

CLARECRAFT
LEGENDS CELEBRATE WHEN FAIRY TALE WAS REALITY AND FOLKLORE AND SAGA INSPIRED THE INNER EAR...

Beed Pet



Isobel Pearson... by Bernard

She walked into my life those many years ago and my luck changed. Since then, Isobel has been an integral part of not just my life but of Clarecraft. Her skill as a potter goes without saying, and her work is widely collected.

Less well known is the part she plays at the heart of Clarecraft. Her input is such, that our entire product range which we are proud to display in this catalogue would not have happened without this intelligent, calm and lovely lady.

Once upon a Time, some 800 years ago, close by the village of Woolpit in the old county of the South Folk there was a small glade known as the Place of the Magicians or as Ralfe of Coggeshall described it, the "Locus Magii".

These many years later, and close by the same place, the craftsmen of Clarecraft work, bringing stories to life with imagination, artistry and consummate skill.

Bernard Pearson who with his partner Isobel, founded Clarecraft in 1980 is the inspiration and genius loci of the company.

The old magic is at work and together with good friends, Bernard and Isobel have created an environment where skills and talents are fostered and encouraged, where the people who help create the reality of visions take pride in what they do, and where you, the customer are regarded as an essential and most important part of the whole.

Bernard Pearson... by someone who knows him well
Pearson is a stout, noisy, bearded, pipe-smoking, convivial old sod who is clever with his hands and has a rare talent for story telling.

He is a man who laughs a lot and enjoys sharing the laughter with his many friends. He quaffs his ale more readily than most, and some would say in greater quantities. He can be a scheming old devil, but for all his faults his heart is greater than most, he loves easily and with great passion and cares for his friends without measuring the cost to himself.

His epitaph, should it be heard above the drunken reverly at his wake, should be as follows.

He was a craftsman skilled in sculpting the images of the stories he told, and embraced bear-like, life, his wife and all those he loved.



FLINTERS

Puge the smasher



FL01

Igné Oos the Inscrutable



FL06

De Kapp the Nosey



FL04

Hgeil the Pipe Dreamer



FL03

Nod Ule the Ponderous



FL05

Chert



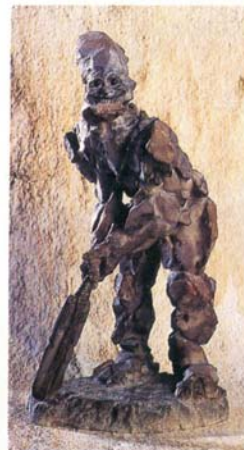
FL02

Eruptus the Bowler



FL07

Morraine the Batsman



FL08

The mighty Flinter is a distant cousin of the rock troll, less clever and more athletic, and there used to be a lot of them about. They have become an endangered species since so many took up unwilling residence in the clunch walls of East Anglian houses. The few that escaped inhabit old quarries and flint pits where they now live quietly and have been known, on summer Sundays, to indulge in the gentle art of cricket. The call of "well played sir" is accompanied by gentile clapping, a shower of sparks and occasionally a heath fire.

WITCHES

Inebriate Witch



HC05

Insane Witch



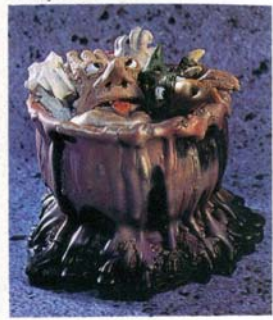
HC04

Incontinent Witch



HC02

Nasty Cauldron



GF07

Intellectual Witch



HC07

Insubordinate Witch



HC08

Immersed Witch



HC01

Infirm Witch



HC06

Double double toil and trouble, Fire burn and cauldron bubble. When shall we three meet again ... Well, whenever they do you can bet your life there is going to be trouble but not necessarily of the magical kind. Our witches are a rum lot of old biddies who wouldn't be seen dead dancing in their skins on some blasted heath, neither would they recognise the tooth of a bat if it jumped up and bit them. They will know exactly where you keep the gin, and never mind the olive please it takes up space in the glass.

HERMIT ON THE ROCKS

(known to the erudite as stylites)

Simon Styliti



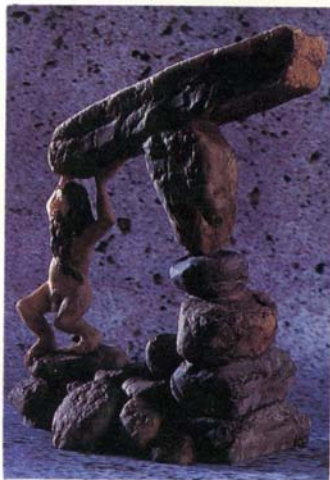
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STY02

Pilla



STY04

Hernius the Mighty Strainer



STY01

Hemeroïdus of the Piles



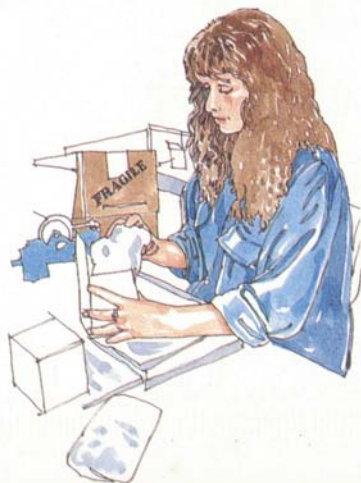
STY03

Hermitage



STY05

Forsaking all the pleasures of the flesh to the extent of not even bothering with a loin cloth, the rock hermit has only one weakness and that is his fondness for his pet rock. He finds it agreeable in conversation and undemanding in dietary requirements and often grows so attached to his stony companion that he sits on it for days. A Rock Hermit stays close to his chosen one at all times to guard it against the advances of other less well favoured hermits whose heads might be turned by the sight of a pretty young boulder.



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CANDLESTICKS

- CK01G Handle candle green bronze
- CK01P Handle candle pewter
- CK02G Small faced candle stick green bronze
- CK02P Small faced candlestick pewter
- CK03G Tall pedestal green bronze
- CK03P Tall pedestal pewter
- CK04G Small pedestal green bronze
- CK04P Small pedestal pewter
- CK05 Moon and Stars (wood)
- CK06 Faces in wood
- CK07G Small moon and stars green bronze
- CK07P Small moon and stars pewter
- CK08G Fluted candlestick green bronze
- CK08P Fluted candlestick pewter



CK03P CK08P CK02P CK07P



CK03G CK08G CK02G CK07G



CK04P CK01P



CK04G CK01G



CK06 CK05

Candles are associated with Brigid, Celtic Goddess of fire and fertility. It is held that if on the First of February a candle is lit at the threshold and a simple incantation uttered, then good fortune will enter the house for a twelvemonth.

UNEXPECTED HAZARDS

The activities of mankind have unexpected and often sad repercussions in the world of elf and fairy.

The Shooting Party (Oh F...)

An inquisitive elf dragging a fascinating find to his little home is blown to bits by a cartridge. Those in his vicinity heard a faint Oh F...! as the awful realization of what was about to happen dawned.



GF06

Unwary Fairy

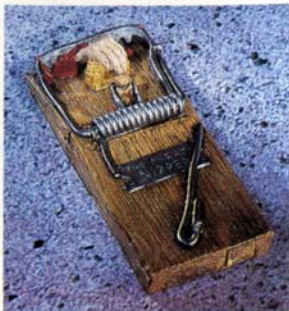
From a clear blue sky onto a soft green turf a shadow descends and an unwary fairy hovering above a flower is flattened by a golf ball.



GF01

The Mighty Nipper

A cheese loving elf whose appetite overcomes his natural caution, suffers a calamitous injury and is forever afterwards known to his friends as Half Gloucester.



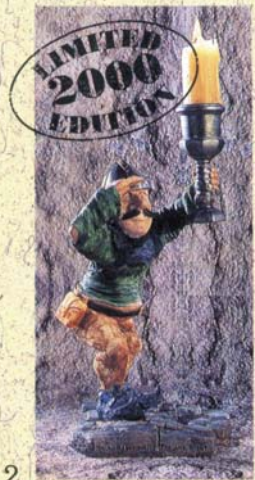
GF08

The Bernard Pearson Collection

I have walked many paths in my life, some have brought a great deal of happiness and others much sorrow. In my time I have met birth and death, I have seen destruction and degradation alongside beauty and compassion. I have held my children in my arms and heard with my ears and in my heart their laughter. My life in some small way mirrors the human condition. I am a story teller. I tell stories I have lived or listened to not in prose or painted canvas, but with the skill of my hands. I fashion clay and wax into sculptured images that reflect human life from the humdrum to the sublime, and create these images in archetypal and fantastical forms which know no boundaries. Primarily, I tell these stories for my friends, but I share them with people I may never meet and pass on to them an image which they will recognise.

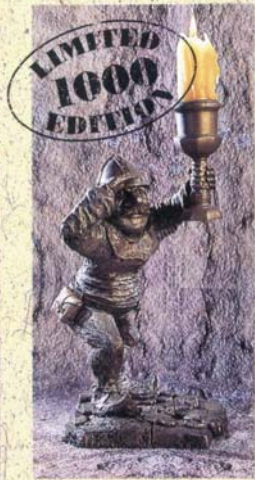
THE JOURNEY HOME

He Who Lights the Pathway Home (painted)



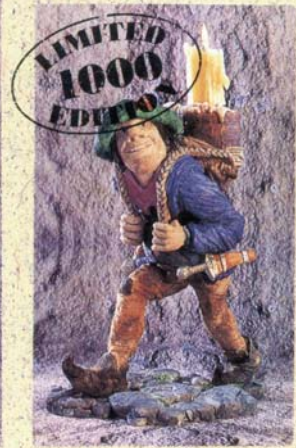
BC02

He Who Lights the Pathway Home (bronze finish)



BC02B

He Who Keeps the Flame Alive (painted)



BC01

He Who Keeps the Flame Alive (bronze finish)



BC01B

Sun Light, Moon Bright (painted)



BC08

Sun Light, Moon Bright (pewter finish)



BC08P

Sun Light, Moon Bright (green bronze)



BC08G

PLANT CONTAINERS

Mighty Stump



BC05

Toad Stump



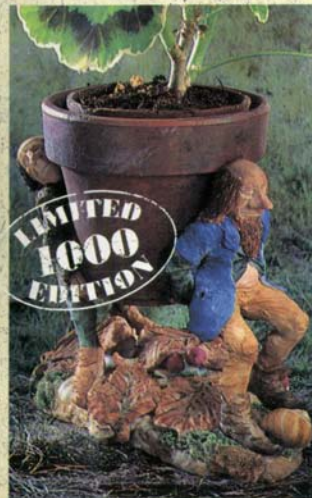
BC07

Small Stump



BC06

Pottering On



BC04

Growal the Green fingered Elf



BC03

Living with a keen gardener can be a hazardous business because there are times of the year when somethings which are normally outside come inside. Along with leaves, stem and roots come great clods of earth and whole colonies of slimy things that creep upon the carpet, crawl up the curtains and nestle in the soft damp recesses of a well-worn slipper. These plant containers are dedicated to all those who live with those of a green thumb persuasion.



MIRRORS

Mirror Mirror on the Wall, ours are the fairest of them all.

Reflected Flame
Green Bronze finish 27cm



Reflected Flame
Old Gold finish 27cm



Mystic Mirror
Green Bronze finish 21cm



Mystic Mirror
Old Gold finish 21cm



Moon light, Star Bright 20cm



TREES OF THE OLD EARTH

No One to Hug



WF19

Coven Oak



WF11

The Lightning Tree



WF16

The Stumpings



WF17

Entwined



WF15

Trees are much older than mankind and have evolved along with the rest of creation. Tales of forests which move and trees that talk are universal and some say founded in race memory. We remember those trees and sometimes in the shadow of twilight and the cool light of the moon, the memories are re-awakened.



Coming out of the Wood



WF18

Spiky Thorn



WF21

Jovial Oak



WF20

Haunted Tree



WF13

Windy Ridge Elm



WF22

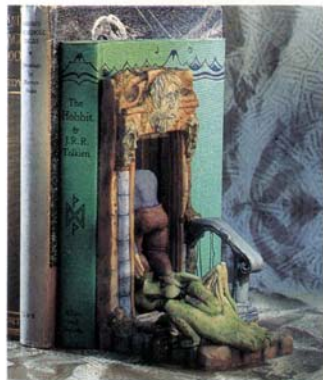


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BOOKENDS

Its a real bugger messing around with inter-spatial theory and the dynamics of movement. Its bad enough finding your way back home from the pub after a few pints let alone meandering your way through multi-dimensional layers of marginal possibilities. In fact if you get it wrong, you don't know if you're coming or going.

The Enchanter's Return



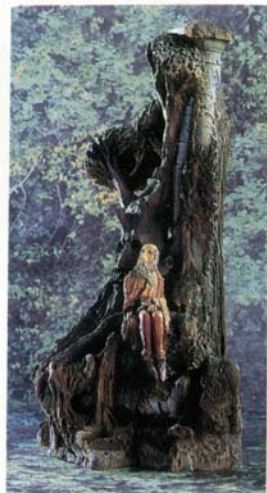
BK01

Enchanter's Homecoming



BK02

Shared Memories
Amidst the ruins of an ancient temple, an old tree remembers the men who fashioned the columns. A wandering man returns to the place of his ancestors. Shared memories reveal times that were and things that might have been.



BK06

The Story Teller

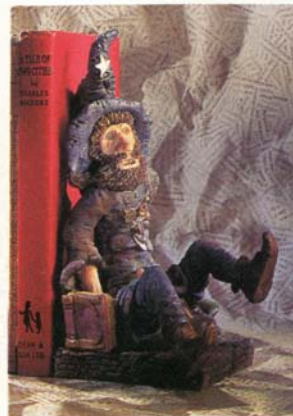
"Are you sitting comfortably, then I'll begin" is how the very best fairy stories start even before you get close to the "Once Upon a Time" bit. Imagine the delight an old and world weary tree will get from being told yet another tale by a master story teller who himself is sitting very comfortably.



BK05

The Drunken Wizard

Wilfred the Fifth Wonder-worker of Warg experimented for many years to perfect the elixir of life. His most recent concoction involving bat's droppings, cheese rind and the crystal waters of Sattro's well resulted in an amber liquid which tasted just like a perfectly mixed Harvey Wallbanger and sadly, it had exactly the same effect.



BK04

The Wanton Witch

Mavis the Wanton Witch had a spell of hanging around on street corners. It ruined her reputation but allowed her to meet lots of interesting new gentleman friends.



BK03

STEPPING STONES



Stepping Stones

There is a great deal of concern in the media about changing coastlines in certain parts of the country. Considerable scientific research and investigation has been carried out in an attempt to discover the reason for these shifting shorelines. The fact of the matter is this: - What was a very small tribe of mobile rocks has, thanks to recent climatic changes, grown into a sizeable population of stepping stones who, because of their nomadic habit and inquisitive nature wander up and down beaches changing the local topography.

LEAF-LETS



Leaf-Lets

If you have ears that are sensitive to the slightest sound, and if you find yourself in a wood on a still and quiet day, then maybe you will hear the sound a leaf makes when it is falling from a tree. Sometimes it is "Wheeeeeee Geronimo! Look out below" or occasionally it is just "Shiiiiiiiiii....."

In appreciation of the annual kamikaze display put on by deciduous trees we have created a small range of fridge magnets.

DEMON DOORWAYS

DD04
The Demon Secretary

The Demon Accountant

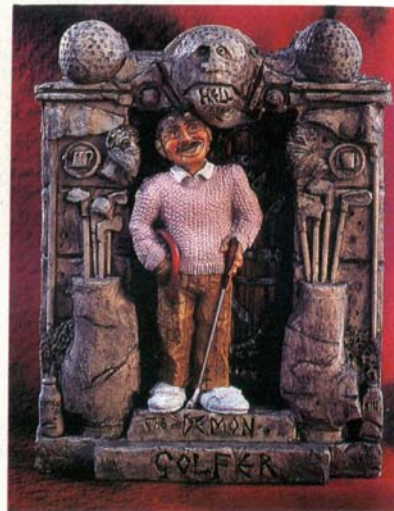


DD01

DD05
The Demon Salesman

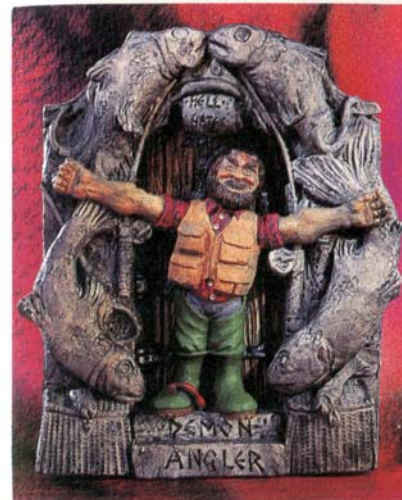
More Demon Doorways to come, send us your ideas.

The Demon Golfer



DD02

The Demon Fisherman



DD03

Demonic possession has had a very bad press. Its not really selling your soul, the parchment and blood bit, incantations, noxious smells and hideous materializations. What it is, is being so good at something that the rest of the world attributes this remarkable ability to demonic intervention rather than sheer hard work and application. There may be a case for saying that single minded obsessions can be hell for other people and it may well be that when the final bell tolls these "possessed" may be met at Hell's Gate, by the ultimate golfer, accountant, fisherman etc. etc. etc.

DRAGONS *by Leigh Pamment*

Leigh has been working with me since he was 14 years old, and now in his early twenties his style and talent has developed and he is recognised as a designer in his own right. It is with great pleasure that I write this introduction to his range of dragons, which are entirely the result of his special and particular genius.

In Praise of Skies



D902

Defender of the Crag



D901

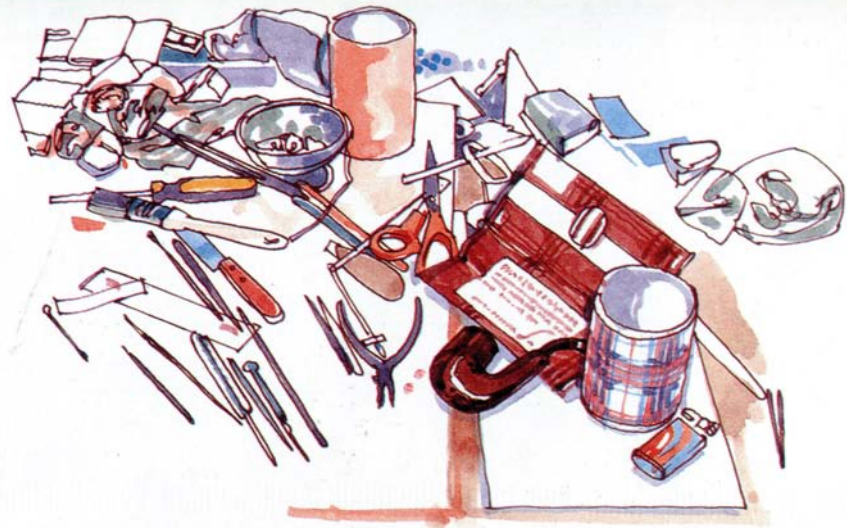
Lord of the Upper Reaches (Titan)



D903

The habitat of these dragons is rocky crags and mountain tops, windswept plains, bleached bones, twisted trees and leaden skies. The dragons that Leigh has sculpted are the dragons of nightmares, creatures which stalk mankind in legend and myth. Not cuddly, certainly not cute, in fact downright bloody dangerous.

£1.50 where sold



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