

THE PEOPLE OF INNSMOUTH

Fanclub Newsletter

Third Issue

December 1993

Send us letters!
They may very well
receive print in the
next newsletter! The
People of
Innsmouth: 2602
Campbell Ave
Abbotsford BC V2S
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The Official Fan Club of The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets

THE EVIL EXPLOSION

In March, 1993, The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets released their independently produced eight-song demo entitled "Hurts Like Hell!" to the general public. Inside, in the liner notes, an address to the band's fanclub was included. Soon afterwards the first edition of The People of Innsmouth newsletter was published and mailed to Alisa Clark. She received the only copy. Word travelled, the band played more gigs and sold more tapes. Soon more letters came in to join the fanclub and the numbers began to grow higher. Now the arms of Cthulhu have stretched out to embrace ten, count 'em, ten members. Not bad for a band that didn't even expect one. So we appointed a president (Alisa Clark) and then asked for a vice-president (Kristina Copeland). Other members include (in order of admission): Marc Ferguson of Chilliwack, Paul Rushka of Abbotsford, Tara Dixon of Abbotsford, Aaron and Rebecca Clair of Vancouver, Nolan Webb of Mission, Sean "the Spawn" Ferguson of Burnaby, and finally Julie Young of White Rock.

If you are reading this newsletter and are not a fanclub member, than you are probably borrowing it. Why borrow what you can have for the price of a stamp? Write to the fanclub and receive many more in the future. Send us your most creative stories, ideas and drawings. In return, we will send you your membership certificate, your quarterly newsletter and free stuff. Not bad for 48 cents. Stop standing on the outside of R'lyeh and come on in. We welcome anyone who chooses to aid us in our neverending quest for world domination. la! la! Cthulhu fhtagn!

THE LOVECRAFT FANCLUB

Recently, I sent a letter to the H.P. Lovecraft Fan Club (of which I am a member), along with a calendar. Their publication, The Arkham Advertiser, is chock full of really tasty tidbits about H.P. Lovecraft and the Cthulhu Mythos. For example, they are currently running a 3-part article about all of the H.P. Lovecraft movie adaptations out on the market, and even ones that are not out on the market. I asked them how they would feel about making my artwork a part of their magazine, and this is what they say: "We really loved your work! And would love to hear your band. Looks like you rock the very universe and down the drums and flutes of Azathoth's own band. The calendar was sensational and your work stands out. We'd love to print some of it if you would like. We would love a back cover illustration. We're about to run an article in the Mythos about the various alien races that landed on this little biosphere. We'd love to know what you think the Old Ones, the Great Race, the Fungi from Yuggoth, The Spawn of Cthulhu (Deep Ones) and the rest look like. We'd love to hear more about the Fraser Valley grungians. And if you like writing so much, why not write us something to print? Oh, and we're starting a hunt for those vile members of the Cthulhu cult, so if you sight any, let us know. We're looking to hear and see more from you soon. You'll see your letter in the upcoming issue, due out end of next month (February)."

So, my message to all you People of Innsmouth is to write to Miskatonic University Press P.O. Box 796 Rockport, MA 01966 and ask for membership information. I found it incredibly worthwhile, not just because they will be printing some of The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets media which may never be seen elsewhere, but because they are a swell group of Cthulhu worshipers who really know their Cthonians from their Dholes.



THE PRATT FILES

Hello everyone out there in cyberspace. My name is Jordan Pratt and I handle the drumming duties in a certain band called The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets. Some people were asking me the other day why the thickets never have enough time to practice. I know that touring with Mystery Machine would be the obvious choice for an excuse but I have taken this opportunity to tell all you folks out there the REAL reason. Are you ready? This truth weighs heavy and I realize some of you may choose not to believe me. Fine. If the reality is too bizarre for your puny psyches, I understand. Some of you may know that I have been drumming for around ten years. You may

remember a certain article on page twelve of the Chilliwack Progress that appeared in 1984 concerning a very bad car accident near a certain border crossing in Hope. The article said that all the occupants were killed by a fallen tree blocking the road. I have to assume that much is true because I can't remember. My recollections are limited to the strange hospital I was taken to by men wearing uniforms who refused to identify themselves. My injuries were very extensive. My spine was crushed and severed in many places, I could only breathe through tubes fed into the shattered remnants of my skull. I remember the smell of burning bone and the ceaseless whine of the drill. At one point a doctor (I think he was doctor, anyway) told me my hold on life was too tenuous for painkillers. I felt the adrenalin-filled syringe slide into my ribcage and spent an eternity being shocked into consciousness then passing out from the unending pain. When I finally came back to reality for good, the agony had faded to a distant shrill keening. Although swaddled in bandages, I was amazed to find that I could eat with a good appetite (although my food was a mushy paste administered down my throat by a horse needle), as well as move my head with minimal discomfort. The doctors informed me that I was paralyzed - but only temporarily, much to my relief. The good news was that soon I would regain perfect health through vigorous and often painful physical therapy. The down side was very sinister indeed. My spine had been completely replaced by a SimCon Ceramics 235. They had also taken the liberty of restructuring my face with Plasteel Organics, as well as repairing my splintered bones with compounds and alloys which are under classified status at this time. To

cont'd page 3

NEW PRODUCT NEWS

At this moment, we are currently working on another unspeakably terrifying shirt. This shirt will be white, available in either long or short sleeve, and have a design on both the front and back (as usual). It will involve great evil. It will probably sell for \$15 SS, \$17 LS. What's on it? Well, I don't want to give too much away, but I can tell you the front will be a photo of one of us in costume, being chaotic, with some writing on both the front and the back. This will be our fourth shirt. The first was a Diggin' Up the World Shirt - with an airbrushed Cthulhu holding a shovel. This was limited to about 5 shirts. The second was our popular Worship Me Like A God shirt, which has had a number of runs, mostly in black long sleeves and purple short sleeves, with a few oversized black short sleeves. Our next was the vaguely popular Cthulhu's Fist shirt, which came in red, green, blue, and (ugh!) mint shortsleeves. There are only a few of these left, so if you haven't got one, order now, because we may never make another run of these ever again. Anticipate great fuss over the new shirts, which have been a long time coming, for I believe they may very well rival the popularity of our Worship Me shirts, for three reasons: 1. We have never had a photo print, and I believe the effectiveness may sit well beside the infamous Wrong shirts put out by NoMeansNo. 2. One of the mistakes of our last shirt was the unusual colours, which did not sit well with some people's wardrobes/complexions. But you can't go wrong with white! 3. The other mistake of our last shirt was that we had no long sleeves. This time, baby, we're ready! In other product news, most of you already know about our Greasy Spawn toques. These cost us about 12 bucks to make, so we are forced to charge \$15 per toque. But everyone agrees that the embroidering was worth it. We only have about three of these left, so buy buy buy for Cthulhu! They say "Greasy Spawn" in green over a black, longshoreman-like toque. Very classy, in an evil Cthulhu-worshipping way. See the ordering form on the back for instructions on ordering all of our ScareWear.

FUSTIE FUSSES

by Boob Fustie

Have you ever had that dark and deep feeling that you want to enlarge your body to incredible size and smash the hell out of everyone and everything? Did you ever feel a tingling pain on your forehead and yearn to see what lurks beyond the 700 nanometer marker? Have you ever gone out for dinner with friends and had your tentacle flop into your soup?

If you answered yes to ANY of these questions, The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets want to invite you into the wonderful world of Cthulhu. Yes, now you too can learn to worship and fear the sleeping giant just like the guys in the band! And it's easy! First: go to any book store, head directly for the "evil" section. If you can't find it, ask. Sing out "I am seeking Cthulhu! For he is all that is to come! Ia Ia!" Your courteous clerk will point out the wide variety of H.P. Lovecraft books. Buy 'em! Second: listen to The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets. Third: Begin putting yourself in Cthulhu's shoes and imagine how He would react in certain situations. Would He stop for a red light? What would He say to a Jehovah's Witness? Fourth: listen to The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets. Fifth, practice sleeping in a bathtub of salt water in the dark. The brine soak will do you good and you'll know first hand the constant, daily routine of Cthulhu. Sixth: listen to The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets. Now, you may ask, "Couldn't I just listen to that evil band we know so well?" Well, I'm afraid that just wouldn't do. It certainly is an important and integral part of advancement in Cthulhu knowledge, but it is, by no means, the only part. Remember... "Books, The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets, Brain, The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets, Brine, The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets." Colour me green!

UNDERLINGS SPEAK!

We horrible minions of insanity and death are pleased to bring you our first letter column. We invite all of the People of Innsmouth to respond to letters, and to communicate with one another at the very least via this newsletter. Remember, there is strength in numbers, and we all must do our part to unite against mankind!

This letter is regarding our Fungi from Yuggoth back-up singer, whom most of you will know is Merrick, brother of Toren: "I fear I am losing my wife! Not to Cthulhu, I could have dealt with that, but to the guy with the crab claws! She yearns and lusts after those claws. They occupy her every thought. It is worse than any infatuation I have ever borne witness to. She continually regresses back to the time she played Lester the Lobster in a grade 2 theatrical presentation. I find this fishy fetish most disturbing. I would welcome any advice you people might have to give regarding bringing my wife out of her shell"

-Aaron Clair, West Vancouver.

Well, Aaron, the best advice I can give is that you invest in your own Fungi from Yuggoth costume. Simply find a white disposable pair of coveralls and paint them in the form of a Mi-Go (for those of you who don't know what that is, purchase any Lovecraft book with the short story, The Whisperer in Darkness). Go to a fabric shop and purchase about four square feet of white foam, and cut out claw shapes to make two crabby gloves. Paint these too, and then find an old helmet at any thrift shop, and glue dozens of pieces of cut-up surgical tubing or garden hose, or even pipe cleaners until you get a weird, stubby medusa effect. Within this guise of our pals from Pluto, you will once again win over the afflictions of your beloved and hideously evil wife. Any other ideas, people of Innsmouth?

My dad loves you guys. He came over to visit me a little while ago and he told me that he's been an H.P. Lovecraft fan since he was my age and that he used to read some to me when I was younger. so he told me to tell you that he's glad there's finally a band with a brain out there.

-Jessica Milligan, White Rock

Dear [Darkest of the Hillside] Thicket Guys, Hey, thanx for (finally) getting back to me. it would be an honour to be vice president of such a prestigious fan club. And...would you mind if I wrote an article about The [Darkest of the Hillside] Thickets for a fan Mag called Closet Rock? A friend of mine puts it out and I asked if I could have some space for doing articles on Fraser Valley bands. I'd like to start by doing a piece on you cuz I like your band so much. So any info about the band and Cthulhu (like what he/it is and what he does, etc) would really help me write this. A band photo would be cool to go with it too.

Kristina Copeland, Mission

P.S.: What makes the [Worship Me Like A God] video so offensive?

Although this has probably been long since taken care of, I will nonetheless attempt to shed some more light (eagh!) on what Cthulhu is and for what he stands. This is a quote from the back of the book "Tales of the Cthulhu Mythos": "Cthulhu. The vast, terrible entity from beyond time and space who waits brooding in his cyclopean home in sunken R'lyeh -- symbol and actuality of unimaginable nightmare -- the greatest creation of H.P. Lovecraft. The Cthulhu Mythos inspired many authors to write stories using it as a theme. H.P. Lovecraft: This century's greatest master of weird fantasy -- creator of an eldritch dimension of horror, swarming with such entities as dread Cthulhu, Yog-Sothoth, Hastur, lurkers in the earth or beyond the barriers of time."

We like Cthulhu because his intelligence surpasses that of mankind by about a billion times, and he realizes, as do we, that the human race is but a speck on the stained glass window of the cosmos. We are a terminal disease that must be squelched before the sheer weight of all of us human germs ruins a perfectly good planet. Cthulhu and his brethren are to be revered for their absolute void of namby-pambyism which we see day to day here in our little tiny worlds of car insurance and video dating. Are you getting the picture? Plus he's cool to draw.

As to why the video is unsuitable: Don't ask me -- probably too much talent and not enough cleavage. See accompanying article on the dilemma.

SPACE TOASTS

Just a note that got all of us evil ones very excited, concerning the deepest reaches of space - specifically, the new Star Trek TV Show. As most of us know, the current Star Trek: The Next Generation is rounding up at the end of this, its seventh season. Deep Space Nine will continue, while the ST:TNG will be moving to the silver screen! Paramount plans on releasing the movie starring Picard, Riker, and all the current favorites (plus some of the original cast! Spock and Scotty?) in November of this year. To fill in the vacancy, Mike Piller and company (the producers of the series) will be airing a whole new series, completely separate from The Next Generation, although occurring in the same time. The series' pilot will air in January of '95, four months after the last episode of ST:TNG. Star Trek: Voyager will be about a new class of starship and new crew, who join forces with a renegade ship when they are both flung to a faraway sector of space on the edge of our galaxy. They spend their time trying to find a way back to Federation space, encountering new races and dangers on the way. Our manager, Garrett Nicol, was commenting a few days ago how we never hear about independent rogues in the Star Trek universe like we found in Han Solo of Star Wars. In seeming answer to his call, the news of this band of ex-Starfleet officers and other vigilantes joining a crew on a new starship struck us quite well. Perhaps they will encounter some Great Old Ones on their journeys!

THE PRATT FILES from page 1

Plasteel Organics, as well as repairing my splintered bones with compounds and alloys which are under classified status at this time. To make a long story short, I was the property of the Company. The Company, in this case is not slang for the CIA, I literally mean I am owned by a certain Amero-Japanese conglomerate/co-operative. I will not bore you with my current specifications to date, suffice to say my training was arduous and due to my current status as an operative (a very general term indeed) I am not authorized to give details except under certain conditions. I am allowed to say that my neuron firing rate is X2 at 52% power and subject to retooling for other climates.

Walking around with several million dollars of classified Military hardware laced into my nervous system can be trying at times which is why I have developed a dependence on the Blank Tank and Phrane Syrettes to control my sudden irrational acts of rage. When the Company shifts me into Bedtime, I sometimes lose entire months and can only piece together my actions under orders by reading headlines in foreign newspapers.

Well I hope this condensed version of events clears up some confusion that many of you have been experiencing. If you would like more details, such that I may provide under A-J ChokeFour clearance, please write to me care of The People of Innsmouth.

TOO EVIL!

Wehehell! It seems that our foul Cthulhu-worshipping ways have shocked and staggered the pitiful minds of the MuchMusic review committee. Some time ago, we sent them our second video for our fan-favorite "Worship Me Like A God" -- but you won't be seeing it on the air. We received a phone call from James Booth, who informed us that their screening board watched the video, and then sent it off to another committee (I guess the first board was sent reeling across the screening room to a pile of quivering, bug-eyed bodies), who determined that our production was too gruesome for airplay! Shall this deter your favorite evil band? I say thee NAY! More gore! More red corn syrup! More worshipping! Big Pink Pig productions, the producers of all Veritable Shrine videos, are currently working on plans for an H.P. Lovecraft short. We are all hoping that, when complete, it will see air on CBC during those 15 minutes after classic black and white movies at 2:00 in the morning. Until then, however, do everything you can to canvass our video in limbo in the halls of MuchMusic. Perhaps if they get enough mail and phone calls they will reconsider playing "Worship Me Like A God" on Indie Street. Still, if you simply must see one of our videos, they do have "Diggin' Up the World" in their vaults. Make no mistake, we love MuchMusic, and their banning of our most recent horror brings a sort of twisted triumph to our guts. This only proves that we are verily an unspeakable band.

CTHULHU COUNTDOWN THE LOVECRAFT CORNER

On a computer network with a directory dedicated to Cthulhu, I found a question asked by Michael W. Gallaher of Nashville, Tennessee: "Since reading a (bad) Cthulhu comic book that featured some folks fighting a cult of Cthulhu worshippers, I've been wondering: why would anyone worship Cthulhu? What would they get out of the deal, besides madness and unimaginably foul death?" Here are the top ten reasons to worship Cthulhu:

10. "Sounds good to me" - James Wallas of somewhere.
9. "Yeah, I agree. What is this guy talking about?" - Christoffer Lerno, Dept of Scientific Computing, Uppsala univ., Sweden.
8. Bruce Albert, Montana: "One could ask precisely the same question about ANY religion. Or any other pursuit, for that matter."
7. Benoit Jauvin-Girard, Montreal: "You've got it backward: first you go mad - then you may enter in your rotten feverish mind to worship unnamable horrors. maybe because Cthulhu has a psychic hold on madmen, or maybe that, when you're mad, starting off cults and performing twisted rites suddenly make a lot of sense."
6. "Its fairly simple, actually. The same reason people worship Christ. To be on the 'winning' side when the End of the World comes. to gain clemency from the Great Old Ones when the Stars are Right, and the damned souls of man are torn into screaming shreds on Their claws. They want to survive and profit in the new regime under the Great Old Ones. They gamble their sanities (and lose, I add) for the chance at eternal life, and the chance for eternal power, which is more

--continued on page four

Things to find: a used bookstore in Vancouver called Michael Thompson, Bookseller located at Suite 214 510 West Hastings. This Lovecraft-fan has in stock quite a few rare-edition Lovecraft books, including a \$4000.00 first edition of *At The Mountains of Madness*. Toren walked out of the store with a few issues of *Crypt of Cthulhu*, a Necronomicon Press magazine dedicated to the study and proliferation of Lovecraft and Cthulhu-oriented writing. It's good! A catalogue of Necronomicon Press's publications can be obtained by writing them at 101 Lockwood St, West Warwick, Rhode Island 02893. Also recently unearthed is the relatively new book titled *Cthulhu: The Mythos and Kindred Horrors*, a collection of Cthulhuesque stories by Conan creator, Robert E. Howard. Find it at The Comic Shop on West 4th and Arbutus in Vancouver. Another place, "House of Mystery" Arcanum Book Shop at 3740 E. Hastings St, Burnaby, BC, V5C 2H5 should be sought. Although their prices are high, their selection is excellent.

With my vast information gathering abilities and worldwide contacts (Alex Curylo) I have acquired a bibliography of the Cthulhu Mythos, and boy, is it big. Here are some of the books Chris Jarocho-Ernst (624 Georgetown Road Nazareth, PA 18064) lists: Robert Weinberg and Edward P. Berglund's *A READER'S GUIDE TO THE CTHULHU MYTHOS* Silver Scarab Press-1973; Jack Chalker and Mark Owing's *THE REVISED H.P. LOVECRAFT BIBLIOGRAPHY* Mirage Press 1973; Lin Carter's *LOVECRAFT: A LOOK BEHIND THE CTHULHU MYTHOS* Ballantine Books 1972; *NEW TALES OF THE CTHULHU MYTHOS* Arkham House 1980; *THE HORROR IN THE MUSEUM AND OTHER REVISIONS* S.T. Joshi ed. Arkham house, 1989; *THE DISCIPLES OF CTHULHU*, Edward P. Berglund, ed DAW Books 1976; *STRANGE EONS* Robert Block, Pinnacle Books 1979; *SOMETHING ABOUT CATS AND OTHER PIECES*, August Derleth, ed. Arkham House, 1949; *WITCH HILL* Marion Zimmer Bradley, Tor 1980; How long have I been looking for *THE INHABITANT OF THE LAKE AND LESS WELCOME TENANTS*, J. Ramsey Campbell, Arkham house, 1964. That's all for today, stay tuned for more next time, or write me for the full list.





GIGS, GIGS, GIGS

Thickets may come, and thickets may go, but Cthulhu is always pokin' about. Upcoming shows by The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets are thus:

FRI MAR 18 AT THE ALL AGES VS COMMEMORATIVE BALL 3 IN ABBOTSFORD

FRI MAR 25 AT THE LUNATIC FRINGE IN VANCOUVER

TUE APR 12 AT THE TOWN PUMP IN VANCOUVER

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

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 Tarded 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

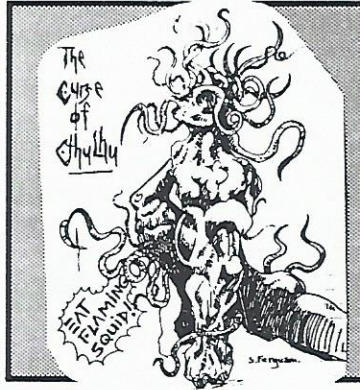
Fear The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets! Colored prints on a white short sleeve (\$15.00) or long sleeve (17.00), with unspeakable text super-imposed over a muscular Cthulhu clutching the world on the back. Add postage if ordering through the mail.

1994 CYBERCTHULHU CALENDAR

That's right, three months into the new year, we're still flogging our calendar. But hey, it's been reduce to half price! That's \$2.50 for 12 artworks and photos of a Cthulhuesque nature! Hey, we only got a couple left, so buy now before I send them away to some publishing company in the states for free. 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.



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.

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. Banks, and more, with a spot to place your fist for supreme Cthulhu power. \$15.00 plus postage for mailer guys.

GREASY SPAWN TOQUES

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

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.

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.

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.

CTHULHU COUNTDOWN from page 3

than enough for some folk. Same reasons, different deity." - Alex Williams, Lawrenceville, GA.

5. "I could reveal awesome truths of the reaches of the underworlds that human Gods have forsaken and living Men have never seen to thee, mortal, but then I would have to kill thee, for thy kin is not fit to live with such knowledge." - Peter V. Vorobieff.

4. "Madness and unimaginably foul death to their enemies? Neato toys? Weird dreams inspiring salable works of art?" --Loren Miller, Ohio.

3. "My dear friend, you are very much mistaken. when the stars are right, the people who do NOT worship Cthulhu will be struck with madness and unimaginably foul death. The ones who have accepted Starry Wisdom and who worship Cthulhu will survive the Great Awakening and shall have dominion over the wretched remnants of humanity, for as long as the Earth exists in its present state at least" - Andrew Bulhak, Victoria Australia.

2. Power, of course. If you're an ambitious mystic type, you start a cult serving one of the ultrapowerful Great Old Ones. Sucker a bunch of lowlives into being your congregation. The Great Old One will suck thri souls away, but you will get BIG PRIZES: spells, servitor monsters, mystic energy, and perhaps a few favors from your big tentacled pal. BUT WAIT, THERE'S MORE! You also get all the mundane advantages of having a cult full of half-crazed degenerates to do your bidding! Cool priestly robes and an underground hide-out! Remember, in Lovecraft's world, the Great Old Ones and other icky nasties are the only game in town -- at least, they're the only gods who actually manifest themselves in our world." - Diane Kelly, Duke University, Durham, North Carolina.

1. "In HPL's own words" "The time would be easy to know, for then mankind would have become as the Great Old Ones; free and wild and beyond good and evil, with laws and morals thrown aside and all men shouting and killing and reveling in joy. then the liberated Old Ones would teach them new ways to shout and kill and revel and enjoy themselves, and all the earth would flame with a holocaust of ecstasy and freedom. Meanwhile the cult, by appropriate rites, must keep alive the memory of those ancient ways and shadow forth the prophecy of their return." - Charles Strauss, University of Rhode Island.