

DAEMON MOUSE, INK.  
1993 - 2011



Gregory J. Furman

## PLAYPEN or MAYHEM

For those of us perched on this side of the abyss who reflect on such matters, in the ever-undecipherable dream of things, the comic/tragic comings and goings through all history of the individual – mineral, plant, animal, human – is THE GRAND CONUNDRUM.

The genesis (and God said, "Let there be mice.") of Daemon Mouse, Ink. goes back to my childhood and Farmer Al Falfa a.k.a. "Farmer Gray" and some little, nameless black mice (very un-Mickey) that like the furies pursued him. Thanks to Paul Terry, of Terrytoons, these silent-cartoon creations of the '20s can still be found on the internet today.

There was something about those mice that was haunting – creepy yet funny in a terrifying way, endearing and somehow indestructible. A life force; hence, 'daemon.' For better? For worse? For good? For evil? Irrepressibly individual. Irrepressibly 'mob.' Playpen or mayhem.

Fast forward to six years of latin and four of classical

greek and my all-time favorite quote from Horace's *Ars Rhetorica*: "paturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus" (the mountains will be in labor and a ridiculous mouse will be born).

Faster forward, then, to knitting – a pastime that quiets the mind while busying the hands. Wool too itchy for me. And there you have it. A kind of knitting, the daemon mice, each unique – impossible to draw two the same ever, are an exercise in staying in time while 'strolling' meditatively on the brink of the absurd.

A lucky seven circles – two ears, a head, a nose, a torso, and two rounded feet – a curlicue tail, nose stem and two stick legs all done with a fine-point felt-tip pen. And repeat, repeat, repeat. I've drawn tens of thousands. Recently they've made they're way into collages. And, as a pastime (no more ridiculous than one's favorite mantra or prayer) it has become a quieting, 'artistic' activity when I don't have the energy to think. You can only concentrate on the mouse. And then the next one. And the next.



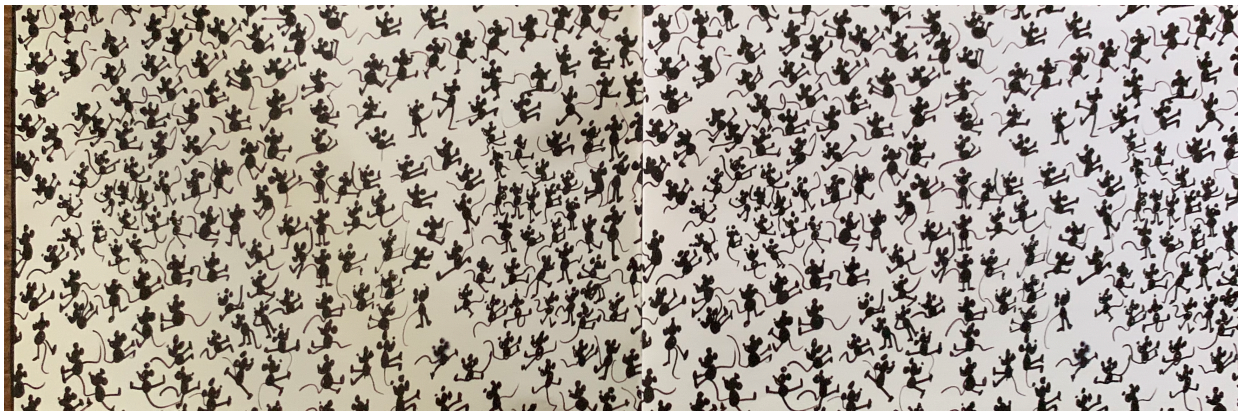
Yes, they are an obsessive, mad and maddening pursuit. But born of these our days. And I am their god. As each is 'born' through my pen, I sometimes imagine I hear small voices saying, "Hello!" and, "Next!!!"

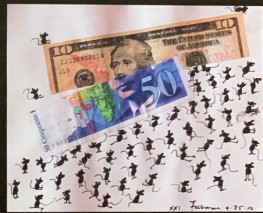
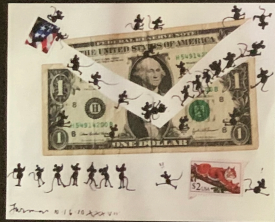
As I detail their life force – individuals all – it's hard not to consider our own brief appearance on the page of this our century.

Sometimes while creating them I'll recall the final line of Shakespeare's Sonnet 65: "That in black ink my love may still shine bright."

So take them. Or leave them. I do.

Gregory J. Furman  
August 2011  
Clinton Corners, Manhattan, Toronto





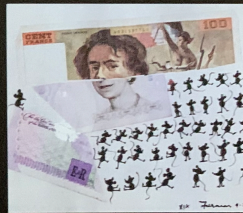


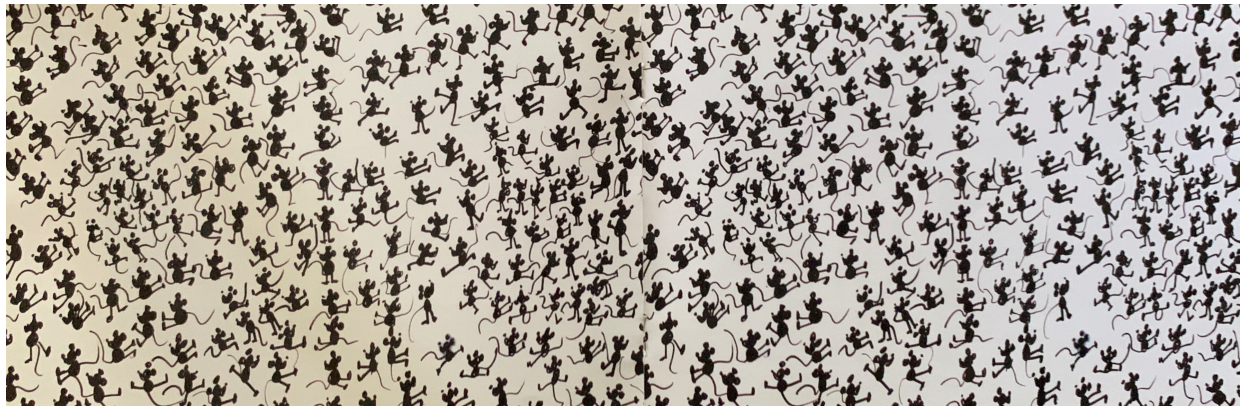


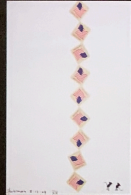
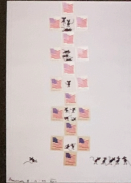


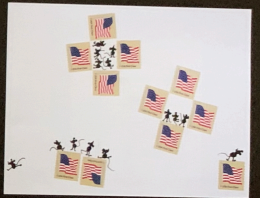
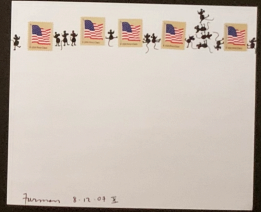


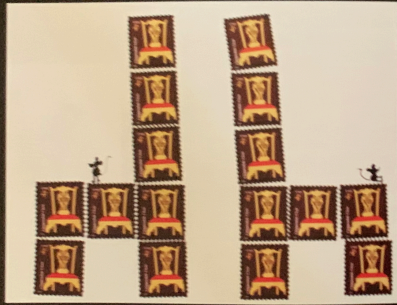




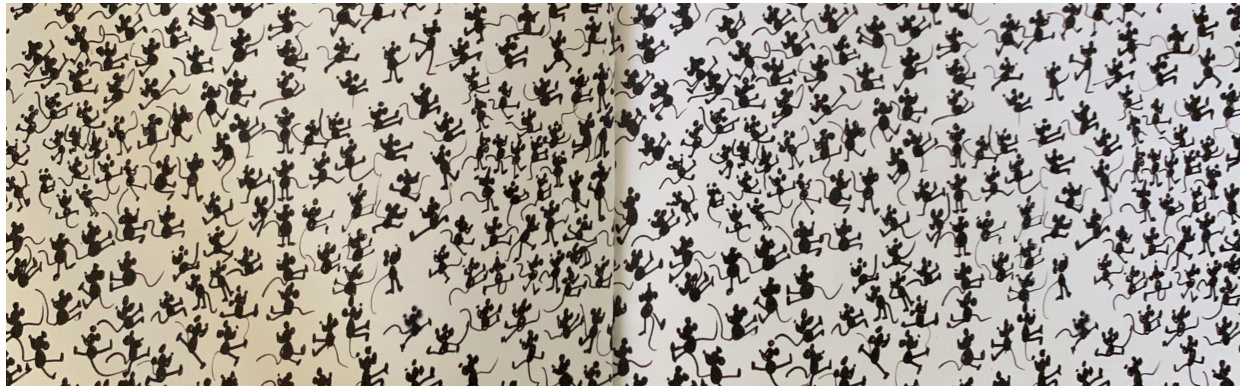






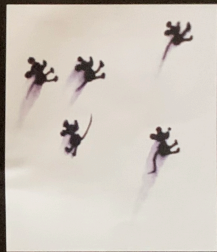


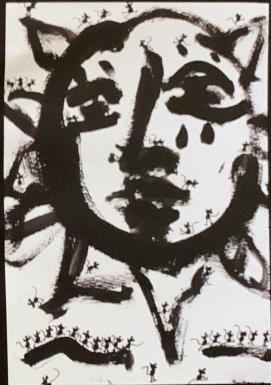
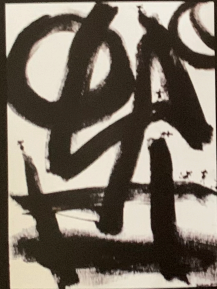
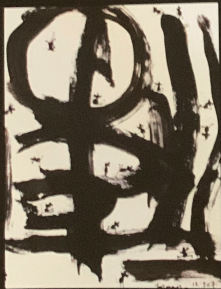












**dae-mon or dai-mon n.**

1. mythological being that is part god
2. an attendant or indwelling spirit
3. a demon (archaic)
4. intermediate between gods and men
5. one that possesses extraordinary drive



Drawings/collages range in size from  
2.5"x3" to 8.5"x11"

To reach Greg Furman 212 517 4614 or  
gfurman@luxurycouncil.com

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