

THE PEOPLE OF INNSMOUTH

FANCLUB

NO. 9 NEWSLETTER

SPECIAL BORING TRAVEL ISSUE!

March 1995

Most letters see print! The People of Innsmouth: 2602 Campbell Ave Abbotsford BC V2S 4A4. Letters to the editor: 6122 Glangany Dr Sardis BC V2R 2H 9

THE OFFICIAL FAN CLUB OF



DIARY OF A MADMAN

As some of you may know, *The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets* took a road trip down to San Diego and New Orleans for a couple of music festivals in which they were playing in early October. We here at *The People of Innsmouth* have finally decided to speak of it in mixed company. Here, for your enjoyment, is the chronology of said trip through the eyes of Toren McBoren MacBin:

DAY ONE: Still alive. I am now just outside Portland. Exotic American soda to date: Nehi Orange and Mello Yello. Went through \$80 in one hour, and spent it all on junk! Junk! Do you hear? Spent the afternoon with John Tynes and his Pagan Publishing cronies, trading interesting Cthulhu stories and quips, as well as merchandise. Apparently, a shipment of plush Cthulhu dolls was ransacked in the mail -- only the packages were found (but as Dennis wondered, were they ripped open from the INSIDE?)

DAY TWO: Everything is the same as Canada, except for the existence of Taco Bell. Never in my life have I experienced such a wide range of pungent odours over such a small period of time. They should really give you a pamphlet when you cross the border, filled with little tidbits of helpful hints for your American visit. Case-in-point: While in Stockton, California, I asked a cashier at Long's drug store how much it cost to send mail to Canada. She told me no more than the regular 29 cent stamp used for inter-American mail. Having then purchased a package of twenty such stamps, I beheld a stamp dispenser machine on the way out of the store. On its face beamed a chart of mailing costs to other countries. And what, perchance, did it read on the subject of Canada-bound mail? 30 cents. Now which source should I believe? And when will the opportunity present itself that I may purchase twenty 1 cent stamps? Only time (and Warren) may tell. L.A., I guess.

DAY THREE: If you took all the signs that say San Diego and replaced them with Vancouver, it would be just like home. Except for the palm trees. And the freaks. So many freaks. Counted three cockroaches in the motel we stayed at, but upon waking found that I had not been eaten alive, much to my disappointment. Having met up with the other half of the band and our loyal worshippers who had made the trip in a rented van, we checked into the U.S. Grant Hotel, and I purchased the dreaded one cent stamps in a nearby post office. Warren decided to take the free pass to the seminars for the IMS festival, while Devon and I went book shopping. We proceeded to the hotel room that the second party rented, and then discovered the wonders of the very steep fire escape. We went to the roof to find a makeshift patio overlooking the ocean, and set to exploring the nearly barren rooms on the top floor. We found many interesting items from the 70's-- apparently there had been a fire as one of the cabinets was quite charred on the outside--none of which we would dare try to fit in the car. It was all quite spooky up there, we had no idea what we might stumble upon from room to dusty room.

We arrived at the Casbah to find that we had been bumped ahead, meaning we would be the first of 6 bands to play that night. It seems one of the clubs involved wasn't licensed, and the vice shut it down, leaving a band from NY with no place to play that night. The management would not let the three under-aged Canadians with us into the club, so they stayed in the van outside and got drunk. We played from 8:15-8:45 to a crowd of about 12, but the doorman was a big Lovecraft fan and may yet serve as another useful foreign contact when the stars become right and Cthulhu rises. The Casbah was situated close to the airport, and as we waited to play we watched huge jetliners fly overhead almost within arms' reach. We set out to get to the top of an 8 story parkade for an even bigger thrill, but were baned by the little golf-cart-driving employees. Rather an unsuccessful night.

DAY FOUR: Having scammed a bed in the hotel, and been wakened many times during the night by various door slams and other less specific noises, our party awoke and set out for food. I stayed behind to shower, and found that I could not turn off the water. Ironic, considering the DROUGHT WARNING signs posted in the bathrooms pleading guests to conserve. With a few hours of Tijuana wrestling matches (in Spanish, naturally) and other, less entertaining American TV, we packed up for Las Vegas.

The road to Vegas is red. We arrive at 5pm and marvelled at the monstrous, gaudy, showbiz hotels and casinos. A giant black pyramid was one of the titanic hotels that rose into the sky, with a replica of the great Sphinx, with coloured fountains, rows of huge sculptures, and lasers. After nightfall the tip of the thing shot a great beam of light straight up into the heavens. The casinos were a giggle at first, but became maddening by the end of the night with the incessant din of beeps and buzzes. All of the freaks in this town frequent the street corners and hand out porn catalogues, in some cases their bicycles packed with the stuff, lading newspaper boxes that perhaps held more respectable journalism like the Las Vegas Tribune at one time in the history of the town. Eight hours and as many sore legs later, we returned to the car, Arizona bound.

DAY FIVE: We are paying for our folly of last night, and we are paying DEARLY. The empty, endless highways have become a parade of hallucinations and a source of stiff necks. On more than one occasion we've stopped at the side of the road and tried to get some rest, but to no avail. Our plan for shift driving had become a pale ghost of its former self, and there is nothing to look at but miles and miles of Arizona hills. Finally we arrived at Truth or Consequences, New Mexico, and became adamant in our conviction to celebrate the Canadian Thanksgiving with a turkey dinner (of sorts). We settled with a diner which served us hot turkey and gravy on bread with a side of mashed potatoes and pie for desert. The rest of the evening saw us reading, watching TV, and cleaning our bodies in a cheap motel.

DAY SIX: Warren is the offensive sleeping boy. Travelling from New Mexico east. Stopped in Mesquite, which reeked of manure, to search fruitlessly for coffee for Devon. Stopped at MacDonalds in Fort Stockton, Texas, and found a motel coupon book for the lone star state and Oklahoma. Thus our stay at the Comfort Inn in San Antonio was a beautiful one...with free continental breakfast!!!! All for only \$11 a head. Just before we arrived at San Antonio some mental case from Florida kept flashing his hi-beams at us and driving offensively. But we lost him!

DAY SEVEN: Wednesday. Had our free breakfast--toast, bagels, English muffins, oranges, apples, cereal, donuts, muffins, juice, milk, coffee. East of San An we stopped at the San Jocinta mall in Houston, and I bought new shoes for \$12. We decided today would be laundry day, but alas, something went terribly wrong somehow. No stops were made in the morning, and I had no socks, so I had to buy some new socks so I could try on the new shoes. After looking around in the mall and eating at Taco Bell, we entered Louisiana, and made our way into Baton Rouge, a generally spiffy town where we met up with Warren's old travelling buddy, Mark. Mark showed us around and took us to a few bars beside a university, where I witnessed the quick transition in the others from sober to pixedated.



DAY EIGHT: Slept over at Mark's HUGE house. They grow cockroaches real big down here, and at times I can make out what the people in the food services are saying. We moped around for a bit, then set out for fun and excitement across the town. Our first exciting stop: a bank machine, where I learned I had run out of funds. (At least from that source—I still had \$300 in travellers cheques, which I used to buy a couple of books first at Mark's father's bookstore, then at his games and hobby store, notably Robert Bloch's Cthulhu mythos book, *Mysteries of the Worm*. Haha! More evil!) Then we took a tour on the U.S.S. Kidd, a restored destroyer from WWII that now sits on the Mississippi river. Warren and I took our positions on a big gun, and trained the barrel on a nearby warplane. Ah, if only it was loaded. Having returned to the house, Warren and Devon went with the locals to the firing range, where they got to fire UZI's and such, while Tara and I enjoyed the less deadly violence of Nickelodean's Looney Tunes.

DAY NINE: Friday. We left Baton Rouge at about 3pm and drove thru the spooky trees of the swamp land. In New Orleans we discovered the streets and highways were difficult to navigate due to the confusing layout of the streets and lack of signs, but eventually found our way to the Sheraton hotel where we checked in (not for accommodation, of course) and received our bags of free stuff. We decided then to find a cheap motel before the sun set, so we found one right across from the airport. We killed a few hours and then walked over to the airport to meet Jordan and Fustie. Their flight was delayed for an hour, so we set out to explore the airport. All the stores were closed, but we passed the time watching people getting off planes. When J & F got off the plane they told us how CTV had come over to my house (our jam spot) where they found Diesel Division practising, claiming that *The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets* were the talk of Vancouver (LIES!!), and hoping for an interview, which J & F provided. After a horrible dinner at Denny's we watched some ad-filled US TV in the Rodeside Inn motel.

DAY TEN: Another motel morning.



Toren mans the guns aboard the U.S.S. Kidd

Squeezing 6 people into a Ford Tempo is not recommended. Nonetheless, we drove from the airport to downtown N.O. There are no HPL books in the used bookstores, but there are a lot of fortune tellers in the French Quarter. What kind of shops are there? Two Voodoo shops, a few bookstores, and t-shirts, mask, booze and sex shops. At about 3:30 we met at stage 2 in Lafayette square, downtown N.O. There was a smattering of people there for the other bands, the sky was overcast, and the sound man wasn't doing a very good job. The two bands before us were very disappointed with the sound. We played to a very lackadaisical crowd. It became obvious that the sound man was either inept or didn't care, come the end of the third day of the festival, as he sat reading while Fustie's bass head kept cutting out. Understandably, the crowd was perplexed by our antics, but we did manage to gain the propitiatory worship of four of the onlookers. Back to the Rodeside for dinner at Denny's and an evening with Mystery Science Theatre 3000 and Duckman. We then set out for Oklahoma at about 10:30 pm.

DAY ELEVEN. Rainstorm. Thunder, lightning, darkness, traffic, confusing road signs, and relentless fatigue. The drivers alternately slept, drove, and navigated. During periods of heavy rain, trying desperately to stay awake, we watched the sky light up every couple of minute by lightning flashes. We arrived in Alexandria, Louisiana at about 2am, switched drivers and continued through to Texas. At the next switch, I was permitted to sleep, but was rudely awakened by the sound of Tara's scream, and a great lurch. "Well, this is it," I thought. As it turned out, we did not die, we only swerved into the other lane in an unsuccessful effort to avoid hitting a fox. Thump thump. Needless to say, I stayed awake for a bit.

There's lots of red dirt in Oklahoma, home of Yig, Father of Serpents. Towards the end of Kansas we stopped for fluids and such, and I was so struck by the resemblance of the shopkeeper to a character from HPL's story *The Dunwich Horror*, that I took a photograph of what may very well be a descendant of the Whately family, and perhaps with an old strain of Yog Sothothian blood. In time we drove through Colorado, in Wyoming experienced a little snow, and through the cow-filled states of Utah and Idaho. Little sleep was had, and we spent time chewing over philosophical questions in the wee hours of nonstop driving.

DAY TWELVE: It's the Denny's waitress that wouldn't let up in topping off coffee. I really need a shower. Reading...sleeping...driving. Towards the end of Idaho we stopped in a town called North Powder, where the local Jr. high kids gawked at me as I purchased a bag of chips. I guess my Innsmouth heritage is finally showing through. Oregon and Washington saw a few concrete plants, and little else until Seattle. We were stopped at the border crossing in Sumas. The border officers were much more interested in the contents of the car than all the forms we were "supposed" to have. When we went in to show them our work visas and various other red tape documents, they said they weren't in the least bit interested. In tearing apart the car, they came across Devon's pipe which he bought at the voodoo shop, shells from the firing range, and a book on hallucinogenic plants. The officer, with a full moustache, tattooed arms and a generous frame, took Devon aside and told him how lucky he was that there was no trace of marijuana in the pipe. When he took my bag apart, he came across the load of HPL books, and said "who's the Lovecraft fan?" He said he had the whole collection of the newer editions, and we jawwed for a minute or two about the old gent, then he set us free. Warren drove like a man possessed through Seattle and north, and we felt a great relief and joy in returning to our native soil.

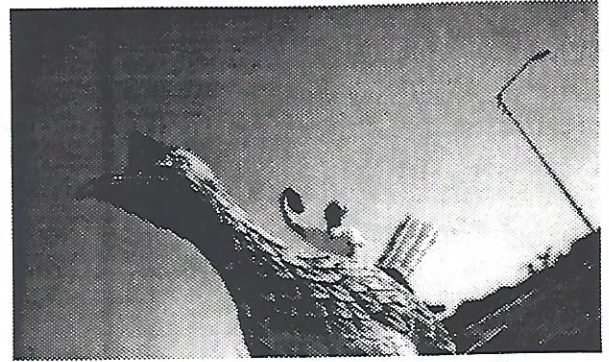
A THREE HOUR TOUR

Part two of the mystic journey, through the eyes of weirdo fan, Jessica Milligan:

Place of Departure --Chilliwack, BC. Departure time--0900 hrs. Fri. Oct. 7. Destination--San Diego, California. Total Cargo--7 semi-humans (In alphabetical order: Boob Fustie, Colin McLean, Jessica Milligan, Ashly Nicol, Garrett Nicol, Jordan Pratt and Colin Watson) and a Bovine. Distance--2900 flippin' kilometres.

It was the dead of night. All of us were deprived of sleep, travelling south in a spacious van with a TV and a --OK., it was small, no TV, no room service but it was cozy. We were driving along the #5, chanting and feeding hay to the bovine in the back seat, when not too far off in the distance we spotted an eerie glow lighting up the sky like a...well, like an eerie glow would. What could it be? Have aliens landed from the planet Yuggoth? Maybe it was the annual firefly convention. Perhaps it was just some road work. Oh, but it was in fact a semi, completely engulfed in flames! Cool, huh?

Now here's a tip to all of you, everywhere. Never, EVER play 20 questions with Colin Watson. I, being completely illiterate in the workings of a semi-trailer truck's engine, would never have guessed GLOW PLUGS. But maybe that's just my fault. As we were nearing the California border the tension grew. I broke out in a cold sweat. We all looked at one another, threw a blanket over the bovine and hoped for the best. The border crossing people asked us if we had any fruits or vegetables. We all said no, and they let us go through. Ha! Little did they know we were packin' a

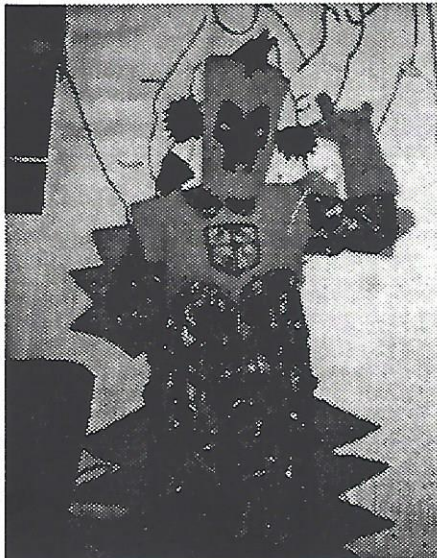


Only one man can tame Paisano Pete, the world's largest roadrunner: Just Warren Banks

whole orange tree and a bovine to boot. We sure fooled them.

Arrival time--1100 hrs. Saturday, Oct. 8. San Diego. We met up with the 4 other demi-humans--Toren, Warren, Tara and Devon--and went to rent 2 hotel rooms at the Hotel San Diego. Now tell me this: when going to a restaurant, do you expect to walk in and see some guy sitting in a chair handcuffed? I don't think so. Now let me tell you about the fabulous show that The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets played. Oh wait, that's right, I can't...I didn't get in! Now what is up with that? Although I was not alone I had 2 other under 21ers denied with me. Yeah, sure, we'll drive 80 million light years to listen to a band play from a van outside. That's alright, though, I'm not bitter. We went back to the hotel and after watching Duckman (a great cartoon) some of us decided to check out the local downtown scene. We saw Wilbur Whately and Richard Upton Pickman singing on a sidewalk, some guy all bloody and wiggin' out, people falling out of buildings. We decided to go back to our hotel. We all went on the roof and watched 2 guys shooting up in the alley below us. Now about this hotel: it had character. The 8th and 9th floors had burnt down and there was some guy sleeping in a chair in the hallway outside of our rooms. We tried to go to sleep but Ashly and I were just way too giddy, which is not new for me, so at around 3:00 am we decided to go down to the lobby for a tasty beverage. We got more than we bargained for. We met us some Marines from Texas. YEEHA! One guy said, "I like guns," and the other guy said something like "nah, I like to blow things up." Cool. After talking to them for a while two more marines came over and they all started talking all of this odd number talk. Yikes, we must be the luckiest girls ever. Then there was this guy who was all spittin' and yellin' at cars and...ah, never mind, I guess you just had to be there. Ashly and I met two more marines and we got invited to their hotel room. NO THANK YOU. We got back to our room and couldn't stop laughing. Fustie got mad at us for slamming the door but it was the marines across the hall. We laughed some more. Garrett threw a shoe at us and we went to sleep.

Sunday, Oct. 9: We drove to LA, raced a Lamborghini through Beverly hills, went to Rodeo Dr., Sunset Blvd, walked around Hollywood Blvd,



Crazed fan Jessica Milligan in her new humanity-stomping costume

and then we were on the road home...all 24 hours (give or take a few) of road. When we got to the Canadian border crossing, Fustie knew the guy who was working...what luck! I went down there with around \$200 and all I have to show for it is two 39 cent plastic rings I bought at a gas station somewhere in California. We got back to Chilliwack at around 3:30pm on Mon., Oct. 10. What an experience. San Diego and back in 78 hours. Load up the haymakers and start droppin' the bombs. Oh yeah, we found Canadian cigarettes in the store right beside our hotel. GOD BLESS AMERICA!



KILL CHRIS Part Two

As I flew in a Naval Lear jet towards Connecticut I tried to remember where I had just read of strange occurrences in the South Pacific when it struck me. It was when I was home on leave in BC when my close (civilian) frind Toren had told me about

the writings of an author named Howard Phillips Lovecraft and his insane visions of a great monster which slept beneath the waves of the Pacific, a creature called "Cthulhu." Although many others would consider this an erroneous connection, my great instinct as a commander and military tactician told me otherwise. Immediately upon arrival in Connecticut I left the mission of supplying and taking on of stores for the USS Seawolf in the capable hands of my XO (Executive Officer) and quickly boarded a commercial flight for the west coast.

The next day I found Toren in the basement domicile of a now long since forgotten girlfriend of his. "How was your year long art sabbatical?" (my cover) he asked. "Oh, fine." I answered. "Listen old bean, tell me more about this Cthulhu Mythos thing you are always on about."

After several impassioned minutes of through explanation I was satisfied that this was the man to come to, short of reading the books myself for which I had little time. It was at about this time that a saucy fellow, Warren Banks, arrived and said "Hey, Toren, it's time to go practice for our new demo at the warehouse." You see these boys had just started a "rock group" earlier in the year and its main thrust was to be the worship and dissemination of information regarding this great "Cthulhu." I accompanied them as they met with a man known as Depresseau and an unidentified percussionist. As I observed their impassioned, albeit rough, attempts at putting the thing that is the Cthulhu mythos into song it slowly dawned on me that the only way to truly understand this demented foray into the bowels of evil was to enter into the cacophony and taste of its bitter fruits.

Using a Mann electric guitar I hastily purchased at a nearby barber shop, I joined the ranks of these foul and vile servitors of Cthulhu for a brief and shining moment and assisted in the playing and recording of The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets first hit demo "Gurgle Gurgle Gurgle." My contribution of the mind bending slide guitar in "Diggin' Up The World" is now

renowned throughout Christendom.

My feel for the mythos was growing by leaps and bounds and I was sure that I was on the right path to finding the answer to the mystery that lay in the forbidding waters of the distant Pacific. The culmination of this experience occurred on the night of September 22, 1992, my one and only stage gig. It was this night that I met the man that was to become Boob Fustie (of the clan Fustie) shooting film for the band's first video.

On the stage that evening I truly felt what it was to be at one with evil and by the time the show was over I had, in a sense, become what I sought to destroy. This feeling quickly subsided however and my long years of hard training kicked in. I was truly ready to conquer the task that now lay ahead of me. I consented to one final act in cooperation with The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets, my co-starring in the music video for "Diggin' Up the World" filmed at the old Dairyland factory sight in Sardis, BC.

After this I bid my friends farewell, departed on another "Art sabbatical" and arrived back in Connecticut to a completed Seawolf and an open sea. This would be the boat's first real mission and we were prepared for the worst. We loaded on twice the number of provisions which resulted in having to crawl over boxes of potatoes and canned vegetables in most of the passageways. We also loaded on board a few examples of the finest weapons of war created by the best designers and engineers the US has to offer. Twelve vertical launch tomahawks with conventional warheads and twenty Mark 48 torpedoes, also with conventional



warheads. We also carried four specials, nuclear tipped Mark 48's each with a ten kiloton yield. These would hopefully pack enough punch to knock out any trouble we might run into.

Following the east coast of North America and passing through the Panama Canal without a hitch, we booked it at 35 knots to the last known location of our Boomer. We reached our destination after a few days and slowed to 3 knots. We rigged for ultra-quiet operation and listened intently with our passive sonar. We stayed on station for a week without so much as a passing pod of whales to break the boredom.

At the end of my watch shift on the seventh day, I lay in my stateroom bunk and wondered if my conclusions had been misguided. Maybe our missing Boomer's nuclear reactor had simply turned itself into a glowing purple hunk of 30,000 degree f radioactive slag, burned its way right through the Subs' hull and fell straight to the bottom of the sea. With this image in my mind I rolled over and tried to get some sleep.

I was just drifting off when my growler phone buzzed. It was the XO. "Captain, we need you in the sonar room right away!" I quickly put on my shirt, grabbed my boots, and flew out of my cabin like an F-15E Strike Eagle.

TO BE CONTINUED



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 should be made out to Toren Atkinson. We do not accept credit cards of any kind. Do NOT 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

CASSETTES	T-SHIRTS	MISC.	MISC.
<p>GURGLE! GURGLE! GURGLE! We've made another run of these, our first cassette. Three songs for the die-hard collector. \$5 plus postage.</p> <p>HURTS LIKE HELL! Our second cassette. Eight songs including Tired and Feathered, In My Squid, Worship Me Like A God and more. \$6 plus postage.</p> <p>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.</p>	<p>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"</p> <p>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.</p>	<p>VIDEO See the band's three current videos. Diggin' Up The World, Worship Me Like A God, and the all-new Colour Me Green. Plus, thrill to home recordings of the band from it's earliest days to the present. \$10 plus postage.</p> <p>COLOURING BOOK Puzzles, games and a lot of colouring. Plus the words to most of the songs on Hurts Like Hell! A must for anyone. \$2 plus postage.</p> <p>STICKERS A consistently changing array of stickers to post in your home or work space. \$1 for 3 stickers.</p>	<p>1995 CALENDAR All new, all exciting, twelve months of pure Lovecraftian horror. Art by band member and other talented weirdos. Buy one NOW!!! \$6 plus postage.</p> <p>THE FOLLOWING ITEMS will be made to order depending on demand--if you want one, send a request, not money, and we will reply:</p> <p>GREASY SPAWN TOQUES-- One size fits all. Greasy Spawr embroidered in green on black longshoreman's toque. \$15 plus postage</p> <p>WORSHIP ME LIKE A GOD SHIRT-- Long sleeve on black (\$18)</p>