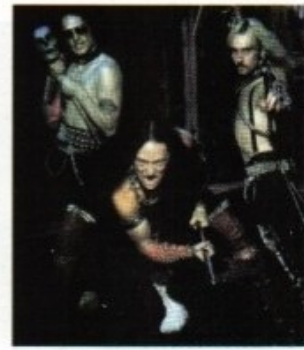


recordings for deviants

DEVIANT:
CHRIS ENG

RECORDING:

Venom - In Memorium



Kids today just don't have enough respect for Satan. I mean, back in the 80s they knew what was what - growing proper mullets, conducting dark rituals in their basements and obeying when Ozzy told them to kill each other. Now they listen to Korn and Limp Bizkit and obey when they tell them to do it for the nookie so they can get the cookie and insert it in a bodily orifice, whatever the hell that means. There was a time, though, when words like "lay down your soul to the gods Rock n' Roll" were heeded. A better time, during a more civilized age. The age of Venom.

Venom was formed in 1979 by Cronos, Mantas and Abaddon (no, those aren't their real names, but they were hardly going to convince people that they were avatars of the Dark Lord by proclaiming, "WE ARE CONRAD, JEFF AND TONY! PREPARE TO SUFFER!"). The band arose out of Newcastle, England as a response to the pussy-rock being performed by Motörhead and Judas Priest. Attempting to become something more than the everyday, Venom unleashed their first album, *Welcome to Hell*, and threatened a whole generation of metalheads not only with their demonic imagery, but with their homoerotic leatherboy anthem, "One Thousand Days In Sodom." Still, they seemed to catch on among the world's adolescent devil-worshippers who had grown tired of parental authoritarianism. Their 1982 album *Black Metal* shot them to new heights of success, featuring such inspiring lyrics as "We chime the bell, chaos and hell/ Metal for maniacs pure/ Fast melting steel, fortune on wheels/ Brain hemorrhage is the cure." And Sammy Hagar thought he

was the shit because he had a "one-way ticket to midnight." Venom fans would have eaten him alive if they hadn't been too busy drinking beer, nursing acne and making drawings with their own blood (or at least red ink) of nude polar bear-riding women brandishing swords.

This all went on until the late 80s, when not even the most diehard Venom fans - all twenty of them who still cared after the successive break-ups and reformings that rocked the band for almost a decade - could keep the metal boat afloat. Venom fell silent and remained so until 1996, when the original line-up got back together (most certainly *not* due to the fact that they had run out of beer money, were sleeping in refrigerator cartons and had taken to shining shoes on the streets of Bristol), released a new album and went back on the road.

What's most impressive about Venom is the fact they managed to give birth to an entire genre of music that would be taken to new heights by disgruntled Norwegian teenagers with freakish black and white corpse paint, floor-length black capes and murderous impulses toward their Black Metal peers. Goth never looked so good or was taken more seriously and we have these three British boys to thank for it. Do yourself a favor and pick up their greatest hits package, *In Memorium*, if only because they're down to their last packet of instant ramen and could really use the cash, um, for Satan's dark deeds.

In Memorium, on Dead Line Records, will make your ears bleed, your head implode and your brain cry for mercy. It also makes a great gift.

RECORDINGS FOR DEVIANTS

DEVIANTS: CHRIS ENG

RECORDING:

THE LEGENDARY CRISWELL PREDICTS! YOUR INCREDIBLE FUTURE

"Ah, greetings, my friends. We are all interested in the future, for that is where you and I are going to spend the rest of our lives - whether we want to or not. And remember, my friends, these future events will affect you. The future is in your hands."

With these chilling and portentous words begins a forty-two minute journey into the future, led by the astounding, nay, LEGENDARY Criswell. That's right, friends - Criswell, the man who starred in such Ed Wood epics as *Plan 9 From Outer Space* and *Orgy of the Dead*. Criswell, who started down his long road as a radio newscaster, who one day ran out of actual news, and started making his predictions on the spot. Criswell, who, it so happened, actually predicted a major news event and in turn was rewarded with a TV show, a book, a record album and an army of followers. Who, dear friends? The man-god known as Criswell.

And how accurate are his prognostications? Well, judge for yourselves...

"I predict that we will have found out that we are a captive planet, and have moved into the powerful orbit of Mars, which in time to come, will mean destruction, unless we can cancel out the unnatural attraction." As we are all brutally aware, this has come to pass, and the sun's rays grow dimmer as we drift inexorably toward the red planet.

"I predict that within the next ten years the blind shall see

with the scientific installation of tiny radar sets in the eye sockets which will relate to the brain the objects around!" This too, has occurred, and do we not now fear our blind brethren who use their newfound powers to exact vengeance on those of us who remain sighted? Oh, if only we had listened to the words of Criswell!

But wait! He continues! "I predict that the next step in automation will be computerized personal behavior! You will be tuned and set mentally at a vibration target, which you cannot help but achieve! The fluid of the brain is paced at one flow speed, and will remain at that speed until the desired success is reached! The power of choice will be taken from your own mind, and the power of preference by your government will be substituted!" I have no idea what he's talking about here, but is it not plain to all that this has also come to pass?

Criswell, truly a man of many awesome powers.

This compact disc reprints his album of prophecies, *The Legendary Criswell Predicts! Your Incredible Future*, and lays it all out with stunning clarity. There are no liner notes. What purpose would they serve? His powers of augury are indisputable, and though he saw fit to use the word "legendary" in his title, its use is redundant; his powers are self-evident.

Pursue this CD. Seek it out and learn the truth about those things that have come to pass...and those that we still await. Learn your incredible future.

(The Legendary Criswell is available on Mad Deadly Worldwide Communist Gangster Computer God Records. No, really...like I could make up anything that good. They can be reached at P.O. Box 420464, San Francisco, CA 94142)