



Animal MAGNETISM

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ANIMALS ONLY



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Over 400 Erotic
Furry Images by
More Than 35
of The Top
Anthropomorphic
Artists

Digital Impudendum proudly presents

ANIMAL MAGNETISM

an Erotic Furry Art Retrospective Containing the works
of:

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- ◆ Brian O'Connell ◆ Jack Cavanaugh ◆ Cataroo ◆
- ◆ Taral Wayne ◆ Robert Hill ◆ Diana Vick ◆
- ◆ Lisa Iennaco ◆ Jerry Collins ◆ Brian Harp ◆
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- ◆ Robert Guthrie ◆ Quicksilver ◆ Charles Davies ◆
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- ◆ Kjartan Arnorsson ◆ Mitch Beiro ◆ Jim Groat ◆
- ◆ Daphne Lage ◆ Jim Pigtain ◆ Lance Rund ◆
- ◆ Paul Defenbaugh ◆ Phil Morrissey ◆ Bill Fitts ◆
- ◆ Paul Simon (Wookiee) ◆ Tim O'Rourke ◆

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A Brief Dissertation on the Social Ramifications Brought Upon by the Dynamic Implementation of Anthropomorphic Art Into the Millieu of Eroticism.

— or —

•Gee, Ugg, Could You Make the Titties on that Mammoth A Little Bigger?

I have no difficulty picturing that ONE of those two previous statements was uttered untold millennia ago by something we might, in the wrong light, refer to as human. In some ways, Darwin would tell you it makes the whole concept of evolution a sublime form of kinkiness. And so it is.

What was being placed on those cave walls were images of an ‘alternative’ life-style, one where there’s enough to hunt and eat. It uses the artist’s imagination to impose a desired reality onto an uncaring block of stone for all to see. If anything else, it also puts the whole concept of the invention of ‘furriness’ as a property well outside the grasp of Walt Disney, the Brothers Grimm, and even the first scribbling of language.

The civilizations that emerged still recognized the power and symbolism in the animal form. They moulded their gods to take use of these shapes to explain the functions of the Universe and the whims of the spirits.

The artists of the Renaissance had no significant superiority over our aforementioned ancestors. Yet their creations - we’ll focus in on a certain ceiling of a certain chapel - served precisely the same purposes as the cave paintings. Now, instead of describing aspirations of meals to be, or of the powers of nature personified, we see a description of how they want the Universe to be. Eve is portrayed nude, shameless, and a perfect patsy for the Book of Genesis’s most famous con game.

Now instead of food, it’s sex that has been modified in perspective - with the new imposers the Church, and the

art representing it on the ceiling. But there’s a lot more than ceilings to be painted, and now the folk tales, songs, legends, and myths make their way in words and images, onto paper and into books... crossing barriers of language, distance and time with stories and scenes beyond the control of any but their creators. The vulgar media sets the type, less often in Latin, and gives a glimpse of the imagining of all the artists to all the world.

Perhaps the single most surprising observation is the commonality of the fantasies: Japanese *kitsuni* and Middle European werewolves, Malay snake-women and Mayan serpent-men, Norse berserkers and African leopard people - all of them serve as a halfway point between local tribe members, the only real ‘people’ and the animal kingdom which surrounds them.

In artwork, everything in the mind can be expressed. When these creatures are considered, it inevitably leads to the meeting point between man and beast. The taboos are shattered, and anything is possible. On cave walls, shamans dance among the elk, adding their tribe’s seed to the herd. On delicate Japanese folding books, fox-geishas seduce samurai, turning them into lowly peasants. In preserved sculpture, Pan copulates with a goat in the dust of Pompeii.

All these samples are from an age when animals were in direct contact with almost everyone, every day. Beasts were part of our life, our struggles, our labors, our fortunes and when we moved to the city, much of what was left behind was still impressed in memories and parables. The few animals surrounding us are the cherished pets, the tol-

erated exotic beasts shut into zoos, and vermin too evasive to destroy. Everything else comes in on supermarket styrofoam slabs, coat hangers, or the roadkill on commuter's tires.

The zoo is far too depressing a fate to contemplate, so our everyday wildlife eats and sells breakfast cereal, wears a hat and tie and steals picnic baskets when not reminding us to be careful with matches in 'their' forest. They speak to us from childhood stories and from the daily funnies. They have met the enemy, and he is us.

They have become our clowns, our salesmen, our mascots, and sometimes our consciences. They teach us the alphabet, display a world where even the laws of physics are alterable for the sake of a joke, and invite us to their magic kingdoms where all our dreams come true and all our major credit cards are accepted.

These characters are pressed onto us in print, film, TV, and somehow, it's assumed that all this can be swept aside with time. Like every other thing we would learn to feel and trust as children, a healthy dose of cynicism is required. The surprise comes when cynicism and memory merge...

Our mature fantasies and our childhood icons mingle in a Frankensteinian manner. The sterile cartoon mice and genderless kats become Fritz the Cat and Dirty Duck; the blank barren anatomies now curve like primal fetish totems, and we find it impossible not to ask some disturbing questions about Wilbur and Mister Ed.

The innocence is gone, and we find passion in the most sexless of commercial entities, to the horror and commercial dismay of marketing executives the world over. Mickey giving Iran the finger is grudgingly tolerated, but the origin of the endless number of 'cousins' can only be explained away by parthenogenesis.

Each day, the subconscious voice of that collision between cynicism and imagination finds new vocal cords and visual cortexes. The copying machine, the fax, the Internet group, the BBS, - all of these make opinions - and images - accessible to a searching populace as never before in history. If nothing is completely beyond critique, at the same time it is also true that nothing is completely beyond access. And when sharing our ideas, often there is the discovery that one is not alone...

Many weave their own fantasies - from children's books, match book covers, cartoons, incomprehensible 'funny books' - into the stuff of cybernetic legends. Their libidos are restricted only by their baud rate, and they devour anything furry with a compulsive devotion. They breathe depth into their VR lives, and submerge into it.

Is it any wonder they want to tear off the clothes that have been drawn on them and join in a pure sensual embrace? So little of our fellow humanity seem worth embracing, and all too many lonely creatures are eagerly looking for a way to emigrate from their species.

The cave painting, the chapel ceiling, this CD-ROM, all have the same intention - altering the world to include our desires in a visible format. Maybe not the world as it might be, or even should be. We needn't wait for genetic engineering or dimensional gates or 'magic' to reach such worlds. We need only use the creative talents among us, the ability to alter our perspective to new outlooks, and a smidgen of imagination. The tools just make the communication easier.

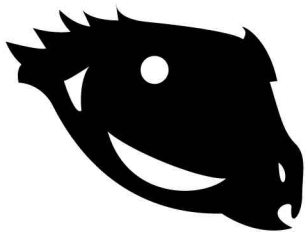
As a final thought, perhaps, as one of the artists herein pointed out "It might JUST be nothing more than a fandom." This project has never attempted to be all things to even that varied populace as 'furry fandom', but it is to them we present these opinions, and our efforts. -Kevin Duane.



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RETURN TO MAIN MENU