

THE PEOPLE OF INNSMOUTH

Fanclub Newsletter

Fifth Issue July 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



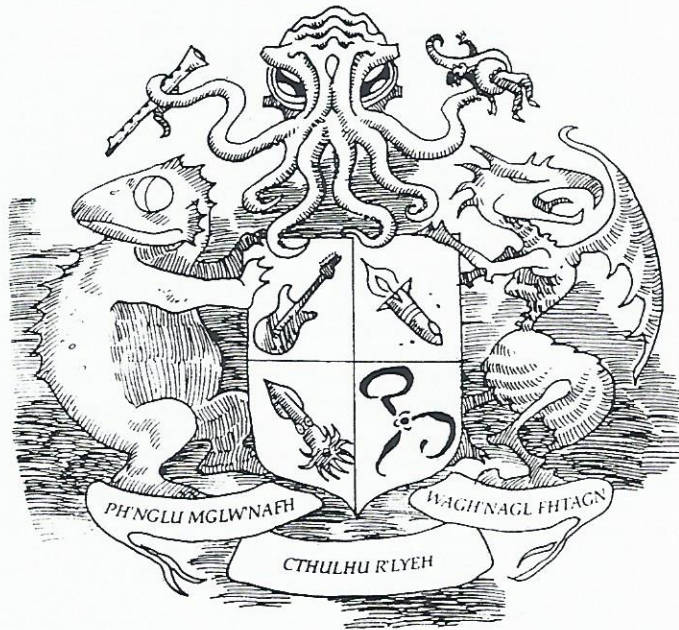
SAD BUT TRUE

I thought I'd address the problem we've been having here at Festey Squid Publishing with these bimonthly (that's every two months, not twice a month) newsletters. It seems every issue we have a handful of minor and major mistakes no matter how often we double check. Well, I'd like to blame this on Fustie, but it's not always his fault. We all have our shortcomings. Toren never knows what's going on, Warren's English is poor, Jordan hasn't the feintist idea how to use a computer, and Fustie's always changing things at the last minute, always with good intentions but never double-checking. Luckily we catch most of our errors before we print, but there is inevitably something amiss in every issue. Last time, for example, I had intended the issue to hold a drawing by Person of Innsmouth Julie Young as well as reprint a very interesting article about The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets from The Georgia Straight. Unfortunately, I did not leave enough space to make these items legible, so Fustie replaced them with photos submitted by Person of Innsmouth Jessica Milligan. Fair enough, but if you look closely you'll see that one of the photos is labelled as the G.S. article. The newsletters were printed and we decided that we would go with them as they were rather than delay the thing for another week, seeing as though we were already 2 weeks behind schedule. The sad truth is that even avatars of Cthulhu make mistakes, but rest assured that our intentions are as flawless as ever!

If you spot any errors or shortcomings that you think should be pointed out, or if you have any information you'd like to share with The People of Innsmouth, please write us.

THE NEXT NEXT STEP

Here's yet another request we have decided to inflict upon you, The People of Innsmouth. The next time you write to your favorite fanclub (and you should start NOW), be sure to include your birth date. Starting next issue (or as soon as someone complies to our request) we will be doing many new exciting things with this information: 1. We will announce birthdays in the newsletters so that you can impress your friends and injure your enemies (can you tell which is which?). 2. We will send you free goodies--birthday presents--when your day comes. 3. We will print (and this is the most exciting part) your birthday on our new 1995 The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets calendar! Haven't you always wished to have your birthday ALREADY MARKED on your calendar, all professional-like? Well now your dreams can come true. In fact, why don't you send us all the dates that you'll want to remember in the new year (like your Aunt Edell's wedding anniversary), and we'll put them on, just for you. Aren't you glad you joined this fanclub? Remember, Cthulhu loathes you!



SONG SPOTLIGHT

As a special treat this issue (and perhaps in following issues), I thought it might be nice to inflict upon The People of Innsmouth the privilege of being amongst the very first creatures of this world to see the lyrics for our new songs. This issue: PROTEIN. This song was made up over the course of about 3 jam sessions (that's about one month in real time). Warren and Jordan originally wanted to call it Forgetful Joe (as a tribute to the guy on Sesame Street whose actual name is Forgetful Jones), but I thought we should build up on our Lovecraft songs for a while. Few mortals know that Toren has a page full of cool song titles that do not have songs yet, and he saw that perhaps Protein would be a good one to work with--as a compromise, Protein Joe was considered. During the fine-tuning of the song, Warren said, "I want this song to be about mutilation and humiliation--maybe that can be the title." As you can read, the song ended up being called Protein (and it is about mutilation and humiliation...and of course supreme cosmic Cthulhu power), and here it is:

Cut off her ears...she didn't want to hear. The voice...the gods...she didn't seem to hear. She is not of the water, I took her piece by piece. This planet's getting hotter. There's got to be a better way. [chorus:] She's dead, that's fine, it's the kind of work that suits me. [verse:] I had a dream the Crawling Chaos said "I need for you to fill everyone with lead." He filled me up with protein, I gave the magic sign, he gave me x-ray vision and now the world is mine. [then some blithering and another chorus].

THE LOVECRAFT CORNER

I have learned of two more companies who know what's up and what's deadly in the world of H. P. Lovecraft: Artifact Publications has created a 1995 Lovecraft Calendar! Filled with interesting facts and artwork by the professional Cthulhu conceptors, including Vancouver's own Tom Kalichack. It's only \$9.95 post paid (in US currency, folks) and you just know that I'll be getting about half a dozen of these babies. See what Kevin A. Ross (formerly of Chaosium) has to offer at 1210 Green St., Apt 4, Boone St, Iowa, 50036. Tell 'em The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets sent you!

Triad Publications is working on supplements for Chaosium's Call of Cthulhu game, and I am pleased to say that I have been hired on as one of the artists. Ask for a catalogue: Triad Publications, 4905 Gasport Rd, Gasport, NY, 14067.

The address for Yig Press, which I promised last issue, is here in the form of an ad for THE YIG PRESS SAMPLER, somewhere in these pages. Find it if you dare, and welcome Allen Mackey into the folds of The People of Innsmouth.

I'd like to thank John Tynes and Pagan Publishing for their effective mind-corrupting techniques. Some time ago I sent them a copy of "Cthulhuriffomania," and John took the time to write up a splendid review of it on Internet (a great big computer network that spans the globe, and has its own conference area called alt.horror.cthulhu). Because of him, we've had two more foreigners (well, Americans) join the people of Innsmouth, bringing the total to four! Yay, Cthulhu!

UNDERLINGS SPEAK

Greetings People of Innsmouth and The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets (May 31, 1994)

I'd really like to see the whole [The] Darkest of the Hillside Thickets experience live--any plans to come to the island? Please please please? If you're looking for evil, Victoria's the place, lots of old people, LOTS of old people, and boy are they creepy. Plus, no one will miss them if one or two go missing for sacrificial purposes.

I wuz wondering if there are other, less dark, hillside thickets? I wuz also wondering what happened to the rest of the lyrics to "Space Ghosts" on the [Cthulhuriffomania] inlay. It's a great song (one of my favourites) but there's no words printed after "They name their price..." --it's something about a block of ice, I know, but to tell the truth it sounds like "plot device." Great movie bits between songs (and Rocket Science" is awesome) -- are they all from Lovecraft movies?

Please keep up the evil, rockin' work, and count me as a fan who can't wait to hear more from the band who is destined to consume and destroy Moist. (Please? I can't stand the way he taps his temple in that AWFUL video)

—Kent Bendall, Victoria B.C. [some material omitted for space limitations]

This is a letter from our newest member, KENT BENDALL. First off, good artwork on your envelope, KENT BENDALL! Wow, what a great name. KENT BENDALL! STAND ASIDE CITIZENS, KENT BENDALL IS ON THE CASE!!

Well, KENT BENDALL, I, personally would love to come and play somewhere on Vancouver Island, but those ferries, boy are they ever expensive, and crowded, and expensive, and slow, and expensive. Some day, Cthulhu worshiper, some day.

No, there are no less dark thickets.

It's very good that you bring these things to our attention, KENT BENDALL. We hadn't even noticed that that line from "Space Ghosts" was missing. Truth be known, the last lyric is as follows: "they name their price...inside a block of ice."

Although many of our samples do indeed come from HPL-inspired movies, others do not. Here's some information available exclusively to receivers of The People of Innsmouth newsletter: The sample prior to Colour Me Green, "Cthulhu...CTHULHU!" is from the HPL-inspired "The Unnamable 2," a simply ghastly rendition with a lot of college kids running away from a harpy. One good reason to watch the movie is the fact that every 12-year-old boy's fantasy is materialized here: a beautiful, naive, (and most importantly) naked girl is rescued by and becomes enamored with the geeky bookworm.

The sample "What the...an eye! Ahhh!" prior to Space Ghosts, as well as the "It's no use! Nothing's gonna stop it!" at the end of Flee! is from the Jonny Quest episode "The Robot Spy." This cartoon is amongst the very best that ever came out of the 60's, mostly because the heroes are often seen shooting real bullets out of real rifles and really killing their enemies. It's on TBS at 4:35 every Saturday morning.

The sample "Immense beings...a hundred...limbs which resemble tentacles (etc. etc.etc.)" is spock describing a race of creatures which assume human form to take over the Enterprise. This is their undoing, however, for in assuming



human form they also begin to develop human emotion, and Kirk starts "apologizing" (smooching) with one of the females, thus causing dissension among the aliens. This is obviously from the original ST series.

Both samples before and after Big Robot Dinosaur are from an old Fleishman Superman cartoon (one of the first in colour) called "The Magnetic Telescope." Why is it that all new cartoons are all cutesy and SUCK!?! On this note, I'd like to mention a cool mag called Wild Cartoon Kingdom. You can probably find it at a 7-11 near you if you look hard enough. It's quite a good mag and has articles on all the coolest cartoons of today and yesterday (and tomorrow!).

The guns at the end of Rocket Science, and the background noise prior to Mustard Gas are both from the excellent movie about 1920 gangster intrigue, "Miller's Crossing."

The "Pressure Sores" bit before Flee! is from an old "Medifacts" instructional tape.

The ramblings before Yog Sothoth is my room-mate, Garrett. One night he was so drunk he couldn't stand up, so I put my tape recorder beside his head and ran away.

All the screams and laughter in Rocket Science were made by Jordan and the rest of us.

KILL DEPRESSEAU by DePresseau

Chapter two in the neverending chronology of Cthulhu's Goodtime Boys: The tale of DePresseau.

DePresseau was the very first bass player for The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets. He was there when the primal efts coalesced and encroached upon the psychic walls of the four slackers, rendering them all-powerful. One day, DePresseau went away, as all seekers of pleasure will do, for an indefinite period of time, and we were forced to seek a bassist elsewhere, much to our eternal bane.

Though it will do you no good, puny mortals, FLEE!!! But first, lend a sympathetic (with emphasis on the pathetic) ear to the woeful tale of an ex-Thicket who's down on his luck. Now way back in the beginning, before I joined the band (start dream sequence here) The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets was your typical (well, maybe not typical), everyday (well actually, only when the stars are right), ordinary (actually, ornery is a bit more appropriate)...hmmm...nonetheless the The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets were...No, wait, that's right, before I joined the band there was no such thing as The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets! (apart from the vague reference in HPL's "The Tomb") It was nothing! Do you comprehend me, non-believers? NOTHING! Well, actually, no, that's not exactly true either. The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets did exist....but only in the minds of a few twisted and demented individuals (not crazy, just different). Ahhhhh, but I'm obviously over all that now, and I feel comfortable with the knowledge that the one and only Boob Fustie now controls the unearthly forces that were once within my grasp. My only qualm lies in the fact that he has not used them (yet) to utterly obliterate the insidiously loathesome, despicable, cancerous, wretched, groveling stink of an excuse for intelligent life; the humus...er, human race. PS. All donations to the "Kill DePresso" marathon or the "Destroy Humanity" marathon or, in fact, any sort of donation and monetary exchange of any sort should be forwarded to The People of Innsmouth at this address.

THE PRATT FILES

continued from last issue

I leaned over and checked the dash board. "It also says we're overheated. Pop the hood." I threw my beer away and crawled out of my window. The car had been hit on my side a week ago while we were evading the local militia and now the door wouldn't open. The inconvenience compounded today's irritation. Warren sat in the car glowering.

I opened the hood. I could hear a tab coming off of a beer can. The engine had a hot, acrid smell coming from it.

The radiator was ready to explode; I could see steam escaping from the cap and the lines were ballooned and unsafe looking. I tried to think of something useful to do while I waited for the engine to cool so I tried checking the oil. Carefully, to avoid burning my arms on the valve covers, I slid the dip stick out of the motor. The stick was clean. Not a drop of oil remained in the crank case. The engine had obviously seized up from the friction. Great. Now we were stuck in the middle of the frigging jungle with a car load of illegal and unstable hardware. If we didn't get killed by bandits in the next two hours, the local militia patrols would probably swing around the next corner soon. I had seen what the patrols had done to other foreign types engaged in drug smuggling or prostitution so I figured dealing arms to militant rebels would rate right up there with THINGS TO GET CASTRATED, WHIPPED AND SKINNED ALIVE FOR. I knew for a fact that the police were also free and easy with the castor oil as well, an idea they had picked up from visiting Italian advisors. So we were either dead soon or we were dead soon.

To get my mind off of my oncoming doom, I checked underneath the car for oil leaks. There were none. That was strange, the oil had to go somewhere. Even if we had been blowing blue smoke for the whole week, there was no way we could have burned off that much oil. Not a whole case full. No way. One other solution occurred to me and it made me madder than ever.

"Warren"

"What?"

"Where did you put the oil when you filled up the motor?"

"In the nozzle marked 'Engine Coolant Only'."

I walked around the car and opened his door for him. I grabbed him by the collar and helped him out of the car. His madras shirt ripped with a bright purring sound. I jammed my hammerless .38 into his belly. He froze.

"Can you think of any reason why I shouldn't kill you right now? We're as good as dead unless you have a chopper in your pocket or a jeep somewhere close by. Do you realize that you have sealed our doom by putting three quarts of oil into the radiator instead of the crankcase, where it belongs? The engine is a red hot boat anchor thanks to you and your mechanical prowess."

I put my gun away and let him go. It would have been doing him a favor by killing him but I was too scared to go through the next two hours by myself. I was just about to suggest we prepare some kind of defensive perimeter on the highest point when I heard the sound of a far away motor. Someone was coming down the road.

Warren and I both scrambled for the backseat. My outburst had already been forgotten. Even as we locked and loaded our AR-15's and rigged the car up with a claymore, I marvelled at Warren's capacity to forgive. I had a right to be mad, but I knew he couldn't read french as well as I. It didn't matter now, we were both in the situation and needed each other to escape. I decided I might kill him later. Weapons in hand, we backed into the underbrush and waited for our doom.

continued next issue

UNSPEAKABLE BANDS part 2

Last issue, I started to look over some of the other H. P. Lovecraft-influenced bands around the globe. This time, Allen Mackey will speak in my stead with the article he has sent us, OF MUSICAL INTEREST TO LOVECRAFTIANS. I have omitted the section about The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets, as it contains nothing The People of Innsmouth don't already know.

by Allen Mackey

H. P. Lovecraft's hungry tendrils of influence flourish in the world today and extend deep into the darkest reaches of underground music. For those of you who are not aware, many music groups perform a blisteringly brutal form of Heavy Metal, a harsh sub-genre called "death metal," in which all the aspects of death and subjects concerning the macabre are admired and praised, and -- of course -- a good number of these bands are directly influenced by the master.* Notable names among the horde are Celtic Frost, Deicide, Morbid Angel, Necronomicon, and Shub-Niggurath...not to mention The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets.

The most recent addition to the Lovecraftian sound-spawn is Paralysis, whose debut album PATRONS OF THE DARK (Grind Core International) features cover art depicting the scene from "The Festival."

Another group is Hypocrisy, whose second disc bears a song with the title "Necronomicon." I'd love to tell you more about the song, but I can't understand the guttural vomit vocal style of the "singer," but judging from some of the other titles -- like "Attachment to the Ancestor," "Inferior Devotees," and "Althotas" -- I'd say that this is one of the legion of bands inspired by the Simon Necronomicon.** The album, OSCULUM OBSCENUM, was released in America by Relapse/Nuclear Blast Records.

Also signed to the same label -- and with the same peripheral Lovecraftian connection -- is the Dutch group Sinister. Their latest effort, DIABOLICAL SUMMONING, has a few Simon flavored songs, like the title track, "Magnified Wrath," "Sense of Demise," "Leviathan," and, for a change of pace, a Clive Barker influenced number, "Tribes of the Moon," based on CABAL.

Another band that has felt the tenebrous touch of Lovecraft is France's death metal export, Mercyless [sic]. Their latest offering is called COLOURED FUNERAL, (Century Media). One of the songs, "Forgotten Fragments," invokes Cthulhu's half-brother from the Hyades, Hastur. Their debut slab, ABJECT SUFFERING, (Restless Records), began with an introduction entitled "Nyarlathotep."

Disincarnate, who recorded DREAMS OF THE CARRION KIND (Roadrunner Records), is a proficient death metal band, very extreme and creative, but only within the already defined genre boundaries. Most of the songs are interchangeable, with about four exceptions. The vocals -- that's another story! Too one dimensional and boring. As an added bonus, if you should decide to purchase this slightly flawed gem, you will possess the best cover art ever to grace an album. It is abstract and brilliant, a unique mixture of styles and techniques. Selected song titles: the HPL influenced "Monarch for the Sleeping Marches," "Beyond the Flesh," "Entranced," "Stench of Paradise Burning," and the Brian Lumley inspired "Deadspawn."

These albums are available in all fine record stores -- but first, a word of warning: if you aren't already a fan of any form of Heavy Metal, then the aural holocaust induced by these groups may disturb you. Only the brave may enjoy this type of material!

*A more detailed article on the Lovecraftian Music Phenomena, called "Disciples of Zann," will appear in a forthcoming issue of Robert M. Price's CRYPT OF CTHULHU

**[a cheap paperback with more dedication to Aleister Crowley than HPL]

CTHULHU - WHY? An in-depth look into the rising popularity of Cthulhu by Warren

With so many cults and so many divine entities to worship, why does the name Cthulhu keep popping up? People (and creatures) everywhere are talking, writing, and singing about Cthulhu. Why? Well it got me thinking and these are some of the reasons that I came up with:

1. Immediate proximity. Cthulhu is sleeping his endless sleep in the waters of our very own Pacific Ocean somewhere near Argentina I believe. Isn't that frightening? Good old Azathoth is at the centre of the universe just floating away. Where's Yog Sothoth? Slipping between time and space. Not too intimidating, is it? However, we live a stone's throw away from our ultimate demise. Cthulhu is physically laying in R'lyeh at the bottom of the Pacific. He's right there just waiting to kill us. We're all going to die! Okay...calm down....

2. He looks so COOL! Who else has an octopus for a head? Not many others, that's who! He currently lives in the ocean depths yet he still has his giant bat-wings attached. Flight is important for a deity so you might as well do it in style. Cthulhu has a humanoid body, but it isn't all muscle like a body builder. No, it's kind of flabby and stocky. If he wanted to, he could change his size and matter at will, yet he remains a green humanoid with an octopus head and wings. Cthulhu is not vain--and why bother when you can kill all your critics? I like that in my God.

3. He's got great powers. Cthulhu is a virtual cornucopia of skills. He can alter his size and shape--pretty handy if you're avoiding the law, like most evil beings are, and it's great at parties. Of course, Cthulhu can fly, but did you know that he can fly through space unprotected, as well as into other dimensions? In the story, "The Call of Cthulhu," a freighter runs into Cthulhu thus causing him to blow up. But just when the crew of that same ship thought they were safe, Cthulhu reformed and the ship's crew all went mad. Spooky stuff, huh? There is so much more that he can do, too. Unfortunately, Cthulhu has been cast into an eternal sleep so we will never get to know what it is he can do. While he is asleep, Cthulhu sends out thoughts to lesser minds and drives them mad and takes control of their soul. If I could take over someone's mind and still sleep, I would be a god, too.

4. He's power mad. Cthulhu will stop at nothing to take over the world. This little fact has not gone unnoticed by both the good and evil. Those little goody-two-shoes want to stop him. We want to help him because, frankly, humanity is a pathetic, selfish, greedy, no-good race with absolutely no redeeming value (and some of us are rude as well). Cthulhu is going to take over this mudball and turn everyone crazy in the process. Those who survive will then have their will bent to aid Cthulhu in his attempt to turn Earth into something more habitable for him. Unfortunately for humanity, this planet won't be liveable for you. Boo hoo hoo! Too bad, hey forces of good? Just try and stop us. Enough taunting....

5. Cthulhu is considered supernatural and evil. What that means is that people who take their religion just a little too far, so that it clouds their already feeble minds, will not like Cthulhu.

That is fine by me. In fact, just try and start up a conversation with a Jehovah's witness about worshipping Cthulhu and see if he comes to your door again (answering the door naked works just as well). Being supernatural and evil also draws in people who want to rebel from something, people who like supernatural and/or evil things, and people who just like monsters. And who doesn't like monsters? Besides, death sells, and Cthulhu knows people are buying. Why do you think so many people are interested in the O. J. Simpson case? Because he seemed nice until he cut his wife's throat ear to ear. How many extra copies of Time got sold from that story? Grizzly and intriguing. So grizzly and intriguing that you should order some of our stuff today. Plug! Plug!

So, as you can see, Cthulhu has taken the ball and is running with it. People all over the world are being turned on to Cthulhu. This has become evident by the letters that we are receiving. You should start worshipping Cthulhu too, before it becomes fashionable. As soon as that happens, Cthulhu will rise and terminate everything. Ia! Ia! Cthulhu Fhtagn!

FUSTIE FUSSES

Never once did I, nor any of my fellow band mates, say that I played music for the sole reason of raking in buckets of cash. We, The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets, play our music because it is Cthulhu's will and golly, we love it! Like MANY other bands, we are independent, struggling, and evil (well, there are not too many in THAT category), and we'd at least like to be paid some token figure for shows rather than get the feeling that we are little children being lied to by their creepy old uncle as he tells us there is no more candy to give us, even though he made us dance and sing for him. The bastard. I guess it could be that indie bands have no clout--no pull. I say let me bring Yog Sothoth to our next gig and we'll SEE who has clout! I'm not trying to sound greedy. In fact, you're probably waiting for me to come to some point...and the point, my friends, is as follows:

"I'm not wearing a tie...at all..." No, wait, that's not it.

We were going to a bar in a town called Tacoma to do a show. No one there knew of us, so we certainly weren't expecting too much, but we have to break new ground, right? Soooo...we drive four hours, get hassled at the U.S. border by The Man, eat shitty food served by shitty people, put shitty gas in our shitty cars, play to a shitty crowd on a shitty stage (mind you, the sound we got in there was unbelievable--you missed a good one).

Anyway, we were paid twelve dollars. Mind you, that's twelve dollars AMERICAN. We were supposed to be getting 33% of the door that night. I counted at least 50 people in there after the show, they all paid three dollars. So, I guess, 33% of \$150.00 is \$12.00. We're bringing a calculator along next time to check. I don't mean to harp on this. This story is true for many places we've been and is true for many others bands as well. I'd like it if, when we play Vancouver or wherever, we'd at least get money to cover gas and maybe some food. But, alas, the fate of the indie rocker is set, so I guess we must like what we're doing. Do you? Well, then, make sure you show up at all the shows you can get to.

P.S.: Our trip wasn't totally futile. We were asked to come back again, only this time we'll be playing with some bigger name talent so we can scare the hell out of more people. Ia Ia!

THE YIG PRESS SAMPLER, Edited by Allen Mackey

The first official product of the newly spawned Yig Press! This Lovecraftian literary sampler contains: Allen Mackey's "The Devouring of Maxwell Godfrey," "Of Musical Interest to Lovecraftians," and "The Father of Serpents." Robert M. Price's "Lessons From Lovecraft to Writers." Henry Wessels' "The Institute of Antarctic Archaeology and Protolinguistics (Upper Montclair)." Wes Pomeroy's "The Night Is Forever." and "The Old Rugose Cone" by Richard L. Tierney. Also included in this sampler are Cthulhuloid examples of art. Don't miss out on this landmark issue!

\$3.50 U.S., \$4.50 elsewhere, postpaid. Make checks payable to Christy Martindale. Yig Press, P.O. Box 1752, Chickasha, OK, 73023 USA.



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 Tared 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

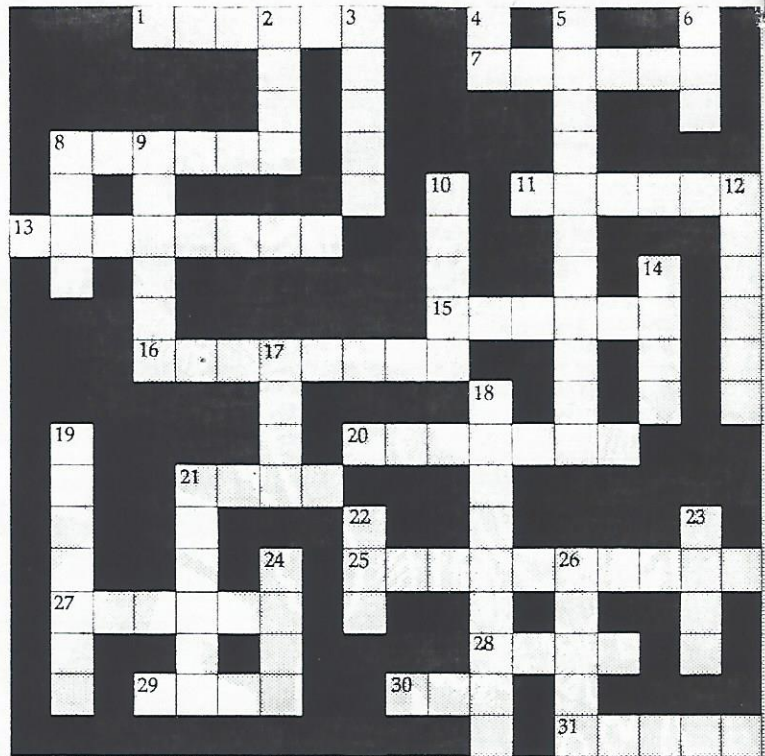
We've made another run of these, our first, cassettes. 3 songs: Three Hour Log; Diggin' Up the World; Cthulhu Dreams. For the die-hard Cthulhu's Goodtime Boys collector. \$5.00 plus postage when mail ordering.

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-guers where ever you may travel! \$15.00 plus postage through the mail.



ACROSS

1. Early Necronomicon
7. Ambrose _____
8. Cthulhu's half-brother
11. Brown _____ (Witch's familiar)
13. Mad Arab
15. C. D. Ward's nemesis
16. Old One servant
20. Arkham House founder

21. Zoogs' enemies
25. Pulp magazine
27. Decayed
28. City of Pillars
29. Venus highland
30. Oklahoma's Great Old One
31. Clark Ashton _____

FIST OF CTHULHU 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

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DOWN

2. Twin Obscenity
3. Night-Gaunts lack them
4. Sarnath destroyed it
5. Re-animator
6. He translated Necronomicon
8. Lake connected with Hastur
9. Eltdown _____
10. Robert _____
12. An Elder God
14. Starstone origin
17. Black _____ of the Woods
18. It's on Cthulhu's door
19. Arkham's roofs
21. Randolph _____
22. Veneration
23. Ghoul sound
24. Great One's castle (stone)
26. Shub's young resemble _____

GIGS, GIGS, GIGS

And now, the vagueness you've been waiting for:

July 29 at South Wall in Vancouver (All Ages)
 August 19 at The Tressel in Everett
 August sometime at The Hungry Eye in Vancouver
 Sometime soon at the Starfish Room in Vancouver

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