

HAVING WITHIN THE LATEST COLLECTION OF OBJETS D'ART AND OTHER CONSIDERED TRIFLES THAT IT IS PROFOUNDLY HOPED WILL DELIGHT THE COLLECTOR, DISCWORLD FAN, OR ANY WHO MIGHT CASUALLY PERUSE OUT OF BOREDOM AND LACH OF OTHER READING MATTER IN THE PLACE OF EASEMENT.



WE HUMBLY
DEDICATE THIS
CATALOGUE
OF OUR
ENDEAVOURS
TO THE FONT OF
ALL THAT IS
DISCWORLD,
MR TERRY
PRATCHETT
OBE,

AND HOPE THAT
HIS CONTINUED
APPROBATION
WILL ALLOW US
TO GO ON MAKING
AN HONEST BOB
OR TWO.

CATALOGUE OF PARTS AUTUMN 2003



Being a publication deemed safe for those of a delicate condition, servants, or the pecuniary challenged.

1981 - IN THE BEGINNING

ELL IT WAS JUST ISOBEL AND I IN A SHED IN CLARE, in the county of Suffolk. We made ceramics, and because we couldn't think of anything better, we called ourselves Clare Craft Pottery.

It seemed a good idea at the time. We didn't make useful pots mind, we made wizards, and branch pots, pencil pots with faces on them, and building facades to hang on the wall. All very rural, all rather 'crafty'. Indeed we made our living by going to all manner of craft fairs firstly just in East Anglia, but then as far afield as our old van would take us, from Yorkshire in the North, Sussex and the home counties in the South.

We were really quite good at this, so we started to supply shops and the occasional craft gallery. This meant we had to take on help, first a lovely girl called Caryn, then David who became my first apprentice, then Grace, then Vince, who by the way still works with us, and so on until we had about thirty people all taking part in the making of strange ceramics amid lots of laughter.

Looking back, these were amongst the happiest days of our lives, such fun.

We seemed to grow out of workshops then as fast as I grow out of trousers now, and for a similar reason, expansion was more fun than standing still, and we made things the like of which had never been seen, and people just couldn't buy enough of them.

By 1986 we had moved to an old potato shed owned by Bob and Trish Baker. This was in Woolpit, and here we started to make things in other materials than our traditional clay and casting plaster. Resin came into my life. Using this medium I could create an original and have it reproduced faithfully thousands of times. And that we did, especially with dragons. Dragons coming out of eggs, dragons flying,

dragons being dragons, wizards, Merlin, you name it, if it was fantasy, we made it. We were reckoned to be the best in the country for that sort of work, and if I say so myself, some of it was indeed really very good.

It was about then that Joe Pattison came to join us, and he along with young Leigh Pamment and myself constituted the design team.

Well I suppose then that a bit of the old hubris set in, certainly men in suits appeared along with a huge investment from 3i. Bob Baker built us a factory unit of just over ten thousand square feet, and what had been a group of talented potters working in old sheds, became a limited company

employing 120 outworkers and 80 employees. Magic could still happen, but only just. Isobel had heard a radio play on Woman's hour, by a bloke called Pratchett. She got the book, and then she persuaded me to read it and then we were both hooked.

Here was a series of books, Guards, Guards had just been published, that had all the elements of truly epic story telling with the hugely original element of humour. This was right up my street, a marriage made in heaven.

Which was just as well, because the marriage between the men in suits lacional and I was fasting breaking up.

Ceramics had been sacrificed to the Gods of efficiency and cost accounting; good people paid off and dispersed. Isobel and I had lost the major shareholding in the business which was now run by the men in suits. I closed my studio door, and made the first bit of Discworld. It was Rincewind, bless him, created from an outline drawn by

Terry on a scrap of paper, and taken for him to see one fine day in 1990 at an outdoor café in Covent Garden. There was a bloody awful German Brass Band playing, and I am deaf in one ear, the wrong ear needless to say, because I couldn't hear what Terry was saying about the piece, I could just see the look on his face.

More pieces followed; Leigh and I spent a day at Colchester
Zoo, and Leigh then produced the first
Librarian figure.

After various vicissitudes, Bob and Trish Baker took over Clarecraft in 1993 and it was in that year that Isobel started the Discworld Collectors Guild for them. The first annual renewal piece was a key, which it may interest you to know was modelled on one I had 'left over' from the old cells of Halstead Gaol, when I was a copper.

It was really Leigh Pamment and Isobel who created some of the benchmark figures

in those early days. Dear Leigh had joined us when he was 14, we sent him to Art College, and although an apprentice it was obvious to me that he had more talent in his

little finger than I had in my entire body. He was good, really, really, good. One of the gifted ones, and they do have a habit of living hard, and dying young.

But for a while he and Isobel used to work as a team. Leigh, bless 'im, never ever read a book. So Isobel used to pull out all the details and create the menu for him to cook with. My part was in

defining the structure and digging the foundations, it worked really well, and I still think those early figures number amongst the best pieces that have ever been created from the books.



BECOMING THE CUNNING ARTIFICER

HROUGHOUT THE LAST DECADE or two one man has been a constant friend. It is writ, 'when winter comes you know what trees are evergreen' well a certain writer has been probably the best shelter in a storm Isobel and I know.

To Bernard

The coningest

artifex...

I think he mostly likes what I make, at least he lets me carry on doing it under the

ever more popular Discworld banner.

And in all honesty I don't think any one else other than Paul Kidby lavishes the same amount of care and pure anal retention that we do in translating the word into form.

So when a move to the West Country was suggested

it was taken up with glee. A time for a bit of change, a change of pace, a change of working, and a change of lifestyle.

What has happened subsequently is in this little tome, because the work itself is

my journey through life.

All the pieces I have made, the many thousands my hands caused to be created are little bits of my own life, my vision, and my skill.

Each design has within it a memory for me of the love I have been blessed with from my friends, my

family, and most precious of all, Isobel, to whom I owe everything good that has come my way.

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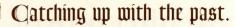
I don't do the lottery, because I feel that I have won a much better prize, I create bits of Discworld.

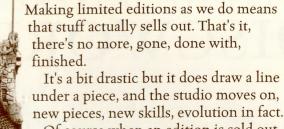
In doing so I am fortunate to be able to go straight to the source, the man who made it all happen, one Terry Pratchett, man of letters and closet genius.

Sometimes I get to glimpse a manuscript, sometimes a proof, more often it's listening to a quiet voice, which fills the mind with pictures.

Nothing can get better than that.







Of course when an edition is sold out the only way anybody can acquire that piece is to prise one out of the hands of a collector. You'll never find one in a

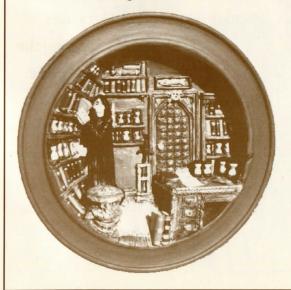
shop because we stopped selling to shops years ago,

so it's ferreting around the auction sites and such I'm afraid.

We do have a list of people who want the old stuff, and, when we can, we put them in touch with people who tell us they wish to raise a bit of cash by selling all or part of their collection.

If you wish to be on that list, just drop us a line. In the meantime, for old times sake, here is the list of what's gone before.





Unseen University
The Watch House
The Drum
Lancre Castle
The Music Shop
The Travelling Shop
Deaths Study Plate
Luggage Money Box
Terry's 'Toby' Jug
Bust of Granny
Weatherwax
Shades Plaque

The Architecture of DISCWORLD



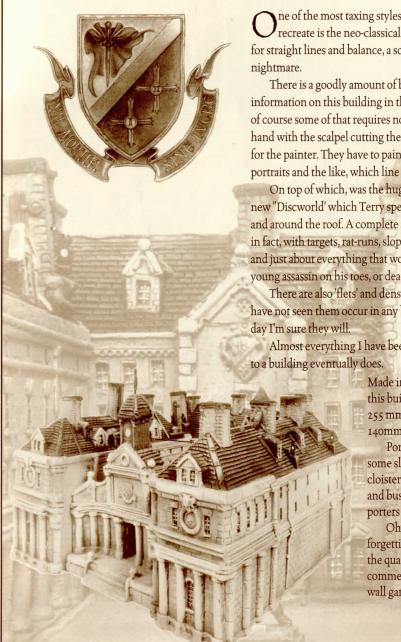
We have been making the architecture of Discworld for some years now, and I suppose that if I have any reputation it is for these pieces.

They are all limited edition, very involved both in design and construction, and tell their own story of Discworld.

All have played a part in some book or books, and are accurate to the extent that Terry uses them as a basis for exploring the ramifications of plot and place.

They are not cheap, nothing that complex to design and make ever can be, but they are without doubt some of the finest pieces of Discworld Sculpture that has ever been produced.

THE ASSASSINS GUILD



ne of the most taxing styles of building to Precreate is the neo-classical style. It calls for straight lines and balance, a sculptor's

There is a goodly amount of background information on this building in the books, and of course some of that requires not just a steady hand with the scalpel cutting the wax, but also for the painter. They have to paint all the portraits and the like, which line the quad.

On top of which, was the huge amount of new "Discworld' which Terry specified to go on and around the roof. A complete assault course in fact, with targets, rat-runs, slopes, chicanes, and just about everything that would keep a young assassin on his toes, or dead.

There are also 'flets' and dens, now I still have not seen them occur in any book, but one

Almost everything I have been asked to add

Made in three parts this building measures 255 mm by 255 mm by 140mm tall.

Portland stone. some slate tiles, the cloister with portraits and busts, and the porters lodge.

Oh and not forgetting the statue in the quad commemorating the wall game.

The Alchemists Guild

I magine a dolls house for grown-ups, well this is it.

But no Dollys for tea with this one, well your choice really, but it is certainly not a 'dollyish' construction.

For starters it is the Guild of the Alchemists, and we all know they like nothing better that to blow themselves up and everything around

It is all made to come apart, the roof, walls, and all the equipment inside is removable, and what is more it comes with a discreet LED light which is fixed to shine through one of the great glass vessels filling the interior with a greenish glow, clever or what!

There are very comprehensive instructions on how to fix it all together along with a transformer, and plug.

A larger scale than any other building to date, it really is a clever bit of construction, and looks good on a desk, bookshelf, or well appointed study; as per a certain author I know.

Height 280 mm tall by 140 mm wide and 127 mm deep.

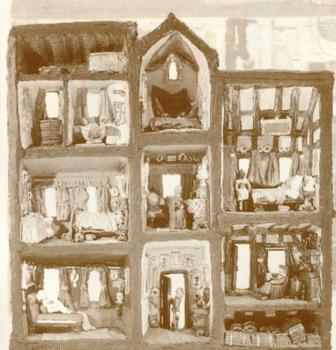


The Seamstress' Guild

Oh dear, But all in the best possible taste, well almost, the whips were not my idea I can assure you.

Mind you I did suggest that Terry and I carried out some 'in depth' research, but it was vetoed, probably just as well, were both far too long in the tooth for that sort of excitement, even if it is in the name of 'art'.

A unique idea, the piece, a cross section of a building rather than the outside, after all it is one of the most interesting of guilds, and the chance to make miniature furniture was just too good to pass up.



It has it's own special shelf and sits innocently against the wall, only to have it's true nature revealed when turned around.

Lots of miniatures, but nothing full frontal, after all this is Discworld.

Size 203 mm wide by 305 mm high.

The Fools Guild

I've always played the fool, which was why I felt so much at home creating this building. Shortly after I had sculpted it Paul was illustrating the fools diary, so he drew my interpretation, bless him.

Unlike a drawing, as a sculptor you can make things that come cunningly apart. Hence the big top, that lifts off to reveal the horrors of the training ring below.

To complete the picture of student misery there is the remains of a knotted sheet from a window overlooking the street, how sad.

Hilarious door bell, and red nose portico give a true Discworld slant on the facade, look closely, and imagine you're there ... and shudder.

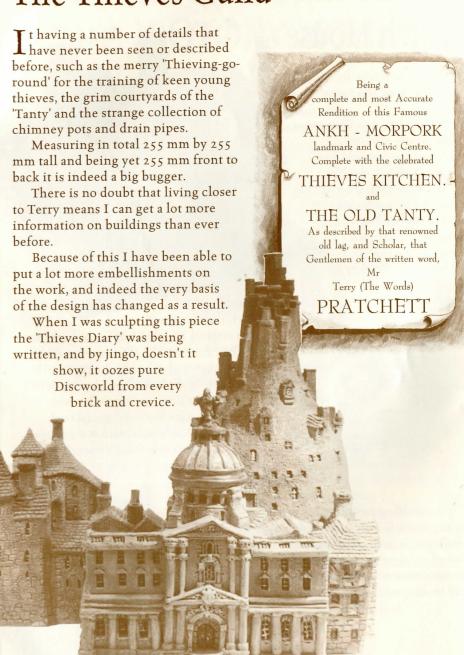
255 mm or thereabouts square, and 203 mm tall.

Made to exactly the same scale as the Assassins Guild, which just as in the books, it backs on to.

And as with that building there is the evidence of the excursions of a certain Mr Edward d'Eath, written in stone as it were.



The Thieves Guild



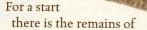
Treacle Mine Road Watch House

This piece was being sculpted as the book was being written.

It brought a new dimension to the act of creation.

For a time I walked amid the plot, it was wonderful.

There are two rather special items that accompany this piece, what they are shall remain a secret until you open the parcel.
All we will say is, they're in the book...



the original Treacle Mine in the back yard. Then there are the chicken runs, rabbit hutches, and of course the pig sty. The whole of the back abounds with details from the story, and more that were my own homage to a very special book.

Look closely now, with one eye open and the other closed, did Vimes climb in through the upstairs window, or did you imagine it. Terry did.

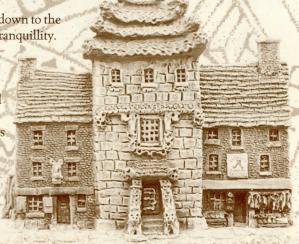
The building measures 203 mm by 152 mm by 127 mm tall, and is sculpted to that slightly smaller scale as the Thieves Guild. This looked so 'right' and yet still worked alongside our other creations that this scale will be adopted from now on.

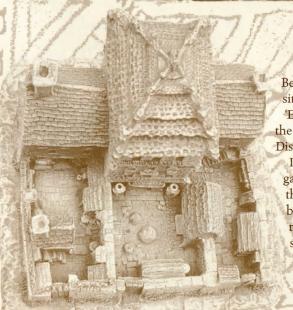


 \mathbf{I} ts all here, as usual, right down to the 'Sonky' in the garden of tranquillity.

There are also boots, shoes and garments outside the 'shonky' tailors, plus a few other little gems around and about.

Made to the same scale as the Treacle Mine Road Watch House this piece measures 178 mm square and 152 mm tall, so its going to be easy to display.





Because of the way the temple sits in the middle of two very 'East End' corner shops it gives the piece a real off the wall Discworld look.

It was a delight to sculpt, and gave me a chance to walk down the rather twisted and muddy byways of my memory to revisit my grandfathers clog shop just off the Mile End Road, in Stratford, East London.

THE PRESS

Inspired by the description in THE TRUTH

& direct consultation with Printers, engineers,

and

Mr Terry Pratchett father of the chapel. Its the first real piece of
Discworld Machinery that I felt
I just had to make.

Years ago I worked as a layout artist for a company in Shaftesbury Avenue in London, and my job involved taking artwork to a number of printers in Clerkenwell and other such salubrious districts in the metropolis. And to be honest it was bloody terrifying. Printers are by and large, a breed apart, the smell of ink, the noise, the sheer manic confusion was worse than anything I had ever encountered.

So when reading 'The Truth' my perception of what this huge press looked and sounded like was coloured by this experience.

Sculpting the thing was another matter. Terry had obviously an intimate acquaintance with printing in all its forms, and there was no doubt as to the nature of the beast from the plot line of the book.

This piece and others like it, will I represent the ultimate in both totally useless objects, and some of the finest narrative sculpture you will ever be able to see and touch. They portray in scenes, vignettes, collections of parts, things that never were, but just might have been, and get as close to certain aspects of Discworld as you will ever get. So close in fact you can almost hear the cogs grind, the press thump, and the Dwarfs swear. OK. nothing will actually move (on this piece at least) but there has to be a visual narrative that says "it

actually move (on this piece at least) but there has to be a visual narrative that says "it might, just don't blink".

I researched all manner of printing presses from the time of Caxton, to when the Queen Victoria ruled.

I worked out just how the beast would function and what linkage the motive power would need, for example: how much can a Dwarf lift or turn or manoeuvre. This aspect of the creative process ended up with me in Terry's study discussing who we knew who had the perfect Dwarf physique. I'm not telling you who we settled upon, but he's out here, and yes, if the press was real, or realer,

he could turn the fly wheel that drives the gears, that

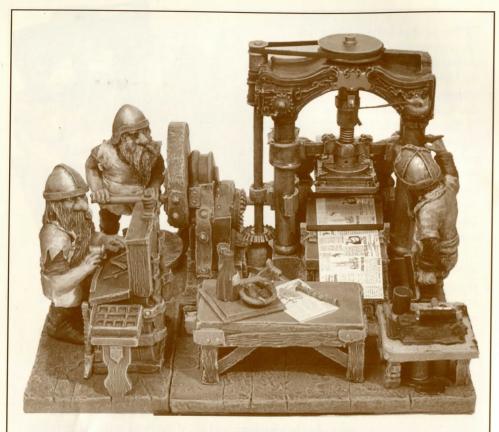
link the paper feed and turn the main pulley shaft that engages the screw, that drives the press head down on to the paper.

Oh yes, there is paper, with printing on it, your name in fact if you are one of the 250.

It was sculpted over 3 months, and the production and painting were more complex than anything ever undertaken in our workshops ever, and that's in twenty years.

So 30 years of my skills, 18 years of Vince's the mould maker, and 10 years of Dominic's the artist have been focused on making this the very special debut into another aspect of Terry's

storytelling.



Not shown is the sculptured base that this piece will sit on. It measures 305 mm x 228 mm x 50mm deep.



atchman awarded meda

for bravery
freet course and resourcefulness
has brought the rewest of a media
has been seen and the seen and the seen and procession of Nuns
freet and procession
freet and process

reactions, reviewing of wine.

reactions, reviewing of wine, we was usual a particularly noisome and may be Mr Dave Hodge, 86, who was ignated by the it pipe of the direct the property of the direct the superior of the control of the property of the direct three di

day by herding time the where they were able to mill about timit; and where they were able to mill about timit and watch have proved worthy of our trust, and Watch have proved worthy of our trust, and when fact that Watchman Wadlington are most the cream buns whilst he waited for the of the cream buns whilst he waited for the driver to arrive is think an issue between the driver to arrive is 1 think an issue between the

of the cream buils of the cream buils of the cream buils where to arrive is I think an issue between the converse and the good Wadington. Waddy a He then awarded actiff the city record for medal for bravery and the city record for cream bun eating. Acting Sergeant Waddy was unavailable for comment, but was beardning in the privy.



Each edition of this piece will have a unique copy of

The Ankh - Morpork Times

It will feature a story about the patrons of the work, and this will appear alongside the story concerning Terry.



Actual Size

Programme

THE MIGHTY UNSEEN UNIVERSITY CONCERT ORGAN

A Magnum Opus in Three Movements
AN ODE TO B. S. JOHNSON

Prelude:

Pumpuppa da 'bellows

A complex movement of many parts

Second Movement:

Adventura Braissimo

Full Organ with wind chimes, fortissimo whoopi cushion, and profundo flatulente.

Finale:

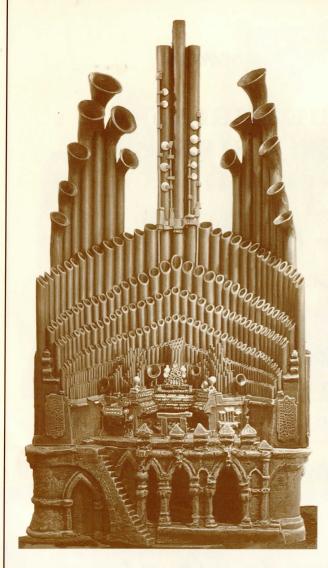
Stupendo Pipei nee

(with Banana al fresco)

Encore:

Mamma-mea, itcosta owmuch!

A solo played on the credit card machine by Miss Eugine Spindle



A THANKFULLY MUTE TESTIMONY IN SCULPTURE TO THAT MAN OF

GENIUS AND VISION,

Mr B. S. JOHNSON Landscape Architect, Designer, Engineer, and Inventor.

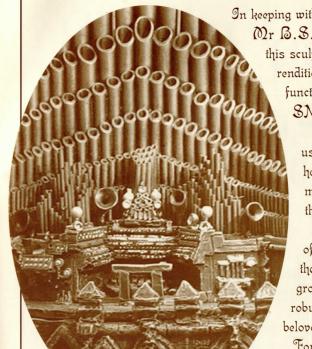
A man whose inventive genius was never fettered by practical considerations

Unlike our own Alexander Graham Bell who once summed up his approach to life and invention:

invention:
"Leave the beaten track occasionally and dive into the woods. Every time you do so you will be certain to find something that you have never seen before.
Follow it up, explore all around it, and before you know it, you will have something worth thinking about to occupy your mind. All really big discoveries are the results of thought."

The philosophical approach of B.S.J. was entirely intuitive, energetic and wholly original. The rigors of logic, mathematical accuracy, and scale were never allowed to cloud his vision. B.S.J did not leave the beaten track occasionally, he was a complete stranger to such a pedestrian and rational approach to problem solving.

In creating this scale model of his famous organ I have been indebted to the scholarship and research of many, not least of whom is Professor Trevor Truran whose experiments with trombone, baked beans, and an echo chamber gave so much inspiration to me and the team.



In keeping with the spirit of Mr B.S. JOHNSON

this sculpture not only gives a faithful rendition of the UU organ, it also functions as a very useful

SNUFF BOX.

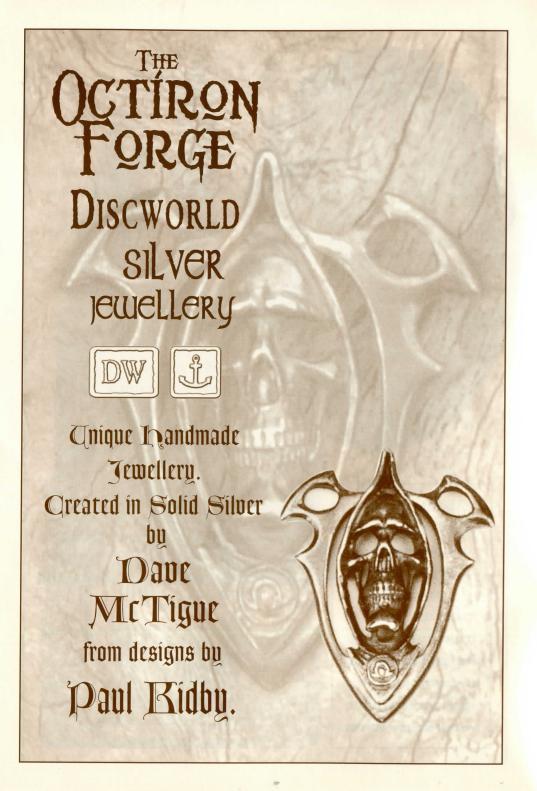
We say Snuff, but it could be used to discreetly store any other herb or exotic substance that one might have occasion to keep from the children or parlour maid.

There are in fact three areas of containment of various sizes that will cope with either a fine ground snuff or one of the more robust 'leafy' varieties much beloved of scholars and musicians.

For obvious reasons we have not included any visual representation of these parts of the structure, suffice it to say, they are discrete but not inaccessible.

About 458 mm
tall by 279 mm wide
and 127 mm deep.
This piece shows
not just the
external dexterity
in genius of B.S.J's
design, but also the
awesome pumping
mechanism in the
pump house below.





RINGS OF POWER

Designed & made by Dave McTigue. Aided & abetted by the Cunning Artificer.

The Alpha - Omega Seal is deeply engraved in a heavy solid silver ring. Made to a Medieval pattern, this ring is not for the fainthearted or the feeble as it has not just the weight of Silver Bullion behind it, but also time itself. Black Sealing wax is also available



Death Ring II & Silver Scythe



just over

Measuring 20 mm tall by 10 mm wide, this perfect replica of

DEATH'S SCYTHE

is made from solid silver.

Worn as a lapel badge it adds a certain touch to any jacket.

Earrings

Also available, and as they hang from the ear lobes, just as stylish.

The heavy shoulders of the bezel close together to form the cowl that surrounds the face of our own dear Grim Reaper.
A unique combination of the image drawn by Paul Kidby and the skill of Dave McTigue

the Silversmith.
Created in Heavy,

Solid, Silver.

DISCWORLD hallmarked.



The Assassins Guild ETERNITY RING

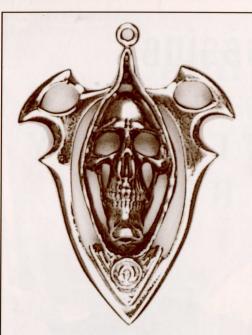
Traditionally Eternity Rings were exchanged by those who would wish to spend Eternity together.

Assassins are paid to grant Eternity to others. Lord Downey has enjoyed the use of his Eternity Ring on a number of occasions.

His, like ours, is polished Silver. Discrete, elegant, and deadly.

All our rings are made from the finest quality Silver, and are stamped with the unique Discworld hall mark.

The can make to a size, or any competent high street jeweller can make any adjustment for you.





Librarian Brooch or Pendant

A fabulous piece of sculpting in miniature that really captures the spirit of ook. 45 mm x 20 mm.

Death Pendant

40 mm x 30 mm

Probably our most successful creation in precious metal. It embodies the vision of the artist with the skill of the silversmith.

And of course it has the true Magic of Discworld



The Alpha Omega Brooch

Size: 35 mm x 39 mm

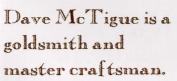
Based on Death's own cloak pin, this brooch will adorn and embellish like a silver coffin handle on a mahogany casket. It declares the owner a person of taste, with a side order of the gently macabre.



Death of Rats Brooch or Pendant

Just the thing to sit on your shoulder, a real piece of 'class' with just a hint of menace.

40 mm x 30 mm.



Should any reader wish something unique to be made, they would be following in the footsteps of the founder himself.

There is no finer recommendation.



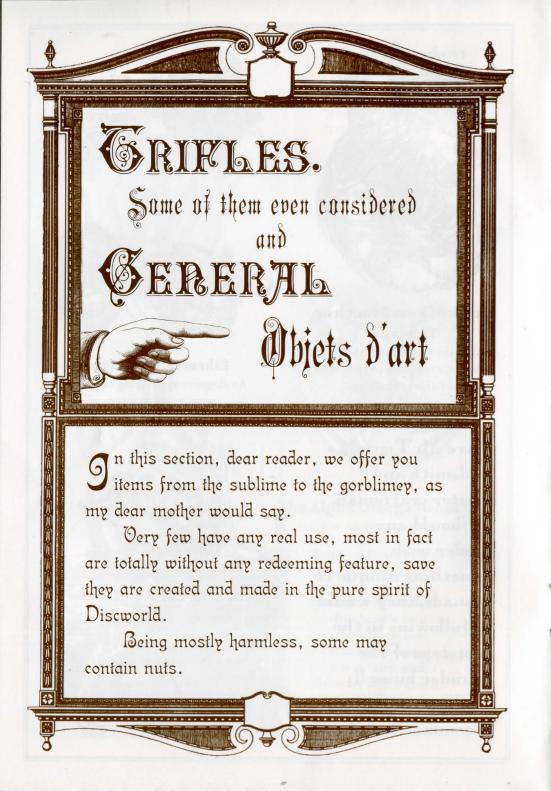
Librarian stud Earrings



Librarian Cuff Links

An elegant way of saying 'ook' to the soup. 17.5 mm x 15 mm





Genuine Ankh-Morpork Pennies

You can stuff your Kruger-rands, Mexican Gold Dollars, or antique gold guineas.

The one currency that will never

devalue, fluctuate, or become the plaything of the currency market is the Ankh-Morpork Penny.

Mind you, you can only spend it in Ankh-Morpork, but it will never let you down, an Ankh-Morpork penny is a penny you can trust.

Which is why we sell them in pairs, so one is always watching the other.



green velvet pouch.



Size 125 mm wide by 120 mm tall.
Painted to look like old wood

Bad Blintz Coat of Arms

I thought that 'The Amazing Maurice' was a truly splendid book; so a little piece of Bad Blintz was no bad thing.

Hence this coat of arms; designed of course by the new civic council as it has not only Rats supporting the device, but Ratish on the seal. It says, co-operate or die. The top of the shield shows the two-headed bat of Uberwald.

Te olde Soul Cake Duck

In one of the old books of lore I was reading I noticed the following passage. The Soul Cake Days mark the start of duck-hunting season, and apprentices and scholars will quit their places for a day out on the local ponds. This is a boon to the glass eye maker, as so many of our young men are abroad with bow and arrow and an enthusiasm for the chase that overrides their competence

WITH THIS LETHAL WEAPON.

I think it alludes to the old Sto Lat custom of awarding

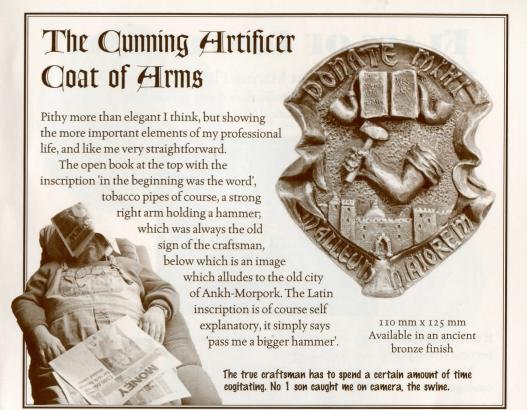
a prize or 'favour' to the first to bring home the Soul Cake Tuesday duck.

So in homage to the hunter and hunted, this trophy, which I hope sums it all up.

Size 100 mm tall 80 mm wide and 90 mm from beak to base.

Bearing in mind these are all individually painted, and we take the plumage colours from 'Lemual Tweed's Flora & Fauna of the Sto Plains'

no two will ever be the same.



You'll never be hungry enough for a

DIBBLER MEAT PIE

A fantastically looking almost 'real' Dibbler Pie. Makes a great paperweight measures 89 mm by just over 26 mm deep.



A truly vile copy of
a pastry
and alleged
meat product.
Just like the
Original pies
sold by
Mr CMOT
Dibbler
himself.

FLAGS OF CONVENIENCE

The regulation Merchant Marine Flag of Ankh-Morpork.

A real cloth flag, in a presentation frame of real wood, with a nautical blue mount.



If you don't happen to own a merchant fleet, or it's in the wash, this lovely flag can become one in your convenience instead.

Most impressive, and you won't find this advertised in a poncy bathroom catalogue either. 250 mm by 200 mm glass and all, very posh.

A PORTENTOUS SIGN

It wasn't me guv, was a phrase I heard once or twice in a previous incarnation. Normally accompanied by a denial as to the very existence of the plump pheasant

in their pocket. Never mind the folded .410 hidden about their person.

But in this particular case it really was not my idea, but came directly from the source of all things Discworld, the man in a hat.

Made to go on any door or wall, especially that of that place of easement and inner tranquillity, The Throne Room.

How much more salubrious to say that one's partner is in room 3b, and cannot at present come to the telephone, than mutter an apology and state a temporary indisposition.



SIZE 200 MM BY 150 MM FINISHED IN OLD BRASS



USEFUL THING

A sort of warm terracotta in colour, mostly. But as they are all hand made this can change a bit.



Coasters, or drip trays or flat objects to scatter about.

Based on the famous Round Tuit, these items bear the imprint of various guilds, Associations, or in the case of Mr Ptacusp & Sons an advertisement for his products and services.

Useful we feel sure, personally I stick my coffee mug on mine, but then I'm trying to work my way up the social scale.

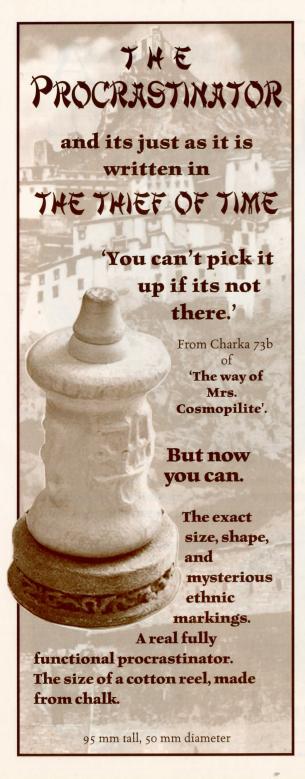
They are about 90 mm in diameter.

We can make for you....

It has been our dubious pleasure to make the 'odd' coaster for a variety of Discworld and other such occasions.

It is not a prohibitively expensive exercise, and it's so much more personal than a bit of plastic out of a catalogue.





THIS ADVERTISEMENT FOR OUR MATE ELIZABETH

The Guild of Fans & Disciples

THE GUILD is run by Elizabeth Alway who also edits a regular newsletter, **RAMTOP TO RIMFALL**, which keeps over 2000 members informed from countries all over the world.

It is non profit-making, and although Terry has no direct involvement in the club, he does supply us with news and quotes and even makes the occasional appearance in the letters page when we wind him up.

New members receive a starter pack and a six issue subscription to our newsletter Ramtop to Rimfall. The starter pack contains a couple of stickers, an enamel badge and the rules to Cripple Mr Onion. The newsletter contains latest news on book releases, signing tours, local plays etc. as well as readers letters, reviews, opinions and anything else we think you may be interested in.

The main Guild address is:
The Guild of Fans and
Disciples
Haltings, Farthing Hill
Horsham W.Sussex RH12 1TS

It costs about £10 to join in the UK. It's a smashing gift to buy for a fan if you don't know what book they are up to says Bernard.

Such is the enlightened and practical nature of Ankh-Morpork society that even crime is controlled and regulated. Well to a degree of regulation anyway, but by and large, it works.

We have much to learn, and thanks to the sympathetic attitude of the current president of the Thieves Guild, Mr Boggis, we can now offer at least part of the service this civic minded Guild gives to the fortunate citizens of Wincanton's twin city.

THE THIEVES GUILD WALL BADGE



Made from a sort of Cast Iron it will tastefully rust when rained upon. It comes with all four of the service badges, viz.

THE SPECIAL
THE FORTUNE
THE STEADFAST
THE FEARNAUGHT

f course in that great metropolis of Ankh-Morpork each one of these badges would denote the type of service you had purchased. But here in Wincanton, and wherever else these objects may end up, there is no comparable service available. So we

supply you with all the badges, you can choose which one you fit, or even change them over now and again just to confuse the neighbours. They will not alas spare you from any localised villainy, but rest assured should any swagman, jolly-latter, pipe shimmy, or latch artist, from the big Wahoonie call by, he will see this sign and simply call in for a nice cup of tea. Mind you your near neighbours will be in for a serious bit of cultural exchange.

Sculptured Wall Plates

500 Limited
Edition Pieces
240 mm diameter, wall
sculptures.

Not the cheapest plate you could eat your soup from, or even eat your soup from, come to that. But rather splendid lumps of bass relief sculpture, and yet another insight into my particular vision of Discworld.

At the time of going to press all the plates illustrated have editions outstanding, but both the Hogfather and Hex have fewer than 50 to run before the edition is sold out.

The Igor Plate

There is just something so wonderfully 'film set' in the world of Terry's vampires and their attendant Igor's. Such great material to work from demands a special sort of 'Hammer'. And there ain't none hammier than me when given the chance to blend in all the ingredients that you find in anything he writes that has an Igor playing part and parts.

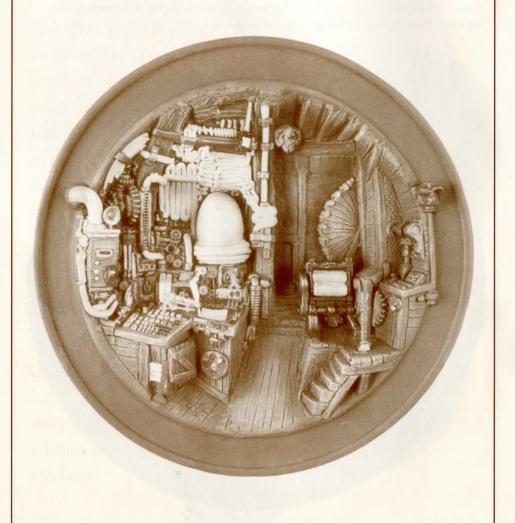
So dear reader, its all here, the coffin, the glass jars, the fireplace and the dog bowl. All round a dear little bed, with a teddy.

To get the real 'film set' look we have actually wired this piece to the mains. It has two LED lights secreted about it to bring an eerie glow to the big glass retort on the back bench, and also a homely glow to the fireplace.



Hex

There was just so much to try and get on this piece, and the description in the books has been unusually consistent and detailed. All the smaller items like the quill and levers are made from white metal. It was the only way to get the detail and location as described. Of course all these tiny pieces have to be made separately and painted, so this piece is quite a miniature work of art for that aspect alone.



THE HOGFATHER PLATE

I very rarely put figures in my landscapes. I think they can 'tie down' the story. The trick with what is known as narrative sculpture is to give the viewer enough information to get the landscape and leave just enough hints within it so they people it within their own imagination.

Get it right and you have a bit of magic, get it wrong and the work can be rather barren, lacking that special something.

That's why I tend to over egg the pudding visually,

A: because I'm a sucker for detail, if it's writ, or if Terry has told me something, then it's in and sod just how many difficulties that might cause in the making or painting.

And B: because I want to ensure that the viewer has little to do but engage the imagination, and see the whole picture.

But when it comes to certain images only a figure will do. So far it's been Death in both cases, the now sold out and much sought after Death's Study, and this the Hogfather Plate.

Once again it's all there, as written, with just one addition of my own, tee hee.



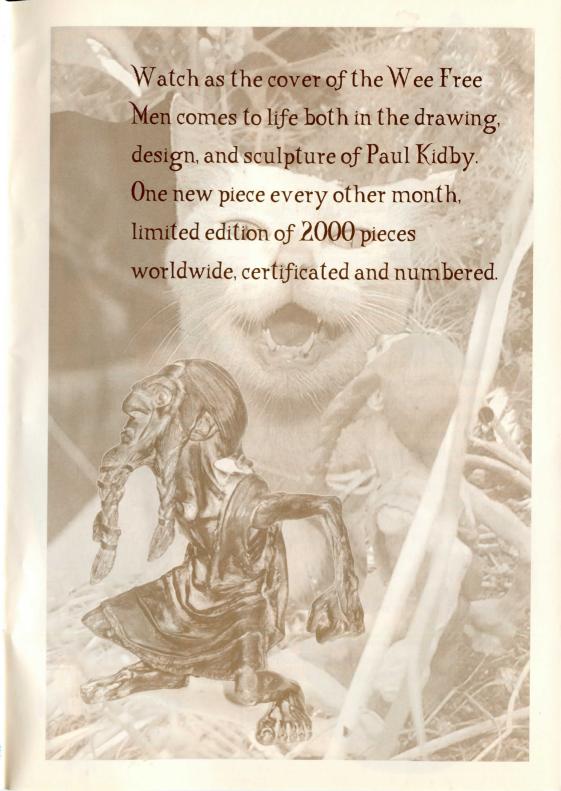
Oh Waily Waily tis



The Nac mac Feegles

Life sized renditions of this manic clan from the hand, eye, and elbow of Mr Paul Kidby.

Under the inspiration, instruction, and big stick of one Terry Pratchett Esq., who wants them himself.





If you can't beat the blighters, join 'em say I. Well I didn't till I met up with Mark Randall and Quentin Tailford, two shifty coves who have 'contacts' in that land of mystery and clever little sods, China.

I donned my Sydney Greenstreet suit; what a fine figure of a man he was, and met up with them in China*

I brushed through the beaded curtains into a smoke filled den. Mark was eating snake-on-astick and using chop sticks like a native, or a native like chopsticks I'm a little hazy on that, anyway, it soon became apparent that they knew of some very clever people who have been making objet d'art for a couple of thousand years longer than me. Real craftsmen in fact, who would translate my, and others of a like mind, designs into really wonderful little bits of pure creation.

And do it in such a way that there was no limit to the quantity that could be produced without any loss of quality.

Now this was something I had never been able to do, our workshop is constipated when trying to make more than 20 of anything in one go, and as for the bigger stuff old Vincent is down to making them in ones, over a week at that.

It soon became apparent that for certain items this was the way forward, and the workshops in China were as keen to produce quality work as I am.

So here we go, they are making my Thud Gaming sets, and now Paul's designs, I still sculpt, and so does Paul, but the clever hands that make them are thousands of miles away, smiling inscrutably.

*Mr Hongs Restaurant and Takeaway, China Town, Wincanton, as a matter of fact.

LIFE SIZED (153 MM TALL) WHEN STANDING STILL, TATTOOED, FIERY OF HAIR AND TEMPER.



Hand Painted. Limited Edition of 2000 worldwide. Numbered & Certificated.

Or... If you really want to push the boat out, the ultimate Garden Sculpture.

Or desk accessory that the cat can't break.

A solid, Foundry Cast Bronze sculpture



SCULPTURED PORTRAIT HEADS DESIGNED BY PAUL KIDBY

The first piece just has to be DEATH, then will follow the Librarian, Rincewind, Granny Weatherwax, Vimes, and so on. All made in

perfect miniatures of the person they represent, following a

tradition of portrait sculpture that stretches back centuries.

Each one will be sculpted to hang as a picture on a wall, a unique rendition of the character that can peer at you from alcove, stairwell, and wall, wherever in fact you feel minded to meet head on, the person you have just read about.

> Made in conjunction with our friends Aurient Traders they combine the mysterious east with the bloodysight more mysterious Somerset where Paul has his studio.

The Collection will be limited to 2000 pieces worldwide, they will be numbered certificated, and beautifully boxed.



For the very first time there is a Board Same that is unique to

DISCUORLD

A game that tests your strategic judgment twice over the complete game.

One time playing the fast moving Owarfs as they attempt to trap Trolls in a carefully prepared ambush. And then in the games second half to take the part of the fearless Trolls as they move inexorably towards the ambush and entrapment of the numerically superior Owarfs.

Just like Koom Valley in fact, the place where this epic struggle is set.



THUD

A true Discworld Board Game

The Game of THUD

A HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVE BY MR TERRY PRATCHETT ESQ

HE ROLE OF GAMES in the histories of both dwarfs and trolls has been very important. Perhaps the most famous was the dwarfish game of Hnaflbaflsniflwhifltafl, devised by the cunning inventor Morose Stronginthearm for Hugen, Low King of the Dwarfs. Hugen had asked for a game that would teach young dwarfs the virtues of preparedness, strategy, boldness and quick thinking, and Morose came up with a board game that has some early resemblance to the Thud board.

The game swept through the dwarfish world, and was very popular. Hugen, being well pleased, asked Morose what he wanted as a reward. The inventor is on record as saying: "If it please you, your majesty, I ask for nothing more than that you should place one plk [a small gold piece then in general circulation] on the first square, two on the second, four on the third and so on until the board is filled."

The king readily agreed to this, and had a sack of gold brought from the treasury. However, the count had not been going on for very long before it became clear that what Morose had asked for was, in fact, all the gold in the universe.

This presented a problem for the king, who had given his word, but he solved it by producing his axe and ordering two of his servants to drag Morose over to the window, where the light was better. At this point Morose hastily amended his request to "as much gold as he could carry", whereupon Hugen agreed and merely had one of his arms broken. "For," he said, "all should know that while Hnaflbaflsniflwhifltafl teaches preparedness, strategy, boldness and quick thinking, it is also important to know when not to be too drhg'hgin clever by half."

Troll games are closely bound up with troll religion and some are quite hard to understand. There is a game like a simplified form of chess, in which play consists of putting the pieces on the board and waiting for them to move, and another in which stones are thrown up into the air and players bet on whether or not they will come down. Quite a lot of money can be won that way.

Koom Valley

The traditional enmity between dwarfs and trolls had been explained away by one simple statement: one species is made of rock, the other is made of miners. But in truth the enmity is there because no one can remember when it wasn't, and so it continues because everything is done in completely justifiable revenge for the revenge that was taken in responses to the revenge for the vengeance that was taken earlier, and so on. Humans never do this sort of thing, much.

There are at least three sites in Koom claiming to be the Koom Valley and at least fourteen major battles are now believed to have been fought there, wherever there turns out to be.

The most likely site of Koom Valley, which is in Koom Valley, is a lonely, foreboding place. Even storm clouds go around it. It has been suggested by some wizards in the History Department at Unseen University that the rock formations in the valley, in the path of the prevailing winds, vibrate at a frequency that causes considerable unease and ill-temper in the brains of dwarfs, trolls and men, but attempts to prove this experimentally have failed three times because of fights.

The most recent battle was between a party of young dwarfs from Ankh-Morpork, who were visiting the area as part of a cultural tour. City dwarfs feel that it is very important for their offspring to stay in touch with the roots of dwarfishness, and often send them back to Copperhead or Uberwald for what is known as some 'mine time'. On this day, unfortunately, a party of young trolls were also visiting the area for very similar reasons, and after some name-calling they fell to fighting and gave a very spirited recreation of the earlier battles.

The game of Thud was devised as an alternative to the fighting. It was considered by some older dwarfs and trolls that a non-fatal means of contest might be a boon to peace in the mountains and, besides, they were running out of people. And, in recognition of the general state of all unsuccessful fighters in the wars, it is a game of two halves.

"For", according to the trollish philosopher Plateau, "if you wants to understan' an enemy, you gotta walk a mile in his shoes. Den, if he's still your enemy, at least you're a mile away and he's got no shoes."

Legend says that a large war party of dwarfs and a smaller one of trolls were hunting one another in the valley, and that on this occasion the leader of the trolls tried an artful strategy. Usually, both groups would hunt each other among the big rocks that litter the valley, but this time the troll leader positioned his company right out in the middle of a stretch of open ground, reasoning that the dwarfs would never look there.

"After all", he is recorded as saying, "dey always find us when we hide behind fings 'cos dey look behind fings, so if we stands out in the open they won't find us 'cos dere's nuffin to look behind".

This major step in trollish thinking had some success because of the heavy fog that, most unusually, had fallen that morning. However, it lifted shortly after sunrise, and the trolls were, to the confoundment of what seemed like impeccable logic, immediately spotted. Battle ensued, both sides claiming foul play on the part of the other, and both sides claiming to have won.

The Thud game seeks to recreate this and has been credited with seriously reducing the number of major wars between dwarfs and trolls, replacing them instead with innumerable bar room scuffles in which Thud boards, and sometimes pieces, are used as the weapons. But since this becomes merely a police matter, it counts as peace...



© TERRY PRATCHETT 2002

The COLLECTORS COITION

Measuring from 50 mm to 100 mm in height, on a 635 mm by 635 mm game board and a total of 41 individually sculpted playing Pieces Hand made and finished in the following ways

Old Bone

Made in the style and feel of ancient bone, bleached by the centuries, and carved by master craftsmen.

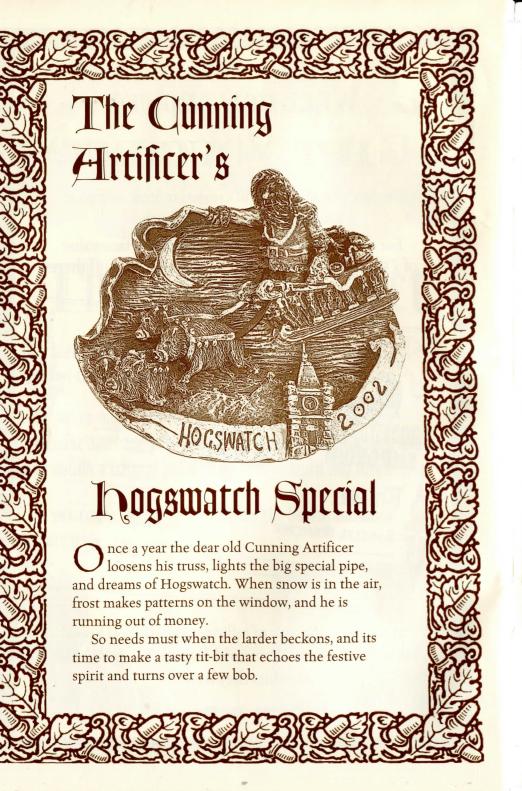
Polished Tusk.

Antique games pieces, polished by the hands of countless
Thud Masters. Smooth and sensuous to the touch, the hand
finishing makes each piece, each set totally unique.
41 Pieces plus the board.

Limited Edition Land Painted.

The ultimate Thud game. Each one numbered and an original work of miniature art. Signed by the artist, there being no more than 200 sets world wide.





Something not too expensive, and jolly good value so that all who are looking for a cheap gift that looks expensive can get just the thing for a kindred ailment.

In 2002 it was a rather splendid wall plaque of the Hogfather himself riding his sleigh across a winters sky.

That will cease to be made as from November 2003, when a new piece will be made available.

Logswatch 2003

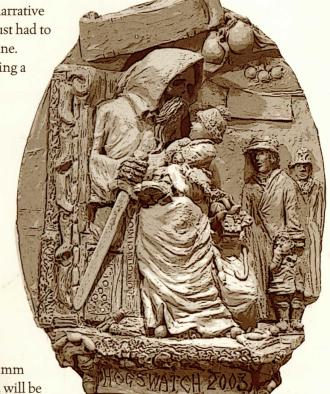
This is a depiction of that wonderful moment in the book, The Hogfather, when a small damp child is placed on the

lap of DEATH. There was so much descriptive narrative in the book that I just had to have a go at this scene.

I suppose it's being a grandfather or something, but a small damp child being marooned on a lap gives a whole new dimension to the phrase 'small talk'.

This piece will only be made available from December 2003 and will remain in production until November 2004.

It measures 150 mm by 200 mm tall, and will be painted to look like old wood.





Isobel and I hope you have enjoyed this little tome, it's made from soft paper, so you will always be able to find a use for it.

It does not contain all that we make because even by the time I had finished writing the ruddy thing two new items are well underway.

But this will do until next year, and in the meantime, if you get a chance to visit, please do.

It's a lovely part of the world, there's a lot to see hereabouts, and the B+B's, pubs, and hotels are good value. And what is more, we can always get the kettle on for a brew, and the sticky buns are something else.



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