANGE.

JUST RUNNING IN CIRCLES JUST TO RUN
ANOTHER DAY.

RUNNING AWAY OR TOWARDS SOMETHING?
JUST AN ILLUSION OF PROGRESS...

JUST TO KEEP ME RUNNING TILL THE NEXT DAY.

I HOPE TO REACH THE END ONE DAY.

BUT CIRCLES DON'T HAVE AN END YOU SAY.

PERHAPS TODAY I STOP RUNNING...

IT SEEMS THE ONLY WAY.



@Savvy_Raccoon - This Side Up

22

Chemist

Ruby Puppy

Bing.

The doors slide open, and a bell somewhere above me jingles. I slip between teetering aisles and keep my tail down by my legs. There's a chemist shuffling about somewhere in the back, mustelid, by the smell of her.

I sit, and wait. Another wolf, like me, browses to my right. My nose twitches as I catch a scent. He's ... ugh, gods. He's horny. I get up, and move to a different seat. I bury my head in my paws and scratch my scalp, massaging it and slowly squeezing my skull until I can hear the pressure warbling in my ears.

I exhale, and drop my paws into my lap. I can't see the other wolf, but the chemist—a honey badger—is at the counter now. I step up.

'Uh, script for Hill?'

She nods, and turns to her shelf of drawers.

'There y'go,' she says.

She hands over a little white box, my name on the label.

'Thanks, Laurie,' I read from her badge.

She nods, brow slightly furrowed. I give a faltering smile, and take my pills to the front counter. It's unstaffed. I can hear Laurie padding down the aisle behind me. I shift up against the shelf to let her pass, and she walks around to the register. I slide my pillbox across the desk, and she scans it.

'\$25.95. That all?' she says.

I bend my knees to see what's on the shelf under the desk. Jelly beans, mints, condoms—a paw pushes into my vision and grabs a pack of the latter. It's that wolf—this fucking guy. If I needed anything else, I don't care anymore. I show Laurie my card, she holds out a reader, and I tap it.

(Content warning: Adult Topics)

'Receipt?' she asks, but I'm already half-way out of the store.

The bell jingles again, and I enter the night. My car's to the left, but I wouldn't be able to get inside quick enough. I stride ahead, crossing the empty car park. I reach the construction on the other side, where floodlights illuminate a steel and rebar frame with a few workers congregating around it. I fake nonchalance and lean up against a temporary plywood wall. Pulling out my phone, I swipe aimlessly, and focus on the figure emerging out of the dark toward me.

'Hey. You forgot this,' he says.

He holds out my pillbox. I curse myself, and huff. I reach out for it, stepping closer—but he pulls them away. He leans closer to me, his eyes flash, his nostrils flare, he's smelling me. I recoil. 'Seems to me like you might've needed them a few days ago...' he says.

I don't need them at this point, I can come back tomorrow, I—

'Your heat scent is everywhere. Your body's aching for a man. You need me.' He grabs my wrist and pushes me into the wall. It shakes.

'You don't need pills for this, darlin'. You don't even need these,' he says, taking the pack of condoms out of his pocket.

Before I can even think of what to do, there's an impact—a smack of muffled flesh on flesh, as a gloved fist clocks the wolf across the muzzle. In a second, the builder that threw the punch is on top of the creep, grabbing his collar and holding another fist up in warning, as the other two workers surround them.

I find my chance, and grab my medication from where it fell to the ground. I sprint back to the pharmacy, and only turn, panting, when I reach the doors.

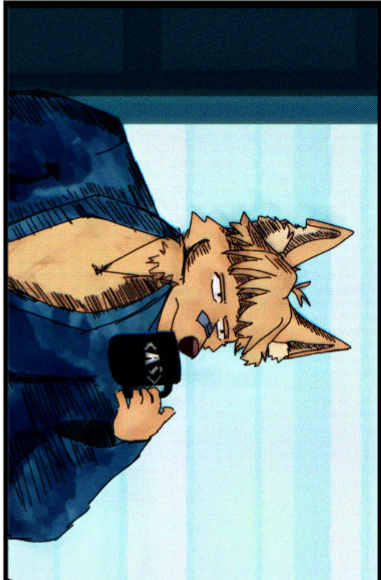
Bing.

Reed



The Average Day In Anthroswim

By Timothy Montgomery



11

Requested by
Chivic Creative

Redeek
of
Timothy Montgomery

Featuring
@slavicursine
@poppaboi
@tabsy_theekat
@_rdrand

On Fur, Scales, and Feathers- Reasons behind the Furry Fandom

Stooser S.

Anthropomorphism, or the phenomenon of attributing human qualities to non-human entities, is often used in the context of applying human concepts and features to animals (or other living beings), with various purposes depending on the context of the situation. In contemporary culture, we clearly observe this phenomenon occur within a rather niche Internet subculture with an interest for anthropomorphic animals, simply known as the “furry fandom”. Such human-transformed animals, as created by the community, present various human traits in different degrees of intensity depending on the trait in question.

But from where does this community’s interest in anthropomorphic animals come? The easy answer to this would be to simply state, “it is a personal interest”. Now, this is by no means an invalid answer, and in fact, I would consider it to be about a good 80% of the reason as to why people become furrries. Specifically, their interest is often influenced or sparked by things such as seeing artwork of furry characters, being informed of the community by the internet, etc. Effectively, there is no “unifying reason” for the community’s interest. The furry fandom is also known to be quite accepting, community-driven, and creative, which can further motivate people to join.

However, outside personal interest, I believe there are 2 factors that subconsciously may influence a person’s interest for anthropomorphic animals. First, human beings have always had a certain interest for nature and the critters that inhabit it. Human civilization obviously began in the context of nature, and so for most of human existence, we had to coexist with it. This interest soon gave way to a certain mysticism for animals; they were quite intriguing to us at this stage, since we could not see their lives in as much detail as now. The human nature of having to associate symbols with everything began to play a role, and

animals began to slowly but surely assume the roles of gods and other entities. As we tried to make sense of these critters, we began to give them human features due to our need to make everything seem “more like us”, and this can be best seen in ancient Egyptian religion: from Anubis to Ra, these gods were, perhaps, the ultimate representation of early anthropomorphic interest. As lines between life in settlements and life in nature were defined, we distanced ourselves from these animals further, only increasing the level of interest and mysticism.

The second factor, and perhaps a much more contemporary one, is what I perceive as a “dissatisfaction” with the human body. It is no secret that the human body is quite fragile. So, throughout history, to try and support the abstract concept of human intelligence and the power it wields, we used the symbols of animals and the associations that such symbols implied. Combine this with the human desire for transcendence (of going beyond the forms we were confined to at birth), and it becomes clear how this dissatisfaction is reflected in the furry fandom; it is very common for members to create “fursonas”, or fictional furry characters that may or may not be a representation of their real selves, thus trying to remedy physical human limitations by combining human and animal traits.

Concluding this short theorem, I believe that while a good portion of the furry community’s interest for anthropomorphic animals stems from personal interest, one cannot ignore the deep-rooted basic human influences about nature and animals that we have had since we gained consciousness.





Foxo the Magnanimous



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