

I Want to Be a Celtic Death Goddess When I Grow Up



*The
Art of
Sue
Mason*

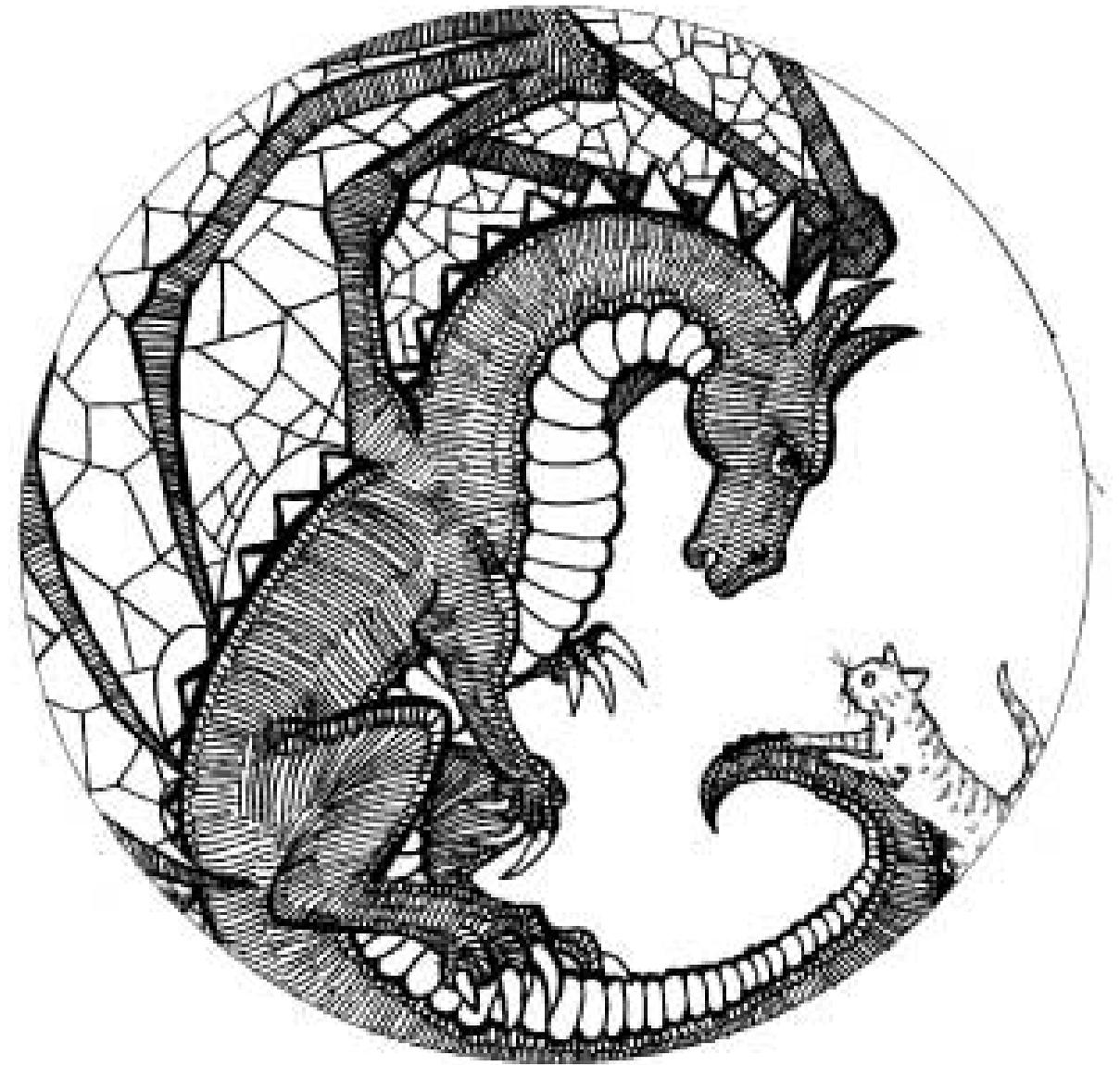


I Want to Be a Celtic Death Goddess When I Grow Up
by Sue Mason

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Self-Portrait

Drawn in a much looser style than I usually do, a little self-portrait. I certainly have the costume: my English Civil War kit. I once spent a happy hour talking about re-enactment with a lady at a Trek Con in Manchester. She was talking about someone in the ACWS, the American Civil War Society, and I was talking about the same person—but I knew them from the *English Civil War Society*. Which led to some crossed lines until we realised the guy was in both societies. Re-enactors are like that. I was a Viking before I was a tart for the New Model Army.

Conclusion

So here we are, just a couple of weeks until Minicon and I still haven't written an end piece for the chapbook. Poor Rachael, who has been an angel of patience with me, must be tearing her hair out. But the written word just doesn't come easy to me. The Plokta Cabal frequently have to edit my writing back into English from the rambling.

But the pictures do come easy. I love doing them.

I hope you enjoy this collection. I certainly enjoyed rooting through old folders. I was actually shocked by how much stuff I couldn't find (though I did find the cucumber picture, and, no, you aren't seeing it—ask me about it, I'll probably be in the bar). I have been astonishingly careless with my work in the past and vast swathes of it languish in fan eds' files somewhere, sigh. But there are always new fanzines needing fillos, even if they are of *The Sound of Moosic* or mice with antlers. Or ducks with antlers. I always love a challenge.

This year is my 21st year in fandom. It's going to be a good one.

Sue Mason, April 2003



I Want to Be a Celtic Death Goddess When I Grow Up



*The Art of
Sue Mason*

with
RUDE PICTURES
& diverse
commentary
from the artist

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Fanzineware

The art in this publication is *fanzineware*. That means you may use it for non-commercial publications, such as fanzines, if you send Sue a copy:

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If you want to use any of Sue's art for commercial purposes, or to commission a piece, please get in touch with her. She offers very reasonable rates.



OXFAM ACTIVITIES MANUAL

A RECIPE FOR SUCCESS



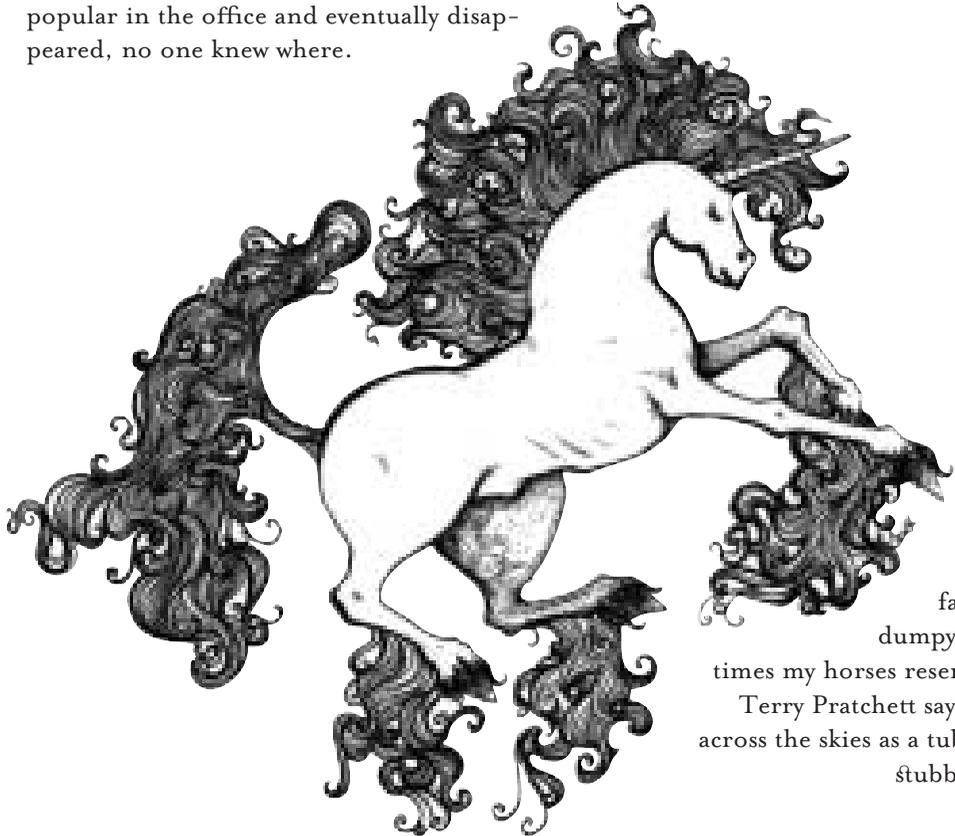
Oxfam Activities Manual

[opposite] Another set of art where I let them keep the originals and now regret it. A picture of normal people, rare for me. I did lots of things like this in my first job during the early eighties. I was the publicity artist for Salford County Council. The publicity team—myself, a photographer, a writer and a secretary—produced PR material, press releases, posters, and leaflets for the City of Salford. All done with Letraset, typewriters, and hard graft.

Nowadays, one person could cover our entire department with a digital camera and a PC.

They discovered on Day One that my spelling is nothing if not creative. I produced and hand-lettered a poster for local sports centres and leisure centres. Only I spelt it 'center' in every instance on the poster, and we only noticed once the run came back from the printers. Oh well, they learnt the necessity of proofreading me right from the start.

One poster I did was for a volleyball team. But I had to re-do it; I had made my volleyball team somewhat nubile and leggy, but the team were actually 10 years and under. The original poster was very popular in the office and eventually disappeared, no one knew where.

*Unicorn*

Look at the mane and tail on this! And a very serious look on the unicorn's face. It's a bit short and dumpy for a unicorn; sometimes my horses resemble Thellwell ponies.

Terry Pratchett says he can see me racing across the skies as a tubby little Valkyrie on a stubby little pony. Humph.

Drawing Stuff

Drawing stuff is what I do best. I'm not a writer (well, I'm dyslexic for a start; before the advent of the PC, you wouldn't find me writing anything), and I'm not an intellectual. Or middle class, or university educated. I left school with precious few qualifications and no great urge for academia. But I draw stuff.

I'm not, truth be told, a particularly good artist in the technical sense. Any serious critique of my work would find vast swathes of errors, my perspective is appalling, my draftsmanship sloppy, and I can't draw anything more technological than a horse and cart.

But I draw stuff.

I deliver on time (mostly) and what the client, fan ed, or customer asks for (mostly). And people seem to find my work appealing and entertaining.

Fandom and art have gone hand in hand through my fannish career; it's a big part of what defines me as a fan. My first convention was in 1982 and I won Best Newcomer in the Art Show. Right from then I was doing art for fans: filkers, conrunners, gamers, fan eds, the Plokta Cabal.... Which leads me here. To Minicon.

Since I first came to the US, after winning TAFF (the Trans Atlantic Fan Fund, which sends fans from the US and Europe across the big pond to visit each other in cultural exchange) in 2000, Minnesota fandom has felt like my home away from home. I probably know more Minnesotans than fans in any other US fan-group, and they have been universally welcoming and cheerfully tolerant of my slightly dotty nature, just like Britfandom at home.

And you all, sadly, missed the sight of me doing the happy dance around the living room when I received the email inviting me to be Fan Guest of Honour with you. Thank you for inviting me. I shall endeavor to be entertaining and worth the airfare.

Special thanks should go to Rachael Lininger, who has lovingly compiled this chapbook from my rambling writings and has waded through vast steaming piles of smutty pictures seeking the finest and most fitting to present to you herein. I even think she has used some of the non-dirty pictures too!



Sue Mason, March 2003

[Ed. note. Still waiting for the vast piles of smutty pictures—there was only one little pile. Perhaps they got lost in the mail?]

Gods and Goddesses



Interview with the Moose

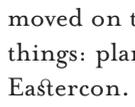


And Then There Were Moose....

Lots and bloody lots of moose.

 I first met Alison and Mike Scott at the committee meeting for Follycon, I went along with Gytha and the Brighton contingent. I met Steve Davies at Follycon itself. This was the germ for both Fourplay and Confabulation (and much later down the line, Plokta).

 We did the fourth British Filkcon, Fourplay, in 1992. By this time, we had added Giulia De Cesare to our ranks. Then we

 moved on to greater things: planning the Eastercon. It was the year of the Scottish Worldcon; we planned to run a nice intimate little Eastercon in London's Docklands, Confabulation. And we needed a theme.

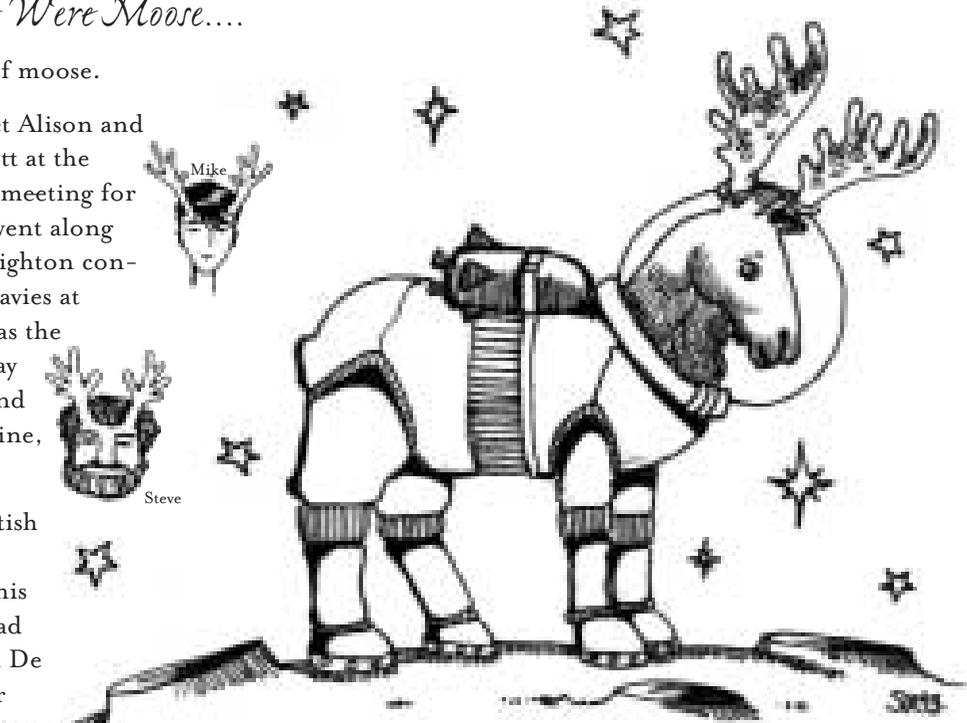
I have no recollection of where the bloody moose came from. But it was All Alison's Fault. → I do have memories of sending Mike Scott out into the Depths of Reading in search of Jurassic Park merchandise to rip off.

I wasn't very good at moose at first. I do like the moose in the space suit, though. Perhaps it's his worried expression.

I got better with practice. *The Moose is a Harsh Mistress*, complete with whip; *Drop the Dead Moose*, complete with, um, moose. I love the rakish *Interview with the Moose* vampire. If ever a moose could look sexy, he's the one. I got very into all the little gothic details in the background, particularly the candlesticks.

The Sound of Moosic

And, famously, a moose in a nun's habit skipping across the Austrian Tyrol (with edelweiss)—drawn small enough to fit on a badge, to boot. The things I do for my friends.



Queen of the Corn

I was thrown out of Sunday School at the age of 12 for wanting to be The Morrigan when I grew up (true!).

My interest in the old gods has been with me ever since. I don't really worship them—I don't worship anything (and I have a very relaxed attitude to religion in general)—but I love to draw them, particularly on wood, and they are a theme which turns up again and again in my art.

The queen of the corn comes up again and again in my work, too. She is a self-portrait; it's the aspect of the deity I understand best, despite my childhood ambitions to be The Morrigan.



A Classic Antlered Green Man

[opposite] His face is a little wide and fat, but he looks very kind and approachable. Oak is my favourite leaf to draw, too. The sun jewel on his antler is a garnet and silver earring I have, carved with a solar face.

*Garanhir
from The Moon of Gomrath*

A commercial piece as a book jacket. The editors sent me a photocopied sheet from a children's book—*The Moon of Gomrath*, by Alan Garner—as an inspiration for the picture:



And away among the trees appeared the figure of a man. He came loping to the Beacon along the old, straight track, and the light played on the muscles of his body in rippling patterns of black and red. He was huge and powerful, yet with the grace of an animal; at least seven feet tall, and he ran effortlessly. His face was long and thin, his nose pointed, and nostrils flared; his eyes night-browed, up-sweeping, dark as rubies; his hair red curls; and among the curls grew the antlers of a stag.

The horseman answered him:

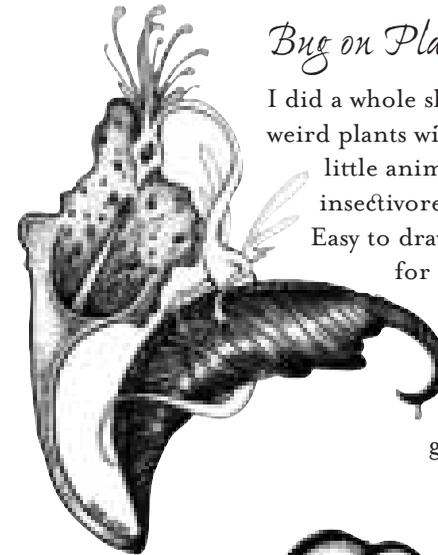
*Swift the hoof, and free the wind!
Wakeful are we to the flame of the Coloring!
From heat of the sun, and the cold of the moon,
Hail, Garanhir! Gorlassar! Lord of the Herlathing!*

Then he backed slowly from the fire and when the runner came to the circle and sprang in a stride to the top of the top of the mound, all the horses knelt, and the riders lifted their arms in silence.

Susan looked at him and was not afraid. Her mind could not accept him, but something deeper could. She knew what made the horses kneel. Here was the heart of all wild things. Here were thunder, lightning, storm; the slow beat of tides and seasons, birth and death, the need to kill and the need to make. His eyes were on her, yet she could not be afraid.



This, of course, was the book which made me want to be The Morrigan when I was 12; the picture was a joy and I am still very pleased with him. I drew Garanhir naked, the loincloth was added out of necessity. I'm glad that I have the original, which is A3—a large picture for me; most of my work is A4 or smaller.



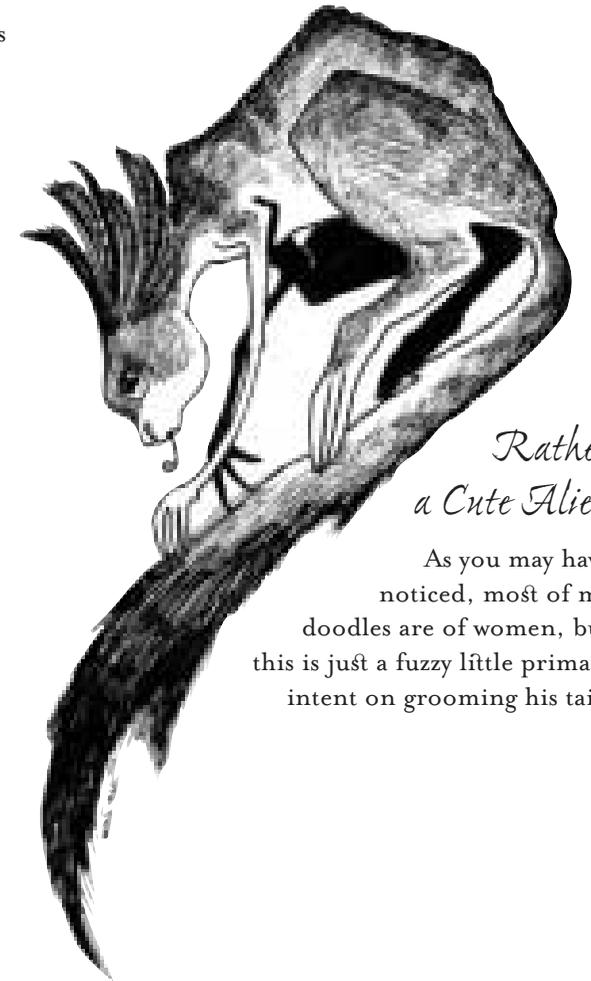
Bug on Plant

I did a whole slew of these weird plants with bugs and little animals and insectivores on them. Easy to draw, nice fillers for the bottoms and corners of pages. This one is particularly good.



Woman with Jewelry

Back to the cute women. Nice hair, nice expression. I love her outfit and I covet her jewelry.



*Rather
a Cute Alien*

As you may have noticed, most of my doodles are of women, but this is just a fuzzy little primate intent on grooming his tail.

Fan Art

Mage on Wall

She seems to be perched rather uncomfortably on that wall, but I still like this. Little black dots seem to be my shorthand for magic at this period. The dragon's wings are as aerodynamic as a brick, but I suppose it doesn't really matter when you are made out of mist. Took a long time to finish too, started in '96 and finished in 2001. She sat for a long time in a file; I think she finally was completed because I like her face. The shape is different from the soft round faces I usually do with women.



Phoenix

The most successful of a set of four elements I did. I've used variants on this design several times, but I still think this is my favourite one.



Walkies

She's got him right where she wants him, and his wings have been well and truly clipped. Her outfit is interesting but looks painful.

Perhaps she likes it that way?



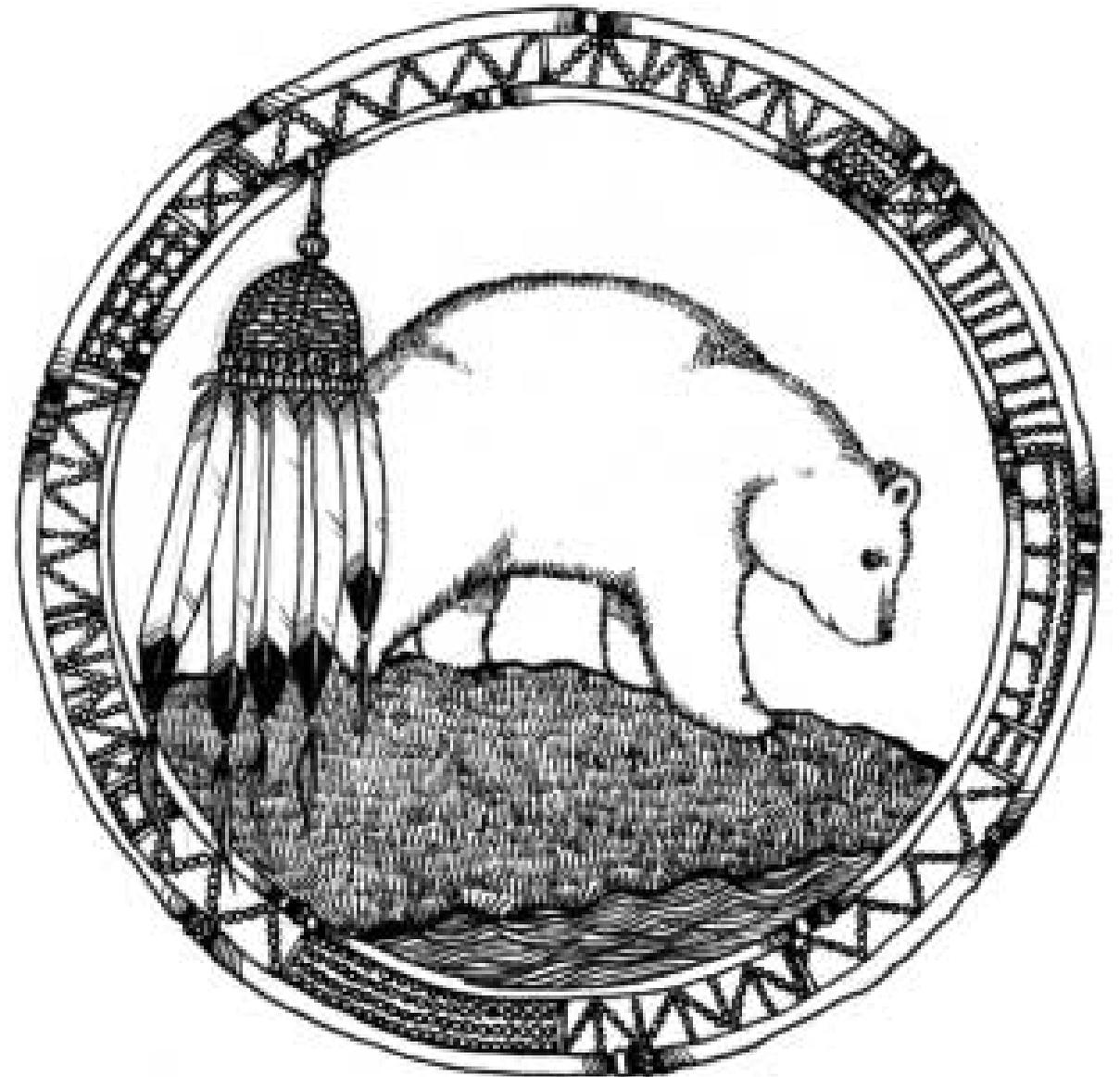
Trident

Another demon lady. The wings and fabric have lots of fluidity and I love her cloven hooves. She is a homage to Jamilshira, a lady demon in one of the strips in the British comic anthology *Warrior* (*Warrior* gave us *V for Vendetta* and other good stuff). Jamilshira had, I remember clearly, cloven hooves and little clove-hooved stiletto-heeled shoes to wear on her feet. I loved that image and, even though *Trident* is barefoot, she has a bit of Jamilshira in her.



Bear

Phoenix was Fire, Bear is Earth. I did a Dolphin for Water and can't recall for the life of me what was Air. A Pegasus, I think.





[opposite] Never seen before—sat in a folder, needing a home! She's another solid, almost human goddess; he's a horse made of lakewater and moonlight. It's never going to work. For a start, the families would never get on, and do you bring up the children on lake or land?

I like the looming, brooding sky and the texture on the water.

Seahorse and Maiden

Fraternité, Egalité, Maternité

Modern mother goddess, with a baby monitor.



Fairy Queen

Very fine work, more like my pyrography than the usual black & white fillo. Her crown is rosehips; her coronet, blackberries. She's very fine and very lovely.





Pure

[opposite] The angel before she got her mitts on him?

Or maybe after, given the rock guitar. Undoubtedly influenced by the ubiquitous Jim Stienman, whose lyrics seeped into my brain and just won't quit. Responsible for such overblown lyrics as:

*I got a dream 'bout an angel on the beach
And the perfect waves are starting to come
His hair is flying out in ribbons of gold
And his touch has got the power to stun.
I got a dream 'bout an angel in the forest
Enchanted by the edge of a lake
His body's glowing in the jewels of light
And the earth below him's starting to shake.*

'Tonight Is What It Means To Be Young,' from the film *Streets of Fire*. Subtle and understated, eh? One of my favourite songs.

I drew him at a convention, one of The Samurai Wookiee cons in Manchester. I was sitting next to Storm Constantine and, as is my wont, I drew the figure naked and then added the clothes: it helps me with proportions and the fold of the clothing.

That's my story and I am sticking to it.

Storm lent over and ogled the young angel, then turned to her partner. "That looks like you!" she cried.

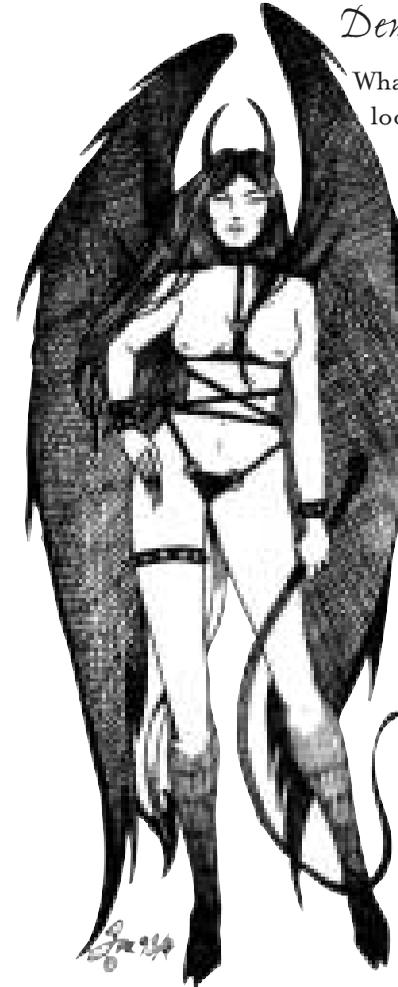
The poor lad blushed awfully and all the women eavesdropping suddenly took an new interest in him.





Goddesses in Circles

From coy to sly and knowing.



Demoness with Whip

What is she wearing? She's obviously looking for her misplaced youth.



Pan

He's a cross between Priapus and Bacchus, and I love the knowing look on his face. Lock up your daughters, sons, and sheep.

I drew him at work. Obviously while no one was looking...



Fighting Centaur

He's quite magnificent. Bet he isn't lacking in the willy department.



Falling

This was also a direct followup to 'Temptation' and caused the Police to request its removal from the window of a shop which was selling prints of it. All that fuss over a little willy (okay, not so little). 'Falling' was drawn while I was sober, so the anatomy is better and the wings have real movement. It only got its name years later when someone pointed out he had lost his first feather and was about to fall. Obviously influenced by the couple who are an angel and demon in *Hellblazer* (comic), and hopefully not by Aziraphale and Crowley from Neil Gaiman and Terry Pratchett's *Good Omens*.



A Wintery Green Man

With holly and ivy and mistletoe, old magical plants. The snow on his antlers works well, too.



Teddy

And that picture led to this one, which was a private commission for my friend, Square Bear.

Poor teddy looks very disturbed.



Rude Pictures



Tattooed punk pulling tongue out

Lots of nice movement here, from her dreadlocks to the slight twist of her body. Love the Boudicca spike on her elbow, ouch! Definitely not a Tolkien elf...

Temptation

This was the rude picture that started a trend. The original was drawn on a tatty sketch pad at a dull party, hence the inordinate amount of correction fluid (the left foot is still not quite right). One had had one or two drinkie-poos.

I don't often use correction fluid; once I have finished the pencils, I have usually made all corrections I need to. The feet of the ravished angel are a little too close to the edge of the paper for easy reproduction. Note to self, don't draw when half-cut. But I love the pose and the wings, particularly the feathers, and he has a winsomely innocent face.

When faced with
Temptation,
Succumb

