

THE PEOPLE OF INNSMOUTH

Fanclub Newsletter

Sixth Issue September 1994

Most letters see print! The People of Innsmouth: 2602 Campbell Ave Abbotsford BC V2S 4A4. Letters to the editor: 6122 Glengarry Dr Sardis BC V2R 2H9

THE OFFICIAL FAN CLUB OF



EVIL LIVES

Your task this month, People of Innsmouth, was inspired by new member Derek Claeys of Hope, B.C. With his letter of inquiry, he sent a string of postage stamps, and boy, were we pleased. Warren and I thought it would be a swell idea if all of you sent us a few stamps, but with an excitedly evil twist: you must steal them from your parents. If you legitimately bought them, we don't want them. **YOU MUST BE EVIL!** Steal as many stamps as you can from your folks, and send them to us. "What do we get in return," you might ask. The answer is nothing but the satisfaction of evil well done. Plus the chances of us using those stamps to send you a little extra something evil of our own is exceptionally high.

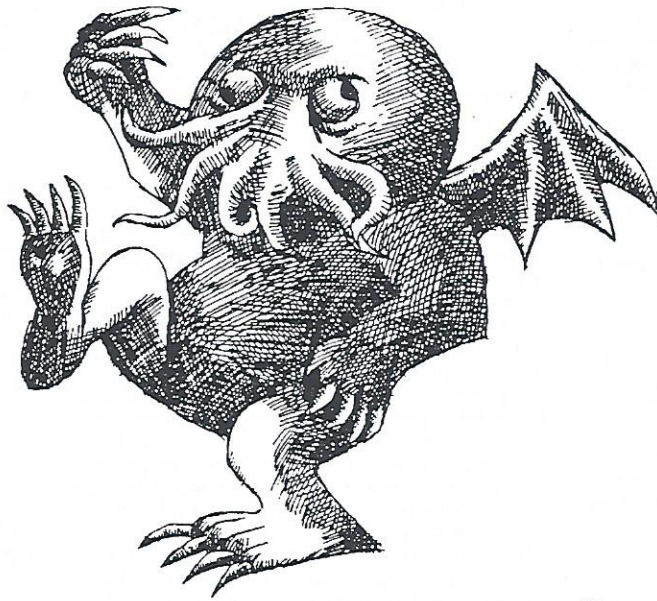
FREE GOODIES!

In evil news, The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets recently featured (and prominently, I may add) on a new compilation CD put out by IMPACT MAGAZINE. They sent us several copies of the CD, and what the hell are WE going to do with them? I got my copy, the rest are fair game for The People of Innsmouth. But it won't be easy...as usual, we require a task—a demonstration of faith, if you will—to be performed by you meager peons before we hand out the goods:

Every time we have a show in Vancouver, The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets go out for dinner between the sound check and the performance. During these meals (usually consisting of pasta) we tell horrible and often gruesome true stories to wile away the hours. For example, Boob once told of some drunk guy who climbed into a laundry chute in a big hotel and fell to his grisly demise as he scraped all the flesh off of his hands trying desperately to halt his descent. Boob was more graphic, of course, but you get the idea. Being extremely evil, and also moderately swell people in general, we, Cthulhu's good-time boys, will send a free CD to the first five People of Innsmouth who send us their most horrific true stories. How does that strike your fancy? Pretty groovy, eh? Huh? ...yeah, I thought so. Now hurry up and start writing.

BACK ISSUES

Issues 2 through 5 of the exceedingly unpopular PEOPLE OF INNSMOUTH newsletter are available. Send us AT LEAST 43 cents worth of stamps and we will rush them out to you.



A "Where the Wild Things Are" Cthulhu with apologies to Maurice Sendak

BETTY VS. VERONICA

The question of the month, perhaps the very century, has plagued the minds of scholars and philosophers since Archie comics was created. Betty or Veronica: if you were Archie Andrews, who would you choose? I don't think that poor bastard realizes what he's got. So far, he hasn't had to choose, because he's got the best of both worlds (and the writers just love to keep us hangin'). Well, here's what your favourite Cthulhu-worshippin' band thinks:

Toren: Betty. Veronica is a snob. I'll take sincerity and down-to-earth common sense to aloof opulence any day. Besides, she has much more "punk potential" than Veronica. I see Veronica listening to Peter Frampton, or Julio Iglesias, or Pavorotti. Betty, on the other hand, I picture listening to The Police or Simon and Garfunkle, and with a little ~~guilt~~ ^{guilt}, I see her dying her hair rubidium red and moshing to NoMeansNo and Helmet. It seems Betty enjoys Archie's company and seems to definitely care about him, whereas Veronica seems to look on Archie as just another commodity to be bought. Hey, this question isn't very evil....

Jordan: Veronica is a snob, but Betty has no self-esteem. What kind of a choice is that? If I were a cartoon male, I'd choose the enigmatic Midge. I'd keep an eye out for Moose, though...you know how impulsive those jocks can be.

Fustie: As my hormones swung heavily on the Betty & Veronica pendulum, I, like Archie, felt great pain. Choosing who would be "the one" would be very difficult, in that, they both contain qualities that men seek. Placing the rich Veronica aside would limit my chances at aloofness as her great wealth would allow me ...continued on page 3

THE LOVECRAFT CORNER

We all remember (don't we?) that fantastic H. P. Lovecraft story, "The Lurking Fear," in which horrible creatures burrow tunnels in the Catskills. Well, according to the August 1994 issue of Fangoria magazine, that tale of claustrophobic terror is being adapted to film. The story was one of Lovecraft's more frightening tales, with a surprise ending that unfortunately isn't making it to the adaptation. As with all visual translations of HPL's tales, The Lurking Fear movie cannot possibly live up to the visions inspired in the imagination, but of course it must be recommended as a proliferation of Lovecraft's legacy. There have been numerous diversions from the original plot and structure of The Lurking Fear, including a different look for the subterranean beasts. Writer/director ...continued on page 2

KILL JOSH by Josh

In the third chapter of our ever-steamy chronology, The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets look back to the days of Joshua Pratt, our very first drummer (eventually degrading into back-up singer), sadly forced to scramble from the prying eyes of audiences everywhere and attend to his very own greasy spawn.

Many people have been asking me what it was like to be a member of that elite club known as The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets. Would that I could put into words the excitement that shook my heart when I first met Toren Atkinson—I wanted to sock him in the melon for being so weird. But...time passed (as it is wont to do), and soon my poisonous hatred turned into respect, admiration, and yea verily, love for his twisted sub-genial mental workings.

Through this young man, I met another who piqued my interest with his sense of humour and ready laugh: Warren S. Banks, a man possessed (some say) by an uncanny ability to pluck riffs from the seemingly empty ether that surrounds us. (According to secret medical evidence, this is due to a displaced pineal gland, which instead of tending toward his frontal lobe, has interwoven itself into his aural nerves, with the result that his is the ability to hear "out of space" those sounds which are known only to a few souls, who have all paid the price for such abilities.)

Shaken as I was by the look in Warren's mirthful visage, I realized also that in time, he would become one of the elite—a power to be reckoned with in the rock world. Yes, perhaps even on a par with Eddie Van Halen or Toni Iommi. At the time, he seemed consciously unaware of the glory that was to be his, but lying coiled within his brain was the spore that ...continued on page 2

LOVECRAFT CORNER

continued from page one

C. Courtney Joyner says "these things are more like degenerative human beings who have reverted to cannibalism." In the adaptation, the town's residents round up a posse to destroy the creatures. Jeffrey Combs (who starred as Herbert West in RE-ANIMATOR, and the lead in FROM BEYOND) plays the town doctor in the film, which is "a lot closer to Walter Hill than H. P. Lovecraft. The "Lurking Fear" story basically ends once it's revealed what the creatures are, so we had to build a whole other story around it. It's as close to Lovecraft as Roger Corman's THE RAVEN was to Poe in its day," says Joyner. The creator of the low-budget, direct-to-video LURKING FEAR also says, "It's a little short-handed, a little pulp, but I don't think it's dull. Certainly, I hope it's not. And maybe it has something a little more fun than another videocassette at the same price. Hopefully we're giving people a little more bang for their buck."

In the May issue of The People of Innsmouth, I let you all in on the news about the anthology film, NECRONOMICON. Well, the Fangoria magazine sheds more light on the project: "Currently shooting is [Christophe] Gans' 'The Drowned,' which is shaping up to be an impressive throwback to the classic '60s Corman/Poe films. The story concerns Edward (Bruce Payne), who is grieving over the death of his pretty young wife, Clara (Maria Ford), as he moves into a rundown hotel by the sea. It is here that one of his ancestors unleashed the powerful Cthulhu from its watery grave decades ago—a mistake that is destined to be repeated." Gans says, "[Lovecraft's] created a mythology where there is no heaven or hell. He was trying to go beyond the dream world, beyond the appearance. If we can see that, we can explain the success of Lovecraft. he really is one of the great authors who predates the post-acid culture."

The "Whispers" segment is EXTREMELY loosely based the HPL tale, "The Whisperer in Darkness," which tells of the Fungi from Yuggoth mining in the Vermont hills. "The story concerns two police officers who become prey to a group of birdlike aliens in the bowels of an abandoned building." The only connection I can glean from the article is that aliens extract human brains.

The last segment, "The Cold," adapts Lovecraft's "Cool Air," about a doctor who takes a stab at immortality. All three stories in the movie are connected with a segment in which Jeffrey Combs plays H. P. Lovecraft himself, sneaking into a dark library to abscond with the famous book of dead names. Unfortunately, Fangoria doesn't tell us when THE NECRONOMICON will be released, but THE LURKING FEAR is currently available on video.

On the other hand, September 9, 1994 is the date set for IN THE MOUTH OF MADNESS, the Lovecraftian project by super-spiffy director John Carpenter. Remember JOHN CARPENTER'S THE THING, MEMOIRS OF AN INVISIBLE MAN, or DARK STAR? Imagine a big budget put towards a Cthulhuesque movie! The film portrays a Lovecraftian author named Sutter Cane, who disappears into a world filled with monsters—a world which is the focus of his novels. IN THE MOUTH OF MADNESS promises to be an "upscale project, with



big-name, bankable stars"—sounds good to me!
My apologies to Michael Rowe and Anthony C. Ferrante for quoting so

much.

In other Lovecraft news, Cthulhu has willed it that our presence be known in the United Kingdom, and that we be contacted by the inhabitants therein. The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets recently received a letter from Peter Smith of Sarcophagus Press. He sent us a small 27-page booklet, The Black Stone, in which can be found six essays on the sixtystone, with strong ties to the work of H. P. Lovecraft. This book is copyright 1993 The Miskatonic Society.

KILL JOSH

continued from page one

made it all possible: the knowledge of Cthulhu's existence.

The spore dreaming inside Warren would soon take root under the nurturing bombardment of that Veritable Shrine hit factory, Mystery Machine. Their seeming leap to fame aboard the Netzwerk train burned in Warren's thoughts, and he longed to spread the gospel of the Great Old Ones through this exciting new medium called "Rock and Roll."

Warren and Toren, seeing the mayhem around them coalesce into bands such as Flywheel, Go-Guy, and Eugene's Axe (of which this reporter was the singer), they quickly decided to form their own unit. Immediately upon hearing of their plan, I recruited myself as drummer, although the songs that I helped write have long since become either outdated or an integral part of their repertoire, my stamp has long been obliterated by the efforts of consecutive drummers, not the least of which was Jonathan Hutchings, whose membership was cut short when he suddenly dissolved in his own bile one day.

Over the years, my direct involvement in The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets' performances has diminished, due to inexplicable physiological changes that the medical profession is unable to explain or alleviate, although some of the more grotesque changes have been compensated by new abilities, hitherto unknown to normal men. (I now possess the ability to see in the ultraviolet bandwidth, as well as maintain my internal functions while travelling between the far-flung stars of the Milky Way.)

Unfortunately, my appearance is so grotesque to the unaccustomed eye that I maintain myself in darkness, moving out of doors only on moonless nights, and only to witness from secret places an occasional manifestation of The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets, the only true experience left in this mortal world.

I shall finally be free to walk under the sun when Cthulhu and his minions arise to their destiny, and I shall find comfort among my brethren, distorted and distended though they be.

UNDERLINGS SPEAK

The People of Innsmouth: (July 26, 1994)

Last week I mailed away to your fanclub, not knowing what to expect if anything. Not only did I get an order form to buy "Gurgle Gurgle," (I've been looking for this for two years) but also stickers, my own evil certificate, and two tickets to see [The] Darkest [of the Hillside Thickets] at Greg's tomorrow. You guys are awesome. I saw you play in Abbotsford about a year ago for the first time. Well when I left that hall, I was in fucking shock. You guys put on one of the best shows I have ever seen.

Thanks again for all the great shit. You guys kick ass. Cthulhu LIVES!

Oh yeah and one more thing, do I mail away to Veritable Shrine in Sardis or People of Innsmouth in Abbotsford to send my orders in? Please help. Hope to hear from you soon.

-Derek Claeys, Hope, B.C.

Well, Derek, thanks for the letter, and let me just

say that you must be in the service of Yog Sothoth (you know, coterminous with all time), if you can see a band for the first time about a year ago, but b looking for their tape for two years. It's too bad we never played that gig at Greg's Place here in Chilliwack, but as you never came anyway, I guess it's no big deal. Frankly, I am appalled at your language young man, but yes, we kick ass, and Cthulhu Lives.

To clarify, all mail ordering is to be arranged with me, here at the Veritable Shrine World Headquarters, in Sardis. (Truth be known, the only reason that the People of Innsmouth address isn't in Sardis as well is because when we started this thing, I was in transit.) Ia ia Cthulhu fhtagn!

[The Darkest of the] Hillside Thickets,

You guys are so cool!!! It's great to read your newsletter and find out other people are interested in Cthulhu. Your newsletter is very good. With your last correspondence you asked me to send another copy of the blurb John Tynes did for you on the Internet. Can't do it, you had my only copy. I can assure you however, that you are on the Internet in the FAQ for alt.horror.cthulhu.

The FAQ is a list of Frequently Asked Questions which is posted to the newsgroup every month or so. You are in it under related musical groups and under fans/newsletters. So every month people from around the world read about you.

I'm sure John Tynes has corrected you already, but the address you have for Pagan Publishing is out of date. Their new mailing address is Pagan Publishing, 1910 N 49th Street, Seattle, Washington 98103 USA. (206) 632-3471. email: paganpub@aol.com

Also the email address for Necronomicon Press is necropress@delphi.com.

—Rory Millard, Chigaco IL. [some material omitted for space considerations]

Well hey, Rory, thanks a bunch for all the info. As a matter of fact, a friend of mine who has access to the Internet printed me up the FAQ list just days before your letter arrived, and via that I learned about even more Cthulhu-related organizations, like The Esoteric Order of Dagon, Borgo Press, The Miskatonic Society, Dark House, and others. For the rest of you People of Innsmouth who do not have access to Internet, and would like to know about all of the HPL-related movies, publishers, games, etc that are too voluminous to print in The People of Innsmouth newsletter, send me some stamps—lots and lots of stamps—and I'll send you everything I have.

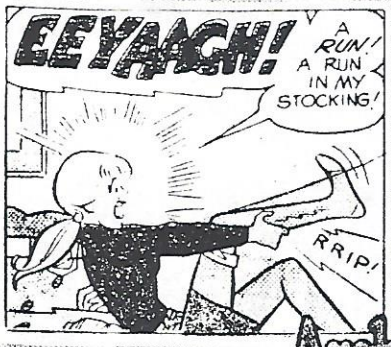
Dear DOTHT:

I recently attended one of your shows at the Starfish room. I had no real problem with you guys, I really like some of your tunes. My problem is that I don't "get" you guys at all. What's with the costumes anyway? They look so cheap and spraypainted. Who was that green monster guy? I don't get it. Maybe you can help clue me in because I'm really in the dark.

-confused.

Dear confused,

You're in luck, mortal, because you aren't the first to request guidance about our favorite group. To help you and other novice fans "dig the scene" that is The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets, we have carefully compiled a list of recommended steps one can take in order to fully understand and therefore appreciate the total musical experience that only a bunch of hacks in paper suits can provide. We as a band feel the following 7 steps program will not only provide the basic tools to understanding a truly unique band, but will, if continued on page 4.



The Betty/Veronica Debate from page 1

full effort towards my artistic advancements. However, casting Betty to the wind (and so unto Reggie) would deprive me of the mother figure all men so desperately need. And so, the only way to completely satisfy my needs, (and my greatest sexual fantasy) would be to choose them both! Whoo-hoo!

Warren: Betty or Veronica, huh? Neither of them put out. They're both jealous and bossy. I'd like to take Miss Grundy because I think she's secretly a dominatrix and could whip my sorry ass into shape. But if I have to choose between Betty and Veronica, then I'll take Veronica for the simple reason that I'd knock off her old man and steal the family fortune. Then I'd be loaded and could buy as many ~~CRONVTS~~ as I wanted.

Merrick: Well...both ladies are undeniably attractive, so I can sympathize with Archie's dilemma, but from an unbiased point of view both Betty and Veronica have obvious faults. Veronica is greedy, cold, and shallow. Betty is wishy-washy, and can think of nothing else than marriage to Archie, although I get the feeling Betty is more likely to get knocked up before marriage than Veronica would. Therefore, because of her free-spirit and general ignorance of reality, I would prefer Betty's company over Veronica's--for she would be a drag, and high-maintenance, to boot.



THE PRATT FILES

Jordan Pratt drums for *The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets*. He has a long history of mental illness, and today's continuing story was triggered by a totally unrelated question from Person of Innsmouth Jessica Milligan some time ago. Jordan enjoys working on his volkswagon pickup, worshipping Cthulhu, and changing clothes. Last issue, Jordan and Warren were travelling through the jungle to sell munitions to rebels when their Volvo overheated due to Warren's inability to read French. Jordan was just about to beat the living tar out of his partner when the sound of an approaching motor snapped them into combat mode:

The sound of the motor grew louder. The vehicle was heavy, possibly an armored car or

transport truck. I hoped it was the former because I had had some experience with this country's fleet of diesel Mercedes and found them cumbersome to drive and easily opened with a well placed blast. I gripped my rifle and flicked the safety off. Sure enough, an armored car with the government logo all over it whipped around the corner and with a squeal of brakes came to a halt three feet away from the Volvo. They were close enough to the car that when we set off the claymore the blast would take most of their tires off. That was good but not good enough. I wanted them on the south side of the Volvo so that the blast would either knock the tank over or peel its skin off. I've always been a perfectionist, so I shouldered my rifle.

"Try and drive them towards the south side ..." I hissed to Warren. Warren looked at me blankly, then the light of realization crossed his horsey expanse of a face. We opened fire.

The smell of cordite filled the air. Our shots flickered off the armored car uselessly. I tossed one or two grenades in the general direction of the tank for effect. It didn't even take one full clip for the car to respond to our fire. The driver backed up and took off around the Volvo's south side. Once behind our ill fated sedan the 20mm cannon on its turret opened up and began chopping the trees and underbrush around us to pieces. I had been in a helicopter that was trying to outrun some .50 cal once. It had been night, and the tracers came streaking up to the chopper slowly in a gentle arc. Suddenly they would seem to speed up and go whipping by the open loading door; fiery red and the size of beer cans. Some would hit the armored underbelly of the slick and the sound was like dropping a cast iron frying pan onto a concrete floor. Just a loud clang and the floor would vibrate and whine underfoot. I had sat on my helmet with my flask vest on top. My mouth was so dry that my cigarette smoke burned the inside of my cheeks. I didn't know if I was going to die or what. I guess it was the 'not knowing' that made me so scared. I feared pain back then--I had no idea what pain was. I didn't want to be shot to pieces or slowly go into shock watching my intestines uncoil on the cold iron floor of the helicopter.

Maybe it was because I knew Warren and I were dead for sure no matter what happened that I felt no fear. I calmly emptied my rifle into the Volvo as the armored car slowly chewed our protective forest into compost at the rate of 150 rounds per minute. I set my rifle down, spat carefully beside me and took up the claymore remote. I stuck my head down and tapped Warren so that he would do the same. As soon as he was down I threw the switch. There was a sudden silence--a vacuum--as all other sound was swallowed by the ear-splitting crack of the claymore exploding. The air was filled with a million white hot splinters of steel for a fraction of a second, then silence. Only the sound of a very hot fire and the creak of freshly rendered metal could be heard. We waited until we were sure there were no stray munitions to go off then peeked over what remained of our cover.

...to be continued next issue

MONSTER FILE:

The Great Race of Yith

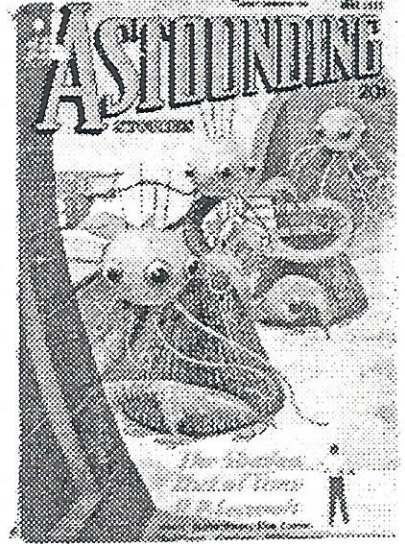
Being the avatars of Cthulhu, The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets are privy to information which would scatter the sanity of lesser beings to the four winds, and set them grovelling on the dirty streets of urban Earth. Being People of Innsmouth, you readers have sided with these great evil powers with which we are allied, and we have decided to share certain secrets with you, that you may perhaps be spared the insanity that is otherwise guaranteed when "the big day" comes.

Throughout the issues of *The People of Innsmouth*, we will be enlightening and informing on the hideous monstrosities that comprise the Cthulhu mythos, that you may be able to recognize (and avoid) the horrors when

they come a-calling

For the first installment, we'll be reviewing one of the less dangerous breeds, The Great Race of Yith

The Great Race of Yith is a species of mental entities, able to swap consciousnesses with other creatures, and this is exactly what they did with a terrestrial race that inhabited Earth 485 million years ago. They can project their minds backward and forward through time, sending the mind of their victims into whichever body they are inhabiting at the time. On Earth in the time period noted, they resembled great rugose cones with four top appendages: two for manipulation, two for sensory purposes. They inhabit great cities, one of which can be found long since deserted and buried in Australia, and as a race of scientists and researchers, keep reams and reams of data in great libraries--data about other species and societies throughout the ages.



But who better than H. P. Lovecraft himself to give you the gory details: "It had learned all things that ever were known or ever would be known on the Earth, through the power of its keener minds to project themselves into the past and future, even through gulfs of millions of years, and study the lore of every age.... In its vast libraries were volumes of texts and pictures holding the whole of Earth's annals--histories and descriptions of every species that had been or ever would be, with full records of their arts, their achievements, their languages, and their psychologies.

With this aeon-embracing knowledge, the Great Race chose from every era and life form such thoughts, arts, and processes as might suit its own nature and situation. Knowledge of the past, secured through a kind of mindcasting outside the recognized senses, was harder to glean than knowledge of the future.

In the latter case the course was easier and more material. With suitable mechanical aid a mind would project itself forward in time, feeling its dim,

...continued on page 4.





MONSTER FILES from page 3

extra-sensory way till it approached the desired period. Then, after preliminary trials, it would seize on the best discoverable representative of the highest of that period's life forms. It would enter the organism's brain and set up therein its own vibrations, while the displaced mind would strike back to the period of the displacer, remaining in the latter's body till a reverse process was set up.

The projected mind, in the body of the organism of the future, would then pose as a member of the race whose outward form it wore, learning as quickly as possible all that could be learned of the chosen age and its massed information and techniques.

Meanwhile the displaced mind, thrown back to the displacer's age and body, would be carefully guarded. It would be kept from harming the body it occupied, and would be drained of all its knowledge by trained questioners. Often it could be questioned in its own language, when previous quests into the future had brought back records of that language.

If the mind came from a body whose language the Great Race could not physically reproduce, clever machines would be made, on which the alien speech could be played as on a musical instrument.

The Great Race's members were immense rugose cones ten feet high, and with head and other organs attached to foot-thick distensible limbs spreading from the apexes. They spoke by the clicking or scraping of huge paws or claws attached to the end of two of their four limbs, and walked by the expansion and contraction of a viscous layer attached to their vast, ten-foot bases.

When the captive mind's amazement and resentment had worn off, and when—assuming that it came from a body vastly different from the Great Race's—it had lost its horror at its unfamiliar, temporary form, it was permitted to study its new environment and experience a wonder and wisdom approximating that of its displacer.

With suitable precautions, and in exchange for suitable services, it was allowed to rove all over the habitable world in titan airships or on the huge boat-like atomic-engined vehicles which traversed the great roads, and to delve freely into the libraries containing the records of the planet's past and future.

In conclusion, although you will probably never see a member of the Great Race of Yith in

its rugose cone form, you might want to watch out for a few symptoms in your friends and family: headaches, chaotic visions, and the singular feeling that someone else is trying to get possession of their thoughts. These symptoms may indeed predate the takeover of their minds. If someone you know suddenly doesn't seem himself, and has a great deal of unfamiliarity with their own body, you can rest assured that what the medical institutes may call schizophrenia or some such nonsense, may very well be a manifestation of the Great Race, come to glean our world of information. A final word of warning: The Necronomicon tells how there are ancient secret organizations which aid the Great Race in their pursuits, and they may be far more dangerous than the Yithians themselves.

UNDERLINGS SPEAK from page 2

followed to the letter, arm the faithful pilgrim with some of the finest literature and promotional merchandise ever seen in the indie music environment.

So read on Mr. Confused and Smooth of Brain, and you'll have Cthulhu using your guts for garters in no time flat!

"GET THE THICKETS" - A HOW TO GUIDE

1. Read HPL's *The Colour Our of Space* and any other printed works by same.
2. After reading above THOROUGHLY, attend another gig. Still no? Read works again.
3. Join fanclub. Order back issues of newsletter. Still in the dark? Time to buy all three tapes!
4. Attend shows in a home-made monster costume. Cavort in ecstasy of slaughter and don't forget to yell "la! la! Cthulhu Ftagn!" ad nauseum. you are also encouraged to yell the preceding statement at any retired sourpuss you see. It is now time to purchase a *Greasy Spawn* toque and the *Worship Me Like A God* t-shirt.
5. Listen to "Rocket Science" in heavy traffic. Cut people off. Drive down the shoulder of the highway at high speed during rush hour. Appear drunk if apprehended.
6. Buy calendar. Pencil in upcoming gigs and any court dates you may have been subpoenaed for. You may now purchase officially sanctioned copies of videos to view in your home while consuming human blood and/or viscera.

7. Enter a Circle K. ~~Do not steal anything. Appear calm. Give yourself to Cthulhu and his undersea recipe for havoc. Take a hot shower, burn your clothes and order the Veritable Shrine Compilation CD by phone. Still don't get it? Well, we got your \$50 so SCREW YOU BUDDY!~~



GIGS, GIGS, GIGS

- Sep. 17 on Island 22 outside of Chilliwack
- Oct. 7 at Hungry Eye (unconfirmed)
- Oct. 15 at the Outdoor Pop Festival in New Orleans
- Oct. 28 in White Rock
- Oct 31 at Starfish Room (unconfirmed)

Experience the Horror that is The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets. For more information, call Warren at 604-8598291 or Toren at 604-8240981.

SCARE WEAR AND ACCESSORIES

POSTAGE SUCKS, BUT WHAT CAN YOU DO? Ordering through the mail is a silly thing, but necessary. State you order CLEARLY. All postage is \$3 in Canada and \$5 in US. Cheques or money orders are best. We do not accept credit cards of any kind. Do NOT NOT send change through the mail. We try to keep our prices as low as possible while still keeping our heads above water so the prices here allow both of us to win in the end. You may not agree but we have yet to find a cheaper way. That's just the way it is. The \$\$\$ goes to: 6122 Glengary Dr., Sardis, B.C. V2R 2H9 Canada.

CASSETTES

- GURGLE! GURGLE! GURGLE!**
We've made another run of these, our first cassette. Three songs for the die-hard collector. \$5 plus postage.
- HURTS LIKE HELL!**
Our second cassette. Eight songs including Tarded and Feathered, Jimmy the Squid, *Worship Me Like A God* and more. \$6 plus postage.
- CTHULHURIFFOMANIA!**
Our third and best release. Also our biggest with ten songs. Featuring current faves *Colour Me Green*, *Space Ghosts* and *Mustard Gas*. \$6 plus postage.

T-SHIRTS

- WORSHIP ME LIKE A GOD SHIRT.**
Our number one best seller! Purple short sleeve (\$15). Features green design of Cthulhu clutching the band in his oily mits. On back, a phoetal Cthulhu with the logo "Worship Me Like A God"
- FEAR SHIRT.**
One colour prints on white short (\$15) or long (\$17) sleeves. On back, unspeakable text super-imposed over muscly Cthulhu clutching Earth! No wardrobe is complete without it.

MISC.

- VIDEO**
See the band's three current videos. *Diggin' Up The World*, *Worship Me Like A God*, and *Colour Me Green*. Plus, thrill to home recordings of the band from it's earliest days to the present. \$10 plus postage.
- COLOURING BOOK**
Puzzles, games and a lot of colouring. Plus the words to most of the songs on *Hurts Like Hell!* \$2 plus postage.
- STICKERS**
A consistently changing array of stickers to post in your home or work space. \$1 for 3 stickers.

MISC.

- 1995 CTHULHU CALENDAR**
12 months of Lovecraftian words by the band and their artistically inclined friends. (1994 calendar still made to order) \$6 plus postage.
- SQUID POWER EAR EMBRYOS**
Actually they're just ear plugs but you won't catch any of the band members without them. Comes with a special carrying case that hangs around your neck. \$1.
- GREASY SPAWN TOQUES**
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