

THE PEOPLE OF INNSMOUTH

Fanclub Newsletter

Fourth Issue May 1994

Send us letters!
They may very well
receive print in the
next newsletter! The
People of
Innsmouth: 2602
Campbell Ave
Abbotsford BC V2S
4A4

THE OFFICIAL FAN CLUB OF THE DARKEST OF THE HILLSIDE THICKETS

THE DOOR IN THE FLESH



NEW LOVECRAFT MOVIE

We all know that the Necronomicon is an unspeakable tome, written by the mad arab Abdul Alhazred, and delineating the horrible truth about Cthulhu and his fellow god-things. However, a new movie was completed last year, and it is called "H.P. Lovecraft's Necronomicon!" According to an article in the spring 1994 volume of Imagi-Movies, the film may end up being used as a cable network or syndicated TV pilot for a proposed anthology series. The screenwriter is Brent V. Friedman, the same man who did *The Resurrected*, one of the finest H.P. Lovecraft movie adaptations ever made, but this movie is not a direct adaptation of one of HPL's stories. Rather, it is an anthology of three tales, each based on the flavour of HPL's vision. The first part is titled, "The Cold," and is inspired by Lovecraft's short story, "Cool Air," in which a crazy doctor gains a sort of immortality by his inventive scientific methods. The second, "The Drowned," which is reminiscent of "The Rats in the Walls," tells the story of a man who inherits a hotel. Women come back from the dead, and apparently Cthulhu makes an appearance. "Whispers," the third story, follows a police officer following a crook into the bowels of the earth, which turns out to be the bowels of some gigantic creature. Hopefully someday someone will see this movie -- I know I would like to. We'll keep all you People of Innsmouth posted on the film incarnations of your god as information comes to us.

THE NEXT STEP

Attention People of Innsmouth: You have, by joining this fan club, forsaken the "proper" customs of our deteriorating society, and have accepted Cthulhu as the true unyielding answer to all earthly problems. Your names have been entered into the Pnakotic Manuscripts by our corral of Yithians, and your place in the new order has been secured. However, it is important to be able to identify yourself and your allegiance when the stars finally become aligned, so we offer the official I.D. cards of the People of Innsmouth. Just send us a photo of yourself along with some kind of coupon, such as a free pass to a movie, \$1 off cat litter, 2 for 1 Subway subs, or some such thing (as long as it is a major brand name that we can use - no automotive stuff please), and we will make you up a nice, wallet-size, laminated I.D. card to frighten your relatives to their utter death!

NEW PRODUCT NEWS!

Oops! In last issue's New Product News, I went over a brief history of our shirts. I failed, however, to mention the shirt created before the *Worship Me Like A God* shirt, and after the *Diggin' Up the World* shirt. This shirt, which was available in white short sleeve only, employed a drawing designed by Just Warren Banks in the famed comic book style of the late Jack Kirby. It was a drawing of all the band members (when Jonathan Hutchings and Devon Presseau were in the band) striking dramatic poses with Great Cthulhu reaching out from the cosmos behind. This shirt was limited to a run of about 10 or so. Sorry about that!

IMAGES FROM THE DARK SIDE

This issue's Art D'eath comes to us from fan Sean "The Spawn" Ferguson. *The Door in the Flesh* was inspired by a dream of his. Ah...it looks like Cthulhu's doing a bang-up job, doesn't it? Incidentally, Tom Kalichak, fabulously terrifying artist for *Chaosium & Pagan Publishing*, has recently been contacted by our evil scouting division, and may be of further use to the hordes of Cthulhu!

THE LOVECRAFT CORNER

Well, being an avatar of Cthulhu has its advantages. As a member of the Circle of the Silver Key, part of the H.P. Lovecraft Fan Club, I have learned of a new publication: "The World of H.P. Lovecraft" by 13th Hour books. The first issue of this magazine is full of interesting information. It reprints the Lovecraftian entries in the "Dictionary of Imaginary Places" (a VERY good and very expensive book), includes 2 short stories and a poem, and has information about HPL events, books, and quips. I fully recommend all of you People of Innsmouth send your \$6 to Les Thomas at 13th Hour Books, 5714 Fenwick Drive, Alexandria, VA 22303. As this is an American publication, you must go down to the post office and ask for a \$6 money order - remember to specify in US CURRENCY.

By the way, the new Arkham Advertiser has a big article on Shoggoths. I hope all of you who have not yet sent in your cashola to The H.P. Lovecraft fan club know what you're doing! (Check it out: Miskatonic University Press P.O. Box 796 Rockport MA 01966-0996)

continued on page 2

UNDERLINGS SPEAK!

Hello

Hey. 1. Were any of you Darkest of the Hillside Thickets guys in other bands prior to The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets?

2. What colour is Cthulhu's blood?

3. Does Cthulhu have a bellybutton?

4. Is Cthulhu offended when people eat squid?

5. If all of the black, long sleeve Worship Me Like A God t-shirts sell, will you be making more? Questions, questions, questions!

6. Margeaux Leckie told me to ask you if and who Cthulhu humps. Thanks for being neat, see ya on the 5th...

-Jessica Milligan, White Rock

1. *Jordan was and still is in Mystery Machine, and prior to that, was in Faust. Boob Fustie was in Rapid Fire, The Art Decade, and Steve Swick and the Moonlighters. Warren's only band, if you could call it that, prior to his current one, was Hosenpfeffer.*

2. *If Cthulhu has blood, and he probably doesn't, you will never see it. I would think that he has more of a slime coating his surface, but that's about it. When he was pierced by a boat in the '20s, he exploded into a gaseous cloud that reformed moments later.*

3. *I would think that Cthulhu might have a lump or a divot in the area where a human naval would be, but that would be impossible to avoid, seeing as though the rest of his surface probably has the same. However, I don't think Cthulhu ever gestated in a mother's womb in the way that humans do, so he probably had no umbilical cord. But who can say? Ask him yourself.*

4. *Cthulhu is probably indifferent to the feeding habits of homo sapiens, while at the same time he is undoubtedly contemptuous of all human activities short of aiding his release from R'lyeh. As far as I know, cephalopods have no kin to Cthulhu apart from their resemblance to his head.*

5. *Probably.*

6. *A difficult question. Cthulhu is the progeny of Nug, who in turn was one of the twin sons of Yog Sothoth and Shub Niggurath. In a union with Idh-yaa, Cthulhu himself spawned three children: Ghatanothoa, Ythogtha, and Zoth-Ommog. I should also add that Hastur was spawned by Nug, making him Cthulhu's half-brother. As to whether or not any "humping" as we know it was necessary for these engenderings, I tend to doubt it, as humping is generally an earthling tendency. Perhaps Great Old Ones reproduce by budding or fusion, or simply through force of will....one should not contemplate such things.*



photo by Jessica Milligan

THE LOVECRAFT CORNER from page 1

On the 'zine scene of Cthulhu, the newly formed Yig Press (named after that Great Old One, Father of Serpents who dwells imprisoned somewhere beneath Oklahoma), is publishing a fanzine entitled MYTHOS. The contents of the first issue include an interview with the publisher of CRYPT OF CTHULHU magazine, some excellent fiction, and Richard L. Tierney's "Notes on the Worship of Yog-Sothoth Cycle of Myth Entities in American Civilizations," among others. Not surprisingly, The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets have their tentacles in the pie on this one, as there will be Toren G. Atkinson artwork throughout the magazine...we'll have the address for you next ish.

Here are some more books to find, courtesy of Chris Jarocha-Ernst: COLD PRINT, Ramsey Campbell, Tor Books, 1987; DARK THINGS, August Derleth, ed, Arkham House 1971; THE SPAWN OF CTHULHU, Lin Carter, ed, Ballantine, 1971; NAMELESS PLACES, Gerald W. Page, ed, Arkham House, 1975; DREAMS FROM R'LYEH, Lin Carter, Arkham House 1975; LOST WORLDS, Lin Carter, DAW 1980; WEIRD TALES Kensington Publishing Co (Zebra Books), Lin Carter (issues 1,2,3, and 4) 1980-1983; VISIONS OF YADDITH, Lin Carter, Charnel House 1988,1,2,3, and 4) 1980-1983;

FUSTIE ON COSTUMES

A long time dilemma amongst the band members has been the costumes. That crazy, fearsome, and sometimes cheap-looking garb that we carry around in a giant pillowcase from gig to gig has caused us great turmoil. There has been great debate between us regarding the wearing of our Fear Gear at certain shows, and at times we've convinced each other and ourselves that wearing the costumes is NOT a good idea, and then as the discussion continues, we all agree that it IS a good idea. There have been times when the importance of a show has outweighed the importance of our costumes. Sometimes we forget them at home, but sometimes we feel that the audience may not be receptive to our display of horror. They may get instantly turned off at our "shenanigans," and not pay attention to Cthulhu's word. I guess, one could say, we began to conform, or at least to think about it. Indeed, we almost did, two weeks ago, at the Town Pump.

It was almost show time and the band consensus was: no costumes. It was to be the first costumeless performance in a VERY long time. (In fact, I don't recall the last time.) It was ten minutes to curtain and it was then that our main man of evil and schmoos, Garett Nicol, came into our dressing room, agog with disbelief. "Your not dressing up?" As it turns

Continued next page...

UNSPEAKABLE BANDS

All of you out there know that The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets are a band devoted to Cthulhu, and as such sing songs of Lovecraftian themes and sport monstrous surprises at our live shows. However, many of you may be unaware as to the wide influence of HPL on other bands as well. Starting with this issue of The People of Innsmouth, I will be taking a very broad look at some of these bands. Let me start with the band named LOVECRAFT. Now, I have seen one of their CDs in a bargain bin at Track Records, and from looking at the titles of their songs, they don't really seem to be too influenced by the horrific creations of that gent of the '20's and '30's we have come to love. I have heard of, but never seen or heard the music of, THE COLOUR OUT OF SPACE. Now we all know this to be the title of one of HPL's finer short stories, but who knows what connection it has to this band beyond the name? Banks tells me that one of their members is connected somehow to the DAYGLO ABORTIONS, a band with a song which tells of Yog Sothoth, heavy on the Dungeons & Dragons reference. I know that they have played in Vancouver, but so far, no one I have talked to in the booking industry knows how to get in contact with The Colour... Down in Missouri can be found THE KING IN YELLOW. This name is a reference to Hastur, Cthulhu's half-brother, and apparently the band is very influenced by HPL--more info on this as it I receive it. Unfortunately, GWAR has, in the past, been compared to The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets on the sole basis of their costumes. Good thing, too, because if it was on the basis of their music, I would be offended. I do know that they have a song called "Horror of Yig" or some such thing. I have also heard a tune called "Lovecraft" by THE VASELINES. Although their only tribute to HPL as far as I know, and with no direct references to Cthulhu, this is a fine song. No collection of Cthulhu-type songs would be complete without mentioning METALLICA's "Call of Ktulu" instrumental and "The Thing That Should Not Be," with lines like "hybrid children watch the sea, pray for father roaming free" and of course, "not dead which eternal lie, stranger eons death may die." These two songs are off of Metallica's Ride the Lightning and Master of Puppets, respectively. In addition, I have spied a CD by a band called BLIND IDIOT GOD (a reference to Azathoth), although their name may be the limit to their Cthulhu worship. Clever Iron Maiden fans might remember an album cover with Eddie in a graveyard and a tombstone that read "That is not dead which can eternal lie and with strange eons even death may die." ...continued next issue.

Illustration by Shawn "the Spawn" Ferguse

THE COSTUME CONTROVERSY by some unnamed source

January 21, 1992: This was the first show of The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets. At the last minute, the band decided to don costumes for the night's performance, and history was made. From this day on, with an exception or two, the band never took to the stage without some form of costuming. From the tin foil suits to the fruit and vegetable armor, costumes have been an integral part of the visual and sonic assault that The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets have constantly unleashed upon the unsuspecting world. So why the commotion? Costumes have been prevalent throughout rock and roll history, from Kiss with their make-up to Gwar with their orgy of fluids. Could it be that older and more mature people find The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets' antics juvenile? Perhaps some people just don't like props to interfere with their rock and roll enjoyment, while some may have thought the band takes itself too seriously. That is not true--their love for playing live is due to the simple reason that they enjoy enthusiastic crowds and the whirling chaos that the crowds bring. Nothing pleases the band more than a frenzied mosh pit bouncing in their faces. But how do you catch the attention of a jaded bar warrior who has already written your band off and is headed to the bar for a refill? That is where the costumes come in. The same bar veteran will see monsters playing rock and assume the worst, listen to what the monsters are playing to confirm his suspicions, and this is where the catchy punk grooves of The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets come in. Some have accused the band of copying Gwar. Well why not? Costumes are an enjoyable part of the Gwar experience, but so is the music and I am not embarrassed to say that The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets are far more enjoyable to listen to than Gwar. There's nothing like tapping your toes to "Space Ghosts," and then pounding your head to "One Gilled Girl." But does it not make you laugh to see a skeleton crunching out those riffs? It makes me smile and I am sure that is part of their intent: to provide a show to enjoy and have fun, as well as play great music. So to those of you who poo-poo the band's costumes, well maybe you could close your eyes and enjoy the band as much as I do with my eyes open and my body-a-slamming. Ia! Ia! Cthulhu Fhtagn!

THE PRATT FILES

Hello readers. I'm very pleased to be writing more of my personal history in this issue of 'People of Innsmouth'. I received a letter today from one of our more active fans, Jessica Milligan. Jessica writes: "When you were undergoing surgery, did any (of the doctors use anesthetic)?"

Well Jessica, the next time you write, type your letter, make it short and to the point, and for god's sake don't put so much tape on the envelope. Any way, today I'd like to tell you all about the time Warren Banks and I learned how much oil a Volvo sedan should have in its engine.

Warren was driving because it was early, and the road was on the verge of being flooded. The jungle encroached on the cracked asphalt in several places so we had to slow down and move the occasional branch or deadfall off of the road. The only time sweat was not coursing down the back of my neck was when we were moving so by the time most of the cloud cover had evaporated Warren and I looked like we had just jumped into a greasy swimming pool. Just when I was about to suggest that we cancel and go back to town because I was sure we were going to be impossibly late anyway, the road opened up, and the brush jumped back from the roadside a nice uniform three meters. The air began to flow as we picked up speed and the sweat started to evaporate. I was getting to be in a better mood. I tossed my machete in the back seat and pulled my t-shirt back on. Warren was actually smiling.

"Thank God," Sighed Warren "I was about to go facking insane."

I reached into the back and managed to grab two Argosy Draft that were rolling around on the floor. I offered one to Warren but he just made a face. Argosy Draft is really strange stuff. It's the only beer I can truly drink and enjoy when the desert or the jungle heat it up. It's an acquired taste--the color usually puts people off. I think they throw bamboo shoots in when they make it. Something gives it that thirst quenching tang when it gets above 38 degrees.

So there we were--driving down some god forsaken forgotten military feeder road in a dusty Volvo in which the rear springs were about to take leave of us. Such an old, abused car obviously thought it was unfair of Warren and I to stock her full of ammunition, smoke bombs, incendiary devices, land mines and carbines packed in grease. I sympathized with the car, as I always do, but with any luck this would be the Volvo's last trip. Once we sold this archaic weaponry to the local band of malcontents holed up in the jungle, we could abandon the car and take a plane right out of the country. I'm usually not into selling guns to rebel groups in third world countries but these guys were paying in cash and I wanted out of this armpit of the world pronto. Rogue agent or not, Warren agreed that anywhere would be better than this--or so we thought.

I was just tearing the tab out of my second can of Argosy, when Warren started cursing and slapping the dash board.

"Stupid piece of shat! How many gallons of oil do you suck up in one week? What is with this foreign chunk of slag? Fack fack fack..." and so on. At the same time, there was a grinding, shuddering sort of sound and we slowly rolled to a halt. The air began to close in again.

"What's the problem?" I was mad so I kept my questions short.

"The indicator says we're out of oil but I just put two quarts in before we left and another one the day before yesterday!"

...to be continued next issue

FUSTIE ON COSTUMES From Page 2

out, the bar managers, all our fans and friends, and some media people who were there demanded we perform in our full attire. Our worries of being unaccepted by the masses were gone. Those who would avert their eyes from us, did not DESERVE to hear us. They deserve nothing less than to be crushed under Cthulhu's mighty thumb. (In fact, we all do, but they even more so.)

So rest assured, young spawn, Cthulhu's Goodtime Boys will be in full ceremonial attire for ever more and the Great Old Ones shall lurk about the stage until Great Cthulhu rises from the wedge monitors in his underwear.



photo by Jessica Milligan

SCARE WEAR AND ACCESSORIES

POSTAGE SUCKS, BUT WHAT CAN YOU DO?

Ordering through the mail is a silly thing, but necessary. State your order CLEARLY. All postage is \$3 in Canada, and \$5 US. Cheques or money orders are best. We do not accept cards of any kind. Do NOT NOT send change through the mail. We generally keep our prices as low as we can while still keeping our heads above water, so if we don't get your money, you don't get your goods. That's just the way it is. Some things will never change. Pay in Canadian currency, for that is what we use in Canada.

HURTS LIKE HELL!

Our second cassette. Eight songs include Tarred and Feathered, Jimmy the Squid, Chunk, Worship Me Like a God, and My Tank. \$6.00 plus postage if mail ordering.

WORSHIP ME LIKE A GOD SHIRT

Our number one seller! Purple short sleeve (\$15.00) or black long sleeve (\$18.00) with a green design of Cthulhu clutching the band members in his oily mitts. Oh, the horror! See a phoetal Cthulhu motif on the back, and the order: Worship Me Like a God. Add postage if mail ordering.

FEAR SHIRT

Fear The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets! Colored prints on a white short sleeve (\$15.00) or long sleeve (17.00), with unspeakable text super-imposed over a muscular Cthulhu clutching the world on the back. Add postage if ordering through the mail.

1994 CYBERCTHULHU CALENDAR

That's right, five months into the new year, we're still flogging our calendar. But some collectors might want it just for the fab art. We're making them to order now, so it's \$3.50 for 12 artworks and photos of a Cthulhuesque nature. Add postage if mail ordering.

VIDEO

See The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets visual bonanza as they perform "Diggin' Up the World", plus the new full colour "Worship Me Like A God" - banned from Much Music for it's Cthulhu content! Order now and receive snippets from home jobs of live performances all around the valley - each with their unique visuals and costuming mayhem! \$10.00 plus mail order postage expenses.

GURGLE GURGLE GURGLE

We've made another run of these, our first, cassettes. 3 songs: Three Hour Log; Diggin' Up the World; Cthulhu Dreams. For the die-hard Cthulhu's Goodtime Boys collector. \$5.00 plus postage when mail ordering.

STICKERS

Three for a buck, postage included. Who knows what you'll get! Maybe a "Die Human Die," or a "Help Raise R'lyeh," or even a "Cthulhu Loathes You" sticker. Many colours, many sizes. All evil.

GREASY SPAWN TOQUES

One size fits all. Good quality black toques with the words "Greasy Spawn" heartily embroidered in green. Single yourself, but amongst the non-Cthulhu-goers where ever you may travel! \$15.00 plus postage through the mail.



photo by Jessica Milligan

FIST OF CTULHU SHIRT

Available in blue or mint short sleeve. On the front, a tentacled face screams out for hate's sake, while the back sports mug shots of all your worst nightmares: Ithaqua, Shub Niggurath, Warren C. Parks, and more, with a spot to place your fist for supreme Cthulhu power. \$15.00 plus postage for mailer guys.

CTHULHURIFFOMANIA!

Our third cassette release. Ten songs, including Colour Me Green, Space Ghosts, A Thousand Fists, Mustard Gas and Yog Sothoth! Sells for \$6.00 plus postage.

COLOURING BOOK

We still have some of these handy dandy colouring, activity, and songbooks originally released in conjunction with Hurts Like Hell. A must for any...one! 2 bucks plus postage if mail ordering.

SQUID POWER EAR EMBRYOS

Nothing beats being able to hear, except maybe being able to see, especially when you're at a Darkest of the Hillside Thickets concert. These ear-saving plugs come in their own handy carrying case which winds about your neck for easy access. Comes in orange, orange, and orange, with a picture of a squid for foolproof identification. \$1.00 plus postage where necessary.

For those of you who did not pick up the Georgia Straight, volume 28 No. 1375 (April 29-May 6), here's an interesting article that was found inside.



the
DARKEST
of the
HILLSIDE
THICKETS

GIGS, GIGS, GIGS

June 11 - Foresters Hall - CHWK
June 29 - Red Roof Pub TACOMA
July 1/2 - 38 Tavern BELLINGHAM
(not confirmed)
July 5 - Town Pump VANCOUVER

Experience the Horror that is The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets. For more information, call Warren at 604-8598291 or Toren at 604-8587222.